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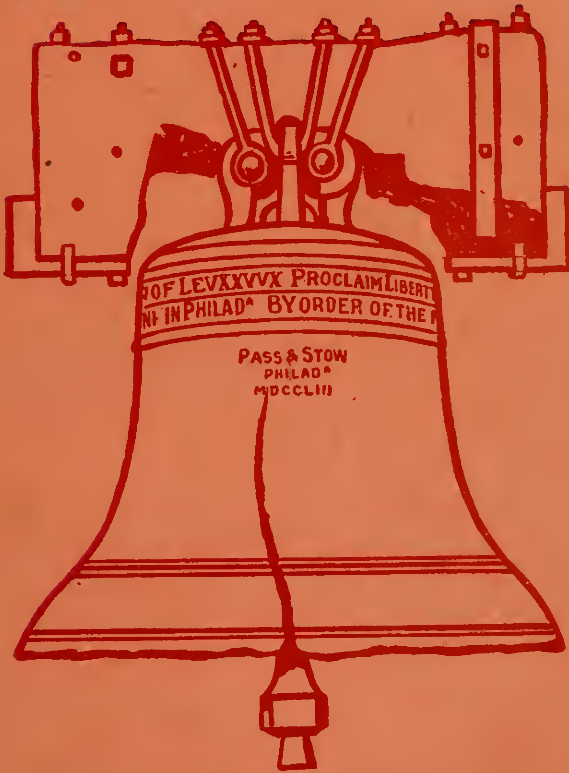

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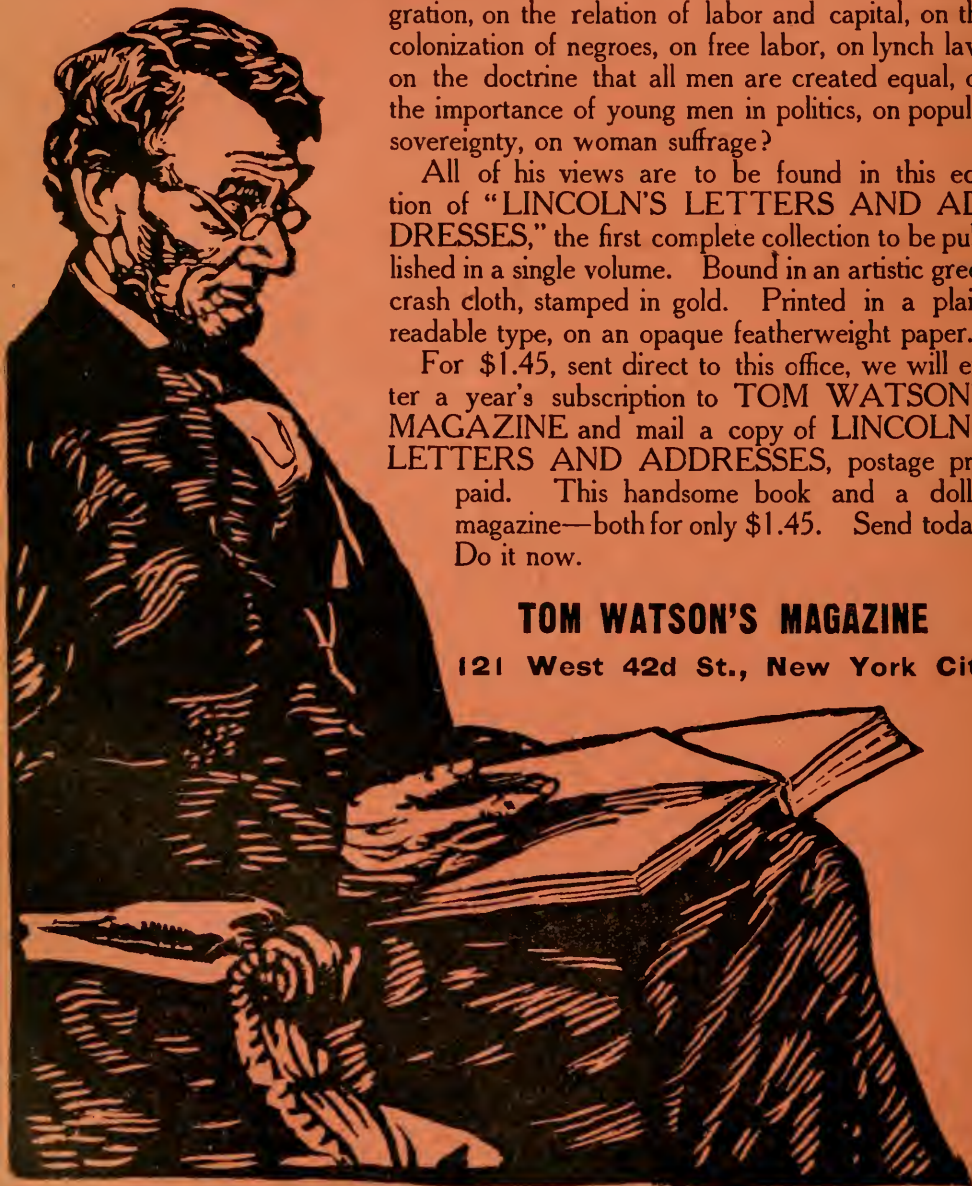

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THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

October, 1905

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>
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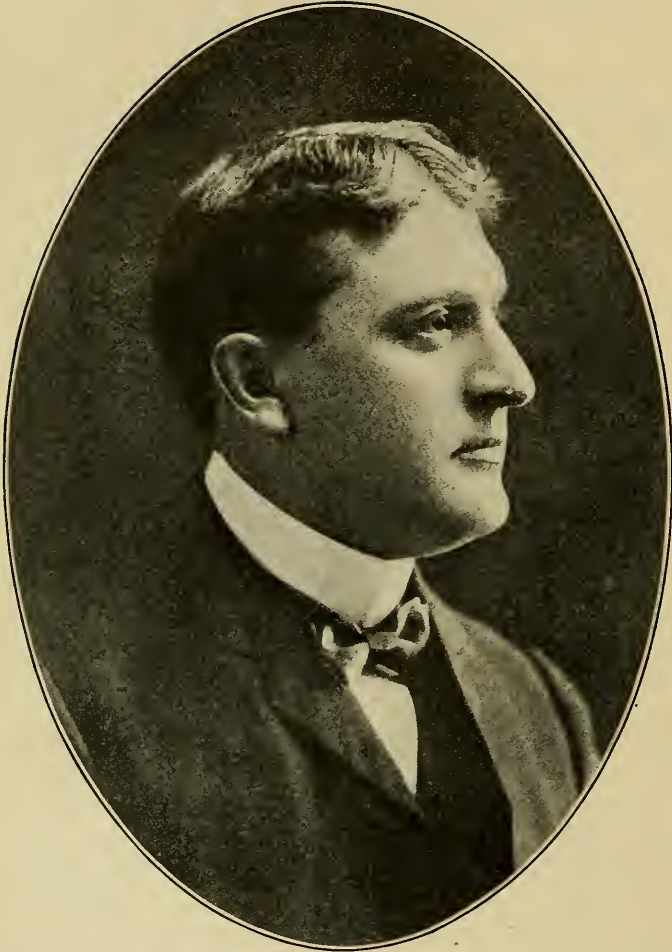


F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE, OF BUTTE, MONTANA.

(See article, "The Montana Copper War," on page 465)

// Tom Watson's Magazine

Vol. II OCTOBER, 1905 No. 4

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

In the Mountains

ON this gray pinnacle of rock I sit enthroned; the clouds hang their curtains far below, for this is Mountain Top, in the Blue Ridge.

Down the valley, to the east, towers Jefferson's last great work, the University of Virginia; on the right the blue haze makes dim the outline of the giant peaks, which stand guard over the glories of the Rock-fish Valley; far away to the west stretches the Valley of Virginia, with the North Mountains losing themselves in the skies; and over yonder, to the northeast, are the eternal hills which saw Stonewall Jackson's march to fame.

Is there in the whole world a lovelier view than this? Does Nature anywhere gather together so many of her treasures within the range of human eye?

Here is the ever-changing play of light and shade as the clouds rest or move, anchor or sail, collect or scatter, smile or frown, fleck the heavens with gold or strew the beach of the horizon with broken waves of foam. Here is the limitless wealth of field and forest—fields forever green and forests whose infinite variety defies the winter to strip them bare and the summer to find them stale.

Here are the crystal waters, bursting from the blue-slate rock and dashing with reckless speed down a thousand hidden waterfalls to the rivers which pierce the plains. A nobleman's park, after a century of care and cost, is not more grateful to the eye than these wonderful slopes of natural sward, cropped even by the flocks, trodden smooth by the herds. And if you will pluck one of each of all the flowers and ferns which Nature's garden tenders you here, the nobleman will envy you the richness and the fragrance of the fields.

This rock is my throne, and as I gaze upon the soul-lifting sublimity of landscape I feel like crying out as Goldsmith did when he looked down from the Alps, "*The world, the world is mine!*"

This farm may belong to Jones, *that* forest to Brown, *this* mountain to Smith, *that* orchard to Tompkins, *but the landscape is mine*, is yours, is anybody's!

He that has eyes to see, let him see.

The sheep-bells tinkle drowsily in the distance; the note of the cow-bell is more sonorous and just as musical; the wild canary-bird, the wren and the robin are here with all their melody, and the brook that leaps the rocks sings to one as to another.

The sheep belong to Jones, the cows to Brown, but the *picture* which they make on the green hillside, with the evening shadows falling around them, is mine, is mine! And the music of the bells, and the music of the brook, and the music of the birds does *not* belong to Jones or Brown; it is *mine*, and *yours!*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Down yonder in front of me, looking

east, is Rock-fish Gap! It was the first passway for pioneers crossing the Blue Ridge to reach the Alleghany Mountains. For generations this was the road the emigrant took going West. See how deeply worn into the rocky earth is this ancient highway, even on the very summit of the Gap.

Are you much of a dreamer? *Here* is a place to dream dreams and see visions.

Fill that time-worn road with the pioneers who made it, call back the adventurers who once thronged it, and you will see the banners of civilization flying over the dauntless men in buckskin who pass upward and outward and onward from the valleys of the lower South to found empires in the West. People the Gap with those whose rifle and axe afterward made the "winning of the West," and you will see the militant cohorts of the white man's ambition and daring and ideals go marching by! Deep, deep is the hard soil worn by their tireless feet; and if the Old Road of Ohain marks one epoch in English heroism, it is as nothing in lasting importance, worldwide significance to the Old Road on Mountain Top, trenched out by the westward footbeat of those who aspired and ventured and endured—striving to make the nation the greatest on earth.

* * * * *

Out of Albemarle and up through this Gap passed George Rogers Clark on his marvelous march to the Wabash, a march whose surpassing heroism added four States to the Union and to civilization.

Through this Gap, and likewise from Albemarle, came Lewis and Clark on their way to plant our flag upon the Rockies, the Columbia and the Pacific.

* * * * *

Down yonder, on the green slope, by the scraggy trees and the group of springs, lie the ruins of the ancient Tavern, and among them you will mark a large pile of bricks. Sort these out curiously, and you will find a few which have upon them the hoofprints of deer and the footprints of the dogs which were chasing the deer.

It was in the olden time. The bricks, in the mud state, were lying spread out on the "yard," the chase went tearing by, the terror-maddened stag left his tracks in the bricks, and the hounds left theirs also.

Here they are, curious mementoes; and another Keats—gazing upon these footprints of the deer, which is now a shade; the pack which chased it, also a shade; and the hunter who followed the pack, likewise a shade, all gone save this tablet, which tells of the lust of pursuit and the agony of flight—might even match his almost matchless lines on the Grecian Urn.

* * * * *

Greatest of all who toiled up the mountain, passed the Gap and stopped at the old Tavern was Jefferson. The last great work of his great life was settled here. From Albemarle he had gone to write the first real defiance to King George, to break down feudalism in Virginia and foreign tyranny in the Confederation, to write the statute of religious toleration and the Declaration of Independence, to send forth Lewis and Clark to the unexplored West and to add a dozen great States to the Union in the Louisiana Purchase.

In his old age, in his decrepitude, he painfully made his way from Albemarle to this ruined Tavern on Mountain Top, met in conference Madison, Monroe and others of the Elders in Israel, his purpose being to convince them that his University—the Benjamin of his old age—should be located in Albemarle.

It was so decided at the conference; and when you go to Monticello they will show you the spot where the feeble Jefferson, too weak to ride any more, used to sit, glass in hand, and watch the upbuilding of the walls of his great school.

* * * * *

Yes, indeed, you can dream dreams at Mountain Top and see visions.

Washington, stately and grave, goes by to the Indian wars; the chiefs who used to stop at Peter Jefferson's for advice and whose pathetic pleas for justice young Thomas used to hear,

passed along this trail to Albemarle; then the day came when the last Indian warrior stood here to gaze in despair over the land he had lost, as the Moorish king looked back upon lost Granada.

* * * * *

Here, on the ridge commanding the mouth of the pass to the north, are seven semicircles of earth and rock thrown up at wide intervals.

What's this?

When pioneers passed through the Gap going out from Virginia no redoubts confronted them; only the Indian, with his bow or rifle. Who were they that wanted to come back through the Gap and were met with guns in battery?

They were the children of those who had gone from the South to the winning of the West, and from the conquered West they came through the Gap which their fathers had worn deep in the soil—came to conquer the South.

For down there, on the plains at the foot of the mountain, lies Waynesboro, and at Waynesboro Sheridan and Early fought.

Let your eye range over that wondrous valley; in your fancy you can again fill it with warring armies, dead and dying men, riderless horses, burning towns, ruined homes. Into many of those valley cisterns and wells dead men were flung until the cistern was full. Many of those gardens over there have trenches full of soldiers' bones.

And through this famous Gap rode and marched the Blue and the Gray until that splendid gentleman and soldier, Colonel C. C. Taliaferro, of Roanoke, carried the flag of peace from Lee to Grant and Appomattox rang the curtain down.

* * * * *

We were sitting on a huge boulder gazing toward the Massanutten Mountains, when he said to me, reflectively looking at the ruins of the old Tavern:

"The last time I was here was forty-odd years ago. I was going horseback, on staff duty for General Lee, to Charlottesville. I rode in at that lower gate yonder and stopped in front of the Tavern. I recollect that a number of gentlemen were sitting on the veranda drinking mint juleps. I asked if I could get something to feed my horse on, and I was told that I couldn't. I had to ride on down to Afton to get him fed."

After the war this officer went to school at Lexington, then settled in Georgia, became one of *my* lieutenants in the great battle for Populism, got a bellyful of *that* pretty soon, and is now, like "the Thane of Cawdor, a prosperous gentleman," who attends to his private business and doesn't care "a continental d——n" for politics.

* * * * *

Meanwhile *I* still dream dreams and see visions and look through and beyond these shadows of the valley to where the sunlight catches the far-off tops of the mountains; and, while I know that the distance is too great for me now and the climb too much for my strength, yet the course shall be laid toward it, even though I go alone and do not attain the heights.

Tolstoy and the Land

The London *Times* publishes a lengthy article which Tolstoy has written on the land question, and this article is reprinted by Mr. Louis Post in his excellent paper, *The Public*.

The position taken by the Russian philosopher is that the land must be restored to the people, that every child born into the world has a natural right to a portion of the soil, and that all political reforms will be vain until this fundamental reform is brought about.

I do not see that Tolstoy has added one cubit to the argument already built up by those who have gone before. He adds some homely and striking illustrations, he mixes the question of religion with it, but of substantial

reason or fact he makes no contribution whatever.

*   *   *   *   *

Is it true that the real grievance of the masses is that the land has been taken away from them? Will no reform bring them relief until the land has been given back to them? Will universal happiness be the result of putting an end to the private ownership of land?

These are grave questions, and they deserve the most serious consideration. As a guide to our footsteps the past must always be, to some extent, our light, our teacher. Human nature today is probably the same that it always was. There is nothing new under the sun, and the problems which vex the brains of Tolstoy doubtless puzzled the minds of Moses and Confucius.

Ours is not the only civilization the world ever saw. We may be sure that all the vital principles of government, all the problems of complex society, have had the best thought of the wisest men that ever lived in the ages that are gone.

If historical teaching is worth anything at all, the land question may be considered absolutely settled. No civilization was ever able to develop as long as the tribe owned everything in common. Not until it became a matter of *self-interest* for some *individual* to improve the land was it ever improved. As long as each individual felt that his parcel of land might go out of his possession at the next regular division there was no incentive to improvement and there was no improvement.

The waste remained a waste, the hovel remained a hovel. Not until the individual became assured that *the benefit of his labor* would accrue to himself did the waste become a farm and the hovel a house.

If the history of the world shows anything at all it shows *this*.

And the reason why this is so is that human nature is just human. If men were angels it would be different. As long as men are nothing more than *men* each citizen is going to get what belongs to him, if he can.

Now, what is it that justly belongs to each citizen?

It is his labor and the products thereof.

How did private ownership in land begin?

Tolstoy speaks of those who have seized upon the land and who keep it from the masses of the people.

As a matter of fact, the right of each citizen to hold as his own a certain portion of the soil *began with the laborer who claimed the products of his labor.*

While a score of tribesmen were fishing or hunting or drinking and gambling, *one* tribesman cleared the trees off a piece of wild land, converted the rough soil into a seed bed, fenced it in to keep off the cattle and came to love that which his labor had created.

Having put his labor into the land, having changed it from a waste into a farm, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should claim it as his own. Why shouldn't he? *He* had made it a farm.

Was it just that the twenty idle tribesmen should take away from the one industrious tribesman that which his labor had created?

If it was *not* just for the idle to rob the industrious then we must leave the farm to the man *whose labor made it a farm;* and there you have private ownership of land.

The moment the industrious tribesman saw that the tribe would protect him in the enjoyment of the products of his labor he began to advance toward civilization. He built something better to live in than a mud hovel. As long as the regular division of the soil was in practice he had no *home.* How could he have?

The *home* is the sweetest flower of individual ownership. There can be no such thing as a home—a home to love and beautify and consecrate to the holiness of family life—where there is no private ownership.

*   *   *   *   *

Tolstoy and every other opponent

of private ownership makes the point that *nature* gives no support to the system. That is true. Nature does *not* teach the principle of private ownership, nor does nature teach the doctrine of monogamy—the one wife.

Nature does not recognize the marital relation at all. If nature teaches *anything* on the relation of the sexes it teaches polygamy. The marriage relation, as we know it, is not founded in *nature*, but is the product of convention and is a comparatively modern contrivance.

In other words, it is a *man-made institution.*

Does Tolstoy believe in it? If he does (as must be assumed) he admits the supreme power of society to fix the laws by which it shall be governed, whether those laws seem to be laws of nature or not.

The one wife one husband marital relation justifies itself by its results.

We judge the tree by the fruits.

It is far from being a radiant success, but we've got it, and we propose to keep it—lest worse things happen.

As to the land question, the situation is much the same. Society, as a matter of self-preservation, admitted the principle of private ownership of land. Had society never done so, the land would never have been more than nature's handiwork—the limitless range for cattle, the uncleared wilderness, the thirsty plains and deserts whose parched lips would never have tasted the life-giving waters of irrigation.

Labor made the land worth owning, and that which labor made labor was allowed to keep. That is all there is to it.

*　　*　　*　　*　　*

The civilizations that have died were not killed by private ownership of the soil.

No; a thousand times, *no!*

The civilizations with whose wrecks the shores of time are strewn owed their destruction to misgovernment. Vicious men made vicious laws, and vicious rulers enforced them. Excessive taxation imposed burdens which crushed the victims. Privileged orders exploited non-privileged masses. The aristocratic few lived riotously at the expense of the democratic many. The money of the nation was concentrated in the hands of the dominant class. The many had to pay ungodly prices for the use of this money. *Usury* is a vulture which has gorged itself upon the vitals of nations since the dawn of time.

*　　*　　*　　*　　*

"Great estates were the ruin of Italy," says the historian; but what created the great estates? Before a few could buy up all the land there must have been some great cause at work, some advantage which the few held at the expense of the many. *What was that advantage?*

Dig down to *that* and you will then have the true cause of the ruin of Italy.

Consult the books, and you will find that the ruling class at Rome had concentrated in their own hands all the tremendous powers of State. They fixed the taxes, paid little and spent all. They controlled the *money, and the noble Brutus was one of the patriots who loaned out his capital at* 48 *per cent. interest!*

*　　*　　*　　*　　*

Give to any ruling class the power to levy and spend the taxes, give that class the legal right to enrich itself at the expense of the others, give that class the power to dictate the price at which the masses shall have the use of money, and it is good-bye—a long farewell—to the prosperity of that people.

It is infinitely easier to enslave a people through the misuse of the powers of government than through the laws of property.

The power to tax is the power to confiscate. Give that power to one class, and what more does it want? The only limit to the extent to which the victims can be robbed is the limit of their capacity to pay.

Add to this the control of the currency system, the life-blood of the nation, and you need nothing more.

You can absolutely prostrate any people on earth by the misuse of these two powers. No matter how much

" Why should railroad kings hunger for land, when they hold at their mercy the produce which toiling millions bring forth from that land?"

land you give the Russian peasant, or any other peasant, it will do him no permanent good as long as his rulers can so fix the laws of taxation and of money as to rob him of his produce as fast as he makes it.

So plain is this truth to me that I marvel at Tolstoy when he virtually prophesies that the millennium will set in when we shall have given everybody a piece of land.

*   *   *   *   *

Consider a moment. Who are the present masters of the world?

Those who control the money. The Rothschilds are typical of the class referred to; do they own any land?

Do the kings of high finance buy up vast domains in order that they may be served by a lot of tenants?

By no means. The Rothschilds own no land except their town and country homes.

Yet even the ruthless Bismarck feared them so much that not a pennyworth of damage was done to the Rothschild property in the havoc of invasion which swept over France thirty-odd years ago.

Why should the kings of finance bother themselves with the ownership of land and the collection of rents, when they can so easily fleece both the landowner and his tenant?

Why should railroad kings hunger for land, when they hold at their mercy the produce which toiling millions bring forth from that land?

Why should the manufacturing class reach out for provinces to own and rent when they can so frame the laws as to draw enormous annual tribute from the agricultural classes without any of the risks or any of the responsibilities of ownership?

Change these infernal laws, and any-

body who wants land can buy it. Land is plentiful and it is cheap. Not only has the Government vast areas of land awaiting the settler, but the country is dotted with abandoned farms, which can be had almost for the asking. Thousands of them can be bought for less than the improvements cost. Why were they abandoned?

Because the men who owned them could not make a decent living out of them after paying taxes, railroad and express company extortions.

Because of usurious rates of interest and the shameful Tariff tribute levied on every article bought for the use of the farm.

Give the people land while these conditions prevail, and they could not keep it to save their lives.

For Sale: A Policy in the Equitable

I OFFER for sale to the highest and best bidder a life insurance policy.

It is in first-class condition. I have fed it on fat premiums for nearly twenty years. The red ink which charmed my youthful eyes in 1886 is still a brilliant, enticing, reassuring red. The huge official stamp of the Equitable is unsullied, as of yore, and it seems to be saying to me, with an Oliver Twist emphasis:

"More—I want some more!"

* * * * *

Once upon a time a fire swept the streets of the town and my law office was burned—books, furniture, briefs and so forth—but this precious policy escaped unsinged.

It had been placed in the innermost box of the iron safe, and came out of the furnace without the smell of fire on its garments.

Let the books burn, let the furniture and the papers go up in flames—if only I may save this precious insurance policy.

So here it is, safe, sound, as pretty as new shoes—and I want to sell it.

Who wants to buy?

Give me a bid, somebody. The policy is for $5,000, and it matures in October, 1906.

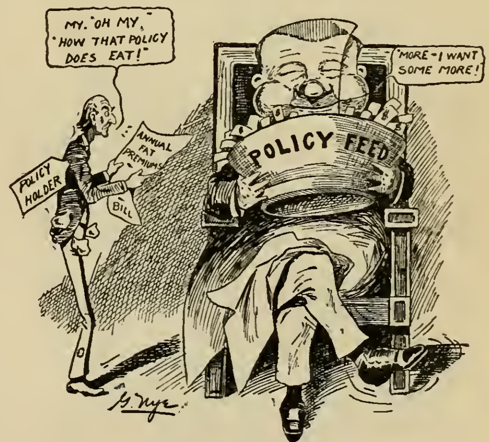
What do I hear for this policy?

* * * * *

Nineteen times I have come forward like a plain, average American fool and paid a premium of $113.50 for the blessed privilege of keeping this old piece of paper "alive." It had to be fed on that sum once a year to keep it from going to the waste-basket. If you have nothing else to do and want to learn something about life insurance, take out your pencil and calculate what my nineteen premiums now amount to *at compound interest.*

* * * * *

During those nineteen years it was not always an easy matter for me to pay the premium. Sometimes it was decidedly hard. And there was no year when I could not have used the money very much to the comfort of



"I have fed it on fat premiums for nearly twenty years."

myself and family. But that hungry policy had to be fed, else it would go dead.

During the early nineties the Democratic Party and I got after each other hot and heavy, and, as that dear old

thing had possession of all the machinery, it finally did all it wanted to do to me, protests of mine to the contrary notwithstanding.

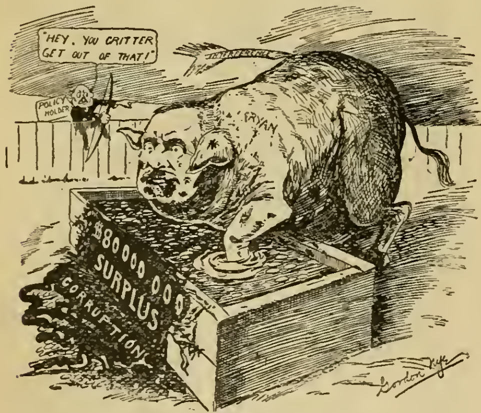
Hard up? Yes, I got *very* hard up. No Congressional salary, no law-case fees, heavy expenses, everything tending to the "demnition bow-wows."

The sheriff got me—sold some of my land (that Tolstoy is worrying about), the sale taking place while I was on the stump making speeches for "the people."

So you see the morbid appetite of the insurance policy for the yearly premium was most inconvenient at times. It made me grunt, as I paid, more than once. And there *did* come a time, if my memory serves me right, when a dear old friend came forward and voluntarily paid the premium for me, he knowing how very hard I was pressed for ready money.

But the Equitable got its premiums. No matter how much I needed the money at home, the yearly premium *had* to go to New York; and it went.

What became of it after it got to New York? Ah, there's the joke, the cruel joke of the whole matter.



"You scooped our Society in a manner which no one seems to be able to understand; you have laid your greedy paws upon our alleged surplus of $80,000,000."

My money went into the pot of the Equitable Society, together with that of thousands of other plain, average American fools, until a huge accumulation was there.

"It made me grunt, as I paid, more than once."

And then there was a merry dance indeed among our trustees.

Salaries twice as big as that of the President of the United States were paid to men who were foully abusing their trust and shamelessly betraying me and the other thousands of dupes. Boodle money was paid to both the great political parties to keep down investigation and exposure. Lobbyists were hired at lavish expense to keep the Legislature asleep. Lawyers were paid "hush money" by the tens of thousands to stave off legal inquiry; directors were allowed to steal our money under the shallow device of lending it to corporations owned by themselves. Greedy speculators were given control of our funds in the carrying out of marauding deals. A carnival of fraud and thievery and extravagance took place, the laws being broken with brazen confidence in the power of the rascals to bribe their way to safety.

Yes, the Equitable Society of New York has swindled me and thousands of other dupes out of honest, hard-earned money. Each of us who contributed to make the Equitable what it was had an interest in the earnings, in the surplus. That was the harvest; we made it—it was ours.

Where is it? What share of it will any of us ever get?

* * * * *

What is my policy worth? I want to know. Hence it is offered for sale.

Will you buy it, Tom Ryan?

You scooped our Society in a manner which no one seems to be able to understand; you have laid your greedy paws upon our alleged surplus of $80,000,000; you give marching orders to our alleged assets of four hundred millions.

A part of that money is mine. By every rule of right I am entitled to a share of the crop, which I helped to make.

What is my policy worth, Tom Ryan? Give me a bid.

You are the man who gobbled up the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. You are the man into whose maw went the street-car systems of New York. You are the man who has done queer things to a bank or two, and who helped August Belmont buy the nomination of Parker last summer. To crown your career, you gobbled up the Equitable Society, of which I am a quiet, non-combative member. What do you mean to do with it?

Will you continue to use our funds to back your speculations?

Will you continue to furnish out of our treasury campaign boodle for both the great political parties?

When I joined the Equitable Society, Tom, I didn't know what the gang was like. Now that I know, I want to get out. My policy is up for sale.

It is time that I found out what this old piece of paper is worth.

I want to know, and I want the knowledge *now*.

What is a $5,000 policy, with nineteen premiums paid on it, worth in your company, Tom Ryan?

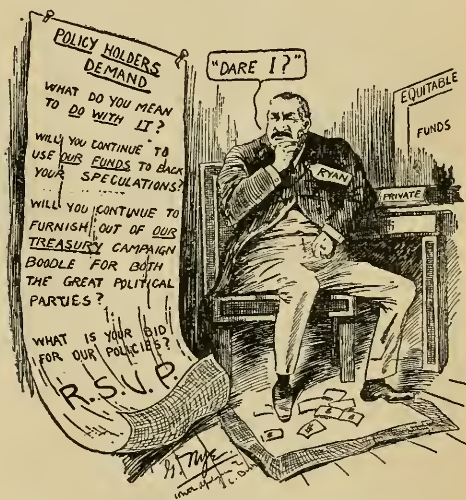
You are on the inside and ought to know.

I'm on the outside and want to know.

Give us the proof of the pudding, Tom.

What *is your* bid for this policy in *your* Society?

Speak up, like a man!



"Speak up, like a man!"

A Day in the Autumn Woods

Did you never, Mr. Busy Man, drop all your crowding tasks for a space, snatch one whole day from the noisy world in which you bustle and carry it with you into the brilliant woods of Indian summer?

Did you never take by the hand the patient wife who loves you with such tried devotion, and say to her:

"Sweetheart, will you ride with me today?"

It may be that Time is even now frosting your temples, and the shadow beginning to *follow* where it used to lead. Quick, then, Mr. Busy Man! Now or never, if you would taste the nectar which so many neglect, and which, thank God! is as free to the peasant as to the king!

* * * * *

Very quietly we went, my sweetheart and I, taking our way along the path, then out across the fallen leaves, saying little.

The sounds of travel on the road were left far behind, and we were alone, she and I, in the majestic forest.

How gorgeous it was! The dress parade of nature was never more thrillingly splendid.

The red sugarberry flew its battle-flag from every height. The golden maple marched side by side with the red elm, and underneath these stately leaders crowded the dogwood and the sassafras in serried skirmish line. Monk-like towered the hooded pine over blazing yellow of hickory, over purple heads of oaks.

And the falling leaves, how they drifted down in dazzling showers, drifting here against a rock, drifting yonder against a bank, falling straight or falling aslant, but falling, ever falling, whispering faintly as they drifted downward through the breezeless, golden afternoon.

What foot of Persian king ever trod carpet so rich, so deep, so many-hued?

We walked upon it slowly, hushed into perfect silence by the nameless spell of primeval woods.

Above us a squirrel was busy with a nut; how silly it was of him to leap frantically away, springing from tree to tree till he was hidden in his hollow! We had no murder in our hearts that day—certainly none that day.

The sapsucker and the yellowhammer were drumming on dead limbs, and the tattoo which they beat with their long bills rang metallically down the forest.

A covey of partridges, sunning themselves in an open, grassy nook, got almost under our feet before they rose with a startled and startling flutter and whirled away.

Over ledge after ledge of rock, between two steep hills, dashed a stream from the spring far up the slope.

Was music ever sweeter? We sat down beside the brook, and as I noted the record of the water's path on the rocks and reflected how long that little rill must have been at work cutting its way downward to the gray stones upon which we sat, I got some idea of how old, how very old, it all was; and I wondered which one of those smooth-worn furrows in the granite marked the bed of the stream when Helen of Troy was young, or when chained thousands, groaning beneath the lash, were fitting stones into the Pyramids.

Wrapped in this mood of idle thought I had not noticed that my sweetheart had left me and gone on down the glen, until she called me to see the minnows, the silver-sided fish, which rose by the score to the crumbs she scattered upon the pool, and which she was feeding with all the delight of one who loves every innocent thing that God made.

And so the afternoon wore away.

We strolled from rock to rock, from tree to tree, from the hilltop to the brook and from the brook to the hill again, each scene so lovely that each seemed lovelier than the others.

A mighty suspense hung within those wooded aisles, as if some mystic interval had fallen upon the vast cathedral service of nature. One felt that something had gone before, that something would follow after, but that, for the moment, to be reverently silent was worship.

Boisterous laughter among those fading royalties of the trees would have been sacrilege.

Frivolity amid the showers of those falling leaves would have been criminal.

And the song of that modest brook, as it hurried away over the smooth-worn grooves in the old gray rocks, softened every thought, chastened every impulse of mind and heart.

The hurly-burly of the everyday world seemed far away—and forgotten.

Its cares, its toils, its strifes, its ambitions, its disappointments—all, all were gone.

We were alone, my sweetheart and I, and our thoughts, like our hands, were joined together.

We did not speak overmuch—there was no need.

Why should I tell her, in words, how my thoughts had flown back to the time when I, a nameless, homeless suitor, had found favor in her eyes? There was no need; she knew, she knew

it well. What need that I should say, in words, that her love had been to my better self the gift of the Order of Knighthood, calling it to higher aims, inspiring it to nobler works?

There was no need; *she* knew—she knew it well.

Nor was there any need of words to remind her that I had been thinking of that which ever and forever makes the lip begin to tremble, and the eye to fill, and the soul to writhe in the agony that finds no voice and no relief.

There was no need for speech. I knew that she had heard, and she knew that I had heard, the patter of little feet upon the leaves, feet that follow us invisibly now as we walk toward the setting sun. In the song of the water we had heard another voice than that of the brook; and down every glade of the wondrous woods I knew there had come to her, as to me, the question of "Shall she be ours again?" And to know that the despair had not lifted for her, any more than it had lifted for me, I had only to glance at the dear face into which grief had so cruelly stamped its shadow and its pain.

* * * * *

As we came forth from the forest for the homeward ride the red lancers of the retiring sun were speeding over the brown fields, gloriously covering the retreat.

Their last stand upon the hilltops had scarcely been made before the silvered legions of the autumn moon came pouring over the plains.

We rode home along the country lanes in the radiance of ten thousand stars, and under the spell which falls upon the heart after a perfect day in the woods of Indian summer.

* * * * *

Mr. Busy Man, leave your task some day, let the shop take care of itself, let the mill go as it may, let the plow stand in the furrow—and take yourself into the depths of the solemn, shadowy woods. Call back, ah, call back the forgotten years, collect around you the old friends, the old thoughts, the old ambitions, the mistakes you made, the faults you had, the wrongs you did or suffered, the opportunities wasted, the vain things you sought, the work that you might have done better, the kind words you might have spoken and did not, the good deeds you might have done and did not, the frowns that should have been smiles, the curses that might have been blessings, the tears that ought never to have been shed, the wounds that need never have been made.

Commune with yourself—your past, your present, your future—your crimes, your weaknesses, your doubts, your fears, your hopes, your despair; and thus let Conscience and the Angels of your Better Self beat your soul into the prayer:

"God be merciful to *me*, a sinner!"

Editorial Comment

THIS is the way the old story used to run, in the slave States, before the war:

"Boss, I'se awful sorry I stole dem 'taters."

"How long have you been sorry, Pompey?" asks the master as he gets the cowhide ready for business.

"Boss, I'se been sorry ev' since I was cotched."

Chauncey Depew and other knaves stole nearly a quarter million dollars from us in the Equitable Society, and he never was sorry until he was "cotched."

Caught with the goods, the hoary old sinner returned the money. But suppose he hadn't got "cotched"?

* * * * *

James Hazen Hyde returned a portion of the money he stole from us; Alexander did the same; sundry other high-rolling rascals did likewise; but are none of the thieves to be punished?

Is the return of stolen goods to be

James Hazen Hyde returned a portion of the money he stole from us; Alexander did the same; sundry other high-rolling rascals did likewise; but are none of the thieves to be punished?"

the limit of the law's demand on the thief?

*   *   *   *   *

What a queer old humbug the "law" is. On one page of the newspaper you will read about the rogues who steal a morsel to eat, a garment to wear, fuel to burn, or a few paltry dollars of jingling cash. In most of the cases where there is arrest and punishment the sum stolen is trivial, and in many instances the rogue was tempted by dire distress.

I have one case in mind where the criminal was sentenced to the penitentiary for several years for a matter of a few cents.

He had no "pull," you see. He was not "highly connected." He did not move in the "best society." He was not a useful man to a lot of hungry corporations. Hence, he got the full weight of the wheels.

But when Depew, Hyde, Alexander and other confederated thieves are caught stealing nearly a million dollars from the trust funds which you and I (and other fools) placed in their hands they not only escape punishment, but

receive high praise for their return of the loot.

How do I know that the same crowd will not steal the money once more as soon as this hue and cry is over?

"False in one thing, false in all: once a rogue, always a rogue."

The rascals who took our money can do it again, and as soon as they can do it while no one is looking, they will.

* * * * *

Christian Russia, lusting for conquest, laid her hands on China—as other Christian nations had done. Russia overdoing the thing, and thereby arousing the jealousy of other Christian nations, the pagan Japanese were given a free hand and much encouragement in thrashing the aggressive Slavs out of their boots.

Japan wins what she started in to get, and the time comes for peace.

Roosevelt hits the iron at the right time, in the right way; the Commissioners come to Portsmouth and peace is made.

The Russian diplomat, Witte, boasts loudly and vulgarly of the manner in which he beat the Japanese at the Conference.

To an outsider this boasting and bragging seem in singularly bad taste.

Just as the Japs gave lessons to Russia in the battlefield, in the hospitals, on the high seas and in the treatment of prisoners, so they rose superior to the Russians at the council board.

The Japs knew that they were leaning upon the broken reed of European forbearance, and they wisely made the future safe by present moderation.

And they do not *brag*. The war arose out of Russian aggression; Russia loses everything that she fought for, but she does not have to buy peace after having been whipped in the field. The fact that she does not have to buy off the Japs with money is the glorious victory which Witte says *he* won by his "poker face" at the Conference.

Bosh!

It was from St. Petersburg that the message continued to come: "Not a kopeck of indemnity."

Back of "Poker-face" Witte, back of the weakling Czar, were the kings of European finance. These powers behind the throne had lent money to Russia to the comfortable limit of her credit. Suppose Russia had yielded to the demand for an indemnity and that Russia had been compelled to issue a new loan of nearly a billion dollars—*what would have been the effect on the market value of the former loans?*

These would have slumped.

Hence the kings of European finance probably had more to do with the attitude of both Russia and Japan than the average citizen has supposed.

* * * * *

Fine old times are coming around in Georgia.

The Hon. Clark Howell is running for Governor; so is the Hon. Hoke Smith.

Brother Howell is the Georgia member of the National Democratic Executive Committee. He has always been a Dave Hill man.

Brother Smith was a member of the Cabinet during that smelly period known as Cleveland's second administration, and has always been a Cleveland man.

Again, Brother Howell used to be a rampant silverite, while Brother Smith was a ravenous gold bug.

But they were both rock-ribbed, moss-backed, mud-silled, unterrified Democrats, and when the necessity arose for putting down Populism or any other intrusive thing they both loved a flexible ballot-box, a magazine voter, a color-blind returning board and a tally-sheet which recorded whatever the voice in the phonograph said.

But times have changed. The Southern Railroad system has been *too* defiant in running roughshod over the laws and the people. The corporation lobbyists have put their dirty fingers into too many pies. The fact that a Republican like J. Pierpont Morgan can systematically rob a great State like Georgia through the machinery of

the Democratic Party has become too plain and too intolerable.

Hence there is revolt all along the line, and Hoke Smith leads it.

In *such* a fight he has all my sympathy.

If he can do for Georgia what La Follette has done in Wisconsin and Folk has done in Missouri, he will become a heroic figure in the eyes of reformers throughout the land. No matter how faulty his record in the past may have been, he is hitting the bull's-eye *this* time.

* * * * *

For more than a generation "the nigger" has been the stock-in-trade of the Democratic Party in the South. The fear that negro domination might be the result of a division among the whites has compelled us to submit to anything and everything that Eastern Democrats chose to put upon us. The manner in which the South has been dragooned through the Democratic Party by such heartless gold-hunters as Belmont, Morgan, Havemeyer, Ryan and Whitney is enough to make the cheek of every Southern man burn with shame.

Hoke Smith now proposes to strike for Southern independence by taking away the club which Eastern Democrats used to beat us down with; he proposes to banish the fear of negro domination by disfranchising the negro.

Whoever feels ashamed of the manner in which Tammany and the East have made a foot-mat of the South; whoever wants the South to become independent; whoever wants to see Southern white men use their own brains and vote according to the dictates of their own convictions, must realize that nothing can be done as long as the South is forever frightened into political paralysis by the cry of "negro domination."

Hoke Smith proposes to put this old bugaboo out of business.

If he can do it he will have done a splendid work for Southern independence and Southern progress.

* * * * *

In 1898 Calvin Brice and other capitalists secured from China the right to build a railroad. In course of time this concession fell into the clutches of J. Pierpont Morgan and associates. Not a mile of the road has ever been made. Not a dollar of benefit has ever accrued to China. For certain reasons it became inadvisable for the American syndicate to build the railroad, and the Chinese Government wished to cancel the concession.

The big-hearted Morgan generously agreed to give up *the right to build the road* provided China paid him six million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

And China had to do it. Not a penny had been paid to China for the concession; not a penny of benefit had she got from it; but, because she had unwisely granted to greedy speculators a right to make the road she had to pay a king's ransom to get free.

Christian finance must have a strong moral influence upon missionary work in China!

* * * * *

Morgan is one of the railroad kings of America who are compelling the people to pay them large revenues on seven billion dollars of watered stock.

He is the Republican whose system of robbery is upheld in the State of Georgia by the organized Democracy.

He is one of the chiefs of the present management of railways who find it cheaper to kill and wound 92,000 men, women and children every year than to spend the proper amount of money on roadbed, bridges, switches, rolling stock and employees.

* * * * *

And as I was saying, those rascals, Senator Depew and others, who were filching from you and me (and other fools) in the Equitable, had had our money *for seven years*.

How much longer would they have kept it if they hadn't got "cotched"?

Are Treasury Reports Reliable?

BY FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS

IT is difficult, if not impossible, to get the full truth about the nation's financial affairs from the reports that are available to the public, made by the Treasury Department. Circumstances compel some show to be made of an effort to keep the public informed, but it is impossible to believe that the abstracts, summaries and reports from time to time issued are not constructed with the deliberate purpose of concealing facts that, if generally known, would operate detrimentally to certain private, corporate and party interests.

So far as the reports disclose anything that might be profitable to the public, they come, as a rule, from thirty to sixty days after the special interests that may be benefited have been in possession of the information they contain. It is a real art to construct a report so that a statement of *facts* actually conceals the truth. It requires a superior skill to handle figures in a way to create a false impression and at the same time successfully avoid anything upon which can be based a charge of making false statements.

There is a growing belief that for several years the Department has been more solicitous about the interests of National Banks and the stock markets than about the welfare of the Government and the people. There can hardly be a question in the mind of anyone, who has been studying the Comptroller's abstracts, that there has been a constant desire in that office to cover up certain very important conditions of National Banks that are unmistakable indications of repeated violations of law.

In every abstract of the condition of National Banks, from the first one, which covered the time from October 6 to December 17, 1896, issued by Mr. Eckels, through all the abstracts issued by Mr. Dawes and Mr. Ridgley down to February 26, 1902 (No. 27), there is an erroneous statement of the ratio of lawful reserves. Under the heading of "Lawful Money Reserves," to be found on page seven of every abstract, the statement made of the amount of reserve held and the ratio held could not possibly have any other result than to create a false impression concerning bank reserves.

The first four columns of the table are headed "Deposits," "Reserve Required," "Reserves Held" and "Ratio (or per cent.) of Reserves." The banks in the Reserve cities are permitted, most unwisely, by law to deposit one-half of their so-called lawful reserves in banks of Central Reserve cities. If the table on page seven of any one of the abstracts from 1 to 27 is examined with reference to these banks it will be seen that the "Reserve Required" in the second column is just one-fourth the deposits stated in the first column. This is correct, but the "Reserves Held" in the third column ought to be not less than one-half cash in the bank vaults, and not to exceed one-half deposits in Central Reserve banks. A little calculation shows that this is not so. Under the head of "Reserves Held" is included all deposits with "Reserve Agent" banks, without any regard to how much of such deposits are permitted by law to be counted as part of the reserves. In this way a shortage in the cash reserve required does not appear in the "Ratio." On

the amount of so-called Reserves Held the ratio of reserve, in every one of the twenty-seven abstracts, is calculated, and the shortage in "Cash Required" is concealed. Under this erroneous and deceptive method the cash reserve required by law—the most important part of the lawful reserve—was entirely ignored, and banks shown to have a larger ratio than they possessed. It was often made to appear in these abstracts that banks held reserves in excess of the requirements of the law, when in fact they were short in cash required and, of course, in lawful reserves. The table pretends to show "Lawful Money Reserves," but the only ratio of reserves given does not show the lawful reserves. The next two columns, to one who is familiar with the subject, may be made by calculation to correct the error in the first four, but in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred these tables make false impressions.

The attention of Mr. Ridgley was called to this defect in the abstracts. In a letter to me he admitted the error and attempted to excuse it. In the next abstract (No. 28) he changed the table in a way that is very significant. The change makes the table fourfold more difficult to understand by the average man than it was before. The real error is not eliminated, but the heading is changed from "Lawful Money Reserves" to "Deposits and Reserves," so that the table no longer pretends to be a showing of "lawful reserves." He cut out the sixth column "Cash Reserves Required," so that it now requires a considerable calculation to find the "Cash Reserves Required," which could be determined at a glance as it stood before.

It is impossible not to believe in the existence of a purpose to conceal the numerous violations of law in relation to the "Cash Reserves Required." That this is the real purpose is a conclusion that is difficult to avoid when sufficient calculation is made to show the condition of the aggregate cash reserve held by the banks in each of the reserve cities during the last four or five years, almost from the beginning of the issue of these abstracts.

The aggregates of cash reserves in many of the Reserve cities were reduced, by excessive loans, below the amount required by law. The number of cities in which this condition existed continued to increase until the end of the time covered by Abstract No. 30—September 15, 1902—when the aggregate in the banks of each of the *three* Central Reserve cities—New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and in each of *twenty-two out of thirty Reserve cities*, was less than the law required. Under such circumstances a duty rested upon the Comptroller, to be performed by and with the consent of the Secretary of the Treasury. In no single instance does this duty appear to have been performed. On the contrary, the Secretary rushed to the assistance of the banks and announced, notwithstanding the requirements of the law, that a reserve would not be required on Government deposits.

In this connection the following letter will be interesting:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, October 21, 1902.

Mr. Flavius J. Van Vorhis, Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR: Your letter of the 14th instant is received, relative to the lawful money reserve of National Banks as shown by the printed abstracts issued by this office, and suggesting certain changes in the form of statement.

You are informed that in Abstract No. 29 showing the resources and liabilities of National Banks for July 16, 1902, and in the abstract last issued, No. 30, containing similar information for September 15, 1902, United States deposits were included in computing the lawful money reserve required, the recent announcement of the Secretary of the Treasury that reserve would not be required on Government deposits not having been made until after the last call for a report of condition of the banks was issued.

Your suggestions in regard to changes in the form of the table showing deposits and reserves will have careful consideration.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM B. RIDGLEY,
Comptroller.

In this way, to relieve the banks from the condition in which they had placed themselves by excessive loans,

the aggregate of reserves required was decreased almost $30,000,000, and the danger to individual depositors increased. By this action of the Secretary the banks can loan every dollar of Government deposits. These deposits are secured by bonds, that represent part of the bank assets, and may be withdrawn upon demand like any other deposit, and must, when withdrawn, be paid out of reserves to which they have not been required to contribute one dollar. The Government holds a prior lien on about *seventy per centum* of the aggregate capital of National Banks, and this action of the Secretary is not just to individual depositors, who have no security for their money.

September 15, 1902, the New York banks were short in their aggregate reserve over $2,280,000. They held almost $40,000,000 of Government money. By excluding this from the calculations made to determine the reserve, almost $10,000,000 was liberated, and the New York banks were enabled to show a surplus of over $7,000,000. This amount was thus, by a clear violation of law, taken from the reserve intended for the safety of depositors and added to the amount available for loans for the benefit of the New York banks and the New York stock gamblers. This alone is sufficient to show conclusively that the Department is being manipulated in the interest of banks and stock markets, and with little consideration for either the interests or rights of individual depositors.

From the time when this change in the reserve was announced, to November, 1903, the Department still further assisted the banks by an increase of deposits of over $36,000,000 exclusive of deposits of disbursing officers. Notwithstanding this liberality of the Department with the people's money, on November 17, 1903, the aggregate reserve held by the banks in each of *two* Central Reserve cities and in each of *eighteen* Reserve cities was short.

With such a condition of affairs as this existing, there ought to be no surprise at the growing suspicion that the trust funds and gold reserve shown by the debt statement (which, exclusive of $101,248,700 in bullion, amounts to over $900,000,000 in gold and silver coin) are being exploited for private benefit, very much as Mr. Lawson says have been the trust funds of insurance companies.

An examination of the reports, while it does not confirm, so far as I can see, by no means dispels the suspicion. If so flagrant a violation of law, and departure from official honesty, has occurred, it can hardly be expected that it will be disclosed in the reports, even if falsehood is required to conceal it. If it be true, as suspected, that banks already have some of these trust funds, some time in the near future proposed legislation to cover it up, by authorizing the Secretary to deposit trust funds in National Banks, may be expected.

Similar Symptoms

"WELL, suzz, Ezry!" ejaculated a certain citizen of Pruntytown, upon meeting an acquaintance. "You are lookin' real smilin' and satisfied this afternoon. Betcha it's a boy or girl—hey?"

"Betcha 'tain't!" was the reply. "I've just swapped a balky horse to Deacon Pettifer for an animal that ain't got a thing in the world the matter with him except a spavin, the heaves and a stringhalt. That's what tickles me so."

Author of "The Micmacs," "The Inn of the Long Year," etc.

THE back windows of the first floor of the Hotel Rockingham were exactly on a level with the back windows of the third floor of the tenement house behind it, down the hill. Mrs. Arbuthnot, by way of relief from the black radiator and the sewing-machine, which were salient points in the tenement furnishing, fell into the way of sitting in the dark when her day's work was over, and watching a certain sitting-room in the Hotel Rockingham, whose blinds were never down.

There was an open fire; a lamp, instead of electric light; and more than that, on a writing-table stood candles. Mary Arbuthnot felt childishly that she could bear her unbearable life if only now and then she could afford a wax candle. Every evening the occupant of the room made coffee over a spirit lamp, and then settled to his work at the table in the window. By and bye he would light his pipe; toward ten o'clock clouds of blue smoke would blur the sharp picture of comfort and well-being, but not so thoroughly as the tears which filled the lonely watcher's eyes. She had been ashamed, at first, of spying on her aristocratic neighbor, but as the winter evenings darkened she forgot that. She sat boldly at her draughty window in the dark, and looked into the opposite room till it grew to be a spurious home to her. Incidentally, she looked upon its owner. Sometimes he had visitors. She was jealously glad when they left. She wanted no one in that room but the man who sat and smoked and wrote so far into the night.

Mrs. Arbuthnot had lived once in just such a room, and never would again. Her husband had dragged her with ease and rapidity down a hill she could never reascend. Hand to mouth and the third floor of a decent tenement was the best she could do for herself; even that was only just attained, and she had not outgrown the haunting fear that Bill Arbuthnot might find her out some day, and take her back to the depths with him. To get rid of it now she tried to huddle comfortably in her uncomfortable rocking-chair, and looked again at the luxury opposite, at the bent black head and foreshortened face of which she knew every line; and an unpleasant thrill ran through her as she looked.

A stranger had entered her Peri-viewed paradise—a man in an overcoat. The owner of the room dropped his pen, and rose—sharply, as though he, too, had felt a disagreeable surprise.

"Business," thought Mrs. Arbuthnot. She wished the unwelcome visitor would go; she liked to watch the one quiet figure, which had a lonely look, not unlike her own. But suddenly she started bolt upright in her chair. There was surely a familiar something about the visitor over the way! Was it possible that he reminded her of—Bill? But that was nonsense. She had not seen Bill for seven years; would not know him if she did see him.

The two men were talking, standing. The stranger had his back to her. He was a little bald, just as Bill might be by this time; he gesticulated, just in Bill's way. The owner of the room was facing her; she could see his shaved lips move as he laconically answered the excited speeches of the other man. Presently he turned round, then back again, and stooped over a drawer in the

writing-table, looking for something. The overcoated visitor faced round where he stood behind the owner.

Mrs. Arbuthnot leaped from her seat. In two minutes she was downstairs, out, and in the side door of the Rockingham, which was used by her, for she did mending for the guests. In three she was on the first floor, noiseless and unobserved.

Breathlessly she turned the handle of the room she had never expected to enter; with marvelous quiet set the door ajar; she meant to stand there and shriek for help while she stopped the way of anyone who tried to rush past her. But she did nothing of the kind. She stood dumb. Through the crack of the door she stared at the visitor, who had apparently changed occupations with his host. He stood bent over the same drawer, searching the same mass of papers in which the other had been fumbling. With thickish, shakish fingers he picked out a paper, and turned round with a grunt of relief—to see the door ajar.

Before he could spring to it Mrs. Arbuthnot had opened it boldly and was in the room. Before he could lay a hand on her she had called him by name.

"Bill!" she said.

He had raised his arm to strike her, but he did not do it. He said something, in a fierce, astonished whisper.

"Yes, it's I," she spoke more low, more fiercely; and locked the door behind her without taking her eyes from him. The owner of the room said nothing; he was lying sprawled across the writing-table, over a litter of written and virgin pages. "*I saw you!* I've come round to give you away." Mrs. Arbuthnot's eyes had never wavered from the face of the man who had once been her husband; a swollen, tired face, handsome still. He had been drinking, but he was sober now. "You fool!" she said. She looked for one flash at the man she would never watch again where he wrote in his fancied solitude. "I loved him; my God, I loved him!" she broke out.

For a year he had been her silent comrade, her unconscious comforter; and he lay dead under her eyes.

"He was your lover?" Arbuthnot's hand clutched at her, and missed.

"No," she said heavily, "I was his. He never spoke to me."

If she had seen his sneer he would have swung for it, but she did not look at him.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded.

She pointed to the window.

"I live behind there. *I saw you!*" she whispered. She was so faint and sick that she closed her eyes at his quick step toward her. She was hardly sensible of his hand on her shoulder.

"Who else saw me? Who else? Anybody?"

"I don't know."

Arbuthnot turned to the prostrate body and cursed it. "I don't know why I did it," he finished sullenly, "only he drove me crazy. I'll get out of this now."

"If I let you."

But she knew she would let him; she felt a guilty woman standing there, though she had never spoken to the dead man.

"You will let me, Mary," Arbuthnot spoke like a gentleman, as he had been used once to speak, "you'll help me. You must!" his eyes traveled slowly to the body at the table, comprehending it for the first time. "Take me home—with you—" he appealed, "till it—blows over."

Home—to the room whence she had been wont to look on the living man, who was dead? Never! She crossed the room and closed the blind.

"That would run your neck into the rope," she said. She felt pitiless. "My place is full of people; any of them may have seen you as well as I. Their rooms have windows." But she shivered as she said it. "Why did you—do it?" she ended faintly. She had not meant to shrink from the word.

"Because he'd ruined me. He'd made it so I couldn't show my face anywhere. He had a paper of mine he held over me, and when I saw it tonight I— He was a pal of mine once,

though you mightn't think it! I came to borrow money from him, and all he did was to turn round and drag out that cursed paper."

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not answer him; she was looking at the dead. His head lay sideways on the table, his eyes were open; he looked uncomfortable. She had known he was dead from the moment she entered the room, yet she could not leave him like that. She went to him and, with shaking fingers, closed his eyes. A soft sound at the door made her wheel. It was Bill, turning the handle to leave the room, and she looked at him triumphantly: the key was in her pocket.

"You can't do it! I'm going to give you up; have you arrested!" she said softly, and the blood beat in her head like a hammer.

Arbuthnot did not move. The door-knob was useless, and he dared not make the noise of bursting the lock.

"Do," he said. "Make a good head-line, 'Wife Hanging Her Own Husband,'" and once the word was out he thought it echoed round the room. But it was the other word that made the woman start away from him.

"Husband! You're no husband of mine; you deserted me. It's seven years."

"All the same, I'm your husband." If he were afraid, he did not show it; he went on speaking quietly, mindful that in a hotel the walls are parchment. "You swore once," he said, "to love me."

"And what did you swear, you—?" somewhere in the corridor there was a noise that took the words out of her mouth. Arbuthnot's sodden face went gray.

"I know—let that alone," he muttered. "Only the child—think of the child! Don't go back on me." And the steps outside passed as he waited for her to answer.

"The child!" It was her last, worst count against him; the thought that she fought off night and day. To have her child again, even to know it was safe and well, she could almost——

"Where is she?" She had her work cut out not to scream it, and he saw his advantage.

"At mother's. She's doing well. She's so pretty, Mary, and if—" even Arbuthnot had not the nerve to finish.

His wife stood silent. Ever since the day he had vanished with her two-year-old child a terror had maddened the woman he had deserted. What would become of her baby, at the tender mercies of a man like him? And he had had tender mercies, after all; there had been that much good in him. She almost wavered. And he saw it.

"It will all come out," he said thickly, "my record and yours. With that kind of a father and mother, who will have anything to do with *her?* But give me up if you like. I'm a worse man, I suppose, than you are a woman, but," he swore, "I couldn't do this by you!"

In the silence the dead man's watch ticked loudly in his pocket.

Nerveless, limp, the woman leaned against the door for support. Fifty hangings, fifty lives like Bill's, could not make the man she loved breathe or move again. It was all the same, since he was dead; all the same to him. The threat about her own past had no terror for her; it was a past of poverty, not sin—Bill had made a bad shot there—but it had deadened, numbed her. Right and wrong and expediency had all grown one indistinguishable blur. Who had made her a judge to send a man to the gallows, and stamp with that ineradicable die the child who called him father?

"Come, then," she said heavily, "I'll help you. But it's for her sake, not yours; I'd not stir one finger for you." There were steps again past the door, and Arbuthnot knew they would stop there. His heart echoed them long after they had died away. "Come," she repeated. It was no matter to her how many people went by; she knew they never came in. "That's no one! Come."

"The knife! It's mine." He went over and took it from the close-lipped wound with a sound that turned her faint even before he wiped it on the

tablecloth. No, no! She would not save him. He could hang.

"You promised," he cried quickly.

She could not answer him. With sudden terror she feared the dead man who could not trust her. She took the doorkey out of her pocket, and it fell on the floor. It was Arbuthnot who fitted it in the lock, and turned it again when they were outside. But once away from that silent, accusing presence the woman led the way, down a lighted hall, and out the little side entrance of the building. They met no one. In five minutes they had turned into the dark alley that led to the tenement, but once in it she stopped.

"Have you nowhere to go?" she asked, loathing him.

He shook his head. "I came here on the train tonight. I haven't a cent to get out of the place."

"Money," she thought. He would want money, and she had none. By the time she received her week's wages every train and steamer would be watched. Like lightning she remembered a place where a murderer—the word had come to her mind inadvertently; she staggered as she remembered it was the right one—might lie hidden for weeks.

"Wait here," she said; and wiped the damp of horror from her lip.

Arbuthnot grasped her arm. "You're playing fair with me? You won't give me up?"

"You're her father, or I would," she sobbed fiercely.

She broke from him and ran down the alley. He waited. He did not trust her, but he waited, chiefly because he could not run; his legs had begun to shake the instant he was left alone. He felt a kind of dull surprise when she returned alone, with a bundle.

"You must be quick," she said.

She led the way through a labyrinth of dark lanes, carefully avoiding the electric lights that mark out the thoroughfares. Gradually they drew out into the open country, having met no one all the way. It was very cold; the ground was like stone, as after a couple of miles of walking they came out on a bare field. Beyond it the sea rolled thick with cold under the cloud-veiled sky; in the midst of it, grim and hulking, loomed the deserted prison, left to the bats and the four winds these thirty years.

The woman drew a breath of relief. Nearby was a fishing village; every day boats came and went. It was not a scrupulous village; it would be easy, comparatively, to get Bill safely away. The man recoiled at the sight of the black pile.

"Here," he cried; "it's a prison! You——"

"It's the only safe place I know," she answered, unmoved by the epithet. "I found it out by chance. No one ever comes here, and—it's a prison without a door"; she pointed significantly to a black and empty archway.

Arbuthnot flinched in front of it like a frightened horse. "I won't go in," he swore nervously. "Do you mean to keep me there forever? How'm I to get away?"

She told him, slowly, as one tells a child.

"Why not now—tonight?" he demanded. And she told him all over again.

"Because it's winter, and there mayn't be a boat going out for a week."

And her thought was how she hated him, and that she had better finish before she repented.

She went before him into the dark archway. The winter moon crept out from the clouds, and sent a piercing shaft after them as they disappeared; sent another through the narrow-slit windows of the prison, and found them, husband and wife, standing in the corridor encircling the whitewashed square of black-doored cells which rose tier on tier to the roof. At each corner a stout stair wound to the four iron galleries that surmounted one another. The moon's rays fell on the nearest stair.

"We must go up to the highest row; it's 'most out of the way," said the black shadow of the woman to the

black shadow of the man, in the chill silence of the vaulty place.

Once more she led the way, carrying her bundle. Arbuthnot's steps sang on the granite as he followed her, and she stopped in terror, though there were no ears within a mile.

"Walk quietly," she snapped, and went on like a cat up the icy stone steps. She felt her way in utter darkness, because the moon had vanished; and the murderer clung to her skirts.

Into the first cell on the highest gallery they turned, and she struck a match from her bundle. There was the wooden shelf which had held the convict's bed; she spread her shawl on it, put on the slab that stood for a table the loaf of bread that had been meant for her own breakfast, and turned to go. But to be alone was beyond Bill Arbuthnot, and he said so. To his surprise she gave in without a struggle. Side by side the two who had not met for seven years sat through the long hours till dawn, their intolerable burden between them. Once he huddled close to her for warmth, and she pushed him off, violently. When day broke she rose shivering, though their bodies and breaths had warmed and made close the narrow cell.

"Where are you going?" Arbuthnot clutched her dress.

"Home; to my work."

"Why couldn't you have kept me in your room where you work, instead of this beastly place?"

"Because I've a girl there working with me. And because there isn't even a cupboard there where I could put you."

"When will you be back?" He kept hold of her, like a child.

"After dark."

"I suppose you've got to go!"

"Or you starve," she retorted harshly. "There's bread for today; you can walk up and down to keep warm."

Arbuthnot made no answer, except to let go her dress, till she was halfway down the stair. Then he called her, and she went back.

"Find out—you know—" he said, "and bring me something to smoke."

Mrs. Arbuthnot staggered against the railing of the gallery. She had forgotten the horror of talk she would have to face. She could not do it; she turned on him frantically.

"I can't go! I'll get you things some other way. I can't go—home."

"Then they'll suspect you!" angrily.

"No. I often go over to Northway for a week's upholstering without telling the girl. I was there yesterday. I left word for her last night that I might go there today for a week; I won't be missed." And her hard mouth shook on it. It had always been a wrench to go away, even for a week, from her unconscious comrade, and now he had gone away from her forever. She could never go home.

She sat that day in silence. Arbuthnot wailed uninterruptedly that he had no tobacco; when evening fell he said he was starving and had as soon hang and be done with it. When at last she rose he acquiesced without a word to her leaving, since she was going for food. He never even asked where; but she had had all day to ask herself.

On the outskirts of the town stood a house where every evening bread and soup were given to all comers. It had the high-sounding name of The House of the Guardian Angel. Frequenters knew it as "the Angel," a restaurant where there was nothing to pay. Mrs. Arbuthnot was going there, since she could neither go home nor walk seven miles to Northway. She had twelve cents, and she went to a shop and bought a tin pail; the bread was given away in paper bags. She fairly ran to the place. What if she were late and had to go back empty-handed?

But the dole had not begun when she took her stand among the ragged women and children hanging about the door. They stared at her indifferently, as she had known they would stare; and the sister in charge, when at last the door opened, never looked at her at all. It was perfectly safe; she had only to hold out her new pail and turn away, bread in hand.

For three nights she came, took her portion and fled. The fourth night there was a delay; she was kept waiting till nearly eight o'clock. As she stood, someone, not a sister, but a passer-by, eyed her keenly. If she had turned round she would have seen the girl who sewed in her room, but she did not turn. The girl stared astounded, then stepped back into a doorway and watched in amazement. Mrs. Arbuthnot was in Northway! Yet here she was among the beggars.

"What on earth!" the girl ejaculated. She saw her companion of every day go away with her provisions, and followed her with cheerful curiosity till she turned off into the country. As Mrs. Arbuthnot crossed the bare field to the deserted prison she was in clear sight against the skyline, a black shape against the winter stars. The girl went back to the tenement, and talked—without malice, but for conversation. Somehow her talk ran like wildfire through the ward.

Arbuthnot met his wife as she climbed the weary stair, but he did not snatch, as at first, at the food she carried. Instead he sat down beside her on the plank bed.

"Did you hear—anything?" he said.

She shook her head listlessly. "I was kept; the sister was late. Eat your soup while it's hot. There's no schooner in the bay yet."

With a sharp gesture he thrust away the food.

"I wish I'd never done it," he startled her. "I wish I'd been dead first."

In the dark his wife stared at him. But repentance here did not mean much.

"Oh, you don't understand," he cried out. "I know what you're thinking. But it's not this place nor the cold that makes me sorry. Somehow it's you!"

"Me?"

He nodded. "You've put yourself out a good deal for me," he said, and the ludicrously inappropriate phrase struck neither of them.

"You can put me out of it," she turned on him savagely. "I don't believe you care a straw what you've done; I don't believe you realize it. Oh, I'm not a praying woman, but if I could say a prayer that would undo your work I'd say it, if I had to give my life for an Amen!"

"Why do you say that?" A long shiver interrupted him, till he felt his flesh must come off his bones. "What's life got to do with it?"

"I don't know," she could hardly speak for crying; "but don't you know that when you've once done a thing you can never get away from it? If there were only some—some expiation! Bill," she leaned to him suddenly; her thin face was distorted as she clasped the knees of the man whom three days ago she hated, whom she had not seen for seven years, "Bill, can't you pray? Can't you do *something?* Do you even, truly, care?"

He did not answer the question; in the dark his face hardened. "Why are you crying?" he asked roughly. "Is it for him? It can't be for me."

"I—I—" she could get no further at first, "I swear I never spoke to him, Bill! But I used to sit and look at him. The room was so lovely. He looked kind. I hadn't anyone else."

"I don't see, then, why you didn't give me away!"

"I couldn't. I don't know why. Bill," sharply, "we're a pretty bad pair to have had a child! What if—?" the words stuck in her throat.

"Hold your tongue!" he said harshly, sweating in the icy cell. It was getting late, and so pitch-dark that he could not even see the dim outline of her, but he could whisper. "Mary," he set his teeth, "if you like I'll—give myself up!"

"You sha'n't," she sobbed, "you must get away. Think of the child up there in the country, with all the papers calling you a murderer—her own father!" and at the word the two who had not met for seven years locked fast in each other's arms in the black dark.

"God forgive you, oh, God forgive

you!" she sobbed. "Bill, can't you—can't you say Amen?"

Downstairs in the corridor round the tiers of cells there was a soft sound. It floated upward unheeded; came again, like a rustling sigh, and entered the cell through the inch-opened door.

"What was that?" said Arbuthnot. He listened. He kept his arms round her.

"Nothing! The wind." For a long moment she spoke the truth. Then the sound came again, cautious, unmistakable. There were feet on the stair.

"Keep still," she breathed. "It's someone!" She opened the door and peered into the dark gulf below the gallery. Downstairs, far down still, there shone for one second a white flash, that made her spring like a cat to Arbuthnot. "Police," she said, "don't run! Come slow." It was side by side they crept along the gallery to the furthest stair: there was a door halfway down it that opened on a ladder to the yard; they might reach it yet. "Go on, Bill; quick!"

She gave him a little push; she could hear feet distinctly in the whispering gallery of the place. But he did not answer to her voice.

Out of the darkness at her elbow started a shadow. It touched her, let her go, tried to spring past her—and she knew she had it in the clutch of the strength that comes to women once in their lives.

"Go on!" she screamed, holding fast to a heavy coat, "don't be taken! The child—" and then all she knew was that she was holding on still, fighting like a cat. This man should never pass her.

Arbuthnot went on. But halfway down two more men were posted. The full light of a lantern glared on him and confused him; he had been used to the dark. He stopped; and the men stood. They were ten steps below him on the slippery stair, and Arbuthnot knew it; but he made no rush. He was thinking in that blinding shaft of light as he had never thought in his life; thinking of the child—of hanging—with a dead stoppage of his heart, of Mary. And at the thoughts he made his rush, but it was not at the stair.

To the men below him there was a quick spring, and a silence. After the silence a thud, far below. But no cry, no whisper where Bill Arbuthnot lay unrecognizable on the stones of the great corridor. He had said his Amen.

A Substitute

SELDUM FEDD—Kin I git a bite to eat, at the house, Cap'n?

HIRED MAN—Don't believe you can. The deacon is stingier than stone soup, and wouldn't give you the mumps unless you'd pay him for 'em. But, tell you what—if you'll come down to the barn I'll show you the beam that the feller that used to own this place hung himself on.

The Creed of Populism

BY PIERRE FIRMIN

OUR present industrial system is scarcely three centuries old. It began in England after the break-up of the medieval conditions under Queen Elizabeth. It has made rapid progress. That it is an improvement on the old feudal system cannot be denied. It has opened up new countries and established new industries. It has added to the comfort and culture of mankind in many ways. It has universalized education and freed the mind from superstition. But there remains the same "irrepressible conflict" that has ever been present among men since the world began—the effort of the strong to enslave the weak. The welfare of the human race is threatened by the very magnitude of its undertakings. Incentive to energy has culminated in a mad frenzy for immense wealth.

The old feudal castles have been leveled to the ground, but in their place have been erected industrial enterprises and establishments wherein the laborer is made to yield up a portion of his earnings as regularly and ruthlessly as the feudal lord appropriated that of his vassal. As "the growth of towns, the development of the commercial spirit, the acquisition of military knowledge by the people in the several countries, scientific inventions and discoveries, and the application of gunpowder in the uses of war" were among the causes which overthrew feudalism, so will they compel a change in our present industrial system. And this change will be wrought from necessity, and not on account of any preconceived theory.

There were those who opposed a change from the feudal system, just as there are those who oppose any change in our present industrial system. But then, as now, the opposition came from those who were its greatest beneficiaries.

One of the principal merits claimed for our present system is that it affords the greatest opportunities for individual effort. A half-century ago that contention could have been made good. Since then the system has developed some very pernicious phases. The success of the present system depends upon the fullest and freest competition. In many cases this has been throttled. Through combinations monopoly has grown up and the laws of supply and demand no longer have anything to do with fixing prices. They are fixed by the managers of corporations. This tendency to concentrate the energies and wealth of a few individuals along certain lines of commerce has been increasing for half a century. It has assumed gigantic and dangerous proportions. It fixes the price of oil, of beef, of coffee, tobacco, of mostly all articles of commerce and kinds of machinery. To meet this condition, which has grown out of our present industrial system, three remedies are proposed:

First: To control the trusts and corporations by law.

Second: To take over to the Government and municipalities all such as are termed public utilities, to be operated at cost for the benefit of the whole people.

Third: For the people to resolve themselves into one great commonwealth or community, take over to itself all the means of production and distribution, wipe out the capitalistic and wage systems entirely, and operate everything in common.

There is no question as to the existence of the evils. Every intelligent man realizes that something must be done.

The conservative class favors control.

The Populists would begin the necessary reform by gradually and in a businesslike way acquiring ownership of the principal agents of distribution, such as the railroad and telegraph lines, the street railways, water-works, lighting franchises and the absolute control of the money system of the country.

The Socialists would revolutionize the whole system, take over all the land, machinery, railroad and telegraph lines, everything, and make them a part of the great commonwealth.

The first of these remedies has been tested by fifty years of trial, and its weakness proved by its absolute failure to control. The very fact that such a remedy is going to be applied invites to the legislative halls a strong lobby with the fixed purpose of corrupting our public servants. Thus, the corporations and trusts have not only prospered immensely in wealth and arrogance right under the shadow of this remedy, but there has grown up a system of corruption that permeates every department of our Government. It is the old question of trying to patch up a pernicious system by permitting its beneficiaries to choose the patches.

Of the remedy proposed by the Socialists I have only a few words to say. To most people it seems like a Utopian dream. To say the least it is extremely radical. If at all possible and practical it could be accomplished only by the slow process of evolution. The great trusts themselves are doing more to aid the socialistic idea than all the propaganda the Socialists are putting out. The claim which is made by trusts that products are more cheaply manufactured and handled by great combinations than in a small way is also the contention of the Socialists. But the Socialist claim is that the benefits of the trust should accrue to all the people. They have a splendid conception of existing evils, and they see with a clear eye the result of their continuance. Yet, if it is possible for them to attain their ultimate object, the Great Commonwealth, they have first got to go laboriously and gradually over every inch of ground contended for by the Populists.

There may be a great deal of radicalism in the remedies proposed by the Populists, but there is nothing either new or impractical. In "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo, discussing the political conditions in France, says:

> All the questions which the Socialists proposed—laying aside cosmogonic visions, reverie and mysticism—may be carried back to two original problems, the first of which is, to produce wealth, and the second, to distribute it. The first problem contains the question of labor, the second, the question of wages; in the first, the point is the employment of strength, and the second, the distribution of enjoyments. From a good employment of strength results public power, and from a good distribution of enjoyments, individual happiness. By good distribution we mean, not equal, but equitable, distribution, for the first quality is equity. From these two things combined, public power abroad and individual happiness at home, results social prosperity, the citizen free, the nation great.

That is genuine Populism. Everything centres around those two great questions.

> England, says the same great author, solves the first of these two problems—she creates wealth admirably, but distributes it badly. This solution, which is completely on one side, fatally leads her to these two extremes, monstrous opulence and monstrous misery; all the enjoyments belong to the few, all the privations to the rest—that is to say, to the people, and privileges, exception, monopoly and feudalism spring up from labor itself. It is a false and dangerous situation to base public power on private want, and to root the grandeur of the State in the suffering of the individual; it is a badly composed grandeur, in which all the material elements are combined, in which no moral elements enter.

And yet Hugo was not a Socialist, as is shown from the following quotation from the same chapter:

> Communism and the agrarian law fancy that they solve the second lesson, but they are mistaken. Their distribution kills production, and equal division destroys emulation and consequently labor.

From a Populist viewpoint our system of production, while it may not be perfect, is far in advance of that of distribution. There may be isolated cases where the Government should step in and do some producing on its own account, just as Kansas and Minnesota are doing in the manufacture of binder twine, but the greatest evils are connected with our system of distribution—the railroads as carriers, and money as a medium of exchange, the key that unlocks the wealth of nations.

It is objected that if the Government goes into business of this kind it will have a tendency to destroy the incentive for individual effort, and for the investment of capital. There could be no greater mistake. On the other hand it will encourage effort. If, through special rates, one man has a monopoly on shipping a certain line of products, as it frequently happens under our present system, it most certainly destroys the incentive for any other man to compete with him. But if all could get the same rates and opportunities, as would be the rule under government ownership, competition would be strong enough to establish fair prices and an open field for individual effort. This fact was exemplified recently in the fight between the State of Kansas and the Standard Oil Company. Prior to the time the Legislature passed a law to establish a refinery no man or set of men cared to go into Kansas and start an independent concern in competition with the Standard. But as soon as that law was passed it encouraged men and capital, and several refineries were projected and started. The same thing can be said of the Beef Trust. It crushes competition and kills the incentive to individual effort. But if the Government would establish a large packing establishment, independent packing houses would be started all over the country.

There was a time, and that not a great while since, when it cost from twenty-five to fifty cents to send a small amount of money a short distance. The express companies had a monopoly on the business. Then the Government went into the business of transmitting money, and now you can send a like amount across the continent for five cents. Did it discourage the different express companies and drive them out of business? Not at all. They simply came to the rate established by the Government, and the people are saving thousands of dollars as a result. Was that impractical? Well, that was Populism. There isn't any howl coming from anybody but the express companies, and the people are not losing any sleep over that kind of howl. Some of these days we will have the parcels post—that is, Uncle Sam will carry parcels up to ten or twelve pounds at about one-half of what the express companies now charge. That will be Populism, too, and the express companies will howl, but they'll go on doing business at the old stand and the sun will still shine.

His Way

"HE——?"

"Oh, he is the sort of chap that wants to abolish the trusts and keeps a dog that howls all night."

PHILANTHROPY is often the cheapest method of advertising.

Money Monopoly

BY J. C. VALLETTE

THE best definition of Monopoly is, "The exclusive possession of anything, as a commodity or a market; the sole right of buying or selling or manufacturing anything." The particular "thing" in this case is *money*. There is no money, nor can there be any, in the United States unless it originates from the *law* of Congress. From any other source it is "counterfeit." The term "money" is given to any kind of currency, but this currency is not scientific, genuine money unless it be a legal tender—unless it has the power to compel a creditor to accept it for debt or give up the debt. This power is given to legal tender money by law of Congress.

Now as to the material. Did anyone ever see a piece of gold or silver, nickel, copper or paper, that was legal tender money until a law of Congress said it was? If you never have, then is it the *law* or the *material* that makes money? All of these materials have been used to stamp the impression, the mandate, yes, the "Fiat," of law upon. From Circular No. 72, United States Treasury Department, page 13, I take the following:

COINS AND PAPER CURRENCY. There are ten different kinds of money in circulation in the United States, namely, gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver, gold certificates, silver certificates, Treasury notes issued under the Act of July 14, 1890, United States notes (also called greenbacks and legal tender), national bank-notes, and nickel and bronze coins. While they do not all possess the full legal tender quality, each kind has such attributes as to give it currency. The status of each kind is as follows: Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private. Standard silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal or face value in payment of all debts, public or private, without regard to the amount, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. Subsidiary silver is legal tender for amounts not exceeding $10 in any one payment. Treasury notes of the Act of July 14, 1890, are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. United States notes are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank-notes are not legal tender. The minor coins of nickel and copper are legal tender to the extent of twenty-five cents.

Of the ten different kinds, only six are *money*. The others are only currency. The greenback paper is money as far as the *law* allows it. The national bank-notes are not money. The word "except" on the greenback is a discrimination, in favor of the bondholder and against all others. The word "except" in the law of subsidiary silver, silver dollars and Treasury notes, gives the power into the hands of individuals to ignore the power of law. We will now turn to the law creating the great monopoly, Chapter XVI, Statute I, page 8, Sec. 14.

And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for any person or persons to bring to the said Mint gold and silver bullion, in order to there be coined; and that the bullion so brought shall be there assayed and coined as speedily as may be after the receipt thereof, and that *free* of expense to the person or persons by whom the same shall have been brought.

Now turn to Sec. 16.

And be it further enacted, That all the gold and silver coins which shall have been struck at and issued from the said Mint shall be a lawful tender in all payments whatsoever.

The ten-dollar gold piece at that time contained 247½ grains of pure

gold. June 28, 1834, Congress, by *law*, changed the amount of gold in the ten-dollar piece to 232 grains of gold. The law took out 15½ grains of gold, and still it was ten dollars.

Where is the theory or fact that the value of gold never changes? How does it happen that 232 grains are just as valuable as 247½ grains? Simply because the *law* of 1834 said "each eagle" ($10) "shall contain 232 grains of pure gold." You may take either horn of the dilemma. If gold never changes in value, then the law is wrong: if gold does change in value, then it must be the law that fixes the value. Read what the law says in regard to the ratio between gold and silver coins:

> Shall be as fifteen to one; that is to say, every fifteen pounds weight of pure silver shall be of equal value in all payments, with one pound weight of pure gold.

Does the word "shall," so frequently used in the law, mean what it says?

Now let us get back to the monopoly question. Was and is "free coinage" a monopoly? Who owned the "gold and silver bullion brought to the Mint"? "The person or persons" bringing it. Who owned the money after it was coined? The bullion owners. Is this money Government money or Governments' money? The Government does not own a dollar of it. Everybody was not mining gold and silver, neither was the Government in the mining business. All the money at that time was owned by the persons given "the exclusive possession, the sole right," of all money coined. The remainder of the people pursuing other occupations besides mining were obliged, yes, compelled to have money, because the Government has the power to lay taxes on the people in order to pay its expenses.

The alternative the people had was to go to those persons having "exclusive possession, the sole right," to the "thing" money and hire it from them, they being the "sole" owners could, and without doubt did, dictate terms to the borrowers. Says the owner: "First I must have security that you will return it to me; second, I must have interest for the use of it; third, I must have the interest in advance." The borrower must submit or go without. He *must* submit, if not, the Government would sell his property for taxes, and the "sole" owner of money could buy it at his own price. The borrower submits, gives his note for, say, $100, gives security of $200 or $300 on his property, the time one year, and the owner discounts the note for, let us say, 10 per cent., and hands the borrower $90. The lender holds the note and security, and the borrower owes $100 and receives $90 to pay the $100 with. Take all the foregoing facts into consideration and tell how he can pay that note without transferring $10 worth of his wealth either to the lender or to some other person that has been to the lender and borrowed on the same terms he did himself.

These money monopolists, made such by law, have the power to gather all the wealth of the nation into their exclusive possession. This "system" has already fastened a debt, an unpayable debt, with money, of $40,000,000,000, something about one-half of the total present wealth. You can figure out about how long it will take to get the other half if you will ponder this statement, that every time a merchant goes to the lender and gets a note discounted he agrees to return more money than he receives. This interest constitutes a debt that cannot be paid with money; *when paid it must be by a transfer of wealth to the "exclusive" monopolist*, the money-lender. Then just think how many notes are discounted every business day in the year, and also the aggregate amount, not of the notes, but the interest or discount. You can get some idea of how fast this debt is increasing, or in other words, how fast the money monopolists are gathering in the wealth of the nation, by reading Mr. Albert Griffin's article in the June number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, on page 464, second column, near the bottom. His figures are official, and ought to be correct. Take

the $6,278,000,000, which he calls "hocus-pocus money" and call it 3 per cent. interest per annum and it amounts to $188,340,000 of debt not payable with money.

Well, now let us go back to the money-owners of 1792. It is evident the miners of gold and silver bullion did not produce enough of it to supply the demand for money to the people, so they organized State banks. The charters in most cases gave them the privilege of issuing three "paper promises to pay" money with only one dollar of money to pay with. These "promises," were called money, or bank-notes or bills. They were not money—simply a substitute, a promise to pay on demand. These institutions sprang up in all the States. It has been questioned by eminent statesmen whether State bank bills were constitutional. In Article 1, section 10, paragraph 1 of the Constitution, it says:

> No State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

The question arises, if a State cannot emit, or is prohibited from emitting, bills of credit by the Constitution (Webster says: "To emit is to put into circulation, as bank bills"), how can a State delegate a power it does not possess? Common sense is good law, and if the Constitution prohibits the States from "emitting bills of credit" is it not reasonable to suppose that the right to "emit bills of credit" is reserved to Congress?

This must be admitted, or else National bank bills are unconstitutional, for Congress certainly does emit them to the banks. Under the old State banking system, the bills emitted were only a "promise to pay" real money, knowing, when they "emitted" them, that they were promising to pay three with one. When they failed to keep the promise, then, in most instances, the promises were worth no more than the paper on which they were printed. For instance, in March 1809, the Farmers' Exchange Bank, of Gloucester, R. I., was closed, the legislative committee investigated and found the bank had $580,000 of its notes in circulation and only $86.16 in coin in its vaults for their redemption. The bankers, in those days, played tricks on the people as well as on the bank examiners. The writer of this article was told by a bank officer of one of the banks in Providence, R. I., that when the examiners visited his bank in the forenoon, examined the books, and weighed or counted the coin, the bank was pronounced on a solid footing. Then the examiners visited the next bank, examined the books and weighed or counted the same coin used in the first bank and pronounced the bank on a solid footing as they had the first one. This transaction may not be called a fraud. Probably this may be what is termed "confidence." It should be termed "misplaced confidence."

It looks as though the bankers wanted the people to have confidence that the bankers could accomplish an impossibility. The result of the failure of the banks to "redeem" their promises was to precipitate a panic. When the banks failed to "redeem" the bills in circulation the people were deprived of the "substitute"; they had to fall back on gold and silver coin to pay debts and do any business, *provided they could get it.* This was a contraction of the currency, and those in debt unable to pay were sold out by the sheriff. Prices fell and misery reigned. In the panic of 1815 there were 208 banks with $110,000,000 of circulation and only $17,000,000 in specie to redeem with. In 1837 there were 788 banks with $149,185,896 of circulation with only $37,915,340 of specie. This panic held on for six years and over. I have heard old people say it was almost impossible to get any money at all during that time. In 1857 there were 1,416 banks with $214,778,882 of circulation and only $58,349,938 of specie to "redeem" with. As a matter of history, every panic that has occurred in the United States since 1792 was brought on by a contraction of the circulation me-

dium, and at the same time business was being done on a specie basis, so called—a pyramid standing on its apex. In 1815 there were over $6 of paper based on one dollar of specie. In 1837 nearly $4 of paper on one of specie, and in 1857 nearly $4 on one of specie.

There is no profession so lucrative as that which practices on the superstition of the masses of the people. The votaries of this system used the same juggling terms then that they do today, and the people swallowed it all as most of them continue to do. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1861 made the statement that on January 1, 1861, as near as could be ascertained, the banks of the United States had $202,000,767 of circulation. It was estimated that only $150,000,000 was in the loyal States, the balance being in the rebellious States. Mind you, this circulation was bank bills, not specie—old State bank bills, promises to pay. It is not stated how much specie the banks had behind this $150,000,000 of paper. It can be approximately estimated, by judging from the conditions of former banks and the privilege of issuing three dollars of paper for one dollar of specie. Let us give them the benefit of any doubt. We will say they had one dollar of specie for each two dollars of circulation, and that would give them $75,000,000 of specie. This, then, was the financial condition of the banks at the breaking out of the Civil War.

The people have had no opportunity of knowing anything of our financial history. The reason is easily seen when you have read the Hazzard circular from English to American bankers and the Buell circular from the American Bankers' Association to the bankers of the United States. Every well-informed person knows that the leading newspapers and magazines have persistently refused to open their columns to printing even the plain law. This has not only been so, but is so now. You may take up any daily or weekly paper, no matter whether it is labeled Democrat or Republican, and you will not find any discussion of the money monopolists or trusts in it. It is said "the devil always leaves the bars down," and you will find it is so in "Spaulding's Financial History of the War." Mr. Spaulding was not only a "patriot," but he was a banker, and no doubt he worked on the old motto, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Mr. Spaulding mixes a little of patriotism with a great deal of banking or self-preservation. If you follow this up, you find a great many reasons why the old greenbackers were right from the point of view and arguments of Mr. Spaulding.

The Primrose Way

TED—How is it he doesn't believe in luck?

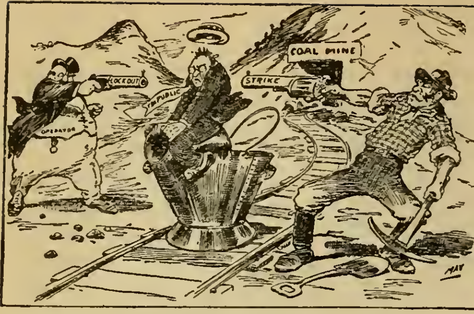
NED—I guess it's because he has had nothing else all his life.

Following a Fad

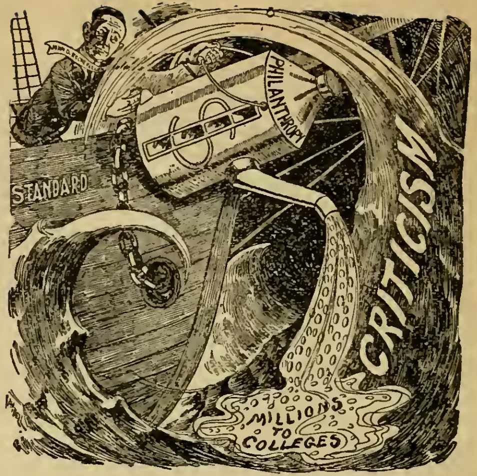
BEULAH—She doesn't seem to take a moment's rest.

ALMA—That's because she is trying so hard to live the Simple Life.

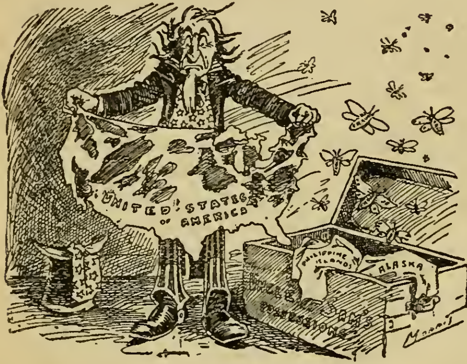
IN these days technicality is the last refuge of the scoundrel.



"The Innocent Spectator"
May, in Detroit Journal.

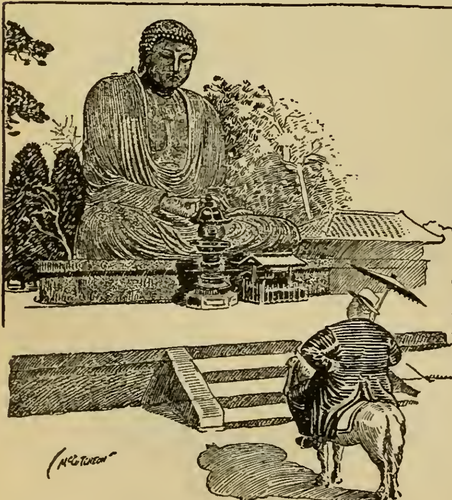


Oiling the Angry Billows
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



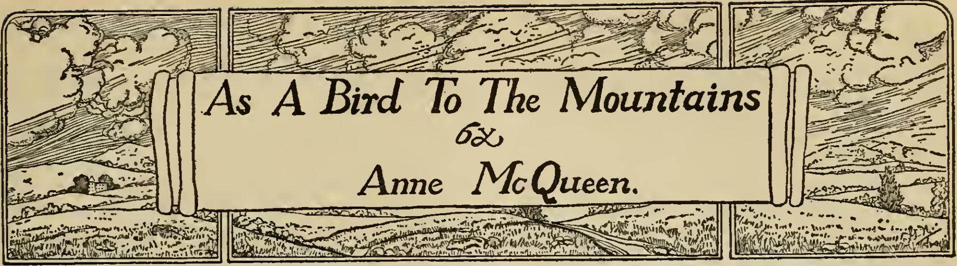
High Time for Renovation
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review

"Dern ye, yer afraid to come out and fight fair!"
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer



Secretary Taft Before the Great Buddha—"I wonder if she could tell me who will be the next President of the United States?"
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

Stand Pat, Old Man; It's Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal



THE month was May, but the sun fairly boiled with the fierce heat of July. The wire-grass by the side of the powdery road was crisply withered. The giant pines, stirred by breaths of hot air, seemed to moan of thirst and parched roots. The wire-grass pony, drawing the clumsy cart, laden with Jethro Dismukes's wife and her sick baby, strained wearily through the heavy sand. Jethro walked beside the cart on the slippery grass, to avoid the baking sand of the road. Jethro had been "chilling" all the spring, and, weakened by malaria, was in poor condition for walking; but he staggered manfully along, striving to cheer Lauretta, his wife, with comforting words. "'Tain't much further, honey," said he cheerily. "We'll git thar by evenin', shore, and then the doctor'll be mighty apt to cyo little Sis. Yes, *sir!* I 'spect he'll cyo her right away. How's she seem to be doin', Lauretta?" He reached over the side of the cart and touched the little head on Lauretta's bosom.

Such a hot little head, throbbing with fever! Lauretta sat on a mattress with the baby in her lap—a pitiful baby indeed, swollen almost to bursting, its skin a transparent yellow from inanition, hardly a red blood corpuscle in the poor, palpitating body, breath coming in short gasps from cracked lips, which Lauretta strived to moisten with a rag dipped in tepid water in a jug at her side.

"Don't seem to me her head's hot as 'twas," said Jethro hopefully.

Lauretta looked up, despair in her hollow eyes. "My baby's a-gwine to die, Jethro," she said, with dreary calmness.

The baby stirred from a fitful sleep, peering from swollen lids into her mother's face. "Mam, mam!" she cried weakly.

"Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!" crooned the mother, holding a tin cup filled with the tepid drink to the eager lips; but, when she tasted it, the baby pushed the cup away, with a feeble wail of disappointment.

"Mammy knows the old water's hot, but hit's all she's got to give her baby," murmured the distracted mother, rocking the child back and forth in a vain endeavor to soothe it.

"Never mind," said the father cheerfully, "we're 'most to town, and pappy'll git little Sis a drink o' nice, cold ice water soon's we git thar. Don't you go to givin' up, Lauretta, honey. I make shore the doctor'll cyo her."

Lauretta made no reply; the cart swayed heavily through the sand, the silence unbroken save for the baby's piteous wail, "Mam, mam!" and the mother's ready answer, "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!"

Jethro Dismukes and his wife, Lauretta, were not natives of this flat, sandy, desolate country, with malaria rising from stagnant sloughs and ponds; with hot, bitter lime-water for drink and lonely stretches of solemn pine forest for the weary eye to gaze upon. Only the year before they had come, a newly married pair, from the mountains, lured by hope of better prospects in the turpentine regions. In the great forest belonging to the turpentine company for which Jethro worked they had settled in one of the rough board shanties, hastily put together for the shelter of the employees and their families.

But nothing seemed to prosper with Jethro and Lauretta. Provisions were scant and prices high at the company's commissary. Jethro took chills and was often unable to work; and Lauretta, alone as she was a great part of the time, fell a victim to that most hopeless of diseases, named by physicians nostalgia, by its victims homesickness. She thought of her father's little farm in the mountains, the log cabin where the cheerful mother, while her spinning-wheel whirred busily, sang old ballads brought from oversea by long-forgotten ancestors; and the troop of hardy children roasted chestnuts and horse-apples and sweet potatoes in the ashes of the wide hearth, and ate them with appetites made keen by the tonic mountain air.

And when the sun beat down on the baked earth and she drank, with loathing, the warm, bitter water from the lime sink, how she longed for the cold, deep spring, whose icy waters gushed from the mountain-side.

Lauretta might have pined away and died but for the coming of the baby to ease her aching heart. Life seemed full and happy after that till, with the hot weather and the teething, the baby sickened, growing steadily worse as the summer advanced. The simple remedies to be had at the commissary were tried without avail. Driven to despair the parents decided to take the child to the nearest town, where there were skilful physicians, and where, also, certain good women of the place, the King's Daughters, had built and supported an emergency hospital for such children of their Father as these.

The weariest journey must come to an end. At last the roofs of the town, in groves of moss-draped oaks and huge pecans, came in sight, then the buildings and then the dusty streets, where the sand was even deeper than on the country road. Here Jethro stopped to inquire the way to the hospital. It was close by. The King's Daughters had built on the outskirts of the town, where lots were cheap. Jethro helped Lauretta and the baby from the cart at the door of the small white building and rang the bell.

An old colored woman, the caretaker of the place, came to the door and bade them enter. "I spec' de baby sick!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "Come right in de front room, where it's cool, and lay it on de bed; den I'll go fetch you some ice water and 'phone for de doctor. Ain't no patients 'tall here now, so dey ain't no doctor visitin'."

All the doctors in the town tendered their services to the King's Daughters, but the physician who answered the call happened to be young Dr. Lorrimer. Fresh from college and full of enthusiasm, he sometimes cured where more experienced physicians failed. One glance at the transparent face of Lauretta's child sufficed to show him the gravity of the case, but he cheered the parents with hopeful and hearty words, and going vigorously to work soon had his tiny patient as comfortable as she could be made under the circumstances. This accomplished, the doctor indulged in some equally vigorous thinking. Only the most careful and experienced nursing could save the child, and this the young mother could not give. Nor could the colored nurse whom the King's Daughters hired when extra attention was necessary. There was only one way, decided the doctor, and that would be to beg Miss Lathrop to take the case. Now, Miss Lathrop was a trained nurse who, though she had retired from professional life, could sometimes be persuaded to help her friends out in an emergency. Dr. Lorrimer was her pet physician; he had recently pulled her through a serious illness, and he knew she was waiting for a chance to "pay him back."

"It's a shame," he thought, "to take advantage of her gratitude, but, by George, I'm going to do it!" With the impetuous young doctor to think was to act; in a few moments he was in his buggy speeding on his way to Miss Lathrop's pleasant cottage, and in an incredibly short time that lady, somewhat breathless from her hurried preparations, was seated beside him, dashing rapidly back to the hospital.

Lauretta sat beside the cot, placed near an open window, to catch the faint breeze, and moistened the baby's lips with a tiny bag of crushed ice. Jethro sat at the foot of the cot and looked on, in helpless man fashion. Hope had revived in Lauretta's breast at the doctor's first visit, and now, when he entered with the capable, strong-faced woman, whom she instinctively recognized as a nurse, a power to save only less than the doctor, her face grew luminous with joy.

"Oh," she whispered as the nurse placed her firm hand on the baby's wrist, "you'll cyo my baby, won't you? You'll shore and certain cyo my baby?"

"I hope the doctor and I together can cure it," replied Miss Lathrop kindly, "but you must try and be brave if the worst should happen, for your baby is very sick."

"You just keep your courage up in the meantime, Mrs. Dismukes," spoke the cheery young doctor. "I've got lots of hope since Miss Lathrop has consented to nurse the baby. The best thing you and your husband can do now is to go to bed at once. You're both worn out, and Miss Lathrop will call you if help is needed."

And Lauretta, gazing into the calm, trustful face of the nurse, knew that it would be well with the child. Their hearts at rest, that night she and Jethro slept the deep, unbroken sleep of utter exhaustion.

But the baby tossed its feeble arms in fevered unrest, peering through swollen lids at the unfamiliar face, and wailed "Mam, mam!" in piteous protest at its mother's desertion.

It was late next morning when Nurse Lathrop sought a few hours' repose in her own quiet cottage. Before leaving the baby to Lauretta's care she sponged its swollen body in cooling alcohol, clothed it in clean linen, and gave it the morning draught of nourishing stimulant. Day after day she did this, coming back punctually at nightfall; and eagerly did Jethro and Lauretta greet her return, for her presence brought renewed hope and courage. Even the baby learned to recognize her touch as more skilful than its mother's, her ample bosom as a softer resting-place than Lauretta's emaciated arms, and hushed its feeble wail at the sound of her voice singing soothing lullabies in the quiet night-time.

And the baby grew better; the fever and swelling subsided, the feeble heart grew stronger, and gradually the red blood began to creep slowly through the wax-like limbs. Nurse Lathrop, from taking a professional interest in her patient, began to feel a sincere affection for the tiny being whose wails were hushed at her approach, and who nestled on her bosom with a sigh of content, or regarded her with a curious look of satisfaction in its great dark eyes — eyes full of pathetic beauty, set in a tiny dark face, in which the nurse began already to see signs of possible loveliness.

One morning she sat rocking the baby to sleep before she left it in Lauretta's charge for the day, gazing into the pale face and stroking the sleek, dark head with tender touches. Finally she rose, sighed, laid the baby on the cot, and after her usual careful instructions to the waiting mother, wended her way through the quiet, shady streets to her own home. She lifted the latch of the white-painted iron gate, walked up the neat path, with its borders of dewy, night-freshened verbenas, unlocked the front door and entered the dusk of the cool hall. A big Maltese cat trotted up, rubbing against her gown with loud purrs of welcome. In the sitting-room could be heard the doleful chirping of a pair of canaries—which speedily changed into a song of rejoicing as she opened wide the windows to let in the morning freshness, uncovered the cage and hung it in a window, then filled the birds' drinking-glass with fresh water, and their saucer with birdseed.

Out in the backyard could be heard the hungry cries of broods of young chickens, impatient for their morning meal. She lighted a fire in the shining kitchen stove, set the kettle to boil, and, before making any other prepara-

tions for her own breakfast, she mixed a panful of meal for the chickens. As she opened the back door a grave old mastiff rose slowly from his bed on the door mat, and welcomed her with dignity, waving his tail slowly, and lifting his head for the customary pat she bestowed upon it. He followed her with a lordly air of protection down the steps into the yard, where the eager fowls crowded round her feet for the portions of meal she scattered with a liberal hand. She was a social being taking much comfort in the companionship of her animals, and usually had a cheerful morning greeting for them all, but this morning she attended to their needs in a very silent and abstracted fashion.

The chickens fed, she went into the kitchen and prepared her own breakfast. Her breakfast over, instead of preparing to lie down, Miss Lathrop went to the telephone in her hall and called up Dr. Lorrimer. "I wish you'd come out here for a few minutes, Boy," she called. "I want to consult you."

"All right," came back promptly. "Be with you in ten minutes."

She took a seat on the cool front porch to await his coming. The Maltese jumped on her lap, she stroked it abstractedly, indifferent to the loud purrs with which he demanded conversation. Miss Lathrop was thinking; thinking of the past—the long years of nursing in crowded cities, followed by the inevitable collapse, when, after a long illness, having a comfortable income, the result of years of methodical saving and careful investment, she had come to this quiet town to spend the rest of her life in peace and quiet. She made many friends, and, what with her small household duties, her garden and her pets, had thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of rest and independence. But with the advent of Lauretta's baby a strange unrest had taken possession of her; there now seemed to be a void in the hitherto fulness of her content.

The click of the gate latch interrupted her musings. The doctor was coming, his hat off, for the wind to play through his close cut curls, his step springy and alert, the light of enthusiasm beaming from his handsome face—a presence calculated to cheer the most pessimistic of patients.

"Well, *confrère*, I've come for the consultation," he said, dropping on the steps at her feet and immediately transferring the Maltese to his own lap, where it placidly resumed its nap.

"The truth of the matter, Boy," said Miss Lathrop, "is this: I find that old Tom and Towser and the birds and chickens don't quite fill my life. I'm getting discontented. I want something *human* to pet."

"Won't I do?" inquired the "Boy" soberly. "You can always have me to pet."

She laughed, patting the curly head at her knee. "You're too big, Boy. I want a baby."

"A baby? Well, if I find any lying round loose I'll bring you one. Trouble is, most folks that own babies have objections to giving them away. Was it a boy or a girl baby you were wanting?"

"A girl; and I've found her already. I want the Dismukes baby."

The doctor whistled. "I'm afraid you'll have to take my offer and chance it; that little Mrs. Dismukes loves her baby better than her life. She'll never give it up."

"It's just this way, Boy. That baby will take months to get well, with the care I can give her. With her ignorant young mother's attention, and away in the piney woods—for they can't afford to stay here much longer—out of reach of proper food and medicine, she'll certainly die; you know that."

"Yes," responded the doctor. "I'm afraid she will."

"There's no doubt about it. Besides, her parents will probably have half a dozen more. I've saved this one, and I want her—and I want you to persuade them to give her to me."

"Well, I'll do my best. I'll talk it over with them today, and try and persuade them that it is the best thing possible—for the child. I doubt if the mother will see it in that light.

In the meantime you go to bed and sleep on it."

"I'll proceed to obey you," said Miss Lathrop, rising. "Do your best for me, Boy, and I'll try my powers tonight."

It was with fear and trembling that the doctor broached the subject to Lauretta when he made his morning call. At first she could not understand how it was possible for anybody to want another person's baby. Babies had always been regarded as necessary evils by Lauretta's people; hers was—to herself alone—the most precious thing on earth, but that someone else—and that person the nurse, the wisest and most skilful woman on earth, to Lauretta—should want her was more than her dazed mind could grasp. Very gently the doctor told of all the advantages of Nurse Lathrop's plan. She listened so quietly that he began to think he had overrated her affection for the child, and, emboldened by her seeming indifference, he continued: "On the other hand, if you take the baby back home, even months from now, she will surely die."

These words Lauretta's numbed brain could grasp. Die? Her child *die*, when she seemed so much better?

"Oh, doctor, save her! Jest save her pore little life and I'll do anything you say. *Anything!* I cain't see her die, I cain't! If the nuss wants her she kin have her, if that'll keep her alive. Will it? Will she be shore and certain to live?"

The doctor was unprepared for this wild outburst; the apathetic creature was transformed; her hollow eyes gleamed, her voice trembled, the breath came in gasping sobs from her heaving breast.

"I believe so; yes, I am certain that, with the care Miss Lathrop can give her, she will surely live. Then you can come and visit her. I am sure Miss Lathrop will not object."

But Lauretta shook her head. "All I want is for her to live. To come and see her when she ain't mine would kill me! When must me and Jethro go home, doctor?"

"I think the sooner the better for both; tomorrow morning, say."

"All right," replied Lauretta, with the calmness of despair. "Jethro's uptown somewheres; tell him—and we'll go!"

The baby stirred on the cot. "Mam, mam!" she murmured, opening her eyes sleepily. Lauretta took her up very quietly and rocked her to sleep, her mind still trying to grasp the awful problem of death and no death. The baby would be alive, well, cared for, yet dead to her; as dead as if she were buried underground, with the worms crawling over her poor, pale face! Lauretta shuddered involuntarily at the horrible thought. "I'll give her to the nuss," she whispered, with stiff lips. "Tell Jethro, doctor, and we'll be a-gwine home."

The cart creaked heavily through the sand; Jethro walked beside it and Lauretta sat up on the roll of bedding within. Her hands were crossed idly in her lap, a far-off, unseeing look in her apathetic eyes.

"We're 'most there, honey," said Jethro cheerfully; "we'll soon be a-gittin' home."

On through the woods where the hands were busily collecting turpentine from the "boxed" trees; past heavily laden wagons, hauling barrels of the crude turpentine to the still, past the still where the spirits were manufactured and where the dwelling of the boss and the company's commissary were located. Still farther, past the small shacks of the hands, till at last their own was reached, a small, lonely cabin in the heart of the forest; no garden, no poultry, no dog even to welcome the returned travelers—the very "abomination of desolation."

And here they lived on. Jethro spent his days at work in the forest, sometimes miles away, and Lauretta saw him only at night. All day, when she was not busy preparing their scanty meals, she sat in the doorway and gazed, with unseeing eyes, into

the forest. But there was a night when Jethro came home from the woods with a congestive chill. Lauretta piled all the quilts in the house on him and gave him hot "yerb teas." A passing turpentine hand summoned the few neighbors to her aid. They did what they could, but the chill still held him in its death-cold clutches. The next morning Jethro Dismukes, white, occupation laborer, was no longer on the payroll of the company.

The company's carpenter made him a coffin of pine plank, lined it with sleazy white muslin and covered it with black calico, and the neighbors bore the body of the mountaineer to the burying-ground among the pines. The boss read a psalm over the grave, the neighbors sang a hymn and then went home.

One of the neighbor women stayed with Lauretta that night, and the boss came over and paid her the little bit of money that was coming to Jethro. He also offered to buy her poor household furnishings, and, if she wished, he would send her to town, where she might take the train for her native State and go to her own people.

Lauretta's heart leaped. Home and mother and the mountains! They had seemed so far away, and she never expected to see them again.

She eagerly accepted his offer, and, the day after her husband's burial, seated in the boss's own buggy, drawn by swift horses, Lauretta was on her way to town. One of the hands, an old and stupid negro, drove her. The boss had given minute directions about the trains, the price of her ticket, etc., but Lauretta paid little heed to his instructions. Her mind was formulating a plan of her own—a desperate plan, fraught with danger, yet causing her heart to sing with joy at the thought! *She would steal her baby!*

The nurse, in her search for the child, would of course go to the turpentine camps. The boss would tell her that Lauretta had taken the train at the station. Then she would question the ticket agent and trainmen; Lauretta exulted to think how completely at a loss Miss Lathrop would be when she found no trace of her there. For she did not intend to take a train at that place; no, indeed, she would take her baby and walk miles and miles away, till she came to another town where there was a railroad. If necessary, she would walk to the mountains; God would show her the way. The little tobacco bag of money in her bosom would buy food. She would get along—if she only had her baby!

At the edge of the town she bade the driver halt. She wanted to visit a friend who lived nearby, she said, and could easily walk to the depot. She took her small bundle—containing precious things for the baby—under her arm and walked swiftly along. She had thought out the whole plan, and was now ready to act. It was early morning, for they had left the turpentine camp before dawn, to avoid the sultry September sun. Nurse Lathrop would be getting breakfast in the kitchen, and the baby would be asleep—and alone.

She knew the way, for she had carried her baby to the house that dreadful morning. Very few people were stirring, only a few workmen hurrying to their work and now and then a delivery wagon rattling by, taking orders from customers. Nobody noticed Lauretta. She reached the house without difficulty. All the doors and windows were open to let in the morning coolness. She laid her bundle down at the gate; she stealthily lifted the latch, leaving the gate ajar, walked swiftly but silently up the path, crept, on tiptoe, through the open hall door and into Miss Lathrop's room. It was dusky and cool, the breeze coming through half-closed shutters.

Miss Lathrop's bed was empty, but in a small, white-enameled crib, daintily draped with the thinnest and whitest of canopies, lay sleeping a tiny bundle of delight—a baby, rosy and warm, one pearly arm beneath the head covered with silky ringlets; long black lashes sweeping its rose-flushed, dimpled cheeks; clad all in snowy cam-

bric and finest lace, a veritable child of luxury, yet—her baby!

Her hungry eyes drank in its beauty, her starved lips yearned to touch its dimpled fingers. Her heart beat to suffocation, but no sound came from her lips; a moment she gazed, then quickly, softly gathered the sleeping child to her bosom, threw over it the loose folds of her homespun apron, and swiftly, stealthily, scarce daring to breathe, crept again through the hall, down the steps, out into the street, where she caught up the bundle, half dragging, half carrying it, and, unmolested and unseen, hurried on and on till the hateful town was far behind and the welcome cool greenwoods were all around her.

Miss Lathrop ate her early breakfast with tranquillity. She knew at what hour the baby usually awoke, and always arranged it so that her morning work should be done before it was time to attend to her nursling. As she finished her last task she thought, "The baby's late about waking; the morning's so cool she's enjoying her nap," and, with a smile on her lips, she walked softly to the empty crib and looked in.

Horror froze the scream that died in her throat. She stood benumbed with fear; but, the moment her shocked brain resumed its power to think, she instinctively realized the truth—Lauretta, and no other, had stolen her baby! She flew to the telephone and called frantically for Dr. Lorrimer. That young man, in a deep slumber after a hard night's work, was aroused with difficulty; but, when he comprehended the nurse's incoherent message, he ordered his buggy, dressed in haste and was at her door in as short a time as possible, though it seemed ages to the waiting woman.

"She stole my baby!" she wailed, "Lauretta has stolen my baby! I feel it, I know it! When I came in from the kitchen her crib was empty—my little, warm, sweet baby!"

"Yes," said the young doctor quietly, "little and warm and sweet—her mother's arms must have been empty without her!" Then, speaking in his usual quick, decisive fashion: "Lauretta will surely return to the turpentine camps, though she is probably hiding somewhere now. My buggy is at the gate and I see you are ready. We will go at once."

On the road to the camps the doctor was unusually silent. The nurse, absorbed in her grief, paid little attention to anything, only urging him to make all the speed possible. It was noon when they reached their destination. The boss had just come in from the woods for dinner. He was a family man, and, as he stood by the buggy, listening to Miss Lathrop's story, a little two-year-old boy held fast to his father's finger.

"I don't reckon it'll be worth while to wait till she comes back," he said slowly, "on account of her takin' the train this morning for her old home, som'er's in the mountains up in No'th Ca'lina. Jethro bein' dead and buried and her havin' no relations here, 'cept her child"—his hand wandered caressingly over the curly locks of his own—"and it belongin' to you, in a manner, I advised her to go back to her own folks and sent her to town 'fore day this morning in my buggy; you'd overtook old Jake comin' back if he hadn't stopped to visit among his friends. So, on the whole, ma'am, I don't know as waitin' 'll do any good. I know it's pretty hard on you, but Lord, it ain't a circumstance to what that pore creeter suffered without her baby! I'd stop at the shanty sometimes for a gourd o' water, and the despairin' look in her face fair made me sick. I believe Jethro give up and died jest because he couldn't stand seein' it. When I named goin' back to the mountains to her and seen the light and color o' life come back to her face that quick, I 'lowed it was on account of her folks; but now I know what it meant. Well, she's off safe, and I don't mind telling you, ma'am, *I'm—mighty glad—of it!*" He looked squarely and rather defiantly into the nurse's face, but she

did not see him for the mist of tears that dimmed her eyes.

"My heart is sore," she murmured brokenly; "I thought I loved the baby best, but after all—she was the mother!"

"And, being the mother," said the young doctor softly, "and very desolate, she has taken her own and has gone 'as a bird to the mountains'!"

Some miles from town Lauretta turned aside from the traveled road into the woods, where she sat, with her head back against a great pine, and rested, panting with fatigue and fear. At last the child awoke. She stared into Lauretta's face with a puzzled frown, as if trying to recall a memory. "Mam, mam?" inquired the baby. "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!" cooed the mother, and the baby graciously smiled, poking a fat finger into the loving eyes above her. Lauretta seized the little hand, covering it with kisses; the baby stretched her dimpled limbs and sat up, pulling her mother's face down with investigating hands. "Honey, if mammy warn't 'fraid she'd skeer her child she'd hug you, oh, so hard! till the breath was most out'n yo' little body! But mammy ain't gwine to skeer her honey babe, no she ain't. Now let mammy put its coat on, and she'll hunt sump'n to eat fer baby."

She spread her apron on the ground and set the child upon it. Then she unrolled the bundle, taking out a package of crackers and a can of condensed milk; a little bonnet and a frock of checked gingham, belonging to the baby in the old days. Poor Lauretta knew little enough about cutting and sewing, but fortunately the garments, being much too large when they were made, were not too small for the baby now.

The baby dressed, she opened the can of milk with a small knife, and poured some into a tin cup. The trickle of a tiny branch told of water close by. Carrying the baby, she soon found the stream and filled her cup, then going back to her bundle, she crumbled crackers in the milk, stirring the mixture till it was soft and pulpy, and fed the baby. The little one thoroughly enjoyed her breakfast, eating eagerly at first, then, when hunger was appeased, stopping occasionally to poke a fat finger into the puzzling face, so strange yet so familiar, or to say "Mam, mam?" with a note of interrogation, smiling at the rapturous reply: "Mammy's lamb, mammy's baby!"

All this was bliss to Lauretta's soul, but bliss mingled with fear. She must get on; it was a long, long way to the mountains—to the dear cabin where her own mother would welcome her, and help her to care for the baby; the young brothers and sisters would delight to tend her, and in the sweet mountain air she would never be sick again. Oh, the Lord would surely be good to her and let her get home!

Poor Jethro, lying in his grave beneath the pines, was but a memory. Lauretta's love and heart and soul belonged to the baby; her suffering at its loss had been intense; her joy at its recovery was so great that it drowned all recollection of trouble.

But she must be wary, for even now the nurse would be searching for the baby. Lauretta had a vague idea that, if she were found, penitentiary for life would perhaps be the punishment for her crime. This poor child of the mountains was very ignorant. She could not even read or write, and kidnapping her own baby seemed to her a terrible crime, meriting a terrible punishment. If she were found—but Lauretta determined that she would not be found. Far off in the mountains—so high and so lonely—even the powerful Miss Lathrop could not find her.

Hope bearing up her tired feet, the child in her arms, the bundle on her back, she trudged on her way. The baby and mother held sweet converse, with broken words and babblings and gurgles of happy laughter. At last the baby grew sleepy, her head bobbed unsteadily on the little neck; she nestled against her mother's shoulder and slept.

The road was lonely, and Lauretta met no travelers. At noon she rested close to a branch where she could get water, and fed the baby, eating a little of the bread and milk herself, for she began to feel faint from hunger. She passed cabins, where tow-headed children came out to stare after her, and the inevitable yellow dog in the yard lifted his head from the dust to bark a dreary defiance; but she stopped at none of these, till advancing night compelled her to think of the baby. At dusk she came to a cabin, set far back from the road. The light from its open door showed a woman busily preparing her evening meal. Lauretta went up to the gate of this dwelling, and after the "cracker" fashion, instead of entering, called "Hello!" in rather a shaky voice.

A boy of fifteen came out and politely invited her to enter. The woman, who had a pleasant face, was the only other occupant of the room. She was placing supper on the table. At sight of the coffee, hot biscuits and fried bacon Lauretta grew bold with hunger. "I'm a-travelin'," she informed the woman. "My man died in the turpentine camps, and me and the baby air gwine back to the mountains. I'd be glad to stay all night, if it won't put ye out any."

"You're welcome," replied the woman of the house simply. "I see the baby's 'sleep; lay it on my bed, and set up and eat a bite." This Lauretta did with alacrity, devouring the hot food with such eagerness that her polite entertainers exchanged glances of mild wonder.

After supper the boy brought forth his books and began to study. He was her only child, his mother said, and, the teacher told her, head and shoulders above the other boys of his age at school.

"You kin read and write?" queried Lauretta, with awe; "then maybe you mought tell me how to find the nighest way to the mountains?"

"What mountains?" said the boy; "they's such a heap of 'em—the Himalayas and the Rocky Mountains, and the Alps and the Andes, and Mount Everest, and the highest mountain in the world, in Alaska, and heaps of others."

His mother regarded her son with looks of pride, and Lauretta thought he must know almost as much as the doctor and Miss Lathrop.

"I've hearn 'em call our mountains the Blue Ridge," she said timidly. "We-uns come from North Ca'lina."

"North Ca'lina is a far ways," said the boy; "you ain't aimin' to walk it?"

"No, I'm aimin' to take the cyars some place. I got money 'nough for a ticket if I knowed where to get it."

"What's the name of the place you live at in North Ca'lina?" asked the boy.

"We-uns lives in the mountains, but pap hauls apples and taters to Ashby twelve miles from home; if I git to Ashby I kin walk the balance of the way."

"Oh," said the boy, "all you got to do is to keep on till you get to Clayville—it's fifteen miles from here, and tell the ticket agent you want to go to Ashby, N. C. He'll tell you how to get there, all right."

"I'm more'n obliged to you," said Lauretta gratefully; "it's fine to know how to read and write. I donno as I'd ever got home if you hadn't told me how."

The next morning, after breakfast was eaten and the baby fed and bathed—her hospital experience had taught her the necessity of cleanliness—Lauretta started forth on her journey to Clayville. Her kind hostess had given her a package of food, and at noon she rested by the roadside and ate, and fed the baby. A short hour of rest, then on again, for Clayville must be reached and the ticket for home secured. Walking was easier, for the road was now clay instead of sand. The country was more cultivated, too. She passed well-kept farms and comfortable dwellings. People in buggies and wagons passed her on the road. A kind-looking farmer, going to town with a load of "truck," offered her a ride, helping her and the baby up

to the seat beside him. It was very pleasant to ride, even on a jolting wagon. Lauretta rested, and the baby stared and babbled as she watched the horses.

"Mighty purty baby," said the man admiringly. Lauretta glowed. "Boy or gal?"

"Gal," said Lauretta. "Her pappy's dead, and me'n her air gwine up to the mountains—to my mammy."

"I 'low you aim to take the train at Clayville?" said the farmer.

"Yes, sir. Do you know when the train starts for Ashby, N. C.?"

"They's a train north leaves 'bout dark. I'll take ye to the depot and buy your ticket fer ye; 'tain't much, but it'll be helpin' ye along a little grain."

"Thanky, sir," replied Lauretta simply.

Arriving at the station, she took the tobacco bag from her bosom, and gave the money to the stranger with perfect faith—faith in no wise misplaced, for after making minute inquiry concerning the route and buying the ticket, the farmer slipped two silver dollars of his own money in the bag, that she might have plenty for other needs. Then, finding the conductor of the outgoing train, he explained that Lauretta was a widow, all alone save for the baby, that she wished to go to Ashby, N. C., and that the conductor must take special care of her, which he faithfully did.

Seated in the car, with the train going at full speed, Lauretta drew a breath of deep, exulting relief. Her baby was safe! The nurse and the law could never reach her in the mountains.

The long night in the uncomfortable day coach was over at last, and the conductor had seen Lauretta and her baby safely on the next train—the train that was to bear her straight to Ashby. She would arrive about noon, the conductor said.

When at last the train drew into the station how beautiful seemed the familiar scenes to Lauretta's eyes! The way was plain now, she was almost home! A psalm of thanksgiving was singing in her heart as she set foot on her native soil.

She bought a bag of cakes for the baby from the station lunch counter, pinned a shawl tightly over the little one's head—the mountain air was chill—and set bravely forth on the weary stretch of road that lay between her and her father's house.

A mountaineer coming home from Ashby overtook her before she had walked many miles, and gave her a ride in his cart as his road lay near her home. When the slow-moving oxen stopped at the driver's "turning-off place" it was quite dark. There was only a short distance to walk. Lauretta hugged the baby to her bosom. "Oh, precious," she whispered rapturously, "we're here! We've done got home!"

Up the steep path she climbed, joy speeding her feet. The cabin door was closed to the chilly night, but she could hear the beloved voices within. The yard dog rose with a growl as she entered the gate—a growl which was quickly changed to a yelp of joy as she called to him softly. Creeping to the uncurtained window she looked in. Her father sat before the blazing log fire, polishing a powder horn with a piece of broken glass; the children were roasting apples and sweet potatoes in the fire; in the chimney corner the mother stood beside her wheel, spinning the coarse yarn. And as she spun she softly sang one of the old songs—the songs from over-sea.

Earth had no higher joy to offer Lauretta. She opened the door and stood upon the threshold of her home!

A STRAIGHT ticket is too often composed of a lot of crooked politicians.

Danger from Republican Radicals

BY THOMAS H. TIBBLES

THE question that confronts the people of the United States at the present time is this: Shall all the increase of wealth that comes from constantly extending science, education and invention be, by the granting of special privileges, concentrated in the hands of a few, or shall it be equitably distributed among the whole population?

The province of government was, until the middle of the last century, considered to be the keeping of order and protecting life and property. About that time a few thinkers began to assert that government had other duties than acting as a policeman with a club, who stood by only to see that no one did outright stealing or maimed or murdered while engaged in the contest to accumulate wealth. The old idea is still prevalent, though the better class of thinkers begin to demand that the government shall be something more than a policeman. It should see to it that all men have an *opportunity* to obtain the necessaries of life. It should see to it that no special privilege should be granted to anyone. It should see to it that all men be equal before the law and that all have an equal share in the benefits bestowed by government.

If government were conducted in that manner there would be no fortunes so great as to be a danger to the Republic, and no compulsory poverty.

This new idea of the purpose and power of government is spreading among the peoples of the whole civilized world. In the countries of continental Europe it finds expression in what is called the "social democratic" movement. That movement is not Marxian socialism, such as we have in this country under the name of socialism. A writer, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, accurately describes it as follows: "The great wave of socialism which has swept over Germany is really only a wave of liberalism." The same thing is true of France. The most backward country in regard to this movement is England, but it is gaining headway even there.

In the United States it has taken on the character of a psychological wave sweeping over the whole country. The danger here is that the revolt from special privileges will go to the other extreme, endangering the foundations of society. The extent of this revolt can be seen in the acts of several Republican legislatures, and especially in those of the Legislature of Kansas, where an attempt has been made to fix the price at which a man shall sell his goods. That is the overthrow of one of the primary rights of man. Any man has a right, whether he is a farmer producing wheat or the head of a corporation producing oil, to sell his product at any price he pleases, to give it away if he so wishes, or sell it at half what it cost to produce it. He can sell it to one man and give it to another. That is a primary right that cannot be overthrown without destroying society. That sort of legislation is a great deal more dangerous and radical than what writers in defense of Plutocracy and special privileges have been in the habit of calling "wild-eyed, long-haired lunacy."

There is one thing that will go a

long way toward excusing the acts of Republican leaders in Kansas, Illinois and some other States. They have been deprived of hearing or reading any discussion of sociology or economics for the last twelve years. The party to which they belong would not enter into joint discussions on the public hustings, and nearly the whole of the press of the United States has refused to print any article discussing the danger of the accumulation of all wealth in few hands or opposing the granting of special privileges. That leaves these leaders confronting this great social evolution without any knowledge on the subjects that force themselves upon society for solution. The great sale of a few magazines that have permitted such discussion in their pages shows that the closing of the press to reform articles was not because the people would not purchase such papers and magazines, but because there was gold to be got by suppressing them.

Notwithstanding all efforts to suppress the movement for a widening of the powers of government, for the using of its force and power to advance the human race, bringing gladness to the hearts of all the people, enabling them through the development of the mind to enjoy the delights of the intellectual world and to lay up treasures that the cycles of time cannot corrode, it moves on with ever-increasing force. The effort now required is not so much to spread these doctrines as to keep the men advocating changes from attempts to accomplish the impossible.

Paternalism in government has been a curse resting upon mankind from the dawn of history, and today it is as great a curse as ever. No government, city, State or national, should undertake to direct the private affairs of any man. Man should be left free to work out his own salvation in this world as well as for the world to come. Government can be so extended as to insure to each man that he shall have an equal opportunity—that is, that no other man shall be granted a privilege that he also does not enjoy.

How shall this be done? Shall it be attempted through collectivism and the conscious supply of all human wants by some central authority? Shall there be a bureau that shall, years in advance, order our coffee from Brazil and Java, our tea from India, Japan and China? Shall the same authority order our chemical supplies from Germany, gloves and corsets from France and employ the proper number of persons to raise our wheat, corn, pork, beef, parsley and lettuce? The management of the mightiest trust in existence would be child's play to an undertaking of that sort. Where could the executive ability be found? Would not chaos be the result, if it were attempted? There is not any relief along the plan of Marxian socialism. That road leads to immediate destruction.

The result of the present system has been that while we inhabit a continent with coal and iron everywhere in juxtaposition and almost on the surface of the earth; where, when a little distance inland, we come upon a soil as rich as that of the Nile, and find in our mountains gold, silver, copper and every commercial mineral, millions obtain only enough of wealth to maintain life and perpetuate their species, while billions of dollars are wasted in degenerating amusements and the support of hordes of men and women as attendants on the dangerously rich, throwing away their lives in menial personal services, adding to the class that consume and do not produce.

Where, then, can a practical line of reform be found? The first and all-important thing is to stop special privileges. The government should never delegate to any individual or corporation any of its powers. Any business that requires governmental powers to carry it on should be owned and operated by the government. Collective ownership should extend to all those things where competition is impossible, and stop right there. There is no possibility of competition in the

railroad business. It is a monopoly, transferred from the government to private parties by delegating to them a part of the government sovereignty in the right of eminent domain. The telegraph companies must get a portion of the power of the government delegated to them before they can carry on their business. So must companies operating water-works, street-car lines, telephones and electric lighting plants. There is a line so distinct dividing those things that should be publicly owned from those that should be privately owned that no one with eyes can fail to see it. Where competition is impossible, public ownership should begin; and where competition begins, public ownership should end.

It requires a good deal of assurance for a man to attack the public ownership of railroads on the ground that it would centralize government by bringing the managers of railroads and their employees into politics. Every man of intelligence knows that the railroad managers are already in politics to such an extent that the Federal Government and that of almost every State is completely in their power.

The prosperity of a country is absolutely dependent upon its money. Any country that has a money where every dollar or unit is not as good as every other dollar, is granting special privileges of the most vital importance to someone. In the United States we have nine or ten kinds of money and no two of the kinds are equally good. When we have a dollar that is redeemable in some other dollar, the "other dollar" must be the better of the two. That, while men were working to establish by law so many different kinds of money, they claimed that they wanted money of such a nature that one dollar was as good as every other dollar, is evidence that they were secretly trying to get a special privilege or advantage of some kind.

Every economic evil of which the people of the United States complain comes from the destruction of competition. The trust is based on the destruction of competition. It destroys competition by the control of railroads and by the tariff. It was by the manipulation of rates that the Beef Trust was established. It was by that means that the Standard Oil ruined all its competitors. Thousands of men, honest, upright men, have been driven out of business and into the ranks of wage-earners by secret rates and rebates. These and other trusts have been given special privileges through the tariff. The Steel Trust sells its rails and structural steel eight and ten dollars a ton less to foreigners than it sells the same goods to Americans. It sells armor plate to Russia $100 a ton less than it will sell the same grade to the United States Government. The patient people—more patient than the ox—quietly submit to all this, and until lately scarcely protested. Every man who has traveled in Europe knows that American hardware and agricultural machinery is transported over the sea and sold to foreigners for just about one-half what an American can buy it for at home.

The government ownership of railroads and a remodeling of the tariff would put an end to these things.

There is a demand coming from every part of the United States, from members of every political party, from philanthropic societies, from schools and colleges, from the workshop and farm, from all except the privileged few, that the government shall be so extended that the masses of the people shall be protected from extortion. In this universal demand and the vehemence with which it is made there lies danger. The great surging masses may swing in the wrong direction and bring greater evils upon themselves than those which now afflict them. That danger comes from the capture of the whole press of the country by the capitalistic interests, so that the people have had no chance to educate themselves upon these great questions. If the daily press and the magazines of the country had for the last twelve years welcomed to their columns articles giving every side of the con-

tested points, the States today would not be passing laws trying to regulate the price at which men should sell their goods. The greatest crime of the last century, the one most portentous of evil, was not slavery, but the attempt in the last decade of that century to prevent the discussion of public questions in the periodical press and on the public hustings. By that suppression the dupes of the capitalists have become a danger to the Republic, whereas, if full public discussion had been permitted and encouraged, those same men would be now our most sturdy and reliable citizens. Whenever the writer has been in New York during the last few years he has constantly heard the statement from the economists and sociologists: "We have no voice. There is no public journal through which we can reach the people." But the people will be reached. Publishers are finding that the road to wealth for them lies, not in confining themselves to literature which has the indorsement of Wall Street, but in a literature that points out the way to build up a nation of healthy, comfortable, bright-eyed and clear-brained men and women, the result of which will be a constant increase in the production of wealth.

There is a change coming. There will be a new alignment of parties. There will be a full discussion of public questions. During the next three years the publications that give information about the Steel Trust, the Beef Trust, the tariff, the atrocities committed upon honest men by the Standard Oil crowd, that show men how cities are trodden underfoot or built up by secret rates and rebates, by what means all the savings of the people are concentrated in Wall Street and loaned out to stock gamblers, how men conducting life insurance companies become almost billionaires in a few years, and what the remedies for these things are—these publications will circulate among the people by millions. Let the people have the question fully argued out before them, and then when they give their decision it will be not only the voice of the people but the voice of God.

Greatness

By S. E. Kiser

THE world looks up at him with envious awe
  Who rules where millions yield obedience,
Whose word is final and whose will is law,
  Who in his purple apes Omnipotence.
The world looks up at him with flattering eyes,
  And lauds him for the vastness of his state;
And for his heaps of treasure calls him wise,
  And for his army's triumphs calls him great.

But wiser than the one who rules is he
  Who gives to them that hew and sow and glean
The knowledge that the souls of men are free,
  That pomp is vain, that bigotry is mean.
And greater than the leaders whose commands
  Bring triumphs to their arms are they who teach
That dignity may be in calloused hands,
  That what is right for all is just for each.

THOROUGHBREDS

BY Mary H. Fisher.

EVER since her babyhood Elizabeth's mother had never missed an opportunity to impress on her daughter's mind that, come what might, she must always remember that she was of the race of Wheelers—in fact, doubly so, since her parents had been first cousins. The grandeur of the Wheelers had passed away long before Elizabeth's day, and the old manor house had been turned into a boys' boarding-school, but she knew by heart stories of the time when her ancestors owned the whole village in which she had been born and bred. As far back as she could remember she and her mother had always done their own work and worn the same clothes year after year—nevertheless they enjoyed a sort of prestige in the narrow aristocracy of the conservative little New England town. They kept very much to themselves: Mrs. Wheeler considered very few of the village young people fit companions for her daughter. "When times change, Elizabeth," she used to say, "and you enter society with your cousin Constance Peabody, you must have no undesirable connections to sever."

Elizabeth followed her mother's precepts, and as a result led a very lonely life during her childhood. She was of a colorless, unimaginative temperament, and never questioned her mother's wishes in bringing her up in comparative isolation and keeping her from joining in the frolics of the young people of her own age. Sometimes she wondered vaguely when times would change and she should take the place her mother coveted for her in Boston society. She knew that her mother confidently expected that some day her father's cousin, Albert Peabody, a wealthy Boston lawyer, would awaken to a sense of kinship and send for his cousin's child to come as a companion for his only and idolized daughter. Meanwhile he failed to do so, and all intercourse between the city and country relatives was limited to an exchange of greetings through the mail at Christmas-time. From the society columns of the Boston papers over which Mrs. Wheeler pored, seeming to take a melancholy pleasure in hearing of the high life of others, Elizabeth was informed when her cousin Constance was graduated from Smith—a most quixotic proceeding for a descendant of Wheeler stock, remarked Mrs. Wheeler, who believed in the finishing-school regime for young ladies. Later on she treated her daughter to a minute account of the gown Miss Peabody wore at the reception when she made her debut.

At the same time the fortunes of the Wheelers were going from bad to worse, until, when Elizabeth was in her twenty-fifth year, the time came when even Mrs. Wheeler was forced to admit that it was necessary for Elizabeth to turn her hand to something that would bring in money. Elizabeth had received no training that would fit her to make her way in the world. Education she had none to speak of; she had never even completed the course at the village academy, and although her mother had encouraged her devoting time to such suitable accomplishments as painting and music, she had never achieved any proficiency in either.

However, she had always been a great reader, and, as a young girl, had spent whole days burrowing among the old dusty volumes in her grandfather's really fine library, and at last, when she and her mother were almost at their wit's end, a position was secured for her, through the influence

of their clergyman, as assistant to the head of a small branch library in Boston. The pay was small, as befitted unskilled labor, but it was better than nothing.

Mrs. Wheeler felt the disgrace keenly. "I can only hope that the Peabodys will not hear of it," she said. "Still, if you will always remember that you are a Wheeler and hold yourself aloof from all objectionable people you are forced to encounter, the experience may not hurt. Besides, anything connected with books might be classed as literary work, and is not so bad as it might be."

The librarian under whose direction Elizabeth was set to work was a girl hardly older than Elizabeth herself, Miss Anna O'Keefe by name. At a glance Elizabeth knew that Miss O'Keefe was one of the objectionable persons against whom her mother had warned her. Still, she thought Miss O'Keefe was rather attractive, in her way, which it need scarcely be said was not the Wheeler way. Miss O'Keefe's pompadour was a trifle too high, and she displayed rather too many bangles and bracelets, but her tailored shirt waist and walking-skirt were simple and perfect fitting, and set off to advantage a round and well-proportioned figure. Her features were, perhaps, somewhat coarse, but there was a genial turn to the corners of her mouth and a merry twinkle in her blue Irish eyes to disarm the hypercritical. She was disposed to be kind to Elizabeth as evidently hailing from the country and not being used to things.

Mrs. Wheeler was very much surprised and a trifle chagrined at the readiness with which Elizabeth entered into her new employment. Miss O'Keefe found her rather slow at first, but painstaking and conscientious in all she did. There were three centuries of Puritan ancestry behind her. The work Elizabeth liked best, however, was exchanging books for the people who frequented the library. They were such a varied lot, including all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. Elizabeth at first used to wonder in her heart how these patrons would feel if it should suddenly be brought to their knowledge that a Wheeler, one of *the* Wheelers of Massachusetts, was serving them. Strange to say, Miss O'Keefe, though apparently an unusually intelligent girl, seemed unaware of the very existence of such a family. However, as Miss O'Keefe, relatively speaking, was new to this country, perhaps her ignorance was more or less excusable.

One September day, after Elizabeth had been working in the library for several weeks, a young man, tall, dark and strikingly handsome, in the early thirties, came in to exchange a book. That he was no stranger there was evident from the friendly way he smiled at Miss O'Keefe. Elizabeth tried not to stare at him, but his face was elusively familiar. In turn it seemed that he was gazing at Elizabeth with a much puzzled expression. After he had gone Elizabeth was so far interested as to inquire his name of Miss O'Keefe.

"That's Professor Duclos, of Harvard," replied the librarian cheerfully, resting her elbows on the counter. "Isn't he grand?"

Elizabeth feeling not prepared to say, ignored the question by asking another. "Do you know anything about him?"

Miss O'Keefe shook her head. "Nothing, except that he teaches French in the University, and they say he is awfully popular and terribly smart."

A day or two later Professor Duclos appeared again. As Miss O'Keefe was occupied with another patron, Elizabeth busied herself in exchanging his book. Meanwhile he eyed her so keenly, although politely, that Elizabeth felt relieved when he slipped the book into his pocket and started on his way out. He had reached the door, when he hesitated and turned back to the counter.

"I beg your pardon," he said, approaching Elizabeth, "but aren't you Miss Wheeler — Miss Elizabeth

Wheeler, granddaughter of Bishop Wheeler?"

Elizabeth, with dignity, nodded her assent. To her surprise, the young professor extended his hand and grasped hers warmly.

"I knew I couldn't be mistaken," he said. "My name is Pierre Duclos. I don't suppose that you remember me, for you were only a little girl when I left home. Your grandfather was very kind to me, and I can never be grateful enough to his memory."

Elizabeth's look of inquiry brought an explanation. "Bishop Wheeler gave me my start in life—lent me books and used his influence in getting me a scholarship to put me through college. I'm teaching in the University now," he added simply.

Elizabeth smiled at the young man who was a protégé of her revered grandfather's. "I'm afraid I don't remember very well," she confessed. "But I'll tell mother—she probably will. I know she will be so pleased to hear of someone who remembers my grandfather."

As Elizabeth's duties called her away just then, Professor Duclos took his departure with a pleasant "Good morning."

Miss O'Keefe was plainly consumed with curiosity. "You're the sly one," she remarked reproachfully at the first opportunity. "Why didn't you let on that you and the professor were old friends?"

Elizabeth felt pleased in spite of herself, and held her head a little higher. "Why," she said, "we aren't old friends at all. It is only that my grandfather, Bishop Wheeler, of Massachusetts, knew Mr. Duclos as a boy." She picked up her pen and set to work again as if nothing had happened, although she was conscious of a very decided feeling of elation at having awakened Miss O'Keefe's interest and even a slight feeling of pique, it must be confessed. She could hardly wait to get home to interrogate her mother as to the professor's identity and antecedents. But from that source her illusions were quickly and rudely shattered.

"Pierre Duclos?" exclaimed her mother. "You don't mean to tell me that he was bold enough to introduce himself to you?"

"Why not?" said Elizabeth, on the defensive, she knew not why. "He knew grandfather."

Mrs. Wheeler snorted contemptuously. "You evidently don't recall just who and what the Ducloses were," she said. "They were part of that French Canadian tribe that had a settlement down at the Corners. There were only the son and the mother—the mother worked in the box factory, along with the rest of them, but she would have nothing but that that great long-legged son of hers must have an education. Your grandfather, very foolishly, I must say, encouraged her in it."

"Why foolishly?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Why?" repeated her mother impatiently. "With his mother working in the box factory, it would have seemed natural and proper for the boy to settle down and learn a trade. But Mrs. Duclos seemed to think that she and her son were above the rest of the Canadians."

Elizabeth meditated for a moment. "Perhaps," she suggested, "they may not always have been poor as we remember them. Perhaps they had lost all their money and had to go to live in a strange place where nobody knew them—just like us."

Her mother gazed at her, very much displeased. "Don't confuse the Wheelers with these low-down French Canadians, I beg of you."

Elizabeth persisted. "Professor Duclos seems a gentleman."

Her mother shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he always was a smooth-spoken lad. But mark my words, in the long run, blood will tell," she said. "The less you have to say to the young man in future, the better. He is probably trying to cultivate your acquaintance because he has heard you are a cousin of the Peabodys."

Somehow Elizabeth did not quite believe that, but she had never been accustomed to dispute her mother's word, so she let the matter pass. She wondered if it were wrong for her to hope that the professor would visit the library again very soon.

And come again he did, the very next day. This time he greeted Elizabeth by name, and asked her advice as to the choice of a book. He confided to her that he was following out a systematic course of reading on the development of the English novel. "You see," he explained, "I was forced to devote most of my time in college to French reading, as I was preparing to teach in that department, so now I'm trying to make up for my ignorance of English literature."

To Elizabeth's surprise and delight she found that the desultory reading in her childhood had left her with considerable knowledge of the subject, so that she was able to suggest and advise him as to what was best worth while. As time went on, little by little, his reading was more and more under her guidance. To be better prepared to help her pupil she herself took books home with her at night and pored conscientiously over their pages. The visits of the professor to the library became more and more frequent and of longer duration. Elizabeth somehow was unable to bring herself to tell her mother of this fact. It was the first time she had ever concealed anything from her in her life. She could not see that she was doing any real harm by talking books with Professor Duclos, but nevertheless she was fully conscious that her mother would seriously object to these delightful conferences with one of such evident social inferiority.

As to what the Peabodys would think Elizabeth did not care. Constance, obeying the wishes of her father, had called at the boarding-house one afternoon, but had never been heard from again. As a matter of fact, she had taken a decided dislike to her "Cousin Flora," with her ever effusive cordiality and oft-repeated regrets that Elizabeth had happened to be out. Miss Peabody thought to herself that if Elizabeth were anything like the mother—and it was not unfair to imagine she might be—she would hardly prove congenial, in spite of the relationship, which, after all, was really not close enough to matter. She meant to do everything that was cousinly and proper, and invite Elizabeth to Sunday night tea some time, when no other guests were to be there. Meantime, her days were filled to overflowing with the hosts of friends she had already, and the Wheelers were completely lost sight of.

From constant association day after day, Elizabeth found that she was actually growing attached to Miss O'Keefe. She had gradually come to suspect that ancestors did not necessarily supply one with a pretty figure and the ability to appear always well dressed. Her mother caught her one night trying to arrange her thin, pale hair in an imitation of Miss O'Keefe's fluffy locks. Of course she was not to be classed with Miss O'Keefe, but she found herself envying Miss O'Keefe's good time. Miss O'Keefe was always coming in late and telling what a glorious time she had had the night before at the Knights of Columbus ball, and how the Grand Commander himself had said she was the most graceful dancer on the floor. Elizabeth did not exactly want to go to the Knights of Columbus balls, but she would have liked to go somewhere and have a good time. Previously to meeting Miss O'Keefe she had never thought very much about her looks—she had taken them very much for granted. She knew that her mother took great satisfaction in the fact that her daughter's nose was just like that of great-grandfather's, who had been Governor of his State, and her chin bore a striking resemblance to that of her grandaunt Matilda, whose life, spent in single blessedness, had been full of good deeds, according to the inscription on her tombstone in the village churchyard. Elizabeth as a child had taken an unreasoning and

totally unwarranted prejudice against Aunt Matilda, whose portrait had hung in the gloomy parlor, with all the others in the family portrait gallery. Elizabeth had been taught to view these with the utmost veneration—they had been *Wheelers*, either by birth or by marriage, and that fact was sufficient reason why one should lower one's voice in an awed hush when one entered the august presence of their likenesses.

Miss O'Keefe spent much spare time in trying to make out why Professor Duclos evidently preferred Miss Wheeler to herself. She was not conceited, but she was sure that the average young man would not look at Elizabeth twice. Moreover, she could not understand why Elizabeth, who confessed she had never known any young men or had a proposal in her life, should apparently value this very desirable young man's attention so lightly.

"Professor Duclos has been in here every afternoon this week," she said one day, watching Elizabeth closely.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, the color rising to her face, "he's very much interested in his work."

Miss O'Keefe laughed long and heartily. "You simple child!" she said. "Do you think it's books he comes for?"

Elizabeth did not know what to say; it had recently been dawning on her inexperienced heart that Professor Duclos liked and was interested in her—and 'way down deep she was *glad, glad, glad!*

"Why don't you ask him to come and see you?" inquired the other girl, who decided that as her role was unmistakably to be that of onlooker, she might as well help things along.

Elizabeth looked her amazement; a vision of what her mother would say came forcibly to her mind, but of course she could not explain that to Miss O'Keefe, the barbarian. She hung her head. "I don't know," she stammered.

Miss O'Keefe came over and slipped her arm around Elizabeth's waist, and the daughter of the Wheelers did not resent the familiarity. "See here, girl," she began, "you'll take a bit of advice from me, won't you? Professor Duclos has taken a fancy to you that means something—I've seen too many men myself not to know the symptoms. Mind, I don't say he is in love with you yet, but he will be, if you give him half a chance. Now, you don't seem to realize what a fine thing it would be for a poor girl like yourself to marry a fine man like that." Elizabeth started involuntarily, but Miss O'Keefe went on. "It isn't many working girls that get such a chance—there isn't a society girl in Boston or Cambridge that wouldn't give her eyes to get him. I know all about him—my cousin keeps a store in Cambridge, and he says the professor is right in with all the best people. When you have a chance to marry a *thoroughbred* like that don't be a fool, but take him!"

Having had her say, Miss O'Keefe went back to her place. Presently Elizabeth, who had been doing some serious thinking, raised her head. "What is a thoroughbred?" she asked.

Miss O'Keefe wrinkled her brows. "A thoroughbred," she began slowly, "is one like Professor Duclos—who has the manners and appearance of a gentleman, with money and education to back it up."

Elizabeth hesitated, not wholly satisfied. "Wouldn't *family*—ancestors and all that—count at all?"

Miss O'Keefe, the immigrant, laughed. "We live in America and in the twentieth century," she said. "It makes no difference what you have been or what you are going to be—it's what you are today."

When Elizabeth went home that night she summed up courage to tell her mother all about her intimacy with Professor Duclos, if such it could be called. Mrs. Wheeler listened with disapproval unexpressed, until Elizabeth, at the conclusion of her confession, asked if she might not ask the professor to call. She had not underestimated her mother's prejudice, but she was not prepared for the tirade

which followed, and from the first word of her mother's reply the death-knell of Professor Duclos was sounded in Elizabeth's ears. Elizabeth's feeble protests were in vain.

"Don't quote that O'Keefe girl to me," said Mrs. Wheeler furiously. "I suppose she does think the man would be a desirable acquaintance. He is without doubt quite good enough for her—I should say they were about equal. But he is not good enough for *my* daughter. Understand me, Elizabeth, once for all—he never darkens this door with my consent. Also, this hobnobbing over books must cease, and at once."

Elizabeth made no reply. "Elizabeth!" persisted her mother. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes, mother."

"And you will give him up absolutely—for *my* sake, and for the sake of your dear father?"

Elizabeth drew a deep breath. She had never realized until that moment how the bright, agreeable young professor had grown into her life, and what the library would be when his coming would no longer be an event in her day. But the words of the commandment learned at her grandfather's knee, "Honor thy father and thy mother—" Elizabeth rose and twined her arms around her mother's neck. Mrs. Wheeler caught the girl's hand and looked eagerly into her face. "You promise me, dear?"

"Yes, mother, I promise." And Mrs. Wheeler was content.

Professor Duclos was very much surprised at the girl's sudden change of manner. Miss Wheeler was perfectly polite, but she showed no further disposition to linger and chat over the relative merits of Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen. Miss O'Keefe wondered likewise, but something in Elizabeth's manner forbade questioning. The young man grew more and more perplexed—at last, one day, he ventured to ask permission to bring her a manuscript around to her home, as he desired her criticism. Poor Elizabeth, with her promise to her mother ringing in her ears, was adamant. "I'm sorry," she murmured, with face averted, "but mother and I are living very quietly, and do not receive callers." The professor bowed, and left the library. Elizabeth watched his retreating form until he vanished from sight, and then she returned to her cataloguing. She caught a glimpse of herself in the little mirror over Miss O'Keefe's desk. "I certainly am getting to look like Aunt Matilda," she thought.

The professor came no more. Elizabeth busied herself in her work and tried to forget him, but the routine of the library had never seemed so tiresome and the days so long. Elizabeth would have given worlds to confide in Miss O'Keefe, but she knew instinctively that the other girl could not sympathize with her course of action, founded on parental objection and pride of race. How could Miss O'Keefe understand?

Autumn turned to winter, and winter crept slowly by into spring. Elizabeth had never seen Professor Duclos since that well-remembered October day. At last, one afternoon the first week in June, she glanced up from her desk and felt her heart go thump, for there was—he—actually entering the door. There was a girl with him; she was tall and slim, and beautifully gowned. The professor nodded courteously to Elizabeth, who stood in readiness to accommodate him, and then turned to the shelves of recent fiction. His companion stood toying with a slender jeweled chain, gazing indifferently out of the window at the passers-by. He was a long time in selecting a book, it seemed to Elizabeth, and at last his blonde companion awoke to the situation and touched his arm.

"Please hurry, Pierre," she said quietly, but still audibly. "You're keeping the girl waiting."

Pierre darted a look at Elizabeth, but her expression was inscrutable as she mechanically stamped the number on his card and handed the book to him. She stood passively watching

the two as they left the library and started down the avenue together.

"Swell-looking couple," commented Miss O'Keefe.

Elizabeth assented. "Who is she—do you know?" she asked, quite indifferently.

Miss O'Keefe shook her head. "No, but she's the same one he was out driving with last Sunday. They had a daisy little cart."

Elizabeth trudged home that night after working hours, wishing more than she had ever wished before that she had never been obliged to come to Boston, but could have spent all her days in the quiet little village where there had been no other girl to envy, no heartaches to conceal. The trees were brilliant with their early summer foliage, and the sky was blue, bright blue above her, but Elizabeth did not care. To her the streets had never seemed so narrow, the boarding-house so dingy or all the boarders so hopelessly ordinary.

After supper, as usual, Elizabeth and her mother betook themselves to their hall bedroom to pass the evening until bedtime came. Mrs. Wheeler started to read the evening paper, while Elizabeth busied herself darning stockings. She seldom read any more. Presently there was a tap on the door and the maid brought a letter which the postman had actually left for them. It was in a large white envelope.

"You open it, Elizabeth," said her mother, trying to conceal her excitement. "Perhaps your Cousin Constance is going to give a ball."

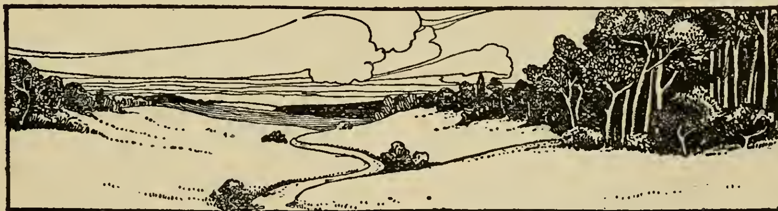
Elizabeth's lip curled imperceptibly, but she tore open the letter, glanced down the page, and let the sheet fall into her lap.

"Give it to me," said her mother. "You look as if you had seen a ghost." She snatched the missive from her daughter's hands and read aloud:

"Mr. Albert Parsons Peabody
requests the honor of your presence
at the marriage of his daughter
Constance Eliza
to
Mr. Pierre Eugene Duclos."

The sheet dropped from her grasp. "Elizabeth," she cried sharply. "Elizabeth! Why don't you speak?"

Her daughter, with whitened cheek and lips, managed to get to her feet. "I have nothing to say, mother," she faltered; and the door closed behind her.



The Unwilling Contributor

SMYTHE—Did you ever give a swell dinner?

BROWNE—Not directly. However, as I've been paying money into an insurance company for nearly twenty years, I guess I've helped.

THE more rest you get the more tired you become.

Effective Rate Regulation

BY W. G. JOERNS

[CONCLUSION]

[NOTE.—In the first part of Mr. Joerns's article attention was called to the total capitalization of the railroads of the country at $13,525,000,000, or at the rate of $65,377 per mile. Mr. Joerns also showed that the entire American railway system could be duplicated today for about $6,300,000,000, or at the rate of $30,000 per mile.—EDITOR.]

BUT for flagrant overcapitalization freight rates might be reduced one-fourth, or both freight and passenger rates 15 per cent., and there would still remain to be distributed on the 56.06 per cent. of live capital stock before referred to a dividend of approximately 9 per cent. This would mean a yearly saving to the American people of over $280,000,000. If the Government were to acquire the roads at their actual value and pay for them in bonds bearing the current rate of 2 per cent., it could, on the basis of 1903, reduce the freight rates another 15 per cent., or freight and passenger rates another 10 per cent., or it could maintain the general reduction first referred to and, emulating German thrift, lay by enough each year to sinking fund account to discharge its entire railroad indebtedness in practically twenty-five years. This would certainly be a stupendous result; but it is as nothing to the stupendous folly of the American people in having allowed themselves and the country's natural resources to be plundered *ad libitum* in the past or to continue to sit idly by while this process of unwarranted exploitation is attempted to be perpetuated.

In 1899 the average per ton mile was .73 cent. The next year this was raised to .75 cent. The following two years it was .76 cent, and in 1903 it was again raised .2 cent to .78 cent. It has been estimated by the Interstate Commerce Commission and so reported to Congress that the additional per ton mile charge in 1903 over 1899 involved an increase, in round numbers, of $155,000,000. It is claimed by the railroads that this raise in rates was justified by the greater operating expense. A sufficient answer to the railroad contention is that the net income of the roads increased steadily from $605,000,000 in 1899 to $849,000,000 in 1903, and that the total increased net earnings for the four years amounted to about $660,000,000.

Notwithstanding the concessions on certain export and through traffic, as referred to by President Spencer, it is a matter of common knowledge that since 1899, and particularly in 1902-03, repeated and important advances in freight rates were attempted and made. In numerous cases the end in view, the advance in rates, was obtained by the more subtle process of a change in classification. These advances aroused widespread protest and indignation, and in some cases active opposition; but, in the main, they were rigorously maintained. As an example of such arbitrary and inequitable action on the part of the railroads, the reclassification of hay may be mentioned. For ten or twelve years without substantial interruption hay had been shipped as sixth class. Arbitrarily and without warning the classification was, on January 21, 1900, changed by the Classification Committee of the railroads from sixth to fifth class. This involved an increase in freight rates on hay of from $1 to $2.60 per ton, according to distance and location. Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska produce well upon half of the hay crop of the nation, and the raise in rates was sufficient to seri-

ously cripple the export business from those States. The National Hay Association took up the matter for the producing interest. Its protests and expostulations remained in vain, however, and were received by the railroads "almost with indifference." Finally it brought the matter to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Commission, after due investigation, decided against the railroads and ordered them to re-establish the old classification. The railroads contemptuously ignored the order of the Commission, and when it sought the aid of the Court to enforce the order it was met by the Court's adverse ruling on the ground that ordering a change in classification was equivalent to fixing a rate, and that this, under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Maximum Rate Case, was beyond its power under the law as it now stands. (See testimony of Mr. John B. Daish and Mr. Charles England, representing the National Hay Association, before House Committee in 1902.)

There could not be a more patent illustration of the weakness of the law, as now in force, and of the imperative necessity of its amendment along the very lines that are being selfishly and falsely decried by the railroad interests as dangerous and revolutionary. True, comparatively speaking, not many of such instances have reached the Interstate Commerce Commission. In most cases the public bears the unjust burden, with indignation, it may be, but in silence. The ordinary shipper, as a rule, can ill afford to take up the cudgel against the all-powerful railroad interest and invite its retaliation. He suffers injustice and extortion almost without limit, and, unless perhaps he happens to be backed up by some powerful association, does not strike back until goaded practically to desperation. Even then, under existing laws, he is for the most part foredoomed to failure. These are matters of common knowledge and serve to explain why there is such intensity of feeling out of all proportion to the cases actually brought to the notice of the Commission.

In this connection the following extract from a report just made by the Interstate Commerce Committee to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce will prove of interest, viz.:

> The number of informal complaints between January 1, 1900, and March 1, 1905, relating to excessive or exorbitant rates, settled by the Commission, is 139. The number of cases involving excessive or unreasonable rates taken to the courts is 15. In 3 the ruling of the Commission was sustained, and in 12 the orders were not enforced because it was held the Commission *lacked authority to make them.*

In St. Louis County, Minn., there are the greatest iron deposits in the world. These are reached by two Steel Trust roads and a branch of Mr. Hill's Great Northern system. Last year there were shipped over these three roads about 15,000,000 tons of ore. This year the shipments may reach 20,000,000 tons. It has been reliably claimed that the freight charge on the ore thus transported was excessive by not less than fifty cents per ton, though the average haul is probably not over 100 miles. If this is true, the public, in this single instance, has been exploited to the extent of from seven to ten million dollars a year. But this overcharge, in itself, is in reality the least of the burden. The high freight rate, which, in the case of the two Steel Trust roads at least, went into the pockets of the Trust or its predecessors, was one of the most potent agencies by which one by one the independent mine owners were forced to the wall and the greatest single monopoly the world has so far seen has grown, fattened and become permanently entrenched.

Professor Frank Parsons stated before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in 1900 that there were roads in New England on which the local tariffs were even then as high as the stage-coach rates before the days of railroading. No doubt President Tuttle can find such on his system, for it is one of the best dividend-payers in the United States, is generously

capitalized to the limit and its stock, which even as far back as 1901 was rated to its own stockholders at 190, is so closely held that it does not enter into the ordinary Stock Exchange operations of the country.

Judge S. H. Cowan, representing the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas and other Western cattle raisers' associations, made a strong presentation before the House Committee on the unreasonableness *per se* of railroad freight charges in cases where competition has been practically eliminated. I quote briefly from his statement on "Advances in Rates" as follows:

It is a fact that the rates from most points in Texas have been advanced since 1898 an average of $17.50 to $20.00 per car, and they are today higher than they have been at any time since rates were filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is also a fact that during the time these rates have been advanced the quality and value of the service have deteriorated. It takes a longer time to reach the markets or any other destination, with a consequent material loss to the shipper, and this has occasioned general complaint. These advances have likewise applied to the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, and from most points in Eastern Colorado, Western Nebraska and Western Kansas, parts of Wyoming and South Dakota, though the advances in the rates have not been as great from all points in such States as in the State of Texas.

I believe that it is safe to say that the rates of freight based on the present tonnage cost the live-stock shippers of the States named $3,000,000 per annum more today than would the rates of freight in effect in the year 1898, and the average rates collected for the period of ten years next preceding 1898.

Not only have the live-stock rates been advanced, but in March, 1903, an advance of from 7 to 20 per cent. was made on practically all goods and commodities, with a few exceptions, from points on the Mississippi River and east thereof to the State of Texas.

Mr. L. A. Dean, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the North Georgia Fruit Growers, in the April number of *Freight*, makes a graphic presentation of the overcharge in transportation rates to which the peach growers in question have been subjected as the result of which, to use his own language, "Out of this magnificent crop (some 2,800 cars) the growers as a class realized no profit; many made a loss." He figures the transportation charges per car of 20,000 pounds minimum weight from Rome, the centre of the North Georgia peach industry, to New York, a distance of 885 miles, as follows:

Freight rate at 81 cents per hundred	$162 00
Refrigerator car charges...........	67 50
	$229 50
"Deduct proper icing"............	35 00
Net charge.......................	$194 50

or $18.95 per ton, which would equal 2.14 cents per ton mile or 3.24 times the general average per ton for the entire country.

Mr. Dean's allowance for icing was more than liberal. A fair and ample reimbursement for icing would probably be less than half the amount allowed by him. Yet notwithstanding the extortionate charge of $67.50 for refrigerator car service, Mr. Dean complains that the refrigerator service was "bad," that large quantities of peaches spoiled *en route*, that in many places cars could not be had for loading, and that claims for damages were lustily resisted by the railroads.

The foregoing showing of Mr. Dean is respectfully commended to the attention of President Spencer, of the Southern Railway, who is one of the persuasive gentlemen who claim that "unreasonable rates *per se* have practically disappeared."

In a recent hearing at Chanute, Kan., in a suit against the Santa Fé road, it was developed that the railroads were guilty of the rankest discrimination against the independent producers and in favor of the Standard interests, and that the railroads belonging to the Trans-Missouri Freight Bureau had agreed to regulations which practically precluded independent refiners of smaller means from competing with the Trust. Similar discriminatory conditions have been complained of in relation to the relative rates on oil from Chicago and Cleveland to New Orleans. The difficulty in these cases, however, lies in the fact that the dis-

crimination is open and aboveboard in the published rates, and that the only way to reach the proposition is by an order of the Commission equalizing the rates between "independent" and "Trust" points. This order, under existing laws, the Commission is, however, powerless to make or to enforce.

Indeed, it is this "maladjustment" of rates, as Governor Cummins, of Iowa, aptly terms it, the unequal and unfair adjustment of rates generally, of rates published in due and legal form, which is by far the most fruitful source of complaint. It is this "lawful" discrimination which is playing havoc with the smaller industries and the smaller communities. As shown by a former State Railway Commissioner of Iowa to the Senate Committee, an alarming array of the industries of that State have thus been forced to the wall, or to removal to so-called great commercial centres, by this "maladjustment" of "lawful" rates. The so-called "midnight" schedules, graphically described by President Stickney, belong in somewhat the same category.

As in the case of the oil rates, the Interstate Commerce Commission is at present powerless to afford relief. It cannot effectively intercede in such cases of flagrant overcharge and discrimination, which remain within the bounds of the law, until the law itself is changed and the Commission clothed with the *rate-making* power.

A brief extract from a little cross-examination of Mr. Bird, traffic manager of the Gould system, at the hearing before the House Committee at the last session of Congress may prove of interest at this point. It speaks volumes. I give it as it appears in the record.

MR. TOWNSEND—I would like to ask you one or two questions in regard to the testimony you have given. Do you claim that there are any *unjust classifications* in existence now?

MR. BIRD—No, sir! I make no claims; but I must admit that there are a great many claims that there are unjust classifications.

MR. TOWNSEND—But what is your opinion about that, whether there are any?

MR. BIRD—I know some cases which I would adjust in a different manner if I had the power.

MR. TOWNSEND—The railroads themselves have recognized that there are unjust differentials existing?

MR. BIRD—I think they admit there are unwise differentials.

To listen to the testimony of the railroad lobby before the Congressional committees one might, from their air of injured innocence, imagine the average magnate or traffic manager a most amiable, frank and equitable gentleman. Pray, do not let his gentle cooing deceive you! He thoroughly understands men and his job. It is his business to coin dollars for the company. Business and dividends is what he is expected to bring at any cost. The excessive overcapitalization of the roads is for him a handicap from the start. In the mad chase after the dollar the ordinary emotions are soon stifled. It is no longer a question of common fairness between man and man. It is get all the traffic you can and every dollar it will bear. So calloused have some of these officials become that they do not even balk at testimony that is dangerously near the verge of perjury, as witness the testimony of several traffic managers at the June and October private car line hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. We will not say that this deplorable state of mind has become typical; but it is unfortunately true that too often the public is regarded simply as legitimate prey.

Toward the close of last year railroads combined in a scheme to foist upon the country a new and uniform bill of lading. The cardinal features of the proposed innovation were:

1. That it was to be non-negotiable.

2. That the shipper should execute a release to the carrier, relieving the latter from its common law liability relative to the goods while in transit; or,

3. If the shipper failed or refused to sign such release his freight rate was to be increased 20 per cent.

The brilliant maneuvre had progressed to the stage of official notice to local divisions (official circular No.

26), with instructions to put its provisions into effect on January 2 immediately following.

The shipping public had not been consulted. It is not as submissive as of yore, however, and as soon as the proposed change became known a roar of protest went up such as has not been heard in many a day. The Interstate Commerce Commission, was appealed to and other effective measures were adopted to checkmate the nefarious proposition. The matter was taken up by the Commission, but was not definitely determined. So aroused and dangerous has public sentiment become on the matter of transportation iniquities, however, that the railroads found it advisable to beat a retreat. An important conference of railroad presidents was held in New York on December 7, and of traffic men and general managers at Buffalo within ten days thereafter, and the carefully matured scheme of exploitation and plunder was reluctantly abandoned; but not without some expression of keen regret that the matter had *prematurely leaked out* and the public thus forewarned to take measures for its protection before the new departure had been actually put in force.

And yet railroad attorneys, presidents and representatives generally are pouring into the willing ears of the Senate Committee the honeyed assurance that the law as it stands is ample to protect the public against every possible railroad aggression, that the sentiment in favor of the law's amendment is an artificial and thoroughly misguided one, and that therefore the Senate will place the country under lasting obligation if it will persist in the obstructive tactics that were fatal to the Esch-Townsend bill at the closing session of the last Congress.

c. There never was anything more unfair and illogical than the attacks of the railroad interests upon the Interstate Commerce Commission; nothing more narrow and short-sighted, even from the standpoint of their own selfishness, than the fierce and subtle opposition of the combined transportation interests to the suggested amendment of the law. There is absolutely no justification, except duty well performed, for the one; and only sordid greed, grown blatant and mad, can explain the other.

Time and again the railroad interests themselves have invoked the aid of the Commission, both in disputes between competing points and in controversies between themselves. (See statements before House Committee of Vice-President Bird, of the Gould system; Mr. Walker B. Hines, of the Louisville & Nashville; Mr. H. L. Bond, Second Vice-President of the Baltimore & Ohio, and others.) The Interstate Commerce Commission, *on the invitation of the railroads themselves*, has, in this year of railroad protest, but just decided the "seaboard differential" dispute and *named the rate*. The decision has no legal force, only the sanction of agreement. The solution was more, however, than the railroads could arrive at single-handed. It is also admitted by the railroad interests themselves that over 90 per cent. of the complaints brought before the Commission since its inception have been *voluntarily* adjusted through the intervention of the Commission. Even in the Import Rate Case, which finally resulted in a technical defeat for the Commission, it appeared that most of the roads involved in the controversy had acquiesced in the ruling of the Commission and adjusted their tariffs accordingly.

It is also true, however, that in most of the cases in which the railroads remained defiant and recalcitrant the Commission's usefulness was *abridged* by the restrictions which technical judicial construction placed upon its powers. It is the purpose of the present agitation for the rate law's amendment that the powers and attributes of the Commission shall not thus remain permanently impaired. The people demand EFFECTIVE supervision and regulation by the Government. The demand is imperative. It is vehement, it is true, but still conservative. Time and opposition will fan the flame,

however, and the movement for emancipation from private exploitation will soon assume such enormous proportions that only the most radical measures of relief will satisfy. It is the old story of Privilege blind to its own best interests; only the people are not as blind and submissive as they used to be.

Mr. Bond kindly formulated a plan of regulation for the benefit of the House Committee in which he went to the extent of agreeing that the Commission might safely be intrusted with the power to *fix a rate*, provided it did not go into effect until the Commission had first sought and obtained the supporting order of a court thereon.

The order of the court! There is the rub. The railroads are perfectly willing to leave the determination to the courts. Their "experts" tell us and our lawmakers that the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot be trusted to make a rate—that is, to name a rate which shall be substituted as the reasonable rate for the rate found and declared unreasonable unless and until set aside by judicial review. Schedules and classifications "have grown up gradually," says Mr. Spencer. "The evolution is still going on." They say rate making is a most difficult matter—far too complicated for a "non-expert" body such as they disingenuously claim the Interstate Commerce Commission to be. Mr. Bond says, "it is a historical fabric" made by the shippers and railroads together. We might well retort: So was *serfdom* a historical fabric woven out of the brute strength of the lord and the abject and forced submission of the vassal; but *emancipation* was likewise a historical development. But Mr. Bird, rather despairingly and rather hysterically, caps the climax. He treated the Congressional Committee to the following:

> Who knows what just differentials are? Who can tell what is a fair differential between a rate from Kansas City and St. Louis on corn to Liverpool and a rate on corn from Chicago to Liverpool? Who can tell what the rate should be on corn from Kansas City to New Orleans and to Belgium, and the rate to Liverpool? Who can tell these things? . . . Who shall tell what is a fair rate from Chicago to New York as against the rate to Baltimore or Boston? . . . The making of rates is not an exact science. There is not a tariff in the United States, according to my best belief, that has been made on any scientific basis. No one has been found that knows enough to make such a tariff. The fact is that rates are found by comparison, compromise and competition, and those are the underlying forces that determine what the rate shall be. . . . There is not a man alive that can tell what freight a particular class will furnish, and you cannot fix a rate on any one article knowing what revenue it will furnish. . . . I have never yet in my forty years' experience been able to make a tariff with any reference to what the service was worth.

Yet Mr. Bird, in answer to some very close questioning by Congressman Townsend, was forced to admit that the railroads could "arrive at a very close approximation" as to whether they were carrying any particular product at a loss or profit, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission *could do the same!*

Read further the following brief additional interrogation, as taken from the record, and ask yourself whether it does not wholly and truly dispose of the railroad case in the premises:

> MR. TOWNSEND—Is it not a fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission is empowered under these bills (the bills before the Committee from which was reported the Esch-Townsend bill) *to obtain all the information that you know?*
>
> MR. BIRD—Yes.
>
> MR. TOWNSEND—And this Commission is supposed to be an *impartial body?*
>
> MR. BIRD—Yes.
>
> MR. TOWNSEND—Now, would it not be as safe to intrust these interests to a commission having as much knowledge as you have, an impartial commission, as it would be *to trust the people's rights entirely with the railroads?*
>
> MR. BIRD—That may be so, I do not deny it.

How different in this regard the candid and emphatic statement to the Senate Committee of Mr. A. B. Stickney, a broad-gauge railroad man and one of the ablest. President Stickney sees no danger to legitimate interests in increasing the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Indeed he would give it the full and complete *original* rate-making power. As

suggested by him, it has the existing rates, the practical outcome of years of experience, as a guide. It would have the assistance of the arguments and presentations of traffic officials and of the shippers. It could draw on its own comprehensive experience. It would be the *arbitrator*, and, quoting Mr. Stickney: "The Commission representing the sovereignty, with power to enforce its decisions, would be the most disinterested, and at the same time satisfactory, arbitrator which is possible."

The Interstate Commerce Commission is composed of men of character and ability. There have at all times since its inception been men on it of superior capacity. Under the peculiar manner of its appointment there are always veterans in the service upon it. It has always been a hard-working body, and all phases of the transportation question, practical and theoretical, have come before it times innumerable.

It has, willingly or unwillingly, become an expert body, and the affectation of railroad magnates to the contrary is "moonshine." The matter of rates and classifications has been to it a special matter of inquiry, and in the elucidation of any question before it it can command all available information, not only from the standpoint of the railroads and the traffic manager, but, what is fully as important and often more important, from that of the shipper as well. Its members can practically and mentally easily rank the average traffic official; so far as ethical qualities go, they are unquestionably far his superior. They command the respect and confidence of the general public, but have not shown themselves subservient enough to the transportation interests to win the approval of the railway magnate.

The transportation interests object to effective regulation by the Commission, they deny its capacity to make a rate; but, strange to say, they are willing to leave all questions to the courts, though it must be patent that from a practical point of view the judges, as compared with the Commissioners, are of necessity but meagerly equipped. If the Commissioners, who are constantly delving into all phases of the transportation problem, are non-expert, pray what shall be said of the judges?

Ah! The courts have a qualification all their own, that the railroad and corporation interest is well aware of. This interest has been a potent force, all too powerful, in American politics. It has made and unmade public men from poundmaster to President. Its corrupting influence has been and remains today one of the most serious problems with which the American people have to deal. To no public office has it more deliberately and insinuatingly extended its tentacles than to the judiciary. It looks upon the judiciary as the bulwark of "privilege."

There are judges, and plenty of them, who owe the corporations nothing and whose heart-beat is with the people. There are corporation-made judges who rise above the expectation of the maker. There are also corporation-made judges whose only disqualification is the peculiar viewpoint which constitutes their *open sesame* to judicial appointment. The special interest believes with Mr. Bond, "when a member of the Bar is elevated to a court beyond which there is no appeal, that his views on political economy and government generally have some effect on his views of the law." But there are also judges whose only aim appears to be to perform socage duty for the private interest to which they are indebted for their preferment.

It is unfortunate, I confess, that any portion of the judiciary should be open to question or suspicion. But is the statement overdrawn? Is not the country, in one form or another, brought into almost daily touch with the corrupting and controlling influence of the special interest? Why deny it? Do not wealth and privilege receive consideration out of all proportion to that meted out to the great body of the people? Read Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion in the Income Tax case, and, while you bless

this noble and upright judge, ask yourself if a more scathing arraignment of a deplorable condition could well be possible. Is it strange then that the railroad interest is unanimous in its willingness to leave the question of rates to the courts, but is unwilling to intrust it to the better equipped and better informed but also more popular and responsive body, the Interstate Commerce Commission?

It is well to keep in mind at this juncture that the simpler the remedial statute, so long as it is along the *right* line, the better for its ultimate effectiveness. Such a bill, as far as it went, was the Esch-Townsend bill, and the fact that it has met and is meeting with the vehement opposition of the plutocratic oligarchy is a strong point in its favor. All bills and suggestions at this time, therefore, that propose fundamental innovations and that are aimed at the integrity and existence of the Interstate Commerce Commission are to be deprecated and regarded with suspicion. Their source and motive cannot possibly be in sympathy with the best interests of the people. They merit, one and all, the emphatic condemnation of the general public.

Congressman Stevens introduced a bill on the rate question in the closing days of the last session that is more or less open to criticism. Professor Hadley, of Yale, has likewise offered a "solution." Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, also delivered himself of a plan at the Economic Club banquet at Boston in March. The two last-named propositions run in somewhat similar grooves. They are both inimical to the Commission as at present constituted and are marked illustrations of the effect of "point of view." The special grievance in both instances lies in concentrating the rate-making power in the courts and in pushing "railroad men" to the front, to the exclusion of that great body of shippers, who, after all, are in touch with more phases of the "rate question" than the average railroad official or traffic manager, and not so blind to some. These distinguished gentlemen evidently know very little of the practical phases of the rate question, and their proposals would hardly merit more than passing attention but for the fact that apparently a masked but organized attempt is being made by the railroad interest to create a semblance of public sentiment in their favor. It should not be countenanced for a moment. Only in continued singleness of purpose can there be any guarantee of ultimate success for the public as against the aims and machinations of the combined railroad and corporation interests. To desert the general principles and wholesome features of the Esch-Townsend bill (also in the main those of the Hearst bill) at this juncture for the undigested counterfeit measures referred to would indeed be like "swapping horses while crossing a stream." From the standpoint of the general public it would be absolutely suicidal.

Judge Grosscup affects to fear that the "present agitation" may become

> a movement under cover of which the social and political revolutionists will push forward their assault upon the present order of American institutions . . . that grim menace, that no friend of the institution of private property anywhere can longer ignore.

This sentiment, with its banquet flavor, will, however, find little response in the minds and hearts of the vast body of shippers and producers of the country, the rank and file of our industrial and commercial life, who have joined in the great protest against corporate exploitation and injustice, and are united in their beneficent work as never before. The best brawn and brain of the country will rather agree with the closing words of Judge Prouty in his address to the Lumbermen's Association at Boston in January last, as follows:

> Let not the men, who for eighteen years have defied this law and successfully resisted all attempts to correct it, now write its amendment. The interests of the public and the railway should be alike conserved, but some fair measure of regulation should be enacted which can, if applied, regulate *in fact* as well as in theory.

UNAVENGED.

C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World

AT LAST!

C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World

PUNISHMENT SWIFT! TERRIBLE! FOR THE WICKED WICKED TRUSTS AND ARROGANT RAILROADS

SPEECH

DREAM BAG

WHITEWASH

LOOKS BIG.

W. A. Rogers, in N. Y. Herald

Pole Baker

By Will N Harben

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

In a small Georgia town a friendship has grown up between Pole Baker, reformed moonshiner and an unusual and likable character, and young Nelson Floyd, who was left as a baby in a mountain cabin by an unknown woman just before her death. Floyd, in the face of many trials and temptations, has worked his way up in the world and made a man of himself. Jeff Wade appears at the store, in which Floyd has become a partner, to avenge on him a rumored injustice to Wade's sister. Pole Baker's tact prevents a duel by making Floyd see that the unselfish course is for him to avoid a meeting. Cynthia Porter comes to the store, alarmed for Floyd's safety. On his way home to his family Pole falls a victim to his besetting sin of drink. Cynthia rejects the suit of the Rev. Jason Hillhouse and refuses to act on his warnings against Floyd's attentions. At a corn-shucking given by Pole, Floyd wins the right to kiss Cynthia, and on their way home claims his privilege without actually asking to marry her, and proposes in vain that, since her mother dislikes him, she meet him at times on signal in the grape arbor. That night, while Cynthia is regretting even her slight weakness, her suspicious and tactless mother half accuses her and hints that the worry over Cynthia and Floyd has caused her to fear an attack of insanity. Pole again prevents a duel between Floyd and Jeff Wade by showing the latter that his quarrel is ill advised. That night Cynthia, alarmed over reports of the duel, responds to Floyd's signal for a brief interview, in which she promises to accompany Floyd to bush-arbor meeting. As Floyd leaves, he is discovered by Pole and blamed for jeopardizing Cynthia's good name in leaving the Porter place by stealth. Captain Duncan, a neighboring planter, suggests that there may be a clue to Floyd's parentage in Atlanta, where there is a man named Floyd whose mother was a Nelson. Cynthia's grandmother fears lest Mrs. Porter, who suspects the girl's interview with Floyd, may become insane and kill herself as a sister had done. At bush-arbor meeting Pole warns Floyd that if Cynthia suffers at his hands he himself will kill him. On their way home Cynthia and Floyd are driven by a storm to take refuge for the night in a deserted mill. The situation and Pole's warning complete the awakening of Floyd's better nature and convince him of his true love for Cynthia. Cynthia's mother hates Floyd only the more on account of this adventure and offends Cynthia by her insinuations. Her father defends Cynthia. Pole Baker goes to Atlanta and learns from Henry A. Floyd there that Nelson is the son of his dead brother. Pole brings the news back to Springtown, where it creates a sensation. Pole falls a victim again to his besetting vice.

CHAPTER XXII

A WEEK later Pole Baker came back from Darley on foot. He was covered with dust, his clothing was soiled and torn, his hair unkempt. He looked thinner; his big eyes seemed to burn in their deep, dark sockets as if fed by the slow oil of despair. He paused at the well at the court-house to get a drink of water. He drank copiously from the big wooden bucket, and wiped his mouth on the back of his dusty hand. It was a very quiet afternoon at Springtown; scarcely anyone was in sight. Pole moved over to the steps of the public building and sat down in abject indecision. "The Lord knows I ort to go on home to Sally an' the childern," he groaned, "but how kin I? How kin I?"

He sat there for half an hour, his head hanging, his great hands twitching nervously. Presently a shadow fell on the ground before him, and, looking up, he saw a negro boy extending a letter to him.

"A man told me ter give you dis here, Mr. Baker," the boy said.

"What man?" Pole asked as he took the communication.

"I didn't know 'im, suh. I never seed 'im before. He looked ter me like a mountain man. He was ridin' a little white mule, an' as soon as he gimme de letter an' tol' me whar you was a-settin' he whipped his mule an' rid off."

Pole held the letter in his hand till the boy had gone, then he tore the envelope open and read it. It slipped from his inert fingers to the ground, and Pole, with glaring eyes, picked it up and read it again and again. To him it was worse than a deathblow.

Pole Baker (it began), we, the Mountainside White Cap Association, beg leave to inform you that we have sat in council at three separate meetings on your case of protracted drunkenness and family neglect. If any other man in the county had done as you have he would have met with punishment long ago; but your friends put in

excuses for you and postponed it. However, we met again last night and decided that it was our duty to act in your case. For ten days now your wife, a sweet, patient woman, has been verging on to despair through you. We hold that no living man has a right to tie a good woman to him by cords of love and pity and then torture her on the rack night and day just to gratify a beastly appetite. This step is being taken with great regret, and by men not known to you, but who admire you in many ways and like you. Punishment has been dealt out here in the mountains to good effect, as you yourself have been heard to admit, and we confidently believe that after we have acted in your case you will be a better man to them that are dependent on you. Tonight at eight o'clock sharp our body will be at the gum spring, halfway between your farm and the court-house. If you are there to meet us the disagreeable matter of whipping you will be done there, out of sight and hearing of your wife and children; if not, we will have to do as we have done in the cases of other men, go to your house and take you out. We earnestly hope you will meet us, and that you will be prepared to make us promises that you will keep.

Respectfully,
THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE
WHITE CAP ASSOCIATION.

Pole stared at the ground for a long time; the veins of his neck and brow stood out as if from physical torture. He looked about him suddenly in a spasm of effort to think of some escape from his impending doom. There was Nelson Floyd. He would grant him any request. He could draw upon the young merchant for unlimited funds, and before the fated hour arrived he could be far away from the country and his wife and children. A great lump rose inside of him and tore itself outward through his throat. No, he couldn't leave them; it was further out of his power now than ever. Besides, had he not brought all this on himself? Was not the threatened punishment equally just in his case as it had been in the case of others among his neighbors? He rose to his feet. There was nothing left for him to do but to go home, and—yes, meet the White Caps at the appointed place and take what was coming to him bravely. Shoot? Defend his rights? Kill the men who were taking the part of those he himself had sworn to love and stand by? No! The punishment? Yes; but after that, to his confused brain, all was a painful blank. His wife and children had always comforted him in trouble, but could they do so now? Would not the sight of their anxious faces only add to his load of remorse? As he went along the road toward his home his rugged breast rose and expanded under his ragged shirt and then slowly fell. He was a dead man alive—a breathing, rotting horror in his own sight. A shudder went over him; he heard the commanding voice of the leader of the outlaws; he felt the lash and braced himself for another blow, which he hoped would cut deep enough to pierce the festering agony within him. Then his lower lip began to quiver, and tears came into his great, glaring eyes. He was beginning to pity himself, for, when all had been said and done, could he really have acted differently? Had God actually given him the moral and physical strength to avoid the pits into which he had stumbled with the helplessness of a little child?

The road led him into the depths of a wood where the boughs of mighty trees arched overhead and obscured the sunlit sky. He envied a squirrel bounding unhindered to its nest. Nature seemed to hold out her vast, soothing arms to him. He wanted to sink into them and sob out his pent-up agony. In the deepest part of the wood, where rugged cliffs bordered the road, he came to the spring mentioned in the letter. Here he paused and looked about him. On this spot the most awful experience of his life would be enacted.

With a shudder he passed on. The trees grew less dense, and then on a rise ahead of him he saw his humble cottage, like a cheerless blot on the green lush-sward about it. He wanted now to search the face of his wife. For ten days, the letter said, she had suffered. She had suffered so much that the neighbors had taken up her cause—they had taken it up when

he—great God!—when he loved her and the children with every tortured cord of his being! They had come to his wife's aid against him, her prime enemy. Yes, they should whip him, and he would tell them while they were at it to lay it on—to lay it on! and God sanction the cause.

He entered the gate. His wife was sitting in the little hall, a wooden bowl in her lap, shelling peas; on a blanket at her feet lay the baby. He went up the steps and stood in the doorway. She raised her eyes and saw him, and then lowered her head, saying nothing, though she was deathly pale. He stared helplessly for a moment, and then went out behind the house and sat down in a chair under a tree, near his beehives and his bent-toothed, stone-weighted harrow. A deeper feeling of despair had come over him, for it was the first time his wife had ever refused to greet him in some way or other on his return home. On the banks of a spring branch below the barn he saw his older children playing, but he could not bear the sight of them, and, with his elbows on his knees, he covered his face with his hands. The memory came to him of men who had killed themselves when in deep trouble, but he brushed the thought away. They were shirking cowards. For half an hour he sat thus. He heard the children laughing as they continued their romp up and down the stream. Then his wife slowly came out to him. She was still pale, and it seemed to him that she was thinner than she had ever been before.

"Pole, darlin'," she began, with a catch in her voice, "some o' the neighbors has been tellin' me that I ort not to be kind an' good to you when you come home after you've done us this-a-way, an' I acknowledge I did try just now to act sorter cold, but I can't. Oh, Pole, I ain't mad at you, darlin'! My heart is so full o' joy at seein' you back home, safe an' sound, that I don't know what to do. I know you are sorry, darlin', fer you always are, an' you look more downcast than I ever seed you in all my life. Oh, Pole, I've suffered, I'll admit, but that can't equal my joy right now at seein' you home with that sweet, sorry look in yore eyes. Pole, darlin', won't you kiss me? You would ef I hadn't turned from you as I did in the house jest now. Don't—don't blame me! I hardly knowed what I was doin'."

A sob rose in him and burst. She saw his emotion, and put her arms around his neck.

"It was that meddlesome old Mrs. Snodgrass who put me up to actin' that-a-way," she said tenderly. "But I'll never do it ag'in. The idea! An' me ever' bit as happy as I was the day we married one another! Thar comes little Billy, as hard as he kin move his little fat legs. Wipe yore eyes, Pole; don't let him see you a-cryin'. He'd remember it all his life—childern are so quar. Thar, wipe 'em on my apron—no, le' *me* do it. He's axed about you a hundred times a day. The neighbors' childern talked before him an' made him wonder."

The child, red in the face and panting, ran into his father's outstretched arms.

"Whar you been, papa?" he asked.

"Over to Darley, Billy," Pole managed to say.

"Are you goin' to stay at home any more, papa?" was the next query.

"Yes, Billy—I hope so. What have you childern been playing with down at the branch?"

"Johnny made a boat, papa, but it wouldn't swim. It sunk when he put sand on it. Will you make me a boat, papa?"

"Yes, Billy."

"When, papa?"

"Tomorrow, Billy." Pole pressed his rough face to the child's smooth, perspiring brow, and then put him down. "Now run and play," he said.

"I've put on some coffee to boil," said Mrs. Baker when the child had left. "I know you want some. Pole, you look all unstrung. I never seed you so nervous. Yore hands are twitchin', an' I never seed sech a

awful look in yore face. Don't you want me to cook some'n' special fer you to eat, Pole?"

"Not a thing, Sally," he gulped. "The coffee is enough."

She went into the house and came back with it. As she drew near he noted that the sun was fast going down; the shadow of the hill to the west of the cottage was creeping rapidly across the level field below. It would soon be eight o'clock, and then——

"Here it is," said Sally at his elbow. "It's as strong as I could make it. It will steady your nerves. Oh, Pole, I'm so glad you got back! I couldn't have gone through another night like the others. It would have killed me."

He raised the coffee-cup to keep from seeing her wistful, dark-ringed eyes.

Night came on apace. He sat in his chair while she busied herself with heeding and putting the children to bed. Her voice rang with joy and relief as she spoke to them; once she sang a bar of an old ballad. It vividly recalled their courtship days. He moved his chair to the porch. He sat there a while, and then went to feed his horse and cattle, telling himself the while that he had made his wife do his work for the past ten days that he might sink to the level of a beast.

After supper the two sat together in the moonlight on the porch, he silent, she talkative and full of joy. The old-fashioned clock on the mantel within struck seven. He waited about half an hour longer, and then he rose to his feet.

"I want to go to the store and see Nelson Floyd," he said. "I'll be back inside of an hour, sure."

She stared at him irresolutely for a moment, then she uttered a low groan.

"Oh, Pole, Pole, Pole! I don't want you to go," she cried. "You know why. If you get whar any liquor is now, you—you may go off again. Stay with me, Pole! I'll give you some strong coffee. I'll do anything ruther than have you out o' my sight now that you are safe at home. You won't spile all my happiness by goin' off again? Will you, darlin'?"

He caught her wrist with his left hand and held his right steadily upward.

"I'll swear to you, Sally, before God, that I won't tetch a single drop, and that I'll be back inside of an hour. You kin trust me now, Sally. You never heard me speak this way before."

Their eyes met. "Yes, I kin trust you when you talk that-a-way," she said. "Don't be gone longer than an hour, Pole. I'll set right here on the porch and wait for you."

"All right. I'll keep my word, Sally."

Out at the gate he passed, moving away, his head down, his long arms swinging disconsolately at his sides. When out of sight of the cottage he quickened his step. He must not be late. They must not, under any circumstances, come nearer to his house than the spring, and he must try to secure their promise not to let his degradation reach the ears of his wife and children. He could not stand that.

CHAPTER XXIII

Reaching the appointed place, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to wait. By and bye he heard voices in the distance, and then the tramp, tramp of footsteps. A dark blur appeared in the moonlight on the road. It was a body of men numbering between twenty-five and thirty. They were all afoot, and, by way of precaution against identification, they wore white caps over their heads, with holes for the eyes. In their mouths they had stuffed wads of cotton to muffle and disguise their voices.

"Well, I see you've acted sensible, Baker," said a man who seemed in the lead. "Some o' the boys 'lowed you'd cut an' shoot; but you hain't armed, are you, Pole?"

"No, I hain't armed, Joe Dilworthy."

"Huh, you think you know me!" the speaker said, with a start.

"Yes, I know you," answered Pole. "I'd know you anywhar in the world by yore shape an' voice."

"Well, you may *think* I'm anybody you like," returned the masked man. "That's neither here nur thar. I've been app'inted to do the talkin' tonight, Pole, an' I want to say, at the start, that this is the most disagreeable job that this association ever tackled. Yore case has been up before our body time after time, an' some'n' always throwed it out, fer you've got stacks an' stacks o' friends. But action was finally tuck, an' here we are. Pole, do you know any valid reason why you shouldn't be treated like other malefactors in these mountains?"

There was silence. Pole's head was hanging down. They could not see his face in the moonlight.

"No, I don't see no reason," the condemned man finally said. "I'm here to meet you, to tell you that I deserve more'n you fellows could lay on me ef you begun now an' kept up a steady lick till the last one of you was fagged out. The only trouble, gentlemen, is that I hain't a-goin' to *feel* the lash. Thar's a pain inside o' me so keen an' fur down that what you do jest to my body won't count. You are the friends of my wife an' childern; you are better friends to 'em than I've been, an' I want you to strip me to my dirty hide an' whip my duty into me, ef that is possible. The only thing I would ask is to spare my folks the knowledge of it, ef you kin see it that-a-way. Keep this thing quiet—jest amongst us. I may be able to brace up an' try to do right in the future, but I don't believe I kin ef they know o' my humiliation. I don't ax that as a favor to myself, you understand, gentlemen, but to them you are befriendin'—a weak woman an' helpless little childern."

Pole ceased speaking. There was profound silence, broken only by the croaking of frogs in the spring branch nearby. Dilworthy thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers awkwardly, and slowly turned his eyeholes upon the eyeholes about him, but no one made sign or sound.

"Boys, you all hear what Pole says," finally came from him. "He seems to feel—I mought say to realize—that—" The voice spent itself in the folds of the speaker's mask.

"Hold! I want to say a word." A tall, lank man stepped from the group, spitting wads of cotton from his mouth and lifting the cap from his head. "I'm Jeff Wade, Pole. You see who I am. You kin appear agin me before the Grand Jury an' swear I'm a member o' this gang, ef you want to. I don't give a damn. In jinin' the association I tuck the oath to abide by what the majority done. But I didn't take no oath that I wouldn't talk when I got ready, an' I want now to explain, as is my right, I reckon, how I happen to be here. I've fit this case agin you fer several meetin's with all my soul an' strength, beca'se I knowed you was too good a man at heart to whip like a dog fer what you've done. I fit it an' fit it, but last meetin' my wife was down havin' another twelve-pound boy, as maybe you heard, an' somehow in my absence the vote went agin you. Strong speeches was made by yore wife's kin about her treatment, an' action was finally tuck. But I'm here to say that every lick that falls on yore helpless back tonight will hurt me more than ef they was on me. You've made a better man out o' me in a few ways, Pole, an', by God! I'm a-goin' to feel like some o' that dirty crowd felt away back thar when they went along an' sanctioned the death agony of our Saviour. You are too good a man, Pole, to be degraded this-a-way. What you've done agin yore own was through weakness that you couldn't well help. We've all got our faults, but I don't know a man in this gang that's got as many good p'ints to counteract the bad as you have."

"That's all right, Jeff," Pole said stolidly. "What you say don't excuse me. I stand here tonight con-

victed by my neighbors of mistreatin' my own blood an' heart kin, an' I don't want nobody to defend me when sech men as Sandy McHugh tuck what was comin' to them without a whimper. I don't know what effect it's goin' to have on me. I cayn't see that fur ahead. I've tried to quit liquor about as hard as any man alive, an' I'm not goin' to make promises an' break 'em. After this is over I reckon I'll do whatever the Lord has laid out fer me to do."

"Pole, I'm Mel Jones!" Another tall man divested himself of cap and mask and stood out in full view. "I voted agin this, too. I'm yore friend, Pole. That's all I got to say."

"That's all right, Mel," said Pole, "an' I'm much obliged to you. But, gentlemen, I told my wife I was goin' to town an' would be straight back. You hain't said whether it would be possible to keep this thing quiet——"

"Quiet hell!" snorted Dilworthy. "Do you damn fools think I'm goin' to act as leader fer a lot o' snifflin' idiots that don't know whar they are at or how they got thar? It may not be parliamentary by a long shot, but as chairman o' this meetin' I'm goin' to say that I think you've all made a mess of the whole thing. I 'lowed I could abide by what the majority done in any matter that was pendin' before us, but I'll be derned ef I'm in favor o' tetchin' *that thar man*. I'd every bit as soon drag my old mammy from the grave an' whip her as a man feelin' like that thar 'un. I believe Pole Baker's tried as hard as any livin' mortal to behave hisse'f, an' that's enough. A gang o' men that's goin' about whippin' folks who's doin' the'r level best ort to be in better business, an' from tonight on—oath or no oath —I'm a-goin' to let the law o' the land manage the conduct o' my neighbors, as fur as I am concerned. It may be contrary to parliamentary rules, as I say, but this damn thing is so lopsided tonight that I'm a-goin' to put it to another vote. Maybe, ef Pole had 'a' been allowed to 'a' made a statement you'd 'a' seed this thing different. Now, all in favor of enactin' the verdict of our court in this case hold up yore hands."

There was a portentous pause. Not a hand was raised.

"See thar? What did I tell you?" Dilworthy exclaimed in disgust. "Not a man amongst you knows his own mind. Now, to the contrary: all in favor o' sendin' Baker home without tetchin' him raise yore hands."

Every hand went up. Pole stared blankly from one stiff token of pity to another, then his head went down. The brim of his old hat hid his face. He was silent. The crowd was filtering away. Soon only Jeff Wade was left. He gave Pole his hand, and in an awkward voice said: "Go home now, old friend. Don't let Sally suspicion this. It would hurt her mighty bad."

Pole said nothing at all, but, returning Wade's hand-pressure, he moved away in the soft moonlight.

CHAPTER XXIV

The following Sunday morning Nelson Floyd went to church. From the doorway he descried a vacant seat on the side of the house occupied by the men and boys, and when he had taken it and looked over the well-filled room, he saw that he had Cynthia Porter in plain view. She had come alone. A few seats behind her he saw Pole Baker and his wife. Pole had never looked better. He wore a new suit of clothes and had recently had his hair trimmed. Floyd tried to catch his eye, but Pole looked neither to the right nor left, seeming only intent on Hillhouse, who had risen to read the chapter from the Bible which contained the text for his sermon. In their accustomed places sat Captain Duncan and his daughter Evelyn. The old gentleman had placed his silk hat on the floor at the end of the bench on which he sat, and his kid-gloved hands rested on his gold-headed, ebony cane, which stood erect between his knees.

When the service was over and the

congregation was passing out, Floyd waited for Cynthia, whom he saw coming out immediately behind the Duncans. "Hello, Floyd; how are you?" the captain exclaimed cordially as he came up. "Going home? Daughter and I have a place for you in the carriage and will drop you at the hotel—that is, if you won't let us take you on to dinner."

Floyd flushed. Cynthia was now quite near, and he saw from her face that she had overheard the invitation.

"I thank you very much, captain," Floyd said as he smiled and nodded to her, "but I see that Miss Cynthia is alone, and I was just waiting to ask her to let me walk home with her."

"Ah, I see!" Duncan exclaimed, with a gallant bow and smile to Cynthia. "I wouldn't break up a nice thing like that if I could. I haven't forgotten my young days, and this is the time of the year, my boy, when the grass is green and the sun drives you into the shade."

With a very haughty nod to Floyd and Cynthia together, Evelyn Duncan walked stiffly on ahead of her father.

Outside, Cynthia looked straight into the eyes of her escort.

"Why did you refuse Captain Duncan's invitation?" she asked.

"Why did I?" He laughed mysteriously. "Because during service I made up my mind that I'd get to you before the parson did; and then I had other reasons."

"What were they?"

"Gossip," he said, with a low, significant laugh.

"Gossip? I don't understand," Cynthia said, perplexed.

"Well, I heard," Floyd replied, "that since I've been finally invited to Duncan's house I'll run there night and day, and that it will end in my marrying that little bunch of lace and ribbons. I heard other speculations, too, on my future conduct, and as I saw our village talker, Mrs. Snodgrass, was listening just now, I was tickled at the chance to decline the invitation and walk home with you. It will be all over the country by night."

They were traversing a cool, shaded road now, and as most of the congregation had taken other directions, they were comparatively alone.

"Evelyn Duncan is in love with you," Cynthia said abruptly, her glance on the ground.

"That's ridiculous," Floyd laughed. "Simply ridiculous."

"I know—I saw it in her face when you said you were going home with me. She could have bitten my head off."

"Good gracious, I've never talked with her more than two or three times in all my life."

"That may be, but she has heard dozens of people say it will be just the thing for you to marry her, and she has wondered—" Cynthia stopped.

"Look here, little woman, we've had enough of this," Floyd said abruptly. "I saw the light in your room the other night, and I stood and whistled and whistled, but you wouldn't come to me. I had a lot to tell you."

"I told you I'd never meet you that way again, and I meant it." Cynthia was looking straight into his eyes.

"I know you did, but I thought you might relent. I was chock-full of my new discovery—or rather Pole Baker's —and I wanted to pour it out on you."

"Of course, you are happy over it?" Cynthia said tentatively.

"It has been the one great experience of my life," said Floyd impressively. "No one who has not been through it, Cynthia, can have any idea of what it means. It is on my mind at night when I go to bed; it is in my dreams; it is in my thoughts when I get up."

"I wanted to know about your mother," ventured the girl reverently. "What was she like?"

"That is right where I'm in the dark," Floyd answered. "Pole didn't get my new relative to say a thing about her. I would have written to him at length, but Pole advised me to wait till I could see him personally. My uncle seems to be a crusty, despondent, unlucky sort of old fellow,

and, as there was a kind of estrangement between him and my father, Pole thinks it would irritate him to have to answer my letters. However, I am going down to Atlanta to call on him next Wednesday."

"Oh, I see," said Cynthia. "Speaking of Pole Baker—I suppose you heard of what the White Caps did the other night?"

"Yes, and it pained me deeply," said Floyd, "for I was the indirect cause of the whole trouble."

"You?"

"Yes, Pole is this way: it is usually some big trouble or great joy that throws him off his balance, and it was the good news he brought to me that upset him. It was in my own room at the hotel, too, that he found the whisky. A bottle of it was on my table, and he slipped it into his pocket and took it off with him. I never missed it till I heard he was on a spree. His friends are trying to keep his wife from finding out about the White Caps."

"They needn't trouble further," Cynthia said bitterly. "I was over there yesterday. Mrs. Snodgrass had just told her about it, and I thought the poor woman would die. She ordered Mrs. Snodgrass out of the house, telling her never to darken her door again, and she stood on the porch, as white as death, screaming after her at the top of her voice. Mrs. Snodgrass was so frightened that she actually broke into a run."

"The old hag!" Floyd said darkly. "I wish the same gang would take her out some night and tie her tongue at least."

"Mrs. Baker came back to me then," Cynthia went on. "She put her head in my lap and sobbed as if her heart would break. Nothing I could possibly say would comfort her. She worships the ground Pole walks on. And she *ought* to love him. He's good and noble and full of tenderness. She saw him coming while we were talking, and quickly dried her eyes.

"'He mustn't see me crying,' she said. 'If he thought I knew this he would never get over it.'

"He came in then and noticed her red eyes, and I saw him turn pale as he sat studying her face. Then to throw him off she told him a fib. She told him I'd been taking her into my confidence about something which she was not at liberty to reveal."

"Ah, I see," exclaimed Floyd admiringly. "She's a shrewd little woman—nearly as shrewd as he is."

"But he acted queerly after that, I must say," Cynthia went on. "He at once quit looking at her, and sat staring at me in the oddest way. I spoke to him, but he wouldn't answer. When I was going home he followed me as far as the barn. 'You couldn't tell me that secret, could you, little sister?' he said, with a strange, excited look on his face. Of course, I saw that he thought it was some trouble of mine, but I couldn't set him right and be true to his wife, and so I said nothing. He walked on with me to the branch, still looking worried; then, when we were about to part, he held out his hand. 'I want to say right here, little sister,' he said, 'that I love you like a brother, and if any harm comes to you, *in any way*, I'll be with you.'"

"He's very queer," said Floyd thoughtfully. They were now near the house and he paused. "I'll not go any farther," he said. "It will do no good to disturb your mother. She hates the ground I walk on. She will only make it unpleasant for you if she sees us together. Good-bye, I'll see you when I get back from Atlanta."

CHAPTER XXV

The following Wednesday afternoon, when he had concluded his business at one of the larger wholesale houses in Atlanta, Nelson Floyd took a streetcar for his uncle's residence. Reaching it, he was met at the door by the white woman who had admitted Pole Baker to the house on his visit to Atlanta. She explained that her master had only gone across the street to see a neighbor and that he would be back

at once. She led Floyd into the old-fashioned parlor and gave him one of the dilapidated, haircloth chairs, remaining in the room to put a few things to rights, and dusting the furniture with her apron. On either side of the mantelpiece hung a crude oil-portrait, in cracked and chipped gilt frames of very massive make. The one on the right was that of a dark-haired gentleman in the conventional dress of seventy-five years previous. The other was evidently his wife, a woman of no little beauty. They were doubtless family portraits, and Floyd regarded them with reverential interest. The servant saw him looking at them and remarked:

"They are Mr. Floyd's mother and father, sir. The pictures were made a long time ago. Old Mr. Floyd was a very smart man in his day, and his wife was considered a great beauty and a belle, so I've heard folks say, though I'm sure I don't see how any woman could be popular with her hair fixed that bungly way. But Mr. Floyd is very proud of the pictures. He wouldn't sell them for any price. We thought the house was going to burn down one day when the kitchen stove turned over, and he sprained his ankle climbing up in a chair to get them down."

"They are my grandparents," he told her.

"You don't say! Then you are Mr. Floyd's——?"

"I'm his nephew. My name is Floyd—Nelson Floyd. I've never met my uncle."

"Oh, I see!" The woman's brow was corrugated. "Mr. Floyd *did* have a brother who died young, but I don't think I ever heard him speak of him. But he don't talk much to anybody, and now—la me!—he's so worried over his business that he's as near crazy as any man I ever saw. You say you haven't ever seen him! Then you'd better not expect him to be very sociable. As I say, he's all upset over business. The way he's doing is the talk of the neighborhood. There, I heard the gate shut. I reckon that's him now."

She went to one of the front windows and parted the curtains and looked out.

"Yes, that's him. I'll go and tell him you are here."

Nelson heard the door open and close and then muffled voices, a gruff, masculine one and that of the servant lowered persuasively. Heavy steps passed on down the hall, and then the woman came back.

"I told him you was here, sir," she said. "He's gone to his room, but will be back in a minute. He's queer, sir; if you haven't seen him before you had as well be prepared for that. I heard Dr. Plympton say the other day that if he didn't stop worrying as he is that he'd have a stroke of paralysis."

The woman retired and the visitor sat for several moments alone. Presently he heard the heavy steps in the hall and Henry A. Floyd came in. He was very pale, his skin appearing almost ashen in color, and his eyes, under their heavy brows, had a restless, shifting expression. Nelson felt repelled in a way he could not account for. The old man failed to offer any greeting, and it was only the caller's extended hand that seemed to remind him of the courtesy due a stranger. Even then only the ends of his cold fingers touched those of the young man. A thrill of intense and disagreeable surprise passed over Nelson, for his uncle stood staring at him steadily without uttering a word.

"Did your servant tell you who I am?" the young man ventured, in no little embarrassment.

"Yes, she told me," old Floyd answered. "She told me."

"From your standpoint, sir," Nelson said, "perhaps I have little excuse for coming to see you without an intimation from you that such a visit would be welcome, but I confess I was so anxious to hear something from you about my parents that I couldn't wait longer."

"Huh, I see, I see!" exclaimed the old man, his glance on the floor.

"You may understand my eagerness more fully," said Nelson, "when

I tell you that you are the first and only blood relative I remember ever to have seen."

The old man shrugged his bent shoulders, and Nelson was almost sure that he sneered, but no sound came from his tightly compressed lips.

The young man, in even greater embarrassment, looked at the portraits on the wall, and, for the lack of anything more appropriate to say, remarked: "Your servant tells me that these are my grandparents—your father and mother."

"Yes, they are my parents," the old man said, deep down in his throat. Then all of a sudden his eyes began to flash angrily. "That old hussy's been talking behind my back, has she? I'll teach her what her place is in my house, if——"

"Oh, she only answered a question or two of mine," said Nelson pacifically. "I told her you were my uncle and for that reason I was interested in family portraits."

"*Your uncle!*" That was all the reply old Floyd made.

Nelson stared at him in deep perplexity for a moment, then he said: "I hope I am not on the wrong track, sir. A friend of mine—a rough mountaineer, it's true, but a sterling fellow—called here some time ago, and he came back and told me that you said——"

"He came here like the spy that he was," snorted the old man. "He came here to my house pretending to want to rent land, and in that way got into my confidence and had me talk about family matters; but he didn't want to rent land. When he failed to come back my suspicions were roused and I made inquiries. I found out that he was the sharpest, keenest man among mountain revenue detectives, and that he had no idea of leaving his present location. Now I'd simply like to know what you and he are after. I haven't got anything for you—not a dollar in the world, nor any property that isn't mortgaged up to the hilt. Why did you send a man of that kind to me?"

"You actually astound me, sir," Nelson said. "I hardly know what to say."

"I reckon you don't—now that I hurl the unexpected truth into your teeth. You didn't think I'd be sharp enough to inquire about that fellow Baker, did you? You thought a man living here in a city as big as this would let a green country lout like that get him in a trap. Huh! But I wasn't a fool, sir. You thought you were getting facts from me through him, but you were not, by a long shot. I wasn't going to tell a stranger like that delicate family matters. God knows your father's conduct was disgraceful enough without my unfolding his life to a coarse greenhorn so long after his death. You know the reputation my brother Charles had, don't you?"

"Not till it came from you, sir," said Nelson coldly. "Baker told me you said he was a little wild, that he drank——"

"My father kicked him out of our home, I tell you," the old man snapped. "He told him never to darken his door again, after the way he lived before the war and during it. It completely broke that woman's heart." Old Floyd pointed a trembling finger at his mother's portrait. "I don't understand why you—how you can come here as you do, calling me your uncle as if you had a right to do so."

"Right to do so?—stop!" Nelson took him up sharply. "What do you mean? I've the right to ask that, sir, anyway."

"Oh, you know what I mean, I reckon. That man Baker intimated that you knew all about your family history. You know that your mother and my poor, deluded brother were never married, that they——"

"Not married!" Nelson Floyd shrank as if he had been struck in the face. "For God's sake, don't say that! I can stand anything but that."

"I won't ask you to believe me without ample proof," old Floyd answered harshly. "Wait here a minute."

Nelson sank into a chair, and pale and trembling and with a heart that

seemed dead within him, he watched the old man move slowly from the room. Old Floyd returned presently. An expression that seemed born of grim, palpitating satisfaction lay on his colorless face; a triumphant light blazed in his sullen eyes. He held some books and a package of letters in his hands.

"Here are your father's letters to my parents," he began. "The letters will tell the whole story. They bear his signature. If you doubt their authenticity—if you think the name is forged, you can compare it to all the specimens of his writing in these old school-books of his. This is a diary he kept in college. You can see from its character how his life was tending. The letters are later, after he met your mother—a French girl—in New Orleans."

For a moment Nelson stared up into the withered face above him, and then, with a groan of dawning conviction, he took the letters. He opened the one on the top.

How strange! The handwriting was not unlike his own. But that was too trivial to marvel over. It was the contents of the letter that at once benumbed and tore his heart in twain.

Dear Father and Mother (it began): I am longing for the old home tonight; but, as you say, it is perhaps best that I should never come back again, especially as the facts are known in the neighborhood. The things you write me in regard to Annette's past are, alas! only too true. I don't deny them. Perhaps I'm the only one in the world who will overlook them, for I happen to know how she was tried by poverty and temptation when she was hardly more than a child. But on one point I can set your minds at rest. You seem to think that I intend to marry her; but I promise you now that I shall never link your honored name to hers. Really the poor girl doesn't wish it. She seems to understand how you feel exactly. And the baby! you are worried over its future. Let that go. As soon as the war is over, I shall do my full duty by it. It is nameless, as you say, and that fact may sting it later in life, but such things have happened before, and, my dear father and mother, young men have fallen into bad ways before, and——

Nelson Floyd read no further. Turning the time-stained sheet over, he saw his father's signature. With lifeless fingers he opened one or two of the other letters. He tried to glance at the fly-leaves of the books on his quivering knees, but there was a blur before his sight. The scrawny hands of the old man were stretched out to prevent the mass from falling to the floor.

"Are you satisfied? That's the main thing," he said. "Because, if you are not, there are plenty of legal records which——"

"I am satisfied." Nelson stood up, his inert hand on the back of the rocking-chair he had just vacated.

"I was going to say if you were not I can give you further proof. I can cite to you old legal documents to which my brother signed his name. He got hard-up and sold a piece of land to me once. I have that deed. You are welcome to——"

"I am satisfied." Those words seemed the only ones of which the young man's bewildered brain were capable. But he was a gentleman to the core of his being. "I'm sorry I intruded on you, Mr. Floyd. Only blind ignorance on my part—" He went no further.

The inanimate objects about him, the chairs, the table, the door toward which he was moving, seemed to have life.

"Well, good day." Old Floyd remained in the centre of the room, the books and letters held awkwardly under his stiff arm. "I see that you were not expecting this revelation, but you might as well have been told today as later. I understand that the Duncans and Prices up your way are under wrong impressions about your social standing, but I didn't want to be the one to open their eyes. I really don't care myself. However, a thing like that is sure to get out sooner or later."

"They shall know the truth," said Floyd, with the lips of a dead man. "I shall not sail under false colors. Good day, Mr. Floyd."

Out into the broad, balmy sunlight the young man went. There was a

despondent droop upon him. His step was slow and uncertain, his feet seemed to him to have weights attached to them. He walked on to the corner of the next street and leaned against a tree. From the city's palpitating heart and stony veins came the hum of traffic on wheels, the clanging of bells, the escaping of steam. Nearby someone was practicing a monotonous exercise on a piano. He looked up at the sky with the stare of a subject under hypnotic influence.

A lump was in his dry throat. He made an effort to swallow it down, but it stuck and pained him. Persons passing caught sight of his face and threw back stares of mute inquiry as they moved on. After half an hour of aimless wandering here and there through the crowded streets he paused at the door of a barroom. He recognized the big gilt sign on the plate-glass windows, and remembered being there years before at midnight with some jolly friends and being taken to his hotel in a cab. After all, whisky now, as then, would furnish forgetfulness, and that was his right. He went in and sat down at a little round table in the corner of the room. On a shelf near him was a bowl of brown pretzels, a plate of salted popcorn, a saucer of parched coffee-beans mixed with cloves. One of the bartenders came to him, a towel over his arms. "What will you have, sir?" he asked.

"Rye whisky straight," said the customer, his eyes on the sawdust at his feet. "Bring the bottle along."

CHAPTER XXVI

To Cynthia the day on which she expected Floyd to return from Atlanta passed slowly. Something told her that he would come straight to her from the station, on his arrival, and she was impatient to hear his news. The hack usually brought passengers over at six o'clock, and at that time she was on the porch looking expectantly down the road leading to the village. But he did not come. Seven o'clock struck—eight; supper was over and her parents and her grandmother were in bed.

"I simply will not go to meet him in the grape arbor any more," she said to herself. "He is waiting to come later, but I'll not go out, as much as I'd like to hear about his mother. He thinks my curiosity will drive me to it, but he shall see."

However, when alone in her room she paced the floor in an agony of indecision and beset by strange, unaccountable forebodings. Might not something have happened to him? At nine o'clock she was in bed, but not asleep. At half-past nine she got up. The big bed of feathers seemed a great, smothering instrument of torture; she could scarcely get her breath. Throwing a shawl over her, she went out on the porch and sat down in a chair. She had been there only a moment when she heard her mother's step in the hall, and, turning her head, she saw the gaunt old woman's form in the doorway.

"I heard you walking about," Mrs. Porter said coldly, "and got up to see what was the matter. Are you sick?"

"No, mother; I simply am not sleepy, that's all."

The old woman advanced a step nearer, her sharp eyes on the girl's white nightgown and bare feet. "Good gracious!" she cried. "You'll catch your death of cold. Go in the house this minute. I'll bet I know why you can't sleep. You are worried about what people are saying about Nelson Floyd's marrying Evelyn Duncan and throwing you over, as he no doubt has many other girls."

"I wasn't thinking of it, mother." Cynthia rose and started in. "He can marry her if he wants to."

"Oh, well, you can pretend all you like. I reckon your pride would make you defend yourself. Now, go in the house."

In the darkness of her room Cynthia sat on the side of her bed. She heard her mother's bare feet as the

old woman went along the hall back to her room in the rear. Floyd might be in the grape arbor now. As her light was extinguished, he would think she had gone to bed, and he would not whistle. Then a great, chilling doubt struck her. Perhaps he had really gone to Duncan's to see Evelyn. But no, a warm glow stole over her as she remembered that he had declined to go home from church in the captain's carriage that he might walk with her. No, it was not that; but perhaps some accident had happened to him—the stage-horses might have become frightened on that dangerous mountain road. The driver was often intoxicated, and in that condition was known to be reckless. Cynthia threw herself back in bed and pulled the light covering over her, but she did not go to sleep till far toward morning.

The sun was up when she awoke. Her mother was standing near her, a half-repentant look flitting over her wrinkled face.

"Don't get up unless you feel like it," she said. "I've done your work and am keeping your coffee and breakfast warm."

"Thank you, mother." Cynthia sat up, her mind battling with both dreams and realities.

"You don't look like you are well," Mrs. Porter said. "I watched you before you waked up. You are awfully dark under the eyes."

"I'll feel all right when I am up and stirring around," Cynthia said, avoiding her mother's close scrutiny. "I tell you I'm not sick."

When she had dressed herself and gone out into the dining-room she found a delicious breakfast waiting for her, but she scarcely touched the food. The coffee she drank for its stimulating effect, and felt better. All that morning, however, she was the helpless victim of recurring forebodings. When her father came in from the village at noon she hung about him, hoping that he would drop some observation from which she might learn if Floyd had returned, but the quaint old gossip seemed to talk of everything except the subject to which her soul was bound.

About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Porter said she wanted a spool of cotton thread, and Cynthia offered to go to the village for it.

"Not in this hot sun," the old woman objected.

"I could keep in the shade all the way," Cynthia told her.

"Well, if you'll do that, you may go," Mrs. Porter gave in. "I don't know but what the exercise will do you good. I tell you, I don't like the looks of your skin and eyes. I'm afraid you are going to take down sick. You didn't touch breakfast and ate very little dinner."

Cynthia managed to laugh reassuringly as she went for her hat and sunshade. Indeed, the prospect even of activity had driven touches of color into her cheeks, and her step was light and alert as she started off—so at least thought Mrs. Porter, who was looking after her from a window. But what did the trip amount to? At Mayhew & Floyd's store Joe Peters waited on her, and had nothing to say of Floyd. While the clerk's back was turned Cynthia threw a guarded glance in the direction of Floyd's desk, but the shadows of the afternoon had enveloped that part of the room in obscurity, and she saw nothing that would even indirectly reply to her heart's question. It was on her tongue to inquire if Mr. Floyd had returned, but her pride laid a firm hand over her pretty mouth, and with her small purchase tightly clasped in her tense fingers she went out into the street and turned her face homeward.

The next day passed in much the same way, and the night. Then two other days and nights of racking torture came and went. The very lack of interest in the subject, of those about her, was maddening. She was sure now that something vital had happened to her lover, and Saturday at noon, when her father came from the village, she saw that he was the bearer of news. She knew, too, that it con-

cerned Floyd before the old man had opened his lips.

"Well, what you reckon has happened?" Nathan asked, with one of his unctuous smiles. "You two women could guess, an' guess, fer two thousand years, an' then never git in a mile o' what everybody in town is talkin' about."

Cynthia's heart sank like a plummet. It was coming—the grim, horrible revelation she had feared. But her father was subtly enjoying the blank stare in her eyes, the depth of which was beyond his comprehension. As usual, he purposely hung fire.

"What is it, Nathan?" his wife said entreatingly. "Don't keep us waiting as you always do." She looked at Cynthia and remarked: "It's something out of the common. I can see that from the way he begins."

Porter laughed drily. "You kin bet yore sweet lives it's out o' the common, but I hain't no hand to talk when my throat's parched dry with thirst. I cayn't drink that town water, nohow. Has any fresh been fetched?"

"Just this minute," declared his wife, and she hastened to the water-shelf in the entry, returning with a dripping gourd. "Here, drink it! You won't say a word till you are ready."

Porter drank slowly. "You may *call* that fresh water," he sneered, "but you wouldn't ef you had it to swallow. I reckon you'd call old stump-water fresh ef you could git news any the quicker by it. Well, it's about Nelson Floyd."

"Nelson Floyd!" gasped Mrs. Porter. "He's gone and married Evelyn Duncan—that's my guess."

"No, it ain't that," declared Porter. "An' it ain't another Wade gal scrape that anybody knows of. The fact is nobody don't know *what* it is. Floyd went down to Atlanta Wednesday, so Mayhew says, to lay in a few articles o' stock that was out, an' to call on that new uncle o' his. He was to be back Wednesday night, without fail, to draw up some important mortgages fer the firm, an' a dozen customers has been helt over in town fer two days. They all had to go back without transactin' business, fer Floyd didn't turn up. Nor he didn't write a line, nuther. And, although old Mayhew has been firin' telegrams down thar, fust to Nelson an' later to business houses, not a thing has been heard o' the young man since last Wednesday. He hain't registered at no hotel in Atlanta. One man has been found that said he knowed Floyd by sight, an' that he had seed 'im walkin' about at night in the vilest street in Atlanta lookin' like a dead man or one plumb bereft of his senses."

Cynthia stood staring at her father with expanded eyes, and then she sat down near a window, her face averted from the others. She said nothing.

"He's crazy," said Mrs. Porter. "I've always thought something was wrong with that man. His whole life shows it. He was an outlaw when he was a child, and when he grew up he put on high an' mighty airs, an' started to drinkin' like a lord. He'd no sooner let up on that than he got into that Wade trouble, an'——"

"Some think he was drugged, an' maybe put out of the way on the sly," said Porter bluntly. "But I don't know. Thoughts is cheap."

"Hush, Nathan!" Mrs. Porter said, under her breath, for Cynthia had risen, and without looking to the right or left was moving from the room. "This may kill that poor child."

"Kill her, a dog's hind foot!" Porter sneered. "To be a woman yorese'f, you are the porest judge of 'em I ever seed. You women are so dead anxious to have some man die fer you that you think the same reckless streak runs in yore own veins. You all said Minnie Wade had tuck powdered glass when she was sick that time an' was goin' to pass in 'er checks on this feller's account, but she didn't die fer him, nor fer Thad Pelham, nor the two Thomas boys, nor Abe Spring, nor none o' the rest."

"You ought to be ashamed of speaking of your own child in the same breath with that girl," said Mrs. Porter insincerely, her eyes anxiously on the

door through which Cynthia had gone.

"I hain't bunchin' 'em together at all," Porter declared. "I was only tryin' to keep you from layin' in a burial outfit that may go out o' fashion 'fore Cynthy wants to use it. You watch 'er an' you'll see 'er pick up in a day or so. I've seed widows wear black so heavy that the dye in the goods seemed to soak into the'r skins an' drip off'n the'r eyelashes, an' them same women was wearin' red stockin's an' flirtin' 'em at another fool inside of a month."

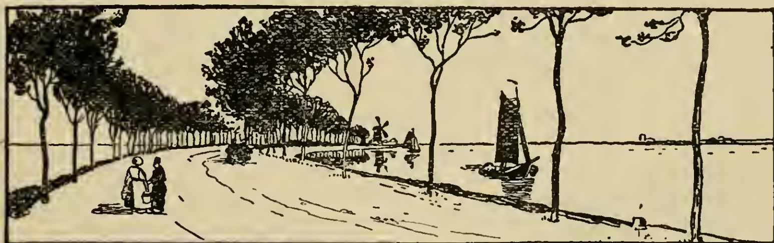
"You don't know what you're talking about," responded Mrs. Porter. "It is going hard with her, but I really hope Floyd'll not come back to Springtown. I don't feel safe with him around."

"You don't want 'im here," sneered Porter, "but yore dead sure his absence is a-goin' to lay our only child under the sod. That's about as sensible as the stand a woman takes on most questions. As fer me, I confess I'm sorter upset. I'd about made up my mind that our little gal was goin' to yank that chap an' his boodle into this family before long, but it looks like I was off in my calculations. To look at her now, a body wouldn't think she was holdin' the drivin'-reins very tight. But come what may, storm, hail, wind, rain, or sunshine an' fine crops, I'll be the only one, I reckon, in this house that will sleep sound to-night. An' that's whar you are all a set o' fools. A person that loses sleep wonderin' whether another person is dead or alive mought be in a better business, in this day and time, when just *anybody* is liable to drap dead in the'r tracks. La, me! What you got fer dinner? I smell some'n' a-cookin'."

And Porter went into the kitchen, got down on his knees at the stove, and looked into it.

"That's all right," he said to himself, with a chuckle, "but she hain't put half enough gravy on it, an' ef I hadn't 'a' been here to 'a' turned it, it 'ud not 'a' got cooked clean through. If it's tough I'll raise a row. I told 'em to sell the tough 'uns. What's the use o' raisin' hens ef you have to eat the scrubs an' don't git half-pay fer the ones you send to market?"

(*To be continued.*)



By Way of Excuse

CRAWFORD—What makes that Senator so dishonest?

CRABSHAW—He says he is merely getting back the money it cost him to be elected.

FADS are costly, especially the one of giving money away.

What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks

BY W. S. MORGAN

A SCANDAL doesn't amount to much unless the parties are prominent.

Opposition breeds revolution.

The Republican machine is simply laughing at Teddy's "big stick."

When the people quit voting for what they *don't* want, the trusts and corporations will stop getting what they *do* want.

No man who accepts an office of public trust should be permitted to receive a salary or fee from a corporation.

It is expected now that Secretary Wilson will do a little "weeding" in his own domain.

The farmers are laying in a good supply of home-made common sense. They are organizing and will hereafter look out for themselves. If they will let political demagogues who want office alone you will hear something "drap" one of these days.

Some men would rather be skinned by Republican thieves, and some prefer that the operation be performed by Democratic rascals. It's pretty much a matter of how they are raised. Most of them prefer to be skinned after the manner of their daddies, and therefore vote that way.

The ten million dollars which Rockefeller recently gave in the interests of "higher education" will not weigh as much in the scales of God's justice as one tear wrenched from humanity by the oppressions of the Standard Oil Company.

Standing pat means opposition to progress.

Some of our "infant industries" are old enough to want a pension.

It is the fellows that are enjoying special privileges who are opposed to a change of present conditions. We should pay some attention, however, to the complaint of the fellows who are being robbed.

The main question is, Shall the dollar or the man rule in this country?

Public opinion should be heeded before it is compelled to express itself with a rope.

There have always been two classes of people in the world—one that lived by honest labor and one that lived off honest labor.

The castles of feudal robbers have given way to trusts and boards of trade.

The modern brigand is called a captain of industry.

Calling a crime by a different name doesn't make it any less a crime.

While poverty may be respectable enough, no man should be proud of it.

The rich are having some trouble now, and they will have more if they don't stop violating the laws.

In England the king is little more than a figurehead, but in the United States the machine politician is a power.

The people pay for the transportation of every man who rides on a pass.

The question is this: Is it better for the people to be divided in two parties and continuously engage in mudslinging at each other, or to take the bit in their teeth and "turn the rascals out"?

Governor Folk has well said that "the country needs soldiers of peace as well as soldiers of war."

The strength of a nation lies in the common people. Very few rich men do any fighting, except with their mouths.

In Norway farmers can borrow

money at 3 per cent. New Zealand loans its farmers money at 4½ per cent. Many other countries loan the farmers money at a low rate of interest, but the United States Government refuses to loan to the farmers and loans money to the bankers at one-half of 1 per cent. And the bankers loan it to the farmers at 8 and 10 per cent. Yet this is called a country of equal rights and opportunities.

A few years longer under the present commercial system and men will think it dishonest to be honest.

The Wall Street pirates are calling Tom Lawson all kinds of things, but they seem to be afraid to go into court and prove them.

It is almost as hard to put a boodler in jail as it is to go through the eye of a needle.

Whenever a rich man like Senator Depew is caught in the act, or with the goods in his hands, his photograph ought to be put in the "Rogues' Gallery."

When the operation of a public utility is based upon private greed any sensible man knows that the public is going to suffer.

The only divine right that exists in government is the right of the people to rule themselves, and this can be done only by the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum and the right of Recall.

Representative government is all right only when you keep the Referendum string tied to it.

The foolosophy of the plutocrats is to get their feet in the trough and keep them there; and the yellow dogs say "Amen."

The Missouri boodlers have loaned their best lawyers to the Standard Oil Company.

The financial fleas who live on the people through special privileges are not to be blamed. Any kind of an old flea will bore for blood when he gets hungry and has the opportunity. It's the fool people who grant these special privileges that are to be blamed.

If you will just notice it is the thieves and rascals who ask most frequently for injunctions in matters where the public is concerned. This fact is no credit to the courts.

Some of the big insurance companies are changing the thieves at the head of their affairs—getting bigger and better ones.

Elect a thief to office and you'll be robbed. Elect a man whom the thieves want and you'll be robbed just the same.

Every public utility is made the means of despoiling the people by the men who have obtained the right to tax them for a public service.

Private ownership of public utilities has bred corruption in politics. Remove the cause and the disease will disappear.

Mr. Bryan admits that the Democratic Party needs fumigating, but that is no credit to either his honesty or his astuteness. What the old thing needs most is burying.

A statesman is a man who first learns just what the people want and then proceeds to advocate it as though it were an idea of his own.

When a man starts in to own more of the world than he ought he usually begins by mortgaging himself to the devil.

Some men have to be made hungry before you can start their thinking machine going.

At any rate, Tom Lawson has pulled the nigger out of the Wall Street woodpile.

Mr. Thomas Taggart is the proprietor of a gambling-house at French Lick Springs, Ind. He is also proprietor of the Democratic Party, and there are over six million Democrats tagging along behind Taggart, the proprietor of the gambling-hell. Isn't this a nice spectacle? Why do they do it, you ask? Why, they just can't help it. It's the yellow-dogism that's in 'em.

Perhaps one reason the plutocrats have no more regard for the law than they do is that they own it—that is, they paid to have it passed.

Rockefeller is doing just what the

people are voting for him to do. Half of them are voting the same ticket he does, and the other half are voting with a fellow just like him. It is the system that is at fault, and both old parties stand for the system.

The railroad bill that will be able to pass the gantlet of the corporation-owned United States Senate will be about what the railroad companies want. The majority of the senators are not up there for their health.

The people of this country have the right and the power to make the Government just what they want it to be and just what it was intended to be, but they can't do it by standing on their hind feet and howling at each other.

It is said that Populist measures are too radical; but it will require something radical to pry the privileged class loose from the cinch it has on the public.

The farmers and wage-workers in this country could have things their own way if they would only do so. But when it comes to politics they fight each other, divide their forces, and the thieves and grafters have a rich harvest.

So long as we have bossism in politics we will have corruption and graft. The way to eliminate the corrupt boss is to adopt direct legislation.

In his speech before the Iroquois Club, in Chicago, President Roosevelt said: "This is not nor will not be a government of plutocracy," yet if there is anything that plutocracy wants that it hasn't got it has never been put out where the public could see it.

Some of the great dailies are claiming that this country is not yet ready for public ownership; and, come to think about it, it might be best, as a preliminary step, to put about a million thieves and grafters in jail.

Who made the fortunes of the great insurance companies that pay salaries of $100,000 a year to their officers? The people, of course. As there is no law to prevent a fool and his money from parting, I suppose the thing will continue.

The Democratic Party is Democratic in its promises and Republican in its performances. In fact, it is a consummate old fraud. But there are lots of good people in it, lots of 'em. But what they are there for?—well, I give it up.

One trouble with the banks of this country seems to be that the bankers loan themselves too much money.

Populism is the march of an army of facts. It is democracy applied to modern conditions. It is the putting of the brakes on official corruption and the wiping out of special privileges. It is the one thing that predatory wealth fears. It is not only a cure for political corruption, but a preventive.

The worst trouble is that about one-half of the people favor one set of thieves, while the other half favor another set. Wall Street favors both sets, and therefore Wall Street wins. So Wall Street, the thieves and politicians get the swag, and the people—oh, well, the people get the opportunity to vote 'er straight.

What is a national bank-note? Why, it is simply evidence that the bank owes the holder of the note the amount expressed on its face and is collecting interest on what it owes. Just that, and you can't make anything else out of it. It is simply five men, or more, going in debt, and then collecting interest on that debt. But don't tell the yellow dogs about this. They might hunt a cool place and lie down and think about it.

The trouble with the proposed system of control of railroads is and always has been that the railroads do most of the controlling. To undertake to pass laws to regulate traffic on the railroads is to invite extra efforts on the part of the lobby and to cause an increase in the price of votes for the legislative grafters. The effort to control has always been a failure and always will be.

Just why the common people, as the plutocrats call us, want to be servants to those they feed and clothe I never could tell. Why, if every man would

stand up for his rights those fellows who are now making money through special privileges, which we have given them, would have to get out and dig. Wouldn't that be a sight on earth? Yet the medicine would do them good.

A railroad company may take every dollar a thing is worth for hauling it to market. Under the old feudal system of robbery the robber barons often took every dollar a man had on his person while he was coming from market. Now, what is the difference in reality? Under the old system they used force and sometimes failed, while under the new system they do it under a franchise obtained by fraud from the people and never fail.

Back of political corruption, false systems and rotten social conditions is the vote of the people. Directed by intelligence and unencumbered by party prejudice, that vote will remedy the existing evils. It is up to you, Mr. Workingman and Mr. Farmer, to cast that vote as a free and independent citizen *should* cast it. In countries where people have no votes they have a right to complain of existing evils, but in this country you get what you vote for.

The Montana Copper War

HEINZE *VS.* AMALGAMATED

BY THOMAS ALOYSIUS HICKEY

A FOREWORD

I believe that the story of the Copper War that is raging in Montana today should be given the widest publicity. I have worked as a quartz miner for all the Copper magnates who are now battling for the Copper crown. I stood never for a moment under the flag of any of the contestants, and consequently I am able to write this story without any of the prejudices of a partisan.—T. A. H.

MONTANA, third of these United States in area, first in the production of copper and silver, famed throughout the land for its beef and barley, has been for seven troublous years, and is today, in the throes of an industrial war, compared with which the Kansas oil fight is but as the babblings of the saucy brook pitted against the angry thunder of the sea.

The fight here, as in Kansas, is against that silent, terrifying cyclopean figure which sits enthroned at No. 26 Broadway, New York, the Standard Oil "interests," known as the "System." But in Montana the field of battle is the Armageddon of a State. The fate of a single industry is not the sole guerdon for which the combatants are struggling; it is the honor of a sovereign commonwealth and the freedom of its citizens which are at stake. It is the last struggle for the right of individual initiative in the Treasure State. The hand of the "System" is at the throat of her industrial independence, is throttling her civil institutions and prostituting her citizenship.

The "System," in Montana, means the Amalgamated Copper Company, of which Henry H. Rogers, of New York, is president. His relation to the Standard Oil Company is well understood. With the Amalgamated stand the railroad magnates, James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman, controlling the three great trunk lines of Montana, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Short Line, and 97 per cent. of the railroad traffic of

the State. Senator William A. Clark is absolute master of the Democratic Party (except the present Governor), and he has knelt before the shrine at No. 26 Broadway and smoked the pipe of peace with the big chiefs of the "System." Senator Thomas Carter is boss of the Republican Party. He maintains a law office at Helena, and draws a yearly retainer of $25,000 from the "System." Every daily newspaper published in Montana, except the Butte *Evening News*, is carried as an asset, or rather as a liability, upon the books either of the Amalgamated Copper Company or of Senator Clark. The judges of the Supreme Court of the State have repeatedly demonstrated their allegiance to the "System," and, since the election of 1904, the District Bench of Silver Bow County, in which the city of Butte is located, has been strongly permeated with the odor of kerosene.

The Amalgamated owns the great Anaconda mine in Butte, on which Marcus Daly built his fortune, also the Parrot, Pennsylvania, Mountain View, Mountain Consolidated, Leonard, Gagnon, Green Mountain, High Ore, Neversweat, St. Lawrence, Belle Diamond, Silver Bow, Moonlight and Gray Rock mines, two smelters and the company store, the Hennessey office building, the Butte *Daily Intermountain* and the Florence Hotel. It owns other mines at Dillon, Camp Creek and Danielsville. It owns one-half of the town site of Anaconda, the largest smelter in the world, the Daly Bank, the company store, the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railroad, the gas and electric-lighting plants, the water-works, the street-cars, the Montana Hotel and the Anaconda *Daily Standard*. In Great Falls, next to Butte the largest city in the State, it owns the smelters, all of the public utilities and one of the daily newspapers, the Great Falls *Leader*. In Belt, a coal-mining town, its grip is as thorough as at Anaconda. The lumber towns of Hamilton and Bonner are similarly controlled. Missoula, with 6,000 inhabitants, is dependent for its commercial and industrial life upon the lumber business of the Amalgamated and of Clark. Cokedale and Storrs, with their coal mines and coke ovens, are owned in fee simple. Eighteen thousand men are on the payrolls of the Amalgamated. Senator Clark employs a thousand more in mines, smelters and lumber camps. Added to these are the employees of the great railway systems and the powerful influence of Federal patronage.

Such are the intrenchments, the armies, the flying squadrons, the engineering corps, the general staff of the Amalgamated. No public loans are necessary to provide the munitions of war. Gold in increasing measure pours from the breast of Montana into the coffers of the "System" sufficient in itself to complete the enslavement of the State. Behind it are the imperial resources of the "System." Said H. H. Rogers, "The flag has never been lowered at No. 26 Broadway, and I'll drive Heinze out of Montana, if it costs ten millions to do it." I quote from an interview published in the *Wall Street Journal* in January, 1904.

Who are the people of Montana who stand arrayed against these tremendous forces? They are the hardy and independent miners of the mountain and the farmers and stockmen out upon the great plateau of the "Cow Country," the miners who are fighting for an opportunity to become Marcus Dalys and William A. Clarks, but who see that opportunity dying in the grasp of the Amalgamated; the farmers who raise the barley and the stockmen who raise the beef, and who have seen their Governor and their Legislature and their courts bow down in helpless wrath or in still worse ignominy to the spoken will of the "System."

The honest burghers of the Transvaal, driven to desperation by the encroachments of British greed, carried their forlorn hope to the field of battle. The brilliant and resourceful De Wet captured a British regiment with its mutton-headed officers. Two regiments were sent against him. He captured

those. Four more marched out to defeat, then eight, then sixteen, until at last, surrounded and overwhelmed by material resources which his genius could not overcome, De Wet was obliged to give up the unequal struggle. The De Wet of Montana is F. Augustus Heinze. He is the leader of a hope not yet forlorn, brilliant, resourceful, magnetic, standing erect, defiant, smiling and seemingly unconquerable. The story of the prostitution of the State of Montana is inextricably linked with the story of the long and bitter struggle between the Amalgamated Copper Company and F. Augustus Heinze.

The city of Butte, with its 60,000 people, largest city in the State, is a mining camp. It is the greatest twenty-four-hour town on earth. It is the twentieth-century Tombstone. Leadville is a female seminary compared with Butte. As of another Western mining camp, they sing:

> Oh, it's day, all day in Butte,
> And there is no such thing as night.

For five years a stud-poker game at the California Club in Main Street, Butte, has never halted for an hour. If the lambs flee for the nonce, boosters sit in until other lambs appear—which is never long.

Probably nowhere in the world is there such a forceful, virile body of workers as are the miners of Butte. There are no graybeards. They are social rebels; not that they chant the Carmagnole to the waving of the black flag of anarchy, but in the sense that back in the well-ordered civilization of the East they rebelled against poverty and pushed on to the frontier, big-muscled, red-blooded, determined to sail the ship of their destiny into pleasanter places than their boyhood knew. From the copper mines of Berehaven, in the County Cork, from the coal mines of Tipperary, from the tin mines of Cornwall and from wherever in Western Europe men go down into the bowels of the earth for treasure, the sturdy young men of the mines came to America. At the Atlantic seaboard they heard the story of Mr. Baer and his partnership with God in the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania, of the company store and the company shack, with its yellow-fever paint by way of decoration. In company with their American brothers they started across the continent to the Hocking Valley of Ohio, thence to the copper peninsula of Michigan, to the coal mines of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, on to the gold and silver lodes of Colorado and Utah, and finally to the miner's paradise of Butte, where eight hours is the day's work and one hundred and five dollars the monthly wage.

Beyond, the Butte miner has his eyes fixed on Alaska. Butte is but a way station on the road to Cape Nome.

Butte has a public library, and churches that rank well with similar institutions in any American city. They are well patronized by the miners. It has beautiful and costly public buildings, hotels, business blocks and private residences.

Butte is rightly called the Gibraltar of trades-unionism. Every conceivable occupation is organized; from the pin-boys in the bowling alleys and the shoeblacks on the streets to the reporters on the daily papers, all are organized. Wages are high. Plumbers get eight dollars per day, and printers get six and a half for a seven and a half hour day.

It is the proud boast of Butte that the greatest mining camp on earth has never had a boom.

The theatre of the Copper War is this city of Butte. In a natural basin, fifteen miles across, surrounded by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, rises a tortoise-shaped hill, the last upheaval of the congealing contents of the caldron. This is the hill of Butte, three miles long and two miles wide, comprising two thousand acres.

Externally, the hill presents the familiar aspects of many mining localities. Its surface is marked by immense steel frameworks, like enlarged oil derricks, which stand over the shafts. Steel cables drop from them into the shafts and bring up the skips,

loaded with six tons of rock at a time, raising them two thousand feet in twenty-five seconds. Alongside are the big iron smokestacks of the engine houses. The Belle Diamond mine has thirteen smokestacks; the Corra has five. Thus the visitor to Butte soon learns to know the location of the different shafts by the number of the smokestacks.

The hill and all the surrounding flats are utterly without vegetation, and as bleak as a rock in the Atlantic. The smelter smoke is charged with sulphur and destroys all vegetable life.

At night the hill is lighted by a thousand arc lights, supplied by the big mining companies. They have an uncanny appearance as they twinkle through the thick haze of smelter smoke which hangs over the city like a pall. Through the darkness can be seen the red torrent of slag which pours down the dumps from the smelters that surround the city.

It is for the possession of this hill of Butte that the giants of the financial and industrial world have attempted to set their foot upon the necks of the independent miners, and into this titanic struggle they have incidentally drawn the whole people of Montana.

Beneath the streets of Butte, ten thousand men, throughout the twenty-four hours of every day, tunnel and drift and blast the precious ore through catacombs more wonderful than those of ancient Rome. So rich is the quartz in copper that it is as black as anthracite coal. Gold and silver are mere by-products, yet enough silver is produced to make Butte the greatest silver centre in the world.

The veins in this hill pitch and dip and criss-cross in the most contradictory and confusing manner. John Hayes Hammond, Rothschild's famous mining expert, who is equally at home at Cripple Creek or Johannesburg, says the interior of the hill of Butte resembles a crazy quilt. This is an important fact and should be borne in mind by the reader, as I shall have occasion to use it again in the development of this story.

From this hill of Butte five million tons of ore are taken every year—25 per cent. of all the copper produced in the world. The Rarus, a Heinze mine, has one slope in which a skyscraper like the Flatiron Building of New York or the Masonic Temple of Chicago could be completely engulfed. In the Mountain-Consolidated mine there is a slope five hundred feet wide. The great Anaconda —St. Lawrence—Rarus lode will average one hundred and sixty feet wide. Other lodes are phenomenally large.

If the "System" had secured control of the hill of Butte and their other possessions in Montana by the old-time Marcus Daly method of being on the spot, mixing with the people, competing with their fellows and developing the mines, the feeling would not be so intense against them, no matter though their crime were as black as the ore they coveted. The miners know, however, that it was in the kid-glove war of the Stock Exchange and not in the rude shock of mining conflict that the "System" came into its possessions. So the miners listen to the Stock Exchange story which Heinze and his writers and orators tell, and they believe it for gospel truth. And this is the gist of the story:

Marcus Daly controlled a group of mines, the principal one being the world-famed Anaconda. He and his associates agreed to give H. H. Rogers, Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company, an option upon them for $39,000,000. The Amalgamated Copper Company was formed, and the Daly properties were sold to the Amalgamated for $75,000,000. The stock of the Amalgamated was placed upon the market, backed by the Standard Oil name. The gullible investors, widows with insurance returns, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, business men and others, besieged the City Bank for three days, while sixty extra clerks took in the money and piled it ceiling high in sacks. Then Mr. Rogers quietly took the $75,000,000, put $36,000,000 in his pocket to divide with a few friends, and the in-

vestors had paper stamped $75,000,000 at par, which promptly dropped to 75 cents on the dollar, at which figure the aforesaid gullible people sold hurriedly. Mr. Rogers got it back at this figure, forced it up to $1.30, unloaded at that figure to some more gullible ones, then smash went the stock to 33. The groans that arose from the canyon-like streets of lower New York would, if caught on phonograph records, supply the world with sounds of grief for centuries to come. Weeping-willows were in fashion while the funeral cortèges of the suicides went by, the penitentiary doors clanged, and over all the red flag of the auctioneer, flying on hundreds of small business establishments, completed the whole.

Later on the Butte & Boston and the Boston & Montana companies were added to the original group. Eighty millions more stock were added, thirty-two of which were water, making the total capitalization of the Amalgamated Copper Company $155,000,000.

In 1898, before the "System" descended upon Butte, two men were fighting for pre-eminence in the industrial, financial and political circles of Montana. They were Marcus Daly and William A. Clark. They had been rivals in business and politics for twenty years, and the rivalry had developed into a bitter personal feud. In 1898 Daly sold all of his immense interests in Montana to the "System," and became first president of the Amalgamated.

After romantic careers as gold and silver miners in Nevada and California, Hearst and Fair had rounded out their days in the Senate Chamber at Washington. Clark, the copper king of Montana, had set his eyes upon the same lofty wing of the Capitol. For seven long years, with bleeding feet, he climbed the Washington trail amid the rocks which his old enemy, Daly, took care to place in his path. Finally, at the very culmination of success, he discovered that it would turn into ashes unless he made his peace with the "System," whose representative, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, stood on guard in the Senate. Hence, William A. Clark became the ally of the Amalgamated and United States Senator from the State of Montana.

At this time the death of Marcus Daly occurred. Clark had gone over to the "System." There was no one left to do battle with the Amalgamated on behalf of the independent miners of Montana. At this juncture F. Augustus Heinze stepped to the front and accepted the gage of battle.

It was another incident of a David and Goliath. Heinze was only twenty-eight years old, a rosy-faced boy. When the apple tree blossomed at Appomattox he had not been born. When the panic of '73 swept over the country he was just learning of Santa Claus. Heinze was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1871. His mother came from the famous Irish family of De Lacy, which traces back its ancestry to 1150 A.D. His father was an American Hebrew. Those who make a study of such matters say it is a magnificent cross. On the mother's side there is all the splendid imagination, fighting spirit and audacity of the Irish, while on the paternal side there is the cool, calm judgment and immense grasp of detail of the Hebrew. Heinze was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, and took a course in mining engineering in Columbia University.

In 1889, at the age of eighteen, he came to Butte to work for the Boston & Montana Mining Company, at a salary of $5 a day. He lived alone in a little log cabin in East Butte, and did his work underground to the satisfaction of his employers. He soon became known as a man-about-town.

He was hail-fellow-well-met with all, and made friends rapidly. He was called the handsomest man in the State, and he looked the part, standing five feet ten inches in height, weighing 200 pounds, with the torso of a Yale half-back, muscles of steel, and a face of ivory whiteness, lighted up with a pair of large blue eyes. Heinze conquered the feminine portion of the rough mining camp without effort. The young

engineer was a fine musician, a brilliant linguist, and, when necessary, could box like a professional. Later events showed that, in spite of all his gaiety, no man ever went underground, tripod in hand, who had a more intimate knowledge of the Butte ore bodies than he.

Shortly after this Heinze ran up a bill with a grocer for supplies, candles, powder, tools, and so on, to the tune of some $500. Turning to one of his clerks one day the grocer said: "Billy, go down to the mine on the flat, where that young fellow Heinze is working, and see what ore he has mined." The clerk came back and reported that Heinze had a beautiful bunch of ore on the dump. The grocer swore out an attachment and sent it down by a deputy sheriff to levy on his ore. The deputy came down to the shaft, saw Heinze, and said he would be back in half an hour with some wagons. As soon as his back was turned Heinze leaned over the shaft and shouted to his partner: "Oh, Jack, come up at once!" When his partner got on top Heinze said: "Now, pitch in and work as you never worked before." The two men, by a herculean effort, moved the ore and filled the platform with waste rock. None but a thoroughly trained miner can tell the difference between ore and waste. I had been underground in Butte for a year before I felt competent to separate ore from waste. When the deputy sheriff came down with his carts he proceeded to load them up with waste and carted it off to the smelter. A week later the grocer telephoned the smelter and asked what returns were coming from the Heinze ore. "Returns?" came the reply. "Why, you've sent us the blankety-blankest lot of waste that lies out of doors! We've got a big bill against you for smelting charges!"

Three months later, when he was ready, Heinze paid the bill.

While engaged in his work Heinze formed a good idea of the mineral wealth of Butte and of the value of the properties owned by the big companies. He decided that there was room for him in Butte. He stayed one year and then went back to New York and organized the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, with money left him by a wealthy uncle. He spent a year on the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, of New York. His position there enabled him to study the mineral resources and metal markets of the world, and thus was Heinze training himself for the career that has since been so wonderfully successful.

In 1891 he returned to Butte and erected a small smelter and made his first venture as a mine operator. He leased a mine, called the Estrella, from a millionaire mine owner named Jim Murray, who had the reputation of being the shrewdest man in Butte. Murray knew that all the ore in sight ran 12½ per cent. and more copper. Heinze knew it also, but Murray didn't know he knew it. Murray stipulated in the lease that all the ore which ran 12½ per cent. and over was to go to him, everything under that was to belong to Heinze. He expected, in this way, to get his mine worked for nothing and bankrupt the young Eastern upstart at the very beginning of his business career. Heinze accepted the lease and went to work. Instead of blasting copper-bearing ore alone, as Murray expected would be done, Heinze instructed his miners to blast both ore and waste rock together, and when the ore went to the top it ran considerably less than 12½ per cent. Heinze got all the proceeds, and the crafty Murray became the laughing-stock of the camp. He sued Heinze, but was beaten, and to this day his prestige has never recovered from the blow.

Another incident that taught his enemies that Heinze was master of all the wiles of the most accomplished gamester happened about the time when Senator Clark became the ally of the "System."

When Clark needed Heinze's political support in his fight for the senatorship he went on Heinze's bond for $1,000,000 in a suit that the Butte & Boston Company had brought against Heinze. When Clark made his alli-

ance with the Amalgamated he went before the Supreme Court and asked permission to remove his name from the bond, which request the Supreme Court denied. Shortly afterward a suit was commenced against Heinze in the Supreme Court in which he was obliged to furnish a bond for $700,000. Clark was able, by his influence, to prevent Heinze from getting any Montana men to furnish this bond.

Great was the joy in the Amalgamated camp that night. The "System" believed that Heinze could not possibly get a bond for such an immense sum, and, as Heinze's policy of expansion had involved every dollar of his available capital, they stood back with joyous hearts to await the crash. The court would order his mines closed, his smelter would shut down, his bank collapse and Heinze would walk out of Butte dead-broke. To the amazement of the "System," Heinze walked into the Supreme Court the next morning and filed a bond for $700,000, given by the Wilmington (Delaware) Bonding & Casualty Company, and decorated with the big golden seal of the State of Delaware. Four months later, when Heinze had gotten out of his tight place and was once more on Easy Street, the anger of the "System" can be imagined when they learned how they had been tricked. A month before Clark betrayed Heinze in the Supreme Court, Heinze, who was watching for signs and sensed what was coming, walked into his office in a towering rage one day and summarily discharged five of his clerks and bookkeepers. They disappeared with $25,000 of Heinze's money, but speedily arrived in Wilmington, Del., where they opened magnificent offices and applied to the proper authorities for the right to do business. This was granted; but all the business they ever did was to send a beautiful bond, a triumph of the engraver's art, to their employer when he telegraphed for it. The Supreme Court called Heinze into its august presence and lectured him severely. Heinze listened gravely, though there are people who say that he had a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary look in his eyes while the venerable jurist was speaking.

Heinze next secured a lease on the Glengeary and took out $500,000 from a mine that was the despair of those who had worked it before him. With this money he bought the Rarus for $400,000. The Rarus was the east extension of the Great Anaconda-St. Lawrence lode, and in that ground was also a lode connecting it with that of the famous Mountain View, one of the Boston & Montana's great producers. In twelve months Heinze made a $10,000,000 mine out of the Rarus and looked about, Alexander-like, for other worlds to conquer. British Columbia seemed good to him. He secured charters and grants there and built a railroad and a smelter. The sedate old directors of the Canadian Pacific Railroad looked askance at the audacious young American who had, without a tremor, invaded their territory. They feared that if he were not stopped, their interests would be seriously jeopardized. They immediately proceeded to divert from him the aid he was receiving from the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments. With characteristic pluck, Heinze started in to fight the greatest power in Canada. He would be fighting yet, and probably winning, were it not that a cry for help came to him from the officers whom he had left in charge of affairs in Butte.

Like a mariner without a compass would be the man who would try to understand the complex legal tangle in Butte, unless he knew the Apex law, or law of Extra-lateral Rights.

Condensed in the smallest space and told in the language of a layman, it is: That the individual or company, upon whose property a vein of ore crops out or apexes, can sink a shaft there and follow the vein into an adjoining property that may be owned by another individual or company, and from that to still another claim, and so on for ten miles or more, and down to China. This law is not peculiar to Montana. It is a United States mining law. Heinze used this law whenever possi-

ble to beat the "Amalgamated." For instance, on the hill, near the Anaconda road, wedged in between the Anaconda mine and the St. Lawrence, was a small fraction of a claim, ten feet long and tapering off to a point fifteen feet away. In the rough and tumble surveys of the mining camp this scrap of ground, not larger than a lady's boudoir, had been overlooked. Heinze found it while studying the records, located the claim and named it the "Copper Trust." On this fraction Heinze, through his experts, declared he found not only the apex of the great Anaconda lode, but that the vein went off in wedge-shaped fashion into the Neversweat and St. Lawrence mines. Judge Clancy, of the District Court of Silver Bow County, decided that the evidence was sufficiently strong to warrant an injunction being served on the Amalgamated, restraining them from mining their three greatest producers. Fifteen hundred men were thrown out of employment, and they raised such an outcry that Heinze agreed to have the injunction dissolved. So much for the practical workings of the law.

When Heinze hastened from Canada back to Butte he found that his superintendent, C. S. Batterman, had deserted him and gone over to the Boston & Montana Company, with all of Heinze's plans and maps. This was in 1897. Batterman made the president of the Boston & Montana Company, Bigelow, of Boston, believe that Heinze had no extra-lateral rights in the Rarus mine—that is, that the Rarus lode apexed upon the Michael Davitt and Pennsylvania mines, both Boston & Montana properties. Mr. Bigelow thought he saw his way clear to get Heinze's Rarus without the cost of a dollar. Heinze crossed the country to Boston and offered $350,000 for a half-interest in the Snohomish mine, the east extension of the Rarus, provided they quit all claims to the Rarus lode. Bigelow refused, and said he would make an example of Heinze. Heinze arose and said impressively: "All right, Mr. Bigelow, I accept your gage of battle. I'll tie up your properties in a hundred lawsuits."

Heinze returned to Butte and bought properties right and left. He bought a half-interest in the Snohomish for $100,000. He paid another $100,000 for the Sullivan. He bought thirty-one thirty-sixths of the Nipper, the west extension of the Anaconda. Altogether he spent $1,500,000 in two years for claims and fractions. He hired the ablest legal talent and best experts in the West, regardless of price. Then ensued the most startling legal battle that has ever taken place in mining, or possibly any other circles. Suits to recover for ore mined in his ground, extra-lateral right suits, water rights and injunctions he entered into, until at one time there were one hundred and ninety-three suits pending in the Silver Bow County Court. Thirty-seven lawyers were on his legal staff, plotting, studying and pleading his cases.

Of course counter legal attacks were made on him. When Mr. Rogers formed the Amalgamated Company he brought himself into all this litigation, and found himself the target for much more. At the present time mining suits for ore, which the Amalgated claims Heinze has taken from their properties, amounting in the aggregate to $32,500,000, are entered in the Silver Bow County Court against Heinze. Rogers says that if he wins these suits, he will make Heinze walk out of Butte on the ties. Heinze laughs and fights on, although he is being sued for a larger amount than ever a litigant was sued for in all the history of jurisprudence. And so the merry battle goes on—the battle of the man against the "System."

But to return a moment to the Nipper mine, upon which the hopes of the free spirits of Montana today in a measure rest. If Heinze should succeed in gaining political power in the State, he will be able, through the Nipper mine and the law of extra-lateral rights, to drive the Amalgamated out of the copper business in Butte.

Heinze bought thirty-one thirty-

sixths of the Nipper mine from Marcus Daly for $150,000. Daly believed that the apex of the great Anaconda lode was on another claim, the Oden, which he owned. Heinze, however, from his close study of the hill of Butte, believed the Anaconda lode apexed upon the Nipper claim. Neutral experts declare that Heinze is right. The Amalgamated secured the other five thirty-sixths of the Nipper claim, and got an injunction from Judge Knowles, of the United States Circuit Court, preventing Heinze from working the Nipper and even forbidding his going down the shaft. For five years the Nipper mine has stood idle. In 1901 Heinze sought relief from the Legislature and secured the passage of a law providing that the owner of a majority of the stock could operate a mine, and that the minority stockholders could at all times have access to the property and books. This law would have enabled Heinze to develop the Nipper mine and prove his contention that the Anaconda lode apexed upon it. The Supreme Court, however, blasted his hopes by declaring this law unconstitutional.

The spirit of revolt against the "System" finds expression in the Anti-Trust Democratic Party, the Anti-Trust Republican Party, the Populist Party and the Labor Party, all of which fuse on candidates at the elections and are led by F. Augustus Heinze. The fusion of these four parties, and a few others which Heinze always keeps on hand ready for instant use, has led the wags to say that Heinze has "fifty-seven varieties" of political parties. Heinze won the national election in 1900 and again in 1902. In 1904 he indorsed Governor J. K. Toole, who was elected, and won the election in Butte, but lost the pivotal point, the two judges of the District Court. The "System" controlled both branches of the Legislature, and elected Thomas W. Carter United States Senator.

In Butte the political campaigns are continuous and are fought with a bitterness that borders on savagery. Money is poured out in a golden stream by the copper kings; glee clubs are brought on from the East to sing the merits of the rival candidates; physical arguments take place all over the city; every union and society is invaded by the adherents of one or another of the parties. From a hundred trunks, soap-boxes, theatres and hotel balconies local and imported orators stridently shout the praises of their men. The strenuous Socialist stands in the mud-gutter, and with bitter invective pours an anathema on all the other contestants and shouts for the confiscation of the confiscators. The daily papers come out with broadsides of denunciation and scare headlines, proclaiming the villainy of their opponents; the ablest cartoonists in the West sketch a Heinze or a Rockefeller as a fiend incarnate. So the battle rages until Election Day, after which a breathing spell is taken, and then the battle starts off again with a vigor that time seems but to strengthen.

From the negro dog-catcher, proudly displaying his tin star, to the dignified judge of the Supreme Court, every official in the State is lined up on one side or the other. United States senators are elected to wear the toga in Washington, not because of their devotion to the principles of Jefferson or Lincoln, but because of the copper flag under which they fight. Heinze helped send W. A. Clark to Washington in '99. The Amalgamated sent Thomas W. Carter in 1905. So it is with the Governor, the State Legislature and every daily and weekly newspaper. In Butte most of the stores, saloons, hotels and boarding-houses are pulled into the fray, and those who profess neutrality, whenever they dare, usually hoist the colors of Heinze when the fray gets hottest. So the war goes on, and the man who cries "Peace" is a target for the bullets of each army.

"Why do these men of Montana struggle so fiercely over politics?" is a question often asked at the quiet firesides of the East. "It is the altitude,"

says the agent of the "System," who would belittle the struggle. "At seven thousand feet above sea level the air is like champagne and gets into the people's heads, so that they struggle like Titans over pigmy affairs." The anti-trust man replies: "We are struggling for independence. We are struggling for the right to manage our own affairs, and not to be ruled from a financial king's office, three thousand miles away from our mountains. We are fighting to prevent Montana from becoming a one-company State that can be opened up or shut down at the whim or caprice of one man. We object to being starved into giving special legislation to the Amalgamated Copper Company and the three railroads who do 97 per cent. of the freight and passenger business of the State."

(*To be concluded.*)

The Loneliness of the City

BY THEODORE DREISER

ONE of the most painful results of modern congestion in cities, with the accompanying stress of labor to live, is the utter isolation and loneliness of heart forced upon the average individual. So exacting are the conditions under which we are compelled to work, so disturbing the show of pleasures and diversions we cannot obtain, that the normal satisfaction in normal wants is almost entirely destroyed.

Not only is the whole energy of our lives turned into a miserable struggle for the unattainable, namely, the uninterrupted and complete gratification of our desires, but our hearts are soured and our natures warped by the grimness of the struggle. Life is made bitter. The natural hunger of the heart for righteous relationship is stifled. We become harsh, cold, indifferent.

The effect of such an unnatural order of existence is the almost complete disappearance of the social amenities. We do not interest ourselves in the hardships, discomforts and toil of our fellow-citizens, or rather, neighbors. We fail even in the superficial cordiality that might pass for friendship and which, for want of something better, will sometimes fill the void of despair. Men do not really interest us. The humor and tragedy of their social impulses do not attract, save as a spectacle. We have no time and no patience for anything but what are considered the larger interests—music, the drama, society in its most blatant and impossible phase, and life as a whole.

I live in a neighborhood which is an excellent illustration of this. There are perhaps a hundred people in our apartment house, a thousand, or it may be two or three thousand, in our block. They live in small, comfortably furnished and very convenient apartments, but they live alone. No one ever sees any exchange of courtesies between them. They are not interested in the progress of the lives of the people about them. You might live there a year, or ten years, and I doubt if your next-door neighbor would even so much as know of your existence. He is too busy. Your business might fail, your children perish. You might suffer every calamity from heartache to literal physical destruction, and I doubt whether he would ever hear of it. Marriage, birth, death, any and all of the other

homely and really essential happenings of life are all trivial under the new dispensation. Neither you nor your wife nor children nor your children's children have any interest for him. It is all as if you really did not exist.

The pathos of all this is that these people never quite realize, until some of the real calamities of life overtake them, what they have been ignoring and casting aside. Until they are old, until they are stricken with illness, until they stand bereft of fortune, or until they are visited by death—then, and then only, do they become aware of the importance of the individual relationship. It matters not in such an hour what the prime importance of the world may be. It will not avail them to know that the world still goes on and that the principal thoroughfares of the great cities are alive with a spectacle forever fascinating and forever new. Life in the abstract cannot aid them then. They are alone, left longing for a personal relationship, with an aching and, too often, a breaking heart. Friendship, affection, tenderness, how they loom large in the hour of despair!

I do not think the world quite realizes what an essential element the affections and the tenderness really are. We are disturbed for the time by the clamor of the hours. We are deluded by the seeming importances. Life cannot go on without affection and tenderness—be sure of that. We cannot forever crowd into cities and forget man for mammon. There will come a day, and an hour, in each and every individual life when the need of despised and neglected relationships will weigh heavy on the soul. We cannot do without them. After all is said and done, we must truly love one another or we must die—alone, neglected, despised and forgotten, as too many of us die.

Plutocracy

THE EVIL GENIUS OF AMERICA

BY CONSTANTINE RALLI

ON the occasion of Washington's retirement into private life he published a farewell address to the nation he had created. It was, and, in my humble opinion, ever will be, the most remarkable state paper penned by mortal man. It is more. In divine foresight—and I write down the adjective with all reverence for its customary association—in profound depth of wisdom, in its majestic simplicity of phrase, in its tremendous power to penetrate the secrets of the hearts of men and, lastly, in its abiding faith in the superb destiny in store for the American Commonwealth, this Act of Consecration of a nation's life is second only to the utterances set forth in the Books of the Prophets.

For the purpose of my theme it is necessary to extract only one passage from Washington's address, and that passage is the one in which the retiring President warns his successors and the people themselves against the direst peril he foresees to the safety and life of the Republic.

That peril, in the President's own simple yet noble phrase, "LIES IN THE ACCUMULATION OF GREAT MASSES OF CAPITAL IN THE HANDS OF A PRIVILEGED FEW."

Little more than a century has elapsed since this warning was delivered, and the American people stand

today face to face with the Goliath of Plutocracy. If the axiom—dear to the heart of every American—*vox populi vox dei*—be wholly true, then the metaphor I have chosen is equally so and the Titan of Plutocracy has, in the words of David, "challenged the armies of the Living God." What will be the issue of the crisis, when it arrives, no man can tell, nor is it the concern of the writer. The task of extracting from a hundred years of American national life the initial causes, which have given birth to and fostered the growth of this crisis, is in itself no mean achievement of arrangement and condensation.

The birth of American Plutocracy may, roughly speaking, be termed coeval with the inauguration of the railway age in America, and the railway age may be subdivided into three epochs, viz., transportation, speculation and amalgamation.* The discovery of gold in California in 1849, the equally important discovery of oil wells, the opening up of the mineral wealth of the country and, lastly, the sudden and colossal growth of manufactures—notably that of steel—not to speak of the development of the anthracite and bituminous coalfields, have each in turn subscribed to the amassment of riches. The passing of these riches into "the hands of a privileged few" is the story with which we have to do. To those who have not been in more or less close contact, for a period of twenty-five years, with the growth of American Plutocracy, the story would read like an "Arabian Nights" legend.

To dissipate this fanciful impression, and to insure a better understanding, perhaps, of the whole subject of the establishment, in a country consecrated to freedom and democratic institutions, of what has become in later years almost a ruling class, it is necessary for me to propound what seems an extraordinary question, and that is—What is an American? An American is essentially a product of conditions that exist in no other country of the world outside his own. Ethnologically speaking, he is of the Protean order; but this fact alone does not account for his rare gift of acquisitiveness, nor for the marvelous power of conception which leads him to apply his genius only to the abnormal and the grandiose, to breathe contempt upon a livelihood and to count a career as lost which has nothing to show at its close but a modest competence or a reasonable reward for labor. It is my conviction that the American owes his peculiar type and his acumen to a subtle and yet wholly intelligible thing, and that is the high preponderance of ozone in the atmosphere which he inhales. No one who has not breathed the air of North America can realize the intensity of its stimulative properties. The atmosphere, highly charged as it is with oxygen, acts upon the nervous system after the manner of a light and heady wine, without, however, entailing the subsequent lethargy of mind and body that is the characteristic reactionary effect of alcohol.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the strange sensation of excitement which I experienced during the first year of my residence in New York, an excitement akin to the infection of merriment. It led, by a species of natural evolution, to the contemplation only of the possible at the expense of the prudent, to the craving for that which was beyond in place of that which was more easily within reach. Moreover, this atmospheric intoxication begets an elasticity of temperament that not only fires ambition, but robs failure of many of its terrors, and the theory has become almost axiomatic in America that success is oftener achieved by initiative and enterprise than by caution and diffidence.

That this is no hasty conclusion is patent to every close observer of American business life and methods. If the theory were not sound, there would be no American Plutocracy as it exists today, for ancestral wealth is

* In the American fondness for varied forms of nomenclature to convey one and the same idea, the terms "Combination" or "Consolidation" would be equally illustrative.

not frequently met with in America, and, besides, is not the outcome of a century, but of centuries. If it be argued that this rule does not apply to America, where the pauper of today is the millionaire of tomorrow, the answer is to be found in the fact that the millionaire of tomorrow may be the pauper of the day following. In other words, Plutocracy in America owes its origin and its existence to a supremacy of brains among "a privileged few," and these few owe the retention of the position they have won —in a world wherein fortunes change hands with lightning rapidity—to the audacity and cunning with which they conduct their operations—operations wherein the greatest possible gain is attainable at the smallest personal risk.

To the elucidation of these methods I must fall back upon personal reminiscence and carry my readers back to the year 1877. At that period few great fortunes existed in America. Strictly commercial enterprises were conducted along the lines well known in the old world. Individual effort was still in flower, the small merchant throve, the broker or middleman flourished and the petty tradesman encountered no worse foe than a healthy competition. It was the blossoming epoch of wide margins of profit, expanding industries and boundless opportunities. The clerk and the apprentice took up their calling only "to learn the ropes" and "how to swim," and then "struck out for themselves." There was room for all men and all kinds of enterprise. With the exception of the Pennsylvania System and the Vanderbilt System of railroads, no "accumulations of vast masses of capital" existed in the railway world. The Gould System was not yet in being. The transcontinental lines were mere connecting links of independent companies.

In the mining industry the Big Bonanza was making fortunes rapidly for the three kings of California—James C. Flood, John G. Fair and John W. Mackay. In the oil field the Standard Oil Company was at this time the flourishing leader of a small host of prosperous well-diggers. I do not believe that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose acquaintance I made at this period (in the company's unpretentious offices in Pearl Street, New York), so much as dreamed that twenty years after our meeting his fortune would be capable of liquidating two-thirds of the national debt of the United States. Certainly no one else dreamed it.

In the world of manufactures the firm of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. was a great and growing concern, but fighting for the lead with equally great and powerful joint stock companies. If Mr. Carnegie had in that day enjoyed, like Don Roderick, a glimpse into the future, through the blazing caverns of his smelting furnaces and witnessed the transfer of his property to the United States Steel Corporation for a consideration of two hundred million dollars (£40,000,000) he would probably have opened his eyes even wider than he has his bottomless purse to found and endow innumerable libraries. In the world of dry goods there were mighty men, it is true, to wit: A. T. Stewart and H. B. Claflin, of New York, and in the Queen City of the West, gazing from her industrial throne over the broad waters of Lake Michigan, toiled one who scarcely dreamed then, in the wildest flights of his imagination, that the diadem of the Vicereine of India hovered over the brows of his child-daughter, the pearl of his affections.

More than three-quarters of a century had elapsed, at the epoch of which I write, since the prophet's warning and the threatened peril of Plutocracy had not yet overclouded the clear horizon of American destiny. But the peril lurked beyond the skyline. Like one who ascends a towering cliff and is smitten with the view of things unseen by those who are gathering pebbles on the shore deep down beneath his feet, so did I, by the merest chance, find myself one day standing before the seats of the mighty and felt in my face the first chill touch of the shadow that

stealthily approached the land of the free.

It was far into the summer of 1879 and I was the guest at the famous United States Hotel at Saratoga, N. Y., of my wise and aged friend, Dr. John F. Gray, the pioneer practitioner of homeopathy in America. To a charming personality he added an extraordinary physical resemblance to Count Lyof Tolstoy. Saratoga is famous for its mineral springs, of which there is a sufficient variety to effect the cure of at least a dozen human ills. To this valley of enchantment, hygiene and pleasure thousands of the most prominent and wealthy people in America repair during the hot weather, and on the occasion of which I write among the visitors to Saratoga were the late William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould.

The doctor and I had finished our breakfast one morning and were seated in the veranda outside his apartments, which were on the ground floor of the hotel and in that portion of the building which encircled a spacious garden, when a tall and massive figure came up the steps leading down to the lawn and shut out the sunlight. It was the railway king of his day, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. Introductions followed and the king and his physician retired into the sitting-room behind me, and through the open windows I heard them talking about the weather. A few minutes later a slightly built, dark-haired man, with a long face and shrewd eyes, approached the doctor's apartments. He was accompanied by Mr. Hugh J. Jewett, at that time President of the Erie Railroad, who was personally known to me. Another introduction followed, and I was made acquainted with Mr. Jay Gould.

The latter entered the doctor's drawing-room and sat down on the sofa beside Mr. Vanderbilt. The sofa became an incident of history. I am afraid I committed a breach of manners by ignoring the Erie Railroad and playing the eavesdropper. However, the Titans on the sofa merely exchanged salutations, and, for the moment, I met the deserts of all eavesdroppers. But only for a moment. Although the last to arrive, Mr. Gould was the first to retire with Dr. Gray into the latter's consulting-room. On Mr. Gould's reappearance and Mr. Vanderbilt's withdrawal to the inner room I found my opportunity.

"It is not often," I observed, "that a man makes the acquaintance of two celebrities in ten minutes. Today will be memorable in my life!"

Mr. Gould smiled. He was familiarly known in Wall Street as "The Little Wizard," and I made my first acquaintance with a wizard's smile.

"My young English friend," observed Mr. Jewett, "is somewhat surprised that you and Mr. Vanderbilt had not more to say to each other." The great man smiled again and said, "Oh! I know him and *he knows me;* that's enough." I ventured on a remark. "I should say there was room enough in this country for the most powerful and ambitious of men to be on the best of terms with each other." Mr. Gould regarded me curiously and replied: "I guess you're right, but it won't always be so. We are coming along fast in this country, and where there is plenty of room for everybody now there won't be room for a dozen twenty years hence!" And he took his leave.

Mr. Vanderbilt came out and, to my secret satisfaction, sat down in a chair between the doctor and me. He had an impressive personality and that mysterious air about him which announces the presence of a singular identity. To those who are not the fortunate possessors of certificates of New York Central & Hudson River Railroad stock—on which an excellent vignette likeness of Mr. Vanderbilt appears—it remains for me to say that he was tall, rather portly, with a large, well-shaped head, and a broad and high forehead, which imparted an impression of baldness. He had a fine complexion, long, thin and dark whiskers, a finely formed mouth and drooping eyelids; but he was not so impressive as his father, known as "Commodore" Vanderbilt, the founder

of the family fortunes, and a singularly handsome man.

Dr. Gray opened the conversation by observing, "My friend is an Englishman of Greek descent. He is not a journalist nor a stockbroker, so you can talk to him with perfect freedom." After I had replied to a series of inquiries from Mr. Vanderbilt I ventured to assume in turn the position of interrogator with a question relative to the Hudson River Railroad.

"You may not be aware," rejoined Mr. Vanderbilt, "that the road was not originally a single enterprise. It is the outcome of a number of small lines, which formed broken links between Albany and New York. It was my father's conception to obtain control of these roads—which served no really useful purpose—and to weld them into the trunk line of today. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, which extends our system from Buffalo to Chicago, was a homogeneous enterprise from the beginning. The New York Central Railroad from Albany to Buffalo, originally a consolidation of smaller roads, which followed a circuitous route between the two cities, now runs in a line as straight as a stair-rod between the two points. You will observe that though ours is a new country, the tendency toward consolidation of enterprises is advancing with great rapidity and, in my opinion, will continue to advance." "But surely in a country as large as the United States, it will be a long time before we reach the epoch of consolidation. There must yet be ample time for the exploiting of individual enterprises." "Your remark betrays your foreign character," replied Mr. Vanderbilt pleasantly. "An American would not commit himself to such a view. I consider that my father, with all his great talents and breadth of view, has been but the pioneer of the vast developments to be witnessed in the next twenty years at the outside. You will probably live to see the American continent gridironed by at least half a dozen great belts of railway, the control of which will rest in the hands of a few men of genius and enterprise. The day of small conceptions and ordinary brains is rapidly fading away in this country—the weak will go to the wall and only the fittest will survive."

"You Americans are inclined to take a merciless view of the future," I replied. "What is going to become of the rising generation, which will have to contend with such a state of things?"

"That is for the rising generation to answer," retorted the railroad king shortly. "However, we Americans are an adaptable people and usually find a way through our difficulties."

"Yes, you do," was my rejoinder, "but some ways are decidedly unpleasant."

"Possibly," retorted Mr. Vanderbilt. "But it must not be taken for granted that just because certain lines of business are closed to competition other opportunities will not offer themselves. For my part, I regard the resources of this country as inexhaustible; but the cream will go, as it always has gone, to the clearest brains, the longest purse and the boldest speculator."

"You count, then, upon speculation as a great factor in success?"

"Necessarily so—it is the motive power in the development of a new country."

"This is true; but the majority of speculators fail, and, besides, it is only the few who are born with the rare gift of accurate foresight."

"Precisely," rejoined Mr. Vanderbilt, rising to take his departure; "and that is why I believe that the control of leading lines of business in this country will eventually rest in the hands of a corporal's guard of highly gifted and enterprising men."

So ended our conversation. I saw Mr. Vanderbilt only once again in my life, and that was a few days later when he passed me in his phaeton on his way to the Saratoga races, behind his famous pair of trotters, "Small Hopes" and "Lady Mae," which, stepping as lightly as ballet girls, outstripped everybody on the road.

The first-named mare bore a title singularly adapted to the prospects of "Young America," for all that I did not realize in those days that I had spent an hour of a summer morning beside the cradle of a rising and ruthless Plutocracy.

Three years later—in 1882—the infant disclosed his ability to walk.

Certain individuals with more enterprise than money behind them had the audacity to attempt the construction of a railway along the west shore of the Hudson River, parallel to and consequently in direct competition with the Vanderbilt road. The road came to grief and passed into the hands of a receiver. At the receiver's sale the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad—alias Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt—swallowed up the West Shore Railroad at forty cents on the dollar! Great and mournful was the hue and cry of the disconsolate bondholders of the West Shore fiasco. "Sheer robbery!" cried the disconsolate. "Sheer blackmail—your enterprise!" retorted the Vanderbilt cohorts. The generally accepted idea was that the scheme, from its inception, was merely a scheme to force Mr. Vanderbilt and his associates either to purchase a useless article or to enter upon a ruinous competition. As it was, Mr. Vanderbilt paid what he pleased for the property — and got it!

In the year 1884, so marvelously rapid was the evolution of the plutocratic infant into manhood that he was old enough to marry—polygamously, too—for he contracted an alliance with commerce and took unto himself two wives, viz., Oil and Sugar.

I was an occasional visitor at the residence of the late Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, the sugar king. I remember something more than the outlines of a conversation I had with him shortly after the formation of the American Sugar Refining Company, which is historically known as the second great trust in the commercial world, its predecessor being the Standard Oil Company.

Profound excitement prevailed in New York when it became known that the Havemeyers had obtained control of a majority of the leading refineries in New York, Philadelphia and the Middle West. The amalgamation was ineffectually contested in the courts, the sole result being the rapid enrichment of sundry prominent lawyers. A ghastly array of dismantled refineries on the East River attested the final victory of the sugar king, and the public, of whom I was one, hastened to inquire "whither we were drifting."

"It is nothing more nor less than a natural evolution of business methods," Mr. Havemeyer replied; "the operation, I may say, of great natural laws. There is not room for so many of us. In America, if a man is reputed to be making money in his special line, a host of people rush in to emulate him. They talk of fabulous profits. Now look here, the cost of a pound of centrifugal sugar is so much, laid down in New York from Cuba, we will say; the duty* is so much; the cost of refining, we will say, fluctuates from five-eighths of a cent to one and one-sixteenth cents per pound, and taxes, insurance, brokerages on the refined article, and so on, bring the total up to so much, which, *plus* our reasonable profit, must be covered by our sales price. Now, thanks to competition, our margin of profit is steadily dwindling. We are not in business for health or pleasure, but to make money, and we can do this last only by reducing competition, which, by resorting to the system of amalgamation, leads also to a reduction of expenses."

"Which is all very true," I observed, "but the logical conclusion is that you will reduce the business community of America to a world of five employers and five million clerks!"

"I guess that's about the size of it!" retorted the sugar king com-

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* The United States, through its tariff, levies annually in duties on sugar $56,000,000 to protect (?) a few plantations in the State of Louisiana, on which there is grown annually a crop of cane, which yields a few thousand tons of inferior sugar!

posedly; "but that's someone else's business—not mine!"

From the foregoing events and conversations I have endeavored to convey some idea of the sources from which the flood of Plutocracy took its rise and of the spirit in which it was let loose from its confinement to sweep away the time-honored principle of "each for himself and God for us all!" With marvelous rapidity the examples set by a leading railroad system and two concerns doing business in two great staple commodities were followed by other railroads and other commercial magnates, all fearful of being left behind in the race for supremacy in their various lines of industry and trade, and all eager to seize the opportunity to amass fabulous fortunes in the shortest possible period, at the expense of their weaker competitors. This is not the place for me to trace in detail the various *foci* whence the cancer of Plutocracy has derived its sustenance until it has grown to be a malignant excrescence upon the American body politic. I would only point out that the "amalgamations"* of the last eight years are at once the logical outcome and the grim trophies of nothing less than a fratricidal trade war, which has riveted the shackles of an economic slavery upon the population of the United States.

I will now endeavor to demonstrate the fitness of this metaphor. Before doing so, however, I desire that it should be clearly understood that I do not condemn the acquisition of wealth *per se*. I believe that the acquisition of a fortune has an ennobling influence upon the character of a right-minded man. It is only in the means by which wealth is amassed and *the uses to which that wealth is put* that the elements of tyranny and turpitude creep into the question.

A comparison between the conditions existing in the two great countries separated from each other by the North Atlantic Ocean well illustrates the point I would make. Centuries of accumulated wealth—notably in the hands of the aristocracy and the merchant princes of Great Britain—have not brought the slightest sense of oppression upon the English people, nor closed one avenue of advancement to the youth who seeks to earn an honest livelihood. Little more than a century has elapsed since George Washington delivered his prophetic adjuration to his countrymen, and the growth of Plutocracy has practically closed every avenue to the acquisition of a competence by the youth of America — save three, viz., the professions of the Law, the Church and the Medical Fraternity. The Naval † and Military establishments of the United States are, as yet, too restricted as to *personnel* to warrant their classification with the three above-mentioned professions. Surely the underlying cause of this wide variation between the Plutocracy of Great Britain and that of America is too obvious for extended elucidation. The cause lies, to my mind, in the simple fact that Plutocracy is a *passive* factor in English and an *aggressive* factor in American life. In England the wealth of the aristocracy has worked to the benefit of the people at large in furnishing employment of various kinds on vast estates and, in many cases, in the promotion of industries, including manufactures and mining. In the world of commerce the vast majority of enterprises, in wholesale and retail trade, have been conducted for decades and, in some

* Of which the most notorious examples are the formation of the "United States Steel Corporation" and the "Northern Securities Company."

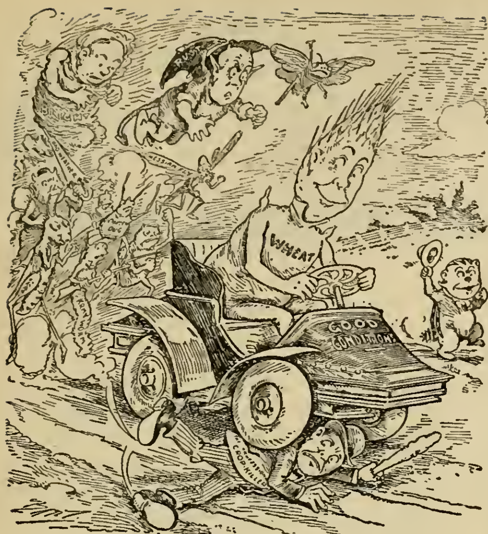
† The wonderfully rapid development of the United States Navy will doubtless open a channel of employment to American manhood and youth; but, even then, there will have to be some radical change in the system of obtaining commissions. Owing to the strict requirements of the course in vogue at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, the American warships are notoriously under-manned, so far as officers are concerned, and, for obvious reasons, promotion is slow, and besides the inducements to enter the service do not appeal any too strongly to the acquisitiveness of the American temperament.

cases for centuries, by private firms, which, each operating in its separate sphere, have left room for all and have interfered with none. It is true that, in spite of colonization and emigration, the number of the unemployed is excessive, but this arises from natural and unavoidable causes and is not chargeable to the rapaciousness, oppressiveness or greed of any ruling or particular class. It is far different with American Plutocracy. With the exception of those fortunes which have grown out of the natural increment in the value of land in the great cities of the East and Middle West, the accumulation of wealth has been the outcome of the stifling of competition and the annihilation of the weak. I am, of course, perfectly well aware that no business enterprise can continue to prosper for a long period of time whose conductors fail to recognize the inevitable and inexorable changes of method which time and conditions impose upon every form of human undertaking. But there is all the difference of black from white between a system which noiselessly and harmlessly adapts itself to changed conditions and a ruthless spirit of capacity which seizes time by the forelock and plunges into the lists, incased in golden mail, with the sole and selfish purpose of putting buckram-clad Effort to the sword.

I use the word rapacity advisedly, for the reason that in America not only is the motive one purely of conquest and extermination, but extraneous methods are employed to encompass the design. Not content to employ its capital along one line of warfare, Plutocracy has long ago invaded the stock market to recruit further its colossal resources. With a perfect knowledge of the status, prospective and otherwise, of its railroads, its industries and its enterprises generally, the true condition of which is carefully concealed from the public, Plutocracy engineers alternately great bull and bear movements in its securities from which it reaps annually untold millions of dollars. I say ruthless, because the operations referred to, as a rule, wholly ignore prevailing financial and trade conditions, and the result very often is that a huge mass of undigested or, rather, indigestible securities is created which require years for absorption—if they are ever absorbed at all—and constitute a heavy mortgage upon the future development of the country at large and a detriment to the progress and welfare of the people.

It is far from my intention to try and prove that the selfish spirit of American Plutocracy is the offspring of cruelty. The American temperament is the reverse of cruel. Plutocracy in the United States is the child of envy and acquisitiveness. It is akin to the impulse which impels men to the gathering of unripe fruit. It is an unquenchable national thirst for the unknown—I had almost said the unattainable—an impulse toward the great beyond to the exclusion of the barely contemplated present. America is the great discount office of the future.

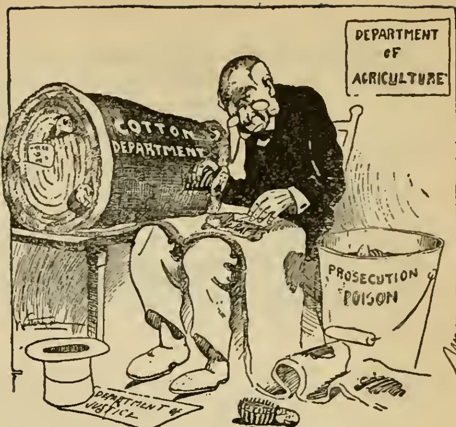
None the less the ultra-enrichment of the few is the impoverishment of the many, and, in my humble opinion, what America most needs is a patron saint, after the likeness of our own St. George, to curb the depredations of her golden dragon. In a land consecrated to every form of human freedom, economic slavery becomes a hopeless paradox and an anachronism. I have, however, an abiding faith in the resourcefulness, the indomitable energy, the inflexible will and supreme power of self-reliance of the American Democracy. Other nations have endured and safely emerged from mighty cataclysms in their life of centuries; but, in the brief space of one century, the American people have surmounted national perils second to none in fierceness and dreadful consequence.



A GOOD LEAD NOW

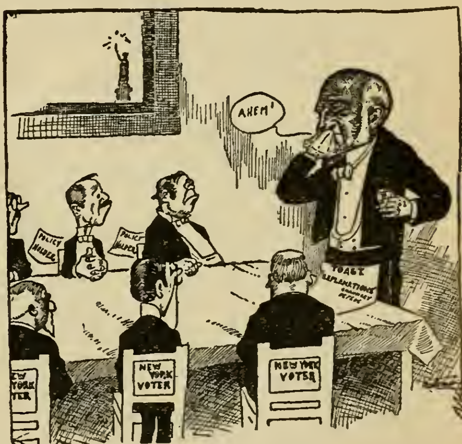
Wheat—"If I don't get a puncture I'll beat 'em all out yet!"

Bart, in Minneapolis Journal



Discovery of the Graft Weevil

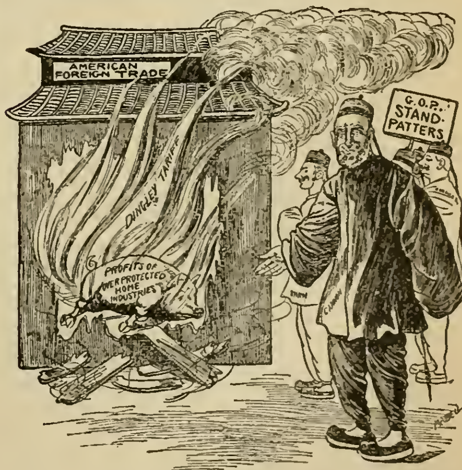
Westerman, in Ohio State Journal



"Well, Chauncey——?"

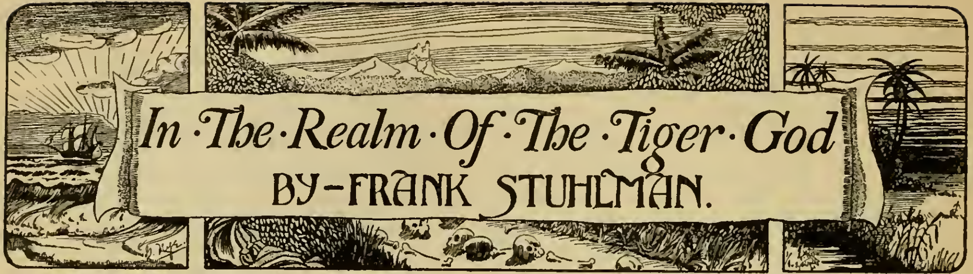
Westerman, in Ohio State Journal

McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



The Ancient Chinese Method. They Burn Down the House to Roast the Pig

Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



I CAN hardly realize tonight, as I sit by the cheerful hearth-fire in my old home, where my ancestors have dwelt since the early colonial days, that the things I am about to set forth are true and not the visions of a baleful dream.

I hear the sullen boom of the surf as it breaks and thunders against the granite rocks of Paul's Head, while the dark pines behind the house moan and shriek as the pitiless north wind sweeps from icy Labrador over our rugged State. Let it roar and howl! This ancient room seems only the brighter for it, as the fat, pitchy fagots flame in high glee, throwing a red defiance to the Frost King. Perhaps it is this very contrast that recalls to me what passed under burning skies in torrid climes, and, yet, is it not always with me? I would call it some dreadful delusion, but as I glance in the old-fashioned mirror over my desk there it is on my forehead, the mark of that devil—those five little red spots, as if a cat had struck its paw against the flesh and drawn blood.

I shall have to begin at the beginning, as the children say. My name is Abijah Long. From my earliest youth I was possessed with a love for the plant world. I would seek for days new varieties of native growth to add to my collection of treasures. When I was about sixteen the current of my life was changed by the advent into our home of a learned man as a summer boarder. Professor James C. Witherworth, trustee of the Smithsonian Institution, was enjoying his well-earned vacation along the Maine coast, and, charmed with the location of our home, spent a fortnight with us.

It did not take the savant long to make friends with me, and before many days he was investigating with manifest delight my store of plant specimens. The outcome was that I went away with the professor and, under his teaching combined with my love for natural science and wild life, I became, to use Witherworth's words, "the keenest plant-hunter between the two oceans."

Professor Witherworth, in addition to being a leader in botanical science, was a great student in the vast field of Oriental literature. All the cities of the East were ransacked by his agents. One day while in Washington I received a note asking me to come to the professor's residence that evening. Seven o'clock found me at his door. He answered the bell himself.

"Come in, Long, come in! Say, man," he exclaimed in his abrupt manner, "but I've a wonderful find!" He took off his spectacles and replaced them rapidly in a way that told of suppressed excitement. I followed him to his study, which was crowded to overflowing with all kinds of specimens. The professor cleared a mass of roots and leaves from a chair and offered it to me. He sat tapping the table with his pencil until he broke out: "Say, Long, can you go to India?"

"As well India as anywhere," I answered. I knew the professor too well to be surprised at any project he might have in hand.

"I think," he continued, "you had better take two men with you. Have you any good men in mind?"

"Yes; there's Haskins, who was in the Arizona expedition, brave as a lion and cool as ice; and there's a young fellow, neighbor of ours in Maine, no experience, but intelligent and tough as a whipcord."

"How soon can you get them?" inquired the professor.

"Two weeks. Haskins is in St. Louis and Tom Emmons will want a little time."

"That will do; you needn't spare expense. Our society will furnish the money."

"Hold on, professor; if you have no objection, I would like to know what we are expected to do?"

"Ah, yes; it slipped my mind that you didn't know. In my last purchase of books from the East I found a fragment of an ancient manuscript written in the earliest form of Sanscrit, and telling of a mysterious tableland of some twenty miles in extent wherein the human race first existed. In consideration of this the gods have left it unchanged. Though the rest of the world has undergone marvelous transformations, that portion retains its primitive state. So I translate it. Then follows a fable about a Tiger God, which will not interest you. Now the society wants you to procure specimens of as many of the flora of that region as are still unknown to science. I have deciphered the names and compared them with the best maps, and you will have no difficulty in locating the place. Professor Guy, of Madras, recommends a guide, John Forbes by name, whose services you are to procure. Buy whatever stores Forbes deems necessary and hire as many coolies as you need."

I was not much impressed with the professor's discovery, but was delighted to have the opportunity to visit India. I will pass over our voyage. At Madras John Forbes called on me the second day after our arrival.

"John Forbes, I presume," I ventured as a dark-faced, rather undersized man was inquiring for me of the clerk of the European Hotel.

"The same," he replied. "Professor Witherworth informs me that you need a man experienced in jungle work to accompany a scientific expedition?"

"Yes. I'm the agent of Professor Witherworth. I'm not sure that this is not a wild-goose chase. But the professor has an old manuscript telling of a strange bit of country about two hundred miles north of Haidarabad. It's supposed to be covered with the vegetation of an extinct period. I am to collect specimens of rare plants. I guess it must be a great place for tigers, for it was spoken of as the Land of the Tiger God."

The Anglo-Indian shifted uneasily as he answered. "Have you heard much about it?" He gave me a keen glance. "The natives tell some strange stories about that place and the Road of Death that bounds it. One thing I know—no white man has ever returned from there. There was Allen in '32, and Langley in '46, and Brownson in '52. None of them came back. I think, Mr. Long, you'd better give up this trip. There's something devilish queer about that land."

"Oh, well," I said, for I was a little touched at the man's trying to play on my fears, "if you are afraid you needn't go."

Under his sunburned cheek the blood mantled and his bright eyes flashed, but he spoke carelessly: "Oh, I'll go. John Forbes holds his life as lightly as any man. If it is to be, it is to be," he concluded, with the grim fatalism that no one escapes in the brooding East. "I've a few affairs to arrange and will be ready in two days."

The third day Forbes was on hand and bargained with some boatmen to carry us and our trappings to Haidarabad. We rowed up the river through dense jungles pierced here and there by paths where elephants and other denizens of the forest came to drink. Sometimes a tawny tiger skulked off to his lair as we approached.

Finally we arrived at the city where our real task began. I gave over all authority to Forbes, who cursed and bullied the unscrupulous tradesmen until our supplies were obtained. The

greatest difficulty was to procure carriers. The coolies shrank from him as from a pestilence when they heard of our destination. In five days, although double pay was offered, only one man was hired. On the sixth day, as Forbes was about to despair, he was approached by a tall, lean man who cringed and salaamed in the manner of the natives. But the untamed flash in his eyes proclaimed that he was not of that much-conquered race.

"What does Alcazor, the Afghan, want?" asked Forbes, to whom the brown giant was no stranger.

"Forbes Sahib wishes to go to the land of the God-tiger? Has he men enough?"

"Do you want to go?" growled Forbes, for he distrusted the evil-looking Afghan.

"If the worshipful masters will give me one hundred rupees and double pay for each carrier I will have you ten men before tomorrow night. But the Sahib knows that they who would return through the Road of Death must pay tribute to the Tiger God?"

"Damn your Tiger God!" cried Forbes. "Get your coolies and you'll have your money!"

"I guess I can 'tend to your Tiger God," drawled Haskins as he patted the stock of his Winchester.

"The hunter is very great. He can even destroy the gods," sneered the Afghan. "But the Sahib," turning to Forbes, "shall have his men."

The next day, true to his promise, came Alcazor with a retinue of the most villainous-looking rascals it was ever my fortune to behold.

"Brigands," whispered Forbes to me. "But there's no choice in the matter. It's these or none."

"Take them," I said, for I had no mind to have crossed the ocean for naught.

The following morning we crossed the Godavari and struck north. Then ensued ten days of the most exhausting travel I have ever experienced. Haskins was tireless and climate-proof, but Emmons was about used up. Day by day my admiration for Forbes increased. He possessed indefatigable energy and, being a natural leader of men, kept our motley crew in proper subjection. His wide knowledge of jungle-craft, together with his cool courage, made me heartily ashamed of my remark at our first meeting.

The eleventh day the way became more open. The ground rose before us with a gradual slope. The air got purer and Emmons was quite himself again.

During the afternoon Forbes missed one of the coolies. Turning to the head man he demanded, "Where's Mahada?"

The tall Afghan bowed and answered: "His grandfather lives but a few hours' journey from here and Mahada goes to visit him. The gods have commanded us to respect our ancestors. He will be with us on the morrow."

Forbes looked dissatisfied but said nothing. Toward evening we came upon a marvelous sight. Running at right angles to our course was a road through the forest about two rods wide and bare of vegetation as a city pavement. As far as the eye could reach on either side, leaving but a narrow gateway, the road was covered with whitened bones. The coolies flung down their burdens. The head man approached Forbes and said: "My men are very tired and must rest. Tomorrow we will go on."

Forbes glanced sharply at the speaker, but his knowledge of Oriental character told him it was useless to protest.

"Very well," he answered, and gave orders to camp.

As preparations were being made for the night we walked over to inspect the trail. Haskins was the first to reach the weird pathway. He gazed a moment, then turned to us, his face death-white. "My God," he whispered, "they're human bones! What does it mean?" Forbes shook his head, his face shadowed with gloom. After the usual night's routine Forbes called the Afghan over to him: "Alcazor, tell the Sahibs about the land before us."

"There is little to tell," said the head man in fairly intelligible English.

"It is said that one of the Great Wanderers is doomed to dwell in tiger shape until the Road of Death is covered with the bones of men. None enters here to return except those who pay tribute to Markila the Tiger God."

"And the tribute?" I interrupted.

"A human body for his altar. If the Sahibs do not furnish a sacrifice, then their own bones must become a part of the circle that bounds the prison of Markila."

"Are you going in?" asked Forbes.

"We go. We have made the sacrifice, but it will not avail for you of a different race. The gods have been kind to us. Mahada found a dead child in the jungle. Perchance it had eaten of the poison berry or a serpent stung it. Mahada has given it to the priest of the Tiger God." Alcazor's eyes fell.

Forbes thundered: "You infernal dog—that child was murdered!"

Sullenly the head man answered: "It is not for me to give the Sahib the lie, but it is as I have said."

We looked at each other in horror. A premonition of evil burdened the air. A booming roar came through the darkness.

"Markila," whispered the coolies as they huddled together, "comes for his tribute!"

The dawn found us ready for the march. The natives were restless, and only the drastic measures of the Afghan prevented them from deserting. In a few minutes we reached the narrow gap with its ghastly trail on either hand. Emmons touched my arm. "Look!" he said, with a shudder. To the right were a few little bones with particles of red flesh upon them—the remains of Mahada's tribute.

Before us rose the dome of a temple, circular in form and painted with rude art. From ground to roof it was crowded with figures of tigers in every conceivable position. At the door crouched a half-human monster, more beast than man. It was clad in a robe of tiger-skins, the brutish face grinning with a ghoulish leer. Long yellow fangs protruded from his lips and his claw-like hands were smeared with blood. As we passed the creature uttered uncouth sounds like curses. Haskins threw his rifle to his shoulder and the gleaming barrel pointed straight at the foul being. With a bound the Afghan sprang forward. "Are you mad?" he cried. All trace of servility had vanished. "Fool, would you die today that you dare insult the priest of Markila?"

Haskins dropped his rifle, ashamed of his intention. "You were just in time, Alcazor," he said grimly. "Though I doubt whether you did the world a service."

All that day we toiled up a constant ascent. Although the air lost its tropic heat it became benumbing as that of a vault. The vegetation was utterly foreign to me. At night we camped near a grove of short thick trees having distorted limbs ladened with repulsive flowers that exuded red, viscid drops like blood. At any other time I would not have rested without first obtaining one of the curious blossoms and examining it. But a languor enfolded me. Emmons lay asleep on the ground and Haskins sat nearby with listless eyes, his rifle upon his knees. The forms of the natives passed to and fro like shadows. Forbes ordered the camp in a dogged manner as if by sheer force of will.

I have no recollection how the evening passed. The morning sun rose dulled by a filmy haze. Emmons, who was something of a dandy, was finishing his toilet with the aid of a glass, when he exclaimed: "Something has bitten me five times on the forehead! And you, Forbes! And Haskins too! Long, look up, you also!"

There we stood gazing at one another, each of us with five tiny blood-red spots upon his forehead like the print of a paw. The awestruck coolies clustered about. "The sign of Markila!" I heard the Afghan mutter.

With an uneasiness we would have been ashamed to own, we traveled all that day through the most unholy and monstrous vegetation the earth ever produced. The trees were misshapen

dwarfs with livid, leprous bark. Great, slimy creepers, blotched and ridged like loathsome serpents, twined in leafless festoons over twisted branches that seemed racked in bitter agony. Flowers there were in profusion, but deadly, unwholesome creations with an intolerable odor. If all the shames and unspeakable thoughts that the Father of Evil puts into the mind of man were translated into blossoms they would be like these. My science forsook me. I would not have plucked one of those hideous blooms if they had been made of jewels.

"This looks like the garden of Hell," said Haskins.

"That and more," rejoined Forbes, with set lips.

The bearers were moody and sullen. Another night passed. In the morning we found that our retinue had vanished taking as much of our commodities as suited their pleasure. For a time this misfortune made Forbes himself again. He cursed and swore with a hearty vigor that put us all in better spirits. He turned to me, saying, "Well, what's to be done now?"

"We'll have to return. It's useless to proceed without carriers." I spoke in a tone of regret, but at heart I was glad the coolies had deserted and given us a pretext for leaving this uncanny land.

"Shall we gather a few specimens?" Emmons inquired.

"Curse specimens!" roared Haskins. "I wouldn't carry one for the best ranch in California!"

"No," I replied, "we'll be burdened enough with the supplies we must have. Witherworth won't get much for his money this time."

About a mile from camp stood a tall tree, a conifer of some species. Forbes proposed to go and climb the tree for a view of the country, and, also, to see if he could locate our recreant coolies, while we sorted and made up packs of provisions for our return.

The matter of adjusting our supplies was a task of some difficulty and the hours passed swiftly. At last it was accomplished. I was not much worried about the future. With the exception of Emmons, all were veteran campaigners who, with fewer resources, had often faced miles of wilderness.

The sun had begun to sink in the west and Forbes did not return. I suggested that Emmons and I go in search of Forbes, and that Haskins remain to guard our stores and to fire a rifle shot to recall us if Forbes returned.

We struck out for the tree. My only fear was that Forbes had fallen from the tree and injured himself. It was not very arduous traveling, in spite of the creepers that beset our way. When we reached the giant conifer we looked about in surprise and horror. At our feet the mat of fleshy vines was broken and trampled as if a struggle had taken place. In the damp soil were the paw prints of a mammoth tiger.

We stood paralyzed. Then a rifle shot rang through the clinging air.

"Hurrah," I shouted, "it's Haskins! Thank heaven! Forbes has returned!"

Emmons fired a shot to answer the signal, and we turned and rushed toward the camp.

"No need of running," said Tom crossly, after a few minutes of breakneck pace.

"None at all," I replied, and we slowed to a walk.

But the dread in my heart was met by the look in his face; and before we were aware of it we were again running as if all the tigers of India were at our heels. Out of breath we burst in upon the place where our burdens lay piled ready for the journey. To our dismay no one was in sight.

"Haskins, Haskins!" I shouted. There was no reply. Again and again I called his name, when I was interrupted by a shriek from my comrade. I turned, only to see him crouching on the ground sobbing like a woman in hysteria. Before him lay Haskins's rifle, its stock in splinters and the steel barrel twisted into incredible contortions. The ground was splashed with

blood and covered with huge tiger tracks.

Emmons seemed frenzied with terror. "The sign of Markila!" he moaned. "We're doomed, doomed!"

"Tom," I cried, "for heaven's sake, brace up! This is bad enough, but if you let that cursed superstition get hold of you, you'll go mad! We must keep together and kill the brute, that's all!"

After a time Tom regained his nerve. We gathered great heaps of dead wood and built two fires. I was to watch the first half of the night and keep the fires blazing. Emmons rolled himself in his blanket and fell asleep, while I paced back and forth, throwing wood into the flames from time to time. I shall never forget the blackness of that night. The darkness fell in solid masses and pressed about us like a dense wall. The firelight did not radiate in the murk, but looked like two dull red balls in a sea of ink. No sound broke the tomb-like silence. The very insects refused to live in this accursed domain, barren of all animal life except the tiger-monster. At length my vigil was over and I woke Emmons to go on guard.

My experience had taught me the art of sleeping under all circumstances, and the next thing I realized the sun was shining on my upturned face. I shook off sleep and looked about. The fires were heaps of smoldering ashes. My first feeling was one of impatience with Emmons, who, I thought, must have fallen asleep in his watch. I walked around the extinct fires, but no sleeping form met my gaze. A cold shiver passed over me. In one place I saw a few drops of blood on the fallen leaves, and beyond them the fateful marks of the immense paws. Markila, tiger, god or devil, had added another victim to his score.

A wild panic seized me. Thenceforth I had no sense of time. I ran until breathless and then flung myself upon the ground, panting like a dog, until strength enough returned to enable me to run again. At night, I clambered into the branches of the stunted trees and, tying myself in my insecure position with portions of my clothing, obtained a little sleep. At dawn I would resume my headlong flight. It seemed as if something was always just at my heels ready to spring. A hundred times my flesh quivered in expectation of the awful claws rending me, yet I dared not look back.

One morning I passed the ghoulish tree with blood-dripping blossoms, near which we had camped the first night after entering Markila's kingdom. I had lost all perception of locality, but now hope revived in my heart, for I was not far from the boundary of this land of slaughter.

It must have been some time after the sun had passed its zenith when, directly in front of me, not more than a score of feet away, sprang the monster I had so long dreaded, towering above my head, its evil eyes gleaming with a demon's ferocity. But, at the sight of danger in tangible shape my self-possession returned. I never was cooler in my life. Quick as thought I threw my rifle to my shoulder and pumped the lead, one cartridge after the other, full into the breast of the beast. Any one of the bullets would have drained the life from any mortal tiger that ever trod jungle.

Was I mad? The balls from the Winchester fell harmlessly from his hide. The last shell in the repeater was emptied when the thing was upon me. A forgotten prayer of childhood came to my lips. The tiger put up his mighty paw and swept my useless weapon aside. And then, I swear, the Thing laughed, a horrible, shrieking, half-human, half-devilish burst of merriment. Its foul breath was hot in my face. A black mist floated before my eyes and consciousness left me.

How long I lay I know not. When I staggered to my feet the creature was gone. As my senses came back I recognized my locality. It was the very place where our doomed party had entered. I looked for the temple. It was not there. I walked on. Yes,

there was the Road of Death strewn with its ghastly fragments. But, God in heaven! The circle was complete! Freshly gnawed bones closed up the narrow gap in that ring of hell! I then knew why I had been spared.

Poor Emmons had furnished the last sacrifice required by Markila the Tiger God.

NOTE BY MATTHEW LONG, M.D., OF WISCASSET, ME.

The foregoing document was found among the papers of my late uncle, Abijah Long. My esteemed relative was a man of slight scholastic education, but he was possessed of a passion for botany combined with an adventurous spirit that gained for him an enviable reputation as an explorer. In his youth he had the good fortune to become the protégé of Professor Witherworth, whose monumental work, "The Known and Unknown Flora of the Old and New Worlds," is *the* authority on the subject both in Europe and America. It was finally my uncle's lot to lead into the heart of India a party, of which all the white members perished with the exception of himself. The hardships he endured seemed to have affected his mind. After his return he retired to his old home, seldom leaving it. He saw but few people, as he was very sensitive over a peculiar blood-red scar or mark upon his forehead. To mention this would throw him into a gloomy despondency for days. The strange story found among his papers accounts for his mysterious conduct in reference to this marking.

Monarchy Within the Republic

JOHN MARSHALL'S DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED POWERS—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

BY FONTAINE T. FOX

[CONCLUSION]

HAVING advanced thus far in the argument, let us ascertain who are the parties to this action—the real parties in interest and the matter at issue between them. By an injunction against the collector to prevent the payment of this tax the President was really enjoined from the execution of this law through the collector, whom he had appointed his agent for that very purpose — this injunction is therefore issued upon the asserted principle that the policy of this law was bad—that it was bad policy to enact a law by which the rich should pay a tax on their property to that government from which they had demanded, and had an inalienable right to demand, protection for that property.

If this law ought not in policy to have been executed for that reason, then it was bad policy to have enacted the law, and the injunction could not have been issued to prevent its execution unless and for the reason that the enactment of this law was bad in policy. To pass on the policy of a law by judicial decision is simply to assert the principle that Congress is not the judge of the policy of the public measures passed for the government of this people, but that the judges of the Federal court are. This Government was founded by this people, and by its organic law and according to its provisions this people have empowered and authorized their agents, the members of Congress, to pass such laws as they, and not the courts, may deem necessary for their government—among others to raise by law a revenue to pay the expense

of that Government. Consequently in deciding that it was bad policy to raise a revenue in this way the court was simply asserting the right to dictate to Congress what laws it should pass.

The issue, then, is extremely simple and very plain and the parties very clear. The parties are the Federal courts and the American people; the issue is, have the representatives, the agents of the people in Congress, the right to pass laws without the previous revision of the Supreme Court as to the policy of any particular measure before Congress? In other words, have we a representative government? What is left of the executive and legislative departments if this decision is law and the American people are to accept it or intend to submit to it? Has the Supreme Court abolished the executive department and absorbed the legislative?

But this decision has received very recent and alarming illustrations of the use to which it may be applied and the purposes which it may serve. Courts do not always fix the limitations of new principles originated by their judges, nor have they foresight to see how improperly they may be sometimes applied by other judges. Recent events have given to the Democratic platform of 1896 a startling and significant prominence and opened afresh the discussion upon that plank of the platform based upon the radical principles announced by the Federal court in these "Income Tax Cases."

Whatever may have been the folly, almost to a crime, of the declaration of the Chicago platform, the wisdom of its forecast has been most signally vindicated by the action of the Federal judiciary in the fall of 1897 to the striking miners in Pennsylvania. What was then denounced as a threat of revolution or an attempt "to array the masses against the classes" might well assert itself to have been a prophecy, and now a prophecy fulfilled.

I quote from the platform: "We denounce arbitrary interference by Federal authority in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution of the United States and as a crime against free institutions, and we are especially opposed to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which Federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the States and the rights of citizens, become at once legislators, jurors and executioners."

All that has been profoundly and impressively illustrated by Federal judges attempting by injunction to deny and prevent citizens of this country exercising their rights to meet and discuss their grievances, private or public, and to walk the open highways of their country, to go to their places of assembly. Its use was attempted to be justified for these purposes under the thin covering of the word "conspiracy," a word expressive of crime at common law. Ten thousand men cannot form a conspiracy under the common law, nor can an indictment be framed against a nation or people. One Federal judge undertook to enjoin a clergyman from preaching the Gospel of Christ to these miners.

Excuse me if I try to touch the root of this matter, because every man, woman and child, black or white, is involved in the settlement of this tremendous question that goes back home —to the very foundation of our Government—if it be true that all government rests upon the consent of the governed.

What is the underlying fact or the only great political principle which marks in letters of living light and separates English history from the history of all other peoples or nations, and from the womb of which every other principle of civil and religious liberty has come forth as her children? It is the grand principle or natural right of the people to meet in open assembly when and where they see fit to discuss their grievances, public or private, and to suggest or to provide the remedies of their correction. I

quote from Jefferson: "A right of free correspondence between citizens and citizens in their joint interests, whether public or private, and under whatever laws these interests arise (to wit: of the State, of Congress, France, Spain or Turkey), is a natural right; it is not the gift of any municipal law, either of England or Virginia, or of Congress; but in common with all other natural rights it is one of the objects for the protection of which society is formed and municipal laws established."

From the exercise of this right by the English people came representative government, and the people selecting men to represent them in an assembly to discuss their grievances and fixing a place for that assembly to meet. Representatives for the people became necessary by the growth in population after the assembly of the barons at Runnymede, who met for the same purpose and in the same way and used the common highways to that assembly as those murdered miners did at Hazleton. King John denounced them as traitors and called their action a conspiracy, but he did not dare to order his chief-justice to issue an injunction to prevent their assembly. If he had, those sturdy and indignant barons would have treated that writ with such lofty contempt as would have given a passing dignity to government by injunction.

If the people have not the right to meet in their original capacity as citizens to discuss their grievances, then they have no right to elect representatives to do it for them, and consequently no right to form a government founded on the principle of representation, by which authority is given to certain men as their representatives to discuss their affairs and to pass laws to remedy their wrongs. Is it to be wondered at that the saying was common in the early days of our Republic, "If you get below the skin of a Federalist you find a friend to monarchy"! Judge Stowe publicly announced, "We are the judges and the jury"—a most succinct and comprehensive formula for making a monarchy at once without passing through the throes and blood of a revolution. If the crime of conspiracy can be stopped by injunction, why not murder, theft, burglary—in fact, every crime known to the criminal code? It is an exceedingly brief, sure and comprehensive method, by which the land can be rid of crime and criminals. The slow and cumbersome process of indictment by the grand jury, trial by petit jury and sentence by the court are no longer needed—all expense is saved and taxation is reduced to almost nothing. Judge Stowe was uttering a striking commentary upon the history of the trial by jury. Its very beginning in English history can be traced back in a line as straight as a stretched string to this right of the people to assemble to discuss their affairs. The jury of twelve men trying a criminal or civil suit is the outcome of this right of government by representation when the people had become too numerous to decide their legal affairs in their natural capacity as citizens, as they did originally. They delegated the right and power to twelve men to represent them in such matters. Guizot, in his "History of Representative Government," says that "in these meetings, also, we discern the origin of the jury." I quote from page 302 of the same work: "Liberties are nothing until they become rights—positive rights formally recognized and consecrated. Rights, even when recognized, are nothing so long as they are not entrenched within guarantees. And lastly, guarantees are nothing so long as they are not maintained by forces independent of them in the limit of their rights. Convert liberties into rights, surround rights with guarantees, intrust the keeping of these guarantees to forces capable of maintaining them. Such are the successive steps in the progress toward a free government."

The framers of the Federal and State Constitutions thought they had entrenched the right of free correspondence of the citizens one with the other and the trial by jury in the organic

laws of the land, which all the judges swear to observe and execute when they enter upon their official duties. They fondly imagined these sacred rights, thus guaranteed to the citizens and entrenched behind and within a constitutional Gibraltar, could not be attacked, much less destroyed, by any power known to their dual form of government. The fundamental principle from which flows all representative government—government by the people—is the logical sequence of political development and the exercise of which has driven one king of England from his throne and country, brought another to the block and taught her judges obedience to the laws and respect for the people and their rights, has, in this land of written freedom, been by a Federal judge kicked out of his pathway as if it were a loathsome weed.

If it be true, as so often asserted by publicists, that this dual form or system of policy was an advance or an improvement in the art of government, and that its fixed and separate departments were a distinct and positive addition to the science of politics, we have indeed killed the hopes of progress if we have only changed the constitutional monarchy of England for the monarchy of a judicial court whose laws can only be known from the utterance of their opinions, and which may be dependent upon the whims of the court for their stability, upon its passions for their nature or upon its ambition for their objects.

The discussions of imperialism in the present day are proof of the almost inspired wisdom of the men who formed the Federal Constitution as it is, and not as it has been construed by the Supreme Court. Through the debates of the conventions of the various States which discussed it before its adoption there runs a strong, full current of positive fear that it would, under the undefined power of this court, lead to a centralized, consolidated government and ultimately to a monarchy, thus traveling the cycle of the history of all past peoples and nations. Their hope was in the States and their governments, and therefore they demanded more power for them—that is our hope and the last resting-place for the weary foot of Liberty in her long struggles. That fear would be greatly less and that hope greatly more if the Supreme Court had consulted the facts of our history and construed the provisions of the Constitution according to the reasons to be found in those facts, from the womb of which it came into being. But the court originated a new form of the doctrine of implied powers, adapted to the political fortunes and final exigencies of the old Federalist Party, as if the life of its principle in our Government and its administration was more valuable than the perpetuity of the Republic, and now what is the result? We are drifting—simply drifting—and our only hope is the State governments.

While the rights of the States are in reality what they originally were, yet the question of the future is, How can they recover the actual exercise of those undoubted rights in their courts, and the execution of their statutes, without some violent assertion of them, perhaps almost revolutionary in its nature, unless the Supreme Court will, in justice to its own dignity, its official oath and the patriotic consideration of the rights of the States, voluntarily retrace its steps, regardless of John Marshall's fame and name and intellectual domination? There were great men before Agamemnon—the race is not yet extinct.

The two schools of construction have based their theories on diametrically opposite principles—the school of strict construction on the theory of the rights of man being the starting-point of all government, and that therefore all government belongs to its citizens and rests upon the consent of the governed; the loose school of construction, on the theory of the rights of the government, that therefore the citizen has no rights outside of the provisions of the Constitution, and consequently, that the citizen belongs to the Government.

The ultimate political truth involved in the controversy is simply this—The government has no rights; only powers to do certain acts in certain ways defined in the letter of instruction (the Constitution) to the agent of the people (the Government), and when that letter needs construction to guide the agent in the execution of the duties and powers of its agency it must be construed according to the surrounding circumstances and facts which caused it to be written. The former might occasionally run into a license beyond the express powers of the Government to control. The latter is absolutely sure to destroy much of that liberty which is unquestionably necessary to keep this Government republican and dual in form and fact as organized by the fathers with the rights of the States in full exercise and vigorous health—the first, last and only stable anchor for the people in the assertion of the original fundamental rights of men.

Such is the government situation today under the construction of the Supreme Court according to Marshall's doctrine of implied powers that it is not a misrepresentation of the facts to assert that the American people have no Constitution, no government outside of the opinions of the Supreme Court. The judgment in the income tax cases was virtually an abolition of the whole instrument, for the same principle by the same logic applied to any law of Congress or department of the Government would inevitably reach the same conclusion.

And we who love this form of government and desire its permanent existence must wait with patience to see what the trusts and monopolies, the capitalists and corporations, will do or demand. History tells us what they can do if all combine, as they always have and always will, unless they have changed their nature because born on American soil.

Under the doctrine of implied powers, as applied by this court of last resort, and the vast and comprehensive spread of corruption and greed in the people and the craving for new fields for our commerce only to be supplied by conquest and its resultant military spirit, the ultimate question before the American people is easily and comprehensively put in this form—how soon before it will be in reality a monarchy?

This Republic could not exist half free and half slave, and this Government will not continue half republican and half colonial. Aguinaldo, or some other Jugurtha of our history, can soon come and take his stand on the "Capitoline Hill" at Washington, utter the old question as he looks abroad over our country, 'Oh, venal city and soon to perish, if thou canst find a purchaser!"

It is a remarkable coincidence that this dramatic event happened just after Rome had fully entered upon her career of wide and far-reaching colonial conquests. The republic was then in the agony of its death.

We have annexed the Island of Hawaii; we have thrown our protectorate over the Island of Cuba; we have made a conquest of Porto Rico; we have given poor, effete, exhausted Spain $20,000,000 cash for a chance in the game of war to conquer the Philippines; we have entered upon a career of colonial acquisition, the consequences of which cannot be foreseen, and the evil effects of which cannot be regulated or checked by the puny arm of finite man.

How are they to be governed? By consular agents, satraps, governors-general? No matter how or by whom governed, we have undertaken the guardianship of those countries, whose citizens are ignorant of the art of government and the science of law and unexercised in the rights of liberty. These great trusts will be sacrificed to the bankers, who are waxing fat on usury and speculation in the public funds; to enterprising merchants and manufacturers whose vast profits are used to shape Federal legislation in the interest of the rights of property as against the rights of man, and to the decayed politicians whose devoted services to their party impoverish their fortunes at home which can be easily

and rapidly regained through the undeveloped riches and resources of these outlying islands of the ocean, the storms around whose coasts will serve to prefigure the storms yet to be heard and seen in our capital.

And it was in the interest of these wicked classes, whose wealth is made without labor, that these conquests and revolutionary changes and radical departures in our Government were made. It does not require the utterance of a dogmatic theologian to announce that sin is an act of the self-will, and all history proves that governments never become rotten and fall to pieces until their citizens have become corrupt and places of trust have become a commodity in the mart of politics; and at such times self-will is the only guide, the only monitor listened to by scandalous politicians whose selfish aims furnish their only ideal of patriotism, or by bankers who demand a province as their security.

Mistress of these outlying lands, if their citizens are such that we cannot extend to them the rights and liberties of that common country and government of which they have become an integral portion, the days of our own self-government are at an end and our Constitution has lived its natural and appointed period and must give place to another order of political arrangement more adapted to the changed conditions of affairs. The revolution may be peaceful, may be guarded and may be conducted under the forms of the Republic, but it has unquestionably begun in obedience to the altered spirit which has sprung up in what are called the "upper classes" and among the "ambitious politicians." It was announced by the first gun fired in the war with Cuba. The shell is yet sound and whole, but it will some time be cracked by a Cæsar or a Cromwell, and not by a Washington or a William the Silent. That will close the last act of our historic drama, a fit ending to the final page of the history of the American Republic as it is today. Thus it always has been in history, and thus it always will be.

But why? Nations rise and fall into decay, but man remains, his virtues and his vices always the same, yesterday, today and tomorrow, and thus he goes round the cycles in the life of nations, planned or marked out by his virtues, but obliterated by his vices. Each plays its successive part upon the stage of politics when demanded by the times and their exigencies. Every government in the world, regardless of its form, is the national expression of its political citizenship. What the one is the other will soon become, and where the same causes operate in different nations the same effects will follow. For this reason alone history is a guide for the future.

If it is true, on the theory of John Marshall's doctrine of implied powers, that the Federal Constitution was too narrow in its powers expressly granted for the exigencies of its administration in its early history—and such must be the theory that originated this extraordinary doctrine—what will be the construction of this court in its application of this doctrine to the changed condition of our internal affairs and in all our external relations with other nations? Is not this court assuming legislative powers and dictatorial authority? Justice is the very bedrock of all government, and, no matter what its form, without justice each and every one is unlikely a tyranny. There is not today an election held in any State of the Union but that the charge of corruption and of injustice is made by one of the political parties against the other, and the cry of injustice, dishonest or really sincere, is heard from every tongue only as a prelude to a demand for military interference that justice may be done. But what one party demands as justice the other denounces as injustice to itself and as a justification for the use of the military, and in this way the preparations are made for future changes. Those acts are necessary for the success of one party and the defeat of the other which remembers and uses them in time for its own success, and the defeat of the one and the success of the

other unconsciously combine to produce these changes.

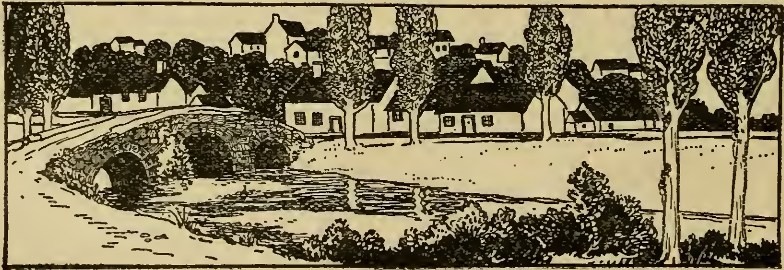
The common people, who, more deeply interested than the political leaders, do not note the real meaning and significance of passing events, permit this insidious and iniquitous precedent to grow into a right which becomes a law to itself as well as to them. These very decisions which we have been considering, coming from the very highest judicial tribunal known to our system of government, are proof, as clear as "confirmation of Holy Writ," that the deficiencies of its organic law could only be remedied by their canons of judicial construction which have not been based on the facts of its history. This court in its wisdom has tried it and pronounced it unable to perform its functions without the powers injected into it by that construction and its application of these implied powers originated, granted and operated through its own decisions.

Sarcasm may utter, in bitter words, its most cowardly malice; ridicule may wing its most delicate and sharpest shaft poisoned to its point with the keenest wit; caricature may sketch in its boldest outline its most grotesque and startling figures; patriotism may use again its time-honored platitudes expressed in its purest English and finest rhetoric, yet this question will listen to none of these, but will answer itself in its own way—it will follow the track of history, for it knows that way of old and needs no guide. It is its own unerring guide, and the path is rapidly being cleared of all obstacles so that its step will become faster and faster as it approaches the end of its manifest destiny.

Can it be possible that God, in His inscrutable providence, intends again to pass this people through the Revolution of 1776, or, rather, is it true that to this people all past history is a fable or a fraud?

I cannot end with words more fitting or impressive than these taken from "Junius" and addressed almost a quarter of a century before the American Revolution, to the people of England:

> Let me exhort you and conjure you never to suffer an invasion of your political Constitution, however minute this instance may appear, to pass by without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, today is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures, and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy. Be assured that the laws which protect us in our civil rights grow out of the Constitution, and they must fall or flourish with it. This is not the cause of faction or of party or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in this whole country.



Solution

THE SOUTH POLE—What use would we be if discovered?

THE NORTH POLE—I suppose the President might use me for a big stick.

President Roosevelt—"Now, Wilson, I want you to clean out every vestige of graft in the Agricultural Department."

Warren, in Boston Herald

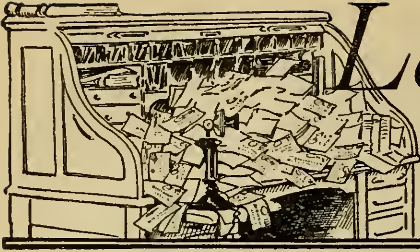
Another Bump Coming

De Mar, in Philadelphia Record

T. S. Sullivant, in N. Y. American

"Consarn 'em, I've got to watch 'em all the time!"

Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer



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.

Marion Nelson, Tatum, Tex.

I am sorry that your Magazine is not in the hands of every lover of liberty in these United States.

I reserved two sample numbers. I read one of them from start to finish. I gave the other one to a gentleman in another community, and will now give the one I have to a neighbor to read and pass it around through the country in hopes of getting at least a few subscribers.

William E. Pope, Knoxville, Tenn.

Your Magazine is the worthy work of a worthy man toiling for the greatest good of the greatest number.

J. S. Lee, Jr., Trout Creek, Mont.

Through my life I have been a careful student of history, both sacred and profane, and have watched the struggles of the common people for education and liberty, and the crushing effects of tyranny upon them. The dawn of liberty was the master force of our Revolution, and woe to the tyrannical government that attempts to stay its progress. The unseen intelligent forces governing the universe have so ordered it, and though this earth be deluged with the blood of man, yet those who remain will be free and equal and the mighty work will be accomplished in this century.

S. P. Dinsmoor, Lucas, Kan.

The Magazine is O. K. I could not improve it, but I think a stronger position on Government banking would help.

W. M. Hunter, Liberty, La.

I want to congratulate you for your loyalty to those principles that lead you out of the Democratic Party and on account of your persistent efforts to educate the people up to that high standard of patriotism that will enable them to shake off the shackles that bind them to boss rule and class legislation. You have many admirers in this country. You are stronger here than ever before. The principles you advocate are popular.

W. T. Stewart, Thomaston, Ga.

I am devoted to you and proud of you as a great leader of a noble cause.

I know, as we might say, you have been thrown into the fiery furnace and cast into the lion's den, but you have shown your faith true for the right cause, and the great nation is beginning to wake up to the fact that the cause you advocate is the only political salvation of this country.

I take the Magazine and consider it the finest reading matter I ever saw. You didn't even leave enough of Booker T. Washington to tell what went with the balance.

Success to you and the Magazine.

P. H. Larey, Battelle, Ala.

Your Magazine is on the right line to arouse the common people to a proper sense of the political condition of the country and the absolute necessity of present action. The ballot must come to the relief of an oppressed people in a few years hence, or the irrepressible conflict will be settled with the bayonet. Patriots prefer the former solution. Will the Hamiltonian spirit force a resort to the latter?

I approve your course, your methods. If the people can be aroused from their lethargy the country can be saved.

C. E. Reeves, Benton Harbor, Mich.

I note what you have to say in your June Magazine in "Our Creed" in regard to national money. I want to indorse all you say.

You remember John Wanamaker's four reasons why the parcel post, which he recommended, was not adopted. The reasons were the Four Great Express Companies. In the same way the bankers are the reasons why we get no currency reforms.

John S. Buttner, Rockwell City, Ia.
I am much pleased with your fearless Magazine and would not be without it at any price.

P. Harlow, Spokane, N. Y.
I like your editorials, and the stories in your Magazine are first class.

A. Page, Rodi Port, Miss.
I never saw any literature that I think half as much of as I do of the Magazine. It fills the bill. Nothing can beat it. Nothing can fill the place of this wonderful work. No man will dare reply to it in the way of criticisms. I have shown those magazines to several Democrats and they frankly acknowledged that they never saw anything to compare with it.

J. M. Hall, Hamilton, N. Y.
TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is always a welcome guest. If it has any fault it is in its binding.

James B. Lloyd, Tarboro, N. C.
The Magazine shows improvement with every issue. I read, with interest, Mr. Tibbles's article. I had a suspicion that "something was rotten in the State of Denmark" before his letter appeared in WATSON'S MAGAZINE. No reform can ever be accomplished through the Southern Democratic Party. It is corrupt now, and has always been so. It has no principle now, nor will ever have any.

Theodore C. Yinkans, Washington, Ind.
I am a subscriber to your Magazine, and am well pleased with it. Populist doctrine always pleases me. I have been voting that ticket all my life since I have been a voter.

D. H. Welch, Winchester, Ill.
I am still in the field for battle for the true Populist principles. Always ready to do my duty. I am an old ex-Union soldier and a Peter Cooper Greenbacker. Always on the line ready to fight. Can't be whipped or bluffed. Now is our time to fight. The enemy is getting scared. The Democrats in my State are coming to the Populists asking their advice.

John McBoyle, Lowe, Ida.
I have the copies of your Magazine issued for March, April, May, 1905, but am now far inland on a ranch claim. The three copies I have seen are strong, true and able. May I bespeak for your Magazine success, the wish and hope that it shall grow and increase as the months pass by? May it ring clear as a flawless bell for genuine Democracy, vibrate to the uttermost borders of this, be borne across the seas of other continents, spreading its light to the torpid, spiritless people that better days may draw nigh, a more complete self-mastery, fuller freedom; that our day of twenty-four hours shall be thus divided: Eight hours for labor, eight hours for sleep and rest, eight hours for contemplation, character-building, recreation, reading, and so on; that righteousness shall shortly reign as summer sunlight on the hills; that Justice shall be enthroned in every land; that all true relations may be recovered and established among mankind and nations; and that God may reign, supreme and splendid, over a people delighting in His law and enjoying the reasonable service and worship that we all owe unto Him.

I wish you the harmony of health, the inspiration of a full current of ennobling thoughts, the illumination that cometh from an acquaintance with the Divine Government as It sways the universe in movements majestic and orderly.

Joe Henry Eagle, Houston, Tex.
Your editorial on the question "Is the Black Man Superior to the White?" appearing in the June number of your Magazine, is a classic gem—Southern and American and philosophic to the core. Allow me to congratulate you, and also to wish the Magazine a full measure of success.

A. Leary, South Norwalk, Conn.
I like the Magazine immensely and shall do whatever is possible to promote its success. I am proud of the fact that I am one of the "old guard" that held aloft the banner of Populism in this State since 1884, and have been on the "firing line" ever since.

G. S. Floyd, Seattle, Wash.
My opinion, favorable in every respect, but would not suggest improvements for the reason that the business part of the enterprise is of prime consideration, and that I know comparatively nothing about it; I would say, however, that the fiction used in such a publication I consider a kind of necessary evil.

Henry L. Clark, Utica, N. Y.
I am a disciple of what is, to me, the new political faith, and read eagerly every word on political subjects contained in your glorious Magazine each month. I have realized for a long time that something was wrong, but kept along in the ranks of the Republican Party, blind to my own interests and to those of the people about me. Now I have awakened to life and begin to understand a little of what the something is that is wrong.

K. Graham, Robinsonville, Ala.

I have received every copy of your Magazine and am more than pleased. I am *proud* of it. You are hitting the nail on the head and making the sparks fly.

The Populist doctrine is growing and becoming more fixed every day.

Buck Barry, Walnut Springs, Tex.

Though nearing my eighty-fourth (84) year, nearly blind, and have to do my reading and writing through the eyes and ears of others, there is nothing I appreciate so highly as the corresponding contributors to your Magazine. They seem to be vigilantly at work trying to unearth the truth from beneath the rubbish that has been heaped upon it by political idiots and the indifference of the masses of the people, heaped upon it by the aspiring politician, pride and arrogance, falsehood and deceptive fraud, avaricious greed and, I might say, treason to individual liberty and free government. Without individual liberty and free equal rights, free government is a farce. I hope you will not suspend work until the slow and tardy steps of truth will finally overtake and put to flight the falsehoods and deceptive frauds that have been oppressing productive labor for so many years.

I admire your Magazine so much because it seems that you have planted it firmly on the platform that God Almighty made for His people to stand upon—that platform is "*Truth, Right* and *Justice.*" It is the platform upon which Jesus Christ sacrificed His life trying to carry it out; it is the platform that we should all strive to enthrone to rule over posterity. It is the just, right and sacred debt that we owe to the coming generations, and none but the miscreant or the traitor to free government by the people will repudiate it.

O. D. Hill, Kendalia, W. Va.

Tom Watson's Magazine is so good, so full of truth and wisdom, that I can hardly see how we could improve it. The times call and call and call for some true patriotic men like Tom Watson who will stand up for the right as God gives them to see the right and fight the battles for God's "great common people" and truth and righteousness. Liberty and Equity is the heritage of all the people, and if the Republic of Washington is perpetuated the principles as advocated by Tom Watson must become the policy of our Government. They are the voiced principles of a government of all the people by all the people.

John B. Gibson, Yatesville, Ga.

Inasmuch as I regard Mr. Watson as the foremost writer of political thoughts of today, so do I, in like manner, estimate his Magazine.

Irl Dean, Summer, Ia.

I am and shall remain an advocate of the Populist principles for all time.

W. M. Barnum, Director "Barnum's Midland Farmer," St. Louis, Mo.

As to *The Magazine*—"more power to it!" We are quoting and commending almost every issue. I hope to yet vote for Watson for President.

Tom J. Erwin, Mount Vernon, Ind.

I appreciate all the numbers. I think the July number is a hummer. Keep up the good fight. I hope to see you some day at the head of this Government. Ever yours for the cause of reform.

E. J. Anglen, Canton, Mont.

Tom Watson's Magazine is good enough for me. The only thing to make it win is to get everybody to read it. Brother Populists, after you read the Magazine pass it along to your neighbor and have him read it. Don't keep it lying on the table. I have three or four read mine.

R. A. Dague, Alameda, Cal.

I like your Magazine very much. You are doing a great and good work.

Richard S. Rogers, Winamac, Ind.

Have read every copy of your Magazine along with eight or ten others. We take it through our local news agent. Make all your Magazines as good as the August number, and she is a winner.

Stephen Lewis, Martin's Ferry, O.

I must say that I enjoy reading your editorial comments very much, and your way of calling things by their right name.

I do not like the color of the cover of your Magazine, and would like to see the color changed.

John Lloyd, Madisonville, Ky.

I was one among the first to subscribe. I could not get along without Tom Watson's Magazine.

George F. Fullinwider, "The Advocate," El Dorado, Kan.

I like the Magazine and heartily indorse the principles it advocates and the teaching it inculcates. I believe the time is coming when the financial strongholds of this country will crumble, the gigantic fortunes that have been wrung from the people melt away like frost before the noonday sun and the common people will have their rights. In order to bring this about, however, the very

reforms and the principles of the Populists will have to be not only adopted by a few, but inaugurated and engrafted into our Government, national, State and municipal, the great wall, which was constructed by the iniquitous McKinley tariff, will have to be razed and, in fact, there must take place the greatest political reform the world has ever known. I look for all of it; I hope for and confidently expect it.

E. B. Lamb, Grundy Center, Ia.

Your Magazine is gaining a large demand here. The newsdealer's supply gave out the second day.

William C. Green, Orlando, Fla.

I like your writings very much. You wield a trenchant and fearless pen, and your work must do good. I do not agree with you as to your conclusions in a political way.

C. F. Younkin, Great Bend, Kan.

I have been reading your paper and like it very much. In "Good Old Barton" County the People's Party men have not all gone to oblivion, and Kansas people are still loyal to the principles of good, sound doctrine enunciated in the People's Party principles.

The party has served a great purpose in bringing the great demands of the people to the front. There are many great changes that will eventually come, and we cannot expect it from the two older parties that have been in power these many years.

We trust that you will push the shots straight from the shoulder, and that your Magazine will continue to grow in strength and popularity in the minds of the masses of the people.

L. H. McAteer, Columbia, S. C.

As I have been an admirer of your policies, and am in full sympathy with you, believing that if your Magazine were circulated throughout this State, you would make many friends that do not know you. If you will send me a number of your Magazines I will circulate them and do all I can at spare moments to get them to read your Magazine. If they will read it, no question but that it will be one more added to your support. I would be pleased to assist in circulating it. I am a mechanic and have to be at my post every day, like all poor men with large families, but I will put in a word for you every chance I get.

M. H. Cole, Morgan, Tex.

I have just been reading your editorials in the August number of your Magazine, and am constrained to write and congratulate you on the ability and courage displayed therein. While I think you have tackled a stupendous job, I sincerely hope you may live long and grow in courage and faith to continue the good work so ably commenced. Oh, that we had a few more Tom Watsons to show up the greed, corruption and base idolatry in high places! If I were able I would subscribe for 100 copies of your Magazine just to distribute. I would like to keep my own and file them away for future reference, but I could never keep a good thing, and they go to others as soon as read. I do hope that you will get at the head of this great nation, for even that, I feel, will not be reward sufficient for your devoted labors in its behalf.

C. B. Kenton, Rensselaer, Ind.

I am much pleased with your work through the medium of the Magazine and confident of its results, especially in advocating government ownership of railroads.

Joel M. Berry, National Military Home, Ohio.

We are in sympathy with all publications that take scientific truth and reason for their basis with Equal Rights to all and special privileges to none.

I have introduced the Magazine to several of my comrades here in the Home, and so far have heard nothing but words of cheer in its favor. No amount of investigation can injure the truth, and the oftener a truth is repeated the brighter it shines. Nothing should be taught as true that cannot be demonstrated. All should be taught that there is nothing too sacred to be investigated, nothing too holy to be understood. Intelligence is the only light. It enables us to keep the highway, to avoid obstructions and to take advantage of the forces of nature. It is the only lever capable of raising mankind.

To develop the brain is to civilize the world. The noblest occupation is to search for truth; and with a truthful Magazine, such as Thomas E. Watson's, to publish them in, a vast amount of good may be done in a very neat way.

S. A. Hauser, Winston, N. C.

I can see no reason why the Populist and Socialist should not join forces and sweep the country in 1908. It can be done, and why not do it? There ought to be mighty efforts to unite the Socialist and Populist, Grangers, union laborers, or organized labor of every kind. Remember, in union there is strength. "United we stand: divided we fall." In the multitude of counsel there is safety.

E. U. Zellers, Athens, Ill.

I write you to express my appreciation of your Magazine, which I have read with great satisfaction.

Beginning with the first number, your

argument on the money question, and your remedy for the trust evil by government ownership seems to me to be exactly right, but there is one evil, to my mind the greatest of all in the world today, that in all your heroic battle for humanity you have not touched. I refer to the saloon evil or liquor traffic. Would you be willing to write an editorial on this question and publish in your Magazine? I vote the Prohibition ticket and would like, for the sake of the oppressed of this country, to support Populist principles also. Cannot we reformers get together by supporting everything good and fighting all evil?

George N. Falconer, Denver, Col.

I have read several copies of your Magazine; also your "Napoleon" and "Story of France." Nothing, however, has appealed to me so strongly as that editorial of yours in the August number, "Convalescent." By God! That page is surely from the story of your heart! That is great writing! But greater still is the man capable of writing such a life. I am your friend, Tom—always, here's my hand!

I shall take great pleasure in advancing the sale of your Magazine.

J. E. Reed, Collinsville, Tex.

I am a Democrat of the Jeffersonian type, but I have been a constant and candid reader of your Magazine from its very inception, and believe it is destined to become the most popular and instructive magazine of America and, therefore, a potent factor in the reorganization of the reform of the Populist Party. Mr. Watson, from the signs of the times we believe there is a reform wave coming, and that your efforts in behalf of reform are to be crowned by a term in the nation's highest executive chair. Pardon the personality, but I believe that you are more followed by the masses than any other man in American politics. You are spoken of with respect by all people regardless of party or party affiliations.

J. B. Dickey, St. Joseph, Mo.

I have been a reader of your Magazine from the first number and I find it to be a persistent advocate of the genuine Democratic doctrine of "Equal rights to all; special privileges to none," and no party, no matter under what name it fights its battles, can ever expect to reform and purify the politics of the country so long as its legislation favors the few to the detriment of the many. I voted for W. J. Bryan twice. In the last election I voted for you. If you continue to advocate the measures of reform which you now indorse—and I have no doubt that you will—in 1908 the party that embodies them in its platform, no matter under what name, will be *triumphant*.

B. M. Billings, Osage City, Kan.

The article by Albert Griffin, of Topeka, has brought up to my mind that old war horse and his past history, as I have known of him and his works. I heartily indorse every word he has written in the cause of reform. Your editorials are fine. The more you lambast the old Pluts the better you will suit me. I look upon Folk and Follette and Douglas as men worthy of all praise, and I would like to see the two former with Tommy in senatorial halls to shake up the dry bones of that ossified plutocratic assembly till the very walls should cry out for a change in the system that foists upon the nation a body of legislators that have no sympathy for the cause of the people.

I look to see great good come from the Magazine, and say godspeed to it in its course of educating the people.

A. T. Cole, Fargo, N. D.

I have been a reader of your Magazine, beginning with the first number issued. I am a "wicked Republican," and therefore may differ with you as to party in politics, but I believe I am in accord with you in principle, and also believe that the same is true of a vast majority of the people when they read your Magazine with the view of getting something good out of it, instead of finding a place for captious criticism.

I am reading with care your editorials from month to month, and while sometimes the language seems a little "vigorous," yet it certainly has a sound ring, and I believe will do much good.

It is comforting to note that your editorials are not aimed at the common, everyday, petty larceny criminals, whom everybody seems to think it popular to condemn, but at the "eminently respectable grafters" and thieves in high places, who, although many of them are now being exposed, seem to be able to so manipulate things, in court and outside, that they escape prosecution in most instances, and where prosecutions are had they fail to convict, because many of these are undertaken only in a "Pickwickian" sense.

I am not an alarmist, but our entire country certainly needs a shaking up and a "cleaning out," and nothing needs this "going over" worse than our courts. In the judgment of the writer, we have the best judicial system in the world, but it is sadly in need of a sifting out of its incompetents and corrupt members—and they are many.

I desire to say, still as a "wicked Republican," that it is certainly comforting to think that we have at least one magazine edited by a man who is not afraid to call things by their right names, in good, plain and vigorous English.

J. P. Taylor, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I think it is the most successful Magazine I know of. It is telling what everyone ought to know.

ATLANTA, GA., August 17, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

SIR: Will you please answer for me the following questions in the Educational Department of your Magazine?

(1) What are the principal bills that have been killed by the Georgia Senate that were passed by the House of Representatives that, in your opinion, were for the good of the State and for the benefit of the people?

(2) Could the State of Georgia get along without a Senate and only have the Lower House? And if so, what steps could be taken by the people to do away with the Senate?

(3) Which does the lobbyist watch closer, the House or the Senate?

(4) Do you think a judge should have the power to stop proceedings in the midst of a case and tell the jury to make a verdict? Would it not be better to leave the matter with the jury?

(5) Can the Supreme Court of Georgia reverse the decision of any Georgia jury, and if so, why have trial at all by jury? Why not make briefs of the case and send to the Supreme Court? In other words, does the Supreme Court not impair trial by jury? Have we had a Supreme Court as long as other courts? If not, please give us the origin and motive for the Supreme Court.

Do all States have jury commissioners, as Georgia has, to put names in the jury box? Do you think the Georgia system is fair? If not, tell us how it can be improved upon. Very respectfully,

—— ——.

ANSWER

First Question.—I would not undertake to mention all the good bills which the Georgia Senate has killed after the House had passed them, but the number is considerable. As a general thing, the House of Representatives is in closer touch with the people than the Senate is and responds more promptly to the will of the people.

Second Question.—The State of Georgia could probably manage to worry along without the Senate, but as long as political conditions remain as they are the corporations would control legislation just as they do now. Lobbyists would concentrate their attention upon the Lower House, and members of that honorable body would then, perhaps, demand something more than a pocketful of free passes before they sold out.

The most amazing thing about the present situation is the low price which corporations pay for legislative votes. The Southern members who annually sell themselves to Northern capitalists are certainly the cheapest lot of rascals on the face of the earth.

They don't get as much from Sam Spencer and J. Pierpont Morgan and August Belmont and Tom Ryan as the niggers used to get in the carpet-bag legislatures of Reconstruction times.

Third Question.—The lobbyist watches *both* Houses the closest. He never bats an eye on either. He comes to the Capital on the same train which brings the honorable member himself. If anything, he gets into the Capital "a leetle ahead" of the honorable member. And he becomes at once the jolliest friend the new member makes. He is flush and spends freely. The new member finds himself smoking ten-cent cigars, drinking stomach-stirring beverages, eating rarely delicious dishes and having a good time generally without it costing him a cent. And then the free rides! Oh, how that luxurious seat in the Pullman does make the Spartan virtues cave in!

Then, when a certain little bill bobs up in the House, how easy it is for the jolly lobbyist to persuade the honorable member that the author of the bill is a demagogue, that the corporations are the most long-suffering victims political persecution has ever known, and that *any* measure calculated to interfere with their conduct of their own business, in their own way, will be the ruin of "widows and orphans" throughout the land.

But while the corporations watch and control both Houses, the Upper House, being smaller and being the house of final resort, is their especial hope, reliance and bulwark. Count the number of railroad lawyers in the Senate and you will see what's what.

Fourth Question.—The modern way of trying law cases is not much better than spitting at a mark; but so long as we grind away on the present system, it is well enough to let the judge stop a case when the evidence shows such a state of things as makes *rule of law* clearly applicable and decisive of the result.

Fifth Question.—The Supreme Court of Georgia has the legal right to interfere with the verdict of a jury under certain conditions only. For instance, if the verdict is without evidence to support it, or is contrary to the evidence, or is plainly and decidedly against the greater weight of the evidence. This does not impair the right of trial by jury. The purpose is to prevent the *abuse* of the right of trial by jury. The jury remain masters of the situation to a very great extent, because *they are sole judges of the facts*, and most cases turn upon the facts.

We have not had a Supreme Court as long as we have had other courts. At first we had a convention of lower court judges, which acted in the place of a Supreme Court. This was found to be unsatisfactory, and it was thought best to have the higher court organized as a separate body, with a fixed place of sitting and a fixed membership; hence the present tribunal.

All States have some method of choosing names for the jury box, but they are not all like ours. In Georgia the system is liable to great abuses. The judge usually names as jury commissioners the men who are favored by the most influential lawyers at the Bar, and the commissioners so chosen sometimes reflect the personal, professional or political bias of the lawyers who secure their appointment.

Populists throughout Georgia were thrown out of the jury boxes by wholesale during the hot times of 1892, 1893 and 1894, and many of these names have never been restored to the lists.

An improvement in the present method would be to have the jury commissioners chosen by direct vote of the people.

CHICAGO, August 17, 1905.

Mr. Tom Watson.

DEAR SIR: I think an answer to the following would interest a great many of your readers. What, if any, effort has ever been made in Congress on behalf of workingmen to secure a duty on labor equal to the amount of the protection which the manufactured articles may get in the industry in which the labor is employed? In other words, the contention of the writer is that if shoes are protected by a duty of 25 per cent., the manufacturers ought to be compelled to pay a duty of 25 per cent. on every dollar they expend for labor that is sold to them by men who are not citizens either by nativity or naturalization of this country.

I have sent this question to many of the leading newspapers of this country, but no reply was ever vouchsafed.

Yours truly,

—— ——.

ANSWER

The above is very suggestive. Orthodox journals do not publish things of that sort, for the reason that they are dangerous.

The huge system of class-robbery called Protection is built upon false pretenses. American manufacturers are shielded from foreign competition upon the pretense that the "pauper labor of Europe" is a menace to American labor and that protective tariffs enable American capitalists to pay higher wages than are paid abroad.

If this claim were well founded and the tariff schedules were framed solely with the view of protecting American labor, it would be sufficient in each case to levy a Custom House duty *equal to the difference* between American wages and foreign wages.

Is the tariff *ever* fixed on that basis?

Never.

A few years ago I made a study of this phase of the protective system and discovered some facts which illustrate the true spirit of all tariffs.

The market price of steel rails was then $37.50 per ton. The tariff duty was $17 per ton.

If the duty was put there for the benefit of the American wage-earner, he should have got $17 per ton for the labor involved in turning out a ton of steel rails.

How much *did* he get? He got $4.09!

In the production of pig iron, the price being $11 per ton, the tariff duty was $6.72 and labor got $1.64.

A car wheel of 500 pounds sold for $13. The tariff duty was $12.50.

Now, how much do you suppose the laborer got for his work in producing the wheel?

He got 85 cents.

The illustrations could be continued indefinitely. They prove the true inwardness of all tariffs—to enrich one class at the expense of all others.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, challenged the Protectionist senators to levy the tariff duties so as to give to American laborers the full protection of 50 per cent. which it was claimed would be necessary to equalize wages here and in England.

The Protectionist senators did not accept the challenge.

Thomas E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: (1) Would you advise a young man to spend four years in college securing a *general* education before specializing on one study or occupation?

(2) Which is preferable, the law school or the law office in order to study law? If you had your life to go over, would you go to a law school for your law education?

(3) What do you think of the journalistic field for a young man, provided he is first fit to be an editor? What do you think of

law for a young man who is willing to work? Which would you prefer?

(4) Do you believe it essential to read much fiction in order to get a deep and thorough knowledge of human nature and life? Please give your opinion of Hugo's "Les Miserables."

—— ——.

ANSWER

First Question.—I would not. If you are going to specialize, don't waste four years in a *general* course in college. Unless you yourself expect to become a professional teacher, you only need a thorough English education as a basis for specializing for an occupation.

Second Question.—A law office school is the better training, provided you *study* as well as work and do not linger as office clerk too long.

No. If I had my life to go over I would study twelve months with some successful lawyer, learning how office business is done, how papers are drawn, etc., and then I would branch out for myself.

Third Question.—I think so highly of journalism and law that I have dipped into both. Journalism is a noble field, rich in reward of many kinds. "The tools to him who can use them." If you have the talent to be an editor, sail in.

I know one editor who earns and gets $47,000 per year. I know others who make and get less.

In confidence, I don't mind telling you that I am one of these "others."

As to law, it was my first love. I stuck to it for twenty-odd years. The fees I made in the court-house would amount to a great deal more than my weight in gold. If I were once more a young man I think I should again prefer the law.

Fourth Question.—It is doubtful whether you would ever learn much about human nature and life from reading fiction. Sir Walter Scott, for example, was a Tory, Charles Dickens a hopeful Democrat, Thackeray a good-humored cynic and Bulwer a star-gazing idealist.

Could you really come to know human nature and life by reading all these men wrote? I doubt it. One month in New York City during the winter would teach you more than all these novels.

Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" is a masterpiece of its kind, a wonderfully pathetic story of suffering and sacrifice.

ASHEVILLE, FLA., August 2, 1905.

Thomas E. Watson, Esq., New York.

DEAR SIR: I desire to know, through the Educational Department of your Magazine, the effect on international trade should this Government discontinue the use of gold and silver coin and gold and silver certificates and adopt a money system based on the Government's credit. Yours truly,

—— ——.

ANSWER

Here's another wayfaring brother who is afraid that we may get hold of a currency which will not be "good in Europe."

Why not let *Europe* sweat over this question a while? Should we eternally talk in our sleep about things which Europe may like or not like? Why not fix things as *we* want them and then let Europe hitch on?

During the campaigns of the nineties I used to hear fog-horn Democrats, whose available cash assets had never amounted to ten dollars, almost froth at the mouth as they proclaimed their determination to have "a currency which will be good in Europe." Being interpreted, this meant gold, of course.

Answering my Florida friend, I beg to suggest that international trade balances are rarely paid in coin. Credits are transferred, drafts drawn, bills of exchange furnished, etc.

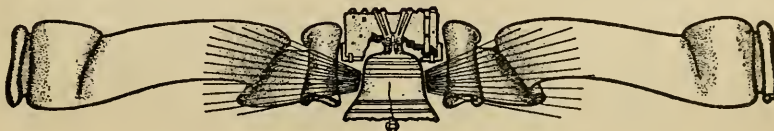
Nearly all great American financial institutions have European correspondents or branch houses—and *vice versa.*

With the utmost ease any amount which an American owes in Europe can be paid in European money provided the American first satisfy the American banker with American money. In like manner, any sum which a European owes to an American on a trade balance can be paid in American money (*no matter what that money may be*), provided he first satisfy the European banker with European money.

My Florida friend should remember that this business of international exchange is a regular part of the banking business.

But I must add that the Populists do not demand the "discontinuance" of gold and silver as money. We stand for the money of the Constitution as that instrument has been construed by the Supreme Court—gold, silver and full legal tender papers. This was the currency of Jefferson, of Madison, of Jackson, of Lincoln.

The People's Party merely demands that the system of currency devised by our fathers and practiced by our greatest men be restored to us.



"WE believe that the United States ought to establish a parcels service. There are instances in which the express companies depend upon the Post-Office Department for facilities for which they charge the public extortionate rates.—*Cleveland Leader.*"

The demand for a parcels post, as voiced through the newspapers of the country, is becoming stronger than ever. Other advanced nations have long made the transportation of parcels part of the work of their post-office departments, and the *Leader* argues that the service could be made to pay its way from the start.—*New York Herald.*

IN Norway on payday saloons are closed and savings banks are open until midnight.

Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract at public registry office.

There is a telegraph box on every street car. Write message, put on right number of stamps and drop into the box.

Young farmers can borrow money from the Government at 3 per cent.

Illiterates: Two men in 1,000 in Sweden, three in Norway and Denmark, seventy-eight in Russia, which wants to "improve" Norway and Sweden by dividing and conquering them; 13.6 even in England.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

IT is a great mistake to suppose that every rich man is money-mad, for many rich men are money-sick, and it is a still greater mistake to suppose that the only money-mad people in the world are rich people. A man who is poor but bent on becoming rich is much more likely to be money-mad than a man who has an independent fortune, only he shows it in a different way. A man of large fortune who is money-mad shows it by his continued activity in money-making. The poor man who is money-mad shows it by envying and hating those who are more successful.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

NOTHING, not even the Equitable scandal itself, furnishes so strong an argument in favor of the Federal regulation of life insurance as does the general relation of the insurance companies to the insurance departments of the several States. In general it may be rudely stated that the insurance officers blackmail the insurance companies or that the insurance companies own the insurance officers. Here in this State the best opinion is that the latter practice has prevailed, and that the whole legislative relation of the State to insurance has been practically controlled by the companies. The law has been framed at their dictation and has been administered at their discretion. —*New York Sun.*

THE Philadelphia gang of pirates, with their heads just a little above the water, are shouting to each other, "The tide is running our way now." Yes, and the penitentiary will be running the same way before the run is over.—*Valley View, East Grand Forks, Minn.*

PHIL STERN, a former member of Mayor Knight's Civil Service Commission, has announced his candidacy for Mayor on the Democratic ticket. In a statement given to the press yesterday Mr. Stern gives his views on some reforms in municipal government. Whether or not Mr. Stern will ever be nominated for Mayor is difficult to anticipate, but his statement is interesting to the new generation of voters. Not that he has advanced any particularly new ideas as to needed reforms, but his views indicate that he is thinking along the right line. He has the democratic idea of popular government, and it is an excellent thing to observe that the younger men are giving thought to those questions.—*Buffalo Evening Times.*

THE Diamond Match Trust recently declared a dividend of 25 per cent. on $15,000,000 capital stock. This is the result of a protective tariff that prohibits the importation of matches made in other countries into this country. The men who make the matches do not derive any benefit from it, but the Trust stockholders are adding to their millions and the fool people foot the bills, just to save their old parties. A big profit is in matches at forty cents a gross.—*Dalton (Ga.) Herald.*

The Anti-Trust law does not reach such trusts as the Steel Trust. The Steel Trust is one corporation, not an agreement of corporations. Teddy, the "trust buster," has never recommended the passage of a law to reach such monopolies as the Steel Trust, Sugar Trust, Lead Trust, etc.—*Missouri World.*

Making money is not all there is to life. Neither is growing big crops all there is to farming. Make your home attractive. Widen the lawn and level up the holes. Make grass and shrubbery and flowers beautify and adorn the premises. You will think more of home, and your children will better enjoy staying on the farm.—*Farmers' Advocate, Topeka, Kan.*

"Of course, it would be a bad thing to have a Democratic President, but it would be better to have a Democrat like Folk than a Republican like Spooner, Depew, Elkins, or any of that class.—*Lawrence World* (*Republican*)."

This is another "straw" showing that the tendency of the times is toward independent political action. You can scarcely pick up a paper of influence, either Democratic or Republican, that does not give expression to independent sentiment. When the independent voters take the place of the hidebound partisans the political millennium will have arrived.—*Independent Review, Garnett, Kan.*

Continuous reports coming from the Panama Canal prove conclusively that political preference and graft, coupled with horrible sanitary conditions, are about the best the people are getting out of the gold brick foisted upon them by the DeLesseps, aided by J. Pierpont Morgan and a few of his friends.—*Ex Porte, Florence, Col.*

The Legislature of the State of Georgia has rejected a child labor bill intended to protect thousands of children of tender age from premature death in the factories.

Thousands of young lives are being gradually turned into dollars in the mills of the State.

The money-owners that have built the mills are delighted with their dividends.

The cotton is there—Cheap.

The little child lives are there in plenty—Dirt Cheap.

If those thousands of children were taken, killed painlessly, made into sausages and sold in the public markets, the child-killing factories would do the very work that they are doing now. But they would do it more humanely, more kindly.

Fortunately, the People of Georgia must not be held guilty for this crime against human nature.

The bill has been beaten by the human vermin sent to the Legislature, and that put themselves up for sale to the highest bidder.

The highest bidder in this case—the only bidder, in fact—is the man that wants to grind up children in his industrial slaughterhouse. So the bill was beaten, and the children must go on passing through the mill and out into the graveyard until the people shall speak loudly enough to make even the miserable thieves in the Legislature hear and understand.—*New York American.*

Since it became fashionable for Republican papers to expose the exactions of the trusts and graft in public office we old Pops have enjoyed a well-earned rest. We are patiently awaiting to see some remedies applied. When the Pops denounced the trusts they also proposed remedies, but in spite of this they were bawled out of court as "calamity howlers." What name will meet the requirement when the party whip cracks and all the present old party organs align themselves to support the same old system in the next campaign?—*Willmar* (*Minn.*) *Tribune.*

Attorney-General Moody's statement, after his interview with the President, that the "entire criminal law of the United States badly needs revision," is doubtless a reflection of the difficulty which he has found in fitting the statutes to the offenses of Government employees. It is probably as true that the criminal codes of the various States need to be brought level with the ingenious modes of evading them. Criminal prosecution of certain financial buccaneers would be easier, and more likely to result in convictions, if the law more precisely foresaw and penalized their operations. The efforts of delinquents to steer clear of the law are not unlike the old struggle between the maker of guns and the maker of armor. Each has to study the improvements of the other. There have been many refinements in the methods of our superior criminals, and there is little doubt that the laws should be more carefully drawn, so as to prevent their slipping through the meshes.—*New York Evening Post.*

Would you believe a man who had done nothing but lie to you for the past forty years? Certainly not. Then why will you go on believing the Republican and Democratic parties? Both of these old parties are notorious liars.—*National Rip-Saw, St. Louis, Mo.*

Government ownership of the public highways, and the making of all money and the control of its quantity, are two things that seem to us necessary to stop the "system"

in its high-handed career. Mr. Lawson can see no relief outside the stock market. According to Mr. Lawson, relief will not come from the courts, because, as he explains, corporations "do not hesitate to suborn perjury, bribe juries and pay judges for favorable decisions." So without hope from courts or the ballot, he seems to rely on the cure of refusing to buy stocks or bonds.

The cure is to take possession of our own and use our ballots. Plutocracy, the greed of gain and the tendency of the strong to oppress the weak can only be prevented by the people. If they fail to do the governing they must expect to be ground to dust. Plutocracy or Democracy: One must rule. —*American Standard, Frankfort, Ind.*

The express companies once had a monopoly of transmitting money and charged exorbitant rates for the service. Then the Government went into the business and reduced the rates. The express companies were compelled to come to the Government rates or not get any business. Now, why can't the Government add to its postal system the carrying of parcels, say up to ten or twelve pounds weight, and a telegraph and telephone system? The latter are just as legitimate and necessary as the former. In England they have the parcels post and the Government telegraph, and they save the people millions of dollars. A majority of postmasters-general have recommended it and the people demand it, yet the Congress fails to enact the necessary laws.—*Wabaunsee Picayune, Alma, Kan.*

The Panama Canal will become an educator. After the completion of the Canal every subscriber to the *Ohio Liberty Bell* will be presented with a year's subscription free. Now's your time, don't delay. In the meantime, let me tell you a story: A Pole, a Hungarian, a Bohemian, three ne'er-do-wells, sauntered down the street past a pawnshop. The Pole said, "We ought to nip that gold watch"; the Hungarian said, "Yes, that *is* a good idea"; the Bohemian said, "I *have* it." When we are ready to get a parcels post or postal notes, the party in power will gobble up the *Idea* and take credit for it all. Well, that is what we are here for. Our forefathers, great reformers that they were, never lived to see their wishes established, and sons of their opponents fulfilled their cherished reforms.—*Ohio Liberty Bell.*

Three United States senators have been indicted and two have been tried and convicted of serious crimes involving corruption and graft during their administration. The percentage is about in the same ratio as the ordinary criminal, the difference being only in the degree of punishment. A negro steals a ham and is sent to the penitentiary; a senator steals a whole county and a railroad and gets a fine and a bundle of sympathetic telegrams sent by his colleagues on a frank.—*Marietta (Ga.) Courier.*

Last February J. J. Eager, State Chairman of the People's Party, of Texas, appointed Hon. H. L. Bentley, of Abilene, Tex., as State Organizer. Mr. Bentley began work in April. On June 5 Chairman Eager issued a proclamation fixing July 15 as the day for Texas Populists to meet and, in their several school districts, organize Old Guard Clubs. On August 15 Organizer Bentley reported that clubs had been organized in 102 counties, and that he was in close touch with 39 other counties where clubs could soon be formed. In the 102 counties there were 277 clubs fully organized "or in definite process of organization," and Mr. Bentley had letters from 71 other clubs, where enrollment had been done, but the crop season being on, the members had postponed election of officers. Organizer Bentley confidently expects to have an Old Guard Club fully organized and holding regular meetings, in at least 1,000 Texas school districts by January 1, 1906. —*Abridged from Cleburne (Tex.) Watchman.*

(Tom Watson's Magazine hastens to congratulate Mr. Bentley upon this splendid showing, and desires to urge upon Texas Populists the necessity of assisting him financially and otherwise in the great work he has so well begun. Send Mr. Bentley a $5 bill if you can spare it—or $1, 50 cents, 25 cents, as fits the case. It will be wisely expended for the cause of Populism, in perfecting an organization which can be a great power in 1906—and a winner in 1908. Don't be skeptical. Missouri was once hopelessly Bourbon. There are farmers enough in Texas to win the day—if they will stand together.—The Editors.)

One of two things is certain: Bank officials who have gone wrong are wonderfully smooth in covering their tracks, or else bank examiners are not doing their duty properly. When crashes come, due to defalcations or reckless management, it is always shown that the wrongdoing has been going on for months and sometimes for years. In the meantime the bank has been examined several times. Why do the examiners not find that something is crooked? If they do, why do they pass the matter in the hope that the bank can worry along somehow instead of at once protecting the depositors? It looks like examiners are needed who will examine. If these officials cannot detect mismanagement, what is the use of having them?—*Rockville Republican, Rockville, Ind.*

FROM AUGUST 8 TO SEPTEMBER 7, 1905

Government and Politics

August 10.—President Roosevelt addresses a meeting of miners at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The New York Legislative Committee select James McKeen and Charles E. Hughes for counsel and Joseph H. Choate as adviser in the investigation of insurance companies.

Japan presents her peace terms to the Russians and the convention adjourns, pending consideration here and in St. Petersburg.

August 11.—Secretary of State Root resigns as a director from several corporations to be free from corporate influence.

President Roosevelt addresses the Chautauqua Assembly on the Monroe Doctrine.

President Roosevelt notifies Minister Rockhill to warn the Chinese Government not to disregard her treaty with the United States.

August 12.—The trial of the Beef Trust is set for October 2, at Chicago.

The States of Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas raise a fund to fight yellow fever and maintain quarantine.

Battleship *Kansas* launched at Philadelphia.

August 17.—The National Reciprocity conference forms a permanent organization and arranges for a committee to prosecute plans for extending the foreign markets of American producers.

President Roosevelt will send ex-Minister Conger to China to check the boycott.

Chairman Shonts admits the Isthmus of Panama to be in an unsanitary condition, and that commissaries must be established.

August 19.—Contempt proceedings are begun against several railroads, in Kansas City, for violating the rebate rulings.

The United States informs China that unless the boycott on American goods is stopped, negotiations for the new treaty will be abandoned.

August 21.—The National Irrigation Congress meets at Portland, Ore.

The Court of Inquiry for the investigation of the *Bennington* explosion orders Ensign Charles T. Wade court-martialed.

August 23.—F. A. Peckham, a New York broker, is arrested for conspiracy in the Government crop report leaks.

General Wood visits President Roosevelt to discuss conditions in the Philippines.

August 24.—The Citizens' Union asks William Travers Jerome to accept the nomination for Mayor of New York City, instead of running for District Attorney.

August 25.—President Roosevelt spends fifty minutes under water on the submarine boat *Plunger*.

E. S. Holmes, Jr., is indicted for conspiracy to defraud the Government in the cotton reports.

Moses Haas is indicted as one of the conspirators in the crop report leaks.

The Equitable files answer to the suit brought by the State of New York, and joins with the State in a prayer for relief.

August 30.—Secretary Bonaparte orders Captain Young and Ensign Wade court-martialed on account of the disaster to the *Bennington*.

The New York Legislative Committee decides to investigate the record of State Superintendent of Insurance Francis Hendricks.

President Roosevelt is praised by all the European powers for bringing the war between Japan and Russia to an end.

General Wood declares himself in favor of free trade for the Philippine Islands.

It is generally conceded that President Roosevelt will be given the Nobel Peace Prize, valued at $40,000.

August 31.—The Treasury deficit reaches $50,000,000.

The Republicans, the Citizens' Union, the Municipal Ownership League and the German-American League unite against Tammany and will put up a candidate for Mayor of Greater New York on a Municipal Ownership platform.

September 1.—The Legislative Committee will investigate the Equitable's loan of $250,000 to the Depew Improvement Company.

September 2.—The envoys finish work on the peace treaty.

Mr. Jerome announces that he will not

run for Mayor of New York on any ticket, but will ask for re-election as District Attorney, as an independent.

September 4.—Francis B. Loomis resigns as Assistant Secretary of State, and Robert Bacon, of New York, is appointed to succeed him.

September 5.—President Roosevelt requests Public Printer F. W. Palmer to resign.

September 6.—Drivers of United States mail wagons strike in New York City.

Investigation of the life insurance companies in New York shows that the big mutual companies are controlled by one, or a few men.

Governor Folk, of Missouri, will pay his own railroad fare to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and insists that each member of his staff do the same.

The Interstate Commerce Commission finds *prima facie* evidence of flagrant rebates given by the Great Northern Railroad.

The Maryland State Republican Convention adopts a platform decrying negro domination, and expressing an unalterable opposition to social equality.

September 7.—The insurance investigation shows that officers of the Mutual Life Insurance Company are interested in syndicates, and use the money of the company for syndicate purposes.

General Home News

August 8.—Thirteen persons are killed by the collapse of a department store in Albany, N. Y.

Telegraphers on Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads return to work, ending the strike.

The Jews of New York City decide to present an appeal to M. Witte in behalf of their kinsmen in Russia.

August 10.—The Westinghouse interests form a new syndicate which absorbs the Niagara Power Company.

The Louisiana Board of Health reports the spread of yellow fever to the sugar plantations. Total number of deaths to date is 126.

August 13.—Twelve persons are killed and twenty-five injured in a railroad wreck near Lorain, O.

Efforts are made to clean all fever-infected districts in New Orleans.

August 14.—Twelve deaths result from yellow fever at New Orleans; total to date, 173.

The strike of the New York bakers ends.

August 15.—Six more deaths from yellow fever occur in New Orleans.

August 16.—According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission there are 297,973 miles of railroad track in the United States.

A landslide in a quarry at Ormrod, Pa., kills eighteen.

The National Reciprocity Convention meets in Chicago.

Mayor Dunne stops all tunneling in Chicago until methods are perfected to prevent the sinking of streets and buildings.

One hundred and eighty-eight deaths to date is the yellow fever record in New Orleans. The fever seems to be confined to Italians.

August 20.—There are forty-five new cases and four deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans.

August 22.—Seventy sailors on the Hamburg-American liner *Deutschland* desert in New York because of the inhuman treatment of the officers in driving a lad of seventeen years to suicide.

August 23.—Roy Knabenshue sails five miles over New York City in a new airship.

Yellow fever spreads to several small towns near New Orleans.

August 24.—Seven more deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans.

Dr. G. A. Witzhoff is arrested in New York charged with having married about fifty wives.

Dr. John F. Russell, of New York City, discovers a new cure for consumption. More than fifty patients have been cured during the past six months.

August 27.—Thirteen more deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans. Natchez, Miss., also reports many cases.

August 28.—The steamship *Peconic* sinks near Fernandina, Fla., and twenty of her crew are drowned.

Five more deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans.

Total number of cases to date 1,788, and 260 deaths.

August 30.—Thieves remove an 800-pound safe containing $20,000 worth of jewels from a home in Stamford, Conn.

A cyclone sweeps Carbondale, Pa., destroying twenty homes; no lives were lost.

Yellow fever has spread from New Orleans into Mississippi. Four more deaths at New Orleans.

The Subway Tavern, dedicated by Bishop Potter, fails.

The cattle raisers and sheep men are again at war in Wyoming. Masked cattlemen attack one sheep camp, killing 8,000 sheep.

August 31.—Senator Depew pays back the $250,000 loaned the Depew Improvement Company by the Equitable.

Professor John Baldwin, aeronaut, is blown to pieces by dynamite while making experiments in a balloon 1,000 feet up in the air.

September 1.—Two thousand five hundred sheet-metal workers strike in New York City, stopping work on many big buildings.

September 4.—Two persons are killed and thirteen injured in a trolley car collision near Charlton, Mass.

Severe storms cause much damage to shipping on the Great Lakes. The *Sevona* sinks in Lake Superior and seven of her crew are drowned.

Labor Day is observed throughout the United States.

September 5.—Yellow fever continues to spread in Mississippi. Deaths at New Orleans to date number 294.

September 7.—Three persons are killed and many injured by the collapse of a tenement house in New York City.

The mail drivers' strike in New York City fails to accomplish anything.

Colonel George Harvey dines M. Witte and Baron Rosen at the Metropolitan Club, New York City.

The thirty-ninth annual encampment of the G. A. R. is held in Denver.

Foreign

August 8.—A Russian gunboat destroys the town of Castelli, Crete.

The Czar of Russia consents to call an Assembly to enact reforms.

August 9.—Twenty thousand laborers strike in Riga, Russia.

Ex-Minister Wu Ting Fang declares that the Chinese boycott of American goods is thoroughly organized and that the Chinese exclusion act should be modified.

Negotiations for peace are begun at Portsmouth.

Seven more deaths result from yellow fever in New Orleans, making a total of 123.

Striking Hebrew bakers wreck several stores in New York City.

August 10.—Norway reports the rescue of the Ziegler Arctic expedition by a relief party under W. S. Champ.

St. Petersburg advices state that discriminating duties on American machinery will be removed.

August 11.—Serious famine riots spread throughout Spain.

An unsuccessful attempt is made to assassinate the President of the Argentine Republic.

Despatches from Manila state that Secretary Taft promises the Filipinos an Assembly in 1907, if no insurrection then exists.

M. Witte rejects Japan's terms for peace.

August 12.—Two socialists are killed, eighteen wounded and 400 taken prisoners near Warsaw.

The Venezuelan Congress votes an appropriation of $11,000,000 to pay off foreign debts, and increase her army and navy.

Ruins of an ancient Roman city are unearthed in Hampshire, England.

American surgeons at Manila discover a cure for leprosy.

The Japanese envoys receive the reply of the Russians to their demands and ask to consider each term separately.

The Japanese army is in position to attack the Russians if no agreement is reached by the peace envoys.

August 13.—The Venezuelan Government buys twelve batteries of Creusot guns costing $1,000,000.

Norway decides, by an almost unanimous vote, to dissolve the union with Sweden.

The Chinese boycott of American goods cannot be stopped by Chinese authorities.

August 14.—One thousand laborers in Andalusia, Spain, are reported without necessities of life. Troops have been sent to quell the riots.

Canada decides to strengthen her fortifications at Quebec and Kingston to better guard the entrance to the St. Lawrence River.

M. Witte has a conference with leading Jewish bankers of New York.

The peace envoys agree on three of Japan's conditions.

The Russian Sixteenth Army Corps is ordered to leave for the front on August 17.

August 15.—The peace envoys agree on two more demands.

Many people commit crimes in Spain to be put in prison where they can get food.

China reports that the boycott of American goods is a failure outside of Shanghai.

August 16.—The Chinese Government orders the Viceroy at Shanghai to suppress the boycott on American goods.

Panama merchants protest against establishing commissaries on the Isthmus.

British and Russian troops fight insurgents in Crete.

Plans to have Prince Charles, of Denmark, elected King of Norway fail, and Norway will become a republic.

August 17.—The Czar of Russia authorizes the issuance of a $100,000,000 5 per cent. loan.

Because of a yellow fever epidemic, Honduras will ask the United States Marine Hospital service to take charge of the situation.

Chinese rebels surprise Dutch posts and kill several officers in the Dutch East Indies.

Japan is reported buying more modern guns.

August 18.—The Peace Conference adjourns to August 21; it is uncertain that the envoys can agree on terms.

The Czar of Russia fixes January next as the date for an Assembly to meet. Owing to its limited powers no reforms are expected.

The Cuban Senate refuses to open Cuban markets to American rice.

The International Typographical Union adopts an eight-hour workday, to begin January 1.

Two German officers, two missionaries, one

bishop and seventeen Sudanese soldiers are massacred by the natives of German East Africa.

August 19.—President Roosevelt holds a conference with Baron Rosen and urges peace.

Weather conditions have forced an armistice in Manchuria.

The Czar appoints commissioners to discuss procedure for elections to the Duma in Poland and other districts.

August 20.—Russia decides to make no further concessions to Japan's demands.

Lord Curzon disapproves the new army administration in India and resigns; King Edward has appointed the Earl of Minto as his successor.

The Japanese Cabinet meets and discusses peace terms.

August 21.—Revolt breaks out in Poland. Eight persons are killed in Warsaw and martial law is proclaimed.

August 22.—At a public meeting in Moscow the people demand immediate civil rights.

Russians murder eighteen Japanese sealers off the coast of Kamchatka.

President Roosevelt brings strong pressure to bear on the envoys for peace.

Latest despatches from Tokio and St. Petersburg indicate that both Japan and Russia will make more concessions.

August 23.—Japan and Russia almost agree on terms. Russia declares the war will not end if she has to pay indemnity. President Roosevelt sends a long message to the Czar advising acceptance of Japan's terms.

August 25.—The Czar of Russia replies favorably to President Roosevelt's overtures to make concessions for peace.

Drunken Russian troops kill women and children at Bialistok, Russia.

August 27.—The conference of the peace envoys is postponed one day to allow Japan time to reply to President Roosevelt's request for concessions.

The Russian army is completely blocked by Marshal Oyama's lines.

August 28.—Japan makes more concessions to Russia, hoping to secure peace.

August 29.—The envoys of Japan and Russia agree on terms for peace. Japan agrees to no indemnity, and withdraws her claim for the interned Russian ships in neutral ports. Russia yields the railroad between Port Arthur and Kunshien; all docks and military works at Port Arthur and Dalny; the return of Manchuria to China; the release of the lease on Liaotung Peninsula, one-half of Saghalien Island. President Roosevelt's pressure is said to be mainly the cause of Japan's liberality.

All Europe rejoices over the ending of the war.

Prominent Japanese officials declare that Japan will adopt the "Open Door" policy.

China forces the American-China Development Company to sell the Canton-Han-Kow Railroad concessions back to the Chinese Government.

August 30.—The peace treaty is being drawn up in proper form and will soon be signed by the envoys. The people of Japan seem dissatisfied with the terms; they are also displeasing to the war party in Russia.

September 1.—Chinese Government issues a decree declaring the boycott on American goods off.

Forty-three cases of cholera are reported in Prussia.

September 2.—On account of cholera at Hamburg, Germany, emigration from that port to the United States has been stopped.

Russia insists that Japan shall not build ports on La Perouse Straits.

News of peace reaches the Russian army and is gladly received.

The Japanese army is displeased with peace terms and fear for the present Japanese Government is felt, as the army rules the country.

September 3.—Fire destroys most of Adrianople, European Turkey. Many lives are lost, and more than 7,000 houses are burned.

Revolution is feared in Japan because of the peace terms. All cables have been cut.

Secretary Taft and party reach Canton, China.

September 4.—One hundred persons are killed in riots at Baku, Caucasia.

Russian troops charge a procession of Jews at Kishineff, Russia, killing and wounding many.

Marshall Field, the Chicago millionaire, marries Mrs. Caton, of Chicago, in London.

September 5.—The treaty of peace is signed at Portsmouth, N. H. The envoys drink to each other's health and the conference ends.

September 6.—The peace terms provoke a riot in Tokio, Japan, in which two persons are killed and 500 injured.

Rioting continues in Kishineff, Russia.

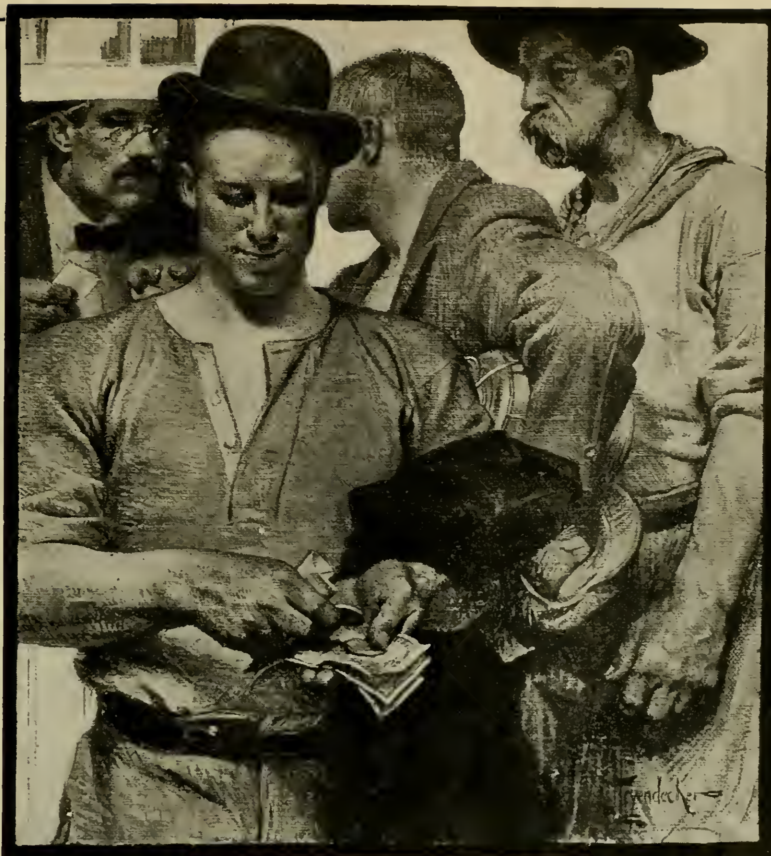
The Tartar and Armenian warring forces are beyond control at Baku, Transcaucasia, Russia.

September 7.—Mob riots in Tokio, burning Christian churches and threatening to destroy the Government buildings. The city is now under martial law.

The Tokio mob stones the home of Marquis Ito and threatens E. H. Harriman and party.

Mobs continue to pillage and burn at Baku. Despatches state that more than 1,000 persons have been killed.

Professor Martens, the Russian legal adviser, states that the envoys made a secret treaty at Portsmouth.



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One little item will be of more than ordinary interest at this time. A Government Life Insurance Department was established in 1870. Among the objects sought was the elimination of expenses and profits of insurance as far as possible, and to put the Government guarantee behind it, so that it may reach as many people and afford as much security as may be. The last official report noted in "Politics in New Zealand" was that of 1901. At that time the Government Insurance Department had in force 42,570 policies, covering $51,000,000 of insurance, or practically half of the total business of the Colony. Our own Equitable Life, so much talked of today, had been at that time doing business fifteen years in New Zealand. It had 717 policies in force! Think of it. The largest insurance company in the world in competition with the insurance department of a little colony like New Zealand, in fifteen years secured less than two per cent. as much business as came to the Government Department.

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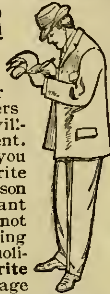

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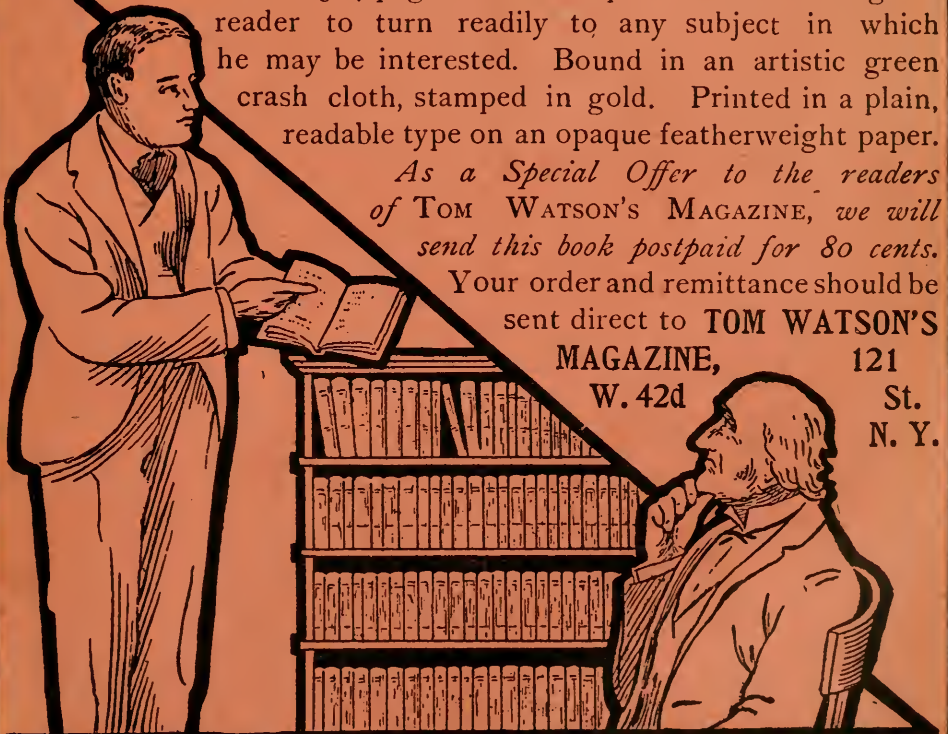

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