

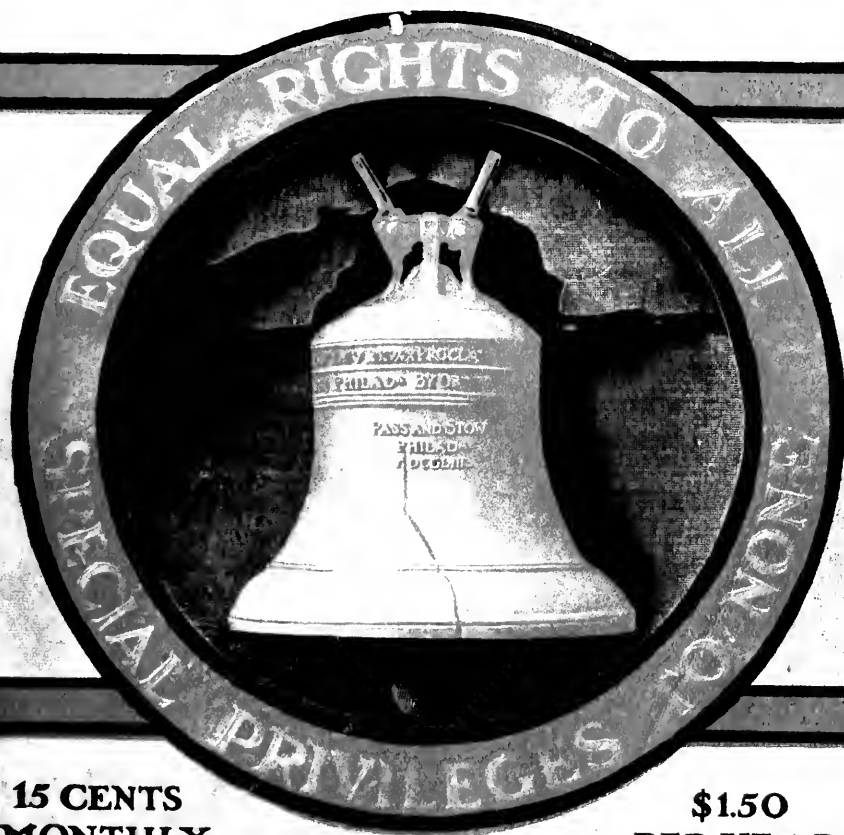
1906

OCTOBER

15 CENTS

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THOMAS E. WATSON, Editor.



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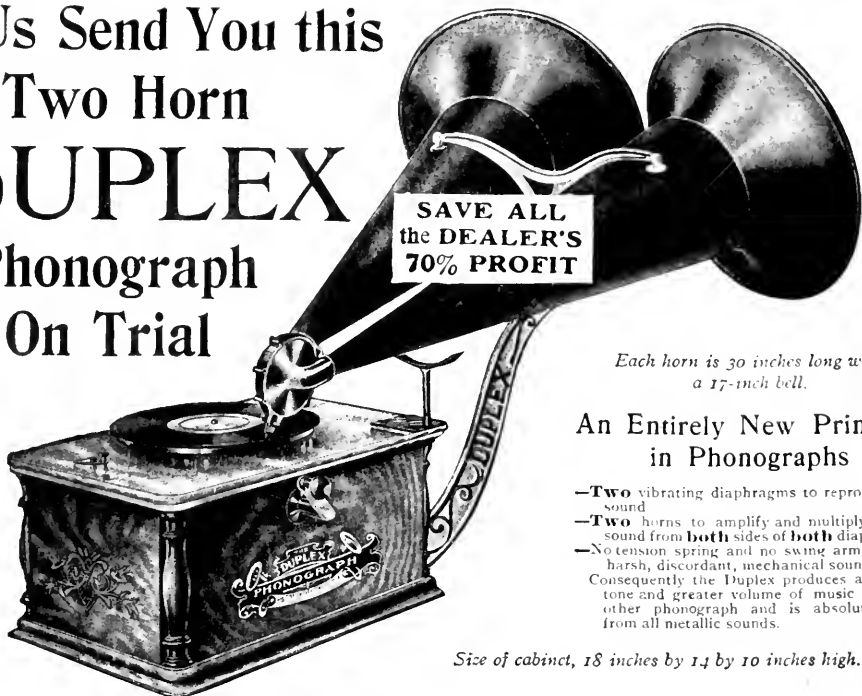
TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

121 WEST 42^d ST.

NEW YORK

Let Us Send You this Two Horn DUPLEX Phonograph On Trial

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to your
own
Home.



Each horn is 30 inches long with
a 17-inch bell.

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

- Two vibrating diaphragms to reproduce sound
 - Two horns to amplify and multiply all sound from both sides of both diaphragms
 - No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.
- Consequently the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

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HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which side of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

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In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted**. You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of any other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means. For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

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Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

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October, 1906

Frontispiece, Portrait of William Randolph Hearst

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 the Politicians—Mr. Bonaparte and the Steel Trust*

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WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Independence League Candidate for Governor of New York

(SEE ARTICLE PAGE 495)

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 4

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

At Fifty

THIS is Las Olas—he called it so, in the indulgence of that fondness for giving pet names to those things which one especially loves.

He had already grown old when he chanced upon this spot—old and rich—and the joyousness of boyhood had come back to him, and he found pleasure in nature and his fellow-man.

Peace to his memory!—he was as golden-hearted a gentleman as ever took a wage-earner by the hand and called him Brother.

After him I came; and after me will come another—and so runs the world away.

* * * * *

A narrow spur of land stretching from inlet to inlet, forming a ribbon-like island, closed in upon the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the quiet streams that drain the Everglades—such is the place. Ages and ages ago the wash of the ocean, met by the wash of the rivers, banked up a ridge of sand, and upon this sand nature, in the long run of the years, planted a jungle; and in the tangled mazes of the jungle the deer tramped a trail, the wildcat found a lair, the raccoon made a home, the cougar crouched for squirrels, and the rattlesnake multiplied. Waterfowl of all kinds whirled and screamed as they flew from feeding ground to roosting place; and the red-bird, the

wren and the mocker were never more plentiful or musical than here.

The ships, in stately procession, pass down from North to South; over yonder on the distant horizon you see the smoke or the masts of those that follow the Gulf Stream from South to North. Thus, upon the one hand, is the great world and the ocean; on the other hand, there is the island route—by lake and sound and river—where traffic flows in safer ways and where no storm besets the sailor.

Sit here on the wall of the boat-house, and gaze southward. A lovelier stretch of water the world does not hold—for the tide is still out and everything is water. A fringe of forest bounding the view southward, a thread of brilliant blue marking the spear-thrust which the ocean makes into the brown bosom of the river, the tossing foam which shows where the billows from the sea charge home upon the distant beach; and over all the mellow radiance of the sunny afternoon—for the tide is ebbing now and the sun is going down.

All that the ocean could do, this time, has been done—forevermore. The outgoing currents drove back the lake and the river, mounting over them both, marching mile after mile landward, conquering mile after mile of reluctant ground—but the invader could only go so far and no farther, and he is now sullenly drawing back into the sea.

Great monsters of the deep followed the invading waters as they rolled toward the Everglades, and many a tragedy that was veiled by the waters could make you shudder at its story if the victim could speak of its cruel fate—but the monsters are drifting seaward now, and their battle of life moves to another field.

If you glance over the island, you will see that the air is white with butterflies. There are countless thousands of them. They do not fly from flower to flower, some one way and some another, hovering aimlessly or lighting idly, here and there—as we dwellers in the up-country have been accustomed to see them do. *These* butterflies are all drifting in one direction; *these* butterflies have no mind to stop; *these* butterflies neither hover, nor linger, nor dawdle; *these* butterflies go drifting by from North to South as though they had been called by some mysterious power, were fastened to some mysterious purpose, and were the helpless instruments of some mysterious lord.

All day long they have been flying by, over the jungle, over the beach, over the lake, over the sound, over the river—obeying some unheard order, following some unseen leader, answering some unfathomable design.

I wonder what it will all be like when the last tide has rolled backward to the sea, and its monsters come forth no more—for I am fifty years old, and it is the time of the ebbing tide and the declining sun with me.

I wonder whether those creations of the mind which some of us have thought important are, after all, as aimless and as fragile and as ephemeral as these butterflies which go streaming past, leaving no trace on earth, or sea, or sky—for I am fifty, and I should like to know whether all this effort of heart and mind leaves the world brighter and better, or whether we are just so many butterflies which Yesterday did not have, and Tomorrow will forget.

There is, at least, *this* much at *Las Olas*, and at *fifty*.

If one needs rest from turmoil and strife, one can have it. If Hope does not come to us so often as she used to do, Resignation comes oftener, and stays longer. If Disappointment brings as bitter a cup as she ever did, we have at least learned that we need not drink every time we are tempted by Desire. If Ambition is as false a traitor as he ever was, we at least know that Duty is a certain guide. If Fame has mocked us with treacherous flatteries, she has treated us no worse than she treated the others; and we can, at least, quit following her and be content with the approval of the Voice Within.

If the road has been rocky and the march has been marked with the blood of one's feet, we can, at least, reflect that *the soldier* always finds it so, and that the end of our campaign cannot be far away.

Thus, after all, one learns philosophy at the best of schools, Actual Life.

Who would be a drone in the hive? Who would be a deserter from the fight? Shall trumpets call strong men to the fields of human effort, and *I* play dastard? Shall flags float by, with brave soldiers marching forth to the service of Duty, and *you* play coward.

Never, by the splendor of God!

Better the march and the struggle and the heartbreak of failure *than the selfish refusal to try!*

Better the battle, the good fight, and the defeat than the craven lurking in the rear.

Of all worthless, despicable creatures under the sun is the man who can only eat, propagate and rot; the venomous coward who hates other men because they have been bold where *he* was timid, strong where *he* was weak, loyal where *he* was false.

Of all things contemptible is the man who follows with the hungry eyes of jealous rage and hate the bigger, loftier men who marched while *he* hung back,

toiled while *he* looked on, fought while *he* ran away.

Give me the man who will live and die for his ideals, who will surrender no righteous position without a fight, who will perish rather than pollute his soul by apostasy from Right!

Better—a thousand times better!—the tempest and the shipwreck with such a creed than the inglorious rotting at the wharf with any other.

Better a Waterloo and a glorious death in the squares of the Old Guard than worldly pensions and honors for base betrayal of cause and country.

So I thought at twenty. So I think at fifty.

And I have the scars to show for it.

And, like any other soldier of the wars, I am proud of them.

Let the tide ebb—it must be so; let the daylight fade, it must be so—but this much any poor mortal can do, and *should* do, Hold aloft, to the very last, the banner of your creed; fight for it as long as you can stand; and when you go down let it be possible for you to say to those who love you:

“Lay a sword in my coffin, for I also was a soldier in the great struggle for humanity.”

It Would be a Noble Charity

WITH a liberality which is unparalleled in the history of the world private and public charity is taking charge of the young people, and preparing them to make the future better than the present or the past.

There never were so many training schools; there never were so many libraries; there never were such golden opportunities for boys and girls. In almost every city education not only opens its doors at the knock of the child, but goes into the streets seeking the child and leading it to the school-room. Manual training, technical training, literary training, special training for religious work, and every other kind of work, is busier shaping human instruments for the upbuilding of Christian civilization than at any previous time in the progress of the human race. But there is one singular and appalling exception to the rule. The charity of the American world seems to wash the base of the mountains, and to stop there. For some reason which cannot be understood the mountainous sections of our continent have been left in almost total neglect. By the hundreds, we have seen libraries offering the literature of the world to the humblest workers in our cities. By the dozens, we have seen lavish endowments made for such institutions as the Chicago University, Hampton

Institute, Vanderbilt, Tuskegee and dozens of others. White children and black children, living amidst towns, cities and villages of the plain, have nothing to do but to rise up and walk in order to lift themselves from the helpless bed of ignorance, to throw aside the crutch of provincial environment.

But the mountains are ignored. The golden stream passes by through the valley into the plains. From the pinnacles where you would naturally expect to see it wave there flies no flag of higher education. A more pathetic fact does not disturb the reflections of the student of present conditions. In the mountains of the Carolinas, of Georgia, of Tennessee, of Kentucky, of West Virginia and Old Virginia, the tragic story is the same. The people in the depths of their poverty are left to struggle, unaided, with a hereditary ignorance.

If there be any one portion of the population of the South which deserves greater charity at the hands of Northern benevolence than any other, it is the people who live upon our mountains. *They never were slave-holders. They never were Southern aristocrats.* From the beginning they were hardy settlers who depended upon their own labor for their support, and who never in any way whatsoever asked or received any help from the Govern-

ment. In the horrible trial of the Civil War these mountaineers, from the standpoint of the North, were true as steel; *Union men to the core*. They not only resisted all the fiery appeals of secession eloquence, but when the bugles began to blow and the drums to beat they threw down the axe and the spade, or left the plow in the furrow, while they went forth to fight the battles of the Union.

No better troops followed Sherman and Thomas, Sheridan and Grant, than these loyal mountaineers of the Southern States. *What has been their reward?* They have been harried and harassed, provoked and mistreated by a persecuting internal revenue service which, pretending to serve the Government, was, more than anything else, an instrument of oppression in the hands of the Whisky Trust.

Moreover, the charities of the world, so abundant to the whites of the cities, so lavish to the negroes, has been cold of heart and close of fist to the children of the men of the mountains.

It is a God's pity that it should be so. *It were a shame for it to remain so.* In the name of one great portion of our population, which has already suffered sorely from the world's lack of sympathy, *I implore the attention of such public benefactors as Andrew Carnegie.* Let him direct his attention toward these mountain regions; let him study the condition of these people; *let him remember how these mountain men rode their own horses, carrying their own rifles, paying their own expenses, and dashed upon the British at King's Mountain and turned the tide of the Revolutionary War; LET HIM REMEMBER HOW IN THE NEXT CIVIL WAR THE SAME MEN CONTRIBUTED TO THE UNION ARMIES TENS OF THOUSANDS OF HEROIC SOLDIERS, WITHOUT WHOSE PROWESS THE BATTLE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN WON FOR THE GOVERNMENT.*

A few schools, moderately endowed, adopting the plan of having the children partly work their way through, would do more for the future of our country than any similar amount of money spent in any other way.

In that connection, I once more and most earnestly call attention to a school near Rome, Ga., where a noble-hearted woman, almost alone and unaided, has for many a strenuous year been struggling to break the line of illiteracy in the mountains of North Georgia. I do not know of any person, male or female, who deserves more at the hands of those who are willing to help in a benevolent work than Martha Berry, whose active brain mapped out the plan of her school, whose unflinching courage has braved all discouragements, and whose tireless energy has brought it forward thus far, in its struggle for success. Read her letter which follows, and see what an insight it gives into that little world of hers, where so much could be done if she were properly aided. What she says here as to the mountain regions of North Georgia is true likewise of the mountain people of every state of the South.

August 29, 1906.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON: Please pardon my delay in answering your kind letter of August 17, which has been forwarded and reforwarded to many places before reaching me at home.

I would be so glad to take the boy that you are interested in, but from the catalogue you will see that we do not take boys under fifteen; also, they must be poor country boys who cannot afford to go to more expensive schools. We are prepared to take 125, but we have had to turn away more than 200 applicants for the fall term. I have a great task before me in raising the \$50 deficit for these 125 boys. I hope you will use your influence in interesting anyone that you can in helping me with at least one of these boys. Oh, how I wish Georgia people would help me—it would mean so much to me if I could get Georgians to become annual subscribers, so that the great responsibility of raising this deficit would not rest entirely upon my efforts, and I could solicit aid in the North and elsewhere for the enlargement of our plant.

I wish you would visit us during the coming year and give the boys a talk, for I assure you that you have many admirers among them.

Again thanking you for your kind expressions, believe me,
Sincerely yours,
MARTHA BERRY.

The Populists of Missouri

THERE is a general feeling that the reformers should get together, somewhere, somehow, in the near future. Those who are discontented with the present management of public affairs must agree upon a platform of essential matters, drop minor differences, and unite for action. A powerful sentiment to this effect prevails throughout the Union.

The People's Party in Missouri is represented by some of the most intelligent leaders we have ever had. The address which they now propose to put forth seems to me to be as clear-cut a statement of our leading principles as anyone could desire. The pledge which they propose to circulate for signature is one which any citizen who is in favor of better laws and better administration can conscientiously sign. In behalf of our readers we present to them this address and the pledge.

THE PLATFORM WE STAND ON

1. Direct Legislation.
2. Government Ownership of railroads, telegraph lines, etc., and Municipal Ownership of municipal utilities.
3. The United States Government to issue all money and regulate the value thereof.
4. The repeal of the present National Bank act and the establishment of a new system of Postal Savings Banks to be operated by the Government.
5. Opposition to the monopoly of land, and the adoption of a just system taxing it.
6. The adoption of the Parcels Post and Postal Note systems.
7. The present system of Post-office censorship to be made subject to the control of the courts.
8. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

9. The support of Organized Labor. These planks, as stated, are believed in by a majority of the American people, and if candidly considered and freed from all party prejudice, they would be enacted into statute law.

Some of them are already in operation in progressive New Zealand and Australia, as well as in some of the states of Europe, notably Switzerland.

The arguments have long been made; the practical operation of these principles has been shown, and it only remains for the American people to organize into one party in order to share these advantages.

Between the big grafters and the plundering manipulating politicians the rights and liberties of the people have been sacrificed until great dissatisfaction exists throughout the country; and the people are determined to go "house-cleaning."

Encouraged by these manifestations, the People's Party have determined to renew their exertions for reform. Their method of work will be as follows:

1st—Associations called Referendum Clubs to be organized in every township and precinct. Members of clubs will either ratify or amend resolutions, policies or tickets, nominated in conventions, by referendum ballot. Result of said ballot to be tabulated by the officers of the Federated Clubs.

2d—No person holding political office, paid by salary or fees, will be allowed to vote by proxy or otherwise, in such clubs or in convention of such clubs.

3d—Each member to pay a small monthly or quarterly due, such dues to be held in bank by twelve trustees who have some regularly established business, profession or trade, by which they make their living, and who will

regularly audit the bills, and pay out the same for campaign expenses.

4th—The Secretary of Federation to receive all money handed over to the trustees and pay all bills by their direction. Secretary to be under bond.

5th—The American Federation of Labor, 2,000,000 strong, has been until last year a non-partisan organization; now President Gompers has advised the Federation to enter politics. It has always indorsed the planks of the People's Party platform. So have the 1,000,000 citizens who voted for the People's Party candidate for the Presidency in 1892, and gained for him twenty-two electoral votes. These combined forces (2,000,000 from the American Federation of Labor) will make a three million start for 1898. The various farmers' organizations are also in favor of our principles and the platform which embodies them will sweep the country, because three-fourths of the rest of the people believe in it; and it is only necessary to support our plan of organization in order to *win* in 1908.

Pledge to be circulated to get signers and to extend the organization:

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
SHOULD NOT CONFER ANY OF ITS SOV-
EREIGN POWERS UPON INDIVIDUALS

OR CORPORATIONS, TO BE USED AS AN
ASSET TO THEIR BUSINESS

THE PLATFORM WE STAND ON

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6. The adoption of a Parcels Post and Postal Note systems.
7. The present system of Post-office censorship to be made subject to the control of the courts.
8. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.
9. The support of Organized Labor.

I believe in the above principles.

Name

P. O. (city or town) County of

R. F. D. Route

Former politics

Sign and mail to

HON. ALEXANDER DEL MAR,
*President Missouri Federated Populist
Clubs, Lock Box , St. Louis, Mo.*

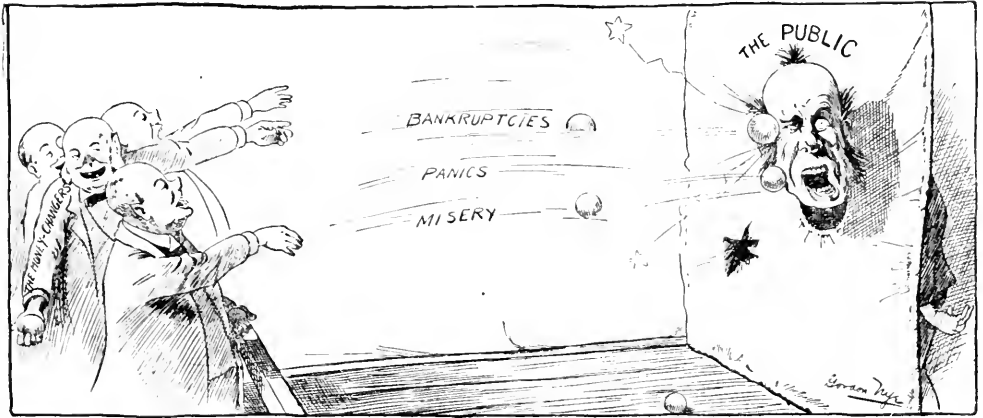
The Money, the Money-Changer and the Politician

ON the last page of the first volume of Prescott's "Peru" the reader will find a statement which stimulates thought. The historian says that after the Spaniards had unearthed the hidden hoards of the Incas, had stripped temple and shrine, and had flooded the open market with a swollen current of gold, it required twenty-nine thousand dollars to purchase a common horse, seven hundred dollars to buy a bottle of wine, three hundred and fifty dollars to pay for a pair of boots. This is nothing more than a vivid historical illustration of the truth that much gold means cheap gold, just as much wheat means cheap wheat. Pizarro had less

paper than was needed, more gold than local commerce required—hence Pizarro and his brother marauders paid one hundred and sixteen dollars for a quire of paper.

Some of these days, when political education takes the place it deserves in the lives of men; some of these days, when our children are taught the rudiments of political economy and social ethics instead of being everlastingly crammed with Greek and Latin, the average citizen may come to know what a monkey the money-changers make of him in the carrying out of their own selfish plans.

Sparta rose to be a state of the first



class on a currency of iron; Rome became mistress of the world on legal-tender copper; coined silver did not come into use until the Northern barbarian beat down her frontier; gold held no place in the coinage till the imperialism of the Cæsars had taken its lead in her decline.

How did the small island of Britain beat down and cage at St. Helena the mighty Napoleon—master of Continental Europe? By throwing off the slavery of metallic money; by exerting as a sovereign the sovereign power of Government to create money.

Suspending specie payments in 1797, England poured into the channels of trade a hundred millions of her own currency—linen and paper—sent her gold and silver abroad to bribe the kings of the Coalition; continued to hire them to fight as often as Napoleon scattered them; wore him out by sheer persistence; sent him to devour his own heart on a bleak rock of the Tropics, and put back on the throne of France as rotten a ruler as ever called upon a people to worship "Me and God."

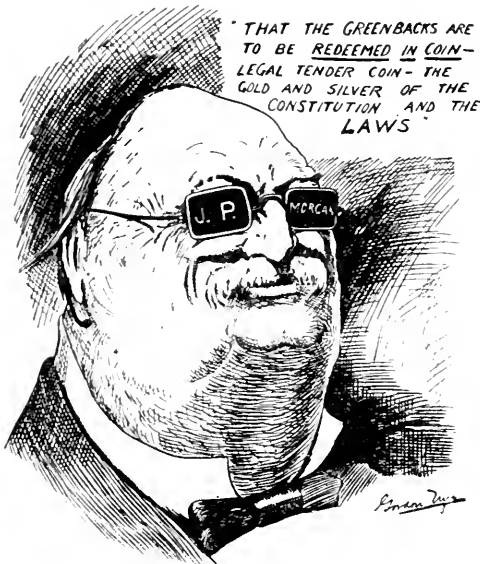
After Waterloo, what? The money-changer had his day. From the time that young Rothschild galloped to the coast to speed to London with the first news of the victory and to speculate upon it, the bankers entered into their own; and along the march they made from expanded currency to the single standard of gold were strewed more of

the wreckage of humanity, more cruelty, more suffering, greater loss in life and property, louder wails of despair, deeper curses of class hate, than England had ever known in all the years of the Napoleonic struggle.

Go read the history of that Tory, Allison, and note his admissions of the marvelous vigor and prosperity brought to all parts of Great Britain—to all classes, to all industries, by the abundance of money during the era of war. Go read McKenzie, McCarthy, Kneight, Aubrey, or any other historian of the nineteenth century, and study the record of widespread ruin after the peace—the riots, the pauperism, the bankruptcies, the drying-up of the fountains of prosperity everywhere. What did it? The soul had left the body, the life-blood had been drawn from the veins, the currency had been pumped out of the irrigation ditches of industry by a Government which bent to the selfish will of the money-changer.

Always, everywhere, the money-changer is the same; he wants a currency he can limit, control, expand at his pleasure, contract at his behest, thus ruling values with a rod of iron. So it was in England; so it was in the United States.

Fanatics on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line rushed us into civil war. Deaf to reason, blind to consequences, they sowed the soil, broadcast, with the dragon teeth of armed men which



Morgan's spectacles.

sprang up to drench the land with blood.

What enabled the Union Armies to prevail? Go read the confessions of your Northern financiers and statesmen that they could never have sustained the struggle but for Government currency which clothed and fed and armed and paid the soldiers who followed Thomas and Meade and Grant. Gold, the coward, had run to cover. Silver, the poltroon, had hid its head. National expenses jumped to one million dollars per day, then to two!

Where was the gold to pay it? Where was the supply of "coin" that would have sufficed?

It did not exist.

Spaulding, Chase, Thad Stevens—what did they do in that tremendous emergency?

They had the Government use its sovereign power to create money, cut loose from dependence upon gold, banked boldly upon the credit of the Nation and the patriotism of the people, flooded the parched fields of industry with abundant currency, quickened every energy of the North, the East and the West with the life-blood of trade, and *thus* conquered.

But the money-changer, what of him? He never varies. Call him by what name you will, Jew or Gentile, he is the identical creature that defiles the temple, trades on the misery of his country, puts greed above the promptings of patriotism or humanity—Christ scourged him from the temple, and Abraham Lincoln said he ought to have his "infernal head shot off."

The Government had to live, hence paper money had to be issued. The highest court in the land has said that the power to create money out of paper was a constitutional grant.

But the banker, willing that the soldier who shed his blood for the Union should be paid in paper, never intended that such a currency should be good enough for himself.

Over the indignant protest of Thad Stevens, Congress discriminated against the soldier, specially favored the banks and declared that the Government's paper should not be good money when pay-day arrived for the bondholder. Good enough to pay the farmer for his wheat, good enough to pay the manufacturer for his cloth, good enough for the sailor who fought with Farragut or the trooper who fought with Grant, it was not good enough for the money-changer who skulked in the rear and speculated upon the ruin of his country. The bondholder must be paid in coin—hence the famous "Exception Clause" in the Greenback law.

Having told the world that Government paper should be inferior to "coin," Congress could not have been greatly astonished to see such currency sink below "coin" in the markets; and to prove how closely it studies the interests of the capitalist, the same Congress gave *him* the right to collect the depreciated paper in large quantities, and to exchange this paper at par for more bonds!

Thus went the mighty national merry-go-round. Unprivileged millions of common people used paper money, every hive of industry hummed with it, and the banker's vaults fattened on bonds.



"When were the people so completely given over to the bond-grafters?"

The war ends, vast armies are disbanded; the soldier is paid off in seven-thirty notes, and the musket is laid aside for the hammer, the trowel, the spade, the axe, the plow.

The soldier has saved the Union; he has been the chief actor in the tragedy; he now steps off the stage and the money-changer begins. The "Exception Clause" has poured into his coffers practically the entire visible supply of gold and silver. The import duties are exacted in "coin," in order that the bondholder's interest could be paid in coin, and no capitalist had paid coin for bonds when he got them with depreciated paper. *Thus the money-changer has all the bonds and all the coin.*

Now what?

As long as that mighty reservoir of paper currency—some two billions or more—sends its irrigating streams to

the uttermost parts of the Republic, the smaller hoard of metallic currency is powerless to assume the mastery. Money is abundant, is cheap, is free, is competitive, is beyond arbitrary control. This will never do; the quantity must be lessened; thus its value will increase; and, as population and business increase, the necessities of the industrial world will bring it to the feet of the banker. Plain? Of course it's plain. If you want to see it, you see it.

Observe Congress; observe the Secretary of the Treasury; observe both political parties. At one fell swoop the notes which paid off the army are called in and destroyed! As fast as clerks can toss them into the furnace, *they are burned*—never to be reissued.

Year in and year out the deadly process goes on—the money of the common people being called in and

destroyed, until thirteen hundred millions of the paper currency has gone into the fiery furnace.

Is it any wonder that prices sunk, industry famished, bankruptcies multiplied? Is it any marvel that panics tore their way from ocean to ocean, desolating, destroying? At last, at last, public indignation spurred Congress to action, and in 1878 the contraction of the currency was halted.

The snake was scotched, not killed. Wall Street bided its time. "Let well enough alone for a while; Rome was not built in a day."

So it rested until John Sherman, by a mere Treasury ruling, set aside a gold reserve of \$100,000,000 for the redemption of the Greenbacks which had escaped the furnace. What act of Congress authorized this gold reserve? None whatever. What law, what custom, what reason demanded it? None whatever.

It was a mere ruling of a subordinate officer of the Government—an officer who was regarded as peculiarly the agent, representative and willing tool of the Rothschilds of London and of the money kings of New York. So far as the law was concerned, the reserve could just as legally have been made of silver. Or it could have been made of half gold and half silver. So far as the law was concerned, no reserve need have been set apart at all. It was only necessary that the Government should have enough "coin" on hand to redeem the Greenback when presented; and as long as the Treasury reports showed that the Government had surplus funds by the millions for the free use of pet banks, nobody was likely to doubt its ability to redeem that small remainder of Greenbacks—to wit, \$346,000,000.

A Government vested with the power to tax seventy billions of property was never in any danger from three hundred and forty-six millions of Greenbacks. The gold reserve answers no earthly purpose except to keep that much good money out of circulation. Locked up in the Treasury, it cannot compete with the gold

of the banker—hence his friendship for it. There is not a fair-minded man on this continent who will refuse to admit that the Greenbacks would circulate just as well if there wasn't a dollar of gold reserve. Redeem the Greenback? Nobody ever wanted it redeemed until it was found that they could be used to compel an issue of bonds.

Hungering for another Presidential nomination, Grover Cleveland attempted to explain his issuance of \$262,000,000 in bonds; and the foundation upon which he based his labored defense is a misstatement of the law concerning this gold reserve. Mr. Cleveland says, throughout the article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that the act of Congress for the resumption of specie payments required the Greenbacks to be "redeemed in gold." Time and again he repeats this statement. I really believe that he believes it.

Nevertheless it is untrue. He, a great New York lawyer, confesses that he did not know this to be the law until J. P. Morgan called his attention to it. Probably it did not suit the purpose of Mr. Morgan to remind him of another provision of the same act, but when President Cleveland "turned to the statutes and read the section," it is just a little bit queer that *he did not read the entire act*. Had he done so, he would never have published the amazing statement that the Act required Greenbacks to be redeemed in gold. As plain as print can be, the words are that the Greenbacks are to be *redeemed in coin*—legal tender coin—the gold and silver of the Constitution and the laws. It was not until the latter part of 1892 that Congress gave its implied sanction to the Gold Reserve of John Sherman, by directing that the issuance of gold certificates should cease when the reserve fell below the sum which Sherman had arbitrarily named.

Even when the lawmaking power did not declare that anything more should be done than to stop the issuance of certificates, if Congress had

thought that other steps were needed, why did not Congress say so? While Mr. Cleveland was guessing at legislative intentions why couldn't he have guessed that Congress meant no more than it said? Why was he so anxious to wring out of that statute a meaning so grateful to his former clients, J. Pierpont Morgan & Company?

But let us concede for the sake of argument that Cleveland construed the statute as Congress meant it. How was he to dispense with the legislative power and give to his former clients the bonds they wanted? There was no deficit in the Treasury, there were no matured debts which we were unable to pay, there was neither war nor rumor of war—how was he to start about giving to Wall Street those bonds which public opinion vehemently suspects were promised before election? How was he to dodge Congress, forestall the people, load the taxpayers with debt, and give the money-changer a heavy mortgage upon the Republic? By making a ruling which was brother to John Sherman's ruling, both rulings being lineal descendants of the contraction policy which was checked, but not slain, in 1878.

By ruling that Governmental notes which were payable *in coin* should be redeemed *in gold only*; by surrendering to the money-changer the option which the law vested in the Government; by giving to Wall Street both ends of the financial rope, until he himself cried out, "My God, Oates—the bankers have got the country by the leg!"

Since civilized government was founded on this earth, when were a people so completely delivered over to the bond grabbers? When and where was a national treasury so looted? With a thousand dollars in paper, a thousand dollars in gold was pulled out of the Treasury; the paper was immediately reissued; it pulled out another thousand dollars in gold; again issued it pulled out more gold, until the Gold Reserve cried aloud for succor; whereupon a *bond* issued from the Treasury went forth to seek the gold and bring it back into the Treasury, where it could

not stay, because of the Carlisle ruling that "coin" shall mean gold, *if Wall Street so desires*. Endless chain; endless power to the money-changer; endless impotence in the Government; endless burden to the taxpayers.

Why was it that the Gold Reserve gave us no trouble under Harrison? Why was it harmless under Cleveland's first administration? The true reason is that "coin" still meant *coin*; and the scheme for compelling the issue of bonds by the endless chain process had not been conceived. While Mr. Cleveland was guessing at the meaning of the act of 1890, why did he not attempt to discover what Congress meant by directing that after July, 1891, the Secretary of the Treasury should "coin as much of the silver bullion purchased under this Act as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes herein provided for"? Was there any legislative meaning in these words? Would it be unreasonable to suppose that Congress meant what it said? If so, *the law intended that the silver notes were to be redeemed by silver coins*. Therefore, Mr. Cleveland violated the plain letter of the law when he redeemed these notes with gold. In vain did Mr. Cleveland seek to find excuse for these bonds. To speak of "financial credit" and our "fair fame" is all poppycock when it is recalled that there was no strain whatever upon our credit and no smirch threatened our "fair fame." To say that one improves his credit by running into debt and mortgaging his estate, is a theory which only occurs to a President (a lawyer at that) who takes his knowledge of the statutes from J. P. Morgan. Does France know anything about financial credit and fair fame? Has she not been through the deep valley amid the thick darkness, and again mounted the highlands where all is light? Consider what that wonderful people accomplished. Hurlled to the almost bottomless pit of disaster by the corruptest Government modern Europe has known; pressed down by German bayonets and by a war indemnity of a billion dollars in

gold—how did she save herself from utter ruin? By cutting down the rotten tree of misgovernment; putting the helm of state into the hands of practical, honest, able men; treating gold and silver as equals; reserving to the Government the option of paying in either silver or gold as it saw fit, and supplementing metallic money with paper currency. Thus France paid Germany her billion dollars; thus the "parity" of the two metals was maintained; thus her credit and fair fame were vindicated. The lesson might have been worth something to Mr. Cleveland had he been looking for lessons. But inasmuch as his former partner, Stetson, was ready to write and witness the contract by which their client, the Morgan firm, was to get bonds at a lower figure than they could have bought the bonds of the little negro country, Jamaica, Cleveland had no time for lessons. Bonds, quick, secret, cheap—cheaper than the bonds of many a New England village!

Consider the picture, brethren. The New York law firm of Cleveland, Stetson & Company; their Wall Street clients, J. Pierpont Morgan & Company; then one of the law partners becomes President and authorizes the contract, which the other partner witnesses, and by which the *clients of the firm get the bonds!* Mr. Cleveland jauntily alludes to Belmont and Morgan as his "accomplices in crime." The words were well chosen. When he entered into that secret dicker with the bond syndicate to give them a profit of ten million eight hundred thousand dollars on that first lot of bonds, he was merely taking one more step in that program of special favors which had revealed itself in the deposit, free of interest, of fifty-nine millions of the people's money with the pet bankers, thus lavishing upon the same class the sixty millions in premiums on unmatured bonds; his desperate struggle to repeal the Sherman silver purchase act; his refusal to allow the Seigniorage silver used; and his repeated recommendations through his

secretaries to have the remainder of the Greenbacks destroyed.

No, no—Cleveland hasn't got the silver craze, not he. Washington had it, Hamilton had it, Jefferson had it, Jackson, Benton, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Lincoln—they all had it—believed in the equality of both silver and gold for money. Mr. Cleveland was free from that heresy. He believed that the banker should be allowed to supply the only paper currency, that the banker should be given the credit of the Government in the shape of a bond, and upon this bond all paper money should be issued to the people, who will pay high rates of interest to get it. The people pay interest on the bond, the people pay those taxes which the holder of the bond is not required to pay, and the people pay the interest on the currency issued on the bond. Thus the banker catches 'em on all sides, in every direction, going and coming.

Instead of a hundred millions in bonds bearing interest and concentrating untaxed wealth in the hands of a few, why should not the Government issue a hundred million of one-dollar Greenbacks costing nobody any interest, circulating among the many, messengers of mercy, stimulants to industry, advance couriers of progress? Why should the Government abdicate its sovereign function of creating currency and delegate that tremendous power to a class, which will inevitably use it for selfish purposes?

You may preach about abuses here and wrongs yonder, but until the Government resumes its sovereign control of the currency and returns to the Constitutional system of the Fathers, "the leg" of the country will remain where Cleveland put it—in the hands of the bankers. And whenever they want to pull it, the Government is helpless.

But for the unexpected influx of Klondike and other gold, and the invention for working low-grade ores, this country would, in all human probability, have been plunged into ruinous conditions. Even now prosperity is

far from being general; and the needs of a just distribution of wealth are sorely felt.

Unsound, unjust, unbalanced, our financial situation is a menace which is just as sure to crash down upon the people as the laws of Nature are to remain in force.

Under our complex commercial system, where money is the breath of life, give its control to the banker, and you have made him monarch of all he surveys—king of the mill and the mine, the field and the forge, the railroad and the ship combine, the sea and the land. If he wants a panic he will give you one—as in 1893. If he wants prices to go up, he expands his circulation. If he wants them to go down, he contracts. He makes and unmakes governors, judges, Presidents. He makes and unmakes laws. If statutes get in his way, so much the worse for the statutes.

And when he takes the trouble to show the President a law which the President had never seen, and tells him that *coin* in that law means *gold*, the dutiful President becomes so full of the idea that the word "gold" is used in the

statute, that he repeals a statement to that effect through many a weary column in that most respectable vehicle of high-thought, the *Saturday Evening Post*.

* * * * *

Politicians of both the old parties complacently assure themselves that the money question is not now an issue.

Roosevelt is sure of it: Bryan declares it. Perhaps they are right, but here is one citizen who still believes that the late Alexander H. Stephens spoke the truth when he said that "if ever the people of this country come to understand the financial system there will be the greatest revolution the world ever saw."

Once upon a time the two leading candidates for President of the United States agreed in advance that there should be no real, live, *dangerous* issue between them in *that* campaign. The results were disastrous to the two candidates.

I commend to Messrs. Roosevelt and Bryan a study of that historic campaign.

Its lessons *may* be repeated

Mr. Bonaparte and the Steel Trust

THE relation which exists between our Government and the Steel Trust has been, for many years, a subject of disquietude to every citizen who has studied the facts. Not only have the millionaire owners of those great plants at Pittsburg, Homestead and Bethlehem been allowed to fix such tariff regulations as gave them an absolute monopoly of the home market, but these tariff regulations have been framed with such diabolical skill and selfishness that the steel millionaires have been enabled to sell their goods throughout the foreign world cheaper than they can be bought here at home.

Besides, there has been scandal upon scandal with reference to frauds perpetrated upon the Government by the great manufacturers of steel. Some

years ago the situation became so bad that investigations were ordered, and the late Admiral Sampson made an official report, after the fullest examination, to the effect that Carnegie and his colleagues had defrauded the Government to the extent of \$275,000 upon one battleship alone. Most of our readers, perhaps, have forgotten the "blow-hole" armor scandals which involved millions of dollars and threatened the integrity of our navy. Few of our readers, perhaps, remember how President Cleveland allowed Mr. Carnegie to escape with a purely nominal fine, when he and his confederates in fraud should have been severely punished, and from thenceforth ignored in the letting out of Government contracts. Were our governmental business con-

ducted on the same plane that a private citizen would do business, no further dealings would have been had with a corporation which was detected in such a swindle; but our Government has its pets, its favorites, and no amount of imposition and wrong seems to be able to break the bonds which exist between it and one of these favorites. Therefore the great steel combine has pushed forward from year to year in its aggressive demands upon the Government, and there has never been a session of Congress in which millions of dollars were not dumped into the treasury of the Pennsylvania corporations.

A great deal of the clamor for a large navy which has dinned the ears of the public during these latter years can be attributed to the hunger of the Steel Trust for more millions of public money. The citizen, in the innocence of his heart, believes that our lawmakers are solely intent upon building a strong navy to guard our coasts and our colonial possessions; whereas, those who have studied the case are keenly aware of the fact that behind all the push for a big navy is the insatiable appetite of the Steel Trust.

Some years ago the late Senator Gorman, who was well known to be one of the senatorial spokesmen of the corporations, had the hardihood to declare, upon the floor of the Senate, that if Congress refused to vote for additional battleships, the Steel Trust would suffer in its business. It seems almost incredible that a senator should have made such a bold, bald, brazen plea for an unscrupulous and rapacious corporation, yet the record of Senator Gorman's demand is there to be seen of all men.

But in the course of years the enormous profits which the Steel Trust made out of Government contracts had the natural effect of arousing competition. There were other steel manufacturers who wanted some of the profits. Consequently the Midvale Company, an independent concern, began to bid for Government contracts. Year in and year out, for a series of about ten years, this independent com-

pany has been underbidding the Trust. Consequently the price has steadily been forced downward by healthy competition. The Government and the people have been the beneficiaries.

Not long ago Secretary Bonaparte asked for bids for the armor-plate of our new battleships. It was supposed that the lowest bidder would get the work. The Steel Trust *knew* that it would have competition. It was therefore put upon notice to make its bid as low as possible.

The bids are duly made by the Trust and by the independent manufacturers. Secretary Bonaparte opens these bids and finds that the Steel Trust, greedy as ever, has made its figures too high. The Midvale Company makes much the lowest bid and is, therefore, entitled to the work. Most people would have assumed that this ended the matter. The Government had asked for bids, stating that the work would go to the lowest responsible bidder; competitors entered the contest and made their bids, with their eyes open to the consequences; the independent company made a very much lower bid than the Steel Trust; and this lowest bidder expressed its willingness to make a bond of any kind to any amount which the Government should prescribe, for the faithful performance of the work within the time specified.

Now, a most astonishing thing happens. The managers of the Steel Trust hurry to Washington, closet themselves with Secretary Bonaparte, and, when the conference is over, the startling intelligence is given out that the Government will *divide the work* between the Steel Trust and the independent company!

How can such a deal as this be defended? What power does the Steel Trust have over our Government that it can dictate successively to such Presidents as Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, and Theodore Roosevelt, a Republican? How is it that Carnegie could escape punishment when the ranking admiral of the navy convicts him of monumental fraud; and how is it that Carnegie's successor, Schwab, can wring

from Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy *one-half of a huge contract after he had lost in the competitive bidding for that contract?*

To say nothing of any other aspect of this very peculiar and very mortifying situation, *the Government may be sure that it will never again have honest competition in the construction of its battle-ships.* By taking away from the Midvale Company the legitimate results of its lower bid, the Government has as good as told the Midvale Company that hereafter it had better pool issues with the Steel Trust. Therefore, we have the amazing spectacle of a Government which is pretending to combat and break up the trusts, deliberately turning upon its own tracks and doing that which stifles competition.

When Secretary Bonaparte was chosen for his high position in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, he went into office followed by the confidence and the es-

teem of the overwhelming majority of his fellow-citizens, whether Democrats, Populists or Republicans; but by his strange conduct in this matter, by his peculiar surrender to the Steel Trust, by his taking away from competition the just reward which it already had in its hands, he has forfeited the good opinion which would still have been his had he allowed the Midvale Company to take the contract which it had won under the terms of Mr. Bonaparte's own advertisement.

Suppose the Steel Trust had made the lower bid—does any man believe that Mr. Bonaparte would have given one-half the contract to the Midvale Company?

Never in the world. The fact that the Steel Trust had the effrontery to demand half the work when it had lost all, demonstrates its insolent confidence in its mysterious power over the Government.

The Independence League

BY CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE

THE TICKET

GOVERNOR—WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, OF NEW YORK.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR—LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER, OF DUTCHESS.

SECRETARY OF STATE—JOHN SIBLEY WHALEN, OF MONROE.

COMPTROLLER—DR. CHARLES H. W. AUDEL, OF BUFFALO.

STATE TREASURER—GEORGE A. FULLER, OF JEFFERSON.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—JOHN FORD, OF NEW YORK.

STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR—FRANK L. GETMAN, OF TOMPKINS.

A NEW political party was born in the Empire State on the 12th day of September. What will be its baptismal name, or its nickname during the years of adolescence, remains to be recorded; but during the period of gestation its parents called it the "Independence League."

No one can deny that it is a lusty infant—at least no one who sat in

Carnegie Hall Tuesday and Wednesday nights and heard its birth cry. And if one may judge by the intensity, earnestness and sincerity of that cry, the youngster bids fair to grow up a giant. Even now two senile political parties are "scared out of their boots" by the noise.

The mayoralty campaign of 1905 in New York City is a matter of history

familiar to our readers. There seems no doubt in the mind of every unprejudiced person cognizant of the facts that William Randolph Hearst was elected mayor last fall—and robbed of the place by such bare-faced stealing as would make a highwayman blush for his timidity. There was a time, however, when public indignation had reached a pitch that only a little encouragement would have produced such a psychological state of the public mind that Hearst would have been seated: the thieves would not have dared to brazen it out longer.

But at this moment Mr. Hearst, through his newspapers, began counseling moderation—and the wave subsided. It was a manly and consistent thing to counsel good order, patience and exact obedience to law—but it lost him his seat. He preferred to depend upon statute law and legislators rather than to take advantage of that "higher law" which in certain political crises is just as potent and has as good sanctions as that "higher law" which obtains in the matrimonial field.

In an orderly manner he sought redress in the courts. He was denied this and told that the legislature alone could help him. He went to the legislature as directed; the assembly did make an effort—or the pretense of one—to give him an opportunity to ascertain the truth, for it passed a recount bill, but the Senate, that bulwark of venality, killed it. The excuse was that Mr. Hearst had recourse to *quo warranto*.

But *quo warranto* may be invoked only by the attorney-general, or with his consent! And the attorney-general, unlike Don Juan's innamorata, meant it when he said, "I'll ne'er consent."

* * * * *

The mayoralty campaign was conducted under the name "Municipal Ownership League," which had been organized under the direction of Mr. Hearst and his assistants. Immediately after election it was deemed wise to extend this league over the

entire state, and the name was changed to the "Independence League," thus giving it a broader field of activity. The work of organizing local branches of the league has gone forward steadily ever since—and the magnificent state convention, just closed, is the first inkling the general public has had of how thoroughly the work has been done.

It was such a convention as no New Yorker has ever before seen in his home state. I have seen similar ones in Nebraska and Kansas in the palmy days of the People's Party. In fact, the 1,611 delegates at Carnegie Hall showed the same spirit of independence and determination that used to characterize old-time Populist conventions. "Reminds me of our Nebraska Populist conventions," said I to a Tompkins County delegate, whose guest I was.

"Why, they *are* Populists," he said; "I used to be a Populist myself."

However, very few of the 1,611 would be willing to admit as much. Very many good, radical reformers in New York think the Western Populists had horns—whiskers at any rate—and that they believed in repudiation, anarchy, and a number of other disreputable things. It's too late trying to undeceive them now—and it doesn't matter much anyway. The Independence League is not Populist, Democratic or Republican. "I have said," remarked Mr. Hearst in his speech of acceptance, "that my program is not Socialism, or radicalism, or extreme of any kind. It is simply Americanism."

That states the case in a nutshell. And the league does well to start off wholly untrammelled by old party, or old third party, traditions. It is a new party, born of the people.

Out in Nebraska, in the days when we had a "three-ringed circus"—a Democratic, a Silver Republican and a Populist state convention all going (in separate halls) in the same city at the same time, it was usual to meet at 2 P.M. and have the temporary organization effected and preliminary committees appointed before "supper."

Then an adjournment until 8 P.M. When again in session it meant all night—and sometimes until noon the next day before the adjournment *sine die*.

But here in New York more leisure is accorded the delegates and more time to the committees. Two night sessions of the convention proper, preceded by a long night session of the State Central Committee were required to complete the work.

The Democratic convention is set to meet at Buffalo, September 25. During the past three or four weeks some twenty counties out of twenty-five met in convention and selected Hearst delegations to Buffalo. Of course, it was a foregone conclusion who would be the nominee of the Independence League. And, as fusion is in the air all over the East, it was but natural that Mr. Hearst's supporters in the Democratic Party should seek an alliance with the League. But knowing that a Democratic (or any other) convention dislikes to have its ticket named (openly, at least) in advance of convention, Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committeeman; William J. Conners, and other "up-state" Democrats, attempted to have the League postpone making nominations until after the Buffalo convention. They, together with numerous delegates, county chairmen and state committeemen, prepared a memorial asking such postponement and placed it in the hands of the League State Committee.

Here is where the leaguers reminded me of the Populists. Everywhere went up the cry, "We want a straight ticket." No dickering with either of the old parties would be tolerated for a minute.

It is probable Mr. Hearst's political managers rather wanted a Democratic indorsement for the League ticket. It would be quite natural if they did—for the League has no official place on the ballot as yet, and its ticket must go on by petition. Besides, if Mr. Hearst could carry the Buffalo convention, it would mean that

he had cleaned out the Democratic ring.

But there was no mistaking the temper of that convention. Any appearance of a fusion deal was resented. Even those who were mildly in favor of an honorable co-operation with the Democrats, provided the machine was smashed, were obliged to keep quiet, so vehement was the demand for a straight ticket and no dickering.

I was forcibly reminded of the Populist National Convention in Sioux Falls, 1900, when, against the better judgment of Senator Allen and others, we nominated Charles A. Towne for Vice-President and tried (and failed) to cram him down the Democratic throat later at Kansas City. We wanted fusion—but took an undiplomatic course to get it.

The League Committee was in session until after 2 A.M. on that memorial, and finally referred it to the convention. And the convention, through its resolutions committee, replied as follows:

To Messrs. Norman E. Mack, William J. Conners and the delegates, County Chairmen and State Committeemen signing the memorial addressed to the State Committee of the Independence League.

Gentlemen—The Independence League, in convention assembled, thanks you for the interest you have manifested, as indicated by your memorial, which was received and carefully considered by the State Committee and by it referred to this convention.

The convention deems it inadvisable to postpone the important business for which it has assembled.

We heartily sympathize with the honest efforts of the Democratic rank and file to secure control of their convention in the interests of good government.

We fear that they may be unable to overthrow the bosses entrenched in an established machine and fortified by the power of corrupt corporations.

But if the Democratic masses should be successful in this commendable endeavor, we should be glad to make common cause with them, and if they should not be successful we extend our hand in friendship to them, and invite their support at the polls of our independent ticket.

An afternoon and a night session were held Tuesday, August 11. At the former, Willard A. Glen, of Syra-

cuse, was made temporary chairman, and William A. De Ford, of New York, temporary secretary. Chairman Glen's address was filled with keen thrusts at the bosses, and was heartily applauded. I quote:

The corporations now deal with the lawmakers through the bosses, for the political boss is a ventriloquist speaking through the wooden men who represent him in the legislature.

Belmont sits in the executive committee of the Democratic Party. He speaks in the State organization through a respectable figurehead named Parker; and in the City of New York through a figurehead who lacks respectability named McClellan.

After appointment of the usual committees, a recess was taken till 8 P.M.

At the evening session Judge Samuel Seabury was introduced as permanent chairman. His speech was a plain statement of the situation, interrupted by the most remarkable demonstration I have ever seen. The judge knows how to render a just decision; he is honest as the day; he knows the facts; he is courageous; but he has never learned those little tricks of oratory which result in a well-rounded period, followed by applause. He tried to utter a sentence with the name of "William Randolph Hearst" about its middle. How he intended to finish will probably never be known, for a whole half-hour elapsed before he could say anything that could be heard twenty feet away.

At the name of Hearst the entire audience arose *en masse*, and such yelling, hand-clapping, horn-tooting, stamping, hat-waving I have never before witnessed. It was the real thing, too. I've been in a Hearst meeting or two where the applause seemed too stereotyped—noisy enough, but not hearty enough. It was different this time and as easily detected as the difference between a genuine and a forced laugh.

Stranger still, Mr. Hearst wasn't there at all! His name, not too cleverly spoken by Judge Seabury,

had done the trick. It was an ovation full of significance, so full, in fact, that hostile New York papers were obliged to comment upon it.

The reports of committees took up the remainder of the evening. The platform adopted demands a revision of the election laws; a cleaning out of the insurance and banking departments; reorganization of the Railroad Commission; searching investigation of every department, including the governor's office; the destruction of the Milk Trust; a system of good roads; pensions for teachers, and the "three-platoon" system for New York policemen. While strictly a state platform, some of the declarations are applicable to other states. I quote:

The fundamental idea of the Independence League is independence; independence of boss rule, independence of corporation control and independence of any party subject to boss rule and corporation control.

A man who is not independent in life, in thought and at the polls is not an American citizen of the type hoped for by the founders of this country.

Without a free vote and an honest count there can be no liberty, no reform of abuses, no progress toward the supremacy of public over special interests.

Hand in hand with this reform should go a measure stripping the attorney-general of discretionary power in *quo warranto* proceedings to test the title to an office in dispute, and measures facilitating independent nominations, providing for the selection by popular vote of candidates for the United States Senate, an effective corrupt practices act and provision for direct nominations.

We advocate legislation that will increase both the civil and criminal responsibility of directors of banks, trust companies, building and loan associations and public service corporations, not only for malfeasance in office, but for neglect in office.

The Independence League believes in the public ownership of public utilities that are natural monopolies. It stands neither for private confiscation of public property nor public confiscation of private property. It believes in upholding and enforcing every property right. Holding that no person or corporation is privileged to confiscate what rightfully belongs to another, it stands for irreconcilable hostility to appropriation by corporations of franchise values created by the community and belonging to the community.

The first essentials for public ownership are honesty in office and independence in voting. The application of the principle of public ownership thus becomes a matter for each community to settle for itself. Respect for local rights and home rule should authorize the enactment of a statute empowering all cities to acquire and operate public necessities, such as gas and electric lighting plants, transportation lines and telephones, the same as waterworks, whenever such cities by a majority vote favor such a course.

We pledge our efforts to bring about equitable freight rates, to destroy rebates and discrimination and to enact and enforce a maximum passenger rate of two cents a mile, applicable to every railroad in the state.

* * * * *

The Wednesday evening session did little but play from 8 o'clock until 10.40. "Demonstrations" were the order of business, interrupted occasionally by a word or two of the report of a committee or a sentence from one of the speakers. A committee of 150 had been empowered to investigate the qualifications of candidates and to report a "slate." Clarence J. Shearn, chairman of the committee, read its report. The ticket is printed at the head of this report; but as actually read it was about as follows:

"For governor, William Randolph Hearst."

(And hell broke loose for noon, for about fifteen minutes.)

"For lieutenant-governor, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, of Dutchess."

("Ki-yi! Whoop-la! They're off again!" for, say, five minutes.)

"For secretary of state, John Sibley Whalen, of Monroe."

(Three minutes more of wild enthusiasm.)

And so it went until Honest John Ford, for attorney-general, was

reached last. The ovation given him was second only to that accorded Hearst.

* * * * *

Of course, Mr. Shearn very properly moved that the report be adopted. Then Henry A. Powell got recognition of the chair and in a clever speech seconded the motion, which carried amid more noise. Mr. Powell then moved the appointment of a committee of three to invite Mr. Hearst to address the convention. It was appointed and Mr. Hearst came.

The cheering lasted thirty-five minutes, outdoing the previous evening two or three minutes. This time there was a flag for every person—so that flag-waving added to my former description will suffice for here. Mr. Hearst appeared a bit ill at ease at first, but this wore off shortly and he stood bowing and smiling while the convention went wild. I wondered if he thought about the New York *Sun's* late prophecy that the next Governor of New York will be a Democrat, and the next Governor of New York will be the candidate for President in 1908.

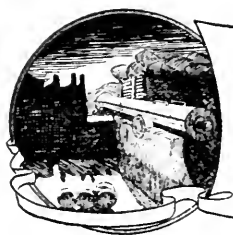
* * * * *

I can't help thinking Mr. Hearst will be elected, whether he has the Democratic indorsement or not. And to be Governor of New York is a powerful lever for securing a Presidential nomination. Will it be Hearst *or* Bryan, Hearst *and* Bryan, Bryan *and* Hearst—or neither in 1908? A very pretty contest is developing between the two—whether they wish it or not; for each has his staunch friends who will work night and day. A deadlock and a "dark horse" are quite possible.

Something in a Name

MRS. BENHAM—Our boy is very restless and uneasy; I can't keep him in one place any length of time.

BENHAM—That's what we get for naming him after the Methodist minister.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY THOMAS E. WATSON.



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IV

IN the biography of Jackson recently published by Col. A. S. Colyar there appears a letter, written by Judge John McNairy, in which this statement is made: "We (Andrew Jackson and McNairy himself) moved together from North Carolina to this state (Tennessee) and arrived at Nashville in October, 1788."

Colonel Colyar regards this letter as sufficiently convincing to overthrow all the evidence which supports the conclusion that Andrew Jackson lived for a year or more at Jonesboro before going to Nashville.

In Parton's voluminous "Life of Jackson," a book which Colonel Colyar says "ought not to have been written," the industrious author produces what purports to be a copy of an original advertisement in the *State Gazette*, of North Carolina, of November 28, 1788, and which reads as follows:

"Notice is hereby given that the new road from Campbell's Station to Nashville was opened on the 25th of September, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families went on, amongst whom were the widow and family of the late General Davidson and John McNairy, judge of the Superior Court; and that on the 1st day of October next the guard will attend at the same place for the same purpose."

This advertisement convinced Parton that Andrew Jackson stopped no longer than "several weeks" in Jonesboro, "waiting for the assembling

of a sufficient number of emigrants, and for the arrival of a guard from Nashville to escort them." The evidence at least corroborates Judge McNairy's statement as to the date of his arrival in Nashville. It by no means excludes the possibility that Jackson himself lived in Jonesboro a year or more previous to October, 1788.

So many of the episodes in the long career of Andrew Jackson depend upon mere hearsay, the recollections of old people, neighborhood traditions and other testimony of that most untrustworthy character, that we find ourselves groping amid uncertainties at every turn.

Assured of the fact that Jackson moved from Morganton directly to Nashville, Mr. Parton, a painstaking biographer, did not visit East Tennessee while making the local researches upon which he based his elaborate work.

If, as Mr. Parton states, Andrew Jackson and John McNairy stopped in Jonesboro for no other purpose than to await the assembling of emigrants and the coming of the guard from Nashville, why did they go into court at Jonesboro during the May term, 1788, produce their licenses, and take the oaths necessary to qualify them to practice law in that court?

The technical name of the tribunal referred to was the "Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions."

Furthermore, the minutes of the "Superior Court of Law and Equity," kept at Jonesboro, disclose the fact that at the August term, 1788, John McNairy produced his license and took

the necessary oath to qualify him to practice "in the several courts of this state."

These old court-house records, copied into Judge Allison's "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History," upset Parton's assertion that Jackson and McNairy "rendezvoused at Morganton in the spring or summer of 1788," and then went on to Nashville, after a halt of but a few weeks at Jonesboro.

In the little log cabin, twenty-four feet square, which served as a court-house at Jonesboro, Andrew Jackson presented his license and was duly enrolled upon the minutes as an attorney entitled to practice "in this County Court," on the 12th day of May, 1788.

It was at the November term, 1788, of "this County Court," at Jonesboro, that Jackson produced a "Bill of Sale from Micajah Crews to Andrew Jackson, Esquire, for a negro woman named Nancy, about eighteen or twenty years of age," and proved the same by the oath of David Allison, a subscribing witness—whereupon the paper was "ordered to be recorded."

"Ordered to be Recorded" was indicated upon legal documents in those days by the clerk's memorandum "O. R.," and with that proneness to error which is one of the most interesting and attractive features in human nature, the letters of the clerk's memorandum were taken to be "O. K.," and the stubborn pertinacity and success with which the senseless "O. K." has held its ground against the lucid and righteous "O. R." demonstrates how ridiculous a figure the truth can sometimes cut in contest with a falsehood which got the running start.

What use Andrew Jackson had for the young negro woman, named Nancy, is not apparent. Being a boarder at the house of Christopher Taylor, he did not need her as a house-servant; he was not running a farm anywhere, and, consequently, he did not need her as a field-hand. Reasoning by the process of exclusion, we land firmly upon the conviction that Nancy

was bought on speculation. In political campaigns it was natural that, in the North, the partisans of Old Hickory should vehemently deny that he had ever been a negro trader; but in the days of Andrew Jackson the business men of the South thought no more of buying and selling negroes than they did of buying and selling any other merchantable commodity. The business instinct was strong in Andrew Jackson, as it was in George Washington, and Nancy was the first of the many negroes that he bought to re-sell at a profit.

In that interesting little volume, "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History," the author, Judge John Allison, presents a picture of the house in which Jackson boarded while he lived at Jonesboro. The photograph from which the illustration was made was taken in 1897, and the house, which was built of hewn logs, presents the sturdy appearance of a building which might survive many other years. There are portholes at convenient distances for the riflemen who might be compelled to defend the home from Indian attack, and these portholes grimly remind one of the stern, bloody days in which the encroaching settler made his clearing and built his house.

When Andrew Jackson came to Jonesboro (then spelt Jonesborough) to live it was a thriving town, equal, at least, to Nashville. It was surrounded and supported by one of the finest farming sections of the South. Public officials, merchants and others, traveling from the lower Southern States to Washington and points farther east made Jonesboro a stopping-place on the route. Drove of horses, mules and cattle from the regions round about were collected at Jonesboro, and from there driven to Georgia and the Carolinas for sale. From Baltimore and Philadelphia came all sorts of merchandise by wagon, and these goods were distributed by the merchants of Jonesboro to the smaller dealers in Tennessee and Western North Carolina.

Yes, indeed, Jonesboro was quite a large and flourishing town in those

days, but it is one of those which has had to witness the growth of younger, stronger rivals as the invincible railroad came along and gave its advantages to Johnson City and Bristol. The population of Jonesboro is not greater now than it was in the days of Andrew Jackson.

"In going from Jonesboro to the courts in Greene, Hawkins and Sullivan counties, Jackson always took with him his shotgun, holsters and saddlebags, and very often his hounds, so that he was always ready to join in a deer-chase or a fox-hunt. He was an unerring marksman, and was always the centre of attraction at the shooting matches at which the prizes were quarters of beef, turkeys and deer." So says Judge Allison in "Dropped Stitches."

We can well believe it. Jackson loved life, action, contact and contest with his fellow-man. Neither at that time, nor at any other time, did he have any fondness for books. While at Jonesboro he burned no midnight oil poring over Coke or Blackstone or Chitty—nor did he do so anywhere else. Just enough law to get his case to the jury was about as much as he ever knew; and he relied upon his energy in hunting up evidence and his strong common sense in talking to the jury to carry him through.

To speak of Andrew Jackson as having lived a year or more at Jonesboro without having had a fight with somebody would bring the story under suspicion; therefore we must chronicle the fact that he *did* have "a personal difficulty" while at Jonesboro.

One of the residents of Jonesboro was Samuel Jackson, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, who had come from Philadelphia and established himself in a successful business. A most worthy gentleman he was, by all accounts; and his descendants, to this day, are worthy people in East Tennessee.

It seems that Andrew Jackson, being a fighting man, carried a sword-cane—a habit common to the fighting men of that period. When the writer

of this sketch was a small boy he remembers having seen one of these formidable weapons. To outward appearance the sword-cane differed from no other "walking stick." It looked as innocent as the handle of a wagon whip. But the cane was, in reality, a concealed weapon, for it was nothing more than the wooden scabbard of a long, keen blade of steel which was ready to flash into the light and drink blood the moment the handle of the cane was pulled. In other words, the sword-cane was made upon the principle of the sword, with the difference that all men knew a sword to be a sword, while no one could tell a sword-cane from any other kind of "walking-stick."

Andrew Jackson had a quarrel with Samuel Jackson, and before the matter ended Andrew had pierced the thigh of Samuel with the spear of his sword-cane. It does not appear that Samuel Jackson was armed, or that Andrew Jackson was justifiable in the use of the weapon. A daughter of Samuel Jackson, relating the circumstances to John Brownlow, some forty years ago, spoke with deep feeling of the matter, denouncing the conduct of Andrew Jackson. Making allowances for the natural bias of a daughter, the impression remains that the assault was due to the violent temper of Andrew rather than to any adequate provocation.

The famous Parson Brownlow lives in Southern history as one of its most striking figures. From his son, John B. Brownlow, I have received many valuable suggestions in the studies for this sketch of Andrew Jackson; and the following letter from him is inserted here because of its bearing upon this part of Jackson's career.

* * * * *

KNOXVILLE, TENN., August 16, 1906.

"There is no doubt whatever that Jackson resided at Jonesboro at least one year, and probably longer. While writing his book, Parton spent several weeks at Nashville, but he never came to East Tennessee, and never communicated by letter or otherwise with

any citizen of this section of the state about Jonesboro, so far as I have ever heard.

"Immediately after receiving your letter this morning I called to see Judge O. P. Temple, who had been a citizen of Knoxville since 1848. He was born in Greene County, the county adjoining Washington, of which Jonesboro is the capital town. Before removing here in 1848 he practiced law at Jonesboro, residing at Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. In 1847 Judge Temple was the Whig candidate for Congress against Andrew Johnson, Johnson defeating him by three hundred votes. In 1849 he held a diplomatic position under President Taylor's administration. For sixteen years he was Judge of the Court here. His memory and mental faculties seem unimpaired, and until he retired from the bar, he was one of the most successful lawyers we have had in East Tennessee. He is now eighty-seven. I asked him bluntly: 'Did Andrew Jackson ever make Jonesboro his home?' He replied: 'Certainly; he opened a law office there and lived there for at least a year, and I think two years; and when I was a young man visiting Jonesboro I heard the name of the widow with whom he boarded while there, but I have forgotten it. I also remember to have heard of his horse-racing there.'

"From Judge Temple's home I called at my mother's. I asked her the very same question. She replied: 'Didn't you know that General Jackson lived at Jonesboro before going to Nashville?' I told her that had always been my understanding, but I wanted her recollection on the subject. She added that when a young woman she was in Jonesboro and that the house he, Jackson, lived in, where he boarded, was pointed out to her. From 1839 to 1849 my father resided in Jonesboro, editing a Whig newspaper. During this period my mother heard several of the old people of the town speak of Jackson, who knew him personally while he practiced law there. My mother is eighty-seven.

"In the 'History of the Bench and Bar of Tennessee' it is stated that Jackson never wrote an opinion as Judge. The author of that work, Hon. Joshua W. Caldwell, resided in this city. He recently told me that since his book was published he had heard that in the court-house at Elizabeth, Carter County, East Tennessee, there was among the records a Judicial opinion of Jackson's, in his own writing. It is worth investigating this matter, as, if true, it is new matter in that no Judicial opinion of Andrew Jackson has ever been published in book or newspaper. Carter is a mountain county, bordering on Washington. I may go there before the November election, and if so I will investigate.

"The county (Washington) it is in is the first county in the United States, not excepting Washington County, Va., which was named in honor of the immortal George. It was named for him while he was a Colonel of Virginia militia wearing the British colors, and while Tennessee was a part of North Carolina. Until within recent years Jonesboro was spelled Jonesborough.

"That not one of the numerous biographers of Jackson has ever visited East Tennessee is one reason why you should do so. There are many spots of interest here in connection with his career which would interest you. On the street where I am writing this letter Jackson, while a Judge of our highest court, made a personal assault on John Sevier, the Governor, because of slighting remarks the latter was alleged to have made, that he, Jackson, 'had stolen another man's wife.'"

* * * * *

When we bear in mind that Andrew Jackson was admitted to practice law in the "County Court" at Jonesboro in May, 1788, was still there in *August*, 1788, and was putting upon the records of that court his Bill of Sale to Nancy in *November* of the same year, it will be difficult to escape the conviction that the young lawyer was living there.

Nashville was one hundred and eighty-three miles farther on in the wilderness, and no one could travel the

road from the one place to the other without a guard to protect him from the Indians; consequently we cannot explain away the facts by supposing that Jackson was living in Nashville and attending to law business in Jonesboro. The nature of the country, the distance between the two places, and the perilous condition of the roads, made this a physical impossibility *in the year 1788*.

Later, conditions changed for the better, but in 1788, when emigrants to the number of "sixty families" dared not move from Jonesboro to Nashville without military escort, no lawyer could have lived in the one town and practiced in the other.

* * * * *

To be convinced that Andrew Jackson could not have lived in Nashville in 1788, while practicing law in Jonesboro, we have only to study the narrative of Parton himself. We learn from him, and from others, that the road was not to be traveled without military escort. We learn that, even in the year 1789, Judge John McNairy and his party were attacked by Indians while the Judge was on his way to hold the Superior Court at Jonesboro. Three men of McNairy's party were killed, and the rest dispersed. Their horses, camp equipage and clothing were left behind, while they saved their lives by swimming to the other side of the river upon which they had been encamped.

Mr. James Parton was a most industrious biographer, a most entertaining writer, and a most amusingly credulous man. If a story about one of his heroes tickled his fancy, he couldn't help believing it to save his life. Therefore he straightway put it into his book.

That Andrew Jackson could travel one hundred and eighty-three miles in the wilderness without having "adventures" appeared unnatural to biographical and historical writers of the Peter Parley school, and therefore we learn from Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson" that the guard which had been sent from Nashville to watch

over the lives of the emigrants was totally unfit for the business, and that had not Andrew Jackson and his cob pipe been along, the Indians would have surprised and butchered the whites.

* * * * *

Remember that we have been told by Parton that Jackson and McNairy waited several weeks at Jonesboro for the assembling emigrants and for the guard from Nashville. Remember that the emigrants did assemble in due course and that the guard from Nashville did arrive. Remember that the party numbered about one hundred, and that the military escort must have consisted of backwoodsmen familiar with Indian ways, Indian fighting and all necessary woodcraft. Remember that this guard from Nashville came from the dark and bloody ground of constant and deadly antagonism between the white intruders and the Red Men who believed that the Great Spirit had given them the land. Remember that it was the special duty of this Indian-fighting escort to protect the men, women and children of the emigrant train from surprise, ambush and attack. Remember that at night, in the midst of the unbroken forest, the danger would be greatest and the guard most vigilant. Remember all these things and then smile as you read the story, which Parton repeats, of the childlike manner in which the trained and trusted backwoodsmen from Nashville had all become negligent, and how the young lawyer, Andrew Jackson, who happened to be "sitting with his back against a tree smoking a corn-cob pipe, an hour after his companions had gone to sleep," called the attention of the young clerk of the court, Thomas Searcy, to the suspicious hoots of the owls—which hoots the young lawyer from old North Carolina knew *must* be made by Indians and not by owls! The trained and trusted backwoods Indian fighters had not suspected that these owls were other than owls! How mean and cheap those trained and trusted Indian fighters from Nashville must have felt

as the young lawyer from old North Carolina roused them to a sense of the perils by which they were encompassed! According to this marvelous yarn, which Parton swallows without a wink of the eye, the Andrew Jackson band rose up and marched away from there, unmolested, whereas a party of hunters who came up to the same camp, during the same night, and laid them down to sleep in the same place, were remorselessly butchered by the same Indians who had been hooting those owl-hoots at the Jackson band! What an extensively credulous Parton! In such haste was he to make a wonderful figure out of the raw young lawyer from Salisbury, N. C., that the best borderers whom Tennessee could select were made to neglect the simplest duties, and get caught napping in the stupidest fashion, *at the very time when such a thing was the least likely to have happened.*

That there may have been a narrow escape for the emigrants from some night-attack of Indians is probable enough; but it is simply incredible that a guard, picked by pioneers of the times of Robertson and Donelson and Sevier, for the very purpose of watching over the safety of the inexperienced and helpless emigrants, should have gone to sleep in the depths of the wilderness with Red Men all about them, or should have been so unskilled as not to detect so common an Indian

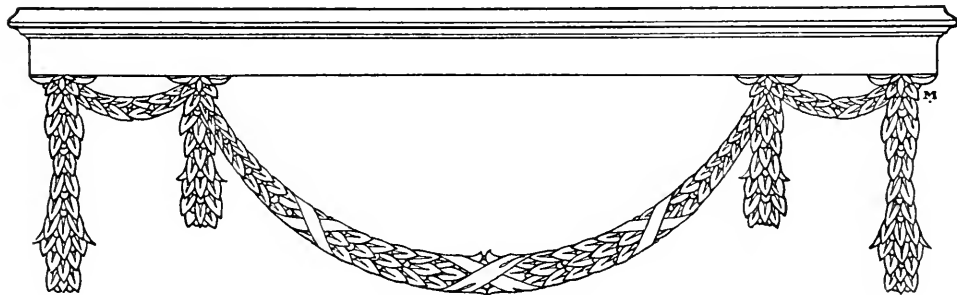
signal as the imitation of the owl-hoot. The unsuspecting, indiscriminate and comprehensively credulous Parton is so sure of his ground that he actually gives his readers the exact time which elapsed between the flight of the Jackson band and the coming of the hunters who were butchered.

It was one hour.

Thus we have one band of white borderers who wait to be led out of the Indian ambuscade by a young attorney, and a *second* band of white borderers who come upon the deserted camp-fires, one hour later, and who see no "signs" which are sufficient to arouse suspicion and excite watchfulness. The second band of white borderers—men who live amid continual dangers, who carry their lives in their hands, and to whom the reading of the "signs" in the woods is the necessary condition of life in the savage wilds—lie down around the abandoned camp-fires of Jackson's band, and without so much as posting a picket fall into the arms of sleep and of death.

The credulous Parton! Of all things which would have put the *second band* of white borderers upon instant notice that danger lurked on the trail, it was the abandoned camp which *must* have shown, even to the untrained eye of an emigrant, that it had been suddenly and recently deserted by those *who had intended* to remain there for the night!

To be Continued.



The Baron's Intended

BY E. V. LOCKROY

HARVEY SEARS had made up his mind that she was not to be won away from him. She was the one girl, and, looking at his own merits in the coldest impersonal light, he was confident that her life's happiness was bound with his destiny. She had never admitted so much in words, but she had let him go all the way out to Pinewood two evenings of each week during the past winter; she had given him the preference of dances at every hop during the summer at the seashore, and on one secluded and ever-memorable occasion she had let him hold her hand while the hotel orchestra played "Dearie." At another time when he was stealthily pinning his class pin on her sleeve, she gave a little screech because he tried to fix the pin in her wrist, but she had deigned to affix the token herself and had kept it since.

No woman would condemn a man to those journeys on the fickle trains that ran to quiet, aristocratic Pinewood to no purpose, unless hers was a cruel, wanton soul. Such a soul did not inhabit the fair person of Nathalie Gilbert. She was honest and good as she was tall and fair. Until he knew her, the law, his profession, had been a tyrant to whom he was in thrall. Now it was a symbol of the beautiful girl with whom he was in love. Every hour of struggle and striving with law meant a step nearer the goal of Nathalie. The world was recreated, he was born again and the breath of spring perfumed the air on the chilliest March nights, until the ambition of Nathalie's aspiring mama descended

like a blight with the advent of Baron von Hampferschlag.

The baron was a guest of the Harwells at Stonebridge, the first station beyond Pinewood. Mrs. Gilbert and Nathalie had met him two years before at Marienbad, when Nathalie was seventeen, which of course did not render her less captivating to the handsome, perhaps foppishly handsome, nobleman. He looked thirty-five and was registered in the *Almanach* as forty. Mrs. Gilbert had searched the records. The baron had only some means, but brilliant and unimpeachable lineage. Since the baron's arrival in America journals devoted to the social world had published various gossip about the visits he was making and the heiresses presumably fiancées apparent.

In one of these statements, couched in veiled terms, Harvey Sears divined the peril of his future. He had been in the South for two or three weeks on an important railroad case. Going to his club late in the afternoon of his first day in town, he chanced upon the ominous paragraph. The painful memory that Nathalie had answered none of the letters he wrote her while away afflicted him with new torture. This was Tuesday. It was on Tuesday that he usually went to Pinewood. He gave a hurried order for dinner and dressed meanwhile, managing, as much by luck as by striving, to catch the six-forty train. All during the journey his teeth were shut hard and his lips compressed, giving his clean-cut, smooth face a tense, frowning expression. His mind was turbulent with doubts, possibilities, plans. It

was a local train and at each of the innumerable stops his hopes burned lower, his determination became more grim. Clearly and more clearly he saw in the German baron the source of woe, and gradually the man he had never seen became his soul's enemy and hatred, while the click of the wheels on the track rang in his ears with:

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case,
Dee-de dum, dee-de dum, dee-de dum, la-la,
Dee-de dum, dee-de dum, dee-de dum.

The words came back somewhere from long ago, at once irrelevant and silly, he thought. But their rhythm clung to him until he got off the train at Pinewood station. An unexpected, sharp April rain, blurring the sparse lights about the place, sent the few late passengers in a run to their traps. Harvey dashed to the first hack in the line of rickety livery vehicles, told the driver his destination and after several muscular slams succeeded in getting the door closed on himself. The Birches, Mrs. Gilbert's house, was far back on the top of the big hill that set the limits of the township. After two or three mad leaps that seemed rather to send them backward than forward, the nag began to mount the long ascent, meditative and slow. Harvey wished he might condemn the baron to ride for five years in such a cold, damp squeaky vehicle, behind so rare a specimen of equine degeneracy. Near the top of the hill, and within half a mile of the Birches, the road turned sharply to the left, crossing a trolley line. Chilled within and without, Harvey was sinking into despond, when he noticed with relief that they were making the sharp turn. . . . A blaze of sudden light dazzled his eyes. Instinctively he burst the door of the hack open and jumped. Earth seemed to open with a grinding, cataclysmic roar and . . .

Bad raw whisky was scalding his throat. Opening his eyes slowly, he saw the hackman kneeling above him with a flask in his hand.

"Have some more, sir?" and the hackman poured it down.

Harvey shut his teeth together and the poison flowed down his neck in a trickling deluge.

"Good Lord, man, don't drown me," he gasped. "I can't drink any more. I'm all right, if you'll help me to my feet."

The motorman and the conductor came forward. They both showed deep concern and made abject offers to do anything to oblige the gentleman. They took Harvey's card, who said he would not sue the company unless he fell ill as a result of the collision.

"Come on, driver," said Harvey excitedly, "I'm in a hurry to get to the Birches."

The hackman gave vent to a poignant cry, not quite a groan or sob, as he pointed to the shattered hack and the prostrate horse some yards away.

"My whole fortune gone to smash, sir," he moaned, "and Firefly's forelegs broken. He's got to be shot and he was a fine bit o' flesh in his day. He done a mile at the State Fair in eighteen hundred and—lemme see——"

"Never mind his record," Harvey interrupted, "here's my address. I'll see that you get damages. I've got to go now. I'll walk."

The three men watched him as he started away somewhat unsteadily. Then the trolley employees took the hackman's name, helped him empty the flask and went back to the car, which in this remote section had no passengers and had suffered only a few scratches.

When Harvey was assured that for all the aches and strains in regions of his anatomy of which he had never known he was able to plod on through the rain, he began to take observations of his appearance: his clothes were torn in many places and his outer coat and trousers were daubed with mud that the constant rain kept in a moist plaster. He had forgotten his hat until he became aware of a surface gash over his eye, which he bound with his handkerchief. More than once he half resolved to turn and go back to the

village. That would be a much longer walk, however, and he felt a queer dizziness every few minutes that made him doubt his strength. Also the baleful image of Baron von Hampferschlag floated across his bewildered brain. He had never met the baron, but he knew now that he would recognize him on sight.

The Birches was a large, costly, not very handsome house, set in a grove of the trees from which it took name. As he passed through the iron gateway, Sport, Nathalie's bull terrier, ran suspiciously toward Harvey, who greeted him with a sad but friendly, "Hello, Sport!" The terrier, who ought to have known him, snarled most inhospitably and aimed a lunge at a choice shred of trousering flapping at Harvey's calf. In former days this was the leg that Harvey used for goal-kicks. The other one was reserved for punting. On the instant he rejoiced that Sport had made so appropriate a selection, and with a mental calculation that Sport could not anyway go much higher than the house, Harvey's leg shot out as if driven by an electric dynamo. The terrier sailed with a howl into the air and landed somewhere. Harvey did not know just where because of the darkness and because Sport did not tell.

It seemed almost five minutes after he had rung the bell for the first time that Harvey heard the slam of a door in the basement, the tramp of feet on the stairs and then the hurried tread of a servant in the hall. Over the Birches hung a strangely quiet air. In dismay the thought came to him, what if no one were at home?

The door was drawn slowly inward before him. Mrs. Gilbert had evidently hired a new housemaid. He did not recognize this one, who stared at him a second and then tried to slam the door in his face. Harvey's foot, the punting foot, slid forward and caught the door as a chug. The manœuvre was painful, but effective to his purpose.

"What do you mean?" he demanded sternly.

For answer the maid shrieked with terror and fled wildly along the hall and down the stairs to her proper region.

With grim satisfaction Harvey felt that the yell would at least serve as an indication that someone had called. He closed the hall door after him, laid off his dismembered raincoat and entered the long, dimly lighted parlor on his left. The shades were lowered, the curtains drawn. The air here was close and smelled, he thought, of furnace heat. In a moment it occurred to him that he had never in his life been in a room so overheated.

"I'll sit down as long as I have to wait," he said to himself wearily.

He moved toward a chair. The walls began to move, too. He stopped. They went round, whirring faster each time. They were whirling him round now in their crazy orbit. He reached and got a firm grip on the high gold curio cabinet that held Nathalie's collection of silver knick-knacks. What a relief it was to find it there, firm as granite in this whirlwind of walls! He gripped it harder. The walls whirred more swiftly. They were only a blur to him now. The whole house was turning; even the cabinet began to sway—and toward him. He snatched his hand off, reeled and fell. The cabinet came down with a crash and clatter that sounded to him like faint echoes from far away.

They were giving him that scalding whisky again. "Tell you, driver," Harvey protested feebly, "I won't—another—drop. Throat not lined—asbestos."

"This is mama's whisky," Nathalie insisted tearfully; "please take it."

He raised his eyelids drowsily. "Is that surely you, Nathalie?" he asked. "I'm not dreaming?"

She was kneeling beside him and had placed a divan pillow under his head.

"You've been hurt, Harvey. You're better now, aren't you?"

"I'll be all right, dear girl. Trolley hit us at the curve. Hack in tooth-picks."

She raised his head and urged him to drink what remained of the whisky.

"I like mama's whisky," he said, sitting up with an effort. "Why, Nathalie, you're crying!"

"I'm not really, but I have a dreadful headache," she sobbed. "I was so frightened by the noise and to find you lying here. The maids all ran away screaming—and—and mama's dining at the Harwells'."

"You poor girl! I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble and—great Cæsar's ghost, did I smash that cabinet?" He pointed to the silver-sprinkled ruins.

"It might have killed you," Nathalie said fearsomely.

"Would you have—?" he began; but was suddenly silent at the look of dread that came into her face.

She whispered: "Don't you hear that shuffle of feet on the veranda? And I saw a lantern flash—look, there it is again!"

She got up, quivering. Harvey scrambled to his feet and stared at the curtained windows. He heard the shuffling now and caught a glimpse of the lantern's flash.

"Burglars!" Nathalie murmured hoarsely, seizing his hand and standing behind him.

"Seems to be a lot of them," he rejoined, more to assure her than to state a theory.

"You're not afraid, dear," he went on, patting her arm. "We'll put out that lamp. Come with me."

"There's a bulb in it," she interposed, halting. "It's here."

They both tiptoed to the wall. Nathalie stretched forth a quaking hand and laid her finger firmly against the button. The room was in total darkness. The feet on the veranda shuffled hastily.

"Is there a pistol in the house?" Harvey asked in a whisper.

"In mother's room," she replied, and he felt the delight of her lips near his cheek. "Let me lead. I know the way better."

They went stealthily up the stairs. In the next hall a light was burning.

Mrs. Gilbert's room opened on the landing at the rear of the house. Harvey passed before Nathalie, still clasping her hand. In a tight grip he turned the knob noiselessly and pushed the door open as they stole into the room.

"Throw up your hands!" a voice roared in the darkness.

With a little cry Nathalie fell in a swoon against Harvey, who wrapped his arm about her waist and stood protectively before her.

A man with a railroad lantern in one hand and an aimed revolver in the other sprang from the top of a ladder through the raised window.

"By gravy," the man ground the words between his teeth, "we've got him at last." He was pointing both lantern and revolver at Harvey. "Drop that lady!"

"She might be hurt if I dropped her on the floor," retorted Harvey in a cool rage. "If you'll stop shaking that revolver and hold it so you can shoot straight, in case you have to, I'll place Miss Gilbert on the bed. She has fainted."

As Harvey carried out this intention three more men climbed from the ladder through the window, each with a revolver of various periods and each carrying a lantern. Hearing a noise behind him, he turned his glance of a second toward the door and saw two men in the doorway. One had a club and the other a two-inch rope coiled about his arm. Harvey stepped back slowly into the one free corner of the room. Six pairs of eager, fearful eyes glared at him.

"I'm glad you've brought your lamps, gentlemen," said Harvey, "because until Miss Gilbert recovers I can't turn on the light. I don't know where the switch is. But haven't you struck the wrong house for a lynching bee? There are no negroes here."

"This ain't no lynchin' bee." The first man who had come into the room spoke out. "I'm the sheriff of this yere kaounty an' the help kem scared stiff daown to taown sayin' the wild

man had bust in here and was killin' Miss Gilbert."

"Do I look like him?" Harvey asked with a smile, and at the same moment became conscious of his tattered evening clothes and mud-tinted shirt-front.

"Waal, if you don't mind, brother, you do look somethin' like you'd gone through a threshin' machine or fell from a air-ship," replied the spokesman. "But you must excuse us; you see the hull neighborhood has been layin' fer this here wild man that lives in a cave in Fassett's Woods for the past month, an' from the story the help give I was sure as glue that we had him landed. I guess we got another guess comin'."

"I'm afraid the drinks are on you, sheriff," Harvey rejoined. "I must admit, though, that after being shot out of a Pinewood hack by a trolley car a man does look a bit unusual."

Nathalie, who had been lying motionless, raised her arm and pleaded faintly, "Harvey."

"Gentlemen," said he, "I must ask you to go at once and quietly. Miss Gilbert might be seriously shocked at your warlike appearance. Will you leave a lamp here, please?"

"You can have mine as a soovneer," the sheriff said, laying the nickel-framed lantern on Mrs. Gilbert's dressing-table, "an' I hope, sir, you won't hold it agin the kaounty that ye met all the dampools in it at one time."

The men slunk away, some of them muttering shamefaced apologies as they went. They that had entered through the window used the same means for egress. As the others padded heavily down the stairs, Harvey lifted Nathalie to her feet and aided her to a chair.

They heard frantic steps coming up the stairs, now, and the next moment Mrs. Gilbert, active and prettily flushed as a girl, burst through the open doorway.

One of the servants had telephoned to her at the Harwells' that the Pinewood wild man had broken into the house and that Miss Nathalie had

locked herself in a room on the top floor. The coachman and groom were at Stonebridge, of course. The gardener, the maid said, had gone to the village a little while before the wild man arrived. The last the maid had heard of him he was smashing the furniture and tearing down the pictures in the parlor.

It was some time before Mrs. Gilbert felt assured that no serious harm had befallen either Harvey or her daughter.

"The only real damage you have suffered," said Harvey persuasively, "is in the mud the village rescuers have strewn through the house. Then the curio cabinet is smashed, but you would have to have a new one anyway to hold the sheriff's lamp. There is one more sad record to be made of this night. Has anybody heard of or seen Sport? He snapped at me as I came in tonight and I lifted him with a goal-kick. Poor Sport! Little he dreams it was a friendly foot that kicked him."

As they went down to ascertain whether the terrified servants had yet returned, Mrs. Gilbert insisted that Harvey remain at the Birches overnight and said further that he could telephone to New York for clothes after they had had some supper.

"You see," she added, "I was called away just at the roast. George Harwell wanted to come with me, but I declared that it was hard enough for one lusty soul to lose a dinner and that my men would see nothing happened to me. I'll go and see what can be done in the way of supper."

Harvey and Nathalie remained in the parlor to push the shattered cabinet into a corner and to gather the silver. As they knelt, each on one knee, Harvey's hand chanced to come in contact with Nathalie's. They had reached simultaneously for a quaint Dutch pepperbox that was among her most treasured possessions.

Holding her hand against the floor, with just a suggestion of pressure, Harvey asked: "Why didn't you answer my letters, Nathalie?"

"I've been sick in bed with grippe.

Sunday was the first time I came down to dinner in two weeks."

"I'm sorry; but I'm rather glad it wasn't because you had grown tired of me."

"Why should I grow tired of you, Harvey?"

Somehow their heads had come very close together, so that at the sound of steps in the hall they both stood up nervously, like children surprised in mischief.

Nathalie's cheeks glowed. Harvey was uncomfortably conscious of the wreck of his attire.

"Those scatterbrains, including Sport, are all back again," said Mrs. Gilbert, "and I've given the new maid notice. Supper will be ready very shortly. Of course you've told Harvey the news, daughter."

Mrs. Gilbert's expression suddenly

became as self-conscious as that of the two young people.

"I haven't had a chance. Mother is going to be married, Harvey."

"To Baron von Hampferschlag?" he asked excitedly.

"How did you know? Nothing has been said except at Stonebridge." In rapid-fire one sentence after the other came from mother and daughter.

"I didn't know," said Harvey, with a happy sigh. "That's why I came out tonight." He took Nathalie's hand awkwardly. "I say, Mrs. Gilbert, won't you give the new maid another chance?"

Mrs. Gilbert smiled broadly: "I will, if you children will promise to be patient and let seniors have a chance."

"It's not so hard to wait when one has a little hope," Harvey replied, drawing Nathalie toward him.





THE ROCKEFELLER THEORY

Drawn by Gordon Nye.

THE SINGER OF THE Ache



BY JOHN G. NEIBARDT



The Old Omaha Speaks

NOW this is the story of one who walked not with his people, but with a dream

To you I tell it, O White Brother, yet is it not for you, unless you also have followed the long trail of hunger and thirst—the trail that leads to no lodge upon the high places, or the low places, by flowing streams or where the sand wastes lie.

It shall be as the talking of a strange tribe to you, unless you also have peered down the endless trail, with eyes that ached and dried up as dust, and felt your pony growing leaner and shadow-thin beneath you as you rode, until at last you sat upon a quiet heap of bones and peered ahead.

Moon-Walker was he called—he who walked for the moon. But that was after he had called his pony in from the grazing places and mounted for the long ride. Yet was there a time when he ran about among the lodges, laughing very merrily with many boys and girls, who played with hoop and spear, made little bloodless wars upon unseen peoples, and played, in little ways the big, sad games of men. And then he was called by many names, and all of the names, though different, meant that he was happy.

But once his mother and his father saw how that a man began to look out of his eyes, began to hear a man talking in his throat; and so they said, "It is the time for him to dream."

So they sent him at nightfall to the hill of dreams—as is the custom of our people.

Wahoo! The bitter hill of dreams! Many have I seen go up there laughing, but always they came down with halting feet and with sadness in their

faces. And among these many, lo! even I who speak—therefore should my words be heard.

And he of the many names went up into the hill of dreams and dreamed. And in through the mists that strange winds blow over the hills of sleep burst a white light, as though the moon had grown so big that all the sky was filled from rim to rim, leaving no place for sun and stars. And upon the surface of the white light floated a face, an awful face—whiter than the light upon which it floated; and so beautiful to see that he of the many happy names ached through all his limbs, and cried out and woke. Then leaping to his feet, he gazed about, and all the stars had grown so small that he looked thrice and hard before he saw them, and the world was shrunken.

And frightened at the strangeness of all things, he fled down the hillside into the village. His mother and his father he wakened with bitter crying.

"How came the dream?" they whispered; for upon the face of him who went up a boy they saw that which only many years should bring; and in his eyes there was a strange light.

"A face! a face!" he whispered. "I saw the face of the Woman of the Moon! Whiter than snow, it was, and over it a pale flame went! Oh, never have I seen so fair a face; and there was something hidden in it swift as lightning; something that would be thunder if it spoke; and also there was something kind as rain that falls upon a place of aching heat. Into the north it looked, high up to where the lonesome star hangs patient.

"And there was a dazzle of white breasts beneath, half hidden in a thin blanket of mist. And on her

head, big drifts of yellow hair; not hanging loose as does your hair, O mother, but heaped like clouds that burn above the sunset. My breast aches for something I cannot name. And now I think that I can never play again!"

And there was a shaking of heads in that lodge, and a wondering, for this was not good. Not so had others, big in deeds, dreamed upon the hill in former times. Always there had been a coming of bird, or beast, or reptile, wrapped in the mystery of strange words; or there had been the cries of fighting men, riding upon a hissing of hot breaths; or there had been a stamping of ponies, or the thin, mad song of arrows.

But here it was not so, and the mother said, "Many times the false dreams come at first, and then at last the true one comes. May it not be so with him?"

And the father said, "It may be so with him."

So once again up the hill of dreams went the boy. And because of the words of his father and mother, he wept and smeared his face with dust; his muddy hands he lifted to the stars. And he raised an earnest voice: "O Wakunda! send me a man's dream, for I wish to be a big man in my village, strong to fight and hunt. The woman's face is good to see, but I cannot laugh for the memory of it. And there is an aching in my breast. O Wakunda! send me the dream of a man!"

And he slept. And in the middle of the night, when shapeless things come up out of the hills, and beasts and birds talk together with the tongues of men, his dream came back.

Even as before the moon-face floated in a lake of cold white fire—a lake that drowned the stars. And as he reached to push it from him, lo! like a white stem growing downward from a flower, a body grew beneath it! And there was a flashing of white lightning, and the Woman of the Moon stood before him.

Then was there a burning in the

blood of the boy, as she stooped with arms held wide; and he was wrapped about as with a white fire, through which the face grew down with lips that burned his lips as they touched, and sent pale lightnings flashing through him.

And as the dream woman turned to run swiftly back up the star-trails he who dreamed reached out his arms and clutched at the garments of light that he might hold the thing that fled, for dearer than life it seemed to him now.

And he woke. His face was in the dust. His clutching hands were full of dust.

Wahoo! the bitter hill of dreams! Have you climbed it, O White Brother, even as I?

And in the morning he told the dream to his father, who frowned; to his mother—and she wept. And they said: "This is not a warrior's dream, nor is it the dream of a Holy Man; nor yet is it the vision of a mighty bison hunter. Some strange new trail this boy shall follow—a cloudy, cloudy trail! Yet let him go a third time to the hill—may not the true dream linger?"

And the boy went up again; his step was light; his heart sang wildly in his breast. For once again he wished to see the Woman of the Moon.

But no dream came. And in the morning the pinch of grief was upon his face and he shook his fists at the laughing Day. Then did he and a great Ache walk down the hill together. All things were little and nothing good to see. And in among his people he went, staring with eyes that burned as with a fever, and lo! he was a stranger walking there! Only the Dream walked with him.

And the sunlight burned the blue, much-beaded tepec of the sky, and left it black; and as it burned and blackened, burned and blackened, he who dreamed the strange dream found no pleasure in the ways of men. Only in gazing upon the round moon did he find pleasure. And when even this was hidden from him for many nights and days he went about with

drooping head, and an ache was in his eyes.

And in these days he made wild songs; for never do the happy ones make songs—they only sing them. Songs that none had heard he made. Not such as toilers make to shout about the campfires when the meat goes round. Yet was the thick hot dust of weary trails blown through them, and cries of dying warriors, and shrieks of widowed women, and whimpering of sick *zhunga-zhingas*; and also there was in them the pang of big man-hearts, the ache of toiling women's backs, the hunger, the thirst, the wish to live, the fear to die!

So the people said: "Who is this *nu zhinga* who sings of trails he never followed, of battles he never fought? No father is he—and yet he sings as one who has lost a son! Of the pain of love he sings—yet never has he looked upon a girl!"

And it was the way of the boy to answer: "I seek what I do not find, and so I sing!"

And the nights and days made summers and winters, and thus it was with the Singer of the Ache. He grew tall even to the height of a man—yet was he no man. For little did he care to hunt, and the love of battles was not his. Not his the laughter at the feast-fires. Nor did he look upon the face of any maiden with soft eyes.

And the father and mother, who felt the first frosts upon their heads, said: "Our son is now a man; should he not build a lodge and fill it with a woman? Should we not hear the laughter of *zhunga-zhingas* once again before we take the black trail together?"

And because his father had many ponies, many maidens were brought before him for his choosing. But he looked coldly upon them and he said: "The stars are my sisters and my brothers, and the Moon is my wife, giving me songs for children. Soon shall there be a long trail for me."

Thereat a cry went up against him and more and more he walked a stranger. Only the dream walked with him; and he sang the songs that ache.

Harsh words the father spoke: "Does the tribe need songs? Can hungry people eat a silly shout, or will enemies be conquered with a singing?"

But the mother wept and said: "Say not so of him. Do not his songs bring tears, so strange and sweet they are at times? Does a man quarrel with the vessel from which he drinks sweet waters, even if it be broken and useless for the cooking?"

And the father frowned and said: "Give me many laughers, and I will conquer all the enemies and fill all the kettles of the feasts! Let the weepers and makers of tears drag wood with the women. Always have I been a fighter of battles and a killer of bison. This is not my son!"

And it happened one night that the Singer stood alone in the midst of his people, when the round moon raised a shining forehead out of the dark, and grew big and flooded all the hills with white light. And the Singer raised his arms to it and sang as one who loves might sing to a maiden coming forth flashing with many beads from her tepee.

And the people laughed and a mutter ran about: "To whom does the fool sing thus?"

Soft, shining eyes he turned upon them, and he said: "Even to the Woman of the Moon! See where she looks into the North with white face raised to where the lonesome star hangs patient!"

And the people said: "This is the talk of a fool—no woman do we see!"

And then the Singer sang a new song through which these words ran often: "Only he sees who can—only he sees who can!"

So now he walked a fool among his people, singing the songs that ache.

Wahoo! bitter it is to be a fool! And yet, O White Brother, only they who have been fools are wise at last!

And it happened one summer that the village was builded in the flat lands by the Big Smoky Water. And there came snoring up the stream a *monda geeung*, the magic fire-boat of the pale-faces. Up to the shore it swam, and

they who guided it tied it to the sand, for its fires were hungry and there was much wood in our lands.

And all the villagers gathered there to see the magic swimmer of the pale-faces; and among them came the lonesome singing fool.

And it happened that a woman of the pale-faces came forth and stood high up, and looked upon us, smiling. White as a snowfall in the late spring was her face, and her hair was like the sun upon a cloud. And we all stared wide-mouthed upon her, for never before had her kind come into the prairies.

Also stared the fool. Even long after all the people had gone he stared; even until the smoky breath of the fire-boat writhed like a big black serpent out of the place where the stream runs out of the sky.

And then he laid his head upon his knees and wept; for a longing, bigger than the wish to live, or the fear to die, had come upon him.

Very early in the morning, when the sleep of all things is deepest, he arose from sleepless blankets. He called his pony in from the grazing places, and he mounted for a long ride. Into the North he rode, and as he rode he talked to himself and to the silence that clung about him: "It was the Woman of the Moon! Into the North she went, even unto the quiet place where the lonesome star hangs patient. There shall I ride—there shall I ride! For there do all my songs take wings and fly; and there at last their meanings await me. There shall I ride—there shall I ride!"

And the fires of the day burned out the stars, and died; downward and inward rushed the black, black ashes of the night. And still he rode toward the North.

And like the flashing of a midnight torch through a hole in a tepee flashed the days and passed. And still he rode.

Through many villages of strange peoples did he ride, and everywhere strange tongues and strange eyes questioned him; and he answered: "Into

the North I ride to find the Woman of the Moon!"

And the people pitied him, because he seemed as one whose head was filled with ghostly things; and they fed him.

Further and further into the waste places he pushed, making the empty spaces sweet and sad with his singing; and the winter came. Thin and lean he grew, and his pony grew lean and thin.

And the white, mad spirits of the snow beat about the two. And now and then snow ghosts writhed up out of the ground and twisted and twirled and moaned, until they took on the shape of her he sought. And ever he followed them; and ever they fell back into the ground. And the world was bitter cold.

Wahoo! the snow ghosts that we follow, O White Brother!

And the time came when the pony was no longer a pony, but a quiet heap of bones; and upon this sat the man who walked for the moon. Then did the strength go out of him, and he turned his sharp face in to the South. He sang no more for many days, for his body was as a lodge in which a fair woman lies dead with no mourners around. And at last he wakened in a strange lodge in a village of strangers.

And it happened that when the green things pushed upward into the sun again a young man who seemed very old, for he was bent, his face was thin, his eyes were very big, hobbled back into the village of his people.

And he went to a lodge which was empty, for the father with his frowning and the mother with her weeping had taken the long trail, upon which comes no moon and never the sun rises—but the stars are there.

Many days he lay within the lonesome lodge. And it happened that a maiden, one whom he had pushed aside in other days, came into the lodge with meat and water.

So at last he said: "I have sought and have not found; therefore will I be as other men. I will fill this lodge with a woman—and this is she. Hence-

forth I shall forget the dream that led me; I shall be a hunter of bison and a killer of enemies; for after all, what else?"

And this he did.

So all the village buzzed with kindly words. "The fool has come back wise!" they said.

And as the seasons passed there grew the laughter of *zhinga-zhingas* in the lodge of the man who walked no more for the moon.

But a sadness was upon his face. And after a while the dream came back and brought the singing. Less and less he looked upon the woman and the children. Less and less he sought the bison, until at last Hunger came into that lodge and sat beside the fire.

Then again the old cry of the people grew up: "The fool still lives! He sings while his lodge is empty. His woman has become a stranger to him, and his children are as though a

stranger had fathered them! Shall the fool eat and only sing?"

And a snarling cry grew up: "Cast out the fool!"

And it was done.

So out of the village stumbled the singing fool, and his head was bloody with the stones the people threw. Very old he seemed, though his years were not many. Into the North he went, and after a while men saw his face no more.

But lo! many seasons passed and yet he lived and was among all peoples! For often on hot dusty trails weary men sat down to sing his songs; and women, weeping over fallen braves, found his songs upon their lips. And when the hunger came his strange wild cries went among the people. And all were comforted!

And this, O White Brother, is the story of the fool who walked for the moon!

The Magic of the Invisible

BY GEORGE E. WOODS.

I SEE not the brook—I hear it—
 All of a summer long;
 Under a brake of roses
 What is a brook but song?

A woman is she when with me,
 And sweet to my heart's desire;
 But when she is absent from me,
 She is spirit—and dream—and fire!

His Waterloo

"UH-YAS, and dar was Brudder Borax Jones," reminiscently said old Brother Smoot, "he was allus pompousin' around wid a chip on his shoulder and noratin' dat he could whup a di'mon'-head rattlesnake, and let de varmint have de fust bite. But—uck!—bime-bye he mar'd a saddle-cullud, red-headed 'ooman—dem red-headed wenches ain't common, but when yo' finds one she's sho'ly like what dey say old Gin'l Sherman done said war was!—and, muh suzz, atter dat yo' could take a turkey-tail feather and drive Brudder Borax plumb into de creek wid it! Yassah!"

The Farmer Landlord

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

THE farmer landlord is becoming an important factor in our society. His influence grows yearly more measurable. His position in our economic life is apparently assured. His existence, like that of any absentee landlord, is a threat to rural prosperity.

The underlying causes for his appearance in our life are twofold—social and economic.

The past decade has been one of great general prosperity. In this prosperity the farm has shared in large degree. Crops have been good, prices have been good, and as a result of this, coupled with increasing population and decreasing free lands, the value of farming properties has steadily risen throughout the Mississippi-Missouri Valley. This rise in farm values, while it is, from the industrial standpoint, a mere watering of valuation, enables the farmer to increase the rental of his land, and thereby secure to himself a good income without the necessity of personal labor.

It is an economic truth that rental will absorb all the laborer will bear. If he cannot obtain other lands, if he does not know of better opportunities, or knowing, if he cannot avail himself of them, the owner can fix a rental which will leave the tenant only an average of fair wages. The average rental value of a Western farm is approximately fixed by the loaning rates of money. That is, a \$40 per acre farm should return to its Missouri Valley owner from 6 to 8 per cent. net.

In practice this is somewhat modified by the "shares" system of renting. Briefly, this is as follows:

The owner furnishes the land and seed, and pays one-half the threshing bill.

The renter furnishes the labor, pays all expenses incurred in running the farm, the seed bill and threshing bill as before stated excepted, and receives in return one-half the crop, either at the machine or in the elevator.

This is a common and simple form of land tenure. Farther East, where dairying and stock-raising are leading industries, the terms are more involved, but the essential principle is the same—the return to the owner of the largest possible rental with the smallest possible cash outlay. It will be generally admitted that land tenure in the grain-growing West is fairly equitable. The free lands are too near, the population is too mobile, the opportunities to better oneself are too many for the owner to demand excessive rentals. With us the cash system is little known, partly because it involves extra risk on the part of the tenant, and partly because the owner can gain more, in a term of years, by the "shares" system of renting.

Yet favorably as we tenants are situated, the fact is that the owner gets considerably more than an even share of the farm's income.

Look at it a moment. The farmer, owning a half-section of land with house and barn, the total valuation of which is in the neighborhood of \$6,000, rents this land to a man with a family. Seed costs him possibly \$300. Allow \$200 for taxes and repairs to buildings. The threshing bill will depend, of course, upon the crop, but at a fair average his share will not exceed \$250.

Then he has invested for the year less than \$7,000, but say \$7,000 for our purpose of illustration.

On the other hand, the farmer has invested himself, his tenant, his hired labor and his machinery. The value of these is not so easy to determine, but a rough approximation may be made. First, then, the farmer himself. The earning value of himself and wife is not far from \$45 per month. This capitalized means, at current loaning rates of money, a money valuation of \$4,000. His teams, machinery, hired labor and living expenses will foot up not far from \$3,000 additional. In other words, his invested capital equals that of the owner, with this difference: much—one might say all—of his capital consists of perishable matter, the value of which rapidly deteriorates.

Now as to returns. When the threshing machine is gone the owner takes, on a fair average yield, one-half of 3,000 bushels of wheat and one-half of 2,500 bushels of oats. The wheat sells for, let us say, 75 cents. Then his account stands as follows:

By 1,500 bu. wheat at 75c. per bu.	\$1,125.00
" 1,250 " oats " 25c. " "	312.50
Total income.	\$1,437.50
Charged to threshing.	\$250.00
" " taxes, repairs and seed	500.00
Total outlay.	\$750.00
Net income.	\$687.50

A pretty fair return for \$7,000 invested.

Now for the tenant. His account will stand something after this fashion:

Total income.	\$1,437.50
Charged to threshing.	\$250.00
" " living.	500.00
" " hired help.	300.00
" " sinking fund.	300.00
Total outlay.	\$1,350.00
Net income.	\$87.50

That is the story, reduced to cold figures, of the result of the labors of the tenant farmer. That gives, in a nutshell, the economic reason for the existence of the farmer landlord.

Tenants get ahead financially, but

how? By doing two men's work, by curtailing living expenses, by working their little boys and girls on the gang-plow and the drill. Perhaps it is necessary—and perhaps it is not.

A reply right here to those who would criticize these figures and deny their value. They are figures striking a fair average of running cost and returns to landlord and tenant as the writer knows them and has taken them from his farming records. They show just what the landlord claims—that he can make as much by renting his farm as he can by farming it himself, and save himself the labor and the risk involved in actual farming.

The economic argument for the existence of a farmer landlord class is strong in its final appeal to the pocket-book. What shall be said of the social causes?

When a farmer finds himself growing well into the forties, with boys and girls of high-school age about him, when he realizes that education is to play a constantly more important part in the problem of getting a living, when he sees his old neighbors renting their farms and moving into town he grows uneasy. He begins to wonder what it would cost to live in town; how it would feel to jostle shouldered with the banker; how it would feel to see his boy a business man, his girl a society woman. He begins to see his own life as a sort of grind. The glamour of the town is over him. In general his wife and children are eager for the change. It is made. The house in town become the home. The farm becomes a place from which the annual income is drawn.

The farmer in town is not, socially, a success. Perhaps I ought not to say that without some qualification. What I wish to make clear is this: No matter how well received he may be, no matter how welcome to society, there is always a feeling of being ill at ease. Culture is a deep thing. The farmer may be cultured, but the superficial polish that marks "society" he has not, and seldom succeeds in getting. He has detached himself from the one

calling he knows, without finding a place in the idlers' world. Books, music, art, the drama, do not as a rule mean very much to him. He would rather sit on a grocery counter and tell horse-swapping stories than dress for an evening party. I really do not know of any other man so much to be pitied as the farmer, still hale and strong, who tries to content himself with an idle life in town.

Whatever may be the ultimate effect, socially and in a business way, upon his family, removing to town is a bad thing for the farmer. He rusts out. He is without occupation for brain or hands. He is one of earth's idlers—and the fact galls him. He putters around his little garden, playing at farming. He becomes an "odd jobs" man. Perhaps he has his club where he and his farmer cronies live over, between the long silences and the pipes of tobacco, their part in the history of the West. His dream of social life is nothing but delusion—and all too late he knows it.

These, then, the reality and the dream, are the things which attract men from the farm cityward. And so long as the dream continues to flaunt its vision of social enjoyment, and so long as the hard business fact of financial independence and release from grinding labor holds true, just so long will men vend their goods, rent their farms and move to town.

The remedy for this admittedly undesirable condition of affairs is not to wage war against rentals. The better remedy is to widen the social life of the farm. The postal department reports that the rural mail routes are largely accountable for the heavy deficit in that department. I think it is not too much to say that the Government could well afford to maintain the rural mail routes even did they not return one cent of revenue to the postal funds. There are some things, the vital assets of a nation, which you cannot place in the budget balance. That is one of them. The telephones, interlacing neighborhoods, have done much to break down the old feelings

of isolation and of clannishness. They are more than mere business aids. They, too, help to broaden the farmer's sphere of interest, and to extend his sympathies. The trolley is bringing to him the advantage of city life without its drawbacks. Where it goes he becomes part of a great community that compels quickened thought and higher thinking.

And yet! The results are meagre—meagre! After all is said, it is hunger—hunger of the soul—that urges men of mature years to exchange comfort for a plantation. And all the rural mail, and the trolley lines, and the telephones cannot feed that hunger. We must educate! Educate the boy to the meaning and the beauty of country life; educate the man to the fact that the farm is the best place where he ever may hope to live. Educate both to broader ideals. Lay broader and deeper the foundations of our present public school system. Put life into it. Teach the beauty of rural life. Do not stint the measure that is given to the farmer children. All the richest of song and of history and of science is none too good for the children of the farm. The farmer, more than other men, needs culture; the farmer, more than most other men, lacks it. And culture is a life process.

If the tendency toward absentee ownership of our farms is to be checked, we must find not only the causes that impel men to leave their homes and fields to the care of others; we must also find the remedy—a widening of their outlook upon the world.

In time we will come to look upon farming as it really is—a noble vocation, full of beauty, of opportunity, of chance for culture. Then men will not leave the farm for the city because of the advantages offered by the latter. Rather, the reverse will be true, and men will find true enjoyment and pleasure, as well as profit, in the cultivation of their own farms.

When?

When we make farming a profession. When we make the farm the centre of culture.

The Politician: According to Bobby Jonks

IF a skunk was a noise instead of an odor you could kick him once and hear him for two miles and several days, but a politician wears a bland smile and warmly shakes your hand whether he knows you or not.

One nice thing about the skunk is that there are so few of him. He is so self-respecting that he never hunts you up to thrust his unwelcome presence upon you, while 'most any time when you are going through the woods a-whistling and wotting not you are liable to encounter a congressman-at-large. That is what is known as paying too dear for your whistle. A politician will say anything and do anything to get elected, declaring at the top of his voice that he was born between two hills of corn, as it were, and would rather be right than be President, when in reality he is in no more danger of being either or eyther, as the case may be, than me and you are this minute, but the little animal I have just mentioned remains silent but ominous, giving and asking no quarter, and defying the navies of the world, so to express it. My Uncle Bob says, as far as he is concerned, he'd rather be wrong than be a member of the legislature, and if that be treason make the most of it—which I say is right!

Politicians kiss babies; there are many less babies to the square foot nowadays than there used to be, and much more politicians. From this we should suspect that politics is fatal to the young and ought to be prohibited, like whisky and the oil of tobacco. Patrick Henry said, as for him, give him Liberty or give him Death, and they gave him one or the other, or both—I forget which, now. John Hancock was a great man. He didn't talk loud, but he could write louder than 'most anybody of his time. The names of the rest of the fellers that signed the Declaration of Independence merely look like citizens on foot, and then here comes the big, portly signature of John Hancock in carriages, and you never remember any of the rest of them at all.

Once there was a little boy who defined "demagogue" as "a vessel for holding wines and other liquors," and everybody laughed at him. But, all the same, he was nearer right than the folks that made a mock of him, for the word comes from "demi," meaning half, and "gog," to nod; and we all know how pleasantly a politician will nod when the demijohn is mentioned. If I was as smart as some older people I could name, I'd look it up in the dictionary before I laughed at an innocent little boy!

You'd naturally think that the skunk was a spoiled child, but in reality he was born so, while the politician is first honest and then "the Hon." This is all I know about the skunk—I mean, the politician.

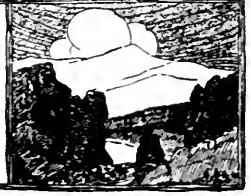
Chopping Him Off

BORROWBY—Ah, Grimshaw! May I see you apart for just a moment?

GRIMSHAW—Don't come apart. Was born in one piece.

A CURE FOR THE GOLD FEVER

BY
ALICE LOUISE LEE



JO SLEEPER sat in his room reading a small but aspiring Wyoming sheet, the *Meeteetse News*. The article which held his attention was a short and glowing account of a new mining camp in the Shoshone Mountains, five thousand feet nearer heaven than was Meeteetse, although both were located in Big Horn County.

“. . . the stranger is surprised,” he read, “to see the buildings which have recently been erected in Miner’s Camp, stores, hotels and residences that would be a credit to a much older camp—there is a better promise of good ore here than existed in the Black Hills—capital is flowing into this new mining region at such a rate that it behooves would-be investors to hurry up if they want to get in on the ground floor. It is a beautiful, happy and healthful camp and is here to stay.”

“I wish it was not,” commented Jo grimly.

Laying the paper aside with a deliberation which characterized all his movements, he took his square, beardless face between his hands and thought. He had never caught the gold fever himself, but his nearest neighbors had, and the result was not satisfactory to Jo. He had no objection to Mrs. Power’s taking charge of a boarding-house in Miner’s Camp. He had not the slightest objection to Mr. Power’s prancing attendance there on his wife, but he did object to Wyoming’s swallowing up the third member of the Power family.

“It’ll be too rough a place to take Georgie to,” he remarked bluntly to Georgie’s parents as he sat on their porch the following afternoon.

“Rough!” echoed Mrs. Power. “If you mean the people, Jo, you know the gallantry and reverence Western men have for a woman is proverbial.” It was the sixth time Mrs. Power had made the same remark in Jo’s hearing. “Will writes me”—Will was a Western cousin, who, as local manager for the Miner’s Camp Mineral Company, was responsible for the fitting of the Powers—that Georgie will be a great addition to the society of the place. It will be greatly to Georgie’s advantage to go as well as ours.”

Mrs. Power spoke firmly. She was nothing if not firm, being the reverse of her husband who, as she often remarked, was ready at any minute “to fly off the handle, and tell everything he knows!” She gave out only such portions of knowledge as would redound to the credit of the family.

Mr. Power sat now in the easiest chair on the porch, his eyes round with anticipation of investments in gold mines, his confidential tongue checked by the presence of his wife, his shoes nervously tapping the floor. He occasionally passed his fingers in a flurried manner over his head, thereby disarranging the few hairs carefully plastered across the crown by frequent applications of Hosford’s Hair Restorer.

“Pennsylvania,” pursued Mrs. Power evenly, “is a good place to be born in and die in, but if a body wants to amount to anything between times, the West is the place for ’em to live in and invest in.”

“A man might settle down in this slowcountry and starve, really starve!” interpolated Mr. Power, bouncing about in his chair.

Looking at Mr. Power’s attenuated figure one might have taken his words

literally, but the substantial form of his thirty-year helpmeet proved them only figurative.

"Georgie," continued Mrs. Power, her words flowing undisturbed under her husband's excited remarks, "will have opportunities in the West which she lacks in the East."

What those opportunities were Mrs. Power did not state, but Mr. Power did, the moment she had disappeared into the kitchen. He hitched along the boards until he could lay a confidential hand on Jo's shoulder.

"We want her to marry rich, Jo," in a rasping whisper. "We're expectin' to make a little pile ourselves off the boarding-house and investin' the same in the mine—that's for old age—but we want Georgie to marry rich. The woods are full of rich old bachs out there, Jo, and a pretty girl can have her pick. Plenty of rich men, plenty." This information also was adapted from the letters of the sanguine Western cousin. "And," finished Mr. Power, "there ain't anything too good for Georgie."

"I agree with you," replied Jo, steadily shaking the twitching hand from his shoulder.

He sat on the edge of the porch, his hands clasped about his knees, gazing down the narrow valley flanked by low, fertile hills. Here and there were groups of trees waving lazily in the breeze. Fields of sprouting grain, green with the June rains, lay on either side of a winding creek. Up from the west rolled fleecy clouds sweeping shapeless shadows beneath them across the valley.

"I wonder," said Jo under his breath, "if you'll see anything better than this." Then he rose, drawn by a sound from the orchard. A sweet, girlish voice was singing "The Old Kentucky Home."

"I'll find Georgie," he said briefly to Mr. Power. Jo's words were always brief. His strength lay in his actions.

At the kitchen door stood Mrs. Power and a neighbor. "I intend to keep plenty of hired girls," Georgie's mother was saying, "for I intend that

Georgie shall have every social advantage in the place. She sha'n't be tied up in the kitchen. I can afford to hire help with a houseful of men payin' nine a week for board." Her voice ceased as her sharp eyes followed Jo through the short lane and into the old orchard.

Under the early harvest tree in the grass, a row of green apples spread childishly around her, sat a girl singing blithely. "Hello, Jo!" she called merrily.

His only response was a smile, and had he known it, the girl never came so near loving him as when he smiled. All that was good and true in his nature appeared in his smile, and no one else coaxed so many from him as did Georgie, light-hearted, fun-loving, scarlet-lipped Georgie.

"Ge-or-gie," came her mother's peremptory tones from the back porch. "Ge-or-gie, come here at once."

The girl laughed roguishly. She knew why her mother called, and she knew that Jo knew. The smile disappeared from his lips and his eyes hardened.

"Are you going?"

"Of course," laughed Georgie, holding up her hands for assistance in rising. "When my mother calls I must go."

Jo lifted her to her feet and then stood holding both her small hands tightly. "Georgie, will you stay with me?" he asked simply. "I want you."

It was an oft-repeated question, but one Georgie could not meet with her usual coquetry. It always stirred her deeply to see the pleading in the man's dark eyes, the wistfulness in his clean-cut face and feel the tenderness which overflowed toward her in his manner, but never in his words.

Therefore she replied gently, "I wish I cared enough, Jo, indeed I do!"

There was no urging. He dropped her hands, saying quietly, "It's not your fault that you can't, Georgie."

The tears sprang to her eyes as they walked along in silence. She was never so womanly, so true to herself as when she was with Jo.

At the orchard gate they stopped.

"I've been thinking, Georgie, that it is possible the West may disappoint you. If it does, I want you to remember that your old home is waiting for you, with or without me, as you choose."

Jo had purchased the Power homestead just as it stood. The boarding-house, so wrote the cousin, contained all necessary furnishings.

Georgie impulsively laid her hand on his arm. "There's no one quite like you, Jo; I'll remember."

Two days later the stage was being heaped with the Powers' personal effects, while the elder Powers bade their neighbors a joyful farewell. Fragments of Mrs. Power's speech reached Jo as he assisted the stage driver with the baggage. "Home-sick? Of course not—nine dollars a week. I shall make arrangements to take more at once—Georgie—the society life of the place—gallantry of Western men—investment in my cousin's mines—" Into his wife's steady speech Mr. Power continually and excitedly butted. Mr. Power was in his element. He was clad in a new suit and a white waistcoat, his hair a shade darker than usual owing to a compound dose of Hosford's Hair Restorer. He could scarcely wait until the stage started, so anxious was he to set out for the land of gold mines.

"Good-bye, Jo," he called finally, and his tone held a note of pity for the man he was leaving in possession of the old homestead.

As the stage rolled away, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Power glanced back, but Georgie looked around with wet eyes and waved her hand at Jo, who smiled gravely and then turned back into his new possessions. With a great loneliness in his heart he made a circuit of the rooms, many of which were familiar to him. Upstairs there was one which he decided should remain untouched. It opened on the front balcony and was furnished in blue and white, Georgie's favorite colors. It was as dainty as the girl herself, and when Jo closed the door and backed up against it, looking around, the blood burned his cheeks

and a strangling sob forced its way through his throat. The white mull curtains tied with blue ribbons, the mull dresser cover, the clean, white wallpaper with its blue forget-me-nots all spoke a language to him which smote hard on his loyal heart. Approaching the white-robed bed he stooped and touched his lips to the pillow. As he arose, a scrap of paper lying on the floor caught his eye. It was a bit torn from a letter in Mrs. Power's writing.

. men in the West are so courteous and gallant. We expect our Georgie

Jo read with smarting eyes and crushed the paper in a strong hand as he locked the door. "It was always 'Almost, Jo!' with her," he thought, "and now it will never be with all those gallant Westerners around. Her mother will be sure to write to me about them!" he ended bitterly.

But to his surprise Mrs. Power did not write immediately. Summer dragged itself to an end and autumn followed, equally tedious to Jo. Not until early December did the expected letter arrive the contents whereof were totally unlike Mrs. Power. The letter was a masterpiece of vagueness.

"There's nothing about Power, nor Georgie, nor gallantry—nor investing in gold mines—no, nor anything else," said Jo in bewilderment after he read it.

The last was the only definite sentence in the letter and that he re-read several times. At the second reading he raised his eyebrows. An idea began to dawn on him. When he had read it the third time he whistled and said aloud: "No, I won't—but I'll take 'em to you!"

The sentence was abrupt. "Jo, do you suppose you could send me a box of greenings from the old tree under Georgie's window? I always have had apple dumplings Christmas and I can't get apples here that taste like the home ones."

That illuminating sentence started Jo West five days before Christmas. A delayed train stalled him in Chicago

twenty-four hours, and it was not until the morning before Christmas that he left the Cody stage at Meeteetse and climbed into the Miner's Camp stage.

"Goin' up to the diggin's to stay?" asked the driver, gathering up the reins of his four broncos and regarding his passenger out of the tail of a roving eye. Jehu wore chaps and a fur coat whose inside pocket contained a bottle, the contents of which unduly animated his tongue.

"No," replied Jo. Then, his thoughts reverting to the article in the Meeteetse News, he inquired, "What's the best hotel in Miner's Camp?"

Jehu screwed up his left eye in wonder. "Hotels in the diggin's! Well, I've yet to hear of any. There's Uncle Josh's boarding-house and the Powers'. Better go to Powers. Get good grub there and see a damned pretty girl." The driver turned his whisky-flushed face on Jo and grinned. "Don't strike her trail, though, unless you want to be right in fashion, the latest style. But if ye do strike it, git a good six-shooter, for you'll need it!"

Jo opened his lips for an unwise reply, but a blast of wind sucking down Wood River Cañon carried away the words, and he bent his head to the gale.

As they crossed the meadows, the driver asked suddenly: "Ever meet old Dude?"

"Who?" in astonishment.

"Old Dude Power. He struck camp with a bald-faced vest on, and a cut-throat collar. Gosh! The Lord must have got out of good dirt when he made that fool and give him sixteen hairs to plaster over his crown! If 'twan't for his girl the boys would have the time of their lives with that old merry-go-round. But say! the old lady's a hustler when she's alive."

"Alive!" echoed Jo.

The driver shook his head. "Altitude don't agree with her. Heart lays her by for repairs most of the time."

The rest of the journey was accomplished without further conversation. Uprose the mountains on each side of the narrow cañon until they cut the heavens, leaving only a streak of tempestu-

ous sky between. With his eyes on the mountains and his thoughts on the driver's words concerning Georgie, Jo was finally aroused by a swing of the stage around a wooded curve and before him lay—not the Miner's Camp of the Meeteetse News—but the real camp in its winter ugliness and forlornness, a few dirt-chinked log cabins huddled beneath tall Spar.

The driver indicated a shack standing apart from the rest and smacked his lips. "Saloon's full. Boys are all in to celebrate—tomorrow's Christmas, you know. And here's the Powers'," he added, drawing in his leaders in front of a long, low cabin, "and there's the Dude himself!"

The door of the shack was open, and in it stood a man whom at first Jo did not recognize on account of his protruding waistcoat and thin white hairs guiltless of Hosford's Hair Restorer.

Then, "Why, Jo Sleeper!" cried a familiar voice, and this caricature of the old-time Power rushed out to greet his guest effusively, well-nigh tearfully. "What brought you out here?" he inquired, wringing the other's hands. Without awaiting a reply his tones sank to their confidential key. "Jo, I want to tell you before ma gets hold of you. Don't come to this—" he glanced furtively around and then approached the young man's ear, while the word burst out with a relish—"damned place to get rich. There ain't any gold here, for sure. These fellows just work on and on thinkin' there will be, some time. They're plumb gone quartz crazy. Jo, instead of gettin' rich here, you'll be apt to get *fat!*" This last was spoken in bitterness of spirit. The climate had agreed with Mr. Power to the extent of seventy-five encumbering additional pounds of flesh.

Jo sought to check this confidential torrent by leading the way to the shack. Inside the door he paused and glanced round, barely suppressing an exclamation at the bareness which met his eyes. This, then, was Georgie's setting—the natural log walls uncovered and unornamented, the bare, uneven pine board floor, the rough home-

made chairs and benches, the unblacked heater, whose pipe stretched crooked upward through the roof in place of a chimney. Hardship and discomfort were represented everywhere.

A few men sat around silently viewing the newcomer. They were a few of the quartz-crazy boarders awaiting supper. The remainder were over in the saloon. Jo sat down beside the box stove and held his hands to the warmth, his eyes wandering from a door behind the long oilcloth-covered board table to a heavy dark curtain, which divided the room behind the stove.

"Ma is in there," Power whispered. "She'll see you after supper. She's ailin' worse than usual today. Guess it's because tomorrow's Christmas 'way out here." The remark was ambiguous, but Jo, nodding, thought he understood as his host disappeared behind the curtain.

Presently the door behind the table swung back and, in the doorway, her hands full of dishes, stood Georgie—an altered Georgie. There was not a vestige of color on her once rounded cheeks until she glanced up and saw Jo. Then the blood rushed rich and red to her face and the dishes dropped on the table with a clatter.

Her confusion was but momentary. Instantly she raised her head with a dignity he had never seen in her and came forward with outstretched hand. "I am surprised—Jo—and glad to see you." She spoke quietly and turned at once to the men. "Supper is ready. Sit here, Jo." Then under cover of the noise of moving shoes and chairs she explained in a low tone. "I am obliged to stay in the kitchen while father waits on table. We have no help."

That his meeting with Georgie had produced a sensation among the men Jo felt rather than saw. It seemed to him that the atmosphere was charged with emotional dynamite, just ready to explode. He thought of the stage driver's warning and glanced from face to face around the table while Mr. Power, an apron enveloping his ample

form, his face red with exertion and humiliation, supplied the place of the lacking waitress.

The boarders ate hurriedly, and almost in silence, leaving the table and the house one by one. The rising volume of drunken sound over in the saloon told of their destination. The camp, generally orderly enough, had let itself loose for the celebration of Christmas.

"Listen, Jo," whispered Power, when the last man had departed. "They're good fellows enough most of the time, but holidays the prospectors and ranchmen come in from all around and then it's awful. Of course it's no danger to us—I'm not afraid, Jo—" his teeth were chattering—"but they shoot for fun, just smoke up the lights in the saloon and blaze at anything they come across promiscuous and when you think there ain't a law officer this side Meeteetse, thirty miles away, and if there was he'd be probably drunk——"

"Father," Georgie's voice broke in on the torrential whisper. "Here's mother's supper. She wants to see Jo after she eats it. Will you take it to her?" Then she sat down and made a pretense of eating her own supper. There was an expression of apprehension in the big, tired eyes which she raised to Jo's and a drawn look around them that went to his heart.

He looked at her hands, cracked and red, and then around the room, desolate, ill-lighted, unhomelike. "Poor little girl," he whispered, covering her hand as it lay on the table. "Life here is hard for you."

Tears filled the girl's eyes. She did not withdraw her hand at once—in- stead, she looked away with a catch in her breath that sounded like a sob to Jo, who raised her unresisting hand against his cheek, repeating, "Poor little girl."

When she answered him her voice was not quite steady. "Yes, life is hard here with mother sick. We can get no help—but all that, Jo, is not so difficult to bear as—some other things."

Jo's thoughts flashed back again to

the stage driver's comments and to the atmosphere which enveloped the men at the table, but he asked no questions.

"Jo! Jo Sleeper!" called a weak voice from behind the curtain. "I've finished my supper. Come here."

Just behind Georgie was an uncurtained window, and as Jo rose he saw a man flash out of sight. "Oh," exclaimed Georgie beneath her breath. She, too, had caught a glimpse of the intruder. She pushed her chair back hastily. "Go in to mother, Jo. I—I am afraid of my shadow tonight, I think." She laughed nervously.

Mrs. Power was sitting up in bed leaning against her pillows, her hand held to her left side, breathing hurriedly from the excitement of seeing her old neighbor. She was emaciated and yellow-skinned. Her eyes, unnaturally large, shone feverishly as she talked.

"Jo, don't you go back to Pennsylvania and tell 'em how we're situated," she implored, with a vestige of her old domineering pride. "It'll be different by and bye when I get used to the altitude. Georgie won't have to work so hard then—and we'll lay something by to invest when my cousin strikes gold——"

"Lord!" burst out a voice behind Jo. Mr. Power had pushed aside the curtains. "Invest! We won't ever have anything to invest along of the awful prices here and gettin' a doctor from a hundred miles away and——"

His wife quelled him with a severe glance as she continued: "In time we shall probably be able to secure help——"

"There ain't a woman within thirty-five miles except ma and Georgie," Mr. Power interpolated obstinately.

Mrs. Power's fingers picked at the blankets. "Then we can look more like home here." Her voice lingered on the word "home."

Jo glanced around the curtains and cramped space containing two beds, and thought of the dainty, airy blue and white room opposite his own. It was just as Georgie had left it.

Presently, in a voice intended to

appear careless, Mrs. Power asked: "Does the old place look natural?" But she turned a face to Jo which was filled with unmistakable longing as he spoke of the crops, of the fine yield of greenings on the tree outside Georgie's window, and the slight changes his housekeeper had made.

As he talked, sounds from the saloon became louder and louder. "The boys are having their—their fun," explained Mrs. Power apologetically. "They don't do that regularly, but it's Christmas Eve, you know," and Jo, arising, refrained from any question concerning the gallantry of Western men.

As he dropped the curtain behind him, followed by Mr. Power, he came face to face with Georgie. She was pale, but her eyes were blazing. A shawl lay over her shoulders and her hair was wind tumbled. Impulsively she laid her hand on Jo's breast and pushed him back.

"You are in danger, Jo," she whispered. "If the men were sober there would be no trouble, but they are all drunk. Go back with mother. You'll be safe there."

At her first words Jo came to a standstill and looked down at Georgie while Mr. Power noiselessly slipped between the curtains again and slid under his wife's bed. Outside of the shack arose vague sounds. Georgie moved between the window and Jo, speaking in a low, rapid tone, while the blood colored her white face:

"I must tell you plainly, Jo—they're in a jangle over me, jealous, although I've never given them cause to be. There have been threats of shooting among themselves. I've been dreading tonight and tomorrow on that account, but someone saw you through the window as we sat at the supper table and they're all drunk and against you." There was a confusion of low sounds outside and a smothered laugh. "They put it that they are going to take you out for some fun—Jo, you must not fall into their hands. They're armed and drunk. You don't know what that means here."

Once more she tried to push him

back, but she was pushing against a rock. Outside a call arose: "Hey, Dude, send that tenderfoot out here. We want to give him a taste of a Western Christmas. Send him out!"

With a low cry Georgie stepped back and blew out the light. Instantly a shout of drunken derision went up and guns were hilariously discharged, while the cries of "Send him out, Dude!" were redoubled.

The moon struck a shaft of light across Georgie's pleading face. Jo found her hands and drew her to him. "Georgie, is there someone in particular here who——?"

"No—oh, no!" she interrupted in breathless vehemence.

Without further words he released her and swiftly relighted the lamp. Then he stepped to the door and drew back the bolt.

"Jo, Jo," came in a sharp, fear-smitten whisper behind him, but he was out.

Bareheaded, cool, collected, he stood in front of the door and held it shut with one hand regardless of the attempts to open it from within. He faced a dozen armed men suddenly sobered by the audacity of his appearing.

"Well, men," came his calm, slow voice, "what do you want of me?"

There ensued a silence. What did they want? They would have known had they been obliged to drag him from some hiding-place, pale and trembling, but what did they want of a man who faced them as coolly as though they wore Christmas toy pistols?

"We want to know what you're doin' here?" a gruff voice finally inquired.

Oh, yes! That was really what they would like to know. A dozen more inquiries arose. "What're you doin' here?"

Jo's voice was even more deliberate than usual. "I'll tell you, men, and

you are the first we've taken into our confidence. I am here to marry Miss Georgie Power." The pulls from the other side of the door suddenly ceased. "We will be married in Cody tomorrow evening, and after spending some time in Southern California with her father and mother, we are all going home to Pennsylvania."

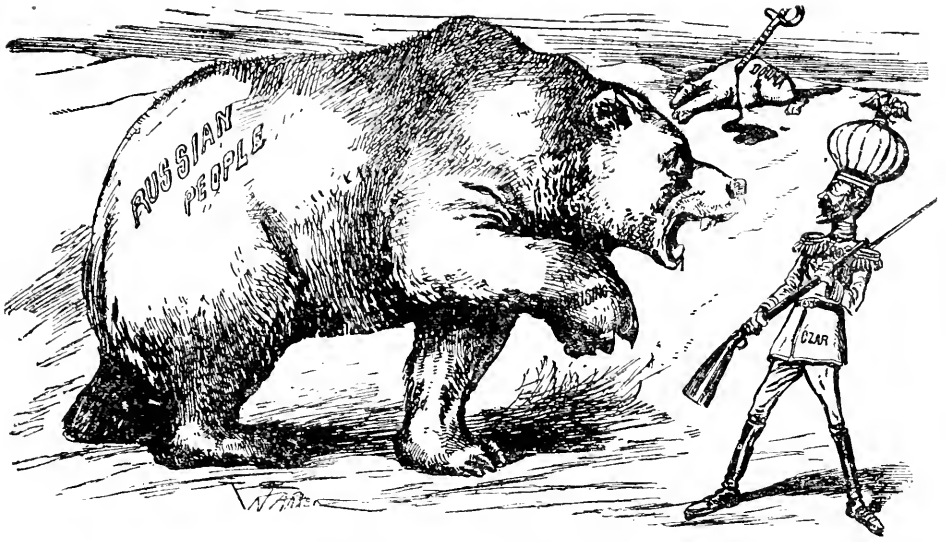
He paused. The silence became oppressive. Then quietly and with a note of finality, "Good night, friends, and a merry Christmas to you all."

Another pause while Jo waited, his hand on the door latch. Suddenly he of the gruff voice turned on his heel and started across the cañon followed by the others. Jo stood motionless until the last man had departed before he re-entered the shack.

On her knees beside her mother's bed he found Georgie, her face buried in the blankets. Stooping silently, he laid a caressing hand on her head. In front of the bed sat Mr. Power, his hair disarranged by reason of contact with the slats of the bed, giving vent to disjointed, but delighted, remarks, which were overridden by his wife's steady tones.

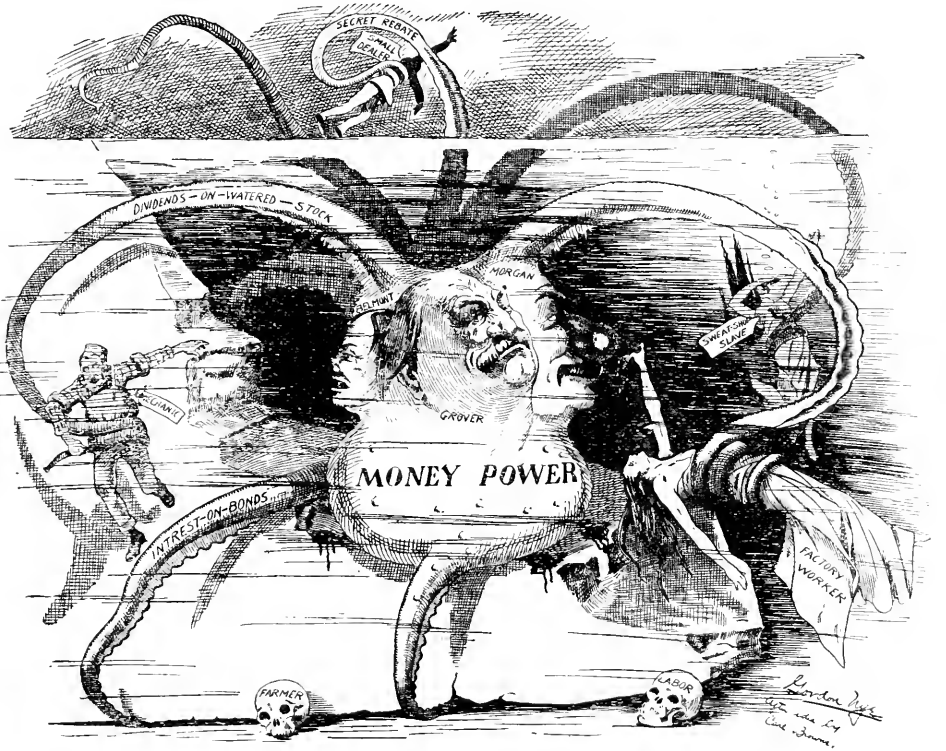
Mrs. Power was sitting bolt upright on the edge of the bed, her eyes shining and her voice ringing with a newly born strength. "Seems to me you two have kept this pretty still! But then, young folks don't consult their parents as they did when I was a girl. But if you're going to take Georgie back to Pennsylvania—as long as she's all we've got—folks would think it queer if we didn't go along," a great relief spoke through her tone. "Georgie, hand me my clothes. We've got a sight of packing to do if we get off tomorrow. Pa, get my shoes down from that beam over the bed, and stop your talking. Jo, you and Georgie can go to California if you want to, but pa and I will go straight back *home*."





Warren, in Boston Herald.

Will She Avenge Her Cub?



Destroy the Money Trust and All Trusts Will Die
Gordon Nye, after Carl Browne.

Money and Taxation

AN ANSWER AND A REPLY

THE article in WATSON'S MAGAZINE for March entitled, "The Philosophy of Money," according to my lights, is a time-honored stumbling-block in the path of financial progress, whose ultimate effect is but to discourage the people from any hope of ever bettering their condition, since, not being their cause, it cannot be their cure. This view only makes confusion worse confounded.

Did it never occur to you that if our whole monetary system were abandoned and exchange slips galore were floated over the land, slips having no intrinsic value themselves, but representing value and recognized as legal tender by the people (the Government), as the writer intimates in his quotation on the concurrent expression of Jefferson, Franklin and Paine, that "good paper money based on the credit of the people is the best money ever invented by man," did it never occur to you that if even such a system were adopted there *might* be some people who *might* be forced to accept less credit slips (or less money than their services entitled them to; or that they *might* have to pay for the chance to work or the necessities of living (rent for a piece of land, freight, exchange, etc.), extortion which would overbalance their producing capacities? What is to prevent either or both of these possibilities?

If a man receives less than he produces, either in direct exchange or in credit, then he is in debt; deferred payments are the result. The article says, "The cause is the inadequate volume of the debt-paying instrument." An absurdity! Can anyone be more lucid

on this point than Henry George? Let us get out his "Progress and Poverty" and polish up our political economy a bit. Do not let us fear to be a little radical. Sticking to old lines will never help us. We are in new times and they require new expedients. We have some big questions before us, and if we cannot see the future clearly, let us at least aim to understand the causes which make the present.

The remedy does not lie in the currency, but in the laws and the customs which admit and permit of labor competition, which tends to the lowest wages; land ownership, which eats all profits from laborer as well as from tenant; and the red tape and corruption of the Government, which make vast monopoly possible, and thus create the tyrannizing power which profits on labor. These great principles and many others, need our attention.

Equal rights to all is our theme; let us work upon it, and daring to demand our rights as free and equal citizens of our "Land of Liberty" (don't let this phrase become a farce), assert our manhood, and shake off this cringing and obsequious attitude of prostrating ourselves in reverence before an unjust and anti-Christian power which we call wealth, and a perverted use of our Constitution which we call Law. The yoke will be put on so long as we bend our necks to it. Until every man in the nation is as interested in the welfare of his country as he is in that of his own home and fireside, I say we have and can have no United States, but conflicting states, and every fire-

side will be robbed of its peace in proportionate degree.

HENRY W. EUSTIS.

THE REPLY

For the sake of argument, suppose we admit as just and correct Henry George's plan to take land values for public revenues. Suppose we look at it simply as a fiscal policy, a plan of taxation, without regard to its ultimate object: access to the land upon the basis of equality. Can it be put into successful operation without regard to our money system? I do not so believe.

Whether we call it "ground rent," "unearned increment," or simply "land value," the thing Mr. George purposes taking for public revenues is an ideal, intangible thing. As such, it cannot be delivered to the taxing power. Something else—an equivalent—a tangible, material thing must be delivered instead.

Now, taxes may be paid "in kind," where the levy is made upon articles of wealth, as, for example, under the tithing system; but not so in the case of land values. The lot upon which stands the Flatiron Building has an ever-increasing value; yet but little in the nature of commodities is produced there; and of the services rendered, few would be of use to the Government, Federal, state or local, if payment "in kind" were the rule.

Payment of taxes "in kind," being impracticable under our highly developed system of division of labor, it becomes necessary for Government to designate some particular thing which all must deliver in payment of the

"ground rent," "unearned increment" or "land value" assessed against each. This thing is money.

But public revenues consist in those services and commodities which are necessary, or considered necessary, in carrying on government. In the last analysis, public revenues do not consist of money—it is merely a simplified system of bookkeeping. The President's services, horses and forage for the army, powder and big shot for the navy, timber and steel plate for the navy yard—these and the many other services and commodities are the real revenues. Were those who furnish them not reimbursed in some way they would be the real taxpayers.

But they are reimbursed—and in the very thing which is designated as the only solvent of tax levies: money. And so the circuit is complete. And if it be "good paper money based on the credit of the people," as Jefferson, Franklin and Paine agreed, it is undoubtedly "the best money ever invented by man," for the obvious reason that it gives no special privilege to the producer of any commodity whatsoever—not even to the producer of silver and gold, as is the case under free coinage of these metals.

Can Mr. Eustis apply the single tax without reference to the money system? If he can, we might admit his broad statement that "the remedy does not lie in the currency, but in the laws and the customs which admit and permit of labor competition, which tends to the lowest wages; land ownership, which eats all the profits from laborer as well as from tenant," etc. If he cannot do this, he has failed to score.

C. Q. DE FRANCE.

Her Confession

GLADYS BEAUTIGIRL—I do not understand how Jack Rushington, crippled as he is with rheumatism in his right shoulder, could have kissed you against your will?

DOLLY SWIFT—My dear, a handsome fellow like Jack Rushington could have kissed me against my will with both hands tied behind his back!

THE DOCTOR'S STORY



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MARY-ROBERTS-RINEHART.

CHAPTER X

“LOOK here, Mr. Hotchkiss,” I said, the next morning after breakfast, “I’m a little uneasy about the responsibility I’ve taken in this house. We can’t go ahead with that operation without consulting some of Mr. St. John’s people. Suppose he doesn’t pull through.”

Hotchkiss stopped his nervous walk up and down the veranda, and frowned thoughtfully.

“His only relative, besides myself, is his father’s sister, and she has lived in Dresden for a dozen years. As far as responsibility goes, Harry seems to have taken the thing into his own hands. There’s no one to consult that I know except his wife, and she is barred.”

“Miss Ellis,” I suggested.

“Georgia’s a nice girl, a very nice girl, Dr. Pierce. I like her as well as I like any woman, which isn’t as much as it ought to be, perhaps. But if you don’t want to tell Harry’s wife, don’t tell her best friend. It would slip out some way. As for the operation, it’s Harry’s privilege to make a decision that means more to him than to anyone else.”

“I’ll be glad when it’s over,” I said fervently. “With the best intentions in the world, the two sides of the family are deceiving each other; Mrs. St. John’s brother and cousin are ranged with her to conceal something from the other party, which seems to include, as you said the other day, an invalid, an—pardon me, I am quoting you—an

antediluvian fossil and a bit of a boy.’ We seem bound to get the worst of it.”

Hotchkiss chuckled.

“Has Harry ever mentioned again the man who visited the car the night you lay over on the sidetrack?”

“Never,” I said. “He has never referred to it, and he has never mentioned the fact that he saw Georgia Ellis the same night, when she took something from one of Miss Martin’s bottles.”

“For a good reason,” he said assuredly. “For the best of reasons. He never mentioned that visit because it never occurred.”

“You mean—?” I gasped.

“I mean,” he replied enigmatically, “that Miss Martin is probably subject to nightmare.”

I had not thought of such a possible solution before—not the solution the little man’s words suggested, but the implication in his voice. Was it possible that Miss Martin had devised the story, with some object which I could not even surmise? And there was the incident of the box which I found in her bedroom.

“I’ll venture to say,” went on Hotchkiss, “that Harry has left her a tidy sum in his will.”

“Not only that, but he intends to double it.”

“Well,” he said thoughtfully, “it’s a very clever piece of work, and well carried out, but we’d better get rid of Miss Martin. If it was anyone but Harry, I would say let the thing go on until we could catch her red-handed. But I’m fond of Harry—he’s a good boy—and we’d better dispense with

the lady in the cap before she makes another error in his medicine."

"But the other things," I objected—"the light in the tower, the shriek, and the man who came to the car that night? Even granting that Miss Martin would commit a crime of that nature—which seems incredible—what do you make of these other things?"

Hotchkiss had been watching a flat stone near the edge of the veranda, where on sunny days an agile slate-colored salamander was accustomed to sun himself. Now with stealthy steps he stole down, his soft felt hat in his hand; but in the instant of the hat's descent, the little lizard had disappeared, and with a grunt of disappointment its would-be captor turned and came back.

"I would like to investigate the towers," he said, as if no interruption had occurred. "I heard Ellis and Miss Georgia arranging to go to Carson for some things, and Mrs. St. John is with her husband. By the way, I saw the clerk last night who filled your prescription, and he almost fell behind the counter when I told him I wanted to talk to him about the medicine he put up for the young lady from Laurelcrest. It seems Millard had been threatening him with the penitentiary. He declares that he filled your prescription exactly——"

"So he did," I interrupted.

"And, moreover, that they haven't a pink box in the store. Therefore, whoever exchanged those boxes had brought the poison from the city, and only waited an opportunity to administer the stuff."

"But if it should have been Miss—the person you suggested, why the capsules? Why not any of the drugs she had with her—the strychnia, or the chloral?"

I am afraid I fell in the estimation of Mr. Hotchkiss. He stopped poking with his pencil at a little bag of spider's eggs securely fastened in an angle of the wall, and turned to me sharply.

"You have the popular conception of crime," he sneered. "Why use a

piece of wood from the woodpile when you have a revolver in your pocket? Why? Because any tramp could have used the wood, while the revolver at once incriminates you. The criminal worthy of the name avoids the obvious. Any member of the family could have made the exchange in the boxes—any drug-clerk be blamed for the error. Without such a possibility, the blame would have fallen on the nurse at once."

"But she raised the alarm."

"For one of two reasons—remorse, which is unlikely, or fear, which is probable."

It seemed plausible, and however unpleasant the task might be, I felt that it was necessary to send Miss Martin away at once. With our lack of proof against her it would be impossible to give anything like the true reason, and after her assiduous attention it was most difficult to trump up an excuse of any kind.

A groom drove up with the post-bag, and Hotchkiss sorted out the mail. "Four for Miss Georgia, mostly masculine writing," he said, "although in these days when women use stub pens and spread all over the sheet, and men use fountain pens and write small for fear the ink gives out, it's confusing, sometimes. Here's a letter—two—for you, and one for somebody with a name between a cough and a sneeze. George, take this back to the house-keeper—it's probably for that Polish housemaid. And a telegram for me."

One of my letters was from Franklin, saying that there was a vacancy on the visiting staff, and I was being spoken of for the position. I don't mind saying I felt a trifle set up about it. There were a good many older men than I who would have given up almost everything but their hope of salvation for a position on the staff there. The other letter was from Jamieson. In small, cramped writing he acknowledged receipt of my letter, and begged to say that he saw no reason to change his opinion of Mr. St. John's case. Also, that he regretted that a bad attack of gout had convinced him

that he would be better for a rest, and he would be at Wiesbaden about the tenth.

So my letter had gone—after all! And the unpleasant duty of telling Dr. Jamieson that his patient had decided to make a change in physicians was now no longer needful. It was one thankless task unnecessary.

"Fifty-three," said Hotchkiss thoughtfully. "I had no idea pink boxes were so popular with the drug trade."

"Fifty-three what?" I asked.

"Fifty-three drug-stores in the city where they sell powders and capsules in pink boxes," he said disgustedly. "I hope there's a difference in shade, anyhow. You'll have to get that box for me, Pierce."

I agreed to make the attempt, and with the prospect before me of a stormy interview with Miss Martin, I went into the house.

At the foot of the big staircase I met Georgia Ellis. She was drawing off her gloves, and her face was flushed and troubled.

"Are you not going for your drive?" I asked, as she drew out the gold pins and took off her hat.

"I have decided not to go," she said. "I—I have a headache."

I thought she avoided my gaze, and it dawned on me, all at once, that she, like Mrs. St. John, was looking thin and worn. With a sudden impulse I held out my hand.

"Won't you let me help you?" I asked. "It's—it's more than I can stand to have you in trouble, and not be able to do anything."

She put her hand in mine, and it lay there for a moment. I wanted with all my heart to stoop and kiss the small fingers, but as if she divined my thoughts she drew it away quickly.

"I won't force a confidence," I said. "You have said it is not yours to give. But if I can do anything——"

"If I could trust anyone, I could trust you."

"Come out on the stone bridge," I suggested. "The air will help your headache, and I need an adviser."

She came willingly enough, as if it was a new and pleasurable thing to have someone to take the initiative. We went slowly under the trees, where the lawns were covered with fallen leaves and the borders, save where the chrysanthemums glowed near the shelter of the hedges, were bare and brown.

"I am always sad in the autumn," she said. "The trees are burying their children, and the poor old world looks so shabby and tired."

"It is time for Grandmother Nature to sit by the chimney," I said. "She has reared a large family this summer."

We walked on in silence to the bridge. Below, the little river clattered and splashed; the nasturtiums along the rail had been nipped by the frost, and hung their flaunting yellow heads. Georgia rested her arms on the cold stone, and drew a long breath.

"I am going away," she said slowly. "I'm going back home, Dr. Pierce, back to Kentucky."

I was silent with sheer surprise.

"The worst of it is," she went on dully, "that I ought not to go; that I ought to stay here. But I cannot, I cannot!"

"Not soon?" I asked, my voice sounding strange and unnatural to my ears. She was going—going out of my life, when she had barely entered it! I would never see her again—never see that proudly uptilted chin, and the deep eyes with the black lashes. I squared my shoulders and looked across to where the greens of the mountains were beginning to show splotches of red and yellow.

"Very soon," she said sadly. "I am running away from something I ought to do, something I have given my word to do—and that is beyond my strength. I am deserting," she said, with a forced laugh. "Did you say you needed an adviser?"

"Yes, I need an adviser. I would like to have a friend, too," I hazarded. She made a little impatient gesture and I hurried on.

"I am going to make a change, Miss Ellis. Miss Martin will leave this evening, and I want you to suggest a

substitute, if either you or Mrs. St. John has a nurse you would care to employ. She should be a responsible woman—not a girl, and——”

“Miss Martin going?” Her astonishment was almost dismay.

“It is necessary,” I said doggedly. “While I prefer to give her the benefit of the doubt, there were some peculiar circumstances connected with the error in medicines the other night. For one thing, the prescription was correctly filled at the pharmacy in Carson—the proper box turned up later, when the pink box with the poison capsules disappeared. Then, while looking for St. John’s symptom chart in Miss Martin’s room, I came across the pink box, empty.”

She still leaned over the balustrade, her eyes fixed on the changing blues and whites of the sky reflected in the water below. But her fingers, which had been nervously tapping the edge of the flower-boxes, stopped suddenly, and her face was frozen and set.

“And one—might have—put the box in her room,” she stammered, when the silence became oppressive.

“Not everyone would have a motive. Miss Martin is poor and middle-aged; she has thought, perhaps, that he would not live long——”

“Do you think that?” she flashed at me.

“And she knows,” I went on, ignoring the interruption, “that he has left her a certain amount of money in his will. You see we have even a motive.”

“A motive that would apply to me also,” she said bitterly. “I am a beneficiary, to a certain extent, in Harry’s will. Why don’t you suspect me?”

“I would as soon suspect my mother,” I said fervently.

She stood up then and, turning around, looked straight in my eyes.

“Nevertheless,” she said, and the world seemed to shatter and fall to pieces under my feet. “Nevertheless, Dr. Pierce, you must not send Miss Martin away. The error—it was an error—was *mine!* I gave you the pink box instead of the yellow one!”

She moved quickly across the bridge

then, and I followed her. At the end she paused again. “Don’t come with me,” she said half-hysterically. “Don’t ask me what I was doing with the other box—don’t ask me anything. But for heaven’s sake don’t go away, doctor; whatever happens, don’t leave these unfortunate people alone.”

“But you are deserting,” I said. “If I promise to stay, will you?”

“I cannot!” she shuddered.

“Tell me something,” I pleaded. “Let me help you, as I wanted to before. The secret is safe with me. Wouldn’t it be better to let me know it, whatever it is, than to have me going blindly along, stumbling over things I cannot understand, and not knowing whom to trust or distrust?”

“I cannot tell you,” she repeated, “but if you will promise to stay, I will stay, too. I—I’m not a coward, whatever you think me.”

“I think you everything that is good,” I said gravely, “and I want you to know that whatever in the world you ask me to do I will do it, if the doing is possible.”

“You are very good,” she said, with a faint smile.

Then she left me, with my heart jumping like a triphammer, and the glow of her smile tingling all over me.

CHAPTER XI

THE following day was Sunday. St. John had slept fairly well, and had been taken in a wheeled-chair to the glass-enclosed veranda which opened from his dressing-room. From here he commanded a view of the drive, as it swept around toward the stables, and I found him amusing himself by watching the horses. The coachman, dressed in livery to drive the ladies to church, was supervising the showing off of the horses below their owner’s window. Grooms and stable-boys were running around, leading stocky little cobs and slim, deep-chested hunters, while now and then a pair of shining carriage horses, stepping together, their heads proudly up, went sedately down the

drive and back again. It was a sight to make a man's eyes sparkle, to watch that procession of beautiful horses, the younger ones frisking in the frosty morning air, the older ones moving with dignity, their muscles leaping into play under their polished skins.

St. John turned to me with shining eyes. "They've been my best friends," he said. "Next to my wife, almost my only friends."

We were both silent, watching the parade below. Finally the grooms led away the last horses, and the drive was deserted. St. John turned to me impulsively.

"You're keeping something from me, Pierce; I see a change in you. You're not sleeping, for one thing, and I'll venture you're not eating. What's the trouble?"

"There's nothing wrong with me," I said, trying to look unconcerned. "If I'm looking out of sorts, it's probably because I have been hunting imaginary troubles, and, not having your powers of imagination, I can't find them."

"You medical men make a specialty of covering a non-committal answer with a smother of words. Look here, Pierce, you were going to help me in this thing, and you are not doing it. You're trying to keep things from me, with a mistaken idea of shielding me, and instead, I am worrying more over the things I conjure up than I should over realities. Haven't you learned anything?"

I had foreseen this moment, when I gave my promise of secrecy about Ellis; I had feared it ever since, but now that it had come I was entirely unprepared.

"I am convinced there is a mystery," I said at last desperately, "but it seems to concern Georgia Ellis as much, or even more than your wife. I imagine that, when we have sifted the thing down, we will find less cause for anxiety than we think."

"You have learned nothing more about the man who visited the car that night?"

"Nothing," I answered truthfully enough, for while I might surmise that

the man was Ellis, I had no absolute proof of the fact.

"There's something else, Pierce; if ever you run across a fellow prowling around the place here—a tall man, dark-eyed and sallow—I want you to let me know at once. It's unlikely, but it might happen, and in such a case I must know at once. If you can't come, send a message."

"A tall man, sallow and dark-eyed," I repeated mechanically.

"Yes—you won't find many strangers around here, and he's slightly stooped, so you will know him easily."

It was Ellis, beyond doubt. Disimulation had always been hard for me, and now I found myself stammering like a schoolboy.

"But why—what—why should he prow around here?" I asked.

St. John twisted himself in his chair until he could face me squarely.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "that every family has some sort of skeleton hanging away; it happens that we have one. It is not a particularly grim affair, but it is a thing I am not at liberty to mention. I can tell you, however, that the man I have described is my wife's brother, and the fiancé of Georgia Ellis."

St. John's pale face seemed to grow blurred and indistinct against its pillows. Then I pulled myself together and managed to find an excuse for leaving the room.

The fiancé of Georgia Ellis! She loved him, then. She would marry him some day, and they would go away together, while—I stumbled to my room and threw myself into a chair. Well, it was all over; what use was ambition now, or hard work? I didn't want to succeed; I didn't want anything—but the girl I loved, and who belonged to another man. I sat there for an hour probably, in that condition between rage and black despair which is a man's substitute for tears. I heard the carriage start, taking the ladies to church, and watched Ellis go off for one of the long walks he took almost daily. I looked after him with a jealousy not unmixed with con-

tempt. It was a blow to my self-esteem that I was defeated by so sorry a rival, for it seemed to me a feeble and almost shameful thing to hide, as he was doing, behind the petticoats of two women, living on the bounty of a man who despised him, and trading on the sympathies of the women who loved him. I gritted my teeth at the thought; I had even some wild idea of going down to his native state and hunting up the strange "politics," even in that country of political feuds, that could compel a man to hide in the mountains of Maine. But my hands were tied. St. John relied on me, and Friday would see either the beginning of a new lease of life for him or the end of everything.

In the midst of a reverie that was becoming painful Hotchkiss knocked at the door and came in. He was plainly excited, and he went directly to the window and watched Ellis as he tramped along a footpath which led toward the hills.

"Keeps out of sight of the west windows, doesn't he?" he chuckled.

I grunted some sort of a reply. Levity seemed out of place that morning, even levity as mild as that of Hotchkiss.

"It might be a good opportunity," he said, wheeling around suddenly, "to investigate the tower room this morning?"

I was willing, but not enthusiastic; the things I did know had faded into insignificance beside the one appalling fact that I did not know. However, anything was better than inaction, so I got up and drew a long breath.

"I suppose it's the best time," I said without enthusiasm. "Have you the keys?"

"I have some skeleton keys," he said. "We can get upstairs, always providing that there are no bolts."

"Bolts?" I asked curiously. "Why bolts, which would have to be pushed from the other side?"

Hotchkiss sat down then, and pulled out his little notebook, turning over the pages rapidly.

"Now," he said, "let's go over this thing coolly. In the first place, we will grant these girls a secret, which they are doing their best to hide. They didn't want to come here, for one thing. Why? Not because Ellis was here, for he is the brother of one and the cousin of the other. If he was hiding here, alone, they would be anxious to be with him. Well, in spite of all they can do, St. John insists on coming, and comes. The night the car lies over at the sidetrack Ellis comes down to consult with his sister. She has telegraphed him that they are coming, and it is necessary to take additional steps to guard this—this secret. Now—the family arrives and all goes well. It is easy to hide things from a sick man, and you and I and the nurse are told some cock-and-bull story which we swallow as a hen does a caterpillar. But there's a hitch some place. The secret, so well concealed, has a voice, and the evening of the day you arrive there's a shriek from the tower room overhead. There's been trouble of some sort; the three conspirators hurry to the tower room and pacify the secret. Georgia hears you downstairs, and being the bravest of the three—Ellis has no nerves—she undertakes to go down and throw you off the scent. In some way Mrs. St. John's arm has been cut and the blood is on Georgia's sleeve. She tells you a brave little lie about cutting her arm with a paper-knife—and you believe it."

I had been growing more and more excited as he went on. Now, I seemed to see the whole situation in a glance.

"Then there's a fourth person!" I exclaimed. "Someone whom it is necessary to confine up there, and who may have escaped and——"

"Not too fast," he cautioned. "It's probable that there is a fourth to the trio who are, as you said before, banded together against St. John, you and myself. And I'm not prepared to say that this fourth person may not have been responsible for the attempted murder of St. John. But Georgia's attempt

to take the responsibility would look like it."

"Then there's only one solution," I said eagerly. "The man, whoever it is, who is shut in the tower room is a maniac. Nothing else would explain that inhuman shriek and the murderous impulse. Great heavens! what a risk for the women to be running. Why, it must have been an attack of some sort that injured Mrs. St. John's arm."

"There's another thing that I have not yet mentioned," he went on, again consulting his notebook. "The night your friend Dr. Carter came up—last Friday, I believe—you will remember that I arranged to find him some sort of a luncheon."

"Yes. Go on," I said impatiently.

"Well, I went back as quietly as I could to Saunders's pantry, and as I pushed open the swinging-door I almost struck Mrs. St. John. The light was on, but she seemed to have had her hand on the switch button, and, as I opened the door, she turned it out. But she was not quite quick enough, for I had time to see a tray in her hand. She passed me with some little remark, and went upstairs. Now, you know that in itself is proof of a secret with an appetite. Had she herself wanted anything to eat she'd have sent that French maid of hers down to get it. It's the first time I have ever known of her going near the kitchen."

I began to have some scruples about investigating the upper rooms. What affair of ours was it to attempt the discovery of a secret that these people were guarding so carefully? Suppose we did discover a prisoner in the upper story, what then? Could I walk down and say to the women that I had discovered their precious secret—that I had obtained by force the confidence they refused to give me?

Hotchkiss, however, had no scruples.

"It is our affair," he said firmly. "It is a duty to save those girls from a possibility of harm, and besides, no matter of sentiment should keep a murderous lunatic from an asylum; St. John has had one experience: you or I

may be the next. They are crafty, these insane."

Ellis had long disappeared from view, and time was passing. With this new view of the case, that Georgia might be in danger, I was eager for the search. Hotchkiss got up and sorted over his skeleton keys.

"This," he said, "will open the staircase in this wing. It's not likely we will get much further, but we'll do what we can. Have you a revolver?"

I had, a 38-calibre Colt, and I stuck it in my pocket. Then we went quietly out and along the corridor. There was a Sunday calm all over the house. The white-capped housemaids, who were usually polishing the floors and flourishing dusters along the halls, had disappeared. No one saw us as we fitted the key into the white door of the staircase and turned it.

The door opened at once. Above us stretched the stairs, gleaming and bare, while a stained-glass window at the head threw red and blue and orange shadows on the white walls. It was rather cheerful than otherwise—there were no dark, shadowy corners with possibilities lurking in them; no cobwebs, no barred windows, no hollow groans. On the contrary, as we reached the top of the flight and turned to look around us, we found a scene very similar to the one we had left. There were the same long, broad corridors with shining floors and bright rugs; there was the same beautiful woodwork, the same vista of doors. The ceilings were lower, possibly—the rugs less costly, but the impression of cheeriness and sunlight was the same.

"I forgot to say," Hotchkiss said in a low tone, "that I learned from Harry that the rooms over yours are the hospital suite. The architect provided an isolation of rooms in case of contagious disease. It includes a bedroom, dressing-room, bathroom and the tower alcove. There is a dumbwaiter, too, leading to the basement."

I nodded, and we went together toward the closed door which led from the dressing-room into the hall. It

was locked, as was the door next, which led from the bathroom. Hotchkiss fumbled nervously with the keys, and his thin lips were quivering with suppressed excitement. He reminded me irresistibly of a fox-terrier who has chased a rat to his hole, and stands guard there, every muscle tense, and its stub of a tail quivering with excitement.

Finally I took the keys, and, after a few minutes' cautious manipulation, I succeeded in unlocking the dressing-room door. I scarcely care to repeat my sensations as I opened it, inch by inch, and looked in. I expected a rush, a shriek, perhaps a blow—anything but the silence and emptiness that greeted us.

I pushed the door entirely open before we went into the room, and our progress was slow and extremely cautious. A minute sufficed to show the emptiness of the dressing-room. Beyond its few pieces of furniture, a shaving stand, a chiffonier and a large wardrobe, it contained nothing but a chair or two. The bathroom was also empty. Here Hotchkiss pointed triumphantly to signs of recent occupancy; the soap in the nickel soap stand was soft and partly used, while a half-dozen towels lay round, incontrovertible evidence that the neat housemaids of the rest of the house had no access here.

The door from the dressing-room into the bedroom was not locked and here we exercised the greatest caution. If our theory held, the object of our search must be either in that room or in the tower alcove which opened from it. I am rather ashamed to confess that I was covered with cold perspiration when I put my hand on the knob of the door to open it. The pressure of the Colt in my pocket was comforting. I threw the door open and looked in. The bedroom, like the others, was empty.

Hotchkiss gave a comprehensive glance round—at the tumbled bed, at the stand nearby with a water bottle half full of water, and a glass, then he pointed to the corner.

There, as in the rooms below, portières hung over the entrance to the tower alcove. Convinced that the mystery, secret, whatever it might be called, lay beyond the curtains, I summoned my courage—it's a question of moral, not physical courage when you are about to face the unknown—and drew the curtains aside.

We faced, not the circular alcove with small, high windows that we had expected to find, but instead a heavy door, closed and locked.

Hotchkiss stooped down and examined the fastening. It was a square bronze plate, very heavy and without a keyhole, while a very small knob, perhaps an inch and a half across, proved its nature. Hotchkiss turned it once and listened to the click. With all my experience in such matters, I knew it to be a combination lock. The room in the tower was as safe from intrusion as a banking vault, and the mystery was as far from solution as ever.

There was no sound from beyond the heavy door, and we tiptoed out and locked the door behind us. Then we went softly down the stairs again and into my apartments below.

For an hour we discussed the various aspects of the case. Whatever doubt there might have been before, there seemed room for none now. There was a prisoner in the tower room, a prisoner who was restrained by force; more than that we knew nothing. And as we talked we realized that there were some things still unexplained. How had the prisoner succeeded in obtaining the poison, and how succeeded in exchanging the pink for the yellow box?

CHAPTER XII

ELLIS came back late in the afternoon. I chanced to meet him on the stairs, and was shocked by the change in his appearance. I had little reason to like him, but his ghastly face aroused my professional interest.

"What's wrong, Ellis?" I asked as

he tried to brush past me. "Are you ill, or have you had bad news?"

"It's a combination of both," he said, avoiding my eyes, "only I'm not ill; I'm simply worn out."

I let him pass me then, and went on down the stairs, but was certain I heard him go to the locked staircase, and later I had proof of it. He did not appear at dinner, and when I mentioned his altered appearance I intercepted a quick exchange of glances between Georgia Ellis and her cousin—glances full of consternation and dismay. If Hotchkiss noticed anything, he did not say. He went on at length with the life history of a small, green snake that he had once hatched in a chicken incubator, and which he declared had learned to beg for food, and dinner passed off rather well.

Hotchkiss and I took our afternoon smoke in the billiard-room, he, in his characteristic fashion, pacing up and down with his hands behind him, while I aimlessly knocked the balls about and chewed at the end of my unlighted cigar. After a while I stopped, and going over to the fireplace, broached the subject that was never out of my mind.

"I have just learned," I said, with what I considered a fine assumption of indifference, "that Miss Georgia is engaged to Ellis. Did you know it?"

"Bless my soul, no!" he said. "Why, I—you will excuse an old man, Pierce, and it's none of my business, but I had an idea that you and Georgia had fixed things up between you."

"Well, you were wrong," I said gruffly. Then, half-ashamed of my humor, I went on more civilly: "For one thing, I'm not an eligible in any sense; I've nothing but my profession, no money——"

"Neither has he," interrupted Hotchkiss, "and no profession, either. Lives on his sister's bounty. I'll be blessed if I can understand women."

"He's a handsome devil, too," I went on, touching on that delicate topic of appearance which we all profess to scorn. Hotchkiss started to interrupt me again, but I hurried on. "Anyhow, it isn't a question of either money

or looks; the girl loves him. You can't deny it," I challenged him. "Look how often they are together; to see one is to see the other. They drive, walk, read——"

"Nonsense," said Hotchkiss. "They have the tie of a common interest, a common secret—that's all. I tell you if I was a young fellow and in love, I wouldn't want to see contempt in the girl's eyes, and there's contempt there, most of the time."

The door into the hall opened to admit Saunders and closed behind him. He was looking at Hotchkiss and I noticed that his face was as white as his spotless shirt-front.

"We've heard them again, sir," he said, half-leaning against the door. "They're worse than usual, and the boy that minds the furnaces has fainted away, sir."

Hotchkiss threw away the end of his stogie—he smoked Pittsburg stogies, and the very smell made my hair rise—and started for the door.

"Come on, Pierce," he called over his shoulder. "We are going settle the Laurelcrest ghost."

He was manifestly excited. There was a new erectness in his narrow shoulders, a triumphant inflection to his voice, and with the prospect of action my spirits lightened. Saunders led the way to the back of the house, and we followed close on his heels. Through the breakfast-room, past the servants' dining-room, and back to the big tiled kitchen, where a dozen of the house servants were gathered in a subdued, whispering crowd. Every light was turned on—the room was as bright as daylight, and a copper kettle hummed cheerfully on the big range which filled one side of the room. But the atmosphere was tense with horror, and there was fear, the awful, wide-eyed fear of the unknown, on every face.

On the floor in the centre of the room lay the grimy figure of the furnace boy, a lad of about nineteen, now partly conscious, but refusing to get up, and lying crouched there in abject terror. I bent over him and felt his pulse, which was galloping furiously.

"He's been that way since he came up," said the cook, a slim little woman. "He just fell through that door there and rolled over on the floor. Once before he came up that way, yelling that there were ghosts in the cellar, and I ain't been down there since."

The crowd huddled closer together, and one of the housemaids began to whimper. Hotchkiss went to the door the cook indicated, and slipped back the bolt. Quick as thought Saunders was before him, his hand on the knob.

"For God's sake, don't go down, Mr. Hotchkiss!" he said shakenly. "There's something wrong, sir. The house is haunted; the doctor can tell you about the shriek we heard one night, and there's something moaning now, in the cellar, under the east wing."

"I hope there is," said Hotchkiss cheerfully. "Come on, Pierce. Is it lighted down there, Saunders?"

Saunders muttered something which we construed as yes, and throwing open the door, Hotchkiss was about to lead the way down.

I stepped ahead of him, however, with the feeling that however ghostly the sounds might be, there was a chance that physical strength would be needed, and that my bulk was better fitted to meet a sudden onslaught than Hotchkiss's slender frame. Hotchkiss turned at the door to the open-eyed crowd behind us.

"Not a word of this," he said threateningly. "Get about your business, all of you. Turn out some of these lights and go back to your rooms—play cards, anything—say your prayers if you want to, but not a word of this upstairs. Saunders, will you come down, or will you wait here?"

Saunders hesitated between Hotchkiss's scornful smile and the shadows of the basement stairs. Then he gulped once or twice.

"I think I'll not go, Mr. Hotchkiss," he said weakly; "my nerves are bad, and I'd be no use, sir."

We started down alone, then, and smiled as we reached the foot of the stairs to hear the door softly closed

behind us. Cut off suddenly from even the feeble support of the kitchen, the situation was decidedly eerie. The cellars dimly lighted, white-walled, stretched around us in a decreasing perspective of lights and black shadows; our steps echoed hollowly on the cement flooring, and, from some place in the distance came the muffled whir of the machinery in the engine-room. We went there first, skirting around the dynamos which lighted the house, peering back of the big engine which chilled the refrigerating-room, and then, beyond, to where the big force pump, gleaming with brass and dripping, with oil, sent water up through the house. There was no one around. The old Scotchman who tended the engines was upstairs with the rest of the terrified household, and we went on alone, through the laundry and the big drying-rooms; through the big empty space reserved for the unbuilt swimming pool, and into the unused places beyond, where our footsteps sounded hollow in the emptiness and where only an occasional light here and there accentuated the shadows. We were in the room under the east wing, and were about to give up and go back, when we heard a sound. It was inarticulate at first, growing louder gradually, until it sounded like a muffled human voice, and ending with a wail that faded slowly, slowly into a quivering silence, and left our nerves throbbing with its acute anguish.

"Great heavens!" I gasped. "Where was that?"

Hotchkiss pulled himself together with an effort, and stared around him. The sound had been followed by a silence which to our strained ears was pregnant with possibilities. The rhythmic beat of the engines sounded faintly in the distance, but around us was gloom and quiet, and I could hear the blood rushing through my ear drums.

"There's somebody hiding around here," said Hotchkiss, his voice sounding sepulchral in the silence. "Where there's a voice there's a throat to pro-

duce it, that's certain." He began to move cautiously around the walls and I followed him. Together we examined every corner without result. Then Hotchkiss stopped and looked round.

"This must be under the hall," he said thoughtfully, "and the dark corner there is beneath the tower. By Jove," excitedly, "I know the whole thing now. Have you matches?"

I had half a dozen or so, and with the aid of one, carefully shielded with his hand, we groped our way into the gloomy recess he had pointed out. It was as he had surmised; the semi-circular wall showed that it lay beneath the tower, and with his unoccupied hand Hotchkiss pointed to a small doorway in the stone.

"The dumb-waiter to the hospital suite," he whispered. "Listen."

The match flickered and went out, and as I fumbled for another a laugh issued from the partly open door. A horrible maniacal laugh that seemed to come from the obscurity around us, and that froze the blood in my veins. Then silence again.

I think I should have run had not Hotchkiss found an electric lamp near and turned the switch. In the light that followed we were ready to face anything, and we waited expectantly, close by the door of the shaft, for a repetition of the sounds. But none came. After perhaps thirty minutes of tension I sat down on the cold floor and tried to make myself comfortable while Hotchkiss took out his notebook and made methodical entries.

An hour went by, two hours, and not a sound from the tower room had come down the shaft. Hotchkiss had brought a chair from the engine-room and dozed comfortably, waking up now and then when his head dropped with a jerk, then dropping off again. I got stiff after a time, and tried walking up and down for a change, always, however, with an eye and an ear for the little door in the wall.

I thought over a good many things in that long vigil; of the difference between myself as I had left the hospital

a few days before, and the Carroll Pierce of the present, wildly in love with a girl who loved another man, conspiring against her for the discovery of a secret she was helping to guard, busying myself, in other words, with other people's affairs; not even entirely frank with St. John, who trusted me; and assisting in his deception of his wife as I assisted her in deceiving him. Truly it was not an enviable position, and with St. John's operation approaching and the discovery, which seemed imminent, of a murderous maniac in the tower room, I began to feel that the position was scarcely bearable.

It was about midnight when Hotchkiss roused himself and got up yawning.

"Our friend has gone to sleep," he said, nodding toward the closed door. "I'm going upstairs to see if there's a light in the tower windows, and to get a book. Then you can doze and I'll take my turn at watching."

I sank into his chair and watched his disappearing frame as he went toward the stairs, then, with my legs stretched out and my hands in my pockets, I went on with my usual reflections. Suppose the operation was a success and St. John began to go around again? What would become of Ellis? What would they all do with the prisoner in the tower room? What would I do if this unknown should attack and injure Georgia Ellis?

A slight sound attracted my attention. It was a scraping like the heel of a boot on a board, and at first I could not locate it. Then, all at once, I knew. It came from the shaft of the dumb-waiter, and even as the conviction forced itself on me I saw the handle of the door turn and open about an inch.

I raised in my chair and leaned forward, ready to spring. My heart seemed to have stopped and every nerve centered in one ominous object—that slowly opening door. And then the lights went out. Not gradually, but suddenly, leaving me in utter blackness, my eyes straining, my tongue dry, my hands clutched and tingling. There was perfect silence—

then a sudden shriek close by me. I think I shrieked, too. Then there was a rush, a wave of air as a body ran past me, a far-off moaning call, and silence.

And I sat in that black darkness,

unable to find my way out, with that awful shriek ringing in my ears, with flashes of light streaking the darkness to my overstrained eyes, while I shivered with the cold terror of the unknown.



To be Continued

November

BY FLORENCE A. JONES

BARE boughs and stormy, wind-swept skies,
 A red trail blazed across the West—
 Sure promise when the daylight dies,
 Of snowflakes on an empty nest.

Hung on the far horizon's rim,
 Above the distant wooded height,
 Just as the last red bar grows dim
 A red star gleams out on the night.

Ah, heart, what tho' the day must die?
 And what bare boughs and empty nest,
 And what a gray November sky
 If one red star shine in the West?

A Reasonable Fee

“**I** HAVE noticed, during my somewhat prolonged pilgrimage adown the corridors of time,” sarcastipessimistiruminatingly remarked the Old Codger, “that it is generally worth while to hear both sides of everything—except, of course, a bass-drum. F’rinstance, I was reading, the other night, about a clergyman who rendered a bill for five hundred dollars for delivering a eulogy over the remains of a prominent citizen. I bucked and faunched quite a good deal in my righteous indignation, until I read onward and discovered that the late lamented had been a United States senator. Then I thought to myself that that was a little enough price for the laceration of the preacher’s conscience.”



Portrait in Oils by an Oil Master
 It is reported that Uncle Sam has been done in oil by Mr. Rockefeller.
 Bart, in Minncapolis Journal.



Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.



Man at the Window: "'Scuse me, you'll have to go round to the back door."
 Donahay, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Attic Populist

BY ERNEST HOLLENBECK

ONCE more in the evolution of man is that Divine Tragedy, The Birth of Liberty, being enacted. This time Russia is the stage, her people the dramatic stars, the world a rapt spectator. May Liberty, child of the spirit of discontent, born in a nation's agony, christened with the sacrificial blood of martyrs, survive the dread ordeal!

The history of great constitutional revolutions has not always been written thus in blood. Roll back the tide twenty-five centuries and we find the conditions of ancient Attica quite similar to those of Russia in the last century. By the beneficent genius of one man a constitutional reform was introduced whose power for good is the leaven of political freedom in this lumpy world.

By the unwritten constitution of Attica, her people were divided in four tribes, each tribe tracing its lineage back to a common ancestral god. Emerging thus from the mists of legend, history finds the family as the unit of social, religious and political life. Families were united in *gens*, which were in turn combined in *phratries*, thirty families in a *gens*, three *gens* to each *phratry*.

These *gens* and *phratries* bound the people in social and religious ties, which found expression in ceremonial rites and social festivals that had their origin in the cradle of the race beyond the barriers of primal myths.

Their early political organization comprised a union of heads of families in *naukraries* which were combined into *frityes*. Each *naukrary* levied and distributed public funds and furnished its quota of men and materials

for war. Half a century later this ancient constitution was subverted and Attica territorially divided into *demes* (from *demos*, people, country, from which we derive "democracy" and "democrat"), to which our townships are lineal descendants. The popular assemblages of Greece were the source of our township annual meetings.

It will be seen this political organization of ancient Attica was for state purposes, while the union of homes and hearths in *gens* and *phratries* was for religious purposes in honor of a common ancestral god; for mutual aid and defense; for common burial rites and cemeteries; for rights of marriage, and for community of property in certain cases. Each family had its religious and funeral rites in which only the family might participate. Festivals in honor of the gods were insistent, and religion was interwoven with their lives at all hours and on all occasions.

In ancient days the tribes were ruled by kings whose names and deeds have well-nigh all perished from tradition. Then came arkons for life as chief rulers, succeeded by arkons for ten years, of whom there were seven. Then the number was increased to nine and the term of tenure limited to a year. These mighty political evolutions occurred during a century and a half of historical twilight, between the night of myth and the day dawn of Attic history, B.C. 683. A history written in red upon the spirits and intellects of the human race.

Out of this chaos of war and rapine, gods and heroes, of men arrogating to themselves undue portions of the rewards of life because of their divine ancestry, loom up the giant forms of

capitalist and proletarian, distorted as by some mirage of history. The capitalist is seen making the laws, enforcing the laws, executing the proletariat for petty crimes, selling him, his wife, his daughters, ay! and his sisters also, for his paltry debt. Selling him to direst slavery, his female kin to the most degrading servitude, and worse!

The theory of the unwritten law was that lesser offenses deserved death, and no more severe penalty could be meted out to greater crimes. The six petty arkons sitting as courts of examination, or trial for petty misdeeds, and the three chief arkons sitting as courts of high jurisdiction, enforced laws and penalties with rigor, and even the supreme court, the Senate of the Areopagus, could enforce no less penalty for homicide of any degree than death or exile and confiscation.

Under the laws of Draco, the first to be committed to writing, these harsh laws were to some extent modified. As men emerged from the larval stage of liberty, these social and political penalties became so intolerable that the poorer classes of the population mutinied.

The lands were mostly owned by the rich and farmed by the slaves, or by the poor on shares. Small landholders were almost universally oppressed by mortgages, the sign of which was a stone pillar on the land, inscribed with the amount and lender's name. Even the free laborers and artisans were rapidly falling into the clutches of the sharpers to be eventually sold as slaves with their families and immediate female relatives.

These conditions paralleled those of France before the Revolution; of Russia today; of the United States in the trust-conquering future. France baptized Liberty in bluest blood. Russia is in the throes. Will Russian freedom perish ere her birth? Will our Liberty die of the assassin's thrust? Perhaps the man for the hour will rise even as Solon rose for Attica.

Solon, aristocrat of the most aristocratic Eupatrids, having acquired great prominence, was called upon to

avert the common danger. Given sole power, he endeavored, honestly, to reform abuses instead of making himself despot, as was hoped by the rich.

The most urgent need was relief for the poor debtors. Solon at once canceled all contracts in which the debtor had borrowed money on the security of his land or body. He provided funds to redeem the financial slaves from foreign bondage and bring these exiles home. He forever forbade the pledging of the body of the debtor and the sale of citizens for debt. This gave great relief to the small debtors and may well be contrasted with the far-reaching and disastrous results of the decision of Chief Justice Marshall on the inviolability of contracts, as set forth in the Dartmouth College case (see "Monarchy Within the Republic," WATSON'S, July, August, September and October, 1905).

Though this relieved the host of small debtors, it threw added burdens on the debtor class next higher by destroying their sources of revenue. To relieve these debtors he recoined silver and debased it so that 100 drachmas contained no more silver than 73 drachmas of the old coinage.

In 1896 we heard the echoes of those old-time money monopolists shouting "Calamity Howler!" "Fifty-cent Dollar!"

Fortunately there were no newspapers in those days to augment ill-will—only orators, and pre-incarnate Bourke Cockrans demagoging first on one side, then on the other, according to the pay accorded a soldier of fortune.

The debased coinage threw off 27 per cent. of the burden and entailed that amount of loss on the class of ultimate and richest creditors, much to their discontent at first. Subsequently, they rejoiced with the others, for prosperity came to all.

This revolution was quite unlike that of our day in which the immemorial silver standard was subverted by gold, in the interests of the creditor class and fixed incomes. But the results are remarkably coincident, for,

as the debased coinage of Solon resulted in relief to debtors, so the intense activity in gold mining and production stimulated by the gold standard has resulted in an enormous outflow of gold, far surpassing the yield of both precious metals a decade ago. This enormous inflation of metallic currency has resulted in exactly the conditions feared by the gold advocates, if silver were not excluded from the mints. The price of money is cheapened, as shown in the rising cost of labor and the commodities of life by 50 per cent. in recent years. The fixed-income people are being enslaved by their sceptre of gold! And the vast golden veins and arteries of the Andes still unbled! It is a question of years only when high finance will demand closure of the world's mints to gold. Then you'll see the banker greenbacker with a paper standard and his hand in control of the press lever!

Other "anarchist" measures of Solon were dividing the people into four classes in respect to property and income. The first class with incomes of 500 drachmas or over; the second with 300 to 500; the third with 200 to 300, and the fourth with less than 200 drachmas income, by far the greatest numerically. The first three classes were subject to direct tax; the fourth only to indirect tax, of which duties on imports was chief. The first historical graduated income tax!

Under the Solonian constitution the arkons were elected by the fourth class from candidates belonging in the first class. They were liable to review and censure in the popular assembly of the fourth class after their term of office had expired. A feature that might well be introduced in our polity. Just imagine a mass meeting of New Yorkers sitting as a court of review on Depew and Platt! Think of some of our M. C.'s defending their action in a popular assemblage acting and voting as a court!

Solon constituted a preconsidering Senate of 400 to formulate measures to be considered in the popular assembly and with other powers. This

probouleutic Senate and popular assembly is in fact the first recorded application of the initiative, referendum and imperative mandate.

Solon prohibited export of agricultural products and built up a home market by encouraging artisans and manufacturers. He regulated marriages and funerals, wills and descent of property. He was the first great emancipator, ranking with Lincoln, Alexander II of Russia, and Dom Pedro of Brazil. He forbade selling female relatives and punished offenses against the integrity of women. He extended the right of suffrage, prohibited slander and evil speech against the dead. He modified the rigor of exacting laws and severely denounced neutrality in civil strife.

Individualism, inherent in the Greek race, received its highest development in Attica under Solon, its prophet-priest.

Philosophic individualism is an ideal condition of society in which the individual knows the right, thinks right, wills right, acts right for right's sake, fearing no punishment, hoping no reward. Obeying only the laws of The Good, The Beautiful, The True.

Democracy is a practical application of Individualism as modified by human ignorance, hopes, fears, passions and aspirations. Solon and the Attic constitution are but the day dawn of Democracy, for which Populism is but a synonym.

The demands of Populism today are the voices of the past ringing down the corridors of time, so far do human efforts lag behind the footsteps of fleeting centuries.

It may be news to many of that mighty host of millions who followed silver to defeat in our day that two thousand five hundred years ago a mighty campaign was fought along similar lines to a peaceful finish, and that even the rich and creditors came to admit its beneficent results. Yet so it was, and the result of the Solonian laws, canceled debts, free silver and 27 per cent. debasement, greater power for the common people in elections

and assemblies, resulted in peace, prosperity and an upward march toward a grandeur in art, intellect, democracy and power.

A volcanic eruption of human rights whose force was felt through the ages in Greece, Rome, Venice, Germany, England, America and France, wherever the classic literature and political philosophy of Greece was taught in school or cloister cell.

The genius and probity of Solon have permeated all Occidental civilizations to this day, a power for right.

Could one believe in the transmigration and reincarnation of souls, it were easy to conceive a Rienzi, a Luther, a

Cromwell or Pitt, a Danton, a Patrick Henry or Count Tolstoy, as some ancient Populist of the Solonian era, thundering at the despotisms of wealth and power. One might even conceive a Watson, a Bryan, a Teller and a Stewart, fighting a losing battle for silver, as they fought a winning fight for silver in the long ago. Each and all giving freely of life, time, talent and strength to press the car of Freedom to its shining goal.

Let us trust that Russia may clasp the ikon of hope and justice, not with crimsoned hands, and guided by some Solon of today, rise to realms of liberty among the morning stars!

Life

BY Z. S. HEMENWAY

A STRIP of earth for thorn and flower growing,
 A glimpse of heav'n afar
 O'ercast by clouds with rainbow colors glowing;
 A night, a grave, a Star.

Consolation

“I YEAHS 'em specify, fum time to time,” ruminatingly remarked old Brother Medlicott, with sage waggings of his nappy head, “dat yo' kin find a bright side to everything if yo' will only look keerful enough. And, uh-'zaminin' the prognostication fum dis point and de tudder, it 'pears to me like dar mought be suthin' to it. F'instance, now, sah, in de little matter of gwine to hell, if yo' *has* to go dar; for one thing, yo' don't need to be uh-skeered to death de whole time about bein' burnt out in de night, and den ag'in, nobody will keep uh-pickin' and uh-pesterin' at yo' to refawm yo' ways or yo' will sho'ly go down to de Bad Place, bein' as dar ain't no udder location, bless goodness, whuh yo' kin possibly backslide to and fall intuh—uh-kase, sah, yo' am right dar on de flat bottom and kain't go no deeper, no way yo' kin fix it!—nussah!”

The Happy Family

MR. SCRAPPINGTON—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel.
 MRS. SCRAPPINGTON—No such thing! If it wasn't for you there would never be any quarrels in this family.

A Great Human Principle

BY
CHARLES FORT



A THREE-STORY frame house. An old yellow house. Clapboards patched here and there and the patches painted when put up, so that the front of the house was tessellated with squares, some vivid, some dull, some of almost obliterated yellow paint. Brick sidewalk and a paling fence between it and the house. Worn-out grass behind the fence, and creeping out in tufts between bricks. Weather-worn shutters, some open, and some tied shut with dangling pieces of clothes-line. Tenement region of New York.

On the top floor lived the Boyles; second floor, Mrs. Cassidy; first floor, Mrs. Ryan—no polyglot house here, you see; not a Schwartzenheimer nor a Tortolini in it, but straight Boyle, Cassidy, and Ryan from top to bottom.

Top floor. Early in the morning. Mr. Boyle had gone to his hodcarrying, but Mr. McGovern, the boarder, who worked for Stolliger, the plumber, was waiting for his breakfast. Miss Boyle, a large, panting person, with the profile of an overfed Roman Emperor, was preparing breakfast. And Mr. McGovern was not beautiful: in his boyhood he had been a jockey, and the print of a horseshoe ran along one cheek to his nose. If you should not be well acquainted with Mr. McGovern, it would be almost impossible to have him say a word to you, but let him become acquainted and feel himself at home and his diffidence would be less marked. He was "good," the neighbors would tell you. "As quiet and decent a man as you'd care to meet," they'd tell you.

In the Boyles' kitchen. An undu-

lating floor, for the old house had settled; stove that inclined so that when one part of a frying-pan was full of lard the other part was dry and smoking; green-painted walls with stovepipe holes in them, and the holes stopped with green-painted beer-can covers; bare floor with loose boards that squeaked and rattled when trodden on. With a spade and a pickaxe and a crowbar on his knees, Mr. McGovern sat at the table, which had a newspaper on it for a tablecloth, fretting because breakfast was not ready.

"Too bad about you!" said Miss Boyle.

She boiled coffee, and boiled half a dozen eggs in the coffee, which is a very good way to economize with the fuel. Half-a-dozen eggs, in a bowl, set before Mr. McGovern, who rested his elbows on the tools on his knees, and tapped an eggshell.

"I hope they'll suit you!" said Miss Boyle. "I hope we can have one breakfast that'll suit you!"

Mr. McGovern cracking an egg. "They're too soft," complained Mr. McGovern.

"Are they?" Miss Boyle snatching the bowl with five eggs in it. And right at his forehead she threw an egg. A splashing and a dripping of yellow down Mr. McGovern's astonished countenance!

"Are they?" panted Miss Boyle. An egg to an eyebrow.

"Minnie Boyle, me curse on you!" said unfortunate Mr. McGovern, sitting still, too astonished to dodge a third egg, which burst on his nose and dripped beautiful golden nuggets down his collar.

"Are they?" panted Miss Boyle, throwing the fourth and the fifth eggs.

"There, now! Now, are they?" she panted. And she sat down violently, throwing her apron over her head, wailing aloud her views upon his ill-treatment of her.

Mr. McGovern's yellow lips alternating in rolling between his teeth. Mr. McGovern glancing toward the window; but he was a man of self-control and did not throw her out; besides she was too heavy.

"Minnie Boyle, me curse on you!" repeated Mr. McGovern. Then he rose from the table, tools hugged under one arm, and felt his way to the door, and seeing yellow, went down yellow stairs to a yellow sink, where Mrs. Cassidy was filling a pail.

"Honor of Gawd, Mr. McGovern, what's happened to you?" said Mrs. Cassidy.

"'Tis Minnie Boyle has me in this deplorable condition!" said Mr. McGovern, feeling for the faucet. "Me curse on her!"

"Ah, no, Mr. McGovern, I'd not say that! There's not a day's luck for them that calls down curses. But, in the name of the Lord, and the good, decent man I always found you, what did you do to her?"

"He's an old crank!" wailed Miss Boyle, still sobbing with his ill-treatment of her.

"Ah, hush, you, Minnie Boyle! And you, Mr. McGovern, would you come down to my kitchen and I'll have the soap and water on you." She was a red-cheeked woman of fifty; expressionless face, bright eyes that stared at the floor and head that bobbed at the floor when she spoke.

Mr. McGovern attenuating egg yolk with handfuls of water, but still dripping yellow, following her to the kitchen; pickaxe, spade and crowbar thumping with him, down the stairs.

"Didn't my two eyes tell me it I'd never believe it of Minnie Boyle!" said the widow. "Ah, but you must have plagued her in some way. Ah, but 'tis no way to treat any decent

man." And she was taking his coat off. And she cleaned the coat, and, having an iron on, she pressed it for him.

Mr. McGovern standing very stiff, still biting first one lip and then the other, his eyes rolling wildly. "Have you a room idle, Mrs. Cassidy?" he asked.

"I have not a room," said Mrs. Cassidy. "I have the half of a room, which is my front room, which I let out to two gentlemen, which the half of it is now occupied by Mr. Matthews, and the two beds in it. But sure, I'd not take a boarder away from a neighbor, and Minnie Boyle'll be the first to tell you her sorrow at mistreating you so."

"Was it to save me," said Mr. McGovern solemnly, but lifting his hand so high that there was a marked hiatus between his vest and his trousers, "another night I'll not pass beneath her roof!"

"Well, then, I have the half of a room," said Mrs. Cassidy, "if you would submit to share it with Mr. Matthews, who is a very sedate and respectable gentleman."

"I will that!" said Mr. McGovern.

"Then sit you down and have a bite to eat and a sup of coffee, before you go to your day's labor."

And that is how Mr. McGovern became Mrs. Cassidy's boarder.

But there was trouble, later in the morning. Miss Boyle had been robbed of her boarder; and Miss Boyle gasped and panted with indignation, as she thought of the widow's unneighborly conduct. Miss Boyle coming down the stairs, silent until passing Mrs. Cassidy's door. Then:

"It'll be the sorry day for some people when they interfered with their neighbors! It's a true saying you don't know who your friends are, and can't trust nobody nowadays." Miss Boyle to the front stoop, and turning around to go back to her top floor. Silence from her until passing the widow's door, and then:

"If some people would mind their own affairs, 'twould be the better for

them, and I'd be long sorry to do some of the things I see did all around me."

"What do you mean, Miss Boyle?—and I'd not call you Minnie—" Mrs. Cassidy's door opening; Mrs. Cassidy, with bright eyes in her dull face, staring at the stairs, her head bobbing at the stairs. "If you're looking to stir up trouble, Miss Boyle, you've come to the wrong quarters."

"I wasn't mentioning no names," panted Miss Boyle. "Let them it fits take it to themselves if they want to."

Screech from the first-floor tenant: "Minnie Boyle's a common disturber! Don't you mind her, Mrs. Cassidy. She's been run out of three houses as a common disturber."

"Where's your old man today, Mrs. Ryan?" a panting jeer from Miss Boyle. "Think where your old man is and then keep pretty quiet and don't open your mouth to others."

Loud slamming of first, second and third-floor doors! Miss Boyle standing close to her back window and jeering out at the first-floor tenant; Mrs. Ryan, with her head out her window, shrieking up frantically; Mrs. Cassidy staring at a backyard clothes-pole, chanting monotonously.

An old man appearing at a window of the house opposite.

All three ladies expressing their bitterness and hatred.

Old man tucking a fiddle under his chin and playing.

Sudden lull in the warfare; desultory attacks, then angry accusations ceasing.

Mrs. Ryan seizing a broom and waltzing around her kitchen with it; Mrs. Cassidy, her dull face very serious, starting a solemn jig; Miss Boyle clapping her hands and her massive body swaying.

For the old fiddler was playing, as he often played, when there was trouble in the neighborhood, "Praties and fishes is very good dishes!" Whole neighborhood in terpsichorean ecstasy! Ah, 'tis a rousing old tune indeed! Indeed and it is that! "St. Patrick's Day in the morning!" And Miss Boyle and Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Ryan are very good friends again—and

if a bit of the drop then came in to be shared among the three of them, why, sure, that is nobody's business!

But, though Miss Boyle seemed reconciled to the loss of a boarder—"Old crank and good riddance to him!"—Mr. Matthews took most unkindly to the acquisition of a boarder.

Mr. Matthews coming home to dinner and learning that he was to have a roommate. "'Tis Mr. McGovern, from upstairs, and not like a stranger brought in to you," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Quiet, decent man that he is, and never a word from him and scarce open his lips to bid the time of day to you."

Mr. Matthews, in white overalls, his face spattered with white, was a whitewasher; a man of fifty; wore a shabby suit of clothes, when not in white, but wore shirts that were broadly and glaringly pink-striped. He brushed his hat and shined his shoes; he was shabby and was fifty, but had not given up all interest in his appearance. His nose was rather ruddy and bumpy, but once it had been of strong, straight mold, and Mr. Matthews was still good-looking; an affable, jaunty, verbose man.

"Him!" said Mr. Matthews, not at all affably. "You got him here?"

"Yes," said the widow, "but what of it? You say 'him' in such a funny way. Do you know aught against him?"

"Perhaps I do and perhaps I don't—" began Mr. Matthews.

But steps on the stairs! Steps passing the door and going halfway to the floor above. For Mr. McGovern was a creature of habit, and, even with his mind occupied with the morning's sad occurrence, he went halfway up the stairs he vowed he never should tread again. Mr. McGovern hurriedly descending to the second-floor kitchen. And great affability from Mr. Matthews!

"So you're now one of us, Mr. McGovern? That's good, and I'm glad to share my room with you, and you must make yourself right at home here. Take your coat off, now, and be

comfortable." Mr. McGovern feeling not at all at home; Mr. Matthews feeling so thoroughly at home that his manner was decidedly proprietary. "If you'll just sit over here, where you'll be out of the way, Mr. McGovern!" and Mr. Matthews helped prepare supper. Went down to the sink and filled the kettle; cleared off the kitchen table; then kicked off his shoes and stepped into slippers. Mr. Matthews was very much at home, but Mr. McGovern was a stranger, silent, awkward and self-effacing. Table set, and, from Mr. Matthews:

"Draw up and be one of us, Mr. McGovern! Well, how's the day gone with you?"

"That's right!" said the widow. "Let the both of you chat; I do like a little chatting about me."

"Much like any other day," was Mr. McGovern's answer; knees wriggling and shoulders wriggling.

"I like to hear you chat, because then I don't so much miss the bit of a store I used to have," said Mrs. Cassidy.

"Did you?" Mr. McGovern interested so that he ceased wriggling. "That's what I always been wanting to go into and been laying by a little for."

Mr. Matthews noting this interest and saying hurriedly, "Oh, well, stores is pretty dull talking."

"Oh, no, but go on and chat!" begged Mrs. Cassidy. "I do miss my store, I do! When I had the store there was chatting all day long, what with customers and other storekeepers coming in. I do so miss the chatting of it!"

Miss Boyle thumping down the stairs, pausing on the landing and looking into the kitchen. Into the kitchen came Miss Boyle, and sat in a rocking-chair. Very hard did the lady try to seem unconscious of her lost boarder; with her left and right hands up right and left sleeves, she patted her huge arms and tried to glance about casually, but the lost boarder fascinated her. "Old crank!" Miss Boyle panted amiably. Mr. McGovern bending low over a pork chop.

Mrs. Ryan scurrying up the stairs; for in this meeting of former landlady with ex-boarder there might be something worth hearing. On Mrs. Ryan's long, sharp nose were spectacles that made her a person of most uncanny appearance. For the spectacles were of magnifying power so great that when turned full upon one the lady's eyes were increased to the size of plums.

"How's your husband getting along?" asked Miss Boyle, striving to resist the fascination of her lost boarder.

"Oh, fine!" from enthusiastic Mrs. Ryan, turning eyes like nightmare eyes upon Mrs. Boyle. "They've promoted him twice since he's been there. Oh, yes, I'm proud of the success he's making. His behavior would carry him anywheres. Lew always was a superior man and got his superiority recognized."

Widow clearing away supper dishes, at which Mr. McGovern gazed, as he twitched and shifted and wriggled. "So your husband is getting along all right then, Mrs. Ryan?"

"Fine!" cried enthusiastic Mrs. Ryan. "They say they never had anybody like him. It isn't everybody could advance themselves like he does. From the very first day they took notice of how superior he was."

"When does he get out?" asked Miss Boyle.

"Why, half of his six months is up already. Yes," proudly, "they've promoted him twice, and now he's a trusty in the Harlem Police Court and only in his cell night-times, when he goes back to the Island. Lew always was a ambitious man and'd make his mark anywheres."

But Miss Boyle could no longer sustain the effort of her resisting. "Well, Mr. McGovern, how is your supper digesting? I don't hear you making no complaints here, like there always was for my cooking. Just wait till the strangeness wears off and Mrs. Cassidy won't be so taken with you!"

"Excuse yourself, Miss Boyle!" widow chanting and staring, "but I'm not

taken by no man and once was enough for me. I 'tend to my business and cook for my boarders and try to make it homelike for them."

"Please be kind enough to excuse your own self, Mrs. Cassidy! I wasn't passing no remarks, and you don't take me up right. I'm sure you're welcome to Mr. McGovern, and much good may he do you, and no more boarders for me—no, thank you!"

"Minnie," said Mrs. Ryan, turning orbs that were startling and almost terrifying upon the excited and gasping Miss Boyle, "you're a common disturber, Minnie, and you ought to remember you was ran out of the flats for it."

"Me ran out of the flats? Me that left of my own accord? Then now you excuse yourself, Mrs. Ryan!"

And from the widow: "I'm sure I 'tend to my own business, and needn't be taken up with a man just because I cook for him, and once was enough for my lifetime!"

Three excited ladies! Mr. Matthews waving hands at them, crying, "Now, ladies! oh, now, ladies, I implore you!"

Miss Boyle and Mrs. Ryan turning to each other wrathfully, but—

"Here's the rocky roads!" Old Mr. Doran leaning out his window, fiddling. "Rocky roads to Dublin, oh!" Gray-bearded old peacemaker playing his liveliest jig, starting up the moment angry voices floated to him.

"Just because I cook for a man—" but Mr. Matthews twirled the widow to a point in front of him. Widow and Mr. Matthews in jig steps. "So please excuse yourself, Mrs. Ryan—" But Miss Boyle scrambling to hook elbows with Mr. Matthews, and Mrs. Ryan hopping up to jig advances to sedate, retiring Mr. McGovern. "Rocky roads to Dublin!"

And Miss Boyle went back to her floor, having amiably parted with everybody; and Mrs. Ryan went away, shaking her head with laughter at the dancing, so that she seemed to be scattering plums broadcast, lingering in the doorway to say, "Yes, Lew'll be back in three months, now. I hope he won't be too

proud to know us. He is a little that way, and it ain't good for him to be too successful. But what I say is, if you got it in you, you'll always make your mark in the world." And away with her.

"You don't have to stay in here, McGovern, you know," said Mr. Matthews; "but go out and take a walk or do as you like. You must feel free to do just as you like, now you're one of us."

Mr. McGovern, looking as if rather resenting this supervisory attitude, but then rising and shuffling from the room, going to the front stoop, where Mrs. Ryan was eulogizing her successful husband.

"Him!" said Mr. Matthews scornfully. "Him!" said Mr. Matthews, jabbing his pipe into the little leg pocket of his white overalls.

"But what do you know about him?" the widow asked curiously.

"Oh, never mind what I know or don't know, Mrs. Cassidy. Have I, in so many words, said I know aught wrong about him?"

"Not in so many words," answered Mrs. Cassidy, "but you have intimated as much. He's been in the house come a year now, and, beyond a drop of a Saturday night, which is no more than any good man's fault, who can breathe a word against him?"

Mr. Matthews becoming verbose and floundering in his verbosity.

"'Tis a great human principle I would apply and test him and expose his unworthiness to you," said the gentleman mysteriously. "There's deep secrets in human life, Mrs. Cassidy, and there's great delineations of character to those that can delve into them and solve their puzzles. I may say, Mrs. Cassidy, that there is in all of us those principles which are in all of us. You follow me, Mrs. Cassidy? And being in all of us they're common to the lot of us and they're only known to them that delve into them. You follow me?" Profound gentleman shaking a forefinger, advancing, forcing his landlady up and down along the undulations of the kitchen floor; his

landlady bobbing and staring and turning one ear to him to concentrate her attentiveness. "So, then—you follow me?—so then, them that can delve into the complexities of humanity can apply them, and them are what I've delved into——"

Mr. McGovern returning, having wearied with the absent, but successful Mr. Ryan.

"Oh!" said Mr. Matthews, affable again, "didn't stay long? Well, you can read your newspaper, if you want to. You can sit here and read your paper, now you're one of us."

Mr. McGovern betraying decided resentment; Mr. McGovern sitting down and drawing his lean knees together as if that would help him express his resentment, but—but Mr. Matthews wound the clock! And what a small, but what a speaking act! To wind a clock in any home seems the one significant sign of supremacy in that home. Mr. McGovern said nothing and picked up a newspaper, as he had been given permission to do.

Other evenings Mr. McGovern came home from his work and went past the Cassidy door and halfway to the rooms above before recalling that he lived no longer on the top floor. Mr. McGovern did not yet feel at home.

And he showed that he did not feel at home. Take any evening in the widow's kitchen. Miss Boyle dropping in, panting and gasping on the sofa. Miss Boyle remarking that the weather was warm, or that the weather was cold; trying to appear unconscious of Mr. McGovern, and then:

"Well, how do you like your new boarder, Mrs. Cassidy? Oh, you'll find him out in time and see how cranky he is." Mr. McGovern not retorting, but shifting in his chair uneasily.

And from Mr. Matthews: "You can light up your pipe, if you want to, McGovern."

Mr. McGovern lighting his pipe, as if recognizing permission given by one in anything.

And, "Oh, McGovern, if you'll let me have that chair! I sorter look on it as my chair."

Mr. McGovern meekly surrendering the armchair, and Mr. Matthews, feet up in another chair, making himself comfortable in it.

From Miss Boyle: "Indeed, and if he was as mild as that upstairs, there'd never of been any trouble. Just you wait, Mrs. Cassidy——" Struggling with herself to avoid an unpleasant subject. "Oh, well, what do you think about the agent giving Mrs. Ryan her floor for a dollar cheaper? Serve all alike is what I say. Does the cooking here suit you any better, Mr. McGovern?"

Briskly from Mr. Matthews: "Well, McGovern, you can turn in any time you want to, you know."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," meekly and humbly from Mr. McGovern.

But another evening. Mr. Matthews saying to the widow mysteriously: "Oh, everybody ain't what they seem. Oh, a quiet, decent man, is he? But wait till I try a great human principle, some day, and that's where the test comes in!"

Mr. McGovern was on the stairs. And only one step on the way to the top floor did Mr. McGovern take this evening. Force of habit was weakening in him, and he wheeled back from the first step.

Mr. McGovern coming into the kitchen and taking his coat off.

Mr. Matthews eyeing the coat askance, but saying, "That's right, McGovern; take your coat off and be comfortable."

"'Tis not necessary to tell me!" said Mr. McGovern. "I've got me strangeness wore off considerable, now." Rolling up his sleeves, taking the armchair, saying, "Mrs. Cassidy, if you're ready, I'll have my supper now." For Mr. McGovern was beginning to feel at home.

"Draw up to the table, McGovern," invited Mr. Matthews, though he scowled at the usurped armchair, which he regarded as his own armchair, "and you mustn't act like a stranger with us."

"Again," said Mr. McGovern, "'tis unnecessary to tell me, though me thanks to you for your kindness. But

draw up yourself, and don't be looking so strange, Matthews. 'Tis the social side of a meal that is half its charms; and sit down yourself, Mrs. Cassidy, and don't be bothering waiting on us, but let each one wait on themselves. Sure, Matthews, man, don't be looking so glum, but be like you was one of ourselves."

"I ought to be!" said Mr. Matthews glumly. "I been here long enough, too."

"And me!" said Mr. McGovern; "'tis always my way to feel a little strange, at first, but the strangeness wears right off."

"So I see!" from gloomy Mr. Matthews.

"Bring it right here, ma'am!" Mr. McGovern to Mrs. Cassidy, who was carrying a platter of good Irish stew from a pot on the stove. "Right here forinist me, ma'am, and I'll apportion it out for the lot of us. Where's your plate, Matthews? Speak up if you want a bit of stew."

"I don't know that I do!" said melancholy Mr. Matthews. "I think I'm feeling somewhat off my feed."

"Ah, well, then, Mrs. Cassidy, so much the more for us two. But you needn't leave the table, Matthews; you can sit here and be one of us, even if you are off your feed."

A melancholy Mr. Matthews all evening, and all evening a lively, dominating Mr. McGovern, until Mr. Matthews thought of the clock. It was an eight-day clock, but every evening Mr. Matthews wound it as a crowning domestic act.

"McGovern," said Mr. Matthews weakly, "you don't have to sit up and bear us company, you know."

And Mr. McGovern's air of aggressive self-confidence had flown. "Why, no—oh, don't be bothering about me," said Mr. McGovern awkwardly. For the winding of the clock had put him back in an overshadowed position in the widow's home.

"If you'll let me have my easy-chair!" suggested Mr. Matthews briskly, all his glumness dissipated by his feeling of restoration to command.

"Not troubling you too much, but that's always been my chair."

"Sure, excuse me for the liberty of monopolizing it!" awkward Mr. McGovern was quite crushed back into strangeness again.

"You must feel yourself amongst friends," said Mr. Matthews patronizingly. "Don't stand on no ceremony with us here, but just be yourself. You can go to bed, or you can go out and take a walk, just what you like."

"Why, yes—thank you, sir!" from Mr. McGovern. He had risen from the easy-chair, and he stood faltering between going to the street and going to the front room.

"Just hand me my pipe over there, like a good fellow!" Mr. Matthews stretching back in his armchair, feet up on the sofa, showing very well that he knew which was the dominating boarder. Mr. McGovern meekly handing Mr. Matthews the pipe.

The next evening! Mr. McGovern coming into the kitchen, without taking even one or even half a step toward the floor above. Mr. McGovern coolly taking Mr. Matthews's hat and coat from the nail in the door; dropping Mr. Matthews's hat and coat on a chair, hanging up his own, instead. And Mr. McGovern saying to Mrs. Cassidy: "What! going to bother cooking for us this hot day? Here's some change; would you go out to the delicatessen and bring us in whatever strikes your fancy most?"

"I would, and glad, too!" said Mrs. Cassidy. "'Tis no pleasure standing over a hot stove, a day like this. Had your your mind set on a hot meal, Mr. Matthews?"

"Ah, sure, and he don't count!" said Mr. McGovern, laughing boisterously, but good-naturedly. "Anyway, 'tis two against one." Mrs. Cassidy feeling embarrassed, standing hesitating in the doorway.

"Oh, don't mind me!" from melancholy Mr. Matthews. "I don't count."

And when the widow brought back corned beef and potato salad he refused to eat anything sent for by his rival, but then, unable to explain con-

tinued loss of appetite, made a sandwich, with very ill grace.

Supper over, and Mr. McGovern going to the front room, where he busied himself with his trunk. And back to the kitchen he came, with several large, framed, crayon portraits under his arm.

"I might as well have these hanging on your wall, if you don't mind, Mrs. Cassidy," he said. "'Tis the portraitures of me father and mother, if you don't mind."

"I'd be pleased, and they'd be ornaments to the wall," said Mrs. Cassidy. "If you're not afraid they'll be spoiled by the smoke from the stove."

"Oh, not at all!" said Mr. McGovern, "and I have more portraitures to hang up in your front room."

Mr. Matthews sitting stiff on an uncomfortable chair, his lips moving. Very likely Mr. Matthews was saying to himself, "I don't count!"

"And, if you'll bear with me for saying as much, ma'am," from Mr. McGovern, "I don't think your chairs are fixed so economical of space, here. I'd be much preferring to have the table at the other end of the room, if 'tis all the same to you."

"It is, to be sure, Mr. McGovern," said the widow sweetly, but with an anxious glance at depressed Mr. Matthews, stiff and awkward as ever Mr. McGovern had been.

"So, if you'll move a little, Matthews!"

Mr. Matthews standing up and then not knowing where to go, for, as soon as he turned toward a chair, Mr. McGovern picked up that chair and placed it somewhere else.

"Do sit down and make yourself at home," urged Mr. McGovern, who was very much at home. And then: "Now it strikes me that this chair would make more of an appearance over here," as Mr. Matthews wretchedly stumbled toward a chair.

"Ah, but you have the great eye for effects, Mr. McGovern!" cried the admiring widow, whose indignation would have been boundless had a

feminine boarder dared thus to reorganize her home.

"And have you everything in for the morning?" asked Mr. McGovern. "Is there anything you want?"

"There is not," answered Mrs. Cassidy; "there is not naught but a bit of wood to be brought up from the shed."

"Then give me the key!" Mr. McGovern going down to the woodshed, coming back with an armful of wood, which was an act of such agonizing domesticity that Mr. Matthews, stammering that the room was too warm, fled to the front stoop.

"Ah, but this is very nice and homelike!" Mr. McGovern in the armchair.

"'Tis a strange thing, sir," from the widow, "that a man like yourself, with such quiet tastes, never had a home of your own."

"'Tis me nature to be very particular," Mr. McGovern answered. "I have not met the woman would suit me. But you're right, ma'am, me tastes was always quiet and homelike, barring me ambition to have a bit of a store somewheres, for which I got the money laid by, and I'd be thinking of the home and naught else. Sit down and we'll have a chat, ma'am, and don't be bothering with them dishes, for you wok too hard as it is."

"And you little dream the care a house is!" said the widow, taking a chair beside her boarder. "You could be busy from morning till night and the half of your work never done; and was I the kind to go gadding about I don't know where I'd be. Ah, yes, Mr. McGovern, 'tis a great pleasure, is a bit of a store. There's people coming in to chat with you all day long."

"Would it be second-hand furniture?" asked Mr. McGovern. "I should say there'd be money in a store like that——"

But Mr. Matthews, who had been unable to remain in the room, was then unable to remain away from the room. Coming back.

"Matthews," said Mr. McGovern, "but 'tis the uneasy mortal you

are! Sit you down and don't feel like a stranger so."

But Mr. Matthews had returned with a purpose. He had returned to restore himself to his rightful rank. Then he would place chairs and tables back in their original positions, and then, with dominion re-established, those flaunting, intruding portraits should come down from the wall. Mr. Matthews striding toward the mantel-piece; he would reduce his rival to humbleness again.

"Oh, Matthews," said Mr. McGovern carelessly, "never mind that; I've already wound the clock."

"You have?" Mr. Matthews demanded fiercely. "Oh, have you?" without spirit left.

"I have that!" said Mr. McGovern. "But you can go to bed any time you want. Be easy and free and don't feel called upon to sit up, just because Mrs. Cassidy and meself are having a bit of a chat—Did you ever see the uneasy like of him!"

For Mr. Matthews had fled.

Mr. Matthews and Miss Boyle meeting on the stoop.

"Why, I thought I just saw you down here," said Miss Boyle.

"Then you see me again!"

"Oh! crowded out?"

"No, I'm not crowded out!" Indignant Mr. Matthews! "Who'd crowd me out? I'd like to see anybody crowd me out!"

"Sorry I spoke!" said Miss Boyle. "I was only thinking of your new boarder. I was only wondering if he was feeling at home yet."

"He's most—most—most damnationally at home!" spluttered wrathful Mr. Matthews. "He's— But would you come around to Farley's and have a little drink, Miss Boyle?"

"Well," said Miss Boyle, "I might have one."

So they went to Farley's and sat in the back room, where Mr. Matthews pressed the electric button in the wall, and kept on pressing till some of his ill-temper was relieved.

"Is he at home?" spluttered Mr. Matthews. "Oh, no, but it's the

retiring, timid spirit he has and not a word out of him and not daring to call his soul his own. Oh, yes, but those are the most distinguishable characteristics of him! Why don't you get him back to board with you?"

"Him? Old crank! No, thanks!"

"Why, I only thought you was sore at having him taken from you."

Bartender vigorously rubbing the table with his bar rag, splashing his customers, setting down two glasses.

"'Twas a unneighborly thing to do, and no mistake," said Miss Boyle. "I put him out and, for a million, wouldn't have him back, but 'twas a unneighborly trick to take him from me so, and, for one, I wish he wasn't in the house."

"Listen, then!" said Mr. Matthews, his elbow on the table, his forefinger waving in front of Miss Boyle's Roman nose. "There's other ways for to get him out of the house. This is between ourselves, isn't it?"

"Oh, certainly, and never go no farther, for all of me!"

"Then I know something he's done, and, when Mrs. Cassidy learns it, she'll have him no more in her rooms."

"He has?" Miss Boyle much interested, peering over a schooner's rim.

"Well, 'tis not so much I know something he's done, as I know he's done something. Now, wait! you follow me? This is between the two of us, isn't it? Then this night I'll write a letter to Mrs. Cassidy, telling her of the serpent warming its fangs at her fireside; of the wolf in human disguise; of the vulture and hyena with their parents' portraits on her walls."

Miss Boyle steadily gulping, but her eyes looking deep interest over the rim of the glass. "Why, sure, and he's an old crank," from Miss Boyle; "but is he as bad as all that, I don't know? Why will you be telling her all that?"

"To arouse the suspicions of her against him!" said Mr. Matthews.

"And then?"

"That'll start her investigating and looking up his record. I'd investigate him myself only I ain't never had no steadiness in me for any such detective work. But, out of her own curiosity,

she will look up his record, if I once raise the suspicions of her, and she'll find out what he's done."

"Find out what?" impatiently.

"Find out what he's done!" said Mr. Matthews.

"And what's that?"

"I don't know."

"Aw, such talk! such talk!" Miss Boyle disgusted and rising. "You don't know what he's done? Then how do you know he has done anything?"

"There's the point!" cried Mr. Matthews. "Every man has! That's just it! That's the great human principle I'm working on; which is that every man has something in his past that he'd fear to have found out. I'll rise Mrs. Cassidy, and she'll investigate what McGovern's particular secret is."

"Ho! hum! the men is a bad lot!" said Miss Boyle indifferently.

When Mr. Matthews went back to the second-floor rooms of the old yellow house the masterfulness of Mr. McGovern irritated him highly.

"But never mind!" said Mr. Matthews to himself, "I'll fix you!" More masterfulness, under which Mr. Matthews writhed. But Mr. Matthews said: "Oh, just wait!"

The next day was Saturday. On Saturdays Mr. Matthews worked half days, so he was home a little after noon. And he went lightly up the tenement stairs. He blithely entered the Cassidy kitchen, for with Mr. McGovern away working, he might dominate. So, joyously, Mr. Matthews entered the kitchen, and—

"Merciful Father, Mr. Matthews," cried Mrs. Cassidy, "but I've been hearing strange tales of you!"

Blitheness swept away, and consternation instead! "Then she's been here?" the gentleman faltered.

"Honor of Gawd, Mr. Matthews, but I'd never thought it of you!"

"What did she say?" tremulously. "Was the childer with her? How did she find out my address?"

"Don't speak to me!" cried the widow. "The men is all alike! You can't trust nobody! So you bare-

fac'd admit you have a wife and childer you left to shift for theirselves?"

"But I couldn't support them all!" groaned Mr. Matthews. "How long since she was here, and will she be right back? And will I have time to get my trunk packed? She'd shoot me, let alone having the police onto me, Mrs. Cassidy. It'll look bad for me leaving the lot of them in midwinter and not a cent in the house. Was she very wild about it, Mrs. Cassidy?"

But Mrs. Cassidy had run to the hall, and up on the stairs she sat until, having packed his trunk, he hastened, with it on his shoulder, down the stairs.

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. Cassidy was saying to Miss Boyle, "but there's been revelations, this blessed morning, to me! It's a married man he's been all the time and not only married, but got a wife and small childer besides."

"But how'd you ever come to hear word of it?" Miss Boyle asked.

"'Tis that is the queer part of it," Mrs. Cassidy answered. "I did but begin accusing him, just to find out, and there, my dear, he outs and gives his own self away. 'Was she here?' he says, and nobody mentioning such a person. There's the way of the wicked for you! I got this letter this morning and began accusing him, and me not knowing what I was talking about, to see if the way of the wicked would be the way of him—and it was!"

Miss Boyle reading the letter.

"But, woman, dear, this don't say which of your boarders is meant."

Mrs. Cassidy reaching for the letter and carefully reading it. "Why, indeed, and you're right, and does it? But how well I lit on the right one of them and never thought of accusing t'other one. Miss Boyle, in the name of the Lord, what ails you?"

Miss Boyle shaking with billowy laughter. "Did you ever hear the like!" cried Miss Boyle. "But he was right about at least one man having something in his life he'd not want uncovered! Why, woman, dear, though he meant to rise your suspicions of the other one, you've found him out by his own letter."

The Currency Trust

BY FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS

(Conclusion)

IT is indispensable to understand what, in financial economics of any country, is standard money. All the money reported in the Circulation Statement is not standard money. There is an economic distinction, as before stated, between standard money and other kinds of money. Standard money has one peculiarity—one distinction—and only one. That distinction does not depend upon the material out of which it is made. Standard money will perform every function that any other money will perform, and in addition will pay a debt over the objection of the creditor. This one distinction—regardless of what may have been its origin in the past or in other countries—is at this time in this country the result of law. It is provided by law that a certain thing shall be accepted by a creditor in payment of debts he holds when the debtor tenders it to him in payment. Such provision of law makes standard money, without regard to the material of which it is composed. It is standard of payment. If the Government can make paper money legal tender—and there is no doubt that it can—it can make it so that in no respect will it differ economically from metallic coins that the same Government has made legal tender. If both are legal tender by virtue of the same law-making power, then both are “standard money.” There is no economic reason why every dollar of what is commonly called money cannot be issued by the Government and made “standard of payment,” legal tender, money. There is no reason in common sense or in eco-

nomics why money intended to be used in business ought not to be good enough to pay debts, under any and all circumstances, to any and all creditors.

If it be true, as claimed by the advocates of the single gold standard, that the value of the coin as money depends upon the value of the metal there is in it, then it would be wise to take them at their word. If this claim is correct, then the legal tender quality given to it by law adds nothing to its value, and may without injury be taken away from it. It would be wise to do this, and give that quality to paper currency to be issued by the Government. It would certainly not make the paper currency any less useful in business, nor the coin, if they are correct, any the less valuable as money. Let them be taken at their word, and see how quickly and how loudly they will protest. In this way the hypocrisy of their arguments will be shown, and the utter dishonesty of their present purposes. There is no possible honest reason for decreasing the amount of debt-paying money—legal tender—and putting in its place money that is not legal tender, and that creditors may refuse to accept when debtors present it, and will refuse as sure as fate when they find it will be to their interests to do so.

This is the side of the financial question on which the dealers in, and holders of, credits are preparing a corner on debts with the manifest purpose to rob their debtors. On the other side, production and commerce are being stimulated, and credits are being manufactured, with astonishing rapidity. On the business side, the question is not limited to debt-paying money,

but includes all kinds of money and everything that can perform in any degree the money function by assisting in exchange. On the debt side, it is not difficult to determine with approximate correctness the volume of money to which the quantitative theory applies. On the business side, it is more difficult. It is almost impossible to tell anything about what is the volume of money and money equivalents to which, in determining the activity of exchange, the theory applies, except that it is very large and rapidly increasing. Surprise is changed into astonishment when, in the face of such conditions, it is announced with such assurance by the most prominent and ardent champion of bimetallism that the money question "must remain in abeyance until conditions change." Just what "change in conditions" is supposed to be necessary to revive the importance of the question has not been suggested by any one of those who think it "must remain in abeyance," "because of its decreased importance." The inference is that we must wait for a decrease in the production of gold.

A standard of payment is national. Because it is the result of national law it cannot be international. It has long been recognized that it is not desirable that it should be. If such standard is metallic, the coin is the standard and not the metal. If the standard is metallic, it is subject to another danger quite as serious as decrease in the production of the metal. The coin can only be standard money so long as it remains in the country and under the dominion of the law by which it was made a standard. As a national standard, it cannot be exported. As a metal, it can. If the standard is made out of gold, then the export of gold is equivalent to the destruction of so much of our standard of payment. If we receive gold by importation, it is possible to increase our standard money by coinage of it, but no such increase by importation can be reasonably expected if the reports of the Treasury Department of past imports are to be taken as any in-

dications of what will occur in the future. Since 1835 we have lost by exportation almost \$1,000,000,000 in gold. Considerably over half of this has been lost since 1860. During the year ending June 30, 1905, there was a loss of almost \$40,000,000. Decrease in the production of gold, for which it seems to be believed we must wait to have the importance of the money question revived, is not therefore the only thing that threatens our supply of the metal, or that will tend to decrease the volume of our standard money, if gold is to be the only thing out of which it can be made. We will be compelled to compete with all nations that want gold to keep the gold we produce at home. Why should our national standard of payment be subjected to the constant danger of decreased production and increased exportation of gold?

The purposes of the financial combination, as already indicated, are to limit the standard to gold coin and to induce Congress to grant to the banks a further special privilege, in addition to the many valuable special privileges they already have, that will enable them to increase bank currency and to create bank credits almost without limit. These purposes are not new. The extent to which they have already been accomplished is sufficient to make ridiculous the proposition that increase of gold production has increased the importance of the financial question. The gentlemen who have made this absurd assertion have admitted that it is known that the advocates of the gold standard intend a crusade against silver now in circulation until it is destroyed as a standard of payment, and its use as such limited to subsidiary coin. They have admitted that it is intended to withdraw the greenbacks and substitute a bank currency. They have admitted that it is known to be intended, if possible, to substitute an asset currency that is not legal tender for all currency, coined or issued by the Government, except gold coin and subsidiary silver. For any man to make the admission that he

has such knowledge, and then assert that the money question has decreased in importance, is a manifestation of a want of knowledge quite as unexpected as the want of knowledge of the relative weights of silver coins.

Mr. Bryan, during and after the campaign of 1904, made this absurd proposition, and asserted that the people cannot understand the question, and that we must wait for an object-lesson and for time to open their eyes, and for events to reveal the purposes of Wall Street. He has asserted that it will be useless to press the question now. Was there ever anything more absurd? It is astoundingly absurd when it comes from Mr. Bryan. Has not evil enough been done that we should wait for more of it as an object-lesson? Time has opened the eyes of some people; and Mr. Bryan claims that his eyes are open. Events have revealed to some people the purposes of the "financial group," and Mr. Bryan claims that their purposes are known to him. If he has the interest in the American people we have believed him to have, what excuse can he offer for not pressing the question in 1904 and since? The purpose of the scoundrels who are delighted to be called financiers has been for forty years proclaimed by legislation they have induced an uninformed Congress to enact. Some people have not understood it; some people have not wanted it to be understood; but it is not therefore less important, nor is the duty of men who have understood it less imperative. What is the duty of a man who has access by voice and pen to the people, and who claims to understand the situation? Resort has been had to every possible method and device that dishonest ingenuity could suggest to confuse, mislead and deceive, that it might be concealed what was the purpose and how it was to be accomplished. In the face of this we are told that the question must remain in abeyance and nothing done.

Whether these leaders of 1896 have intended to do so or not, they have made themselves a party to these efforts

by declaring "it is useless to press the subject at present." By what right does any man assert that the people will not consider the question, or, if it is properly presented, that they cannot understand it? Wall Street has not had much doubt about their being able to understand it. The discussions of the period of 1876 were led by a party few in numbers, but were understood by enough people to compel the undoing of a part of what the financial scoundrels had accomplished. The information the people got in 1896 from the Democratic Party was meagre and one-sided, but it filled these scoundrels with terror and caused them to expend millions of dollars to prevent that information from bearing its legitimate fruit. The victory was lost because of bad faith, individual treachery and party blindness. In 1900, when people were beginning to know something about it and were anxious to hear more than they had heard, partisan stupidity permitted the insertion in the Kansas City platform of the declaration that imperialism was the paramount question. This was in effect saying that an imperialistic result was more important than a plutocratic cause. The purpose of this declaration was not candid. It was intended to be, and was made, the basis of excuse everywhere for discouraging and preventing the discussion of the financial question that the masses wanted to hear more than anything else.

In 1904, when it was manifest to everybody, and could not be otherwise than understood by those who had been recognized as leaders in 1896 and 1900, that it was the purpose of Wall Street influences to take possession of the party organizations everywhere and put an end to the discussion of financial questions, a forlorn struggle—one might almost say a pretended struggle—was made at St. Louis to keep the question within range. The result was what everybody expected; what everybody knew it would be. When the struggle had ended in the convention, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne, with other leaders, abjectly submitted to the de-

cree of Wall Street, that the question should not be discussed at all. As if this was not sufficient abasement of themselves, and abashment of their friends and former supporters, Mr. Towne, who attended the convention as a gagged member of the Tammany delegation, accepted an invitation to come to Indianapolis and speak for the glorification of Taggart—a man known by everybody in Indiana to be of a notoriously bad political character, to say nothing worse, the keeper of the worse gambling hell in America, and who had in 1896 and 1900 professed loyalty to what we had hoped was a new democracy, and at the same time kept up intimate relations with its enemies, trying to keep himself solid with both, but actually ready to betray either. Mr. Bryan, who had been the hope of a large independent vote, allowed himself, by a debased and immoral party loyalty, to be tied to the tail of the Democratic donkey, and dragged through Indiana as a decoy, by whose advice it was hoped the voters of the state could be induced to do what he, himself, had promised his friends and his country he never would do. As surprising as was his advice, it was less surprising than his excuses after the election. One of these excuses was that it was the fault of the people that the money question was dropped out of discussion.

The complete surrender of the St. Louis convention to Wall Street, and the admission of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne that gold production had practically brought all the advantages that could have been expected from a return to bimetalism, and that the money question thereby had become of so little importance that it was not worth while to press it, was followed in December by a brief reference to the question by the President in his message to Congress. The recommendations made by the President were in exact accord with the wishes and purposes of the "financial group." This group was then, and is now, made up of men not many of whom have ever in all their lives created a single dollar of wealth; but whose

lives and efforts have been given to accumulating what others have created. The President recommended the destruction of all Government legal tender currency and the redemption of silver dollars in gold. This is sufficient to show conclusively that the President has either desired to assist the scheme of this group of scoundrels and that the recommendations were the price of Wall Street's support, or that he had no correct knowledge of the subject concerning which he was making recommendations. His recommendations can in no possible way be made to consist with an intelligent understanding of the subject and an honest effort to benefit the country.

It is most charitable to assume that his knowledge was not sufficient to prevent him from being misled. He gave no reason why the greenbacks should be retired. It must be supposed that he had in mind the usual reason given by the "financial group"—that the greenbacks are a debt and ought to be paid. This was first a department construction under which the larger part of this currency was destroyed. The discussion of 1876 already referred to saved the amount of this currency that we still have. The position it now has is that, while, by the efforts and influence of these so-called financiers, it has been made redeemable in gold at the option of the holder, no part of it can be destroyed. However often this currency is presented and redeemed, it is paid out again. The President's knowledge seems not to have been sufficient to make it clear to him that there was an absurdity almost ludicrous in coupling with this recommendation a recommendation that silver dollars be made redeemable in gold. If both recommendations should be adopted, the remainder of the greenbacks would be destroyed, and silver dollars would be placed in precisely the same position that the greenbacks now are. If greenbacks ought to be paid and destroyed because they are promises to pay gold, there is no reason that is either sensible or honest in the proposition to make silver dollars promises to pay gold. If

greenbacks are promise-to-pay dollars, and are made out of material of little or no value, it is absurd to propose to destroy them and put in their place promise-to-pay dollars made out of material as expensive as silver. Promissory notes are usually written on paper of little value. It would be a most ridiculous proposition to ask to have a law enacted to compel all such promises to pay to be engraved upon silver plates. It would be just as sensible; it would be no more foolish than to ask to have promise-to-pay dollars made out of silver.

The greenback currency, first by department construction, and afterward by law, was made equivalent to demands on the Treasury for gold, and became, as everybody knows, a convenient instrument for getting gold out of the Treasury when wanted for speculative exportation. This operation can be continued endlessly, because the currency is paid out again in the regular course of business. The very same men who were principally instrumental in bringing this situation about have been urging this "endless chain" as a reason for the destruction of this currency. The present situation shows the insincerity of this class of financial freebooters. If the President is not himself one of them, then we must conclude that by deception they have induced him to put himself in the ridiculous attitude of recommending that an endless chain be made out of silver and substituted for the paper chain. This would, of course, be much worse than the other because there would be more dollars in it.

Suppose this should be done, is it not plain what would occur? Precisely the same reason will apply for redeeming and retiring silver dollars, when they are made redeemable in gold, that is now urged for retiring greenbacks. It will then be just as valid an argument against the silver currency as it is now against the greenback currency. It requires no prophet to predict that the effort will be made to drive silver dollars out of existence. This is de-

sired because it will leave their place, and the place of the silver certificates, to be filled by bank currency. It cannot be reasonably doubted that this is the ultimate purpose that is behind the recommendations, whether the President knows it or not. When this is accomplished, the gold standard of payment will have been fully established and not until then. When the President's recommendations are adopted we will have, amplified, the ridiculous situation of one legal tender being redeemable in another. This is not, therefore, the end of the scheme. No one ought to be deceived. The purpose is to get silver dollars out of the way entirely. It is intended to destroy them, not only as legal tender, but as a currency, just as was done by the Act of 1873. This part of the purpose will not come to light at once, but sooner or later it will be disclosed. There is no doubt about it.

On April 6, 1906, the loans and discounts of national banks amounted to \$4,141,176,698. It is shown by the reports of the comptroller—a fact to which I have before referred—that during the year 1905 there was an increase of these loans and discounts of over \$1,150,000 for every business day. What would be the result if no further increase of such credits should be permitted? What would be the result if all banks should refuse to increase their loans and discounts? What would be the result if an attempt was made to reduce the amount of these credits 25 per cent., or even 10 per cent.? Can any thoughtful business man have any doubt about what would be the effect? Is there any doubt that business depression would follow an attempt to prevent further increase, and that business disaster would follow an attempt to decrease? With such a situation as this, and the fact that the legislation recommended by the President has already been embodied in a bill, and introduced in Congress, and that such bill contains also provisions for an asset currency, and for branch banks, it is almost astounding to have such a man as Mr. Bryan assert that

the financial question is less acute and less important than it was ten years ago.

There is no doubt that it is the purpose of the so-called financiers to secure the destruction of every form of legal tender money except gold. There is no doubt about the banking interests desiring to secure the control of the entire volume of all other currency, and to have such additional special privileges as will enable them to create and inflate credits without any limitation or control whatever by the Government. The entire business of the country will then be done on the credit of banks, currency, loans and discounts. Every form of business will be at their mercy. They can and will exact tribute from every industrial and commercial activity. When silver is made redeemable in gold, sooner or later, as certainly as night follows day, the same group of scoundrels who are now advocating such redemption will demand, and in all probability will secure, its retirement. The metal will be sold in foreign markets where, since 1860, about a billion dollars of our silver production has been sold.

The apparent want of information, and the apparent want of proper consideration of our industrial and financial situation, not only among the masses, but among those in high official position, is such that it is never improper—in fact, it seems almost necessary—to take advantage of every opportunity to discuss the economic purposes and results of bimetallism. Silver and gold are commodities. They are not, as metals, in any modern sense money. They are materials out of which, in accordance with law, money is made, just as lumber is material out of which furniture is made. Lumber has a value in exchange—in the market—as lumber, but when it is converted into furniture it loses its value as lumber, and in its new form has an economic—exchange—value as furniture only. Silver and gold have an exchange value as metals. When these metals are coined, as provided by law, the coins acquire another value—

an exchange value—as money. The coins have a new purpose—a new use—and have a new value just as furniture has a purpose and use as furniture, and therefore a new value. The coins do not, however, lose their value as metal when coined as does lumber its value as lumber when made into furniture. *Herein is the difficulty.*

The value of standard money, no difference out of what it is made, has the same *economic origin* as the value of commodities. If the coins are legal tender the money value is increased by the demand there is for such coins to pay debts—that is, as a standard of payment. The value of the material will be increased by this increased demand just as the value of lumber will be increased by an increased demand for the things made of it. But when lumber is made into furniture, and it loses its value as lumber, such value can never be restored. Not so with silver and gold when coined. The metals never lose their value as metals. Because they do not, the coins are subject to change in value in two ways. This is not an advantage as is sometimes claimed, but is a very grave disadvantage, that under bimetallism is in considerable degree mitigated. It is claimed by some that the money value of the coin depends upon the commodity value of the metal in it. This is a groundless and deceptive claim. It is not true under bimetallism, but it is among the purposes of the financiers, without doubt, to bring this about, and at the same time, by limiting the standard to one metal, to increase the value of that metal. At present the silver dollar is—unless the contract to pay provides that it shall not be—the equal of the gold dollar as a debt-paying money. This is because its money value depends upon the law. The commodity value is not supported by the law, and the metal in a silver dollar is not equal in commodity value to the metal in a gold dollar because the commodity value of gold *is* supported by law. These two values are a constant cause of disturbance and injustice as between debtors and creditors. It is

impossible to prevent metallic money from being influenced by fluctuations in the value of the metal. The best device that experience has suggested to reduce this fluctuation to the minimum is the use of two metals at a fixed ratio. To get the full benefit of this device the metals must be treated exactly alike in their use as money, so that when the demand for one metal for all purposes, including its use as money, increases in value, the demand for money will turn to the money made out of the other. This never has entirely prevented the fluctuation, but it has reduced the range of it to the minimum. It has been one of the purposes of the so-called financiers of the world to destroy this control because it has interfered with speculation in the metals, and has in some degree prevented debtors from being robbed.

In 1873, Congress, without knowing it, passed an act that destroyed absolutely the lawful existence of the silver dollar. At the time the silver in a dollar was worth more than the gold in a dollar. When this deception was discovered, a public demand forced Congress to restore it. But here again the schemers got in their work. The dollar was restored, but in such a way that, while the silver dollar remained standard of payment for many debts, the metals were no longer treated alike in their use for money. The range of difference in the commodity value of the metals was, as a consequence, greatly increased. There were relatively few men who knew much about the subject, and this want of knowledge was taken advantage of to deceive and to confuse the people. The advantages of bimetallism were in large degree lost. Every ounce of gold had free access to the mint for coinage, while only a limited amount of silver could be coined. There is a large volume of debts for which silver dollars are still a standard of payment. This has been sufficient to hold the equality of the coins as standard money. For this reason the "financial group" desires to get them out of the way. The President's recommendation,

whether he knows it or not, has that purpose. This crowd of dishonest schemers, that are misleading the President, pretend that, because of this difference in the value of the metals, the silver dollar is a dishonest and unsafe form of currency, and that it ought to be made redeemable in gold to make it safe and honest. This, of course, if done, will practically destroy it as a standard of payment. It will in effect compel the nation to furnish gold to pay every debt, for whoever gets silver on a debt can present it and ask to have it redeemed in gold. With silver legal tender out of the way, the value of gold will control the money value of every dollar of our entire volume of standard money. With the silver dollar out of the way, there will be nothing to prevent the perpetuation of the most extensive, far-reaching and disastrous robbery of debtors, public and private, of which history gives any account.

The existing silver standard of payment has been seriously crippled, but it still has some power to protect debtors by holding down the value of gold, as does also the greenback standard. The effect of the President's recommendations, if enacted into law, will remove the last vestige of this safeguard. If there is left only one standard by which debts can be paid, and that standard is made of gold, the value of the standard will be completely controlled by the commodity value of the metal. This value will go up like a rocket, because it will be the only thing out of which debt-paying money can be made, and the amount of available gold will be inadequate to supply the demand for debt-paying money. The amount of gold available will stand against the great volume of the world's debts. The amount of gold available will equal in exchange value all other things of exchangeable value, not only in this country, but in the civilized world.

This is the goal toward which we are urged by the President. This is the goal we will have attained when the Government has ceased to have

any control over either metallic or paper currency; when individual interests shall, as now, control the coinage of gold and the issue of all paper currency has been surrendered to national banks, and is controlled, as it will be, by a combination of Eastern banking capital. When this is accomplished, gold will, to all intents and purposes, be the legal tender by weight, and will be controlled absolutely by the creditors of the world. It will enable the holders of, and dealers in, credits not only to profit enormously at the expense of the world's debtors by an increase in the demand for gold, but will enable them to increase that demand at will to an extent and urgency that must result in such a disaster as no country has ever before experienced.

In furtherance of the purpose to increase the value of debts in the hands of creditors, and decrease the value of property, plans are being made to secure, through an uninformed Congress, and a misled President, special privileges by which, under the stimulation of bank currency and other money equivalents, they can manufacture credits and make public utilities the basis for interest-bearing debts, that in the end must be paid, if it is possible ever to pay them at all, by a standard money contracted to such volume as it is possible so have out of the production of one metal, or so much of it as we are able to retain in the face of the world's competition.

The mistaken belief of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne, and the mistaken recommendations of President Roosevelt, play directly into the hands of the worst set of respectable financial scoundrels that were ever a curse to any country. Unless the people awaken to an understanding of the situation and there is a revolution in public thought, the time will come when they will be "crucified on a cross of gold."

This "financial group" is entirely willing that such friends of the people shall be the instruments of public deception and crucifixion.

The evils of metallism are inherent. Bimetallism has been a palliation of the

evils, but it has never been sufficient to remove them entirely. Even with bimetallism the time was approaching when it would cease to be even a protection, when the volume of debts and other demands would increase the demand for standard money until that demand exceeded any possible volume of both metals, and the evils would return, as they did during the Civil War, when the Government was compelled to increase the volume of standard money by the issue of legal tender paper. This currency was the credit of the country used for money and for the benefit of its own people. This has been proved by experience to be the best possible money for any nation such as ours. The credit of a stable nation is the only just and safe standard of payment. It is now proposed to destroy what is left of this splendid currency; that could do and did do, even though damaged in its making by the selfish greed "of the nation's wealthiest citizens," what gold never has done and never will do, and put in its place a dangerous currency secured only by the assets of national banks.

The asset currency proposition has been given form and is laid away somewhere in the congressional files. Two years ago the passage of the bill containing this formulated proposition was recommended by the Committee of the House on Banking and Currency. An argumentative report was submitted with the bill. It is not certain, of course, that when the proposition reaches this or some future Congress it will be in the same form. Judging by past methods in financial legislation, it is altogether likely that this bill was intended, as other bills have been, to feel the public thought and thus to judge how much could be safely, or at least successfully, attempted. However this may be, it discloses the purpose and substantially the plan of procedure, and the bill and the report ought to be carefully considered—but there is little hope that they will be—by every American citizen. The report is full of economic absurdities, of transparent

pretenses and bold-faced misrepresentation. It leaves no room for doubt that the man who prepared it has, by long subserviency to Wall Street, so warped his intellect that he was able to believe his own sophistries. It may be true, although less charitable to say it, that this report is a conscious and premeditated effort to deceive—one more step in the scheme of rascality. The bill abandons all economic learning and all teaching of history, but the report asserts that it is intended to "secure the advantages of experience." It is proposed in the bill to place the national credit under the control of national banks, but it is pretended in the report that this is to protect that credit. Pretending to protect the Treasury Department, it is proposed to take away its power as a department of Government and make it nothing more than an aid to national banks. It is assumed, without reason or argument, that the Government currency is a grievous burden, and it is proposed to give to the national banks a bonus in the way of a most profitable special privilege to carry this pretended burden. The report says the Government ought to be relieved of responsibility, and advises the passage of this bill, which takes from it all power over what the report calls "commercial reserve," that is—if this means anything—over the gold that, according to the scheme, is to be the only money that will, when creditors get ready to demand it, pay debts.

The bill actually proposes to practically strip the Government of all power over its own financial system. Under its provisions the Government would have no power to coin money except at the request of individuals, and no power to issue paper currency except upon the demand of national banks. It reduces the Treasury Department to the position of a collector and disbursing officer, without power to have a financial policy or power to control banks. The report recommends to "simplify its fiscal system" the passage of the bill, and, under the flimsiest pretext, recommends the issue of all

money, on which business will be compelled to depend, be turned over to national banks. The whole of this proposed currency, if the plan is carried out, will be a debt due from banks. It will be an interest-producing device that will possess the extraordinary character of producing interest for the benefit of the debtor banks. Oblivious to the fact that foreign trade has not added a single dollar to the nation's wealth since 1873, but that on the contrary our exports, for which we have had no equivalent, have exceeded our imports by more than seven billion dollars, it is claimed that the establishment of branch banks at home and in foreign countries will increase this trade and develop the marine service. The committee does not mention, if indeed it knows anything at all about it, that the branch bank proposition, for which provision is made in the bill, is a scheme in the interest of the Eastern banking combination, and that it will enable this combination more easily to exact tribute from every business and every industry of American citizens at home and abroad. The committee caps the climax of pretenses by the old and often used pretense that the credit of the nation is in danger, and by the same old hypocrisy about our "commercial honor."

This bill was on the files of Congress before the President made his recommendations, and it looks as if he had it in mind. There are some who, when they read what I have written, will say: Surely this cannot be true; surely it must be a mistake or an exaggeration. To any such, all that I can say is, get a copy of House Bill No. 13,363, of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and study it.

This is not all the evil that is contained in that bill. Some things in it the committee do not mention. In the body of the bill is found the machinery of a scheme to put it practically out of the power of the people to free themselves, without great difficulty, from the grasp of the "financial group" which this bill will give. It provides

for abolishing the office of the comptroller and putting in his place a board of three members, each of whom will hold his office for twelve years, one going out every four years, and no one of whom can be removed by the President, if there should be a change of administration. The inference amounts to a certainty, that it is fully understood that when the grip tightens the people will protest, and this preparation is here made to prevent any interference by reason of possible political changes. There would always be two members of the board who would hold over. The Hill bill, introduced in a former Congress, and many provisions of which have since been enacted into law, contained this same provision almost word for word. In the report of the committee on that bill it was frankly avowed that the purpose of this proposed change in the comptroller's office was what I have indicated.

The asset currency proposition contained in the bill is intended to enable the banks to issue a currency without a deposit of bonds to secure it. It is not intended to compel the retirement of currency secured by bonds, although that might be done, and possibly would be done at some time. There is nothing in the bill that would prevent banks from retaining the bond currency and taking out asset currency, provided the aggregate was no greater than the paid-up capital. One of the specific purposes of the bill is to destroy the greenback currency concurrently with the issue of asset currency. The pretense that there is a purpose to relieve the Treasury Department of the burden of the legal tender currency by putting it on the banks is a cover for giving them this special privilege. It is pretended that the issue of this proposed currency is a privilege given to national banks in consideration of their agreeing to provide for the current redemption of the legal tender notes. It will not require much examination of the bill, and the report, to convince any intelligent man that the whole contrivance is a fraud, and

that no burden rests upon the Treasury Department by reason of the legal tender notes, or if any does, it is not, by the provisions of the bill, transferred to the banks in such a way that it is any burden to them. No good reason has ever been given why these notes should be redeemed and retired.

If this formulated plan should become a law, it will result in two kinds of national bank currency. One kind will be secured by bonds, and the ultimate security of the other will be the money of national bank depositors. The honesty of intention in the proposed issue of such currency is disclosed by a public utterance of the secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Shaw is said to have expressed the opinion that the asset currency should be so made that, when issued, the public could not tell the difference between it and the bond currency. Think of this from a Cabinet officer! A man only a few degrees above a moral idiot ought to be able to understand the immorality of such a proposition. The whole scheme is tainted with immorality, as will be more fully appreciated when we consider the security for this asset-currency-debt.

More than 62½ per cent. of the aggregate of national bank paid-up capital is now held by the Treasury Department to secure bond currency; and more than 10 per cent. of it is held to secure United States deposits. In other words, about 73 per cent. of the aggregate paid-up capital is already out of the hands of the banks and held by the Government. It cannot be reached by any lien against assets. Banks thus encumbered can receive an amount of asset currency, if the plan of this bill is carried out, equal to 10 per cent. of their capital each year until the aggregate of bond currency and asset currency equals the paid-up capital. According to the provisions of this bill, or of any proposition for asset currency that has yet come to light, it is intended that the currency shall be a first lien on the assets of the bank issuing it. In the event of the bank failing it is provided

that "The United States Treasury Department shall recover from the assets of said failed bank an amount equal to its outstanding asset currency."

Under such a scheme who, in the name of reason and honesty, furnishes the ultimate security for this currency debt of the bank? What constitutes the assets of a bank? Not capital alone, but everything that is reported by the bank under the head of resources. This includes the money of depositors. On April 6, 1906, the aggregate paid-up capital of the 5,975 banks then in existence was \$819,307,406, and the resources or assets \$7,760,617,682. The liabilities, exclusive of capital, surplus and undivided profits, were \$6,289,945,394. Of this amount it appears that the liability to depositors was about \$5,000,000,000. The banks have in their hands, as part of bank assets, that amount of money belonging to depositors. It ought rather to be said that they owe their depositors that amount, for they do not have that amount of money on hand, and cannot have any such amount for the reason that it is largely in excess of the "General Stock of Money in the United States." The deposits are five-eighths of the aggregate assets, and are of course covered by any first lien against bank assets. If asset currency is secured by a first lien against assets, less than 27 per cent. of the capital can be covered by it, because 73 per cent. of it is held by the Treasury Department. No bank fails with its capital unimpaired. When a bank fails it is because it has lost its surplus and a part at least of its capital. The ultimate security for this proposed currency will, without doubt, in every instance, rest upon the money of depositors. As security for the bond currency the Treasury Department has in its possession the equivalent of every dollar of such currency. It will hold nothing with which to pay the asset currency. The Government will hold no collateral security for it, but will hold a first lien against bank assets for the benefit of asset-currency

holders. This currency will be, as any bank currency is, just as much a debt—a liability—as the debt due depositors. There is no equitable reason why the holders of this currency, or of any bank currency, should have any preference over depositors. If, as a matter of public policy, it is necessary for the Government to guarantee bank currency to the holders of it, it ought to be done directly. The honesty of the plan to secure bank currency by the credit of the Government, and provide for the Government reimbursing itself out of bank assets, is questionable. It is unjust to bank depositors and other bank creditors, whether that currency be secured originally by bonds or by a lien against assets.

Every dollar of bond currency now outstanding rests upon the credit of the Government. This will be true of the proposed asset currency. In both cases it is the credit of the Government loaned to the banks at about the cost of issuing the currency.

The special privileges granted to national banks are very profitable to them. The business men of the country must surely understand that the holders of bank currency, whether secured by bonds or a first lien on assets, are nothing more than preferred creditors of banks. The Government protects the currency holders, not at its own expense, but at the expense of other creditors of the banks; at the expense of the business community depositing in the banks and doing business with them. If public policy requires that the credit of the nation shall be used to secure bank currency, it is difficult to understand why it will not be better, in every way less complicated, much safer and more in accordance with business honesty for the Government to issue the currency without any intervention of the banks. Why should the credit of the country be used for the profit of banks at the expense of the Government and of private business interests? The administration is making investigations and bringing suits to relieve the people of the evil and the injustice of com-

mercial and industrial trusts, but seems to be wholly oblivious to the fact that the recommendations made and legislation proposed will, if enacted into law, create a currency trust with more power for evil than all other trusts combined.

For now more than a year the general public has heard very little about asset currency. Now and then we have been entertained by press reports of official twaddle about an emergency currency—for which there is no necessity, and that can have no purpose, except to aid the New York stock gamblers—and about an elastic currency that is as impossible of attainment in finance as perpetual motion in mechanics. We shall, in all probability, hear more about asset

currency in the near future. The crusade is about to begin. Literature is beginning to arrive from New York. The first is a pamphlet by Mr. Johannsen on "The Proper Rate of Taxation for Asset Currency." Who he is no one knows, except possibly in New York. On the back of this pamphlet is printed the commendation of Mr. Youngman, not much better known, but who describes himself "Editor *Bankers' Magazine*." Who pays for the printing of such papers and for the postage in sending them out can be inferred. No such information, however, appears upon the publication. One thing is certain—judging by the past—such publications are sure harbingers of what will be attempted in the Congress following their circulation.

White Magic

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

I SEE from this bleak house of mine,
 Across the flats the salt pools shine,
 Now white as frost, now red as wine.

I hear the slow tides climb and fall,
 And in the cloud the wild ducks call;
 Days gloom to night, and that is all.

Yet once of old, Love found a way
 To make this House of Memories gay
 As May—and festivals in May!

Often So

"PA, Cupid is the god of love, isn't he?"
 "That is the usual belief, my son."
 "Then it is cupidity that makes people marry, isn't it, pa?"
 "That is generally the case, my son."



A Task for the Gods
Warren, in Boston Herald.



Miss Democracy: "Oh, Goodie, I knew he wouldn't stay
down long."
Handy, in Detroit News-Tribune.



Uncle Sam: "Mr. Hill, if you would keep your eyes less on Wall Street and more on your roadbed, you would have fewer
scenes like that."
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

AN IDEALIST

BY

MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

“Not every love-story has a hero. I T will be dreadful to teach in that stuffy schoolroom, I do wish you would get married,” said Jane Lacy, with the frankness of an intimate friend. “With three nice men in love with you, it seems a shame for you to ruin your looks and your health by teaching. If you would only marry—” she paused.

“Which one?” demanded Patty.

“Why, I don’t know exactly. All are nice in different ways. Alfred is a splendid fellow, he belongs to such an aristocratic family, and he is so correct in every way.”

“It’s the way they dress him!” retorted Patty merrily. “Alfred has been overtrained to the point of being finical. He has heard so much about his deferential courtesies that he’s all run to manners. He told me that the reason he had chosen to teach Greek was because it was a profession of gentlemen! It takes him ten minutes to peel an apple, and he wears overshoes in dry weather.”

“I think it’s silly to object to a man keeping his feet dry,” declared practical Jane. “Well, there’s Ed Dillard, he has been in love with you for years; he is rich, generous, and has fine business ability.”

“Jane, he calls three times a week. At ten, I begin to peer at the clock; at half-past, I am staring at it in spite of myself; at a quarter to eleven, I feel as if I must move up the hands to get them to the hour. He always rises when it strikes. Think of going through life with that torture every evening!”

“You wouldn’t have to spend every evening at home *en tête-à-tête*.”

“No, but one ought to wish she might, when she married.”

“Mr. Marsh is clever, if that is what you want. Joe says he will be a leading man in the state one of these days.”

“Mr. Marsh never bores me.” Patty looked thoughtful. “I love to talk to him and he has a delicious sense of fun. I like him—but I don’t admire him. He hasn’t convictions of his own; he veers around to the popular side; his newspaper trims its sails to keep in the main current.”

“It’s very hard to teach,” insisted Jane, returning to the first issue. “You have to be at the graded school at half-past eight, winter days and rainy days and all. I should much rather be married.”

“So should I,” assented Patty heartily. Then she burst out frankly: “Oh, Jane, it’s because I should love to care for somebody dearly, dearly, that I’m not willing to marry unless I do! You want to see me marry one of these men because you think we should be happy like Joe and yourself, but don’t you see the worldwide difference? I don’t love any of them. It isn’t the overshoes or the newspaper—it’s simply that I shall never marry until I care for somebody with every bit of my heart and soul, for I know I could love that way.”

So it was that Patty Morrison, twenty-three years of age, pretty, rosy, blue-eyed, took upon herself the instruction of the primary grade of School No. 2.

Her father and mother were dead, and she lived with a married sister, whose increasing family meant a diminishing purse, so that Patty felt she must be self-supporting. At first she

liked the work. Her exuberant enthusiasm conquered many difficulties; she loved children and succeeded well with them.

The inevitable rebound came, and in the sixth year, when September struck in, she felt as if she could not take up the daily routine of school. Her work had been changed, so that the arithmetic classes fell to her. All day long she taught arithmetic, until she loathed the very sight of figures or the drone of the multiplication table. She came home at night with a bundle of papers to look over.

At Christmas Ed Dillard came to see her. He had moved to a larger town and she had not seen him for a year. She studied herself critically in the glass—the daily roses that used to bloom in her cheeks had not been hardy enough to withstand the late hours that her work entailed. She was twenty-nine, and she looked every day of it. Mr. Marsh was engaged to the governor's daughter. Alfred was married. Ed alone remained faithful to her, and his constancy touched her. She thought of the years of work ahead, and she was tired already. All her friends were married; she was the only spinster in their book club, the only one who was not "settled"—with varying degrees of happiness and success, it is true, but still "settled."

Several had children, Jane had three—and oh, how every fibre of Patty's being yearned for them! There is many a mother who has never borne a child, and Patty's soul was tenderly, deeply maternal. But she never spoke of this now, nor of any of the innermost longings of her heart, as she had done once to Jane.

"An old maid is bad enough; let me keep it to myself if I'm a sentimental one," she thought.

Often she dreamed of her lover to whom she might have given her heart unbidden. Should she give up her maiden fancies, her ideals of love and living, and take Ed Dillard for her husband?

A few days before, the writing-teacher had come into her room to set

some copies, and as she wrote down, "To thine own self be true," she said, "That's a nice line, and all in monosyllables!"

Patty had turned aside not to betray a smile, and had forgotten the incident. Now she seemed to see again the words written before her, incisive, penetrating, their beauty not obscured by hackneyed use.

Her heart was heavy as she refused to marry Ed Dillard, but her soul felt as if a load of possible treachery had been lifted.

The years went by, one like another. Pretty, plump Patty Morrison was forgotten, thin and prim "Miss Patience" had taken her place. Only her serene blue eyes gave a clue to her old friends' statement, "Patty used to be so pretty, can't you remember?"

She was angular and flat-chested now, and for twenty years she had taught arithmetic in School No. 2. In the summers she rested, if she felt very tired; or she went to a summer school to keep from getting rusty, though she found it increasingly difficult to keep up with new methods. Her salary enabled her to help her nieces and nephews, and perhaps her greatest joy lay in the fact that the two boys owed their college education to her. Some of her old friends were very fond of her, but with most of them there was a touch of patronage. When Jane gave an elaborate luncheon she felt that it was rather nice of her to invite Patience. It was not because of the turned black dress and shabby bonnet, but because "Patty has grown so tiresome; she never talks of anything but the graded school or her sister's children."

How could she—poor Miss Patience, who had known only that treadmill through a score of years?

Her friends were very good to her when her health broke down. The physicians called it "nervous prostration," the name which covers divers manifestations of overspent vitality.

Fortunately the attack came in the summer, but doctors' fees had made deep inroads upon Miss Patience's slender purse, and she was glad when Sep-

tember began and she could go to work. A few days before school opened the new superintendent called. He was suspiciously jaunty and smiling.

"Ah, Miss Morrison, good morning! I have been distressed to hear of your illness. In fact, it was the main cause that determined me to change your work to something less—er—engrossing than mathematics. I wish you to take the primary work in School No. 3. The walk to the school is longer, but I am sure the exercise will prove a benefit."

"And the salary?" asked Miss Patience quietly, her thoughts on the bills that were still unpaid.

"It is—er—ten dollars a month less than what you have been receiving."

"Did I not give satisfaction where I was?"

She was thinking of the pleasant teachers with whom she had been associated for years. She shrank from the strangers of School No. 3.

"Well, since you insist upon it," replied the young superintendent, with some hesitation, "I think you gave too little oral work. Too many papers, entirely too many!"

Instinctively Miss Patience put up her hand to her glasses. They also bore testimony to the "many papers" over which she had labored faithfully these many years.

The school was on the outskirts of town, among the factory population, and she found her new position a hard one.

One night as she sat in her room, utterly weary, a card was handed to her. To her surprise it bore the name of Mr. Edward Daingerfield Dillard.

She was glad to see him, though she wondered whether she would have recognized her girlhood friend in the pompous, stout gentleman whom the state papers always called "a financial magnate." She asked about his work, and felt interested in the great success that had attended it. He told her that he had decided to buy his old homestead and build a magnificent residence there. He had been living in New York, but since the death of his wife and the marriage of his only daughter he had

grown tired of the city and had come back to his birthplace.

In quite the old way he talked about himself; at ten Miss Patience caught herself stealing glances at the clock; at half-past ten she was counting the ticks; the stroke of eleven saved her from nodding outright.

Miss Patience represented a distinct quantity in Dillard's prosperous life. She was the only thing he had ever wanted—and wanted very earnestly—that he had not obtained. How she must regret that youthful folly! It was with a benignant sense of his own magnanimity that he wrote the next day and asked her to marry him.

It was raining dismally when Miss Patience came back from school. She was changing her bedraggled skirts, when a young girl entered hurriedly.

"Oh, Aunt Patty, would you mind darning my white silk stockings? You do it so beautifully, and I should ruin them." She tossed them on the bed as she spoke. "Here's a letter for you."

Miss Patience bathed her tired eyes, and holding the stocking close to see it well enough, darned back and forth in tiny stitches. She did not pick up the letter until she had finished. It was probably the receipt from the druggist.

Twice she read the contents of that surprising letter. She closed her eyes and tried to picture the glorious possibilities within her reach. No longer to be patronized by old friends nor slighted by superintendents many years her junior; no more days in School No. 3, surrounded by ill-smelling factory children! A beautiful home, a carriage, exquisite soft clothes such as she had always wished to wear, and which would keep her from looking—as she overheard someone say—"Fifty, if she's a day!"

How amazed the town would be when she became the wife of its one millionaire! How much she could do for her sister's family, and for the many poor people to whom she gave now, though so scantily in comparison with what Mrs. Edward Daingerfield Dillard could give! She lingered on the pros-

pect—but underneath she heard the insistent voice of that conscience whose promptings she had followed all these years.

She had refused Dillard in her youth because she did not love him. She did not love him now. Was her womanhood weaker than her girlhood? Was the long struggle of years to go for nothing?

Her answer astonished Dillard more than any event of his life. She never told anyone of his offer.

"They would think me crazy," she thought, with the smile that had belonged to the old Patty. "If one could decide a thing once for all and have done with it! My life seems to have been a series of decisions."

But a deep, new peace had come to her, and she wondered sometimes why Dillard's offer had been the temptation that it undoubtedly was. She flung herself with more ardor into her work among the factory children, delighting in the sure seed she saw growing in soil that had seemed barren.

When Dillard married one of the prettiest debutantes of the season, and Patience heard the congratulations lavished upon the young girl, whose head was turned by the "brilliant match," she felt only a tender pity for the child who had parted so early with the ideals which are our best inheritance.

Miss Patience had taught for several years at School No. 3 when an epidemic of grippe swept the town. When she finally succumbed to the disease the doctor declared she had been resist-

ing it too long, in her effort to keep on with her work and to help a young teacher who was ailing.

She realized that the end was near, and the nieces and nephews who hung around her bedside felt their eyes grow dim at the look of expectation, of exaltation, on her worn face.

Many of the little children missed the kind gaze of the near-sighted blue eyes. Her old friends felt glad they had been so good to poor Patience.

To one person she remained an unsolved enigma. Mr. Dillard looked around his palatial residence, at the pretty wife who enjoyed it as any reasonable woman would do, and wondered.

"Poor Patty! She must have been a little touched!"

He followed the way of the world in putting down as eccentric those qualities which he could not understand. How should he have understood, when not one of the people among whom Patience Morrison had lived her simple, unpretending life had recognized that she was of the fibre of which martyrs are made, to whom the material is less than the spiritual, the abstract principle everlastingly above the concrete gain. The stress and duress of life had not made her confuse the symbol and the reality.

They called her "an old maid" in half-contemptuous pity, for it needed a larger love, a deeper insight than theirs, to see that the word covered a long, brave adherence to a lofty ideal.



The Railway Mail Service

BY DAVID A. GATES

THE Post-office more than any other part of the national Government comes near touching every citizen. Few persons there are who do not do business to a greater or less extent with Uncle Sam's Post-offices. Interfere with the mail and you seriously affect the business of millions of people. Telegraphic and telephonic services are too expensive for anything but emergency business. The United States Mail is by long odds the cheapest and most reliable means of communication.

When the merchant does not receive his business letters promptly he is disturbed. Let the farmer's magazine or weekly paper fail to reach him in time for Sunday and he knows that something is wrong. If it happens the second time he will make complaint, and there is an investigation. Probably it will develop that some unit in the Post-office Department has failed to do his duty, and there is a suspension or a removal. If something of this kind does not occur, not one man in every thousand will stop to consider how really good and indispensable a thing the Post-office Department is. Levying a comparatively insignificant tax for the service, this department supplies the life blood of the great, throbbing business world. Of the \$170,000,000 needed annually to operate the Post-office Department, 91 per cent. comes from postal revenues; the other 9 per cent. comes from the tax collected through the Customs and Internal Revenue Department.

And what is the most valuable asset of the Post-office Department? What

is the most necessary part of this machine that runs so smoothly and makes so little noise that we seldom think of it as running at all? It is the postal clerk. Ability is required in the distribution and the handling of the mail at the Post-offices. But it takes something more than ability to do the work of the postal clerk. The service he performs calls for integrity, intelligence and courage of a high order. Nerve, pluck, energy, endurance, the men who handle the mail on Uncle Sam's mail trains must have plenty of these.

Last fiscal year the 12,110 postal clerks in the United States handled 18,122,903,880 pieces of ordinary mail matter and 41,648,933 pieces of registered matter. They made 1,638,860 errors, an average of a little over 135 errors to the clerk.

On first blush the number of errors may look big; but when the work done is considered the million and odd errors become insignificant. For every error in the handling of mail by postal clerks 10,602 pieces were handled correctly. Correct 10,602 and incorrect once! Where is the business man or the professional man who can boast of such a record? A merchant or manufacturer, a lawyer or a physician who could be relied on to hit the mark more than ten thousand times before he missed it would be considered a success by his fellow-citizens. Even a minister of the gospel whose mistakes were over ten thousand times apart would feel justified in claiming a clear title to mansions in the skies.

While on the subject of errors it is interesting to note how rapidly the

postal service has grown in proficiency since it was divorced from politics. In 1890 there was an error for every 2,834 pieces of mail handled correctly. After that there was a rapid and steady improvement until 1897. Since 1897 there has been practically no improvement in the number of pieces carried to the error.

In carrying and distributing the eighteen and a quarter billion pieces of mail matter the 12,101 postal clerks worked on 197,353 miles of steam railroad, cable and electric car and steamboat lines, and traveled, either alone or in crews, 260,210,225 miles. In addition to the miles traveled by mail clerks in the Railway Mail Service, there were 116,373,812 miles covered by the Closed Pouch Service, via railroads, steamboats and electric lines. The total increase of mileage of every kind in 1905 was more than ten million miles over the previous year. The number of miles of railway and steamboat lines covered by the Railway Mail Service increased, in 1905, 5,321 miles over the previous year.

The equipment of the Railway Mail Service consists of cars used exclusively for the mail and apartments on railway cars, electric cars and steamboats. Last fiscal year there were in use 1,015 full cars, 2,708 apartment cars and 115 apartments on steamboats, making a total of 3,838 cars and apartments in use. The full cars are used on through mail trains—the apartment cars on local trains. Two or more clerks work the full railway Post-office lines; a single clerk usually looks after a local line. A number of exclusive mail trains made up of three or more full cars employ a force of from six to seventeen clerks. The line employing the largest number of clerks, seventeen, is one of the runs on the New York and Chicago R. P. O. over the New York Central Railroad.

All equipment is provided by the railway or steamboat line carrying the mail. The full cars and apartments are built, however, according to specifications furnished by the Post-office Department. These specifications

have for their object the building of cars and apartments in such manner as to combine carrying capacity and strength; anti-telescoping features looking to the protection of the clerks in case of wreck have received special attention.

Discouraging though it may be, it is nevertheless true that, judging from the record, there has been little improvement in railway mail equipments during the past thirty years. When we take a look at statistics we are confronted with the startling fact that year by year the number of casualties in proportion to the number of clerks employed has steadily increased. Between July 1, 1875, and July 1, 1805, an average of 6,300 postal clerks were employed. During this period 190 clerks were killed, 1,439 seriously injured and 3,350 slightly injured—total, 4,979. The first ten years an average of 3,203 clerks were employed. The casualties were 28 killed, 182 seriously injured and 244 slightly injured—an average of 1 casualty to every 70 clerks. The next ten years the average number of clerks employed was 6,480. The records show for this period 62 fatalities, 592 serious injuries and 808 slight injuries; total, 1,462—a casualty a year for every 44 clerks employed. Then comes the last ten years of the period ending July 1, 1905, with an average of 9,217 clerks employed. There were 100 fatalities, 665 serious injuries and 2,298 slight injuries; total, 3,063 casualties—1 a year for every 30 clerks employed.

The record for the three years from July 1, 1902, to July 1, 1905, shows how steady the increase in casualties has been. The average number of postal clerks employed during that period was 11,214. The casualties foot up for the three years 51 killed, including 3 substitutes, 293 seriously injured and 1,132 slightly injured; total casualties, 1,486—an average of 1 casualty a year to every 23 clerks employed. Annually a postal clerk was killed for every 660 employed, and 1 was either killed or seriously injured for every 97 employed. During the ten years from July 1, 1875, there was a casualty a year for every 70

clerks employed; during the last three years there was a casualty to every 23 employed. Last fiscal year the percentage of fatalities and serious injuries was higher than the percentage of casualties of every kind in 1880.

The greatest number of clerks killed any fiscal year was in 1904, the number being 18 clerks and 2 substitutes. Five is the largest number killed at one time, that number having been killed June 26, 1897, in a wreck on the Wabash Railroad, at Missouri City, Mo. A like number was killed in a wreck on the Southern Railroad at Danville, Va., September 27, 1903.

The postal car is usually immediately behind the engine, hence it is not surprising that the percentage of killed and maimed among postal clerks is high. For many years the Post-office Department has been endeavoring to induce the railroads to give the postal car a more favorable position in the train. The rates paid for carrying the mails are said to be much higher than those paid by express companies, and this higher rate ought to purchase a higher class of service. But the rule that when Uncle Sam goes into the market he gets less for his money than any competitor finds a striking illustration in the service rendered the Post-office Department by the railroads.

The serious question is, what has caused this increase in percentage of casualties among postal clerks; also cannot something be done for the men who handle the mails? The postal clerk is one of the most important of Government employees. The army might disband, the soldiers might quit fighting "booze" and go into the more profitable business of raising cotton and corn, and the country wouldn't know it. In case of war a voluntary army would come out of the fields and shops to fight the nation's battles. But the postal clerk, the brave postal clerk who rides the fast-flying mail trains, who faces the storms of winter, the landslides of spring and the heat of summer, who in devotion to duty does not find an equal in one soldier out of every ten, without *him* business would

stagnate and commerce would pretty nearly be at an end. Without this important factor in the Railway Mail Service to bring buyer and seller together seed-time and harvest would be of little consequence.

It may be noted in passing that postal clerks are not the only persons who have fared badly at the hands of the railroads. In recent years there has been a remarkable increase in the percentage of casualties to passengers on railroad trains. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads in 1897 carried 489,445,198 passengers. Of these they killed 222 and wounded 2,795—a casualty for every 162,229 passengers. In 1904 they hauled 715,419,682 passengers. Of these they killed 441 and wounded 9,111—a casualty for every 74,897 persons hauled. In seven years the casualties increased from 1 to 162,229 passengers, to 1 to every 74,897 passengers. The chance of a passenger being hurt in a railroad wreck increased over 100 per cent. between 1897 and 1904. Inasmuch, therefore, as the increase in persons killed and maimed by the railroads does not apply exclusively to postal clerks, but applies to passengers as well, it is evident that the railroads have increased their killing capacity in a general way and that they are not directing their attention specially to the extermination of postal clerks.

With railroad consolidation, continuous lines and fast schedules have come an appalling increase in the killed and wounded of every class of persons who have anything to do with railroad trains. Whatever advantage may have come to mankind by the elimination of time and space has been paid for in blood. The railroads have been successful in making fast time, likewise have they been successful in increasing the number of widows and orphans.

But returning to the postal clerk; when the ability necessary to do the work of a postal clerk, the class of the service and the dangers that are incident to it are taken into consideration, there is probably no class of men on

earth as poorly paid as are the men who work on the railway mail trains. Certainly there are no other Government employees so poorly paid. In other branches of the Government service there are men drawing salaries equivalent to \$1,500 a year who couldn't hold the job of an \$800 substitute three days.

The average letter-carrier, who often hasn't an earning capacity in the business world of \$50 a month, receives a salary that amounts to as much as that received by the man who does the health-destroying, nerve-racking work on the trains.

The pay of the postal clerk ranges from \$900 to \$1,500 a year, the average being about \$1,150 a year. After he has deducted from this the expense incident to travel, has paid for poor accommodations at cheap hotels, there is left for his wife and children a scant living. Laying by anything for old age, when the Government is through with him and has turned him adrift on the world, is out of the question. Each year the cost of living, like the danger incident to the work is increasing. Everything but the postal clerk's pay is going up, up, up. He receives the same pay now that he did twenty years ago, when a dollar bought more food, more clothing, more of all the necessities of life by 25 per cent. than it does today, when trust prices prevail.

Until a few years ago the law made no provision for a postal clerk who was disabled or killed while on duty. The moment that his car took a plunge from a bridge to the bottom of some river, his pay stopped, provided he was killed. The Government did not even go to the expense of raising his mutilated body, but left it where it went down for the fish to fight over. Now a different rule prevails. If a postal clerk is injured while on duty he is allowed his salary for a year. If, at the end of that time he is still disabled to such an extent that he cannot return to work, he is dropped from the rolls, and if the unfortunate clerk has no one upon whom he can rely for

support, then it is "over the hills to the poorhouse."

The law also provides now that in case of death from injuries received while on duty the clerk's legal representative shall be paid \$1,000. That is a step, but a very short one, in the right direction. A human life at \$1,000 *per* is pretty cheap. The legal representatives of the twelve postal clerks who were killed last year received \$12,000; they ought to have had \$60,000.

But the point will probably be made that the clerk or his legal representative has a cause of action against the railroad company which injured or killed him. Of course, if he can prove negligence on the part of the railroad's employees. If what the laws call an act of God, or some agency independent of the railroad, is responsible for the wreck, the railroad company pays nothing. As the privilege of killing people is one of the few things that railroads are willing to leave to the Almighty, or someone else, when a few dollars are involved, they never fail to let the responsibility be placed where the "evidence" may show it belongs.

A statement of the cost of operating the Railway Mail Service will contain some interesting figures. Last fiscal year the cost was as follows:

Steamboat service.....	\$685,591.25
Electric and cable car service.....	521,825.79
Mail messenger service.....	1,221,903.25
Special facilities on trunk lines.....	134,693.87
Railway Mail Service.....	13,285,242.94
Railway car and transportation service.....	44,893,960.82
Total....	\$60,743,217.92

This was a little less than one-third of the cost of maintaining the Post-office Department. The cost of the city free delivery, rural free delivery, star routes, carrying foreign mails, wagon service in cities, mail equipments and pneumatic tube service aggregated \$53,500,000.

The \$13,285,242.94 cost of the Railway Mail Service includes the salaries of a general superintendent and his

assistants, of eleven division superintendents and the assistants, clerks, etc., necessary to do the clerical work in the offices of eleven division superintendents and of 12,110 postal clerks who ride the mail trains and handle the mails.

The offices of the division superintendents are located in Boston, New York, Washington, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, St. Paul and Fort Worth.

The 12,110 postal clerks work under the immediate direction of these division superintendents. The Fifth, the Cincinnati Division, has supervision of the largest number of clerks—2,000.

Frequent efforts have been made the past few years to prevail upon Congress to pass legislation for the relief of postal clerks. It would seem that any fair-minded man, after due consideration, would agree:

First, that postal clerks are not paid sufficient salaries. Second, that the railroads do not furnish such accommodations as the Government pays for; and third, that some permanent provision should be made for old and disabled postal clerks and for the families of those who are killed in the service.

Certainly, when the importance and character of the service performed are taken into consideration, the pay of the postal clerk would seem to be inadequate. The Government ought not to pay for what it does not get, but it ought to pay for what it *does* get. It is not paying postal clerks for the service they are performing. The compensation of postal clerks can be increased indirectly by providing an allowance for expenses while on duty, or directly by adding to the salaries now paid.

It is said that the Government pays a much higher rate for car and transportation service than that paid by the express companies. If that is true, why not *compel* the railroad companies to give what the Government pays for? Why should the postal clerk's car be given the most dangerous position in the train, so that if there

is a wreck his chances of escape are the least of anyone on the train? Isn't the life of the faithful and courageous man who serves the public so well as dear as that of the passenger in the Pullman palace car? If Uncle Sam pays for the highest class of service, why not make the railroads give in return what it pays for?

A great many people become hysterical when the pensioning of employees in the civil service is mentioned. Little complaint is heard to the payment by the Government of \$145,000,000 a year to ex-soldiers and their widows; the ex-soldiers are many, their name is legion and their votes count, hence the dollars are voted to them in cartloads, but a howl follows any mention of pensioning employees in the civil service. Indiscriminate pensioning of persons who have been in the civil service would unquestionably be wrong, and in fact, for the sake of argument, it might be admitted that, with the exception of postal clerks, no class of civil servants is entitled to pensions. But that the Government ought to provide for men who have been disabled or who have grown old in an extra-hazardous service—a service which of itself has a tendency to destroy the health of the man who performs it—needs no argument. A man who has gone forth year after year, doing a dangerous duty, in order that the country might receive that which was almost as necessary as rain and sunshine, is entitled to as much consideration as the man who fights his country's battles. And the family of the man who goes down to death at his post of duty on a mail-car is entitled to as much from his Government as the family of the man who is killed on the firing line. There may not be as much romantic glory in the one as there is in the other, but there is as much real service to the country.

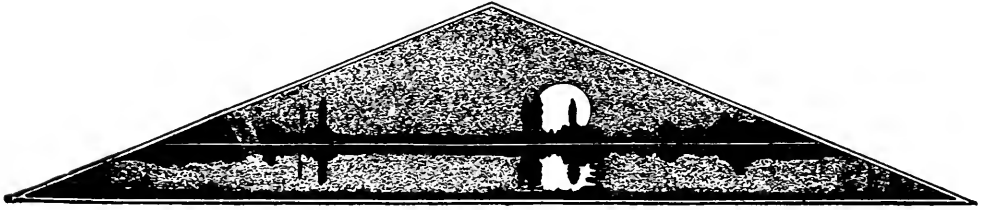
The railroads are being paid \$45,000,000 annually for furnishing cars and for transporting the mails. It is estimated that a good part of this is loot. The lootage is placed by some

at \$10,000,000; by others it is put down as high as \$30,000,000. Whatever it is, it represents the excess of what the service is really worth. The railroads do not earn it, but they need it to pay the interest on watered bonds or dividends on watered stock, hence they go after it and they get it.

One item of the forty-five million dollars is the charge for the *use* of the cars and apartments that hauled the mails. Last year this item was \$5,509,-044.65. During the same period the railroads *paid* the Armour over \$3,000,-000 mileage on refrigerator cars used in handling perishable freight, and permitted them to rob the people ruthlessly of many millions more in

excessive refrigerating charges. For the *use* of each of the 3,838 cars and apartments carrying the mails the Government paid \$1,435, and each car and apartment earned an average of over \$10,000. By building and owning its own cars the Government could save a considerable part of the five and a half millions paid for *use* of the railroad companies' cars. By reducing the transportation charges to what they are actually worth millions of dollars more could be saved.

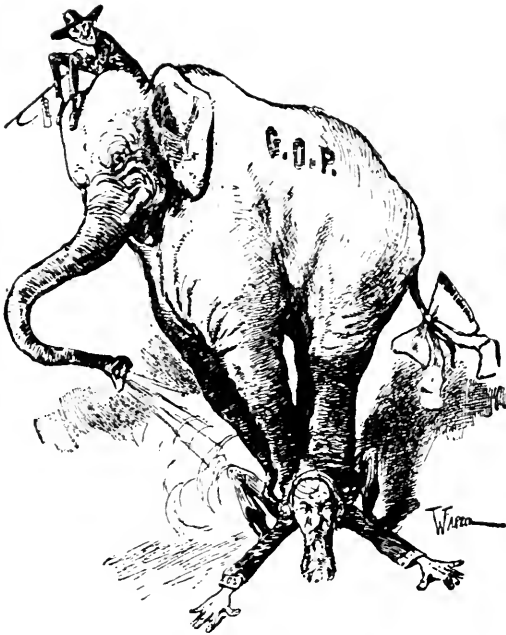
One-fourth of the lowest amount estimated as going to the railroads in over-pay would be sufficient to provide ample salaries and pensions for the men who handle the mails.



In After Years

BY G. E. W.

IN after years we learn to know
 How futile were our hopes and fears,
 How trivial. And God doth show
 In after years
 How empty now and fraught with tears
 The gifts we prayed Him to bestow.
 Our lives speed on; when darkness nears
 We hear His voice call soft and low,
 A voice that sounds to him who hears
 Like some great river's ceaseless flow,
 In after years.



Still Standing Pat On The Old Spot
Warren, in Boston Herald.



John D.—“We should all know each other better.”
The Public—“I’d like to but I can’t afford it.”
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal.



Russia—“Scuse me, I just called to find out when I’m due for another outbreak.”
Donahy, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens

BY ZENO I. FITZPATRICK, A.B., A.M.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born Feb. 11, 1812, in what was then Wilkes, but now Taliaferro County, Georgia, near the town of Crawfordsville. It is a remarkable coincidence that he and his most intimate friend, the illustrious Robert Toombs, should have been born in the same county. Mr. Stephens was born of poor, but honest and highly respectable parents. He sprang from Irish stock and was fond of boasting of the fact. His parents named him simply "Alexander." He was prepared for college by an excellent teacher and worthy man by the name of Hamilton, and in appreciation of the interest taken in him by this preceptor he added Hamilton as his middle name. He was not named for Alexander Hamilton, the noted New York statesman and financier, who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, as many people imagine. Our subject belonged to a different school of politics from the distinguished New Yorker.

Mr. Stephens's father was a poor man as to this world's goods. He was a humble but efficient teacher and owned a small farm, which upon his death was sold and invested as a patrimony for his children. Mr. Stephens often told his friends that his share in his father's estate was four hundred dollars. Years after his father's death Mr. Stephens bought the old homestead and was the proud possessor of it until his death. Mr. Stephens was always extremely proud of the rugged honesty and good standing of his family, and was ever sympathetic and affectionate to the humblest member, however distantly related to him.

Mr. Stephens's first instructor was his

father; but then he was a mere lad. After his father's death the youth was in the habit of attending Sunday-school regularly and promptly. His cheerful disposition, his bright mind, his constant politeness to all and his frail and sickly body attracted everyone to him. These were the things that caused his father's friends to place him in Professor Hamilton's school. Later the same traits prompted some ladies, members of the Presbyterian Church at Augusta, to propose to give him a collegiate education at Franklin College, Athens, Ga., with the understanding that he should, upon graduation, become a Presbyterian minister.

In college Mr. Stephens was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, as indeed he was all through life. After he had completed his sophomore year he decided that he could not become a minister of the gospel. He made up his mind at that early date to become a lawyer. Immediately after this well-considered determination he promptly notified the charitable and kind-hearted ladies who had furnished the money to defray his expenses that he conscientiously felt he was not called to preach, and requested them to release him from his promise to do so, stating that he had used four hundred dollars of their money and declaring that he was ready to repay them, but frankly avowed that it would take every cent of his meagre patrimony to reimburse them. He informed them that he would be under many obligations to them if they would wait on him until he should complete his collegiate course, for the money. To this request they cheerfully yielded. Mr. Stephens then se-

cured the four hundred dollars, all his father left him, and by a most rigid economy and self-denial went on through the junior and senior classes and was graduated in the summer of 1832, sharing the first honor with William H. Crawford, Jr., son of Georgia's distinguished lawyer and statesman, who was at one time candidate for the exalted office of President of the United States, and would have been elected, in the opinion of many, but for the unfortunate malady that seized him in the midst of a most active and heated campaign.

Young Stephens was full of pride. After having been graduated and chosen valedictorian of his class, he was fearful that he could not appear on the rostrum to deliver his speech at Commencement, because he had exhausted his supply of funds and was unable to bedeck himself in the regulation broadcloth coat. But a well-disposed friend generously advanced the necessary cash, the proper garment was purchased and he spoke and won applause and fame as a youthful orator.

Then the question uppermost in his thoughts was how speedily to gain money enough to cancel his debts to his benefactresses. He obtained the position of assistant teacher in an excellent male school in the then small town of Madison, the capital of Morgan County, noted for its famous red hills, beautiful women and wealthy planters. Here we find the young pedagogue earnestly laboring to "teach the young idea how to shoot." While he gave entire satisfaction as an instructor and was received in the best Middle Georgia families and well treated by all, the drudgery and close confinement of the schoolroom was galling to him in the extreme, and all the rest of his life he confessed to his friends that existence in those dreary days was a burden and that he was very unhappy.

After joyfully leaving Madison, young Stephens, through the intervention of his classmates, the young Leontes, obtained a situation in the family of their father, a ripe scholar

himself, and a large planter and owner of many slaves in Liberty County. Here, with congenial spirits and more favorable environment, Mr. Stephens was happy. Here, too, he did splendid work in preparing the young sons of Mr. Leconte for college. One of these was the justly celebrated Joseph H. Leconte, the eminent college professor and the author of a well-known and much used work on geology. Mr. Stephens was ever proud of the splendid achievements in the world of letters of his former pupil. The writer, while traveling in California in 1899, met this lovable and gentle scholar at the University of California at Berkeley, not far out from San Francisco. He informed the writer that he had always been as proud of his famous preceptor as the latter could possibly have been of him. He spoke in the highest terms of praise of Mr. Stephens's character and great intellect and ability, and declared very emphatically that he had always regarded Mr. Stephens as one of America's greatest and safest statesmen, and sagely remarked that the South had greatly erred in not following his advice concerning Secession and the Civil War.

We next find young Stephens a law student. He borrowed books from Mr. Quinea O'Neal, at that time ordinary of the new County of Taliaferro, and without the aid of any instructor studied the dusty legal volumes and in the almost incredible space of six weeks was ready to be admitted to the bar after having passed a fine examination in open court with that mighty Georgia jurist, Joseph H. Lumpkin, as a member of the Committee on Examination. Judge Lumpkin congratulated him most heartily and predicted for him success in his chosen profession. Mr. Stephens was ever grateful to his noble friend, Mr. O'Neal, for the use of the county's law books, and afterward received him in old age and hoary locks and tottering steps as an honored permanent guest in his home at Liberty Hall, always reverently addressing him as "Par-

son." He treated him as a father, furnishing him a comfortable room and board at his table, as well as suitable clothing and even tobacco. Very soon after becoming a lawyer Mr. Stephens was elected to the legislature, having defeated in a warm political contest a Mr. Janes, an influential and wealthy planter. Mr. Stephens at once took a high stand as a legislator, and among many other useful measures strenuously advocated the policy of state aid to Wesleyan College, the first institution for the higher education of females in the world. He also took a bold and aggressive stand for the building by the state of that magnificent property still owned by Georgia, the Western & Atlantic Railroad, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, Tenn.

Stephens grew rapidly in reputation as an able lawyer, wise politician and safe man generally. He soon became the idol of the people of the old Eighth Congressional District, and in 1842 he was elected as a Whig to Congress. At once he took an active part in the proceedings of the House and was recognized as an admirable debater and eloquent orator, and became a leader upon the floor. He was continuously a member of the House of Representatives until the year 1859, when he voluntarily retired to private life at Liberty Hall, his home, so well named and known, where he was wont to dispense open-handed hospitality. His home at Crawfordsville, in a large grove of grand oaks, was for many, many years the Mecca toward which all, the rich and poor, the high and low, bent their steps; some to learn wisdom at his feet, and others to get needed rest and food. He always kept a tramp's room. So here could often be seen at his hospitable board the proud, aristocratic, imperial Toombs, and the poor, despised wanderer, both, in far different ways, enjoying their sojourn at "Little Aleck's."

When Mr. Stephens left Congress in the fifties, he told his friends that he had heard the rumblings of the coming storm, that he saw the wreck ahead,

and that he had simply alighted from the onrushing fury at the first and most convenient station. He had quitted his beloved Whig Party, and united with the Democratic Party, which he had so often and fiercely assailed. When twitted about this he would laughingly say that he had brought the Democrats to him. While Little Aleck represented the old Eighth District in Congress, he was greatly loved by the voters, and became absolutely invincible. He was never defeated before the people for any office he ever asked of them. This writer heard him say more than once that Ben Hill and other great orators and debaters would meet him on the stump for the avowed purpose of defeating him and choosing another in his place, and he always was returned to Congress by increased majorities. For the purpose of showing how great a lawyer he was, we will tell how Mr. Stephens managed two noted cases in court, the one on the criminal side, and the other on the civil.

The first was the much talked of case of the State *versus* Willet, and was tried in Greene Superior Court in the early fifties. Judge Thomas G. Lawson, of Eatonton, himself a wonderfully strong lawyer, described this celebrated case in detail to the writer. Lawson was then at Mercer University in Penfield, Greene County. So were young Willet, a brother of one of the teachers of that excellent institution of learning, Professor Joseph E. Willet, and a young man named Janes. Willet was poor and possessed no worldly goods, while Janes was a member of that well-known and very wealthy family whose various members resided in their ante-bellum palaces amid their broad acres and countless slaves. Willet and Janes were classmates and bosom friends. They were as Damon and Pythias, boon companions. They had an engagement to call to see two young ladies together. Late in the afternoon before the time for this visit they had a game of marbles, and for some reason had a boyish quarrel and then a fight.

Young Willet drew a penknife and stabbed Janes, killing him instantly. The Janeses, elder brothers, father and uncles of the dead boy, had Willet put in jail and vowed that they would have him convicted and executed, if money could do it. They employed, my recollection is, R. Toombs, F. H. Cone and Howell Cobb, and earnestly endeavored to get into this splendid array of legal talent Mr. Stephens, but he had made a resolution not to appear against any man on trial for life. The defense had next to no money and had got only one lawyer, then a youthful limb of the law, Augustus Reese, of Madison. Friends visited Willet in jail and urged him to employ other and more eminent counsel. His invariable reply was that he had no money. His brother, Professor Willet, finally decided to see Mr. Stephens. He told him of his young brother's unfortunate predicament, and telling him they had but little money, begged him to assist Reese. Stephens cared nothing for money, but in reality he was anxious to appear in defense of that poor boy and to measure strength with his brother giants engaged for the prosecution. Judge Lawson said the whole county was wild over the case. The college faculty brought the entire student body into the chapel and said that they positively forbade any of the students attending the trial except the witnesses who had to go. But the boys were on fire to be present at the trial of their friend and fellow-student. They were threatened with expulsion from college if they should go. They had an independent meeting of their own and resolved solemnly to go in a solid body, knowing that the authorities could not afford to expel the whole school. So they all to a man went day after day for the solid week which the trial occupied. Judge Lawson said that this was the grandest legal battle that he ever saw or ever expected to see. In some way, it is needless to say how, Mr. Stephens got the conclusion. Reese spoke first for the defense and made a good speech. Then came the erudite and brainy Cone, who tore Reese's

argument into shreds. When he concluded his mighty effort Lawson said things looked dark and foreboding for the boy prisoner at the bar. Then spoke Howell Cobb, and he made a masterly and terribly strong speech, and all imagined they could see the fatal rope around the poor boy's neck. Then the fiery and thundering Toombs took his stand before the jury and painted in words that burned the base ingratitude of poor Willet, who had wilfully murdered his friend and daily companion, who had lavished his money freely upon him, and had times innumerable lent him his fine horse and buggy to take young ladies to ride, and had shown him many similar favors. When the powerful orator and marvelous lawyer concluded everyone saw poor Willet's body dangling in the air between heaven and earth. Toombs finished about three o'clock on Thursday. Mr. Stephens arose and, telling the presiding judge that he was physically tired, requested him to adjourn for the day. This was done. That afternoon and night the case was the sole theme of conversation. The general opinion was that Little Aleck, with all his eloquence and power with a jury, would be unable to stem the tide seemingly about to overwhelm his unfortunate client. For the entire week the court had been meeting at an unusually early hour. The following day Stephens concluded for the defense. The matchless orator and advocate throng completely under the spell of his resistless eloquence. He showed how the boys had been friends and loved each other—that Willet could not possibly have had malice; that he had in a sudden fit of passion struck his beloved associate with a small knife, not intending to do him bodily hurt, but had most unfortunately slain him. He pictured the prisoner as penniless—without influential friends. He vividly portrayed the wealth and great power and influence of the large Janes family; he complimented the distinguished lawyers on the other side for their able speeches, but said that all

were hounding the poor boy to death. Then Mr. Stephens described graphically how prisoners in olden times were accustomed to flee for their lives to the cities, once within whose protecting walls they were safe from all harm. The sympathetic man and convincing lawyer concluded with words like these: "Gentlemen of the Jury, here comes the boy running for his very life, hotly pursued by a horde of angry bloodthirsty and wealthy relatives of the lamented dead youth, and by an array of lawyers unsurpassed in the country for eloquence and power. This fleeing prisoner, gentlemen, is rushing with headlong speed for the City of Refuge, and I need not tell you that you twelve constitute that blessed asylum of safety."

The jury, after receiving the charge of his Honor, retired and in a few minutes returned the verdict: "We, the Jury, find the prisoner not guilty."

The other case, a civil one, was the important will case of DuPre, of Oglethorpe County. This will was contested on the ground that it did not comply with the requirements of the law. It was conceded by all that the testator had the will drawn up as he wished it; that he himself signed it and the three necessary witnesses signed. But it was said by some that, before DuPre signed, one of the witnesses went into an adjoining room just for a moment to get a drink of water. When he returned DuPre remarked to him that he had signed, and the witness replied that he knew his handwriting, and he himself then signed. The will was admitted to be regular and drawn up according to law with but one impediment, the testator and all the witnesses had not signed in the presence of each other. This, then, was the point in controversy. Gen. Robert Toombs and Hon. B. H. Hill were employed to break the will, and Judge Linton Stephens was retained to defend it. Some of the witnesses in court swore positively that all the witnesses to the will had signed in each other's presence, while other court witnesses swore that the witness who left the room for water

had not seen the others sign. This apparently trivial matter was the issue in this will case involving three hundred thousand dollars. The case had been tried two or three times in the Superior and Supreme Courts, when Judge Linton Stephens died. At that time Alexander H. Stephens was dreadfully afflicted with rheumatism and had to go around on crutches. He was not engaged in the practice of law at all, but Judge Stephens's widow, after frequent appeals to him, prevailed upon him to take the place of her deceased husband in the case. Thus it came about that Little Aleck, as the people of Georgia affectionately called him, after many years' absence from the courthouse, was again pressed into service as a lawyer to represent the interests of his beloved brother's widow and orphan children. It must have been a sight to the good people of Lexington and Oglethorpe County generally to behold their favorite orator, lawyer and statesman, slowly and painfully hobbling up the court-house steps on those crutches to win a fee for his loved ones! We can see them now, wild with delight over his reappearance among them after so prolonged an absence. But the old "warhorse," once again in the arena of his former triumphs, was eager for his last legal battle with Toombs and Hill, foes worthy of any man's steel. The case was gone over again and all three of the great lawyers, of course, made able arguments and eloquent appeals. But we are concerned more particularly with Mr. Stephens's management of the case. We have been reliably informed that he made a great speech and concluded by frankly admitting that the testimony of the witnesses was conflicting, then raising his shrill voice to a high pitch he exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the Jury, after mature consideration of this case, I give it to you as my deliberate and honest opinion, both as a lawyer *and as a man* that DuPre and all the witnesses signed that will in accordance with the law."

The jury brought in their verdict, going with "Little Aleck" and sustaining the will.

This writer has traveled all over the United States, from Boston to San Francisco, and wherever he has been, men, upon learning that he was from Georgia, would say that his state had produced many great statesmen, but they considered Mr. Stephens the state's wisest and safest leader. They would usually remark in effect that Stephens's speech against Secession was almost like prophecy. It may be said now that everybody sees the wisdom of Stephens's position when he declared that the South had the right to secede, but it was inexpedient. He contended that the North would overpower the South because it had more men, more money, a better navy, and, above all, the South had the whole world against her on account of slavery. Again Stephens showed his statesmanship when he so zealously urged his people to remain in the Union which they had helped to form, and fight, if fight they must, under the old flag. All can readily see now that if this course had been adopted, many friends of the South in the North, and especially in the West, would not have fought against her. The North had been taught by Webster and others to believe in the Union, just as the South had been prepared by Calhoun and his allies to believe in State Rights.

Another suggestion by Stephens was the very essence of wisdom and foresight, and that was that the South should call upon her patriotic sons, the wealthy planters, to turn over their cotton to the Confederate Government and take its obligation to pay them in the future. Then England, which was clamoring for cotton, was to be informed that it was owned by the Government and she could get it by coming after it. England would have sent her ships accompanied by gunboats for this cotton. Stephens's plan was to sell the cotton, put the proceeds in the Bank of England, and buy a navy. He also advised, in the beginning of

the war, that able-bodied negroes be drafted into the army, and officered by white men and given their freedom. He said the North would use them thus if the South did not. This was done by the North. The position taken by Stephens just prior to the great Civil War made him very popular at the North, which regarded him as the South's ablest statesman. But later, when he had followed his state, after it had disregarded his advice, and had become second officer in the newly established Government, the North thought he had repudiated his own position and thus showed weakness. Gen. R. E. Lee acted exactly like Stephens. All their lives these distinguished men had been taught, and wisely taught, to give their allegiance to their states. Mr. Stephens, during the war, became unpopular in the South. Many thought he had antagonized the Government at Richmond, and, consequently, was not a loyal man and true patriot. He was sharply censured for quitting the capital and repairing to his home at Crawfordsville. He said many times to the writer that the Richmond authorities would pay no attention to any suggestion from him, and as he was not chosen chief, his self-respect prevented him from remaining among those who would not listen to him, and so he went home to Georgia and let the administration have its own way, unmolested by him.

Much has been said about the celebrated Hampton Roads conference between President Lincoln *et al.*, and Vice-President Stephens *et al.* Just what was said and done will be a subject of controversy for many years.

This writer, honestly endeavoring to give a fair, unbiased and truthful sketch of his old teacher, warm personal friend and favorite statesman, deliberately makes the following statement concerning this question, and he bases it absolutely and entirely upon various talks with Mr. Stephens at Liberty Hall. Mr. Stephens and his fellow-commissioners had no authority from the Richmond Government to

act for the Confederacy. President Jefferson Davis wished them to confer with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward and ascertain what might be done. Mr. Stephens repeated to me many times that Mr. Lincoln, who had served in Congress many years with him, and who was his friend, asked him at the very beginning: "What authority from Jefferson Davis have you to do something at this meeting?" Mr. Stephens said that he had to tell him he had no authority at all. Then Lincoln politely told him that his mission amounted to nothing, and that he had as well stayed at home. The impression made upon the writer during a stay of eight months as a boarder at Mr. Stephens's home, famous Liberty Hall, was that President Davis, while himself a great statesman, was somewhat jealous of Stephens, and that was the true reason why Mr. Davis would never take any kind of advice from him, although the people had made him second in office, and, furthermore, Davis was unwilling for Stephens in that conference to make any reputation as the man to bring about a cessation of war.

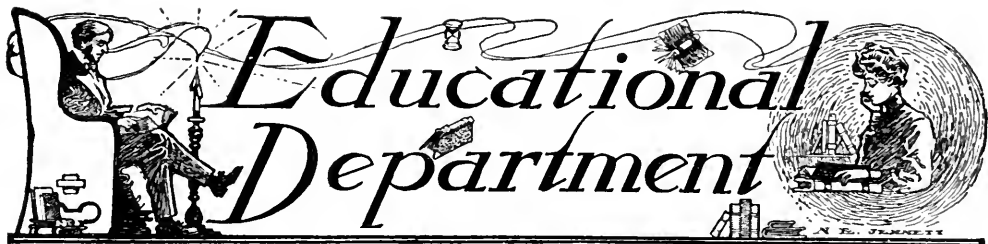
This is a mere fraction of what the writer could say of what Stephens told. Mr. Stephens said that old Abe Lincoln, here as elsewhere, had to get off his jokes. It was very cold when Mr. Stephens and his party boarded Lincoln's boat. Mr. Stephens had on two overcoats. Mr. Lincoln's warm, comfortable room soon caused Stephens to take off his greatcoat, whereupon Lincoln smiled and winked at Seward. By and bye Stephens took off the second coat, and Lincoln could restrain himself no longer, but laughingly said that Stephens was the smallest nubbin for so many shucks that he ever saw. At another time Stephens said that he, in arguing some point, referred to an old English authority in the time of King Charles the First. Lincoln, interrupting him, told him if he wished to discuss English history he must address his words to William L. Seward, that he himself knew next to nothing about it, and

in fact, all he knew about Charles the First was that he had been informed that Charles lost his head. In passing, it may be told that Stephens had a high admiration and personal esteem for Mr. Lincoln. He often told us that Lincoln was a kindly disposed man, a loyal friend, a great statesman and a true patriot from his view point.

One of the finest traits in the character of Aleck Stephens was his great love and devotion to his half-brother, Linton Stephens. The older brother was eleven years the senior of the younger. Aleck had become quite prominent and was making money when Linton became large enough to attend school. He took great pains in having Linton properly prepared for college. While Linton was at Franklin College it was Aleck's custom to write to him almost daily for the purpose of encouraging him in the pursuit of knowledge and in aiding him in his more difficult studies. After Linton was graduated at Athens Mr. Stephens secured the services of the celebrated jurist and scholar, Judge Storey, as Linton's instructor in law. He later was graduated in law at the University of Virginia. Linton was then taken into partnership with his brother and soon became an able lawyer. At a comparatively early age he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State by Governor J. E. Brown, and made an enviable reputation on the bench. Mr. Stephens, having educated Judge Stephens, looked upon him as much a son as brother, and was ever very proud of him. The two Stephenses and Gen. Robert Toombs were as close and intimate as friends could be. The general was ever ready to do anything in his power for either. The two brothers loved the great and fiery old statesman with a devotion rarely seen.

They were loyal to him upon all occasions. Woe be unto that person who said aught against Toombs to either of the brothers! Such a one would have a fight upon his hands.

To be Concluded.



VIROQUA, WIS.

Watson's Magazine, New York.

I see it is one of the talks of the country and in your Magazine to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to elect senators by ballot of the people. It appears to be considered that the United States Senate is in the way—that a two-thirds majority of that body is needed and cannot be had. This may be true, but I notice the present Constitution provides that the Congress, "two-thirds of both Houses, may propose amendments." Now why does not this mean two-thirds of both Houses on joint ballot? In that case the people can elect representatives enough to overpower the Senate vote if it is combined against the amendment. The Constitution does not say two-thirds of each House. I think two-thirds of both Houses means two-thirds of the Congress without regard to the majority of either House. Am I not correct?

I am a farmer and may not have correct ideas of law or logic.

ANSWER

The suggestion which you make as to the meaning of the Constitution when it says "two-thirds of both Houses of Congress" is very interesting. The construction heretofore placed upon that language has been that it meant both Houses acting in their separate capacities as two different legislative Houses. My own opinion is that this construction is in accordance with the intention of the framers of the Constitution, for the reason that amendments to the Constitution are in the nature of legislation, and all legislation was intended by the framers of the Constitution to be passed by the two Houses in their separate capacities.

The truth is that our forefathers distrusted the people, and they tried in every way, consistent with the concealment of their purpose, to make their distrust of the people effective.

AMERICUS, GA

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR, Will you please inform me, through the columns of your Magazine, the difference in belief between the Democratic and the Populist parties?

I have had your Magazine for some time, and have learned that it is the best one I have ever read.

The good you are doing through the medium of your Magazine cannot be estimated.

ANSWER

The question propounded in the above letter puts me where Waller is supposed to have had the hen. It would be easy for me

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or anyone else to tell the difference between the Populist Party and the Democratic Party if I knew for certain what the Democratic Party is. The People's Party was organized in 1891 and it has stood for the same purpose ever since. Before it had been organized an educational movement had preceded it. The Farmers' Alliance had conducted this educational movement among the country people, the Knights of Labor had conducted it among the city people. In the country, the Farmers' Alliance movement was almost entirely composed of those engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the cities, the Knights of Labor movement was conducted almost exclusively by the wage-earners, employed in all of the various departments of mechanical industry. After years and years of educational work, the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance and of the Knights of Labor came together and agreed upon a joint movement against special privileges as represented by modern capitalism. Thus, the People's Party had its origin in an educational movement, which, from the beginning, relied upon its appeal to the intelligence of the voter. Every member of the Farmers' Alliance movement knew what he wanted, and why he wanted it. The creed of the Farmers' Alliance was the same everywhere. In like manner, the Knights of Labor had its invariable plea, and every member of the army of wage-earners who joined the Knights of Labor had an intelligent purpose in doing so. The purpose of the Knight of Labor in the South was the same as that which actuated his comrade in the North, East and West. Consequently the Populist movement grew out of the uniformity in creed and uniformity of purpose among all of its members. The Republican Party, in its origin, was practically as coherent as the People's Party. A great educational reform movement preceded the political organization and when a citizen announced himself a Republican everybody knew what he stood for. Even now, when a citizen announces himself as a Republican, it can be safely assumed, in most instances, that he stands for the tariff, for national banks of issue, for the gold standard, for a large navy and standing army, for a liberal expenditure of public money for Internal Improvements, for Imperialism—that is to say, for the holding by the United States of a colonial empire

wherein the people are allowed no voice in their own government.

Now, when we get to the Democrats, we are at sea. There is no coherence of creed or purpose. There is nobody who has authority to say what is orthodox. On the tariff, the members of the Democratic Party range all the way from approval of the McKinley and Dingley schedules down to absolute free trade.

On the question of finance, there is the same difference among Democrats. On the question of the navy and the army, the colonial possessions, the national banking system and Internal Improvements there is the same variation in creed and purpose. An Eastern Democrat is, in all essential respects, a Republican. The late Judge Parker was never able to tell anybody wherein he differed from Mr. Roosevelt on any question of governmental policy. If Mr. Parker and Mr. Cleveland represent orthodox Democracy, I would say that there are no differences between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party that are worth a contest. We do not need two parties who hold the *same purposes and the same policies*. Therefore, if Democracy is properly expounded by such men as Parker, Ryan, Cleveland, we had just as well dispense with the cost and trouble of a Presidential campaign. On the other hand, if the Democratic Party is represented by W. J. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan should succeed in getting his ideas adopted by the Democratic convention in 1908, then it might be that there would be no very great difference of purpose between the Democratic Party and the People's Party. Mr. Bryan has declared that he is more radical now than he was in 1896. He has not yet specified, so that we may know what he means by radicalism. He has declared himself in favor of the governmental ownership of railroads, but the plan which he proposes is absolutely impracticable and perhaps destructive of the objects aimed at by those who advocate public ownership of public utilities.

To say that the Federal Government shall own the trunk lines, while the State Government owns the local lines is, in my judgment, mere nonsense. At the present time there is no such thing as a local railroad. Nowhere can you disarrange local lines without disturbing the traffic system.

In short, I cannot tell our correspondent what the difference is between the Populist and the Democratic parties because nobody knows what the Democratic Party is to stand for in the next election.

MADISON, ARK.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Please answer this in your August or September number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Some time past a few moneyed men of Forrest City, Ark., bought from the Levee Board a good deal of land, in the Levee district, which, from what I can learn, needs draining, and our

congressman, Mr. Macon, is advocating an appropriation by the Government to drain this land for a few who own it. No one but just a few would be benefited by the appropriation, for just a few own the majority of the land in the Levee district, and they are men who are considered rich, but not as rich as John D.

Now would it be right to take the people's money and use it to benefit three or four men just because they want the land drained? This is what I want you to answer. What if I bought, say, a lake in the woods and wanted to build a concrete pier in it large enough for a brick dwelling-house? Just because I owned it would it be right for the Government to appropriate to me four or five hundred thousand dollars to satisfy my wants? Of course they pay taxes, but I do, too, and just because they are rich is no reason why they should be honored any more than I was or would be. Is it right?

Yet I have sense enough to know a man who has the coin in the bank has more free rights than one that hasn't a one-cent piece. I am under the impression Mr. Macon will lose a good many friends and votes on that drainage question. Now if the land was in blocks of 40s or 50s, owned by the majority of the population of the county and state, it would be different.

ANSWER

It may be that Mr. Macon will secure an appropriation which, in its effect, will drain the land of private landowners, but if he does, he will have to cover up his design in such a way as to disguise it. Congress does not appropriate money for the improvement of private property. Necessarily, however, private property is frequently benefited by public improvements which the Government makes for its purposes. This is unavoidable. Where the appropriation is made with an eye single to public benefits, no one can justly complain if incidental benefits are derived from this public improvement by private landowners. It is only upon the theory that the entire Republic is benefited by the improvements made upon rivers and harbors, public buildings and grounds, that the Government takes the money of the taxpayers and expends it upon court-houses, post-office buildings, custom houses, dock-yards, harbors, rivers, levee embankments, harbor dredging, etc.

It very often happens, of course, that there is a private scheme within the public scheme, and that those favored individuals who have what is called a "pull" are able to influence the appropriation of public money in such a way as directly to improve private property. So far as I know, however, no public funds have ever been spent to drain the lands of a private corporation or a private individual; and if Mr. Macon succeeds in doing this, as you apprehend, he will hear from it at some future election, after the people of his district get on to the facts.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

I have read every number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE and am at times puzzled to know where you get some of the many things you publish.

The greatest surprise was in your August number, on page 290, when you say in answer to Nashville, Ark.: "The silver dollar, irrespective of the price of crude silver, has always been worth a dollar for the simple reason that the law makes it a good dollar in payment of *all debts public and private*. In law a silver dollar does all that a gold dollar will do, hence they are *legal equals*."

These two propositions are astonishing for the reason that they give silver more than any other man that I know claims for it.

Is it not a fact that the demonetization act of 1873 took from the gold dollar its legal tender qualities, and is it not a fact that no law enacted since by Congress has ever restored that legal tender quality?

The Sherman purchasing act did not do it; neither did the repeal of the Sherman purchasing act. I may not have all the data at hand, but I know of no other silver legislation since the act of 1873.

Should you have any other acts of Congress on the subject I would be pleased to have you publish it together with the true Sherman acts.

Respectfully,

ANSWER

The statement in the Magazine to which you refer is strictly accurate. It is not a fact that the law of 1873 or the law of any other year took the legal tender quality away from the gold dollar. The act of 1873 dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins, but in a short while the trick was discovered and the silver dollar was restored to its place in our coinage. I mean, of course, the standard silver dollar, and not the trade dollar. The silver dollar which is now in circulation was absolutely full legal tender under the law just as gold dollars are, and the number of them was largely increased last year in the manner stated in the Magazine. The Act of Congress passed during McKinley's administration requires the Government to maintain the gold standard. Consequently, it has been the practice of the Secretary and Treasurer to exchange gold dollars for any other kind of money which might be presented for exchange or redemption. He even redeems silver dollars with gold dollars. Those that believe in the Populist theory of finance think all this very absurd. The swapping of one dollar for another dollar seems to be mere child's play when we remember that any one of the various kinds of dollars would not be a dollar if it were not for the legal tender quality conferred upon them by law. The amount of gold in the gold dollar would not be at a valuation of 100 cents were it not for the stamp of the Government, and the legal tender law which is back of the stamp. If you want to make a test of this proposition at some time, take a \$20 gold piece and melt it. Then take the gold and carry it into the market and experiment upon the difference between what you can do with twenty silver dollars and the lump of gold. The experiment will open your eyes to many things.

LUDOWICI, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: You will oblige me by naming the Governors of Georgia, since 1849 to the present time, in the next issue of your Magazine. Inasmuch as I am a subscriber to your Magazine, I take pleasure in saying it is the grandest piece of literature I have ever read.

ANSWER

1789, George Walton; 1790, Edward Tel-fair; 1793, George Matthews; 1796, Jared Irwin; 1798, James Jackson; 1801, David Emanuel; 1801, Josiah Tattnall; 1802, John Milledge; 1806, Jared Irwin; 1809, David B. Mitchell; 1813, Peter Early; 1815, David B. Mitchell; 1817, William Rabun; 1819, Matthew Talbot; 1819, John Clark; 1823, George M. Troup; 1827, John Forsyth; 1829, George R. Gilmer; 1831, William Lamplin; 1835, William Schley; 1837, George R. Gilmer; 1839, Charles J. McDonald; 1843, George W. Crawford; 1847, George W. B. Towns; 1851, Howell Cobb; 1853, Herschel V. Johnson; 1857, Joseph E. Brown; 1865, James Johnson; 1865, Charles J. Jenkins; 1867, Gen. T. H. Ruger; 1868, Rufus B. Bullock; 1872, James Milton Smith; 1877, Alfred H. Colquit; 1882, Alexander H. Stephens; 1883, Henry B. McDaniel; 1886, John B. Gordon; 1890, William J. Northern; 1894, William Y. Atkinson; 1898, Allen D. Candler; 1902, Joseph M. Terrell.

WELCH, I. T.

Editor Watson's Magazine, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Moved by the information in the June number of your Magazine that the national banks had received a deposit loan of \$66,000,000 from the Secretary of the United States Treasury upon the security of "Chicago Sanitary Bonds," and said \$66,000,000 does not draw any interest whatever, I wrote to the honorable Secretary of the Treasury to borrow \$500 upon real estate first mortgage on eighty acres of land located here in Indian Territory with or without low rate of interest for a period of time not to exceed five years. I herewith inclose his reply, dated June 30, 1906. To which I responded and asked him to quote me the law authorizing him as Secretary of the Treasury to loan public funds to national banks or give the name of said act and the section number.

I received letter dated July 17, 1906. Now will you please quote Section 5153 of Revised Statutes of United States in "Educational Department" of your Magazine and give *your opinion* on same? If you should desire my letters to the Secretary of the Treasury, I will supply copy of same, as I preserved copy at time of writing him.

I approve of your suggested platform so far as I am informed. But plank number 2 I confess I do not understand sufficiently to express an opinion for or against.

With best wishes for success,

P. S.—Of course I had not any idea I could borrow any money, but why I should not be on an equality with national banks is the question.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 30, 1906.

DEAR SIR.

There is no authority in the Secretary of the

Treasury to make public loans except with the regular fiscal agents of the Government, to wit: national banks. Personally, I am not able to make the loan you speak of, and I do not know of anyone engaged in the loan business in Indian Territory. I think if you secure it at all, it will needs be from some local people who may be engaged in that business. I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you.

Yours very truly,
L. M. SHAW.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
WASHINGTON, July 17, 1906.

SIR:

In reply to your letter of the 6th inst., you are informed that the authority of law under which the Secretary of the Treasury designates national banks as depositories of public moneys and deposits moneys therewith is contained in Section 5153, Revised Statutes of the United States.

Respectfully,
C. H. KEEP,
Assistant Secretary.

ANSWER

The statute to which you refer authorizes the secretary and the treasurer to deposit

public funds in certain national banks. These deposits are, for all practical purposes, loans of public money to private corporations. In this way the favored national banks enjoy the perpetual use of more than \$60,000,000 belonging to the American people. No interest whatever is paid for the use of this money. For some years the amount has not been less than \$50,000,000. Consequently, the Government of the United States has confiscated at least \$50,000,000 belonging to all the people and has given it to the favored few who run the national banks which the Government has selected as its pets. Of course, the Government could withdraw the money if it chose to do so, but inasmuch as the Government does not choose to do so, but allows that huge sum of money to remain in the hands of the pet banks from year to year, the practical effect is to take away the property of one class of citizens and to give it to another class. Both old parties stand committed to this vicious and illegal practice.

The Coronation

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

RED leaves are fluttering down the forest ways;
And silence deep is brooding over all,
Save when, at times, some lonely wood-bird's call
Comes fraught with memories of vanished days.
Along the lane the sumac torches blaze;
From orchard trees ripe yellow apples fall;
And eastward, far away, a mountain tall
Looms through the blue, its summit capped in haze.
I know not why, but autumn's golden prime,
When corn-lands brown are set with stacks of sheaves,
And beech burrs spill their nuts upon the ground,
Seems, evermore, that sweet fulfilment time
When Nature's kindly hand a chaplet weaves
Wherewith, at last, the waning Year is crowned.

Its Status

“WHAT is a temperance lecture?”
“Why, it is something, my son, that is regarded as a treat in New England and an insult in Kentucky.”

October, 1906-18.



HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.



THE Home Department welcomes contributions that will make woman's life brighter, broader and more useful. We, all of us—you as well as I—are the editors of "Home"; let us make it as good and helpful as we can. Suggest subjects for discussion.

Don't worry about "not knowing how to write." We aren't trying to be authors—we're just women trying to help one another.

Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller, WATSON'S MAGAZINE, 121 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

PRIZES

Every month there will be a prize of a year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution under each of the following heads: the subject for the month, "Interest of Everyday Things," "Heroism at Home," "Recipes, Old and New," "Various Hints," and one for the best general contribution outside of these. No two of the six prizes will be awarded for the same contribution, but one person may receive more than one in a single issue by sending in more than one prize-winning contribution.

November Number.—The interest and value of dictionaries and encyclopedias. How to use them. Almanacs and other references. How to be self-reliant instead of helpless when you want to know something.

December Number.—Christmas. Origin and history. Customs in other lands and times. Our present Christmas spirit. Good Christmas presents and how to find them.

January Number.—The care of our bodies. Exercise, breathing, ventilation and fresh air, bathing, massage, and so on. Food, drink and clothing will be left till later.

February Number.—Child labor. Its extent in this country. Who is responsible for this evil? How can it be done away with? On whom can we women exert our influence to suppress it? What methods can we use? What has already been accomplished?

Child Labor

The topic for February was suggested by one of our Georgia members, and it is certainly an excellent one. Here is a crying evil, crying with the pitiful voices of tens of thousands of little children whose bodies, minds and souls are being crushed to death by the inhuman brutes that devote their lives to making money, no matter what it may cost others in blood and suffering. Here is an evil that should appeal particularly to every woman worthy of the name. We can't do anything? *Can't* we! Merciful powers, do you know what women have already done to crush this evil by individual

effort and by organizing? We women form nearly one-half the population of this country. Suppose forty millions of women rose up and said to the men, "Do this!" or, "Stop doing that!" Would it produce any results? Of course such an uprising will never take place, *but the power is there!* Would one million women have no effect? Would a thousand women in one town be a tremendous influence? Would one or two or three women in every home be a powerful influence in any question affecting city, state or nation? It depends on the women themselves. There is no possible question of their power if they care to use it.

I happen to know that the Georgia woman who suggests this topic for our Department understands the evils of the child labor system better than most of the rest of us, and I will gladly turn over to her the management of our February number, helping her in any way I can. I fear, however, that for once the plea of "busy" is fully justified, and that she *really* has almost no time even for things that call forth her deepest interest and tear her heart with sympathy and indignation.

But whether she can take charge of the February number or not, and collect letters, opinions and facts from other people in charge of the field, the idea for that number is hers, and every one of the rest of us ought to help in every possible way to make it the very best issue we have had. She will do all she is able to do. If the rest of us do the same, we can take pride in the results. Those of you from Georgia in particular should be able to furnish interesting con-

tributions, since the matter of child labor has so recently been up before the people of that state and the Georgia Legislature has just passed some strong laws against this criminal evil. Other states have passed laws against it, and those of you who live in states that have not can furnish even more vital information and have also a splendid opportunity to organize and show woman's power to better humanity and crush out one of the worst conditions of our day and civilization.

Read to Rest

One of the best ways in all the world to rest is to read an interesting book. Sleep rests and restores not only the body, but the nerves, the mind and the soul. In sleep we can forget our worries, our irritations, our troubles, and that is why, since the world began, men and women have blessed Sleep, "the restorer," and written songs in her honor.

Now a good book will do for us much the same thing as sleep. In some ways it will do even more. The book must interest us, whether history, biography, poetry, fiction or anything else, and to produce really valuable results it must not be trash. One must use judgment in selecting a book to read for rest. Avoid the tragic and the harrowing, the morbid and the dull. To rest you it must interest you, and to bring best results it should amuse and cheer, not depress.

Why does a book rest you? Because it takes your mind off your troubles and makes you live in another life for a while. Because in reading it your body is resting, and so are the portions of your mind and soul that your daily life wears the hardest. Because it calls into play the other portions of mind and spirit, exercising and developing them, and she who develops all sides of herself, instead of letting some things perish from neglect, is not only a broader, wiser and better woman, but a happier and *more comfortable* one.

Exercise and Health

It is a more or less unexplained fact about women that they generally do not understand their own physical bodies and are ignorant of some of the simplest laws for taking care of them and keeping up their health and strength. Have you ever tried taking gymnastics for five minutes every night and morning, or both? Don't laugh, you who do hard physical work most of the day, for it will only prove my point that women don't understand their bodies. If you have worked all day over a washtub or at some other muscle-tiring task, then the very thing your body needs before you try to make it rest at night is a limbering up by means of a few light exercises taken without dumbbells or apparatus of any kind. It will untie the kinks in overworked muscles, start circulation in those other muscles that

have not been used perhaps for many days, restore the general balance, start your lungs to breathing deep, tend to prevent stiffness the next day and send your body to bed far more ready for thorough rest than if it had not been scientifically exercised. Housework is more likely to be mere exertion rather than *exercise*. There is a world of difference. One wears out the body; the other builds it up. It is in confusing these two utterly different things that most of our trouble lies.

If you are just generally weak, you are likely to be surprised by the health and strength you can gain from *judicious exercise*. Most of our bodily ailments come from some neglect or violation of Nature's laws. If we turn to her for help, Nature herself will show us how to lessen these ailments or overcome them entirely. You can learn much by your own experiments, and among the numerous books upon this subject there are many reputable and safe ones, but the advice of your family physician is a wise thing to test by. He may be an old foggy and know nothing about it, but he may prevent your going to excess or adopting wrong methods. On the other hand, he may know a great deal and be a strong advocate of common sense exercise and care. If you have never examined into the subject, it is perhaps best to read up first and then go to your doctor with enough information to ask practical questions and have him show you how, and to what extent, general rules apply to your particular case.

But this belongs to our October number.

Here is an extremely interesting article that reached us too late for our first Civic Improvement Number and was inadvertently left out of our second. There is much to be gained from reading it and thinking it over. And, Southern women, note well the closing paragraph.

Mrs. Fant sent this article to us as it appeared in some other publication. Unfortunately its name was not on the pages forwarded, and we are therefore unable to give more definite credit.

To Mrs. Fant goes the prize for the best general contribution.

Civic Improvement in South Carolina

By MRS. RUFUS FANT

The great tidal wave of civic betterment that has been sweeping over this country of ours is causing thoughtful men and women to stop and study Nature. All great artists go to her to learn her secrets, knowing it is her hand that paints the most perfect pictures. Beauty predominates in all her works; the sun-kissed autumn leaves dancing in the breeze, the snow-capped mountain peaks, the rushing waters of her mighty rivers, all tell a tale of beauty.

The human heart, sometimes glad, some-

times sad and weary with the trials and burdens of life, cries out: "Give me beauty!" One's surroundings are a strong factor in character building, and the lives of men are influenced by the atmosphere in which they live. In some work it is difficult to reach the masses; not so with the work of the civic associations. The masses through the streets and public places, and if they find refreshing spots of living green, tropical plazas with luxuriant foliage, beautiful flowers with brilliant color, it will create within them a love for the esthetic.

Through uplifting and refining influences the human soul will turn from the creature to the Creator.

Strong belief in the ennobling and uplifting influence of trees, plants and flowers, and a desire to reach the men, women and children of our town, was the reason the Civic Association of Anderson was organized, April, 1904. In the beginning we determined to interest ourselves in beautifying and improving our town. Realizing that environment has much to do with the formation of character, and that Nature is ever ready to soothe and calm tired overworked humanity, we turned our eyes to see what we could find in the busiest portion of our town. We found many handsome buildings, paved streets and a large barren spot that had been used for a street over seventy years. We at once asked the city council to allow us to do as we pleased with that hard, barren spot. The council granted our request, and in four weeks' time we had our walks and beds laid off, had set nearly one hundred plants, using cannas, caladiums, aloccasias and bananas.

The result was far beyond our most sanguine expectations. The cuts will give you a faint idea of its growth and beauty at different periods. In September the "barren spot," with its carpet of living green and its magnificent bananas (measuring from fifteen to eighteen feet high), with the cannas, aloccasias and caladiums for variety, was a grand and beautiful tropical plaza—the admiration of all. We have now two thousand yellow crocuses nestling here and there among the grass.

Our Association will more than double its work this year. A portion of North and South Main Street has a handsome \$1,800 iron fountain erected to the memory of Gen. Robert Anderson, and Court Square has been beautified.

We have been more than repaid for our work, because we have given joy to all. From one of South Carolina's millionaires to the bootblack on the street we have heard expressions of praise.

Ours is only a small beginning, for we in the South are just awakening to the necessities and grand possibilities of our own Southern land.—*Exchange*.

* * *

Through a mistake it was not announced

in our September number that the prize for the best general contribution outside the other prizes was awarded to Mrs. Margaret Graeme Nonell, of Georgia, for "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Rules the World," and that the prize for the best story of "Heroism at Home" went to "Self-Sacrifice," also from a Georgia woman.

OUR FRUIT TREES

We have seen how nearly all our common fruits came, centuries and thousands of years ago, from miserable wizened little wild fruits somewhere in Asia, and that they attained their present palatable and very various forms through tedious cultivation by hundreds and hundreds of generations of men. Gradually they crept westward into Europe and Africa, under the care of savage and nomad, Assyrian and Israelite, Persian and Arab, Greek and Roman, Celt and German, by pagan, Christian, Mohammedan and Druid, until they, like men, have circled the globe, and today the United States sells fruit to China.

But how do we come to have so many hundred different varieties of a fruit—of the apple, for instance—if they were all originally one kind and a very poor kind at that? And how could such a miserable beginning result in such luscious fruits as we have nowadays? Surely not from just watering and pruning and common care?

There are three things to bear in mind if we seek the answer.

1. The first is that all our fruits (except those native to this country and growing wild like the blackberry) are entirely artificial. Nature didn't make them as they are. Man did it. In every cultivated fruit there are two great tendencies struggling against each other. One tendency (Nature) urges it to return to its original wild form; the other (cultivation) urges it to progress along the paths Man has mapped out for it. The poor fruit is never sure which of these things to do.

This struggle between the two tendencies began almost as soon as cultivation did. Man began to notice it when he found that the seeds of his cultivated fruits did not produce trees and fruit like those they were taken from. Often the second generation, grown from seed, followed the first tendency and "reverted" to Nature and the wild state. In other cases it tried to follow the second tendency and grew into something that was like neither its parents nor the wild state. The cultivated seeds lost their "fidelity to sort" or kind.

But in most instances the fruits grown from cultivated seeds were poor and useless, in a few cases out of thousands there would be one that, while it was different from its cultivated parents, was neither wild nor poor, but as good as any they had, or better. It was a new variety, resulting merely from chance and the confusing struggle in the fruit between Man and Nature.

From this rose one system of improvement and development. Men have learned the process of "selection." Out of several thousand trees raised from seeds one or two turn out valuable. The seeds of only these few are planted for the next generation, since they have shown a tendency to improve rather than to "revert." And so for each following generation, always planting the seeds of only the best trees. Thus men assist chance in creating good new varieties. But this is very slow work.

2. The second fact to note carefully is this. If the seed lost its "fidelity to sort" how could they get any considerable number of trees? Suppose one seed of many did produce a tree bearing valuable fruit, what good would one tree do and how could they get any more trees of the same kind from it if the seeds weren't reliable?

Well, luckily they discovered long ago that if the *seed* lost its "fidelity to sort" something else didn't—the *inner bark*. The inner bark on a twig, if given a root to keep it alive, will always produce fruit exactly like that from the tree from which it was cut. From this discovery arose the practice of "grafting." Shoots are cut from the good tree, an apple, say, and jointed on to the cut-off trunk or root of apple trees raised from almost any kind of apple seed, in such manner that the inner bark of the shoot or "scion" fits to the inner bark of the seedling or "stock" and the sap flows through as if it were one piece. This makes a tree whose trunk and branches are of the desired variety, but whose roots are of "any old kind" of variety. And the fruit is always of the desired variety like the shoot or "scion," the root practically not affecting the nature of the tree and fruit for which it furnishes food. The sap from the root has to flow through the inner bark of the shoot grafted on to it and so changes its nature.

"Budding" is another kind of grafting in which only a single bud of the desired variety is inserted into the little seedling stock, this bud growing into a tree on the seedling's roots.

That is how men solved the problem of multiplying a single good tree into many. That is how our tree nurseries produce hundreds of thousands of trees of any variety they choose. For one tree will cut up into a great number of little shoots or a still greater number of buds.

The old Romans understood fruit-tree grafting, and Pliny records seeing a single tree bearing several kinds of fruit.

3. A third point. About three hundred years ago "cross-breeding" was discovered. The old way of making new varieties by "selection" was both slow and limited. "Cross-breeding" is more rapid and seems to have nearly limitless possibilities.

On page 590 of our June number the parts of a flower are explained. To produce seeds the yellow pollen from the stamens must

come in contact with the pistil and fertilize it. In cross-breeding man takes the pollen from the stamens of *one* variety and puts it on the pistil of *another*. The resulting seeds produce a tree or plant which, while resembling both parents, is different from each of them—a new variety. By combining cross-breeding with selection wonderful results are obtained in a comparatively short time.

Thus, if one variety of apple has a delicious taste and another variety is noted for its keeping qualities, the two can be cross-bred and the result often made to combine those two good qualities.

The art is even yet in its infancy, but wonders have been accomplished already, especially by Mr. Luther Burbank, the "California Wizard." Seedless oranges, apples, plums and other fruits; the plumcot, made from a plum and apricot; a new fruit made by crossing the blackberry and raspberry; the Shasta daisy, a huge flower made from a Japanese, an English and an American daisy, and many other marvels have already been obtained. While not every two varieties will cross successfully, in some cases even different species will do so, occasionally even different genera. The future holds great promises.

By these processes, cross-breeding, selection and grafting and budding, man is able to produce new improved varieties and species of fruit (each new one is copyrighted, by the way) of various flavors, keeping qualities, size, times of ripening, thickness of skin, texture of meat, color, hardness, etc., and to produce as many specimens of any one kind as he pleases, despite the fact that he cannot depend on the seed.

Take a look at the fruit trees in your own yard. If they are not too old you may be able to see, close to the ground, a ring or bulge showing where they were grafted or budded at some nursery. If it is a pear tree you are examining it is pretty safe to say the roots came from France and the top from New York State, possibly via Ohio. If an apple, the root or stock probably came from Kansas, the top from some other part of the United States. If an apricot or nectarine, the roots are the roots of a peach or plum from France or Tennessee. Dwarf pears have quince roots. Quinces are an exception and, not being so highly cultivated as most of the other fruits, are raised from seeds, the seeds coming from Europe. The roots of most plums and cherries are imported from France, and the roots of peach trees generally come from seeds brought from the mountains of Tennessee to the various nurseries in New York, Ohio, Kansas, Nebraska and elsewhere.

All this is only an outline of this interesting subject. The fruit trees you see every day have a wonderful history. Isn't it striking that half of one of them may have been born in France, the other half in some part of our own country and the two

halves joined together in another part of the United States? Trees are made the way a carpenter builds a house! And think what their history has been!

* * *

How about the special prizes for contributions to "Recipes" and "Various Hints"?

It is such an easy way of winning a year's subscription, especially the former. And it won't be long before we are wondering what to get our friends for Christmas—indeed, if you would like a subscription to the Magazine for that purpose it is high time already to send in your recipe or hint.

THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS.

We want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil, and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside.

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2. If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department or tell us where to find it. Always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

Though we have received many letters for all other parts of the Department, we have had only one for "The Interest of Everyday Things." This is a little surprising, for it is really one of the best things we have in our Department. It does its good in a quiet way, but it is helpful nevertheless. You use a great many implements and materials in your daily routine. They have long since lost all interest to you except as means to a necessary end. Yet every time you handle one of these familiar things you are handling something that has been bound up with the history of the human race for many years, for centuries perhaps, maybe for even thousands of years. During all that time this thing was being changed and improved until it became as you see it now. How crude it was once! Take flour, for example. What a difference between our flour now and that of our grandmothers or perhaps even of our mothers. How very different from that used by the Children of Israel in Egypt and the Holy Land in Bible times! What a tremendous change since people dressed in the skins of animals, fought among themselves like the savages they were with rough weapons of wood and stone and ground the knotty little kernels of wheat between two rough stones until they had enough coarse, gritty meal to mix with nothing but water, pack into a clumsy cake and roast before the fire or bake on a hot stone! And people have been using some kind of flour for thousands of years—the

Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, Medes, Chinese, Afghans, Israelites, Egyptians, Phenicians, Greeks, Romans; all the wild and savage peoples who, centuries ago, swept in great devastating hordes from Asia west into Europe, conquering, destroying, supplanting, settling down to remain forever or being in turn destroyed by the hordes that followed them, all these had their crude flour—Huns, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Suevi, Alans, Vandals, Tartars, Magyars and all the rest; so did those of the Mohammedan faith, called Saracens, Turks, Moors, Arabs and many other names, who swept heathen and Christian alike before them till they had conquered Constantinople and all South-eastern Europe, Asia Minor, all the north of Africa, nearly all of Spain and only by one of the greatest struggles of history were kept from overpowering all of the civilized world; all these had their coarse flour and crude handmills as they roamed and fought and mixed and laid the foundations for Europe and its people as they are today. As you look back through the centuries and picture to yourself all these successive peoples in Asia, Europe, Africa and North and South America, what a long and varied line of women, white, brown and black, stretches out in all climes and under all conditions, grinding grain between two stones, tending a crude water-wheel or belaboring some pitiful little donkey doomed to do the actual work.

And now think of our own times, the great wheat lands, the wonderful mills, the rail-

roads and all the things concerned in getting you this flour. Suppose it could speak—what a wonderful story it could tell! If only it could tell you about its ancestors and family genealogy! Or if it would just tell you where it came from itself—had Government scientists developed the seed from which it sprang? Where had it lived and grown—in Ohio, Kansas, the South, the Northwest, Canada? What kind of men and women had tended it? Did it help raise a mortgage or was it part of a poor crop that only tightened the shackles of debt? What is the country like there where it grew up? Where was it sent to be milled? To Minneapolis? Did the Trusts get hold of it? Where did it travel after it was ground into flour? Perhaps it has seen more of the world than you have yourself. When did the local dealer get it? How much did *he* pay for it? What fixes the price of flour, anyway?

Well, the value is not so much in anything you have learned or may picture to yourself about flour as in the *habit of mind* you are cultivating. You are learning to make play out of work without hurting the work. The more interest you have in a thing, the better you will do it. You are broadening your life—reaching out beyond the narrow confines of your everyday routine. Your body is tied to one place in the world, but you are teaching your mind to free itself and fly to other climes among other people. The first time you fly you may not gather much of value, but you have made a beginning and had some mental exercise. Next time you will glean a little more. Later you will learn to fly farther and more easily. In time you will find yourself another and a happier and more useful woman. If you let your imagination have free play for a while you will encounter many things of interest about which you wish to know more. One thing leads to another. You may find a gold mine of happiness for yourself and others.

For "Knowledge is power," not only a power in material things, but also in those of the spirit. Who can do most for her children—a wise woman or an ignorant one? For her husband? For everyone with whom she comes in contact? *Think!*

There are several reasons, I suppose, why you have not responded to this one part of our Department. I think the chief one is that you hadn't quite realized how much good you can do through contributing to "The Interest of Everyday Things." Another reason is that there was no special appeal for items along this line. Another, that such items are not always easy to get unless you know where to look for them. Another, that the little articles under this head have been appearing each month without effort on your part and you just let well enough alone.

Now I don't mind doing the work, so far as the trouble is concerned. But I am only

one woman! If one woman can do a little, a lot of us can do a great deal. And one of the best things our Department can do for any of us is to give us the *opportunity to work together* for the good of all the women who read it.

Where to find items? Well, you probably know some already if you will just search around in your head. And how do you suppose I find them? Goodness! You didn't imagine I just knew all those things about wheat and flour and brooms and so on? No indeed! I had to browse around among encyclopedias and dictionaries and magazines and books as well as turn my memory inside out. It was pleasant and interesting work, and I'll be glad to do more of it, but, as I said, I'm only *one* woman. All of us together can accomplish so much more!

Now as to the notice at the head of "The Interest of Everyday Things." The offer of a separate prize for items under this head speaks for itself. Keep your eyes and ears open for items or short articles. And don't forget to send in clippings and to tell where to find good articles along this line.

Carpenters' Squares

The large steel squares used by carpenters are such a common tool that perhaps few know when and where they were first made, and how they came to be used, or even give the matter a thought. The making of them is a great industry now, but when the last century came in there was not one in use.

The inventor was a poor Vermont blacksmith, Silas Howes, who lived in South Shaftsbury.

One dull, rainy day a peddler of tinware called at his shop to have the blacksmith fasten a shoe on his horse. These peddlers traveled up and down the country calling at every farmhouse buying everything in the way of barter. This one had a number of worn-out steel saws that he had picked up in various places. Howes bargained for them, shoeing the peddler's horse and receiving the saws in payment, and each thought he had made an excellent trade.

His idea was to polish and weld two saws together, at right angles, and thus make a rule or measure superior to anything then in use. After a few attempts he succeeded in making a square, marked it off into inches and fractions of inches and found that it answered every purpose that he intended it for.

In the course of a few weeks he made quite a number during his spare hours. These he sent out by the peddler, who found every carpenter eager to buy one. Soon he found orders coming in faster than he could supply the demand. One of his steel "squares" would sell for \$5 or \$6, which was five times as much as it cost him.

He applied for and obtained a patent on his invention so that no one else could de-

prive him of the profit it gave him. It was just after the war of 1812, and money was scarce and difficult to get. But he worked early and late, and as he earned money he bought iron, and hired men to help him. In a few years he was able to erect a large factory and put in machinery for the making of squares, which by this time had found their way all over the country and had made their inventor famous.

Such was the small beginning of a large

and important industry. People came miles to see the wonderful forges, the showers of sparks flying from beneath the heavy hammers, and listen to the din of the thousand workmen.

Silas Howes lived to be a millionaire, and he did a great deal of good with his money. Squares are still made on the spot where the first one was made more than ninety-five years ago.

—From the *Congregationalist*.

HEROISM AT HOME.

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

EVERY month the Department will publish a little story of heroism *in the home*—not any one act of heroism, but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice *in everyday life*. It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over 500 words.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE sent to any name you choose.

The October prize for the best story of Heroism at Home is awarded to "Aunt Betty," though both the other stories are excellent and the lives portrayed in them admirable.

Aunt Betty

Her head was drawn to a bowed position, and her face marred by a terrible burn received in babyhood, but the patient, brave spirit was sweet and fair.

If her youth was embittered because she knew that girlish hopes and dreams were vain for her, she never complained. In middle life she contracted a prosaic marriage which could promise nothing but added cares, driven to it probably by the natural longing which most women have for a home of their own.

After her husband's death, who was an invalid for several years, she returned to her youngest and best loved brother's, and at the time she was seized with her last fatal sickness was nursing him with a cancerous affliction, as she had a sister in long years past.

During all her long life she served others, nursed the sick, cared for motherless little ones; and I like to think that in her last sickness she herself was tenderly nursed.

Christ said, "If any man desire to be first he shall be servant of all," and truly "Aunt Betty" closely resembled her Lord in that she was not ministered unto, but ministered to others, and I believe she will have a chief place in heaven and that the bowed head is now erect, and the patient, marred face glorified.—*Georgia*.

All for the Love of Mother

Many an evening after school hours as I was engaged in my janitor duties in a great university, did I stop and look with sadness upon a little cottage that stood in a cluster of trees several blocks from me. It was the home of three persons—a mother, her son and an old negro servant who had almost become an heirloom in the family. Just as often as I looked in that direction I found little Jim, my faithful hero, with his broad straw hat perched far back upon his head, carefully hoeing a luxuriantly growing garden, which was so much better than those of his neighbors that it seemed his broad smile and sweet, gentle voice must have some magic power over the tender vegetables that made them spring quickly into maturity. These marketable vegetables did not represent the sum total of his labor; to the rear of the house was a pile of many cords of wood split up ready for the consumer.

To a casual observer this lad of sixteen would have appeared to be the most contented of the contented. But was he? Indeed not. Within his youthful body there burned a noble ambition. He was a child of poverty. Nevertheless he nourished a hope that some day he might raise himself to such a standing socially that he could demand for himself the respect of his more fortunate neighbors. The massive university buildings in the near distance held for him such a chance that the evil in him pleaded strongly for him to go his way and reap the advantage of an education. "Other

poor boys marched from its portals each year to occupy positions of honor in the business world," he would say in his mind, "therefore, why can't I go there, work my way through and release myself from poverty's clutch?" All such thoughts as these were pine-knots to feed Jim's burning ambition. Truly did his heart rebound with joy as he conjured up the sunlit future of his imagination; but, thank God, there was something to him dearer and far more to be desired than fame or riches—the love of a mother.

Jim, knowing it to be impossible to realize his desire and at the same time do his duty toward his mother, determined to suppress it and to devote his time to bringing sunshine into his mother's sick-room. Often as he sat by her bedside and felt the motherly kiss upon his brow, and often while he was engaged in menial labor to supply her wants, his mind reverted to childhood days when her love was thrown about him as a cloak which protected him from all evil and danger. Quick did he realize that all his kindness and care were a meagre recompense for her tender love and guardianship. For hours after he returned from his work he would read stories to her. Often she would ask him not to worry himself reading to her, but to lie down and rest. Then his broad face would become shaped into a smile and with a gentle voice he would say, "I am not tired, mother, and I think it a pleasure to read to you." Thus through the continued efforts of Jim this little cottage became the brightest star in the constellation of surrounding homes because it was the dwelling-place of that which alone can make a home—love.

After being in bed six years his mother partially recovered, and today Jim holds an important position. May he continue to be successful, for there can be no greater hero than the boy who fights the battles of life for his mother. The world should pay homage to such a boy.—*Texas.*

Alice

In one of the pleasant neighborhoods of

the upper part of the City of New York is a cozy home in an old-fashioned house. In the pleasant second-story front room sits an invalid mother wan and thin from suffering and long-continued illness. As we first see her she is saying, weakly and somewhat querulously, "Isn't it time for my medicine? Where is Alice?"

"Yes, it is time," says another daughter who sat in the room. "Let me give it to you, mother darling."

"No, no. Where is Alice? She knows best just how to give it."

As she finished speaking a cheery, pleasant voice partly spoke, partly sang: "Here I am. Time for nurse?"

For she was nurse and homekeeper and all, this bright, dainty girl, or rather young woman, one of a large family. The rest had married and left home. All were dear, loving, dutiful children and ready to do all they could for an idolized mother, but Alice, though a teacher in one of the large city schools, attended to her school duties and cared for her sick mother with only the help of an incompetent kitchenmaid, teaching all day and hurrying home again to sit up night after night, never taking rest or pleasure during one of her mother's more serious attacks. She was also companion to her father, whose first question on coming in the house is, "Where is Alice?" She was loved by a very worthy man and had been engaged to be married for several years, but although her friend urged her to marry him, she felt that she could not attend to her invalid mother as she needed and deserved by doing so. And when some person told her mother that she was putting off her marriage on her account it made Alice very angry. She spent all her time and lavished all her money on her mother, and when the mother died a few weeks ago the family was afraid the loss would be so great that she would break down. All her youngest days have been spent in caring for her mother. Now she is broken in health and spirits. It will take years to regain her strength and she can never gain the years that are lost, but she is satisfied that she did what was for the best.—*New York.*



VARIOUS MINTS.



EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Various Hints."

The prize this month goes to Mrs. Afton, of Kentucky.

To Remove Mildew

Mildew spots may be taken from linen by wetting them, rubbing in powdered chalk and exposing to the air. Diluted hartshorn will do the work on woolen goods. A weak solution of chloride of lime will

free most fabrics of mildew, but will fade certain colors.

Mrs. Lucy H. Afton, Kentucky.

Polish for Nickel Plate

Sift the finest coal ashes through muslin.

Dip a soft cloth in kerosene, then in the ashes; rub hard. Dry and polish with a woolen cloth.

Mrs. Adoniram Stevens, New York.

Boiled Water

Drinking water in many places is not fit for use until it has been boiled to kill the germs. Those in doubt as to the length of time it should be boiled will be interested in knowing that half an hour is, according to scientists, a safe period.

Mrs. Allan T. Henry, Michigan.

To Mend Iron Pots

Here is a receipt we have often used for a solder with which to mend holes in iron pots and other utensils. Two parts of sulphur and one part (by weight) of fine black lead; heat the sulphur in an iron pan over the fire till it begins to melt, then add the lead and stir until all is well mixed and melted. Pour on an iron plate or smooth stone to cool. Cut into suitable sizes and apply to hole with a hot soldering-iron. Often it is a good plan to close a small hole with a copper rivet using the solder.

Mrs. Emma N. Perkins, Illinois.

RECIPES, OLD AND NEW

EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Recipes, Old and New."

From a collection of recipes that dates back almost to "war time" we shall give a few every month just as they stand in the old hand-written book that has come down to us. Along with them occasional new recipes of the present day will be given.

Tapioca Pudding

Four tablespoons of tapioca soaked overnight. One quart of milk. Boil the milk and pour it over the tapioca; when nearly cold add two tablespoons of sugar well beaten with the yolks of four eggs. Flavor lightly with lemon or nutmeg and bake an hour in the oven. When done and cooled pour on it and spread smoothly a frosting made of the whites of two eggs beaten and half a pint of powdered sugar. This serves as a sauce. It may be used without the frosting if a little more sugar is added to the pudding and the whites of eggs may be spread on and slightly browned.

Pastry

One teacup of lard, four of flour, one teacup of salt and enough barley water to make it roll, half a teacup or less if possible. Make it up quickly and roll as little as possible. Make it in a cool place and use very cold water.

Macaroni and Cheese

Boil the macaroni till soft and drain it. Lay alternate layers of macaroni and Parmesan cheese or finely grated ordinary cheese in a baking-vessel, preferably a casserole.

Use nothing else, though a very little milk or even water may be put in the bottom of the dish to prevent drying up if the cheese is very old or the oven very quick.

Corn Bread

One quart cornmeal, one quart milk, four eggs well beaten, a good heaping teaspoon of salt, a good tablespoon of lard, mixed together. Then put in four good teaspoons of baking powder and stir not too much. Grease your pans and bake about twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Taffy

Six pounds sugar, two cups water, two cups vinegar, two cups cream, the broken whites of two eggs and a little lemon to flavor. Skim when it first boils.

Russian Salad and Dressing

Cut up olives and pickled beets (flavored, if possible, with bay-leaves) and pour these and green peas over a foundation of lettuce, romaine or escarolle laid on plates ready to serve. Proportions and size of pieces to taste. Small pieces of cauliflower may also be used. For a dressing use three parts olive oil to one of vinegar (wine vinegar is better than that from cider), adding to the oil, before the vinegar is put in, salt and pepper to taste. Many will prefer a smaller proportion of vinegar. Paprika (Hungarian pepper) is better than the ordinary kinds, lending a very distinctive taste. Fresh lemon juice may also be used instead of vinegar or even along with it.

THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.

UNDER this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the work of some great man. There is no rule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful and aids to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

Be Strong!

Be strong!
 We are not here to play, to, dream, to drift.
 We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
 Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
 Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
 And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
 Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's
 name.

Be strong!
 It matters not how deep intrenched the
 wrong,
 How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
 Faint not, fight on. Tomorrow comes the
 song.

Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

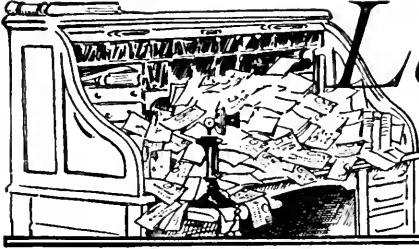
A Great Head

“I AM absolutely certain,” said the worried-looking man, “that I locked myself in my room last night, stuck a nail in the keyhole, and fastened down all the windows, and yet when I awoke this morning my pocketbook containing \$294 was missing. I don't see how anyone could have entered the room during the night, for I found all the fastenings intact, and I begin to suspect that I arose in my sleep and robbed myself.”

“You are undoubtedly a somnambulist!” replied the bulging-browed young attorney. “And—by George!—say, that has in it the making of one of the most unique cases in the entire history of jurisprudence! Why, my dear sir, I can get you sent to the penitentiary for five years, at the very least, if you just say the word!”

Something to Live Up to

“HAS this calf a pedigree?” inquired the prospective purchaser.
 “Well, I'll tell you how 'tis,” replied honest Farmer Bentover. “His father hooked the liver out of a lightning-rod agent, threw a presidin' elder up on top of the barn, and busted up the automobile that ran over him and broke his back; and his mother chased a lady elocutionist into a well, and kicked three ribs out of a hoss-doctor. And if that ain't pedigree enough for a ten-dollar calf, I don't see how me and you can do any great amount of swappin'!”



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY

FROM HON. A. L. BRICK

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS, HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:

I mailed a letter to you, prior to receiving your last one to me. In that letter I explained that I did not have a record until the day before containing the speech. I had to telegraph for it and the data I had prepared on the speech is in a box containing my Washington papers, which has gone astray in the mail and has not yet been received. The Post-office Department is now searching for the box, but up to this time it has not been located.

I made quite a thorough examination of reports of the Post-office Department and of the *Congressional Records*, and talked with officers of the Post-office Department and members of the Post-office Committee, and old Congressmen, and did the best I could to get a full run of what was done from the start to finish in the development of rural free delivery. Until I looked over the *Record* the morning I wrote you I had not noticed in the paragraph on page 9596, beginning with, "The first seed was sown when Hon. Mr. Bingham, the Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in the Fifty-first Congress—a Republican Congress," that there was a mistake, and one which is embarrassing to me, because I find it is printed in small type, and therefore on the face of it is a quotation, when parts of it should not have been quoted, and was not intended by me to be quoted.

General Bingham's bill was for the extension of the free delivery system, and that part of the paragraph should have read that the appropriation of \$10,000 was for experimental extension of the free delivery system. Now this is the way it ought to read.

The first seed was sown when Hon. Mr. Bingham, the Republican Congressman from

Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in the Fifty-first Congress—a Republican Congress. This resolution, which called for an appropriation of \$10,000 for experimental extension of the free delivery system in rural towns and villages, passed the House and Senate and became a law. The experiment was a success, as is shown by the report of the Republican Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

"In its infancy it was pounced upon by the Democratic Party, a party that has an unbroken history of never missing an opportunity to try to throttle the life of every infant industry that may be so unfortunate as to meet it upon the great highway of progress. In making appropriations for the Post-office Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the sum of \$10,000 was appropriated for the purpose of making experiments in the rural free delivery of mail." (I think this latter should be in small type indicating a quotation.)

I believe, Mr. Watson, this answers your first, second, third and fourth propositions in your letter of July 20, which is your last letter to me, and taken in consideration with my other letters to you fully explains the reason for the statement, "The first seed was sown when Hon. Mr. Bingham, the Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution in the Fifty-first Congress—a Republican Congress."

But I also explain this later on herein as well as in former letters.

Now, as to your fifth question, in which you state your contention "that rural free delivery so-called, under Hon. John Wanamaker was confined to the limits of towns and villages and did not operate in rural precincts at all." I don't think I ever made any statement about Mr. Bingham's personal attitude upon the subject of rural free delivery. I certainly did not know, having never talked with him about it, just what his full intentions were. My contention was that he introduced a resolution for the extension of free delivery in rural

towns and villages, and in talking with persons familiar with the experiments made at the time, I discovered that here and there, I do not say in all of them, but here and there they got outside of the precincts of the villages and towns into the country, and that that gave the idea of rural free delivery. Now I talked with a number of persons acquainted with the conditions at that time while I was investigating the subject and making my notes, and they said that this was done in places where experiments were being made in small towns and villages, and that while these experiments were being made they did get outside of the towns and villages here and there into the country. I cannot say how far, but in common fairness to you, who have been fair with me, I would say that it was to a limited extent, and it was this which caused the idea to sprout.

Since receiving your last letter I sent for Mr. Wanamaker's report, and I take it that Mr. Bingham's resolution was probably incited by Mr. Wanamaker, from all that I can now understand, and that Mr. Wanamaker, before the money became available, talked about its being the inception of rural free delivery, and evidently had rural free delivery in his mind from the very start, and he said in his report of 1890 that in carrying out the experiments under that resolution they would have mail delivered, say, within a radius of two miles. And further he said in thinly settled rural districts it had been proposed to ask school-teachers to distribute mail to pupils authorized by their parents and neighbors to receive it, and then he said that no doubt a dozen different devices could be tried.

As I say, in making these experiments it has been my creditable information that they did go outside of the town and village limits into the country, and that that was the intention of Mr. Wanamaker, and in his report he said that that was what he intended to do, all of which shows that rural free delivery was his object in 1890, when the resolution was passed bearing Mr. Bingham's name.

Now, Mr. Watson, I believe this answers your questions as propounded by your last letter. I certainly have intended to answer them as explicitly as it was possible for me to do. You will see from the quotations from Wanamaker's report, and from my investigations, why I made the statement that the first seeds of rural free delivery were sown in the Bingham resolution.

In my former letter to you I gave you the credit for your resolution later on.

Sincerely yours,

A. L. BRICK.

Hon. Tom Watson, Thomson, Ga.

I send parts of Wanamaker's report in answer to your letter herewith, and make it a part of my response.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The error into which Mr. Brick falls consists in confusing the R. F. D. of Mr. Wanamaker with the R. F. D. *as we now have it.*

It was conceded during the debate in the Fifty-second Congress that Mr. Wanamaker had put in operation a system of Rural Free Delivery. But it was also conceded that the Post-office Department *had construed the words to mean country towns and country villages.*

Mr. Brick will see that this is so, if he will examine the *Congressional Record* of the Fifty-second Congress. General Bingham, as before stated, was present when the matter was discussed, and took part in the debate. There was no dispute whatever about the facts. *Everybody* conceded that Mr. Wanamaker's R. F. D. was experimenting in towns and villages. Hence, the wording of my Resolution requiring that experiments be made *OUTSIDE* towns and villages, and hence the statement of Chairman Henderson, of the Committee of Post-offices and Post-roads, putting the House upon notice that if it passed my Resolution it would be enacting **NEW LEGISLATION.**

Mr. Brick is altogether wrong in saying that the official report on the success of free delivery of mails *OUTSIDE* towns and villages was based upon experiments made under the Bingham Resolution.

No, No, No!

The first experiment on Rural Free Delivery *as the country now knows it* was made in the mountains of West Virginia, under the administration of William L. Wilson, and by virtue of my Resolution and two similar ones which followed.

If Mr. Brick will examine the Government report, now published in book form, he will realize how far he has gone astray in attempting to make the Bingham Resolution the cornerstone of the stately edifice now known as the R. F. D. system.

FROM A FRIEND

Taylor McRae, Fort Worth, Tex.

I have followed the canvass in Georgia for the last three months through the columns of the *Atlanta Journal* and have read with interest your speeches and letters in defense of yourself against the attacks of partisan Democrats, and also your advice to Populists as to what their course should be in the primaries. I am a Populist and have been one through all of the heat and strife of the past; was a delegate to the St. Louis convention in 1896 that nominated you for second place on the ticket, having been selected by the convention which nominated myself for congress at Kerrville, Tex. I have never faltered in the faith, but have hoped that the day would come when all of us Populists might find some party that was advocating our principles and with which we might act honestly and without fear of betrayal. As I said before, I read

over your advice to our people in your state, and after thinking the matter over I concluded that you were right and that as our leader we were bound to follow your advice when our own intelligence indicated to us that it was the true course to pursue. I am growing old, am now nearly sixty-two, and the hot blood of my younger days has been somewhat cooled and I am better able now to hold myself in check and consider the matters coolly and without prejudice. I have advised our boys of what you said to your Georgia brothers, and while they hate a Texas Democrat very bitterly, I think they were convinced after a talk that your course was the best. We have little hope here of ever building up the party again, and it seems to me that with the great strides the people of all parties are making toward our platform, it might be well for us to hold ourselves independent and fight with the crowd that come nearest holding to our views. I do not mean to attach ourselves to any party, but throw our votes to the one which has a man upon a platform nearest ours, and who is a man that we believe to be honest and who will stand for what he promises if elected.

I would be pleased when you have a moment that you can conveniently spare to let me have some of your ideas upon the present situation. Mr. Hearst seems to be nearer us than any man before the people, and again he is so bitterly hated by the machine Democracy that he must be hurting them somewhere below the fifth rib. Whatever happens believe me to be your friend ever. Col. H. L. Bently and I are warm friends.

A LADY'S DAMN

Mary D. Jensen.

After reading very carefully "Letters from the People" and the editorials, I feel that there is a something lacking somewhere and in the kindest manner possible I will suggest a few things that in a little superficial way I think might improve the whole. Now a letter writer who wants to see his or her name printed will be apt to say things that have no foundation in fact, and some of them would not know a brain if it came up and made signs, so please don't give us so much of that kind of thing without a little leaven. Now this is the truth, Great Editor Man, and see that you write it fair. Any man or woman who thinks the editor of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE a profound thinker and such men as Henry George, Louis Post, William Loyd Garrison, Tom L. Johnson, etc., "superficial" is a damn fool!

Hoping this will be in good time.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Yes, Mary, your letter came "in good time."

I trust that the correspondent whom

you very properly size up as "a damn fool" will mend his ways before it is everlastingly too late. Good-bye, Mary.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

J. Dan Woodall, Sr., Barnesville, Ga.

Commenting on your platform for 1908, will say: If we reach the point of "Public Ownership" of public utilities, we believe "State Ownership" would be a great deal safer and better than "Government Ownership." State sovereignty is to be desired above feudal sovereignty in every matter possibly consistent with public interest.

Pending the agitation of public ownership, I'm in favor of capitalizing the railroads at \$20,000 per mile and limit their dividends to 8 per cent., take away their charter where roadbeds and rolling stock are not kept in substantial condition.

If anyone doubts your charge of negligence against the Southern Railway, let him go to Oliver Springs, Tenn., and examine the Southern's roadbed through that town. I spent two weeks in above named town last month, June, 1906. Being apprehensive of the Southern on account of its reputation for wrecks and poor equipments, I preferred the W. U. A. and C'm Son., which landed me at Oakdale; balance of route, some twenty miles, I traveled by the Southern. After arrival I noticed the smallness of the rails and the alarmingly decayed condition of the crossties—some of the ends of the crossties, from the track-irons out, were so rotten that there was no distinct body of them left; others so shelly that you could tear them asunder with your hands. Six passenger and as high as ten to fifteen freight trains passed over this road, we were told, every twenty-four hours. Returning from Oliver Springs we came by a Louisville & Nashville accommodation freight to Knoxville, thirty-five miles, and then via the Louisville & Nashville passenger to Atlanta, changing cars at Marietta. If all the railroads in Georgia were capitalized at \$20,000, made to pay tax on that amount, allowed to make a dividend of 8 per cent. on that amount, passenger rates reduced to one cent per mile on an accidental policy basis, elected as to amount of policy by the purchaser, relieving the taxpayer and the railroad companies of the cost and troubles of damage suits, I think it would go far toward adjusting the railroad problem.

FROM A REPUBLICAN

C. A. Buck, Rushsylvania, O.

I have read the July number with unusual interest, but your suggestion for a political platform appealed to me stronger than any one thing in it. I have always been considered a strong party man, of Republican persuasion, and have generally advocated its principles during my extensive experience in country newspaper work. But I've been getting weak in the faith for

two years or more, until now I care little for a party name. It is men and measures for me hereafter, regardless of partisan consideration. May you prosper in your good work.

A PROPOSAL

E. A. May, Poplar, Cal.

I heartily subscribe to your published platform. I think it would be a good idea to print a large number of them on small slips of paper just large enough to fold once and go in an envelope. Then let every person advocating them buy 500 or 1,000 and send one in every letter he mails. It would publish them and make people think about them.

A VICTIM OF NATIONAL BANKS

John W. Adams, Arthur, I. T.

I have just been reading the July number of your Magazine. Your suggested platform would be hard to beat, I think. What you have said of National Banks is timely. Here they charge us from 15 to 30 per cent. interest for the use of money. I know because I have paid it. The law allows only 8 per cent., but they beat the law by adding the interest to the face of the note. TOM WATSON'S is doing much to open the eyes of the people. Go on and talk louder and more if you can.

The "Free Lectures to Washington Negroes" is a pointer for the South. Such practice is indeed a gross practice. The white people of the country ought to be proud to get at such information, and ought to remember it on election days.

A CONVERG

W. R. McClanahan, Thomas, W. Va.

I beg to offer the following suggestions to your political platform for 1908:

Paragraph 5 should have a clause as to price paid for any property, especially when bought from the Trusts.

Paragraph 9 should provide a severe punishment for all public men that have betrayed the trusts placed in them by their constituents, and a disbarment from any office of trust or honor.

May success crown your efforts for the good of the people.

A heretofore Republican.

THE PANACEA

W. T. Anderson, Bowling Green, Ky.

In answer to your request for a line on your proposed platform, will say good enough for anyone. Nothing bad about it, but I have thought for some time that the Initiative and Referendum is a sufficient platform for any party. That is the key that unlocks the chest which contains a panacea for all our national ills. With it the Prohibitionist can secure his hobby if he can get a majority of the votes. The Socialist can force a divide-up provided he can secure

the most votes. The devil will never be whipped till all his enemies combine their forces in the fight.

I am for Watson in 1908.

AN INDORSEMENT

W. J. Hull, Greston, Ga.

I fully indorse your 1908 platform. I would be pleased to support you on that declaration of purposes, and if there is not something done in that line, the corporations and railroads will take this country. It seems that the reformers could unite on something like that and carry the country. Yours for reform.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

T. C. Wright, Gadsden, Ala.

I have read the July number of your Magazine and must say I am well pleased with it. I have been in the reform movement since 1892, and am in for the war during my natural life.

I notice your platform and can only add one thing—that is, the Initiative and Referendum. With that it would be O. K.

I heard you speak at Gadsden, Ala., 'way back in the nineties, when you were first a candidate for Vice-President, and have been an admirer of you ever since, and have been proud to cast my vote for you at every opportunity and hope to have that pleasure again, as I have never scratched a ticket opposed to organized hypocrisy and never expect to. Go on with the good work. There are scores of the old guard in Alabama still with you.

AN ABSOLUTIST

A. Hilton, Alexandria, La.

Just received in the last day or two the July number of your Magazine in which you make a platform for 1908, and ask that a line be dropped you. Now I will make my platform, viz: "Absolute Free Trade with all the world and the Single Tax upon the value of land to support all Government." My platform is shorter than yours and would do a great deal more good. The Income and Inheritance Tax would not be needed. Ask Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, if he does not agree with me, etc. I am eighty-two and a half years old and getting feeble in body, but I can think yet.

A SUGGESTION

W. F. Hogue, Marion, Ala.

I think your platform for 1908 is all right, and I suggest Bryan and Watson for the ticket. What do you think about it?

GRADUATED PROPERTY TAX

W. V. Marshall, Berlin, Pa.

Referring to your proposed platform for 1908, would not plank 3 be vastly improved by substituting the graduated property tax for the systems you specify? I think so, and for these among other reasons:

As to the graduated income plan, it conforms to the principle that the taxes should be imposed in proportion to the ability to pay. So does the graduated property plan.

Thus far the two systems are alike, the one answering as well as the other; but beyond this they differ, with everything against the income method and in favor of the graduated method.

The income tax will not prevent the over-due concentration of wealth. Even if the mighty money makers were compelled to give up, in the form of Government revenue, a little larger share of their extraordinary profits, they would not be prevented by the income tax from continuing their combinations. And as long as they can continue them, they can harvest back the extra sums they pay out as tax, by twisting the screws a little tighter at the one point to make up for what they must yield at the other point.

The graduated tax does not permit them to recoup themselves in this way, for its special function is to prohibit monopolistic combinations, and if the capitalists cannot go into these combinations they will be without the machinery for making up to themselves the extra taxes they will, under the proposed system, be obliged to pay.

The inquisitorialism and prying into private affairs necessitated in the assessment of an income tax would render it so obnoxious as to bring about its repeal, whence we would be where we are at present.

No extra inquisitiveness would be required in the graduated method, because the taxes would be levied in the same manner as they now are—upon the lands, mines, manufactories, stores, and other plainly visible properties, the values of which can be ascertained without prying into the peculiarly private affairs of individuals.

Those who reported their incomes fairly would be brought into unfair competition with the dishonest who resorted to concealments, lying and perjury to avoid divulging what were their real incomes.

There could be little opportunity for misrepresentation and evasion in the case of the graduated property tax, for it has to deal, like our present direct system, with the visible properties themselves instead of with the invisible profits of properties.

Then why not abandon the income plan for this more improved method of laying the taxes in proportion to the ability to pay? Why not seek a method that will work to the end of righting the present distorted state of industrialism while working to the other object?

As to the inheritance tax, why adopt the position of condoning an evil for pay?

And why employ a measure that leaves exploitation to speed rampant until the exploiter has ended his race of grab and get?

Why legalize a plan that renders immune the undying rival-crushing and thieving trust?

Why use a system that unaffected the colossal monopoly either directly or indirectly in ownership interests so distributed that no one member is sufficiently wealthy in his own right to materially feel the tax?

Why not abolish the business of rival-crushing by any one man or set of men, in any one or set of forms, by graduated property-tax, inducing to competitive and honest methods, on the part of all, and by all from the beginning to the end of their industrial careers?

Why not prevent the hurts, rather than permit the same and then look to be recompensed on account thereof at the grave?

As you offer your platform as a suggestion I move to amend by substituting the graduated property tax for the taxes proposed in plank 3 and ask, "Why should not the amendment be adopted?"

ENTHUSIASM FOR DIRECT LEGISLATION

Jerome C. Swihart, Rochester, Ind.

I have just finished reading your suggestive platform for 1908, in your Magazine, and as a Democrat and best of all an American citizen, I heartily indorse the greater part of it. That which I do not indorse I do not understand or have not given it sufficient thought to intelligently pass judgment upon it.

I am particularly infatuated with the first clause, namely, "Direct Legislation; election of all officers by the people; and the right of recall." If this clause could be adopted by the people, it would be equal to a second Declaration of Independence, and would effectively make good the utterances of the immortal Lincoln, "That a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

If a public office is a public trust, why should not the people pass upon who shall fill the office?

If after electing an individual to a public office, the public should consider that the public could be better served by his recall, why should not that power be vested solely in the people? When public officers are indebted to the people for the position which they occupy, and when they must answer directly to the people and not the interests for their official actions, then, and not until then, will they secure the greatest good to the greatest number, which is the prime object of civil government. I cannot conceive of anything which would bring about the much desired reform so quickly and effectively as the adoption of this clause, and I candidly believe that the political party which supports it will crown their efforts with success.

ON TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY

E. W. Ferguson, Jr., Long Pine, Neb.

You ask your readers to write you concerning their opinion of "A Political Plat-

form for 1908." In general I think it is good, and very good. Nor would I suggest any radical change except in the second plank. There is no argument for tariff of any kind that can stand before investigation. I believe I am not alone in this view. I believe that more people have read and accepted the truths of Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade" than have followed him on the "Land Question." At best, the advocates of "Tariff for Revenue only" can only claim that it is a means of gaining a revenue, apologize for it, and apology does not make good argument. Let us denounce "Duty on Imports" and advocate "Income and Inheritance Tax" in lieu thereof. Then we will have something we can defend from start to finish. I believe that you will find it is only the old Bourbon-Democrat that advocates "Tariff for Revenue," it being a sweet morsel to roll under his tongue. The younger generation of reformers have their doubts of its efficacy or else are pronounced "Free Traders."

Your advocacy of Direct Legislation; doing away with Federal Courts; Municipally Owned Utilities; Government money, Greenbacks without the exception clause; Hostility to the National Bank System; Government economy; Opposition to an extensive navy; and Colonization; Ship and Mail subsidy; and advocacy of Parcels Post, Savings Banks and extension of Rural Free Delivery meet my heartiest approval.

GERSE COMMENT

D. H. Welch, Winchester, Ill.

In reply to your suggestion on platform, would say in regard to plank number six of the financial question, all money to be created by the Government to be full legal tender for all debt, public and private, every dollar to be at a parity—the gold dollars, the silver and paper. Then we can pay our debt. Then we will have sixty or seventy dollars per capita. We may well say that we have no money in circulation. Money don't circulate. Checks are the only things that circulate now. Go to the bank, give your note, then check your note out. No special objections to the platform. I always thought the Omaha Platform was too radical, but I never made any kick. I think your suggestion on platform good enough. No change of name. People's Party.

A TICKET FOR 1908

J. E. Scanlan, Bee Branch, Ark.

In your July number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE you set forth a National platform that all the people would be benefited by such form of Government. I hope you will produce this same platform in your August number and keep it standing, headed as follows:

October, 1906—9

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1908
William R. Hearst, of New York
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT IN 1908
Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia

I have always been a Watson man, but the Populist Party and its leaders are not a class of glory for themselves. We believe in the greatest good to the greatest number. The fact of it is all reform parties work for the interest of the masses and not for class legislation. I believe with such a ticket and platform we can elect the next President and Vice-President. Mr. Hearst is as honest and brave as you are and all the people who have known you for years know that you come up to the standard of reform.

THE PLATFORM AND OTHER TOPICS

R. T. Butler, Cincinnati, O.

I would substitute for article No. 2 of your platform "All articles manufactured or controlled by a trust on the free list." But if you think this is not broad enough and that article No. 2 should stand, then I suggest at least that the last four words "and for revenue only" be left off. This is an old and meaningless Democratic phrase that has been worn threadbare in years gone by until it rasps on the ear of many voters when they hear it spoken. Then, too, when we once get a properly graded income and inheritance tax, which you properly provide for, we will need no tax on imports "for revenue only."

Then I would add one more article favoring a graded land tax. The article in "Letters from the People," July Magazine, under head of "Does It Mean Tenant Farming?" is illustrative of the necessity of such provision. The income tax would not cover the necessity for the reason that the great fortunes that already exist in the country, when they are no longer allowed to be used in exploiting the country, would be converted into lands in million-acre tracts to be used as deer parks and hunting grounds that would practically bring no income, so that the income tax could be avoided. This is now done in England.

Now, as I am not writing this for publication, but simply in hope that it may take up some of your spare time and keep you from wandering through the woods and lanes and writing some more of those pastoral editorials that make a man feel that he is once more a barefooted boy, and with pants rolled up and a fish-pole in hand is just ready to start down to the creek past the old swimming-hole, where, after taking a swim, he is to go on and fish in the old mill-pond, I want to ask you a question or two. If you want to answer in the Magazine you can do it by publishing the questions only. If the Advance plow sells in this country for \$18 and is sold in South America for \$9, it is pretty good evidence that there is at the very least \$9 profit in its manufacture.

That being the case and there being plenty of field and plow timber in this country, what is to hinder anyone from going into the business of making plows just like the Advance plow?

I do not understand that there is any patent to protect the Advance plow, so one can be made just like it and sold, say, for \$12 or \$14, which ought to catch the farmers' trade and stop the sale of the Advance at \$16. You know we Populists believe in the law of competition and of supply and demand. If there is a plow trust and that trust should put prices down to cost of production to kill competition, then the article I suggest in place of article No. 2 in your platform would remedy the evil if free trade would remedy it.

One of the evils the American consumer suffers from is the undue importance he attaches to a name on trade-mark. For instance, if some man makes a plow exactly like the Advance and as good in every particular or even better, he is yet unable to use the name "Advance" on his plow, and for this reason and no other the average buyer will of his own accord pay two prices for the "Advance" and be happy over it.

CRITICISM OF THE PLATFORM

Edwin Lehman Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.

You publish "A Political Platform for 1908" composed of eight extremely large planks, upon some of which the people will be neither ready to vote nor to stand till 1912, and some of which will be impossible of adoption before 2008, and then you say: "What do you think of it? Drop us a line." Assuming that the humor of the request is unconscious and that you do not object to *two or more lines* upon such a large subject, I will comply with your request.

If you really wish to suggest a platform upon which members of all parties except anarchists may stand, provided said members be honest men, I respectfully suggest the following modification of your platform for 1908:

Strike out all planks but the first and re-write that as follows:

The Honesty Party's Platform for 1908.

The nomination of all candidates of whatever party to be in legalized primary elections whereof the absolutely necessary expenses shall be paid from the public treasury, whether city, county, state or national, and all other legitimate expenses borne by the candidates and their friends whereof full report and publication shall be made. The same regulations to apply to the final elections. Bribe-takers and bribe-givers to be forever disqualified from vote and office both in primary and final elections, and any informant giving evidence which shall secure the conviction of any bribe-taker or giver shall receive from the public treasury a sum equal to the bribe given or taken by the convicted person.

All ballots or votes for all candidates to be secret ballots and no voter to be held accountable to any person or organization for his vote.

All candidates shall announce prior to primary election their platforms and be subject after election to recall by their constituents for violation of their announced platform, or for conduct unsatisfactory to a majority of their constituents when expressed in a legalized primary properly called for such expression.

To such bodies of men elected under the above platform you may safely leave the discussion of all questions of public interest and their enactment into suitable legislation.

Until we do have an "Honesty Party," which can call for and exact obedience in all emergencies from a majority of the members of all parties irrespective of party lines, none of the things you are fighting for are obtainable. With such an honesty party all of the things you are contending for worth while will be obtained as soon as the people are ready for them.

Nominations dictated by bosses, and secured by fraud or the money power, are the curse of the hour. All platforms and all planks should give way to securing the honest expression of the people's will in this year of coming grace, 1908.

THE WATSON PLATFORM

John Wood, Chicago, Ill.

In regard to the political platform for 1908, I would suggest the following addition to your proposition number one: "Direct nomination of all candidates for public office at the primaries. The primaries of all parties to be held on the same day and all the voters of each political subdivision to vote at the same polling place." If ever you had participated in the primaries of Chicago or any other large city where the grafting bosses of the different parties are hand in glove, you would surely realize the great necessity for a strong and powerful hand to insure to the people an even break on primary day.

As a substitute for proposition number three I would suggest the following: "Exempt from taxation all labor values." You are liable to conclude from this that I am a strict adherent of the theory of the "Single Tax." I wish to disabuse your mind of this idea by explaining that out of a total revenue necessary to pay the municipal expenses of the City of Chicago, amounting to nearly twelve million dollars, more than six million dollars were raised by license fees of all kinds. It is my opinion that all license fees should stand or be fixed as the people should determine, but I do not think that the owner of land should have his taxes increased because he has been energetic enough to build a house one story or ten stories high upon that land. I do not believe

it is right to make the taxes of a man who has cleared a farm in the forest one cent higher than the man has to pay on the same area of land immediately adjoining. The same argument that applies against the taxation of improvements on land also applies against the taxation of personal property with the additional argument that ninety-nine out of every hundred men who pay personal taxes are perjurers. Therefore taxes on the improvements on land, on personal property and on incomes necessitate an espionage into strictly private affairs that is very disagreeable to the American spirit of independence, encourages perjury, and above all is a tax on the energetic man who does things and who is the cause of all of the increase in land values all over the country. I feel absolutely sure that all of the owners of great fortunes whom I know it is your purpose to reach with an "income tax" will antagonize with far greater energy the proposition to exempt labor values from taxation, because they realize very well that the enactment of such a law would immediately increase the taxes of all unused coal, iron, oil, lumber and other valuable lands from 500 to 1,000 per cent.

I wish you would ask for the views of your readers on this question. I do not think a discussion would hinder the progress of radical democracy.

In regard to proposition number four, I wish to plead that I am probably not as well posted as I ought to be. If you think there are enough of your readers in my position to justify a thorough explanation of this plank, I wish you would in the next issue. Here is the way I stand: I know that the present United States judges are the creatures of corporations because they would not have been confirmed by the United States Senate if they had ever been known to possess views antagonistic to corporate greed. Therefore, I always thought they should, like Congressmen, be elected by the people in the political division over which they may have jurisdiction. Now, if these judgeships were abolished, before whom would those persons be tried who are guilty of the violation of United States laws?

I do not think at the present time there could be an improvement on the balance of your platform.

NOTE BY EDITOR:

Congress could create courts to try and punish violators of Federal laws. In other words, Congress has the power to limit the power of the lower Federal courts, where the devilment originates.

MICHAEL BAKUNIN

Wilbur F. Bryant, Ponca, Neb.

A few days ago I picked up a copy of your Magazine (April, 1906), in which I noticed an article on Michael Bakunin, who

is called a Russian Populist by the writer of the article.

Now there is much in this article which is interesting and very much with which I would fully agree, but an intelligent and well-informed writer cannot afford to be inaccurate in historical statements, for if he is, people are likely to distrust any other statement which he may make.

The writer of the article referred to says that Bakunin was in prison in the Castle of Schlüsselburg in 1849 and that he died in the dungeon of that castle. It is very doubtful if Michael Bakunin ever saw the inside of the Castle of Schlüsselburg. He was tried by the German Government and sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was then turned over to the American Government, which went through the same process. Finally he was given over to Russia, his native country. He was in prison for a time at St. Petersburg, but was finally banished to Eastern Siberia. He obtained leave to settle as a colonist in the Amur country and escaped through the United States to Switzerland. Leaving out the details of his subsequent life, it is sufficient to say that he died peacefully in his bed on the first day of July, 1876, twenty-seven years after the writer says he was consigned to the Castle of Schlüsselburg. By the way, Bakunin was not turned over to the tender mercies of Russia till 1850 instead of 1849.

FROM A REPUBLICAN

Pierre DePew, Nyack, N. Y.

Although I am a Republican, still I am liberal in my views, and agree with most of your views as expressed in your political platform for 1908.

1. Direct legislation of all officers except President. This should, however, be modified in present form.

2. Necessaries of life on free list. I agree with you on this point, that duties should not be for protection, as we have too many monopolies now.

3. Income and inheritance tax. O. K.

4. I agree in the suppression of all Federal courts.

5. Public ownership and operation of public utilities.

6. Money system changed. I approve of this and No. 5.

7. I agree with the sentiment of this, except naval expenditures should not be stopped, but should be made lower. I think that our colonies are essential to the nation, and that the Philippines should not be free, as they are not as well fitted for self-government as are the people of Porto Rico.

8. I agree entirely with the points in this and with postal savings banks, if they can be safely managed.

Can you inform me as to the address of

Senator La Follette, as I would like to write for his speech on railroad rates?

Do you know where I can obtain the following books: "Protective Tariff Delusion," by Mrs. Marion Todd, and "Pizarro and John Sherman" and "Right of Woman," by the same author?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mrs. Todd could probably furnish the books. They are out of print. "Who's Who in America" gives Madison, Wis., as Senator La Follette's address.

INDORSES WATSON PLATFORM

John M. Kellogg, Fall River, Kan.

I indorse your plank platform for 1908. I think that it is a sound creed, sound enough, honest enough for any honest, patriotic American citizen to be in favor of. I think the People's Party ought to adopt your platform at the 1908 convention. Then pull together for the reforms formulated in Hon. Thomas E. Watson's platform until we get them made into law. Then if the people want more reforms, it will be time enough to strike tent and march further.

DIRECT LEGISLATION IN OREGON

A. D. Cridge, Echo, Ore.

Your platform is all right enough, but if you would cut out the last seven planks it would be better. With Direct Legislation the people can get the other planks—if they want them. Without Direct Legislation they will get stones instead of bread from any Congress the plutes will permit to be elected.

Here in Oregon the people are still voting for Abraham Lincoln—that is, they think they are—and the state is from 14,000 to 35,000 majority Republican on National candidates and questions. They elected and re-elected a Democratic governor. The first time because of a scrap among the followers of the Elephant; the second time, June 4th, last, because Governor Chamberlain stood up and fought like Andrew Jackson for the spirit, as well as the letter, of the Direct Legislation amended State Constitution, against a lot of Republicans who laid a scheme to do away with it. The Republican candidate was a pretty good man, too, but he had sneered at public ownership and was coy in indorsing Direct Legislation, and Republican plutocrats whispered too loud about some deep-set scheme to do away with the blankety-blank Referendum and Initiative. With the help of the Insurgent Republicans, who are Lincoln-bred and Democratic in principle, Chamberlain held the fort last time, and he is pretty sure to do it again.

The people of Oregon went, the same way Maine did for Governor Kent several decades ago, for the Referendum and the Initiative. They are still for it. They extended its principles by additional amendments adopted by enormous majorities on

the 4th of last June. They adopted two years ago, by the Initiative, a genuine primary law, and this time they elected their own United States senator. He is accused of being a bad man and a plutocrat. I don't know that he is any better than some who are worried over his delinquencies, but this is certain: that when the undis-mayed W. S. U'Ren, the father of Direct Legislation in Oregon, needed help and needed it like the Arkansas farmer needed his six-shooter after carrying it twenty years without using, Jonathan Bourne came to the front with the help that helped carry the amendment through two successive legislatures. It had to go through two in succession in order to be submitted to the people. Bourne might have done like other millionaires at that time, and bought steam yachts or established a private den of infamy with the money. He fought for the election of the United States senators by the people long before it was popular in Oregon, and all that he ever did that his enemies howl most about was try to be elected senator by the legislature some years ago, and using the methods then in vogue and still relied upon when rich men desire to be admitted to the den of forty thieves beneath the dome of the Capitol at Washington. Bourne is the first of a procession of men to sit in the United States Senate as the untrammelled choice of the people.

He will sit alongside of such men as La Follette and Tillman when he gets there. If he don't, they'll hang him when he gets within rope's length in Oregon.

Well, what I was going to call your attention to, Tom Watson, was this—the people of Oregon are right up and coming every time for Direct Legislation, but they are shy on the other planks of your platform. They are very much like other people in other states, too. With Direct Legislation the people can get anything they want. They can be rallied quicker for that than anything else. He got leading men, rich and poor, in all parties to take off their coats for Direct Legislation. They wouldn't pull together for anything else under heaven. Some of them have never pulled together since, and never will. The people roll the names Referendum and Initiative under their tongues flippantly, without difficulty; now they are used to it.

I don't see but what your platform is all right as far as it goes, but the first plank means all the rest, if the rest are wanted. Whoop it up for Direct Legislation. It scares the plutes worse than publicity does a packing-house trust. Try it.

ANTI-SOCIALIST

John White, Hot Springs, Ark.

Your Magazine is a timely instructor against the nonsense of collectivism and social ownership. Your reasons are un-

answerable and convincing to all who read them. I say "nonsense," because the advocates of Socialism would turn the world back, blot out civilization.

AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR US

Henry B. Ashplant, London, Canada.

The extent to which popular delusions are firmly held and indorsed by well-educated men is strikingly shown in that most interesting pamphlet on "Progress or Revolution" from the virile pen of Goldwin Smith, much commented on recently by reviewers. On page 27 appears the following remark in criticism of a certain school of fantastic money theorists, viz: "*A paper dollar is not money, but a promissory note, payable by the bank of issue, at which, when the note changes hands, gold passes from the credit of the giver to that of the taker.*" This belief is no doubt sincerely held by the venerable educationist who thus places on record a statement expressing a delusion which commands popular acceptance to the disadvantage of its victims. Whatever might be true outside the Dominion of Canada, here a paper dollar is certainly money; it, however, certainly is not true that a bank-note, issued by a Canadian chartered bank, transfers gold from the credit of the giver (bank) to the credit of the person receiving the bank-note. As a matter of fact, verified by our chartered banks' published statements (few "business men" understand a bank statement when they read it, so that literary men may be pardoned similar weakness), for the right to issue a bank-note the Canadian chartered banks transfer 5 cents on the dollar *only* of gold security to the people of Canada, on a loan basis bearing 3 per cent. interest. The balance represents confidence and a transfer of no gold values whatever; the original capital stock of the shareholders, being transferred into gilt-edged securities such as Government bonds, *is not available as gold to transfer* to the credit of a bank-note holder. Goldwin Smith as a foremost thinker and educationist evidences the *extent* to which most intelligent public men are victimized by a popular delusion that is the greatest asset of our capitalist system. It is quite true that a bank-note issued by a Canadian chartered bank has the same purchasing power in circulation to absorb a product of labor as a gold dollar possesses in circulation; that is why it is so easy to be deceived. If a citizen gives a "promissory note" to a chartered bank for, say, an accommodation (at par) of \$100, and gets over the teller's counter \$50 in gold, and \$50 in bank-notes equals \$100; or issues his checks against an account for that amount, every one of these dollars can absorb the same volume of labor products (both brain as well as muscle products) when they get into circulation; the paper dollar controlling as much of a business man's property assets as the gold dollar

does. While this is true, it does not, however, mean that "*when bank-notes change hands gold passes from the credit of the bank to that of the note-holder.*" What it does mean is the exact reverse, viz, that in return for its bank-notes, worth a gold value of 5 cents on the dollar, there is transferred to the bank a mortgage on real property, or a bill payable that has to be satisfied in products at full value, in *gold or its equivalent in labor products*, for a sum equal to the face value of the bank-note, and every 5 per cent. bank-note is charged at 100 cents against labor products by the business man who puts it in circulation. If Goldwin Smith and our brain-sweated business men once firmly grip the enormity of the fraud and its influence to evolve inevitable conflict between the puzzled brain-worker and the wearied man of brawn and muscle robbed, by connivance with this method, of more than 50 per cent. of his product, and charging the crime to his indignant employer, who is liable to the bank to redeem his notes payable at their face value in labor products, there will likely "be more doings" in the sphere of "high finance." Little wonder that Canada is fast settling down to the social stratifications with *financial* lines of demarcation, common to Europe and the United States. Why should Canada foster such an importation of foreign "*finance* immorality" and develop its abominable and avoidable fruitage? We in Canada can secure "Progress" free from violent "Revolution" if we will; if we, however, proceed on present lines violent revolution will be an inevitable result, for an educated brain will soon guide impassioned brawn and muscle to justified abolition of a *visible* enemy to social welfare. Such an enemy among others is the Chartered Bank of Canada, but not more so than the national banks of the United States are to our neighbors, or the finance institutions of Europe back of the Russian autocracy (and other autocracies) are to the Russian people, who will ultimately free themselves. If we in Canada who boast so much do not get a pace on the Russian peasant will show Canadians how to secure freedom, while we are busy fastening on our own industrial limbs the shackles that both Russia and Japan give evidence of intention to throw overboard.

SPELLING REFORM

H. Clark, Sodus, N. Y.

A word regarding spelling reform.

The movement's slow progress is due as much to the mistakes of its advocates as to the indifference of the public. And it is for the purpose of calling attention to their chief mistake that this letter is being written. That mistake is the attempt to bring into use new characters for sounds not now having characters of their own. This is done on the supposition that there must be a separate character for every sound—a sup-

position not well founded. A little reflection will show that there has long been in existence a better method of spelling—here called the digraphic method—which is as simple and as phonetic as the character-for-every-sound method. Manifestly, if two characters can represent three sounds without confusion, there is a saving of labor for teachers, pupils, typesetters and typewriters.

Nothing but utter confusion can follow any enlargement of the alphabet, and best of all no such enlargement is needed. Regularity is the great desideratum and that can be fully attained with the 26 letters we now possess. With that end in view, I have worked out and here present a simple plan of spelling reform based on our well-known 26 letters and 12 carefully chosen digraphs. All necessary sounds—38 in number—are thereby represented and that phonetically and without confusion of any kind. Furthermore, with three, or possibly four, exceptions no special liberties have been taken with the letters. In almost every case they will be recognized as representing their best known sounds. The letters *c*, *q* and *x* are the three principal exceptions alluded to. It will be seen that the ordinary use of these three letters in such words as *civil*, *keeper* and *aks* is entirely unnecessary. As it happened that there were three other sounds out in the cold, I arbitrarily assigned them to these letters. They are the sound of *ch* in *porch*, *a* in *far*, and *u* in *hut*. These words therefore become *porc*, *fqr* and *hxt*. *Q* is also taken to represent *o* in not. *Ey* represents *a* in *hate*; *ai*, *i* in *kite*; *yu*, *ew* in *few*; and *dh*, *th* in *thy*. The consonant *w* being merely the unaccented sound of *oo* in *good* may properly also represent the vowel sound, as *e. g.* *stwd* for *stood*. By simple changes like these in the use of the letters we now have, English can be spelled phonetically and the irregular spellings which have annoyed and hindered every boy and girl who has ever studied English may be wholly eliminated. Many words, it is true, would be lengthened under this plan, but the total number of letters employed would be lessened as will be seen in the following beautiful poem taken from the *Outlook*. Instead of 437 letters there are now 408, a reduction of over 6 per cent. The reduction in the average English discourse would be less than that—perhaps only about 2 per cent. Study what I have said above and see if you can read this poem. It illustrates, I believe, a sane mode of amended spelling which both young and old would readily learn to read.

ST. FRANCIS AT SAN FRANCISCO

Ai met old leen St. Francis in x dream
Weyding nee-deep thru dhi ashez xv
Dhx solz dhat hee wqz helping xp tu hev'n
Wxr bxrnt awr rxng out xv dhx raidhing
flesh.

Sed ai, "Hwen neer x thousand qr engxlt
In sxdn indiskriminet distrxkshxn,
And haf x milyxn homles qr, ai no
Dhis rqt'n wxrld most blakli iz akxrst."

"Hwen heeroz qr az kountles az dhx fleympz;
Hwen simpathi," sed hee, "haz opend waid
X hxndred milyxn jenrxs hyuman hqrts,
Ai no dhis wxrld iz infinitli blest."

Rq'dman Gildxr.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

H. M. Messenger, Lakewood, O.

Your editorial in August WATSON'S on the Railway Mail Clerk will cheer 12,000 persons at least. You cannot know how your words in praise of the R. P. C. and for his better protection will advance our cause against danger of our work.

Our national organization, the Railway Mail Association, has agitated this question and petitioned and resolved. What good we have done we don't know, except that the questions of steel cars and adoption of the Block Signal System have been kept before the Department at Washington and the people of the country as well. We need steel cars. They would do us the most good. Recently at Burbank, Ohio, the Erie Fast Mail took a tumble down the embankment, the mail car, an *all steel* one, the first in commission (and put on as an experiment), turned over three times and was only scratched and *the mail clerks were entirely unharmed*. This surely was a test. The baggage car, a wooden affair, was completely demolished!

It is true that our business is considered extra hazardous by some companies. All the New England companies will write Postal Clerks. The Union Mutual, Vermont National, State Mutual, Massachusetts Mutual, John Hancock and Connecticut Mutual. All these have solicited me for endowment and twenty Payment Life and seemed glad to get the business. But note the exception they make—some of them.

After reading Allen L. Benson's "Good Insurance and Bad" in July WATSON'S, I decided to add term insurance to what I had. Accordingly, I sent postals to ten companies having agencies in Cleveland.

The State Mutual, Phoenix Mutual and Washington Life said they did not issue term policies to Postal Clerks. The Massachusetts Mutual, Northwestern Mutual, New York Life and Equitable, of New York, did not respond at all. The Connecticut Mutual did not answer for ten days. So out of the bunch just three would talk business at all. Those that responded, but would not write term insurance, were more than willing to sell me Endowment or Straight Life.

The John Hancock agent assured me his company would accept me, but when my medical test was sent in they refused the application because my mother died four

years after my birth, and they weren't sure but I might get consumption—some time! I've always felt they would not have been so fearful if I had applied for a "Gold Brick" policy.

The Mutual, of New York, offered a seven-year deferred dividend policy, which I would not have at all.

So all that was left me was the National Life, of Vermont. They offered me a ten-year, non-participating, non-renewable policy for \$12.09 a thousand, which I accepted gladly.

The Provident Life and Trust and Pennsylvania Mutual would not accept me at all. The Union Central charges 20 per cent. more.

So I found that nearly all the companies would write Postal Clerks for expensive insurance, but did not care to do business on a term basis.

LET THE PEOPLE AWAKE

J. S. Stewart, Gratis, O.

For fully thirty years I have spent time and money trying to get the people to see their own and possess it. Voted for Watson in '96 and did a lot of work. Threw home office aside trying to secure for the masses their rights. Organized in this county (Pueblo) number 45 of the Farmers' Alliance and have seen the people blindly turn their backs on their real friends, accepting in their stead worse than gamblers for gain—August Belmont, John Sherman, Ernest Seyd & Co. Today it is the railroads, Standard Oil, coal mines, etc.

I am 63 years old (and would like to see the changes 37 more would make) and, of course, recollect well the leaps and bounds of business among men of small means from the close of our unhappy strife until the reinstatement of the blacks, together with the enslavement of the whites, in 1873. I witnessed again the tightening of the chains in 1893 and the effect of the calculating, cold-blooded dealers in human life and have noticed their blighting effects on the progress of mankind, which will continue to retard the progress of and blacken with the clouds of their hell the efforts of unborn generations.

I cut clear of the so-called Democratic Party when Grover was nominated the second time, as it was then plainly given out by him that the party favored the contraction of our currency, which was only another way of saying, "Damn the people," or "Huh, one-half the people can be hired any time to shoot the other half," along which line the slaveowners are yet acting and always will, if they can hoodwink the people in the future as successfully as they have during my life.

No sane and honest man will say we have enough money to develop and carry on our industries as we should and would if we had.

So, to cut my story short, for the sensible development and maintenance of our splendid country, we must have more money, as much as *all* the people need. Remove double interest possibilities, repeal special privilege laws, remove double taxation, notably that on realty sold and not therefor, cut down official salaries to a living only while in office, penitentiary insurance officers taking in any manner more of a salary than \$2,000 per year and legitimate traveling expenses, take over the public utilities to the Government and guard their honest care by plain laws quick to administer punishment of dishonesty, and do away with all combines whether of money or labor under severe penalties, maintain all humanitarian organizations and remind the people continually that we are fully 3,000 years behind our privileges and that it is by their thoughtlessness, cunningness, dishonesty and ignorance that this great slaveholding clan are enabled to hold on to their power which greatly impedes humanity's onward, upward, God-given right of a higher civilization.

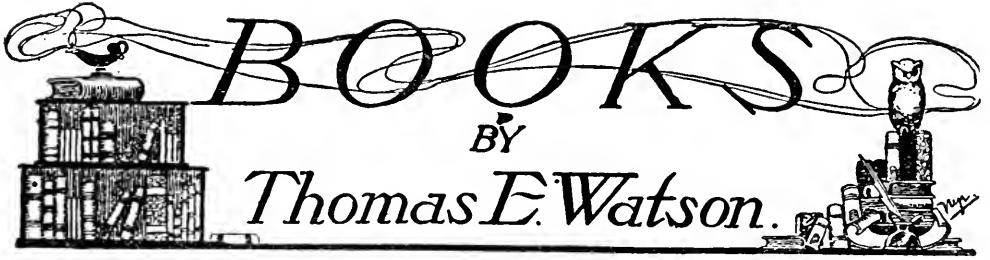
Yours for the swift success of right.

POPULISM THE REMEDY

W. L. Hays, Sterling, Col.

I write this to say that I am in hearty sympathy with your work and have supported the party since its formation in '92 until the last Presidential campaign when I voted for Parker on the Philippine question. I regard the holding of those people as subjects to our authority and our domination as a national crime and as a renunciation of the principles of our Government; and the more apathy the public conscience shows on the subject the more the enormity of the crime looms up before my vision.

I feel like approving President Roosevelt in his tinkering at reform; but the best thing he ever proposed was a mere makeshift and, if ever so successful, all the good it would do would be merely temporary and would finally leave the public utilities corporations more firmly entrenched. I apprehend that after trying every expedient that can be proposed by any member or members of that party, they will finally come to see what the People's Party saw in 1892, and conclude like sensible people that the only way for the public to protect themselves is for the public to do its own work and own its own property. Public ownership of public utilities, the initiative and referendum and the imperative mandate adopted as the fundamentals of our Government is where they will all land after a while; but in the meanwhile our really great men must put in their time educating the people, while schoolboy statesmen like Roosevelt and politicians and corporate tools like Aldrich and Depew run the Government.



BOOKS

BY
Thomas E. Watson.

[NOTE.—Reviews are by Mr. Watson unless otherwise signed.]

"The Bible, the Baptists and the Board System." By J. A. Scarboro. Price one dollar. J. A. Scarboro, publisher, Fulton, Kan.

Religious books are sometimes considered dull by those who are hard to please. There are some unreasonable people who would rather split rails than to wade through Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," or Baxter's "Saint's Rest," or Taylor's "Call to the Unconverted." Fortunately, however, the number of readers thus hard to please is comparatively few. Most of us appreciate ecclesiastical literature very highly, and I remember with vivid distinctness the impressions which as a boy were made upon my plastic mind by Parson Brownlow's "Great Iron Wheel Examined." "The Iron Wheel" was written by the great Baptist divine, Elder J. R. Graves, but I never read it. Brownlow's Examination of Graves's book was so exceedingly comprehensive in its nature that the reader felt content to stop where Brownlow left off.

The book whose title heads this review is the most interesting religious work which has come into my hands in many a long day. The manner in which Brother J. A. Scarboro "goes after" other Baptist brethren is refreshing in the highest degree. The facts set forth in this book are important. The purpose of Brother Scarboro was to expose the methods of the convention Board system of Foreign Missionaries. To say that his attack is direct, his statements positive, and his arraignments powerful, is to put the case with great moderation. The general impression made upon the mind of the reader by the evidence which Brother Scarboro has accumulated is this: That the Board which controls Foreign Missionaries is in danger of going the road which all close corporations have traveled. Our poor human nature is just so constituted that no set of men can be intrusted with too much power. In such cases selfishness, tyranny, favoritism and corruption will develop. If the tens of thousands of individual Christians whose contributions from year to year support foreign missions should read this book there is no doubt whatever that the golden stream would be shut off until some explanation is given which satisfies the mind

of the average man the Board has not been guilty as charged in this book.

Listen to this paragraph from page 116: "Down in Texas they (the Baptists), had a great convention; they prayed for the Spirit and announced His presence; then they turned to and, in violation of the constitution, unseated a representative of an association, libeled him in doing it, and then changed the constitution to fit the action. *They turned him out because he continued to criticize extravagant salaries, nepotisms and sham reports.*"

If these charges are true, then some reform work is necessary for the good of the denomination and of the Christian world. If, on the other hand, the charges are false, they should be refuted in order that hereditary Baptists, like myself, should not have their minds disturbed and their reflection disordered by statements of that character. Consider this statement which I find on page 132: "*Just as Catholic Bishops peremptorily dismiss pastors and missionaries, so the Baptist Mission Boards dismiss missionaries.*" If that statement is true it will give a painful shock to every member of the great Baptist denomination. If the statement is not true, there should be a refutation which will carry conviction throughout the land. In Chapter VII of the book Brother Scarboro gives a narrative of the manner in which the Board has treated Rev. A. J. Diaz, an Apostle of Cuba. This chapter was an eye-opener to me, as it will be to all who read it.

In Chapter VIII there is an account of the manner in which the Board has treated Rev. J. S. Murrow, the great Missionary, whose lifelong work has been productive of such glorious results in the Indian Territory.

In that connection, the reader must pardon me for relating an experience out of my own life. In the year 1874, at the close of the sophomore term in Mercer University, I was adrift in the world, and was looking around to find work to do. Having sold at auction a few books in the City of Augusta, I had gone down to Lawtonville, in the County of Burke, where the Baptists were holding an Association. At this gathering of the people I hoped, by making diligent inquiry, to learn of some neighborhood where I might open a country school to teach the children during the day, while I studied law at night. I remember that it

was the glorious Indian summer-time of the year, but I recall no incident more vividly than that of a Baptist missionary who was in attendance upon the Association. As an illustration of what could be done by faithful work among the red men of the West, he had brought with him to Georgia an Indian chief, who had been converted to Christianity under his ministrations, and who had himself become a Minister of the Gospel. Thirty-two years have passed and gone since then, but with absolute clearness I recall the earnest, honest, intelligent face of the white missionary, and the labored speech, in broken English, of the Indian chief as he struggled to address his white brethren. *The name of this devoted missionary was J. S. Murrow.* I now learn, with profound pain, that this Soldier of the Cross, who for nearly forty years has devotedly borne the banner of Christ among the red men of the Indian Territory, has been subjected to heart-breaking humiliation by a Convention Board, sitting in Atlanta, Ga., and evidently puffed up to the bursting point with the supreme importance of its own "brief authority."

Chapter IX is head-lined like this, "*Convention Board System guilty of Conspiracy.—Libeling a Baptist Preacher and Editor who Plead for Reform and Exposed Evils.—Violating Constitutional Rights.—Trial and Conviction Without Evidence.—Crushing the Disturber.*"

It has been the custom of this Magazine to take no part in religious controversies. That rule will not be departed from, but as a hereditary Baptist and a warm sympathizer with those who are engaged in good work in every field, I earnestly call the attention of the Baptist denomination to the arraignment of the Board system made by the Rev. J. A. Scarboro.

Studies in Socialism. By Jean Jaurès; with translator's introduction by Mildred Minturn. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

A book calculated to arouse considerable ire among those dogmatists who, as Bernard Shaw declares, believe in the "antiquated" ideas of Karl Marx. And one sure to make a favorable impression in the ranks of those who, intelligently or otherwise, oppose Socialism. Jaurès himself is an Opportunist or Reformist in method and believes in getting all he can as fast as he can along the line of reform, never, however, losing sight of the ultimate aim of Socialism: The collective ownership of the means of production and democratic operation and management by the workers.

Jean Jaurès, a successful bourgeois (when shall we see the proletarian movement headed by proletarians?), is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and also editor of a Socialist daily paper, "*L'Humanité*," in which the "studies" in the present

volume originally appeared. He is fortunate in having a translator who knows something more than mere turning of French sentences into English. The translator's introduction, covering 88 pages, gives a more comprehensive view of Socialism than the Jaurès essays themselves.

"Although Socialists differ upon many points," says the translator, "they all agree upon the following main definition:

"Socialism is the doctrine that the means of production (that is, capital, land and raw materials, or, in other words, all wealth which is used for the creation of more wealth) should not be owned by individuals, but by society."

On the question of distribution, the translator says: "The Socialists do not hope to distribute wealth equally among all the workers, or on the basis of the needs of the different individuals. What they do hope to do is to distribute it in such a way that men will be rewarded as nearly as possible in proportion to the services they perform." Equality of distribution without regard to services rendered would mean Communism, although some Communists hold to the motto, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

"There is also a division of opinion among the Socialists," continues the translator, "as to the administrative organization which is to manage the collectively owned wealth. Some believe that the ownership of the means of production should be vested in the nation and administered by a trained bureaucracy; others have the ideal of a less centralized politico-economic system, under which the commune or township would be the principal owner and employer of labor; others imagine associations of producers, each group owning and controlling the plant at which it works itself; while still others think that the future society will be a combination of all these forms, some property being vested in the nation, some in local government bodies, and some in the organized trades."

In passing, it may not be amiss to quote Edward Bellamy's opinion on this point ("Equality"; Appleton, 1897):

"Do I understand" (asked Julian) "that the workers in each trade regulate for themselves the conditions of their particular occupation?"

"By no means" (answered the superintendent). "The unitary character of our industrial administration is the vital idea of it, without which it would instantly become impracticable. If the members of each trade controlled its conditions they would presently be tempted to conduct it selfishly and adversely to the general interest of the community, seeking, as your private capitalists did, to get as much and give as little as possible. And not only would every distinctive class of workers be tempted to act in this manner, but every subdivision of workers in the same trade would presently

be pursuing the same policy, until the whole industrial system would become disintegrated, and we should have to call the capitalists from their graves to save us. The regulation and mutual adjustment of the conditions of the several branches of the industrial system are wholly done by the general government."—pp. 55-56.

"But such discussions," says Jaurès's translator, "have, after all, an interest which is chiefly academic; they cannot become of practical moment for many years."

The "pressing practical question" which Miss Minturn sees "that touches Socialists very closely and divides them very bitterly," is the Method—the steps Socialists should take to establish Socialism. "Upon the question of Method, as it is called, European Socialists are separated into two schools; the one, followers of the great militant, Karl Marx, are called Revolutionists, Marxists, or Orthodox; the other, Opportunists, Reformists, Revisionists, Fabians." Here in America these schools are represented by the Marxist Socialist Labor Party, with Daniel De Leon at its head; and the Opportunist Socialist or Social Democratic Party, headed by Eugene V. Debs. Substantially all the American Socialists are of the Opportunist school.

"The Revolutionary Socialists do not necessarily believe in the use of force to obtain their ends. Indeed, as Jaurès points out, the partisans of the General Strike are the only ones who hope to win by other than legal political methods. But what they do believe in is the possibility of establishing the Socialist system in its entirety, after they shall have obtained political power"—a sort of birth, like the hatching of a chick from an egg, as distinguished from the continued growth of a tree.

"The Reformists, on the other hand, think that the coming change is too complex to be instituted as a whole. Their ultimate ideal is the collective ownership of capital, but they believe that they can best reach that ideal by introducing reforms gradually as the strength of their party and economic conditions admit, instead of hoping to apply a cast-iron dogmatic system as a unit."

Only a passing glance can be given to M. Jaurès's chapters, "The Socialist Aim," "Socialism and Life," "The Radicals and Private Property," "Rough Outlines," "After Fifty Years," "Revolutionary Majorities," etc. His style is pleasing, clear, convincing. In defending his Opportunism he, in the chapter "The Question of Method," ridicules the idea that the proletariat will acquire power suddenly because capitalism cannot longer maintain itself.

"It is not," says M. Jaurès, "by an unexpected counter-stroke of political agitation that the proletariat will gain supreme power, but by the methodical and legal organization of its own forces under the law of the democracy and universal suffrage. It is not by the collapse of the capitalistic

bourgeoisie, but by the growth of the proletariat, that the Communist order will gradually install itself in our society. Whoever accepts these truths, which have now become necessary, will soon understand the precise and certain methods of social transformation and progressive organization which they entail. Those who do not completely accept them and those who do not take the decisive result of the proletarian movements of a century very seriously; those who revert to the Communist Manifesto so obviously superannuated by the course of events, or who mix remnants of old thought that no longer contain any truth with the direct and true thoughts suggested by present reality, all such Socialists condemn themselves to a life of chaos." C. Q. D.

The Cities of Spain. By Edward Hutton.

With 24 illustrations in color, by A. Wallace Rimington, A. R. E., R. B. A., and 20 other illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A book of charms and irritations. The writer's faults are so many and so flagrant that they would condemn him utterly were it not for his many excellences. A felicity and delicacy of expression, a soul that feels deeply and vividly, an interesting personality, a familiarity with the art of many lands that adds much to his presentations, a rather unusual breadth and individuality of view—these, in spite of extravagances and failures, not only raise the volume decidedly out of the ordinary, but make it altogether worth while for certain moods and certain temperaments.

In his conclusion the author writes: ". . . In this book, as ever, I have only ventured to speak of myself, of myself if you will, apropos of Spain. . . . It is the art of Literature that I practice, and by my achievement or failure in this art I am to be judged." Behold in these few words the book and the man. Nay, behold them both in the single letter of a single word, for it is indeed "Literature," not literature, that the man practices in this, his book. Not as an adequate illustration of the distinction between the two, yet as throwing a tiny ray of light, it might be suggested that his use of "only" in the quotation above, while it may be allowable under the inevitable license of "Literature," is hardly sanctioned by the usages of the word as spelled without a capital. A small matter, truly, and not in itself worthy of mention, yet—illuminative.

His request, nay, his demand, that what he has written shall be judged not as a book of travel sketches, but as an exposition of himself in which "facts" concerning Spain are "not to become of too much importance," is eminently right and just. Yet it is hard to forego the whimsy of wondering what Maupassant, ardent advocate of this same canon of criticism, that the writer is to be judged solely according to his intention,

would have felt after reading these three hundred pages done into honeyed purple with a faint suggestion of yellow background.

The trouble, it would seem, lies in the author's having set forth his emotional impressions in prose rather than poetry. It would have been better to put into verse even his philosophy and didactics than to compel the medium of prose to convey the outpourings of his heart and the riot of his senses.

As either prose or poetry it must prove too great a demand upon the reader's responsiveness. First and worst, there is no relief, no light and shade. Bits of it are exquisite and the description of his disagreeable railway journey in the beginning might be termed even masterly, but as one reads on, emotions and sensibilities, even the most unused, are called upon again and again so that the effect, though at first renovating, pleasurable and almost inspiring, soon becomes bewildering, fatiguing and fruitless. To him Nature and every inanimate object is vividly personified; the impressions of one sense are to be expressed thoroughly only by translation into terms of another; all the world is but an extravagant expression or reflection of human emotion. We can bear with him through the "passionate flight of arches," the "unlimited desire of its height," a city's "hands lifted in prayer," "lucid streets," buildings "like thoughtful prayers, perfectly expressive, or like the immense laughter of youth, or like the gorgeous unfulfilled boasts of a young man," and hundreds and hundreds of similar descriptions, according to our particular abilities, for nearly every one of these might, alone, be excellent in its proper place. Unhappily, they only too often are *not* in their proper places and in the awful aggregate are both overwhelming and futile. The writer lacks the sense of proportion, without which there can be neither true Literature nor true literature, Art nor art. It is well enough to enjoy the grapes of a locality, but if one describes them as "grapes more precious than uncut stones" there is likely to be some difficulty when one wishes to pay proportionate tribute to something really stupendous in architecture or to the very soul of a people. Needless to say that, lacking a sense of proportion, he is utterly devoid of any sense of humor, without which there can be no—well, many things.

The natural results of this lavishness are repetition of epithet and a groping after terms of even more fulsome praise or more complete damnation. When Don Quixote, and, later, Shakespeare's Miranda, is spoken of as "my dear darling" the feeling aroused is something akin to nausea. The imagery is often drunken, at times even Bacchanalian, with an undercurrent of sensual unhealthiness now and then coming unpleasantly near the surface. His style certainly has nothing of the ascetic dignity with which he char-

acterizes Spain. There is, too, monotony even in his feelings, and his proclivity for rhapsodies on the desert, the "large few stars," the hour after sunset, etc., etc., becomes wearisome.

In his opinions, Mr. Hutton is most decided, which is both good and bad. That his judgments may at times be hasty or based on too slight foundation will now and then occur to the reader. For example, his intense dislike for Americans suggests that though a certain type of our tourist abroad deserves all that can be said against him, this type is not the universal one, not even of those Americans who do not stay at home, and that the other types, either in strange lands or on their native heaths, are likely to be overlooked exactly because they take care not to make themselves prominent. It recalls that other Englishman with similar opinions none too courteously expressed to whom it was finally suggested that he had perhaps been unfortunate in his letters of introduction. Again, the author's attitude toward the Spanish bull-fight, while one of the broadest and most thoughtful we have encountered, is weakened by the fact, a weakness in this case frankly confessed, that he is constitutionally incapable of appreciating "sport" in any form. It is also something of an index to the man himself.

Those more interested in the subject-matter than in the style will, of course, find a Spain as seen by another, not as they have seen or would see it. Whether or not one is dependent solely upon Mr. Hutton's impressions for one's own concepts, the book, despite its extravagances, should be a pronounced help toward a full understanding of the Land of the Dons. The architect, especially if he has himself covered the ground, and, in lesser degree, the lover of art, will find much both to dispute and to enjoy.

A. S. H.

The Land of Pardons. By Anatole le Braz. Translated by Frances M. Gostling. With 12 illustrations in color by T. C. Gotch and 40 other illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This altogether delightful book on the famous and picturesque religious festivals of the people of Brittany, written as it is by one who is both Breton and artist, will not only completely win the hearts of those who have seen Brittany, but should charm even the veriest stranger. For it is not only the Pardons themselves that form its contents, but the customs, legends, history, the very soul of that unique branch of the Celtic peoples which has held so bravely, so tenaciously, to its traditions and racial integrity that even today the strenuous efforts of the French Government to Gallicize the Bretons have made but comparatively small headway against their stubborn resistance. True, the French language is gradually spreading throughout "Armorica," and since Anne of Brittany's marriage to the French king the

Breton's sturdy and hereditary independence has been gradually weakening, the educative methods of modern civilization conquering more surely than the mere brute-force of ages past, but still it is the Breton tongue that opens all doors, it is the Bretons who most vigorously champion the Church against the State (just as in the times of the Vendée they were the last upholders of the Royalist cause and as in antiquity they clung most firmly to the old Druid worship), still they hold to the old ways, the old costumes, the old beliefs, a people pitiable and magnificent in their loyalty and their patient, ever-enduring hope.

To those who have themselves witnessed some of the almost numberless Pardons and may feel more or less familiar with the country this love-labor of M. Anatole le Braz will prove a tremendous surprise. They will find that they have seen only from afar, and that they have not begun to comprehend.

In his preface the author, quoting from Le Goffic, sets before us this idea of the Breton Pardon:

They have remained unchanged for over two hundred years, and nowhere else will you find anything so deliciously obsolete. They have no resemblance to other festivals. They are not pretexts for feasting, like the "Flemmis Kermesses," neither are they revels like the Paris fairs. No! their attraction comes from a higher source. They are the last vestiges of the ancient Feasts of the Dead, and there is little laughter in them, though much prayer.

Speaking in his own person:

Only toward evening, when Vespers are over, do the festivities begin. And what simple pleasures they are; how innocent, how primitive! The good folk flock together in the shade of the walnut trees, on the greensward, beneath the spreading elms. And there, under the eyes of the girls, seated demurely on the surrounding slopes, the youths challenge one another to wrestle, to race, to jump with the long pole, while the old men look on and applaud. Last of all the dance unfolds its mystic circles, serious yet lively, with an indescribable harmony and simplicity in its rhythm, that reminds one of its sacred origin.

The home-goings in the dusk are exquisite.

Again:

One can never understand what an important position the Pardon of his parish or district occupies in the mind of the Breton, unless one is born of the race and has known the legends from childhood.

As a little one he is led to the Pardon in his beautiful best clothes, and the old folks seem like fairies who bathe his face in the fountain, so that the power of the sacred water may be to him as a suit of diamond armor.

Grown a youth, it is here that he ties the knot of friendship with some pretty one, beside whom, not so very long ago, he sat, a mere child, at catechism. Lately she has increased in grace as he in vigor, and now he engages himself to her, giving himself over entirely, without set phrases, in a furtive clasping of hands, in a look.

All the dearest and most sacred emotions of his life are connected with this poor house of prayer, with the mossy inclosure planted with elms or beeches with the narrow horizon bounded by a

hawthorn hedge, and with the mystical atmosphere perfumed by incense.

When at last he grows old, it is to his Pardon that he comes to watch the joy of the young, and to taste, before leaving this world, that short rest which the good genius of the place, the tutelary saint of his clan, has prepared for him.

The volume is devoted to five typical noted Pardons—the Pardon of the Poor (Saint Yves), at Minihy; of the Singers, at Rumengol; of Fire (Saint Jean-du-Doight), at Traoun-Meriadek; of the Mountain (Saint Ronan), at Loeronan; of the Sea (Sainte Anne de la Palude), at La Palude.

Everywhere are interwoven the fascinating old Celtic legends, harking back to the times when the Druids held sway, and embodying the soul of a people. It is a book of fairy-tales for grown-ups as well as a contribution of more solid worth.

The illustrations are excellently chosen and—rare thing!—some of the colored ones, in addition to being true to life in their lines and unusually happy in effect, reproduce the colors of the originals. The index at the end is a most commendable addition.

A. S. H.

Cities of Northern Italy. By Grant Allen and George C. Williamson. In two volumes. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Those who have been wise and fortunate enough to travel in Europe with one of Grant Allen's former books as guide and educator will need no more than the above announcement to send them in quest of the present volumes. Grant Allen, by a rare combination of literary excellence and common sense, stands out as a pioneer among those who write of the cities of Europe for the benefit of tourists. To those who can never have the privilege of travel his books will not only perhaps come nearer being a substitute than any others, but will in any event prove a delightful as well as an unusually instructive pastime.

One is reluctant to apply the term "guide-book" to books so admirable in conception, purpose, structure and culture, and, though in the last analysis they must be so classed, they are guide-books only in the highest sense of the word and stand apart.

The purpose, as set forth in the introduction to the "Cities of Northern Italy," is not to direct the traveler through the streets of an unknown town or to give information about cab-fares and hotels, but "to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting and minor arts of the towns he visits."

There is a glorious absence of the "technique of the studios and the dialect of the modeling-room." "What I aim at is

rather to expound the history and meaning of each work, to put the intelligent reader in such a position that he may judge for himself of the esthetic beauty and success of the object before him." Ordinarily the writer who discourses on works of art either slavishly repeats the dicta of eminent authorities or, if he ventures at all upon originality, too often bases everything upon the ridiculous hypothesis that art is a thing detached from the world whose expression it is. How refreshing the point of view that beholds works of art, not as the products of this or that artist, but as "material embodiments of the spirit of the age—crystallizations, as it were, in stone and bronze, in form and color, of great popular enthusiasms!"

Grant Allen died before he could complete the present book, but he had advanced far enough for his friend, Mr. Williamson, who had to some extent worked with him and was familiar with his purposes, to finish the work from his copious notes. No small credit is due Mr. Williamson, for, though one may at times find fault with his use of English, it must be remembered that it is one thing to write one's own book, and quite another to write another man's.

The first volume is devoted to Milan alone; the second to Verona, where is the finest brick architecture in Italy; Padua, which represents Giotto's best; Ravenna, famous for its mosaics, and Bologna, redolent of Francia. One is almost tempted to say that the traveler in Italy "cannot afford to be without it," and everyone, whether traveler or stay-at-home, would be the better for reading it, for "Italy is the schoolroom of the world," or, as it is less kindly said in a recent article by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, on "The Novels of Mrs. Wharton," it is "the country where humanism, culture, art, may most rapidly be got up." And surely Italy, as here represented, makes good these claims.

In cover, typography and general appearance the two volumes are exceptionally pleasing, and the illustrations are both numerous and excellent.

A. S. H.

Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine and the Loire Country.

By Francis Miltoun. With many illustrations reproduced from paintings made on the spot by Blanche McManus. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"This book is not the result of ordinary conventional rambles, of sightseeing by day and flying by night, but rather of leisurely wanderings, for a somewhat extended period, along the banks of the Loire and its tributaries and through the countryside dotted with those splendid monuments of Renaissance architecture which have perhaps a more appealing interest for strangers than any other similar edifices wherever found."

Mr. Miltoun's books have already won their place with the millions of Americans interested in anything that deals with the rich store of knowledge, culture and charm to be drawn from the old countries of Europe, and this latest addition to the series will find immediate favor. The idea of opening with a general survey of the territory is most commendable, and affords the reader opportunity to assign proper values and proportions to material that would, without some similar device, naturally be difficult of intelligent and thorough absorption. The book itself is delightful and, one might say, comfortable. For there is no breathless rushing from place to place, and no habit of dreary pauses for cloying rhapsodies that defeat their own end. Perhaps there is for many a trifle too much dwelling upon architectural aspects, but surely there is excuse for that, when the subject-matter is the chateaux of the Loire. There is, moreover, ample measure of history and legend of the customs and character of the people, of the appeals of the country itself and of all else that goes to make the Loire-country a Mecca for the traveler. Best of all the author and the artist have their heart in their work, "and the heart giveth grace unto every art." Those who have visited the "Chateaux country" will find the pleasure and profit of their journeyings immeasurably increased by a ramble through Mr. Miltoun's pages; those who have this land of heart's desire still before them will make the reality the more delightful by the reading, and that multitude who cannot hope will, since it is a substitute or nothing, find in this book a most happy one.

The illustrations, many of them in color, are charming, and the numerous maps and diagrams form a valuable contribution to the general worth of the book.

A. S. H.

The Undying Past. A Novel. Herman Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. John Lane Co., New York.

Herman Sudermann, the famous German dramatist, is not familiar to Americans as a writer of novels. We have learned that the original of this book, "Es War," was written long before the stage successes that have made him known throughout the civilized world. Sudermann withheld the book from publication for ten years after he had written it. A whole generation of our "novelists" rise and fall forgotten in that period.

As one goes through the pages of "The Undying Past" further comparisons occur to the reader. He realizes that he is reading a novel, not a hodge-podge of "thrilling incident," "vivid characterization," "breathless suspense," "unusual plot"—and all the other stale ingredients noted in a complimentary sense, by sophomore critics, anxious to have quoted in advertisements their say

about the latest best seller. Also, we venture to say that the average reader of new books will find himself enjoying one of the lost pleasures of reading, for the simple reason that "The Undying Past" is actually a novel—not a great novel, but one of force and distinction.

R. D.

Lady Baltimore. By Owen Wister. With illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey and Lester Ralph. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Lady Baltimore" is so far superior to "The Virginian" that through it Mr. Wister steps into a new rank among writers of English and American readers. His former success proved a "best seller" and may represent one phase of our country's many phases, idealized to a most considerable degree, but "Lady Baltimore," while it idealizes less, is yet infinitely more delicate and sympathetic, and presents so much broader a view of the elements composing our national life that some enthusiastic critics have gone to the extent of proclaiming it the long-heralded "American novel." Not that, perhaps, but a book that does hold up to view many of the problems, sympathies, opinions and interests of present America and, as a piece of fiction, claims in the highest degree that much-abused adjective "charming." Especially does it claim eminence as a just and sympathetic picture of the South, made more forcible by the constant juxtaposition of the Northern point of view. It is American to the core and its tone is pleasantly optimistic with unshakable faith in our country's fair future.

In it there are lessons for the North, the best the South contains being portrayed by loving hands, and other lessons for the South, which may well benefit by the contrast of the North's gentle blood and better feelings with the *nouveau riche* and the vulgarity and narrowness that too often lead the Southerner to believe that he has neither friend nor understanding and appreciative countrymen on the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line. For both North and South there is the lesson of a common interest in a common country.

There may at times be a slight superabundance of letters and discussion, considering it as merely a story, but the interest cannot flag and he who begins will finish. Mr. Wister's hand is sure, his purpose high and never obtrusive, his humor true and delicate, his atmosphere delicious and his discrimination exquisite. The love-story moves surely and gently to a natural ending, and every character in the book stands out, not only a living person, but one whom there is both profit and pleasure in knowing. Nowhere is there awkwardness, nowhere a jarring note. For once a "popular" book deserves its popularity—and more.

A. S. H.

The Bitter Cry of the Children. By John Spargo. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," writes an introduction to Mr. Spargo's book, in which he says he counts himself "fortunate in having had a hand in bringing this remarkable and invaluable volume into existence." Then Mr. Hunter explains how it happened.

Undeniably "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is a remarkable book, and one that should be read by the every day man and woman as well as by those that make social conditions their study. Mr. Spargo is wrought up about the condition of the working child, and, in general, about the condition of the children of the poor. At times his feeling is perhaps too evident for effectiveness of argument; but there is no escape from the mass and variety of statistics on which he founds his plea for reform.

The agitation against the inhumanity of child labor is now under way and, though its progress may seem slow, nothing can stop it. On the other hand so painstaking and heart-reaching a study as "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is certain to make more insistent the underlying need for this particular and most vital reform.

R. D.

The House of Cobwebs. By George Gissing. To which is prefixed The Work of George Gissing, An Introductory Survey by Thomas Secombe. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

In each of these fifteen stories is the sound of Gissing's dominant note—money. In nearly all of them it is the dominant note of the story itself; in all, its powers as a factor in life are reflected from the author's own bitter struggle against poverty. It would seem that he could nowhere catch a glimpse of the world except through the muddy glass of coin of the realm—a point of view easily maintained, since civilization were impossible without its medium of exchange, and altogether justified, since he could write his truth in no other way. It is, furthermore, within certain bounds, a far more severe arraignment of present conditions than any direct attack could hope to be. There is both pain and shame in seeing how the bodies, minds and souls of men and women must find destiny in jingling bits of metal, and Gissing does not show us that other and occasional picture of man rising superior to circumstance, glorified, not stunted or besmirched, by the conflict. It was not his own experience, for though, in a way, he triumphed, it is hard to agree with Mr. Secombe in his introductory survey that the man's work did not suffer from an existence ceaselessly cramped and tortured by poverty. There was that in Gissing which would have found artistic expression in spite of anything short of phys-

ical impossibilities. His want concentrated him almost entirely upon one limited field; it lends itself more readily to belief that, even allowing for his classical bent, freedom of circumstance would rather have given him a wider choice of material than it would have rendered him diffuse or futile. As his actual life shaped him for the one thing, so would kindlier circumstances have shaped him to some other which would have had also the advantage of being his own choice and so have been, in the last analysis, probably a truer and more adequate expression of himself. It may be said that he has a broad outlook, yet it is from only one window of a tower that he looks out upon the world—upon the other windows he turns his back. It may even be claimed with some justice that the intense feeling resulting from his life's limitations rendered him something of a partisan in the field he made his own.

In most of the stories of the present volume the essential impression common to all is the deforming influence of the lack of money, or the desire for it, upon natures of a finer mold and latent possibilities. It is seldom physical suffering that is emphasized, except as a side issue, but one stares at the anguish of refinement chained to the vulgar, of better things crushed under an unliftable weight of sordidness, of souls twisted awry by the screw of want. In "The Pig and Whistle" this note is almost absent, yet it is a considered, though not a considerable, factor. In "Miss Rodney's Leisure" it is sounded only as part of the accompaniment. In "A Lodger in Maze Pond" and "The Riding Whip" it is more pronounced, though only a sub-motif. Less audible in "Humblebee," it is none the less a keynote. In the others it makes itself heard above all the harmonies and discords.

Mr. Secombe's excellent introductory survey of Gissing and his work leaves little to be said except where one may venture to differ slightly in opinion. It is difficult to agree that Gissing shows no sense of humor. While it is nowhere prominent and always merely one of the sidelights he turns upon his material, it is nevertheless frequently discoverable, generally with a flavor of acidity. Gissing had too clear a perception of the proportion of life to be entirely lacking in this quality.

He has been denied the dramatic quality; certainly there is nothing of the melodramatic. May it not be that the dramatic is only relentlessly repressed? At least there is furnished constant incentive for the reader to supply the dramatic. Perhaps this is the better accomplishment of the two.

Again, it would seem that Gissing is not so wanting in plot and structure as he is accused of being. It is a weak point, to be sure, from both the artistic and the popular point of view, and one finishes most of the stories in the present collection with a

feeling of incompleteness. They more often than not impress one as fragments from longer works. There is no plot among these that could satisfy merely in its action and all at first glance suggest a study or character sketch rather than a trim and tidy short story. The incident, phase or step of character development may be in a way insignificant, and the structure is generally built with an eye to the material itself rather than to an iron-clad adherence to rule, but it is none the less there and it may be that the form of the true short story is approximated more closely than in many tales that meet both popular and carelessly formulated artistic requirements.

There is too much strength in the material and too much felicity and finish in the style for one to pause long over a question of mold, and one is likely to read this book with an avidity creditable to the most formally perfect productions. In vital knowledge of most of his material, in his repression and compression, his exquisite nicety of word and in his ability to present living characters and realized situations and conditions, there is that which, while it cannot raise George Gissing to a level with the few best, insures him a place far above the multitude.

A. S. H.

Gabriel and the Hour Book. By Evaleen Stein. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

In this instance a monkish legend is used as the background for a sweet and plaintive child's book. "In those days—it was four hundred years ago—printed books were very few, and almost unknown to most people, for printing presses had been invented only a few years, and so by far the greater number of books in the world were made by the patient labor of skilful hands; the work usually being done by the monks, of whom there were very many at that time." So the chronicler indicates his theme and the period, then proceeding to tell a story that ought to please and inform youthful minds. The illustrator has not caught the atmosphere of the period as well as the writer has. Adelaide Everhart's color pictures have the medieval air, if a cigar-box picture has it. If not—?

R. D.

Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass.

In this volume are grouped the following: "From the Book of Myths"; "From the Green Book of the Bards"; "Songs of the Sea Children"; "Songs from a Northern Garden"; "From the Book of Valentines." Let us say right here that we like nearly all the poems in the book, liking the last sheaf the least; and, often in the other pages admiring, to the point of marvel, the liteness of line, the sure music of rhyme and

rhythm, the absolute intimacy with nature that breathes in the poet's voice unflinchingly.

Now we shall cite an opinion of Bliss Carman's work, recently published in the *London Times*:

" . . . He has that quality of which we have noted the lack in the poetry of most of his predecessors, a youthful gaiety and bravery. It seems, indeed, as if his country might be acquiring at last the power to express in poetry that enterprise, that adventurer-spirit which has hitherto been reserved for its affairs. . . . He is never sentimental, never afraid of passion any more than he is afraid of showing the learning and the mastery of his art that he too often misuses. And, if that temper be sincere, it may be the forerunner of an awakening, an outburst of poetry greater than any that America has yet produced, a poetry that shall be worthy of a great nation, and of the greatness of her earlier poets."

Finally, hear what the poet himself says, in a quaintly humorous preface, as modest as it is unabashed:

"It is a hearty old saying that good wine needs no bush. Why, then, should the master of a roadhouse hang out a sign letting folk know there is good drink within?"

"Consider the feelings of the landlord, poor man. At once nettled and abashed, he exclaims:

"'Pray, why should I stick a bough over my door? My tavern is well bespoken for miles about, and all the folk know I serve nothing but good, honest liquor—and mighty comforting it is of a cold night, when the fire is bright on the hearth, or refreshing on a hot day, either.'

"'Nay, but,' says the stranger, 'how should a traveler know of this? You must advertise, man. Hang out your sign to attract the passer-by, and increase trade. Trade's the thing. You should be doing a driving business with a cellar like yours.'

"'Huh,' replies the taverner, 'I perceive that in the city where you come from it may not be a mark of character in a man to rely wholly upon merit, but that if one would insure success, he must sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men, as the Word says.'

"'Tut, man,' says the stranger, 'look at your friend John Doe under the hill yonder. Does a wonderful business. Famous all over the country for his home-brewed ale, and his pockets lined with gold.'

"'Yes,' says the host, 'John Doe is a good, thrifty man, and as a fine comrade as you'd wish to find, selling his hundred thousand bottles a year. But the gist of the matter between us isn't all in quantity, I'll be bound. Quality is something. And as for myself I would as soon have a bottle of wine as a keg of beer any day. Wine is the poetry of life, in a manner of speaking, and ale, you see, is the prose—very good to

get along on, but no sorcery in it. Three things I always say, a man needs have—meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And that's no such easy matter in a difficult world, I can tell you. 'Tis wine that gives a man courage and romance, and puts heart in him for deeds and adventures and all manner of plain, wholesome love. And that, after all, is the mainspring with most men, hide it how they may. For whatever was done that was worth doing, and was not done for a woman or for the sake of a friend, I should like to know?'

"'Maybe I hadn't thought of that,' says the stranger. 'You must have tasted some rare wine in your time.'

"'Not so much,' says the other, 'but I was born with a shrewd taste for it, you may say. Moreover, I came of a people who were far farers in their day, and have been abroad myself more than once. So it comes you find the foreign vintages in my bins. There's some Greek wine I have, sir, that's more than a century old, I'll wager; and a rare Moonwine, as they call it, picked up in an out-of-the-way port, that will make you forget your sorrows like a strain of music; light wines from France, too; and some Heather Brose, very old and magical, such as the little dark people used to make hereabout in the times of the Celts long ago—and very good times they were, too. It is not these days that have all the wisdom ever was, you may be sure.'

"'You are not such a bad advocate, after all,' remarks the stranger. 'You speak very invitingly.'

"'Step inside,' says the landlord."

R. D.

A Shropshire Lad. Lyrics. By A. E. Housman. John Lane Company, New York.

A book of unusual charm and distinction is "A Shropshire Lad." We select two of the lyrics of which it is made up, and offer them as evidence of the qualities we emphatically attribute to Mr. Housman's product:

"'Is my team plowing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

"'Aye, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plow.

"'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?'

"'Aye, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

"Aye, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep;
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

"Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose."

"Far in a Western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

"There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marveling why,
Halts on the bridge to harken
How soft the poplars sigh.

"He hears; long since forgotten
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

"There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs."

R. D.

In Colonial Days. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. L.
C. Page & Company, Boston.

These stories of the Old Province House at Boston acquaint one anew with the warm and fecund imagination, the delicate and firm style of the great New England novelist. The book is handsomely made and ought to serve admirably for gift purposes. The illustrations are good.

H. E. V.

Born to the Blue. By Florence Kimball Russel. L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

A good boy's story of army life and adventure, evidently written by one fully informed about her characters and their surroundings. Healthy in tone, and stimulating to the youthful mind.

E. C. L.

Lover's Pleading

BY G. E. WARD

WILD roses hidden in the hedge
Surrender to the lips of June;
White lilies cloistered in the sedge
Permit the kisses of the moon.

And oh! my heart desires your love
As never June desires a rose,
And never the pale moon above
Such passion for a lily knows:

And yet your love I vainly seek;
Unto my love no love replies;
No blush gives answer in your cheek,
No passion lightens in your eyes.

Ardent as June I watch and wait;
Pale as the moon I pace your sky;
O Lady! be compassionate,
Kiss me and love me, or I die!



The Say of Other Editors

EVERY time one thinks about the tariff on lumber and wishes to express his feelings he finds the English language incapable of furnishing him the proper word. The average man has found out that "cussing" does no good after twenty years of effort, as far as that tariff is concerned. What forest lands remain in this country are fast passing into the control of trusts and big mining companies. The Hecla Copper Mining Company, which is part of the Rockefeller Copper Trust, owns 90,000 acres of forest in Michigan and is constantly acquiring more. The cry of Shaw and his followers is "stand pat" and make no change in the tariff, although there are almost inexhaustible forests in Canada from which we could get lumber and preserve our own timber lands.—*The Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

Do the laboring people know that Governor Higgins signed a bill trusteeing wages over \$12 a week in favor of the creditors of wage-earners? Did that job lot convention held in Malone, that swallowed everything and indorsed Higgins's iniquitous administration, say anything of this? Oh, no, they poured standard oil on the troubled political waters and swallowed all things rotten.

The laboring men of this state will bury Higgins under an avalanche of indignant ballots when they get a whack at him, for turning over all their wages over \$12 a week to a trustee, to be held for their creditors. This bill strikes at personal liberty and the liberty of contract, and is a revival of the Connecticut blue laws or worse. No free people will tolerate any such interference with their private affairs, and when the wage-earners get a whack at Higgins, who signed the measure, he will never know what he collided with.—*Forum, Malone, N. Y.*

ONE of the most healthy signs of the times is found in the fact that every candidate for any important office in Nebraska, as a prerequisite, instinctively hastens to put himself on record as in favor of regulating trusts.—*Custer County Beacon, Broken Bow, Custer Co., Neb.*

It is not only our commerce, but our national character that have been injured by the frauds and scandals now astonishing

the world. If the laws had been faithfully executed, such scandals would have been impossible. The greatest and most damaging of all these scandals is that the laws of the United States have not been faithfully executed—that rant, and hypocrisy, and connivance at crime, and political partisan success won by criminals with stolen money and hush-money, stand in the place of duty and morality. The people may applaud the spectacular rogues for a time; but they will turn and rend them just as soon as they are undeceived.—*Herald, Bolivar, Mo.*

THAT standpatters are not in a happy frame of mind is evidenced by the organ of the Protective Tariff League. That subsidized mouthpiece of the trusts and protected interests declares that the men in charge of the Republican congressional campaign indorse a statement attributed to John Hay, that "tariff revision is bound to come, but woe to the party through whom it cometh." This would indicate that the standpatters are trying to discount the effect of the election of a Democratic Congress and at the same time trying to arouse the protective tariff barons to the danger and make them "come down with the dust" liberally to prevent such a catastrophe to the trusts and combines. As that Republican statesman and standpatter, Senator Buckley, says that elections are carried by those with the most money, so all the tariff barons have to do is to come down with the boodle and the Republican Congressional Committee will do the rest.—*The State, Providence, R. I.*

CAN it be that there is graft in the expenditure of the money given for the relief of the San Francisco earthquake sufferers? A writer in the Joplin (Mo.) *Globe* says: "Bills for \$157,599 for automobile service in the two weeks following the fire—more than was spent for milk, butter, eggs, bread, vegetables, drugs and clothing in the relief of 200,000 homeless persons—were presented to the finance committee today, and threaten to cause a scandal before the work of auditing is completed. The charges average \$35 a day, and in some cases are much higher."—*Ohio State Register, Washington Court House, Ohio.*

SENATOR BURTON and Senator Smoot have both lost their seats in Congress; one for paying too much attention to business, and the other for paying too much attention to the women.—*Monitor, Mammoth Springs, Ark.*

W. J. BRYAN, when in St. Petersburg, Russia, was asked whether he had dropped free silver, and for his opinion regarding the beef scandal, and replied: "No, I have not dropped free silver, but the question has become one of secondary importance. As to the beef scandal, the disclosures prove that monopoly leads to high prices and to deterioration in quality. Inspections show evils that only anti-monopoly can uproot."—*Texas Farmer, Dallas, Tex.*

THE enormous Republican majorities in Pennsylvania in the past are not so wonderful since the light has been thrown on the corrupt bargain between the railroads, trusts and combines and the Republican politicians, and similar conditions prevail in New Jersey and other states; but light is breaking on the cesspools of corruption.—*Democrat, Gallatin, Mo.*

THE income of the average American, according to United States census reports, is \$650 a year, but the meat, ice, milk, grocery and other bills indicate that his outlay is much more.—*Independent, New-marr, Ill.*

CHARLIE SCHWAB, of the Steel Trust, whose head was turned by his election to the presidency of that concern and whose antics in Europe, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere, caused his retirement from that position, is being considered as a possible United States Senator from Nevada, to succeed Francis G. Newlands, in 1909. He doesn't live in Nevada, but he has "investments" there. He would be useful in promoting railroads and mining undertakings. Already the work for him has begun—before he has taken up his residence in the state. Talk about a rotten borough! If Schwab can get to the Senate from Nevada under such circumstances, the interests truly have the nation up for sale. Such maneuvering makes a mock of the system of government. It is a grim jest upon the people. Nevada will be exploited by the men who want Schwab in the Senate. It will be worked according to the latest method of the industrial manipulators. The state will be looted by the "industrials." Schwab is about as fit for Senator as Scotty of Death Valley, or the late Coal Oil Johnnie. The brazen effrontery of the scheme to buy a state for a plutocrat who never set foot in it for more than ten days is the cap sheaf of capitalistic corruption in politics. Still, why should we gag at Schwab and his methods? There are Clark, of Montana, Aldrich, of Rhode Island. There was Mit-

chell, of Oregon, and Quay, of the plum tree. Schwab is no worse than any of these, except that, in addition to his determination to do what Addicks tried in Delaware, he is a little "dotty" as a result of his sudden wealth and prominence in the great Steel Trust steal.—*Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.*

A WORD as to Mr. Watson and the great help that he has been to the cause of white supremacy during the present campaign in Georgia. Years ago, before anybody ever thought of Mr. Smith making the race for Governor, Hon. Thos. E. Watson, in a public speech in Atlanta, pledged his help to the Democrats and to the white people of Georgia whenever they should decide to make Georgia a white man's state, and put the negro out of politics in Georgia for good and all. He has magnificently redeemed his promise in the present campaign. He has suffered along with Hoke Smith such political crucifixion at the hands of the railroad owned and ring controlled organs of the state such as is rarely met with in political campaigns. But during it all Mr. Watson has continued to stand steadfastly to the cause of the people of the state and to his promise to help them redeem Georgia from the control of the railroad ring, and to make the old state forever a white man's state in its politics. Mr. Watson's help to the cause of the people in the campaign that has just closed has been second to none in the State of Georgia, and despite the fact that Farmer Jim, the Convict King, with his barbecues and workers carried Mr. Watson's own home county against Hoke Smith.—*Herald, Augusta, Ga.*

HON. THOS. E. WATSON may smile at the fate of his political enemies, whose great outlay of money and effort to defeat him in his home county was so overwhelmingly rebuked by the state at large, and that the pitiful effort to humiliate him at home reacted on his enemies in their overwhelming defeat throughout the rest of the state.

Perhaps the only one who will be unable to find one single crumb of comfort in the result of the election will be Editor Pendleton, of the *Macon Telegraph*. He got into a long and bitter debate with Tom Watson in which he was badly worsted. He raved and raled at the Populists because at last they had done what he had preached for years they should do, fight out our difference inside the dear old party, and then got licked. He wrote reams of double-column editorials, showing how Macon would be ruined if Hoke Smith should be elected, and his people showed what they thought of his political judgment by voting a majority in every precinct contrary to his tearful advice and frantic pleading. But even he may find comfort in the thought that he stands pledged to support Hoke Smith for Governor, and perhaps Bryan and Watson in 1908.—*Tribune, Augusta, Ga.*

If our naval and military expenses ever surpass or even equal our educational expenses, we shall be on the wrong track. If we ever spend more to inspire awe and fear in other people than to cultivate intelligence and character in our own, we shall be on the road to the worst kind of bankruptcy—a bankruptcy of men.—*Unafraid, Posey County, Ind.*

The Railroad Rate Bill

As the Railroad Rate bill has been amended by the Senate, the Interstate Commerce Commission will be unable to fix railroad rates without subjecting its decisions to a complete revision by the courts on the whole record, and on both the law and the facts. This puts a weapon into the hands of the railroads which will enable them largely, if not wholly, to baffle the Commission in any efforts it may make at just regulation. It was what the railroad senators contended for, and what President Roosevelt at first said they should not have. Nor need they have had it. With such of his own party and such of the Democrats as were opposed to it, he could have defeated the railroad ring. They were, in fact, defeated when he came to their rescue by reversing his position and acceding to their demands.—*The Public, Chicago, Ill.*

Republican Cornerstone

"WHEREVER the Republican Party is in power, there is corruption. With its present organization nothing else could result. One of the things that keeps that party in power is passes to all kinds of men, from Supreme Court judges down to the worker in every little country town.—*The Investigator.*"

That's the way the thing is worked in Lancaster County, Pa. The "boss" is head of the electric power and trolley system. He keeps enough of the country dupes "solid" with bribes of position and patronage so as to "work" the rest of the backwoodsman, and though they get to clawing the air in a local fight over the spoils they are all "cheek-by-jowl" when the "national Republican" bugle sounds, and they have a chance again to fight the "Democratic" Party, which is controlled by the same corrupt agencies.—*American Whip, Lancaster, Pa.*

WHEN Heinze sold his copper mine, taking in part payment a senatorship from Montana, neither the buyer nor seller thought it necessary to consult the people of the state before closing the deal.—*Sentinel, Gentry, Mo.*

THE wave of reform is spreading throughout the country, and it begins to look as though every Republican in the state and nation will be swept from power. Someone may say that we wish so, and that the wish is father to our thoughts, and we

will not attempt to deny it.—*Citizen, Verdigrée, Neb.*

Government Ownership Coming

MUNICIPAL ownership is being hastened in all quarters by franchise grabs and other corporation robberies and extortions. The vast business enterprises, whose business interests are promoted by shady methods, even to the extent of carrying elections by fraud, will fall first under government control, and then will come government ownership.—*Democrat, Pomeroy, Wash.*

THE Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* thinks Roosevelt should send his "replies" by freight. We insist upon the charges being prepaid, if any are addressed to us.—*Post, Headland, Ala.*

PROBABLY it is in most respects as good a rate bill as we could expect to get, so long as such legislation is framed on the plan that whatever Senator La Follette proposes must be wrong.—*The Index, Cumberland, Md.*

IT is announced that, the rate bill being passed, the Senate will now take a "much-needed rest." And the public surely will be delighted at being able to follow suit.—*Advocate, Parish, La.*

WHILE the Interstate Commerce Commission is about it, they might ascertain the differential on Muck-rakes and White-wash Brushes, from outside points to Washington.—*Enterprise, Luck, Wis.*

Criminal Law Reform

THERE are two reasons why criminal law reform is a pressing problem today. One is the repression by that reform of lynch law. The other is not less important. We need that reform, says an *Atlantic* writer, because the social condition of our day imperatively demands a substantial increase in the scope and power of criminal law, a system strong enough to meet the new and increasing requirements of our civilization for corrective and repressive criminal law. A system too complicated to deal out certain justice to common offenders, ignorant and brutal, poor in purse and influence, can never adequately deal with our new class of big business criminals, with the men who get rich by fraud, the corporation inflators and wreckers, the faithless trustees and grafting directors, the exploiters of municipalities, the magnates who give bribes and the bosses who take them, the trust operators who sin against honesty in business, who break the law against monopolies, who give and take forbidden rebates. How can predatory wealth, powerful, influential, often entrenched in office, be punished by a system which creaks, groans and often breaks down in bringing a border ruffian to justice?—*Pioneer, Yuma, Col.*



FROM AUGUST 8 TO SEPTEMBER 8

Home News

Aug. 8.—Indictments charging the Standard Oil Company with receiving rebates in the form of non-payment of storage charges to certain railroad companies are returned by the Federal grand jury at Chicago.

Senator Cullum, of Illinois, announces that he is for Speaker Cannon for President in 1908.

Justice Giegerich, in the Supreme Court of New York, decides that the Mutual Life Insurance Company's corrected list of policyholders must be filed at Albany within ten days, and further corrected lists from time to time until the ballots have been sent out. He denies the International Policyholders' Committee's demand that the company be compelled to permit the committee to have access to the company's address stencils, and to send out its circulars on the company's stencils.

The Grand Jury in New York City begins an investigation of the methods of the Ice Trust.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society decides to continue doing business in France.

Aug. 9.—For the first time since 1893 the United States enters the market for silver bullion. Secretary Shaw decides to purchase 100,000 ounces per week until the demand for dimes, quarters and halves is supplied.

San Francisco policyholders attach the property of the Transatlantic Fire Insurance Company, of Hamburg, Germany, in New York City, as the Transatlantic refuses to pay any fire losses at San Francisco, claiming the destruction by fire an act of Providence.

The President approves the recommendation of Acting Secretary Murray that the *McCulloch* be sent back at once to the Pribyloff Islands to cooperate with the *Perry* in the patrol of the seal fishing waters.

Ex-Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, representing the Standard Oil Company in a legal capacity, appeals to President Roosevelt in behalf of the Standard in

regard to its controversy with the Department of the Interior over oil line leases in the Indian Territory.

Aug. 10.—The Panama Canal Commission decides to employ 2,500 Chinese laborers for digging the canal.

The Federal Grand Jury for the Western District of New York returns indictments against the Standard Oil Company of New York, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Vacuum Oil Company for rebating.

Horace Tucker, chairman of the Chicago and St. Louis Traffic Association, testifies before the Federal Grand Jury at Chicago that direct rebate arrangements exist between the Standard Oil Company and certain railroads.

Aug. 11.—Chairman Shonts, of the Panama Canal Commission, arrives in New York City from Colon, and reports general conditions in the Canal Zone good. He states that the labor problem has been solved by employing Spanish and Chinese laborers.

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, protests against the proposed employing of Chinese labor in the construction of the Panama Canal. He accuses Chairman Shonts of bad faith, claiming that Shonts promised that coolies should never be brought into the Canal Zone.

Chairman Shonts replies to Mr. Gompers, stating that the Chinese Exclusion act and the eight-hour law do not apply to the Canal Zone.

The Grand Jury at Boston indicts eight corporations and twenty-two persons connected with the corporations for conspiracy in restraint of trade. Seven of the corporations are ice companies.

Aug. 12.—Friends of District Attorney Jerome state that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte delivers an address on "Anarchism and its Remedy" before the Alleghany Chautauqua near Cumberland, Md. The Secretary denounces the "Reds" "as product of superficial education and decay of religion," and recommends

the lash and death as a punishment for their crimes.

A despatch from Chicago states that W. J. Bryan refuses to take part in the Illinois campaign unless Roger Sullivan, present head of the Democratic machine in that state, is put out of power and forced to resign from the Democratic National Committee. "It is immaterial to me whether Illinois indorses me or not," Mr. Bryan is quoted as saying. "But it is very important that the Democracy of that state repudiate Sullivan and his methods. The party must, first of all, purge itself of such leadership before it can enter courageously upon a campaign."

August 13.—President Roosevelt holds conferences with Chairman Shonts, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and Chairman Sherman, of the Congressional Campaign Committee.

The annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic opens at Minneapolis, Minn.

August 14.—Twenty miles of the Southern Pacific Railroad's track is washed out by a flood near Langtry, Tex., and the damage is estimated at \$2,000,000.

Since the announcement that the United States Government was in the market for silver bullion the price has risen so rapidly that Secretary Shaw decides to buy only enough to meet urgent demands.

The Interstate Commerce Commission begins an investigation of the relations of railroads entering Toledo, Ohio, with ice companies shipping over them.

At the suggestion of Governor Frantz, of Oklahoma, Attorney-General Cromwell begins an investigation to ascertain whether or not any railroad has violated its charter by discriminating in freight rates.

More than 100 men connected with Southern railroads meet at Atlantic City, N. J., to discuss the Railroad Rate law. The attorneys for the different roads are also present and are going over the new law section by section, endeavoring to find flaws on which they can destroy the effectiveness of it.

August 15.—Ex-Governor Odell secures control of the New York State Republican Committee, giving him control of the organization over Governor Higgins.

Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, refuses the request of Mr. Bryan to resign from the National Committee and accuses Mr. Bryan of attempting to resurrect strife.

The Interstate Commerce Commission takes final steps looking to the enforcement of the Safety Appliance law, which requires that ultimately all freight cars in this country must be equipped with air brakes.

August 16.—President Roosevelt told Speaker Cannon a few days ago, so an ear-witness relates, that he (Cannon) would be the next President of the United States. The Republican convention of the Eighteenth Illinois Congressional District renominates Speaker Cannon and indorses him for the Presidency in 1908.

Bob Davis, a negro, is lynched in the presence of Governor Heywood at Greenwood, S. C., after the Governor had made a plea to the mob to let the law take its course. Davis had murderously attacked a white lady and assaulted a negro girl.

Gen. Robert B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, is elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Odell Republicans notify the friends of President Roosevelt that they are willing to join with them in the interest of party harmony and nominate Charles E. Hughes for Governor of New York.

The Democratic and Populist state conventions of Nebraska agree upon a fusion state ticket.

August 17.—Cale and Waskey, the candidates of the miners of Alaska, are elected delegates to Congress by large majorities.

The Grand Army of the Republic completes its fortieth encampment and adjourns to meet in Saratoga, N. Y., in 1907.

The President appoints J. S. Harlan, of Chicago, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Democrats of Massachusetts indorse William J. Bryan for President in 1908.

August 19.—William Travers Jerome announces his willingness to run against William R. Hearst as the "conservative" Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. Up to the present time everything indicates that Hearst will have the regular Democratic nomination, also that of the Independence (Municipal Ownership) League.

Seven persons are killed and ten injured in a railroad wreck at Johnstown, Pa.

Carrie Nation is jailed in Denver, Col., on a charge of disturbance and inciting a riot.

August 20.—The Republican Campaign Committee makes public a letter from the President to Congressman James E. Watson, of Rushville, Ind., in which he opposes any change of leadership and organization in the House, upholds the Panama Canal, declares heartily for trades unions, but against their abuse, stands unequivocally for a protective tariff and has the following to say about the trusts: "The question of revising the tariff stands wholly apart from the question of dealing with the so-called 'trusts.' . . . The only way in which it is possible to deal with those trusts and monopolies and this great

corporate wealth is by action along the line of the laws enacted by the present Congress and its immediate predecessors."

The Isthmian Canal Commission issues specifications for bids to furnish 2,500 Chinese coolies to the Canal Commission by January 7, 1907.

The corrected amounts carried by each of the annual appropriation bills passed by Congress at the last session are as follows: Agricultural, \$9,930,440; army, \$71,817,165.08; diplomatic and consular, \$3,091,094.17; District of Columbia, \$10,138,672.16; fortification, \$5,053,993; Indian, \$9,260,599.98; legislative, executive and judicial, \$29,681,919.30; Military Academy, \$1,664,707; naval, \$102,091,670.27; pension, \$140,245,500; post-office, \$191,605,998.75; sundry civil, \$98,538,770.32; deficiency appropriations, \$39,129,035.45; miscellaneous appropriations, \$27,173,299.01; permanent appropriations, \$140,076,320. Grand total, \$879,589,185.16. In addition to the foregoing specific appropriations made, contracts are authorized to be entered into for certain public works requiring future appropriations by Congress in the aggregate sum of \$20,587,200. A comparison of these contract liabilities with those of the last session of the last Congress, amounting to \$26,770,057, shows a reduction of \$6,182,857.

August 21.—Roger Sullivan wins over Mr. Bryan's friends by a vote of 1,038 to 570 in the Illinois Democratic State Convention. The Sullivan followers then indorse Mr. Bryan for President, notwithstanding Mr. Bryan's declaration that he did not wish the indorsement unless Sullivan was repudiated.

Charles F. Murphy, Tammany boss, declares himself in favor of William R. Hearst for the regular Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. Following Murphy's declaration Mr. Hearst makes a statement in which he denounces Murphy, McCarren, Belmont, Ryan and politicians of their type and warns them against supporting him.

The Illinois State Republican Convention indorses Speaker Cannon for the Presidency in 1908.

August 22.—Hon. Hoke Smith is nominated Governor of Georgia by an overwhelming majority over the other four candidates. Out of a possible vote of 360, he secures 306. The nomination is equivalent to election and brings to a close one of the hardest fought campaigns in the history of the South.

Officials of the Southeastern Railroad lines meet in New York City and discuss the interpretation of the Railroad Rate bill, which takes effect August 29.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth receives

an invitation to unveil the memorial statue to the late President McKinley, at Canton, which will be presented to the State of Ohio on September 14.

Heat kills 10 and prostrates 29 persons in Chicago.

Senator Beveridge opens the congressional campaign in Maine, and declares the issue in the coming congressional election is Theodore Roosevelt.

August 24.—President Roosevelt indorses the spelling reform movement, started by Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, and Andrew Carnegie. An order is issued to the public printer that all documents emanating from the White House and all messages from the President shall be printed in accordance with the recommendation of the Spelling Reform Committee.

The Federal Grand Jury at Jamestown, N. Y., again indicts the Standard Oil Company and the New York Central Railroad for rebating.

August 25.—The President issues an appeal for aid for the sufferers of the recent earthquake in Chile.

Six persons die from heat in Louisville, Ky., and three in Chicago.

Two thousand rifles, eight rapid-fire guns and two million rounds of cartridges are shipped to the Cuban Government from New York City.

August 26.—The announcement is made at Peoria, Ill., that the Standard Oil Company has taken steps toward acquiring ownership of all the principal distilling plants in the United States. This will give the Standard control of the output of denatured alcohol.

Andrew Carnegie declares that other reforms in the English language will follow President Roosevelt's indorsement of the reform style spelling.

Street railway traffic is suspended in San Francisco as the result of a strike for higher wages by conductors and motormen.

August 27.—The Federal Grand Jury at Chicago returns ten indictments, containing 6,420 counts, against the Standard Oil Company, all in connection with the granting of rebates.

The United States receives notice that Dalny, now called Tarien, will be opened as a free port on September 1.

Delegations from Lincoln and Omaha, Neb., reach New York City, where they expect to welcome Mr. Bryan on August 30.

The Union Pacific and several other railroads advertise for bids for refrigerator cars. It is supposed that this will be a big advantage to fruit growers, as it will do away with the private car monopoly.

A band of Cuban rebels are routed by Government troops near Cienfuegos

and the rebels lose seventeen men. President Palma offers amnesty to all rebels who will lay down their arms and return to their homes within thirty days.

August 28.—Despatches from Columbia, S. C., state that the Local Option ticket carries the state, and that Senator Tillman and the dispensary are defeated on the whisky question.

The Real Estate Trust Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., fails for \$7,000,000.

The Interstate Commerce Commission refuses to make rulings and interpretations in advance as requested by some railroads.

Thousands of Democrats from different sections of the country reach New York City to meet Mr. Bryan.

August 29.—Hon. W. J. Bryan, accompanied by Mrs. Bryan and Miss Bryan, arrives off Sandy Hook, New York, from Europe, and is met by a large delegation of Democrats. Mr. Bryan goes to the home of Lewis Nixon on Staten Island instead of to New York City.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson returns to Washington from a trip to the West and Northwest, where he inspected many packing-houses. The secretary reports the conditions greatly improved.

The Interstate Commerce Commission refuses to give the express companies the delay asked for in the enforcement of the new rate law. The law goes into effect today.

August 30.—The public reception tendered Hon. W. J. Bryan at Madison Square Garden, New York City, is attended by ten thousand cheering admirers of Mr. Bryan. He favors referring all international disputes to The Hague Tribunal and opposes the use of our navy as a means to collect debts, stands for the independence of the Philippines, for popular election of senators, for an income tax, for arbitration in labor disputes, parties not being bound to accept the decisions, against government by injunction, for an eight-hour day, for President Roosevelt's recommended legislation against campaign contributions, for the complete overthrow of the monopoly principle in industry, for a tariff for revenue only, for Government ownership of all trunk railroads and state ownership of all others and against Socialism.

Secretary Wilson notifies the packers that labels on packages of meat products must be so explicit that there will be no deception of the public hereafter, if the packers want their goods accepted for interstate shipment.

The absence of John Sharp Williams from the Bryan reception arouses much comment in Washington.

August 31.—Honorable W. J. Bryan addresses his followers in six New England states, at New Haven, Conn. Mr. Bryan repeats his declarations in regard to public ownership of railroads, and a New England Bryan League is formed.

Despatches from Washington state that prominent Democrats, among them Senator Bailey, of Texas, Governor Folk, of Missouri, and Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, attack Mr. Bryan's Government ownership plans and predict that it will defeat his nomination in 1908.

Six Japanese are convicted of poaching at Valdez, Alaska. The six belong to the same party of which five were killed.

Former Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, is elected president of the American Bar Association.

The United States Army transport *Sheridan* goes aground on Barber's Point, Oahu Island, one of the Hawaiian group, and it is feared the vessel will be a total loss.

September 1.—A report from May King, Kentucky, states that twelve miners are entombed in the mines at that place and it is believed the men are dead.

Honorable W. J. Bryan speaks at Newark, and Jersey City, N. J. At Newark he declares Mr. Roosevelt's popularity arose chiefly through his advocacy of Democratic principles.

At the National Democratic Club, in New York City, Mr. Bryan declares he values the approval of his conscience more than that of the whole country.

J. Edward (Gas) Addicks is badly defeated in the Republican primaries throughout Delaware.

Many charges of discrimination and unjust rates are filed by shippers with the Interstate Commerce Commission against many of the important railroads of the country.

Charles A. Walsh, the Iowa member of the Democratic National Committee, tenders his resignation.

September 2.—In a battle between Italians and the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, at Punxsutawney, Pa., two of the constabulary are killed and one seriously wounded, while three other persons are hit by bullets.

Hon. W. J. Bryan leaves New York City for his home in Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Bryan will shortly begin to make speeches in the congressional campaign. President Roosevelt writes the public printer that if the changes in spelling he has approved do not meet with popular approval they may be dropped.

Washington despatches state that all tonnage and navigation dues in the Philippine Islands have been abolished by

- an act of the Philippine Commission, passed August 31.
- September 3.—The United States Army transport *Sheridan* is said to be a total wreck.
- The President reviews the naval parade at Oyster Bay. The squadron consists of twelve battleships, twelve cruisers, thirteen torpedo boats and two submarines, the most powerful fleet of American battleships ever assembled.
- The United States cruiser *Boston* runs on a rock near Anacortes, Wash., and is reported to be sinking. The *Boston* was one of Dewey's ships in the battle of Manila.
- Speaker Cannon opens his campaign tour at Augusta, Me., in a speech in favor of Representative Littlefield. Mr. Littlefield is one of the congressmen marked for defeat by Samuel Gompers, the labor leader.
- Hon. W. R. Hearst fires the first gun in his gubernatorial campaign at Syracuse, N. Y.
- September 4.—Fletcher D. Proctor (Republican), son of Senator Proctor, is elected Governor of Vermont by a large majority.
- Hon. William J. Bryan repudiates the recent indorsement of him by the Democrats of Illinois as the next nominee for President. He also bitterly denounces the political methods of National Committeeman Roger C. Sullivan.
- The United States cruiser *Boston* is not so seriously damaged as was first reported.
- Despatches from Washington state that Senator Bailey, of Texas, admits that he purposes giving out a statement replying to Mr. Bryan's declaration in favor of Federal ownership of railroads. It is the opinion in Washington that Mr. Bailey now hopes for the Democratic nomination in 1908.
- September 5.—The leak in the United States cruiser *Boston* is stopped and the vessel will be saved.
- In a speech at Lewistown, Me., Speaker Cannon criticizes the methods of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in dictating how the workmen shall vote in the coming congressional election.
- The Bryan men in New York plan to defeat Hearst for the gubernatorial nomination by starting a boom for Congressman William Sulzer. A conference of conservative anti-Hearst Democrats at Albany practically nominates District Attorney Jerome.
- Senator Daniel, of Virginia, announces that he is opposed to Mr. Bryan's plan of Government ownership of railroads. Mr. Bryan is welcomed home by the citizens of Lincoln, Neb.
- Secretary of War Taft speaks at Bath, Me. The secretary defends Congressman Littlefield and criticizes Samuel Gompers. He also favors tariff revision and expects agreement in the future.
- September 6.—After being notified that the district attorney was preparing indictments for all of them, the directors of the Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia pledged \$3,000,000 to pay all creditors of the institution in full.
- A petition is filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by J. E. Walker, of Media, Pa., charging the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the United States Express Company with punishing people who patronize a trolley line in competition with the railroad by a system of blacklisting. The complainant maintains that package express rates for sending goods out of Philadelphia to suburban towns are denied those who ride on the trolley line in preference to the railroad.
- The Legislature of Porto Rico authorizes a loan of \$1,000,000 for the purpose of building good roads.
- The Interstate Commerce Commission makes public an order calling upon the railroads of the country for information in regard to block signaling practice and electrical signaling appliances. The Commission considers this an important matter, as it has to do directly with the safety of life and property in railroad travel.
- The packers agree to have the labels for canned meats ready by October 1, when the new law goes into effect. The labels must state exactly what is contained in each package.
- September 7.—It is announced that William J. Bryan will take no part in the factional fight of the Democrats of Nebraska. Mr. Bryan tours North Carolina the middle of this month, but may give up the trips to Panama and Australia. In October he will probably make a tour of all the congressional districts of Illinois. Roger Sullivan, national Democratic committeeman from Illinois, challenges Bryan to prove his charges against him and makes countercharges.
- September 8.—Dan Patch breaks the world's pacing record by going a mile at St. Paul in 1.55.
- Judge Banker, of Findlay, Ohio, overrules pleas of abatement and motions to quash the information filed against John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company.

Foreign News

- August 8.—Edwin W. Sims, solicitor for the Department of Commerce and Labor, who is in Alaska to enforce the new law prohibiting all persons not citizens of the United States from fishing in Alaskan

waters, reports the killing of five Japanese fishermen and the capture of twelve Japanese prisoners on Atta Island, one of the Aleutian group.

Cape Town, South Africa, is placed under control of the naval and military volunteers to prevent a recurrence of recent riots. It is suggested to the English Government that a party of American negro preachers, who are advocating the "Africa for the Africans" idea, be deported from South Africa.

The Russian Cabinet begins a campaign preparatory to the election of a more tractable Parliament in December. It is also decided to appropriate \$27,000,000 for famine relief. Reports from Odessa state that the revolutionists decide to call a general strike in September.

August 9.—Many arrests are made in St. Petersburg, Russia, and it is stated that most of the labor leaders are now in custody.

Negotiations are opened between the Octobrists and Constitutional Democrats for the uniting of the two parties in the coming campaign, and conferences are in progress at Moscow.

The report of the pecuniary committee of the International American Conference, now in session at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, recommends the extension and withdrawal of all modifications for five years of the "Treaty of Arbitration for Pecuniary Claims" agreed upon at the Mexican conference between the different republics.

August 10.—The Shah of Persia issues a decree granting a national assembly and constitution.

Secretary Root and party reach Montevideo, Uruguay.

Services are held on board the United States battleship *Ohio* at Yokohama, Japan, over the body of Rear-Admiral Train.

Members of the moderate parties in Russia start movements to bring about a constitutional form of government by peaceful means.

Three officers and two privates of the 8th U. S. Infantry are killed by Pulajanes in Leyte, Philippine Islands.

The Spanish Ministry determines to make the Church subservient to the State. At the first sitting of Parliament it is announced that the Government will introduce a bill making religious orders amenable to the law controlling industrial corporations.

August 11.—Despatches from Panama state that the police capture seventeen Colombian generals, former revolutionists, on the charge of conspiracy against high national authorities.

While reviewing manoeuvres and putting troops through blank-firing practice, Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia is fired

on with ball-cartridges by the troops, but escapes injury.

Secretary Root receives many attentions at Montevideo, and makes an address in which he praises the Monroe Doctrine and expresses the kind feelings of the United States toward South American republics.

A despatch from Constantinople states that the Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill and may have to undergo an operation.

High Russian officials express the opinion that the Government has the situation in hand and that all danger of a successful revolutionary movement is past.

Terror reigns at Warsaw and Lodz and the authorities seem powerless. Many assassinations occur in different parts of the empire.

August 12.—Grand Duke Nicholas declines to accept the post of commander-in-chief of all the troops of Russia, where martial law exists, and advocates the appointment of General Linevitch. Seven mutineers are condemned to death by court-martial at Sveaborg. Strict martial law is declared at Kieff.

Turkish officials deny the serious illness of the Sultan.

Despatches from Tokio state that the Japanese Government is not likely to consider the killing of Japanese poachers seriously.

A despatch to London from Aden reports that the Mad Mullah has raided the Somaliland border, killing 1,000 of the Rarebaron tribe, and capturing 10,000 camels.

Abyssinian despatches say that King Menelek has signed the Franco-Italian-British convention relative to railways to be constructed there, and that the convention will be communicated to the parliaments of the interested states as soon as they meet. The main features of the treaty referred to above are a guarantee of the integrity of the Abyssinian Empire, the open door and commercial equality for all countries, and the continuation by the French of the construction of the railway connecting Addis Abacca, the capital of Abyssinia, with the coast, Great Britain and Italy naming representatives on the railway directorate.

August 13.—Secretary Root sails from Montevideo for Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.

Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), novelist and dramatist, dies in London, aged thirty-nine.

The Pan-American Congress, in session at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, adopts the naturalization treaty report, also twelve of the thirteen articles concerning the reorganization of the Bureau of American Republics.

The St. Petersburg police seize a large

- quantity of bombs and shells. Agrarian disorders are increasing in the hill regions of the Crimea.
- The Shah of Persia's rescript to the Grand Vizier orders the formation of a national consultative assembly, composed of representatives of all classes, from the princes downward.
- August 14.—The Mad Mullah attacks the Sultan of Mijerain's territory and is repulsed. The losses are said to exceed 1,000.
- Secretary Root reaches Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, and is given a great ovation.
- The Pope's encyclical to the archbishops and bishops of France advising against the acceptance of provisions of the Church and State separation law is generally approved by the French Catholic clergy.
- The Philippine authorities plan a campaign to exterminate the outlaw bands of Pulajanes.
- The Czar of Russia, accompanied by his family, visits the Guards' camp at Krasnoye-Selo to witness the manoeuvres.
- A special governor is appointed for the coal and iron region of Southern Russia to suppress the disorders.
- King Edward of England leaves London for a trip to the continent, where he will meet the Emperor of Germany.
- August 15.—King Edward of England and Emperor William of Germany meet at Cronberg, Hesse-Nassau, Prussia. It is expected that improved political relations between the two countries will follow the conference of the two rulers.
- The revolutionists and terrorists make murderous attacks with bombs and revolvers on the police and troops in several cities in Poland. Many soldiers and police are killed in Warsaw.
- The Russian Government, it is stated in St. Petersburg, now fears to call out the recruits in the autumn, as a large percentage would prove unreliable against the people.
- Secretary Root is banqueted at Buenos Ayres, and urges close friendship between the United States and Argentine Republic.
- August 16.—The conference between King Edward and Emperor William ends, and King Edward leaves Cronberg.
- Despatches from Tokio, Japan, state that the killing and capture of a number of Japanese seal poachers by Americans in the Aleutian Islands will be amicably settled without the slightest complications.
- The Sultan of Turkey orders the release of all prisoners in the empire who have completed two-thirds of their sentences, as a mark of gratification for the recovery of his health.
- Russian terrorists continue to murder and pillage. At Plotsk, a town about forty miles from Warsaw, every policeman on the street is killed or wounded. Two hundred and fifty Jews are reported killed and wounded at Warsaw. Reports from all over the empire show the police to be helpless in coping with the revolutionists.
- August 17.—Private telegrams reach London stating that Valparaiso, Chile, is wrecked by an earthquake. The reports indicate that the earthquake was more severe than the recent San Francisco disaster.
- The revolutionary movement is spreading in Russia. Numbers of encounters between the troops and the people occur throughout the empire.
- Cuban soldiers on duty at the palace in Havana mutiny because of harsh treatment and poor rations. The Cuban Government grants the demands of the soldiers and order is restored.
- August 18.—Five thousand persons are reported killed by the earthquake in Chile. Valparaiso is said to be in ruins and the property loss is estimated at \$200,000,000. The following message is received via Galveston, Tex.: Valparaiso has been wrecked by earthquake and fire, and the few buildings that escaped serious damage from the quakes have either burned or are in immediate danger of being burned. The people are panic-stricken, and all attempts at organization have proven futile. Martial law has been proclaimed and an effort is being made to calm the people, but with little hope, as the earthquakes still continue up to this afternoon, five shocks being felt today, although not so frequent or violent, but enough to keep the people in a state of terror. The Mexican cable was in operation all day to Valparaiso, but to interior points all overland wires are down, and it will be several days before they are restored. The entire business portion of Valparaiso has been destroyed. The authorities will not permit any lights in the buildings, and at dark the cable office was closed for the night. The dead and injured are estimated at from 1,000 to 5,000. However, owing to the lack of a systematic report, all figures are speculation. The shocks have continued since Thursday night, and five slight shocks were felt today. The operators of the cable company have deserted their posts, with one exception. The shipping in the harbor escaped damage, and every vessel is a haven for refugees. All buildings have been deserted. Practically nothing has been done in the way of clearing wrecks or searching for dead bodies, and laborers refuse to enter the ruins because of the continued shocks.

Soldiers will force the rescue work tomorrow.

The rumors of uprisings in Cuba are partly confirmed. A detachment of Rural Guards encounters a small band near Rio Hondo, province of Pinar del Rio.

At a banquet in his honor at Buenos Ayres Secretary Root advocates arbitration, mediation and all other elements that make for peace. The secretary declares that the United States has never employed her army or navy for the collection of debts contracted by governments or private individuals, and never will do so.

Despatches from Warsaw, Russia, state that the hospitals are filled with wounded persons and many are forced to lie on the floors. Street traffic is practically suspended on account of the insecurity of life. The priests of the Orthodox Church are said to be supporting the Government.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to be suffering from Bright's disease.

Despatches from London state that King Edward and Emperor William of Germany are now thoroughly reconciled.

Another revolution is reported from San Domingo.

August 19.—Despatches estimate the dead in the Chilean earthquake at 2,000 and property losses at \$250,000,000. One hundred thousand people are said to be homeless, and conditions are worse than those experienced by San Francisco.

Six Cubans, leaders of the Liberal Party, are arrested in Havana on a charge of conspiring against the Government and plotting to assassinate President Palma.

The Czar of Russia sounds a call of uncompromising war with terrorists and revolutionists. Riots and the throwing of bombs continue throughout the empire.

August 20.—Despatches from Santiago de Chile state that refugees from Valparaiso declare that 1,000 corpses have already been buried. Twenty-five pillagers have been shot and the stricken district is now under martial law. Details of the damage done in the smaller towns is still lacking, but the property losses are estimated at from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000.

President Palma of Cuba issues a decree appointing Gen. Rafael Montalvo, secretary of public works, to be in direct charge of all military operations against the insurgents, and increases the number of Rural Guards to 4,000. One hundred Rural Guards and 50 artillerymen leave Havana for Pinar del Rio, the scene of the revolutionary movements.

September 2.—Reports from Russia state

that \$7,500,000 will be needed to combat the famine, which is most severe in the provinces of Samara, Saratoff, Simbirsk, Penza, Kazan, Tamboff and Ufa. More murders occur at Warsaw, and the city has been deserted by the better classes.

President Palma announces that the Cuban Government has no concessions to offer or accept, and no intention other than fighting the matter through and suppressing the insurrection.

The Emperor of China issues an edict promising a constitutional government when the people are fitted for it.

September 3.—In a speech at Santiago, Chile, Secretary Root declares that the twentieth century will be the century for South America; that the opening of the Panama Canal will revolutionize the world's commerce, and that the west coast of South America will be benefited most.

In a fight between troops and striking coal miners at Petroseny, Hungary, 175 miners were injured.

The pretender to the Moroccan throne is defeated near Muluyu, losing his two principal chiefs.

The Polish school children in the province of Posen strike against being compelled to say prayers in German, and to answer in German in the course of religious instruction.

Cossacks kill 6 and wound 22 persons at Warsaw.

Fourteen officers and 1 surgeon are arrested at Odessa on a charge of having conducted secret meetings of soldiers, and plotting to kill all the authorities.

Despatches from Cuba state that the Government is now willing to negotiate for peace with the insurgents and another meeting of the veterans will be held to devise a plan of settlement.

September 4.—French bishops and archbishops meet in Paris to determine the attitude of the Church toward the law separating Church and State.

Hundreds of persons are arrested in Warsaw. It is believed that a large number of revolutionists have left Warsaw for the purpose of terrorizing the country districts.

Tatar-Armenian hostilities are in full swing in several districts of Southeastern Caucasus.

Floods destroy a large section of the Behar District, India, and a famine is feared. The inhabitants of the lowlands have been forced to seek refuge in the hills and live on half-ripe wheat.

The situation in Cuba seems to grow worse. It is reported that two-thirds of the people in the country and small towns of the provinces of Pinar del Rio,

Havana and Santa Clara are either insurgents in fact or in sentiment.

September 5.—Party leaders meet in Cuba, and hopes of an agreement are strong. Fighting ceases for the present.

An official communication embodying the Russian Government's program is published at St. Petersburg. It grants reforms and increases penalties. It embraces court-martial for political crimes and an increase of penalties for revolutionary propaganda, and expresses a firm determination to preserve order. Among the reforms granted are the immediate abolition of useless restrictions on Jews, measures in the direction of greater provincial autonomy, an income tax, reforms in the police and other public services and the introduction of zemstvos in Poland and the Baltic Provinces.

September 6.—Premier Stolypin's announcement of the Russian Government's plans for reforms has a quieting effect on the people. Terrorists burn a small village near Powsin, Russian Poland.

A despatch from Cienfuegos, Cuba, states that the rebels rout a detachment of Government troops near Camerones.

No appreciable progress toward anything like a satisfactory understanding is made by the peace conferences.

September 7.—Russian reactionists oppose Premier Stolypin because of his refusal to abandon proposed reforms, while the reform elements threaten that unless the distribution of lands to peasants and the removal of restrictive laws have a more sweeping effect than anticipated the coming Parliament is likely to be even more radical than the first one. The Social Revolutionists resolve to continue terrorism and to aim at the lives of the highest officials. A few days ago an attempt was made on the life of M. Kryshanovsky, vice-minister of the interior.

The Trades Union Congress of Great Britain unanimously instructs the Labor members of Parliament to introduce a bill for the national ownership of all railways, canals and mines in the United Kingdom.

Pino Guerra, the Cuban revolutionist leader, refuses all overtures from the Government for peace. The rebellion is spreading, and it is believed that San Juan y Martinez has been recaptured by the rebels.

September 8.—The Harvard eight-oared crew is defeated by the crew of Cambridge University, England, on the Thames after a game struggle.

An Autumn Leaf

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

UPON my parchment, sadly old,
The record lives of summer's gold;
And in my veins there lingers now
The joy of spring's awakening bough.

So I, like many a human heart
Wherefrom Life's shining days depart,
Keep valiantly some remnant yet
Of dreams we never quite forget.

“HOW does one get rich in politics?”
“Oh, you simply go to the Senate, and then it's the first turn to the left.”

Big Profit

TED—That assemblyman seems to be making money.

NED—No wonder. He buys votes for \$2 each and sells his own for \$5,000.

Along The Firing Line



BY The Circulation Manager.

Secretary People's Party National Committee

AFTER beating the everlasting stuffing out of an opponent, I never feel like crowing over-much. Somehow I can't help feeling a little sad for the poor devil who went down to defeat. No; it isn't exactly altruism; I think it's a sort of reflex determinism, to coin a phrase. I was born in Western Pennsylvania, where, by the time I was "knee high to a grasshopper," to be a Democrat it took:—

A gentleman's manners,
'Neath a rhinoceros hide,

(with apologies to W. J. Ghent; I'm quoting from memory. Maybe Carleton, in "Making an Editor Outen o' Him," *didn't* say it exactly so).

And, so, I know from sad experience just how it feels to get "licked"—and how it feels to have the other fellow "rub it in."

Naturally, readers of WATSON'S will understand that I am hinting about Hoke Smith's great victory in the Georgia Democratic primaries, because they know that we have worked "tooth and toe-nail" for Hoke Smith, in season and out.

There were five candidates in the field, each with a newspaper or more back of him—and Hoke Smith had WATSON'S MAGAZINE to boot. His chief opponent, Clark Howell, is editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*—a great paper, as all will concede. Yet here is the result:

	Counties.	Delegates.
Hoke Smith.....	120	308
R. B. Russell.....	10	24
Clark Howell.....	8	16
J. H. Estill.....	4	12
J. M. Smith.....	3	6

Now, we're not claiming that WATSON'S did it—but it certainly helped. Hoke Smith stood against the railroad gang and for the people. That was the prime requisite; but the people had to be told. And WATSON'S has circulated hundreds of thousands of copies in Georgia since the campaign began—perhaps not a county has been missed. The *Atlanta Constitution* has a big circulation in Georgia; it is a great paper everywhere. But it couldn't give its editor more than 8 lone counties out of 145; while Hoke Smith, backed by the people, the *Atlanta Journal* and WATSON'S MAGAZINE (both had many county papers back of them), had 120 counties and 308 delegates—124 more than enough to elect.

That is surely a big enough victory to be modestly proud of. And we are.

* * * * *

Mr. Watson made a speech at Thomson, Ga., his home town, early in August. In the course of that speech he said:

"From across the ocean where W. J. Bryan is the honored guest of kings and statesmen comes the cabled word: 'I am more of a radical now than in 1896,' when he had the Populist nomination. And in this court-house, a few days ago, we heard the ablest Georgian that lives, the strongest man in this state, the Hon. Hoke Smith, tell these people if there be no other way by which we can

control the corporations without the government ownership of railroads, then I am in favor of the government ownership of railroads. Thank God! thank God! That principle has triumphed, and good men of all parties are declaring for the people against the banded corporations who have been robbing them.

"Ten or fifteen years ago W. J. Bryan could not indorse the principle of the public ownership of public utilities. With the very last public utterance which he made, at the Jefferson dinner, in the City of Chicago, Mr. Bryan declared, with the courage of a man who has intelligence enough to learn and brave enough to advance when he has learned, the time has come to declare in favor of the public ownership of public utilities. Therefore, in 1908, to which we are all moving swiftly and surely, those of us who live to see it will live to see W. J. Bryan, the peerless Democratic leader of the hosts of Democracy, under the banner of the People's Party."

Immediately afterward some press bureau at Washington sent out a bulletin which was copied by more than a hundred Democratic papers that reach this office, as follows:

"Tom Watson of Georgia has returned to the Democratic fold and is welcomed as all honest voters are. With the Democrats successfully forcing reforms on an unwilling Congress, there is no need for a third party. There are thousands of Tom Watsons in every state who have doubtless come to the same conclusion that he has, that it is the duty of all reformers to array themselves under the Democratic banner and aid in the defeat of the party whose only slogan is 'stand pat and pass the hat.'"

Mr. Watson made no pledges for 1908. No sensible man ought to do so with respect to either of the old parties—because no man knows just how they will line up. We might all be glad to vote for Roosevelt in 1908—if he'd tell us how to reform the spelling of his own name; or we might be glad to vote for Bryan—if he'd require Ruth to dis-

pose of that dachshund. But it's too early to pledge ourselves. Mr. Watson has always been a Jeffersonian Democrat, and you can count on him when Jeffersonian Democracy nominates one of its own on its own platform. But he won't make a two-year advance pledge for a Parker-prayer-by-megaphone-platform-by-telegraph candidate.

* * * * *

Mr. Watson was a prophet in his Thomson speech. Last week (August 25 to 31) was Bryan week in New York. Mr. Bryan was expected to arrive here after nearly a year's trip around the world, on August 30. Elaborate preparations had been made for his reception in New York under the auspices of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League. Madison Square Garden, with a seating (and standing) capacity of something like 25,000, had been secured for the reception.

I need not dwell on the particulars. There were nearly one hundred and twenty-five of my own brethren from Nebraska, the first to arrive—"Bryan's Home Folks"—and what they didn't do to arouse the curiosity of Father Knickerbocker would be much easier to write than to tell what they did. In passing, I believe both Nebraskans and New Yorkers have now a better knowledge and opinion of each other. In that "Home Folks" delegation were bankers who could tell Wall Street a few things about an elastic currency; jurists as able as any in the Empire State; insurance men who could have told Hughes a few things he did not find out; boys who can throw a running noose better than any Mexican—and above all, men, real, manly men.

Bryan came. Need I quote—what I can't translate—"veni, vidi, vici." He certainly came. He saw something between 20,000 and 25,000 enthusiastic admirers at Madison Square Garden. And he certainly conquered a majority of that 20,000 or 25,000 with his eloquent presentation of Populist principles. For he affirmed the quan-

titative theory of money—but made no fetich of 16 to 1; he stood for an income tax—not the single tax; and he came out boldly for public ownership of railroads in the following words:

"I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials in the interest of the whole community, in accordance with the well-defined theory that public ownership is necessary where competition is impossible. I do not know that the country is ready for this change; I do not know that a majority of my own party favor it; but I believe that an increasing number of the members of all parties see in public ownership the sure remedy for discriminations between persons and places and for the extortionate rates for the carrying of freight and passengers."

Since then most of the New York papers have been trying to scare Bryan away from his Government ownership "fallacy." The *New York World*, especially, has been almost in tears trying to show him what an enormous burden it would be for eighty million people to own the eleven or twelve billion dollars' worth of railroads. I never heard that any railroad realized its interest on bonds or dividends on stock from its stockholders; but foolishly supposed that the people who use the railroads (and who does not?) are the ones who pay such interest and dividends. Curious, isn't it, that some few hundred thousand railroad stockholders are better equipped for owning

the eleven or twelve billions of railroads than are all the seventy or eighty million people! It may be that one-sixth is bigger than unity—but "there's nothing like that in our family tree." If it's true, I've got to study Stoddard and Ray all over again.

* * * * *

Maybe Bryan *will* back down in the face of this storm of newspaper protest—but I hate to think of it. Before the Parker incident in 1904, I should have said, "No; by the eternal gods, he'll stand by it." But his swallowing Parker for regularity's sake, after hiring a hall in Chicago to show the unfitness of Parker, rather keeps me guessing. Nevertheless, I'm willing to bet a cookie that in the next two years Mr. Bryan will have advanced the cause of public ownership many fold. The Democratic organization *may* be powerful enough to whip him into line in 1908 with some platform platitude about "control"—but I hope not. In any event, he will have educated enough persons up to the idea that "ownership" 's the thing, so that all the millions who believe in government transacting public business and individuals transacting private business may get together and try to win.

* * * * *

I don't say they can win. They can try. And even if they lose, they will have paved the way for success. For some party big enough to win will eventually take up the problem and solve it.

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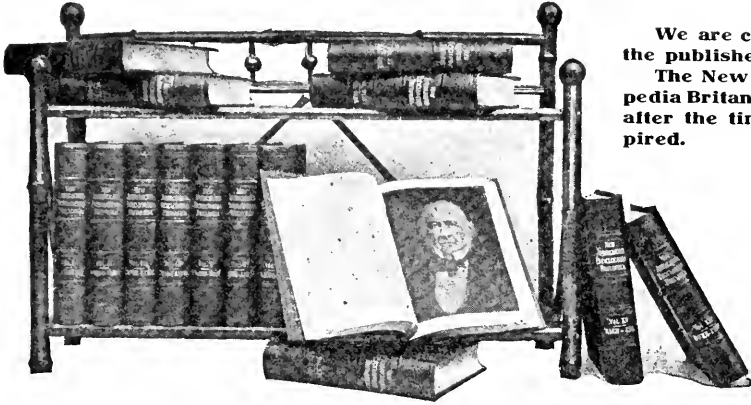
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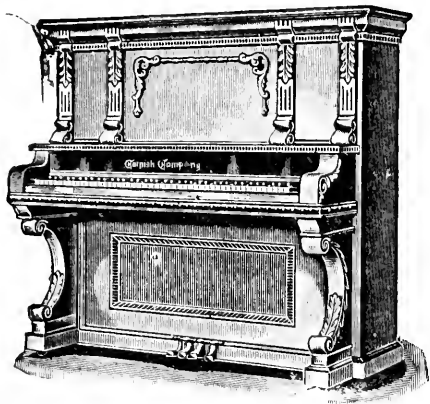
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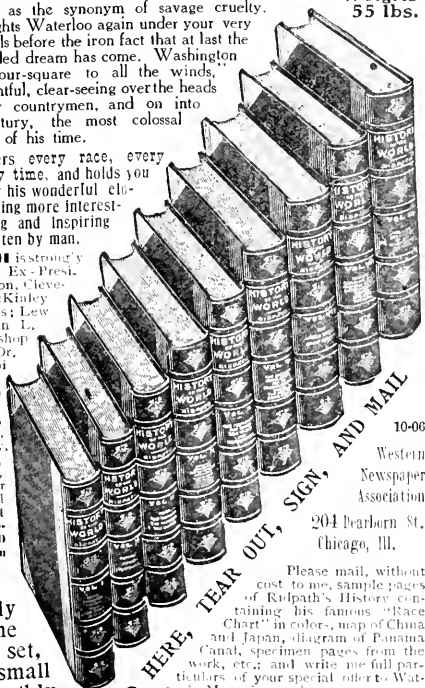
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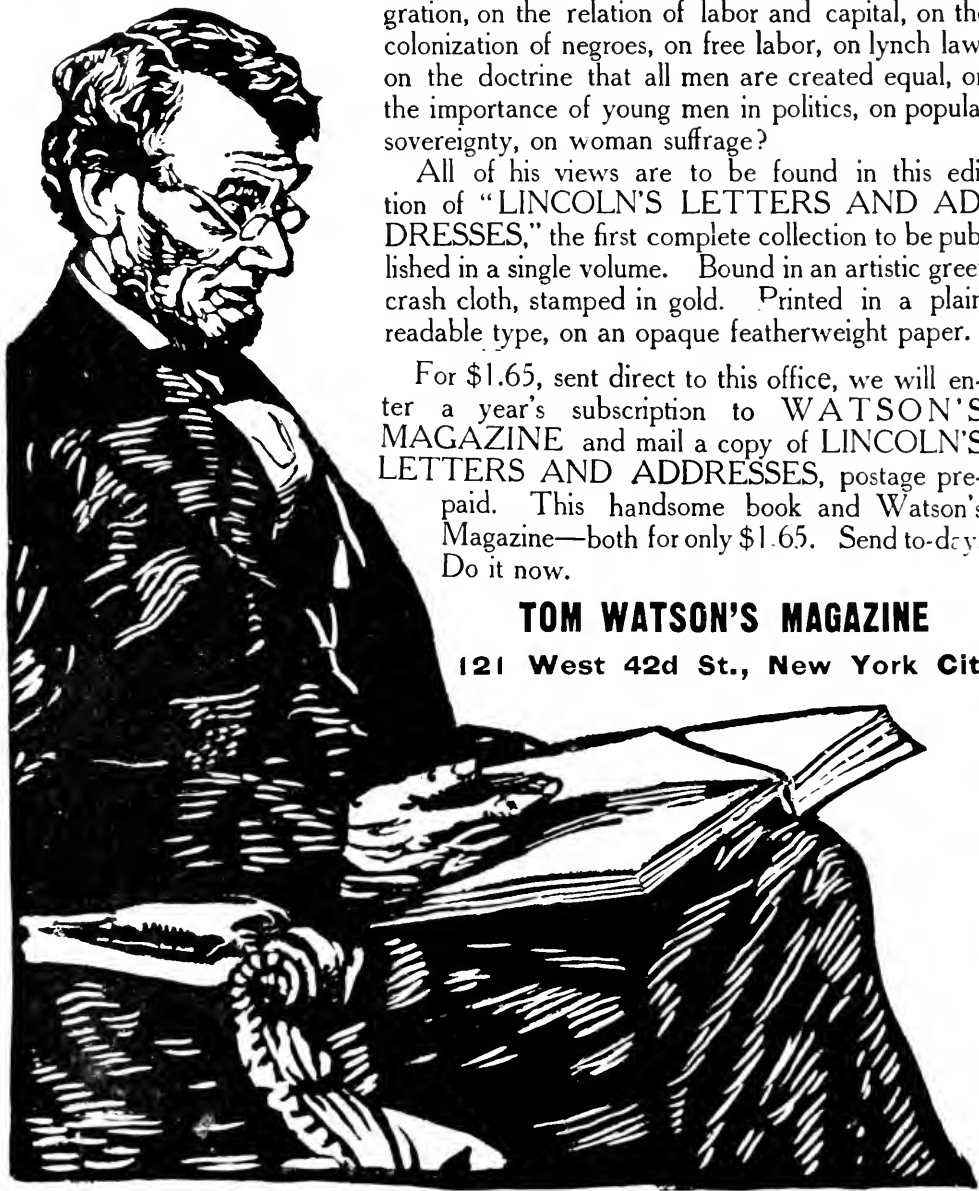
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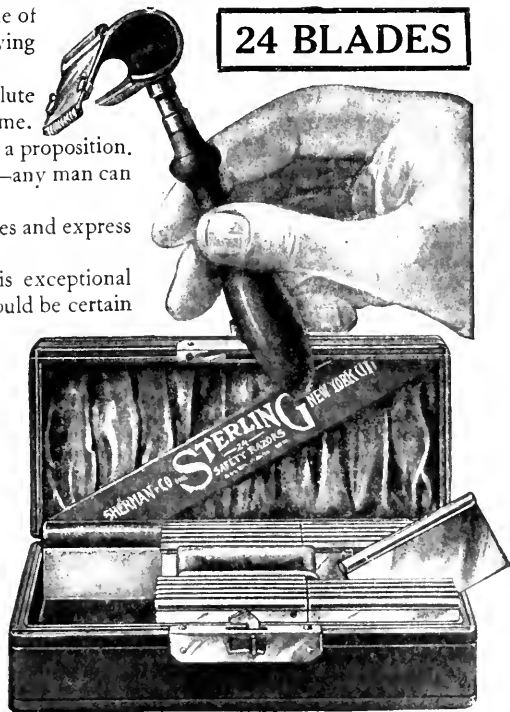
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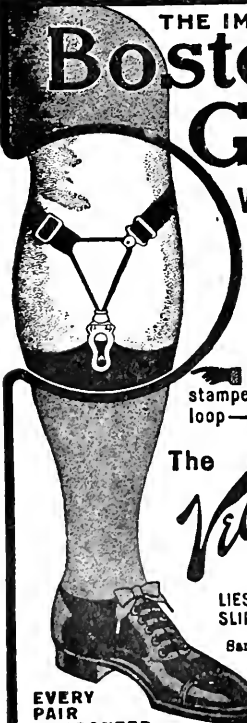
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