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Published Monthly by THOS. E. WATSON, 195 Marletta Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. 5

JULY

No. 1

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Southern Advertising Representative: MARION C. STEPHENS, Box 336, Atlanta, Ga. Western Advertising Representative: WILLIAM E. HERMAN, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter December 21, 1906, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Georgia.



Cyclones About



EDITORIALS



By THOS. E. WATSON

REASONING WITH AN OLD POPULIST WHO NOW CALLS HIMSELF A SOCIALIST

D

EAR SIR:—I read your *People's Party Paper* in the Nineties from the first issue to the last. I read your *New York Watson's Magazine* from the first issue to the issue when Thomas Watson personally, as editor, went out. Also your *Jeffersonian Magazine* from its first issue to January 1, 1909. I have also been a subscriber to your weekly *Jeffersonian* from its first issue to the present time.

I wish to say that all of these have been interesting and entertaining to me in many respects, and I have admired your style and ability in showing up the corruption that prevails throughout the present capitalist system. In this you have done a grand work along the lines of educating your readers, on the economic and industrial conditions that now confront the whole people and oppress the poor who labor and toil to produce the wealth of this nation while the rich revel in pleasures and luxuries. I have long been a student of these conditions, and the more I study and look into their causes and effects, the more I wonder how and why the masses of the people have been so completely deceived for so long a time.

I was a Populist from 1891 to the fusion act of 1896. I still indorse those principles so far as they go on the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth. Since the fusion or selling out of the Populist party, I have been reading and studying the principles of Socialism, as laid down in its platforms and authentic declarations. I find that the Populist party was only a reform party, dealing with *EFFECTS*, while Socialism goes to the root of the cause of unjust distribution of wealth, and offers the only remedy, through a system of industry and government, under which no person would have power to rob another person through and by the simple fact of *OWNERSHIP*. I have been a close reader of your onslaughts upon Socialism, and in nothing is the weakness of your apology for capitalism more vividly portrayed than in said criticisms and misrepresentations. A common characteristic of your warfare against Socialism is the setting up of a man of straw, labeling him "Socialism", and then proceeding to knock him down. And in order to do this job you conjure up all the personal weaknesses and shortcomings of a few individuals who somewhere or at some time may have advocated Socialism, Communism or Anarchism, and parade them as the regular orthodox teachings of Socialism. The national platform of the Socialist party adopted by the membership on a referendum vote, and all standard English authorities everywhere as to what Socialism is and what it proposes, you pass by as matters of no moment. Could anything be more unfair? In your efforts to demolish Socialism you quote Herr Bebel and a few other individuals who have given their private views in regard to the marriage relations, and you hold up the entire Socialist party before the world as teaching such doctrines. Must every man who ever affiliated with the Populist party believe and advocate everything that Tom Watson believes and advocates, on all subjects, in order to establish his claim to having been a Populist?

Socialism does not consist of beliefs and theories on subjects outside the realm of economics, and I can't understand why you have dodged a discussion of the principles and (

mands of Socialism as laid down in the platform of the Socialist party, and gone off in search of objectionable things written at various times on other topics, unless it is because you can find nothing in the Socialist principles and demands upon which you can afford to make war before a people fast becoming enlightened. You discard and dismiss the Socialist platform by saying that it was made to "catch votes". That platform was made by direct vote of the membership of the Socialist party, and not by a convention of delegates; and do you say that the rank and file of any political party in America would make a platform solely with a view to "catching votes"? Besides, how can the Populist party escape the same charge with reference to the motive that prompted the adoption of its platform? You seem to forget that a Socialist State would be but the expression of a majority of the people composing it. The people could have only that which a majority of them wished. Question: Are you in favor of a majority of the people ruling in this country? If a majority in the Populist party had put a plank in their platform demanding government ownership of all the land, and that no man should control any more land than he and his family could work with their own hands, would you have agreed to it?

If Socialists wanted a state of society in which "free love" and illicit sex associations prevailed, they certainly would support the present state. No one will deny that there may be individual Socialists who favor the abolition of marriage laws. There are also individual Democrats, Republicans and Populists who share the same private opinion, but that does not commit those political parties to that doctrine. I ask you to state your opinion as to whether the masses of people in the Socialist movement are more unfaithful as husbands, or less true as wives, than the people who compose other political parties? State also whether you think they can be led away from the narrow path more easily than people whose politics commit them to the capitalist system. Is there anything in their conduct to warrant such infamous charges as you make?

The same tactics were employed against Populism that you are now using against Socialism, as you very well know. You are fighting Socialism with the same weapons that the Democrats used against you nearly twenty years ago, and this absurd attitude which you have gotten into has robbed me of my former confidence in your sincerity of purpose. In 1908 you published as a fact that W. J. Bryan, the Democratic nominee for President, had educated his son and daughter in a mixed school of whites and blacks, in Nebraska, and that he gave annually \$250 to that school. Did that fact commit the Democratic party of the nation to negro equality? You have charged a few Populists with selling out the party. If your charge is true, did their treacherous act commit the whole Populist party to an indorsement of such sale? The answer to these questions will show your inconsistency and the absurdity of your style of opposing Socialism.

You, Mr. Watson, wholly overlook the fact that the Socialists of today have been, and the Socialists of the future must be, made out of Democrats, Republicans and Populists—practically the only source of new material. Are all the people who have left and are leaving those old parties free lovers? Can you cite a Socialist platform—city, State or national—which, if enacted into law, would even tend toward free love? If so, I ask you to cite me to it.

Your charge that Socialism would be antagonistic to religion is manufactured. If men and women were freed from industrial slavery, do you really think that a drifting away from their religious moorings would follow as a result? If involuntary poverty were removed and every worker received the full social value of that which his work produced, the masses of humanity would have much more time and mental composure to devote to religion than they now have, and this is about all that Socialism means in regard to religion. Who can practice the teachings of Jesus and His apostles under the present system of business and industry, wherein all is competition and war between individuals and classes; where those who succeed must do so at the expense of those who fail; where a premium is placed upon dishonesty, intrigue and deception; where millionaires become such because the millions of workers are made poor; where the indolent and lazy live on the wealth produced by honest toil; where industrious men build fine houses and idle men live in them; where workers till the soil and harvest the crops, and the shirkers enjoy the fruits? Only when exploitation through private ownership shall be abolished will Christianity, as taught by Christ and His apostles, become practical in everyday life. Only under Socialism can that Scripture be carried out, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

Again, you charge the Socialists with wanting to "divide up". This charge is an absurdity upon its face. How could Socialists divide up all the railroads and factories and mines, etc.? Socialists demand the *COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP* of these things—the very opposite of what you charge. Socialists do not demand a division of private wealth or the abolition of private property, but they do demand the social ownership of productive property,

or property used as a means of producing wealth, instead of such productive property being privately owned as now, and used by the owners to exploit the workers out of all but about one-sixth of what they produce. Capitalism is founded and perpetuated upon the exploitation of the workers for the enrichment of the owners of these means of production, and is therefore violative of the right of every man to possess and enjoy the full fruit of his toil, which right no human being can attempt to deny on any ethical ground.

In conclusion, Mr. Watson, I affirm that Socialism proposes a clearly defined system of government, which system is purely and thoroughly democratic. It proposes a government of the people, by the people and for the people. To secure and maintain this, it stands for five distinct political principles:

- (1) Universal suffrage—the equal political rights of both men and women.
- (2) Elections by direct vote—the election of all officers or servants of the people by the direct and majority vote of the people.
- (3) The initiative—the privilege and right held by the people to introduce into law-making bodies any measure they may desire, and demand action thereon.
- (4) The referendum—the privilege and power of the people to vote in final action upon any measure passed by any law-making body before that measure can become a law.
- (5) The imperative mandate—the right and power of the electors to recall from office any officer who, for any reason, may fail to carry out the will of his constituency.

The Socialists have adopted and are acting upon these principles in the government and management of their own political party, for it is pure democracy. Can you show, with all your ability, that it is otherwise?

Snyder, Texas, Route 2.

Very truly yours,
M. A. DRINKARD.

ANSWER

(1) Mr. Drinkard is in error when he asserts that Socialism goes to the root of the cause of the unjust distribution of wealth and offers the only remedy, etc.

Socialism does not go to the root of anything, whatsoever.

Every political economist knows that a man-contrived system of devilish finance is responsible for three-fourths of our troubles; but Socialism does not go to the root of the matter. In fact, *Socialists are afraid to discuss finance.*

Again, there is the question of unequal and unjust taxation, by which certain men shape legislation in such a way as to confiscate to their own use the property of others, and to cast upon others an undue proportion of the expenses of government.

But does Socialism go to the root of this evil? Not at all: *it is utterly ignored.*

How then can Mr. Drinkard claim that Socialism goes to the root of our troubles? Inasmuch as a wholly different form of government and society is proposed by the Socialists, they raise no question of "roots", at all—unless,

indeed, the pulling up of all our existing institutions by the roots, and planting promiscuous communism instead, can properly be decreed as going to the roots.

As for the Remedy, it is infinitely worse than the disease. Mr. Drinkard refers—as was to be expected—to the rich men living in houses that others built, the bad men in office, the scandals of private and public life, the destitution among so many of our people, etc.

Well, I am constantly preaching on those texts myself; but my endeavor is to prove that *these conditions grow out of the abuses* which have crept into our system, and not out of the system itself.

No sane man puts an end to his life because malignant germs invade his body and make him sick. The thing to do is to send for the doctor. In such a case, we reason with ourselves, thus:

"Yesterday, the day before, and for months, I was in perfect health: now I feel badly, my head aches and I am feverish, following that ague which shook me slightly this evening: something is wrong with my system: the Doctor will give me the right medicine, and I will get well, as I was before this attack came on."

Now, this is my way of looking at our national troubles. My reading

our history teaches me that *we once had the best Government the world ever saw. There was no national poverty. We had neither beggars nor millionaires. There was no army of unemployed, no white slave traffic, no corporation rule, no crime waves. Public officials were generally honest, and private morals were generally pure. Those were the times of a grand simplicity, in Church and State.*

But the Civil War came on, and during the four years when armies were clashing, the corporations secured control of the Government and the law-making power. They have been in control ever since; and they have made things worse and worse for the common people.

But, if the laws which brought these conditions were repealed, *as they will be*, the tree would once again bear the good fruit of the olden time.

Mr. Drinkard believed this when he was a Populist, *but has changed*. He mustn't be too hard on me for remaining steadfast—as he did not.

Mr. Drinkard complains that I have misrepresented Socialism. Not at all. If he does not believe in the doctrines which have been held up to scorn and loathing, in this magazine, *he is not a Socialist*, and should not be offended. *Why wear a cap that doesn't fit?*

Never have I stated that people calling themselves Socialists in agricultural sections of the South and West were enemies to our Marital Relation, to the Home, and in favor of Racial and Social Equality. On the contrary, I have said, repeatedly, that these so-called Socialists do not know what Socialism really is; and that they would renounce the name, if the true nature of Socialism were explained to them. They take a modified form of democracy and call it Socialism. Their calling it so, does not make it so.

You could not get an honest European Socialist, or one from our big cities, to agree with Mr. Drinkard.

Nor can you get one of them to dispute what I have said, *is Socialism*.

How can Mr. Drinkard bring himself to believe that he is better posted on this subject than I am? How can he convince himself that I would knowingly misrepresent the facts? In the long run, it hurts a public man, or a newspaper, to be dishonest—and the *Appeal* is going to find that out, as the sectarian press is doing.

If I were not a perfectly fair debater, would such a letter as Mr. Drinkard's be published in this magazine? Let him try to get the *Appeal* to print his letter and my reply. *They dare not do it. The Girard gang dare not allow their dupes to see the other side.*

To whom did I go for knowledge of what Socialism is? To its recognized founders and representative leaders; to its literature and its manifestos. In my studies for "The Story of France", I came in contact with its modern origin in Rousseau, Marat, Chaumette, Babœuf, St. Simon, Proudhon and Fourier. (My public stand against it dates back to 1891, when I assailed it in the paper to which Mr. Drinkard refers.)

When one adopts the Proudhon proposition that "*all property is robbery*", one is ready for anything. No shoreline is left. No stopping-place can be reached. One's mind is afloat, rudderless and mastless, upon uncharted, illimitable seas. The drearily elaborate effort of Karl Marx and Engels and La Salle to bring order out of the Socialist chaos—which was without form and void—utterly failed. Bebel has merely added to the confusion; and *Eugene Debs is as crazy as a loon*. Like religious fanaticism, the missionary craze, the suffragette fad, or compulsory vaccination madness, the continued study of Socialism develops the abnormal and the irrational.

But think of the *Appeal* and Mr. Drinkard virtually disowning Herr

Bebel, *the high-priest, who has for thirty years been the Moses of the movement!* What distress they must be in, when they have to repudiate the most widely and universally accepted apostle that Socialism has had since the day of Karl Marx!

Were Clay and Webster good authorities on Whiggery? Were Benton and Jackson good witnesses to prove what Democracy meant? Was John Wesley competent to testify as to Methodism? Was Spurgeon qualified to speak for the Baptists?

None of these leaders was better equipped to expound his creed than is Herr Bebel to set forth the principles and the purposes of Socialism.

Has Mr. Drinkard ever read the Bible of the European and American-city Socialists? That Bible is Karl Marx's book, "Capital". Has Mr. Drinkard ever read Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism"? *Does he know that the Socialists of our cities enthusiastically indorse both of these crazy books? Does he know that the women who officially represent the National Socialist Party sent to Bebel, on his last birthday, a message of the most glowing description, signing the eulogy in their official character?*

Has he ever read "A Socialist Wedding", and the speeches made at this so-called "Wedding"—which was nothing more than a public confession made by a married man and a single woman that they had been living, secretly, in a state of fornication and adultery; and that they meant to live that way *publicly*, in the future? They had got caught, you see, and it was necessary for them to do something. So they stood up, and said that their union had long been a fact "in the heart of God"; and that they would live together as man and wife thenceforward. No vows were taken, no pledges made, no ceremony performed. They merely stood up and *confessed their shame*. Following this confession, enthusiastic addresses were

delivered by Richard LeGallienne, Bolton Hall and a few others. Excepting Bolton Hall, *the speakers were representative Socialists*. Women were present, with poetry prepared for the glorious occasion. *They, one and all, acclaimed this "wedding" as thoroughly Socialistic*. There was no marriage-license, no record made, no contract entered into, no rite of any kind. *The whole nasty affair was equivalent to a verbal statement by Herron and Carrie Rand that they had felt a sexual desire for each other and had gratified it. Having been detected in their illicit relations, they meant thereafter to live openly together. They are now doing it—IN ITALY, I'm happy to say.*

Herron, Richard LeGallienne and Gorky are as well known, as orthodox Socialists, as Taft is known to be a Republican. *Each one of these men scout the marital relation, as we know it. So does Upton Sinclair—of world-wide Socialist fame.* Maxim Gorky deserted his Russian wife, took up with an actress, and brought her over here with him, when he visited this country several years ago. It excited his surprise when he realized, as he soon did, how the average American views conduct of that kind. *But Gorky met with no criticism at the hands of the city Socialists of the United States. There is reason to believe that they are putting the Bebel-Gorky-Herron doctrine into practise.*

Now, why should Mr. Drinkard go voluntarily into bad company? Why does an honest former-Populist voluntarily mix himself up with such an immoral crew? Why meddle with such a mess?

It is most improper for Mr. Drinkard to compare my war on Socialism to the methods used by the two old parties against the Populists. In both THE JEFFS, the Socialists are given liberal space. In no wise, have they been misrepresented. If they could refute me, they would. If such an author of books

as Herron, or Sinclair, or Hillquit, or Gorky, or Richard le Galliene could show that I had lied about them, *they would joyfully accept the challenge which has appeared for months on the back-cover of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.*

Mr. Drinkard must not think that I mean *him*, and the other honest Texans who have called themselves "Socialists", through mistake. My attack is not against *them*. It is against the impostors and hypocrites who have deceived them. The principles of the 20,000 Texans who have been duped on the lies of the *Appeal*, do not constitute Socialism. Those principles, save as to communism in land, are pretty much the same as my own. *I have no war to make on those men. My sole aim is to show them how they have been duped.* I want them to see Socialism, as it really is. When they do, they will drop the vile thing, and despise the *Appeal* for doping them!

Mr. Drinkard's reference to Bryan's son and daughter, *who were educated with the negroes*, is especially unhappy for his side of the discussion. My preaching in 1908 was meant to convince the Southern Democrats that they could not afford to support Bryan: that his social equality practices put him beyond the pale: that a rich white man who could easily afford to send his son and daughter to a white man's college should not have entered them in a University where negro students were. That point came too late—for the facts reached me too late. But I make this prediction: *Bryan has better sense than to run, for President, any more. He can't navigate without Southern support; and he knows that the South is done with him.*

As to Free Love and Religion, Mr. Drinkard is far from base. When the husband and father is deposed from the headship of the family: when his parental responsibilities and duties are usurped by society; when it becomes the duty of Society, instead of the husband, to support the wife—the Home is in ruins. With the foundations gone, the structure topples.

Substitute verbal agreements for the written license and the formal cere-

mony which goes to record, and the women would be absolutely at the mercy of that naturally polygamous animal, Man!

With the home destroyed, and the women reduced to the position of the cows in the herd, what support would remain for Religion?

Good God! how blind the Drinkards are!

Now as to "dividing up": let us see whether Mr. Drinkard is right about *that*.

Suppose that he owned all the stocks and bonds of "all the railroad companies, factories, mines, etc."; and suppose that he generously made over all the property to the 90,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, reserving only an equal share for himself. What would that be? If it isn't "division", what is it? The property which belonged to Drinkard would have been "divided up", among all of us. I did not say, nor mean, that the Socialists propose that each man be given a *separate* share of the wealth owned by the property owners. What I said, and repeat, is that those who now own nothing would come in for an equal interest in the national estate. And that is true. *Communism*—which Mr. Drinkard calls by the less odious name of *Collectivism*—*proposes to "divide up", in exactly the same way as though your store, or mill, or mine, or farm, which now belongs solely to you, were conveyed to you and to everybody else, as Tenants in Common.* Is it possible that Mr. Drinkard is too far gone to see this?

Mr. Drinkard has been stung by that awful word "Capitalism".

Does he know that it grew out of necessity? Karl Marx himself concedes that Capitalism was born when the aboriginal savage seized a stone, or a club, and slew a wild animal with it. He admits that this savage was the original capitalist. From this primitive stage, the system evolved until slings, spears, bows and arrows were invented. Then came domestic utensils, agricultural tools, nets and boats and better dwelling places. *This was Capitalism.* Was it hurting Society?

No, it wasn't. It was civilization coming—as Man improved himself by discoveries and inventions.

Not until the law stepped in, and created special privileges, which produced monopolies, did Capitalism ever harm a human being. *Is it not clear that all we need to do is to remove the cause which diseased Capitalism?*

In spite of all the terrible abuses which prevail in Europe and America, *the non-capitalistic nations are the backward nations.* Russia is not much afflicted with Capitalism, but is the scandal and disgrace of the Occidental world.

Turkey, India, and China cannot be called the victims of Capitalism; but we wouldn't exchange places and conditions with them. Capitalism, itself, is enormously advantageous, when Special Privilege is kept out. *And if the American people are not capable of ejecting such a comparatively recent new-comer as Special Privilege, how can any sensible man believe that Capitalism itself can be driven out?*

It is as old as the human race, has its foundations in human wants and necessities, conforms to human nature, is consistent with the natural laws in operation throughout the animal kingdom—and *is here to stay.*

As to Mr. Drinkard's platform, his first plank proves that he is hopelessly astray, and blind with the sightlessness of one who will not see.

Universal suffrage, as a panacea for social disease, is mere charlatanry. There is no equality of races, or of sexes. The brown, yellow and black peoples who are citizens of this country, or who may hereafter become so, ought never to be allowed to vote, or participate in affairs of government—either national, state or municipal. Women have no business to intermeddle in politics. If they should agree with the men-folks of the family, the results would be the same as though they did not vote. If they should disagree, it would play the very Old Harry with the peace, harmony and happiness of families. The idea of a Southern man—outside of the lunatic asylum—favoring suffrage for negro

women! The idea of a sane white man—in *the South!* saying, in effect, that he wants his negro cook to have the power to kill his vote with hers! It is enough to make a buzzard heave. Do the other 20,000 Texans who have been doped on the *Appeal*, want the negro women to have the ballot? I do not believe it.

Mr. Drinkard asks me whether I favor majority rule. My answer is that of every other intelligent person who has not taken leave of his senses. Within the limits of our laws and institutions, I favor the rule of the legally ascertained majority. But the man who, impliedly, says that he wants constitutional limitations abolished, Bills of Right cancelled, Magna Charta annulled, in order that an unrestrained despotism of King Mob shall begin its march to Chaos and Old Night, simply doesn't know what he is talking about. *What would the unchecked reign of a majority do in South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, where the blacks outnumber the whites? What would it do in greater New York where the Haves are vastly inferior numerically to the Have Nots? What would it do, in any great city?* Where is even the rural community which could afford to trust itself to the unbridled control of the passions, prejudices, sympathies and fickleness of a majority? It does not exist. In every civilized country on the globe is felt the necessity of setting limits beyond which majorities shall not encroach upon the rights of individuals, or legislate to the injury of the true interests of Society.

I say nothing against "elections by direct vote", for it is a democratic principle.

As to the Initiative and Referendum, it must be applied with reference to our system of government and the apportionment of power therein made. In a general election, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other large states, should not be given any greater preponderance than they now enjoy. *And the equality of states in the Senate must be inviolably preserved.* We can't allow the numerical superiority of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Illinois to dictate to

us here in the South. Nor does the West mean to take her laws from the North and East.

The imperative mandate being also Populistic, meets my hearty approval. Were Mr. Drinkard better posted, he would know that Socialism does not contemplate offices, courts, jails, legislatures, Congresses, Cabinets or officers of any kind. There is to be a glorious revolution which will sweep existing laws and institutions away. The unchained majority is to rule, without statutes or officials to enforce them. Everybody is to become Angelic, and to stay Good. We are not to have anything in the world save Peace and Plenty, Sweetness and Light. Even the serpents will become doves. Wolves are going to apologize to the sheep, and eat grass for a living. The lion will repose beside the lamb, without any thought of how well he likes mutton. The tiger will cultivate an appetite for a diet of nuts, milk and branch-water. The spider will disentangle the fly from the meshes of the web, and release him to life and liberty. The billy-goat will muffle his horn, and butt, when forced to it, with the other end. The cat and the canary will vie with each other in meekness and melody; and the duck will insure the safety and the life of the June bug. The mule will accept the situation without a kick; and the fox, without a sigh for the goose. Even human nature is going to lose its meanness, for Socialism is going to make Man after *its* own image, to replace the Man that God made.

* * * *

As to eliminating competition, we might as well speak of stopping the movement of the waves upon the ocean, of the clouds in the sky. How would strength be developed, were there no rivalry, no competition? If you are *strong*, it is because you have had to do battle with circumstance and competitors. If I am strong, it is because I have been a fighter, from my youth up. As long as the contest is a fair one, nobody is wronged. The loser pays—that's all. Over the whole universe is written by the hand of Jehovah the stern old Roman adage *vae victis*—woe

to vanquished. Good heavens! How bat-like these Socialists are! They ignore the simplest facts that lie right before their eyes. On the earth, in the sea, in the air, is the fiercest competition, going on by night and by day. The race is to the swift, the battle to the strong. Nature has no pity, no hate, no love. She smites all who violate her laws, whether we know what those laws are, or not. You violate some unwritten rule as to health, and down you go, no matter how good and useful your life may be. The Pestilence does not spare the righteous: Famine takes no account of your faith: Misfortune never separates sheep from goats. "Obey my laws, or perish", is the inexorable command of Nature. The man who fails to see this is either hopelessly stupid, or the victim of hereditary superstition. Be honest with yourself, Reader. See things as they are. Be as hopeful as you can; work, like fighting fire, to make the world better; *but don't enwrap yourself in delusions.*

Competition is the law of life, and the survival is to *the fittest*. Ever and ever, Nature works to get rid of the feeble. Ever and ever, she labors to evolve the perfect. *The wisdom of the sages has been devoted to the fixing of the rules which govern competition; and so long as those rules are followed, competition is as natural and as harmless as the flow of the sap and the birth of the flowers.*

Work! Without haste and without rest. *WORK!* All nature cries it. The constellations on high proclaim it. The restless tides of the seas, bear witness to it. The bounding blood in our veins, the crowding thoughts in our minds, the eager longing in our souls are ever present, never failing reminders that *the Hymn of Life sounds the order for the battle and the march.* The muffled drums within us beat the everlasting *Reveille*; and with the sun of each day, begins the fight anew.

Abolish all this? *How could we?* The stream cannot rise higher than its source, and *humanity cannot escape its own limitations.*

Co-operation on a small scale is a

perfect success. Why? *Because it competes.* It brings the power of unionized effort to bear against individual enterprise. But no Socialist experiment ever succeeded. It has been tried, over and over again, both in America and in Europe, in ancient as well as modern times. Wayland himself chose a nice lot of human angels, and tried his fad at Ruskin, Tennessee. He discovered that his cherubs were just human bipeds, and Ruskin failed to become a Paradise. Instead, there was a lovely row among the Elect, and the colony was torn to pieces by factions. Scores of times, carefully selected men and women, who imagined themselves congenially altruistic, have turned their self-complacent backs upon us common clod-hoppers, and gone off to themselves to make a Garden of Eden. But never have they succeeded in making one. The serpent invariably enters; and it is the old story of Paradise Lost.

If the *selected colonies* fail to make a success of Socialism, *how could the miscellaneous mass do it?* If elemental human traits bring dismal failure to the chosen, congenial, altruistic groups, how can a person gifted with ordinary common-sense bring himself to believe that a similar experiment would succeed, when made with all the wicked people taken into the venture? If Socialism meets with invariable failure, *when tried by the best people*, could you reasonably expect better results from it, when *the worst people* are included in the venture?

If we can imagine Socialism tried on, at this time, think of the men and women who would be automatically made your equals. Your wife and daughters would be instantly lowered to the social, political and industrial level of the vilest hags of the slums. You, yourself, would be put upon the same plane as the toughs, the bums, the thugs, the gutter-snipes, the criminals and the paupers. Think of being placed on equality with the hellians who are engaged in the White Slave traffic! Think of glad-handing with your "Brother" the Digger or Ponca Indian, to whom a feast of mangy, "undrawn" dog is a deliciously rare event! Think

of your sweet wife, and daughter, giving the embrace to her "Sister", the procuress, who prowls about hunting for prey to drag to negro dens! The very thought is maddening. Bad as conditions are, they are as far removed from the Bottomless Pit of Socialism, as Heaven is from Hell.

The altruistic dreamers, like Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Phelps-Stokes, live beautiful lives, and cherish the generous illusion that human perfectibility is attainable. If I'm not mistaken, the Socialists of the Fred Warren and Haywood type, call such men and women Parlor Socialists. There are quite a number of these noble-minded dreamers.

Another distinct class is composed of former Democrats, Republicans and Populists, to whom Socialism has been presented as Jeffersonian democracy, modified to suit existing conditions.

But the bulk of the followers of the Red Banner is made up of Have-nots, who want just such a "divide up" as has been described. They are Goths, Huns, Vandals, who lust for loot. You needn't doubt it. They are won to Socialism, not by its theory, but because of their craving for what more fortunate people own and enjoy. The French Socialists are preaching the fiercest, frankest confiscation. In Germany, it is the same. The battle is not so much of rival creeds as of conflicting interests. When a few million immigrants, who haven't been here long enough to get the foreign twist out of their tongues, go to parading the streets, carrying the Red Flag and chanting the Marseillaise, it is not a theory that makes them do it. No theory could convince the intelligence of these newly-arrived foreigners that they have any natural right to a share in the wealth they find here. They are governed by their passions, not their reason. It is cupidity that controls them, not altruism. They care no more about the fine-spun theories of Karl Marx than Alaric and Attila cared for the Justinian Code, or the Nicene Creed.

These men cannot be driven back by arguments. The only method of deal-

ing with such barbarians is to have the guns ready and the powder dry. And the man behind the gun must be American-born; for the time is surely coming when he who is in command must issue the order, "Put none but Americans on guard tonight."

(NOTE:—While this chapter was in press, Clarence Darrow, a Chicago Socialist of national fame, went to New York to address the negroes at Cooper Union. He told the coons that the solution of the race question is, *the inter-*

marriage of blacks and whites. THAT IS SOCIALISM. The lunatics stand for what they call "the solidarity of the human race", and the equality of all mankind.

In a future number of this magazine, it is my intention to describe some of the lower races of "our brothers", and to present pictures of these degraded brutes. I think that even the Drinkards and Darrows will grow sick when they contemplate some of these "brothers" whom they are so eager to claim as their equals.)



THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AND ELBERT HUBBARD

SOME time ago, there appeared in Elbert Hubbard's magazine, *The Fra*, an elaborate defence of the Standard Oil Company. This article has been put in into pamphlet form, and has been scattered throughout the Union.

Possibly millions of copies have been printed and distributed. In this connection, we are reminded of certain revelations flashed upon the country by William Randolph Hearst, in his spectacular campaign, two years ago. By methods which we would neither defend nor imitate, the New York publisher secured possession of some of the correspondence of the Standard Oil Company. Among the letters given out from time to time by Mr. Hearst was the following:

"26 Broadway, Oct. 10, 1902.

MR. H. H. EDMONDS, Baltimore, Md.

"Responding to your favor of the 9th, it gives me pleasure to inclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for \$3,000, covering a year's subscription to the Manufacturers' Record. Truly yours,

"JNO. D. ARCHBOLD."

The subscription price of the Manufacturers' Record is \$4. per year.

Another letter produced by Mr. Hearst was the following:

"26 Broadway, Dec. 18, 1901.

Thomas P. Grasty, care of Buck & Pratt, Room 1203, 27 William street, City.

"MY DEAR MR. GRASTY:—I have your favor of yesterday and beg to return you herewith the telegram from Mr. Edmonds to you. We are willing to continue the subscription of \$5,000 to the Southern Farm Magazine for another year, payments to be made the same as they have been this year. We do not doubt but that the influence of your publications throughout the South is of the most helpful character. With good wishes, I am very truly yours,
JNO. D. ARCHBOLD."

What did Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, understand that he would buy from the *Southern Farm Magazine*, in addition to the copies of the magazine itself? What was the Standard Oil Company to get for the \$4,998 in excess of the regular subscription price of the *Southern Farm Magazine*? Was it understood between the two parties to this transaction that the editorial conduct of the

Southern Farm Magazine was to be influenced at all by that \$5,000 check?

A third letter read by Mr. Hearst during that campaign is given below:

"26 Broadway.

"To Professor George Gunton, 41 Union Square, City.

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR:—Responding to your favor, it gives me pleasure to inclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for \$5,000 as an additional contribution to that agreed upon and to aid you in your most excellent work. I most earnestly hope that the way will open for an enlarged scope, as you anticipate. Yours very truly,

"JNO. D. ARCHBOLD."

It would seem that a fair construction of Mr. Archbold's letter is that he had already paid Professor George Gunton a similar amount before remitting to him the certificate of deposit of \$5,000. Mr. Archbold, in his letter transmitting this certificate refers to an additional contribution, and also to an agreement which had been reached between the Standard Oil Company and this noted lecturer upon economic topics. Was there some understanding that the \$10,000 was to color the lectures of Professor Gunton? Was he to omit something that would have been unpleasant, and perhaps injurious, to the Standard Oil Company, and was he to insinuate into his discourses something which would be pleasing and helpful to the Rockefeller combine? Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would answer these questions with a scornful and indignant "Yea." Every person of average intelligence is bound to know that when Mr. Archbold was dishing out his certificates of deposit to the Forakers, to the editors of magazines and to a public lecturer, he wasn't doing it as a matter of charity, but as a matter of business.

In return for the amounts which were paid out to the Ohio Senator, to the editors and to the lecturers, the Standard Oil Company was to get something for its money. From Foraker, it was friendly aid in stifling

Legislation in the Ohio Legislature and in the Senate Chamber in Washington. From the editors and the lecturers, it was to secure immunity from attack, and, also, insidious editorials and copied articles, *calculated to disarm public criticism of the criminal methods of the most gigantic law-breaker the world ever saw.*

With what astonishment and what genuine regret did I note the self-abasement of Elbert Hubbard when he bent what I supposed to be a proud, independent head, and took upon his shoulders the despicable yoke of the Standard Oil Company.

Let us quote one paragraph from this disgraceful pamphlet:

COMMERCIAL SANITY.

"This country has just passed through a cyclone of defamation, vituperation and exposure—much of it indecent.

"We have been in a state of panic through the policy of burning our barns to kill the mice. The national condition has been pathologic.

"We are now recovering our sanity."

How much do we have to forget in order that we may be able to read a paragraph like that *without wanting to lynch the man who wrote it?* In the first place, it would be necessary for us to blot out from our recollection the fact, judicially ascertained, that the Standard Oil Company has divided out among its members, as net dividends, the almost inconceivable sum of \$415,604,243 in the last ten years. The total authorized capitalization is \$100,000,000. Consequently, the figures show that, in the last decade, during which term we have passed through a terrible panic, precipitated upon the country by the millionaires of Wall Street, *the Standard Oil Company has been able to divide among its members four times the total amount of its entire capitalization.*

There are other things that one has to forget. It is necessary to destroy the evidence of a criminal record of

Rockefeller and his co-partners, stretching over more than a quarter of a century. The buying of elections before the people and in the Legislatures has been a part of its regular business; the debauching of the press has been necessary to its march to power; its ownership of judges has been as apparent as its ownership of editors and members of Congress. It has bought Legislation and bought off Legislation, in almost every State of this Union. It has ruthlessly stamped out competition, doing it in defiance of the law. In dealing with man, woman and child, it has shown no pity, no remorse, no scruple. "*Turn on another screw, and kill his business!*" has been the slogan of this robber trust from the very beginning. It has made men, as well as women, lose all faith in human nature; and almost lose faith in God Almighty, Himself.

The spectacle presented by John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, and John D. Archbold when they stood upon the witness stand in New York was the scandal of the day. Their cynical defiance of public opinion and of the laws of the land; their contemptuous references to Courts; their shameless pretences of having forgotten transactions involving twenty odd million dollars at a time; the disappearance of their books; the flight of their witnesses to escape service; the constancy with which the answer was given, "*By advice of counsel, I decline to answer*"—these were things things that made one's blood boil.

Ebert Hubbard alludes slightly to Miss Ida Tarbell, as if she alone had arraigned the Standard Oil Company. He knows as well as I do—this pseudo-philosopher and mental crook—that the most powerful and convincing publication against the Standard Oil Company is "*Wealth Against Commonwealth*" by that late publicist and patriot, Henry Demorest Lloyd, a man

who literally wore his life out fighting for better conditions in America.

Elbert Hubbard speaks of this country as just having passed through a cyclone of defamation. He speaks of its returning sanity. What caused this cyclone of defamation? Is he sorry that government and people made a slight effort to compel the multi-millionaire to treat the people right, and to obey the law? Does he regret that an effort was made to break up rebating, discrimination and other dishonest practices? Does it cause him pain when the government endeavors to put a stop to such rascalities as those of the late Edward H. Harriman—a man who, representing different corporations in different capacities, *would sell to himself and buy from himself*, and thus impartially rob two different corporations which had trusted him with its money?

How unreasonable it is that the papers should indulge in "vituperation", when they see what the Sugar Trust has been doing for thirty years or more! *Spitzer, their own employee, swore that his Company had been stealing from the government upon the one hand, and from the growers of sugar upon the other during the whole time that he had been in its employ, a period of twenty-nine years.* Not only was the rascality flagrant, but it was systematized; and just how many tens of millions of dollars these organized thieves of the Sugar Trust have divided among themselves could not be ascertained unless the books (which, after the orthodox manner of marauding corporations, were made to disappear,) were found and investigated.

Does Mr. Hubbard think that the people have no right to become sick at heart, and to make some indignant protest when they can see the Standard Oil Company, in whose defence he has deliberately sold his brain, *perpetrate such a fraud as the Custom House scandal in New York?* That property

belonged to the United States government,—that is to us, the people. A dishonest government official, Lyman Gage, falls under the influence of the Standard Oil Company, which doubtless promises him something good when he should retire from the cabinet. He bargains to them this property of ours at an exceedingly low price. *Not one dollar passes between seller and buyer.* On the books of the National City Bank, the Standard Oil institution, a credit entry is made, in behalf for a portion of the purchase money. The title therefore remains in the United States government. Because of that fact, New York City and New York State, find themselves unable to collect the annual tax of \$82,000 upon the property. The sum total of what the Standard Oil Company swindles the State and City out of in the way of taxes on the old Custom House property was \$610,000. In other words, the attitude of the Standard Oil Company toward the City and toward the State of New York was, *"This property is not ours, but is that of the United States government, and, therefore, is not subject to taxation."* As to the government, however, the attitude of the Standard Oil Company was just the opposite. Taking advantage of the fact that they had entered upon their books a certain amount of purchase money to the credit of the United States (not one dollar of which had actually gone into the use of the government) *the Standard Oil Company compelled the government to pay a yearly rental of \$130,000 for eight years. In this manner they swindled us, the people, out of more than a million dollars in rents for our own prop-*

erty, at the same time that they beat the State and the City of New York out of \$610,000 taxes which they should justly have paid. And the most revolting and discouraging feature of the whole transaction is, that although it reeked with criminality and corruption, from top to bottom, from center to circumference, *it was utterly impossible to get Congress, or the Roosevelt administration, to do a single thing about it.*

That's the kind of high finance that the Standard Oil Company has been giving us for more than a generation: that's the kind of crookedness and criminality that Elbert Hubbard sells himself to defend. It ought to disgrace him in the eyes of every right thinking man, woman and child in America.

To a purely superficial mind like that of Elbert Hubbard, it may be no cause of uneasiness of a Morgan money trust throwing out its tentacles and gaining control of more than ten billions of dollars of the country's incorporated wealth: it may cause him no real uneasiness to realize that this one man power controlled by J. P. Morgan is mightier than President, Cabinet, Congress and Legislatures combined. At any moment this financial tyrant can depress or elevate prices by contracting or expanding the currency. Whenever he wants it, he demands, and obtains another mortgage on our national estate, said mortgages being called a bond issue. Whatsoever legislations he wants, State or Federal, he pays for and gets. In such as this, there may be a happy side to Elbert Hubbard: but it is a source of profound dissatisfaction to every intelligent patriot.



KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT



THE cowardice of the American politicians, when threatened with the scowl of priestly hatred, is not greater than that of the average editor of the daily papers, when menaced by the same implacable animosity. Our readers were given the facts concerning the refusal of the *Baltimore Sun*, and several other city dailies, to print an advertisement of a series of articles which I intended to write on the subject of the Catholic hierarchy. One of these ads. appeared *one time*, in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

What happened, in consequence, is related in the following letter:

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 24, 1910.

The Jeffersonians, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—Your esteemed favor of May 20th, came duly to hand yesterday. I regret very much to learn of your illness, but am glad that you have since recovered. It will not do for you to get sick at any time, least of all just as you are opening a campaign against the Roman Catholic system.

I wish to thank you for your kind offer to send the extra copy of WATSON'S MAGAZINE, which has been coming to me, to Mr. Charles M. Snow, as I requested. I should indeed miss very much the monthly visits of your Magazine.

I have just looked up in my file of the *Western Watchman*, the issue of April 21, 1910, containing the notice of your failure to secure admission of a paid advertisement in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. For fear that you may not be able to obtain this copy, I quote in full this editorial, found on page 10 of the issue of April 21, 1910:

"A very offensive advertisement appeared in the "Globe-Democrat" last Monday, and the stir it created was not confined to Catholics. The miserable ranter and political booby, Tom Watson, is printing a series of blood-and-thunder articles in his Magazine against Rome and the Roman Catholic Church. The facts he alleges are of the cold storage variety and even the vituperation is stale. Some Catholic gentlemen saw the manager of the paper and were assured that the advertisement had appeared through an oversight. Mr. Maitre, of the

Catholic Federation, and Messrs. Emmet, Kain, Small, Denvir, of the Knights of Columbus, were among the first to protest, and as a result of their representations, the following letter is given out for publication:

"St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

"St. Louis, April 11, 1910.

"Mr. John B. Denvir, Jr., Third National Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

"MY DEAR MR. DENVIR:—In regard to the insertion of the advertisement last Friday of Tom Watson's Magazine, let me quote from a letter written to Mr. Anthony Maitre, in regard to this same question, last Saturday:

"We are glad to know that you realize that the advertisement, "Roman Catholicism," was not inserted intentionally by the publishers of this paper. It slipped in through an oversight of our advertising department. It will not appear again. The *Globe-Democrat* does not, under any circumstances, knowingly print advertisements of such an offensive character."

"I am very glad that you spoke to me regarding this, so that I may assure you and the members of the Knights of Columbus of our extreme regret over the occurrence. I hope that you will see that all the members of the organization are so informed."

"Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) "E. LANSING RAY,

"Secretary Globe Printing Company."

You should, however, if possible, secure a copy of this "*Western Watchman*", to form an idea of how much falsehood the editor is capable of crowding into his editorial pages.

An item on page 10, column No. 1, of this issue, reads as follows:

"Roosevelt stated privately at Leichman's luncheon: 'As soon as I return to America, I will do my utmost to have these Methodists removed from Rome. They are a disgrace to any religion. Spencer and Clark ought to have repudiated Mr. Tipple's statement. They are mistaken if they think they are going to make money in America. They won't get a cent.'"

I wonder if there is any truth in that statement?

I remain, with best wishes for your health, prosperity and success in your great campaign,

Yours very sincerely,

A. J. S. BOURDEAU,
Missionary Secretary.

Did you notice how completely the mendacious editor of the Catholic paper entrapped himself? The advertisement in the *Glob-Democrat* mentioned

intended articles, none of which have been written. My sudden illness prostrated me, and caused a postponement of the work. The first of the series of chapters will appear in the August number.

But the lying priest who edits the *Western Watchman* not only spoke of the articles as being in course of publication, but he says—

“The facts he alleges are of the cold storage variety, and even the vituperation is stale.”

Those facts are still locked in my own memory: the “vituperation” is yet unborn; but this unscrupulous Pappyerat alludes to those “facts” as though he had read them, and to the “vituperation”, as something which had become familiar to him.

Apparently, this shameless Catholic editor *had not even read the advertisement*. Therein, it was distinctly stated that the articles were to be published, in a future number of the Magazine. But the *Western Watchman* virtually tells its credulous readers that its editor has been reading these articles, and that he found nothing in them but “the same old stuff”.

“Tom Watson *is printing* a series of *blood and thunder articles*, in his Magazine, against Rome and the Roman Catholic Church”.

And not one of said “series of articles”, has yet been written!

Nice fellow to be piloting folks to Heaven, isn't he?

But what could you expect, when the Jesuit teaches that it is justifiable to lie for the good of the Papacy?



PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

(1)



ONE day in the summer of 1873, while I was boarding with Dr. Worsham and teaching school—it was on a Saturday—I was making off from the house to some quiet, shady place, where I could read a book, when a noise in the Doctor's “brag” cotton patch attracted my attention. What I saw tickled me so that the incident was feebly described in my “Record”. Here it is:

Dr. Worsham and the Hogs.

Three hogs get into Dr. Worsham's brag cotton patch, and he goes to drive them out. He urges them gently and gradually through the tall cotton up to the gate. When they are *nearly* to it, they all stop, and then turn, suddenly, without apparent cause, and run back through the cotton. Dr. Wor-

sham goes tearing after them. The tall cotton stalks twist around the tall Doctor's legs, and throw him down. Then he gets up, red in the face, and cursing. Then he goes tearing after the hogs, again. At length he rounds them up and gets them started toward the gate. Once more, when almost to it, they all stop, reflect a moment, and then turn, and run off through the cotton. With a wild oath, Dr. Worsham goes tearing after them again. Then the tall cotton throws him down some more. Then he gets up, much redder in the face, and cursing worse than ever. Then he resumes the chase of the hogs. Then he falls down a good deal more. Then he gets up, his face terribly red, and cursing in a manner absolutely awful. Finally, he starts them toward the gate again, driving them along by very slow degrees. He feels that the situation is becoming a critical one. He gets them out of the cotton, and *almost* within

the gate. Then Dr. Worsham thinks he will have his revenge. He has got those hogs where he wants them. *He seizes a large rock, and throws it at them, with all his might.* The rock strikes the ground, *just in front of the hogs*, as they are passing out the gate. Then they all *turn back*, and run off through the cotton again! Dr. Worsham stands gazing after them in speechless indignation. Words fail, and another chase is impossible. Panting, exhausted, the Doctor cries, faintly, "*Bring me my gun!*" Nobody hears him. He walks back to the house droopily, as though he felt that Life were not worth living. With no cause whatever, he slaps the children, and he feels so miserable generally that he can't talk about hogs for a week.

(This little incident of farm life, before Dr. Worsham moved to Macon, stands out in my memory as vividly as though it happened last week. I was standing in the road, and could see the Doctor and the hogs; but he didn't see me. The manner in which the hogs would turn, at the last moment, and run back from the gate was irresistibly funny, and very characteristic of hogs.

When the Doctor finally sang out, in exhausted accents, "*Bring me my gun!*" I almost collapsed, with suppressed laughter.

I didn't dare let him know that I was a witness to it all, far fear he might shoot me, instead of the hogs. The way in which the sow and shoats seemed to mock him, with their "*Woow! WOO W!*" as they tore back through the cotton was one of the exasperating circumstances which greatly aggravated his impotent fury. His wife sent a couple of negro boys to the scene, and they quickly and quietly drove out the trespassing swine.

(2)

On Saturday, the 11th of December, I heard that Dr. Worsham was down with the small-pox, that his wife was confined, and that they needed some one to see to things. I went up to visit the Doctor, offering my services for any assistance. Tuesday following, Dr.

Battle, in some way or other, heard of it. He sent for me and lectured me to some extent upon the imprudence of the act, and the consequences which would be likely to ensue if I should have the disease. He said, however, he commended the feeling which prompted me, but told me that to prevent any evil consequences, that I had better go home. I made my arrangements immediately, crying like a baby all the time. Without any special commotion of nature, I arrived in Augusta on Wednesday morning. I am now at home, pretty closely quarantined. (Dr. Worsham had "moved" into Macon from the Big Warrior District of Bibb County.)

(3)

Fashionable Eating.

The young ladies come down to dinner. Very stately they are in entering, very dignified in seating themselves. Condescendingly, they allow their plates to be helped. They look at the food disdainfully, as if they had some spite against it and were determined to take revenge. Then, as if heroically resigning themselves as martyrs to a barbarous custom, they begin to eat. Looking at the bread abstractedly, and at the meat reproachfully, they break a crumb from the one and cut a bit of the other. They then gave attentively into their glasses; but, not seeing a minnow or a tadpole in the water, they gently sip it. When these several actions are repeated a few times, the young ladies say that they have dined. From their behavior, one would suppose that they looked upon eating as altogether a bore; that they regarded it as an ordeal which should be abolished as soon as possible. But go down to the cupboard about four o'clock, after they have been to it, and it looks as if a famine had come along.

(4)

Eccentric Farmer.

Some time ago, while visiting in the country, I entertained myself by going to see a young lady at night. After becoming used to the family habits, my

evenings with her were very agreeable. Her father, a rather original specimen of humanity, had some opinions of his own upon "the hour of retiring." One of these was that no caller should remain after his old clock struck ten. His manner of giving hints on this subject to a new visitor was so forcible as to render the close of my first call rather too hasty to be dignified. When the old clock struck ten, I heard him coming down stairs in his stocking feet, slamming the doors "like the devil getting up stairs". He went to the clock, and making as much noise as he possibly could, commenced winding it up. I never heard so much fuss from one clock in my life. I thought this was a hint for me to go, but, as I was not certain about it, I concluded to wait for further developments. They soon came. After working on the clock to his complete satisfaction, he commenced clearing his throat, and such a clearing! It seemed as if cobwebs had been collecting in his throat for the last ten years, that he had just found it out, and that he was determined to bring them all up right then and there, or die. I thought this was another hint, but I was not sure. Finally, after an obstinate resistance, the cobwebs were conquered, and the old gentleman seemed to be considering what he should do next. It was not long, though, before he made up his mind. He went out into the yard, and, pretty soon, I heard some iron chains rattling. Somewhat alarmed, I asked the young lady what that meant. She replied that according to his usual custom, her father was letting the yard-dog loose. I couldn't stand it any longer. Hastily rising, I told her I thought I had better go, and I—went.

(5)

A College Boy's Speech in Defence of Aaron Burr.

(January 25, 1874. Phi Delta Society, Macon, Georgia.)

Thirty-eight years ago, there died in New York a desolate old man. Once his name had ranked high in the annals of the nation, and the good and the great had delighted to do him honor. But that bright time had pass-

ed away, and he had long lived an out-cast from Society. The friendships of his early manhood had fallen, like the leaves of Autumn. Every tie of affection had been snapped asunder by the cold touch of slander; till he stood like the oak tree of the forest, when all its leaves have been swept away, when its branches have lost their foliage, and it stands alone and desolate, with the winds of eighty years whistling around it, waiting the day when it shall fall.

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Mr. Chairman, Aaron Burr in early life was loved by a beautiful young girl,—loved by her with all the devotion of an ardent and virtuous heart. This lady was also loved by Alexander Hamilton, but on the declaration of his suit, she rejected him. Fired by his disappointment, and by a desire for revenge, he commenced against the lovers that course of slander, which first drove the innocent girl from Society, then made her a raving maniac, and finally consigned her to an infamous and dishonored grave. Sir, it is a fearful crime, deserving a fearful punishment, to crush out the life from the pure and trusting heart of a virtuous woman by slander. We never know to what extent human nature can suffer, until we see a woman slowly and silently dying from the effects of evil speaking. It is said that when the dove is wounded, it flies away to its home in the forest, draws its plumage over the wound and expires. So, Sir, it is with woman. She utters no complaint, she sheds no public tear, but gradually she sinks into the grave. Go see her as day by day the rose fades from her cheek. Go see her as day by day the fire dies down in her eye. Go see her as day by day her intellect trembles upon its throne,—till at length the trial is over, and a grave of infamy closes upon her forever. And if such is the magnitude of the crime, what shall we say of the criminal? What colors are dark enough to portray the corrupt heart, base principles, and complete unscrupulousness of such a human being? Yet Hamilton was such a man. Hamilton who has been pictured in the Hall today as a paragon of virtue, as a political mar-

tyr, as a concentration of moral, social, and political good qualities.

Again, Mr. Chairman, there are other and stronger grounds on which to justify Burr. Sir there is no man in

his reputation be gone. But such is not the case with the politician. If he rises, he does it on the good will of his countrymen. All his hopes of future advancement rest upon this ground-work.



AARON BURR

[From the painting by Vandyke—to which is appended a certificate from Burr, under his well-known signature, dated "January 1, 1834," in these words: "I certify that the Portrait by Vandyke is the best Likeness ever Painted of me since 1809."]

the world who does not value his reputation as second only to his life—as a thing not to be purchased, and when lost never to be regained. The private man, however, may accomplish all that he desires without it. He may amass wealth, gain contentment, even though

This is the foundation stone of his imagination's castle in the air. And when this foundation is blasted, like the house of Holy Writ, when the storms come, it will fall, and great will be the fall thereof. Then it is "The rock of his last hope is shivered, and

its fragments have sunk in the wave." Truly, he above all may say, "Who steals my purse steals trash, but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which enriches not him but leaves me poor indeed!" Slander has waved her wand like the witches of old and the storm spirits are rising! The clouds dark and heavy are flying across the Heavens. The thunders are muttering along over his head. The lightning is flashing with fatal brilliance around him, till like Mirabeau in the French Revolution, he is enveloped in the gloom that arises around him. Sir, I have seen at night in the forest some old building in ruins. The moon beams would be shining, with a ghostly gleam upon the broken roof and the crumbling windows, the voice of the owl would fall upon the ear where once had been heard the voices of a happy family. And this was a sad lesson of human glory and prosperity, which today is and tomorrow is not. Again, Sir, I have stood by the ruins of a Southern village burnt during the late war. Where the invader had stood "with the sword in one hand and the torch in the other", where he had razed every dwelling, burnt down every blade of grass, and spilt upon the soil of his fatherland the life blood of its defender. And this was a gloomy monument to the vanity of human hopes. But there is nothing which more sadly shows the vanity of human wishes, uncertainty of earthly aims, the instability of man's affairs, than the ruined reputation of a Politician. The forest tree though riven by the bolt from Heaven, may again lift itself proudly from the ground and throw its arms toward the sky. The city which has been rocked from the plain by the earthquake may again be built and look forth the queen of the plain. The country which has been desolated by war may again become prosperous, powerful and happy. But when the reputation is once lost it is never regained. It remains in ruins, in neglect, in desolation.

Now, Sir, if to the public man his reputation is so all important should he not guard it with an eagle's vigilance and a lion's courage? But then

gentlemen tell us that Burr should not have fought. Sir, if a man can't fight for the woman he loves, if a man can't fight for his good name, in the name of God, what can he fight for? Sir, such argument is contrary to human nature, is contrary to Divine revelation. Such arguments are worthless and puerile. Gentlemen may urge benevolence hour after hour. They may preach non-resistance till the heavens fall. But when a man's reputation is made the object of ruthless attack he will fight, fight till his foe lies at his feet, or till the last drop of blood oozes from his own veins.

Now, Mr. Chairman, a few words in conclusion. Some men die and at once are forgotten:—shoveled out of memory as soon as shoveled into the grave. Others die, and on their graves the hands of love plant flowers, and each breeze that floats around it bears on its pinions sweet perfume. Again, there are others who die, and though their's are neglected, they will never be forgotten. At evening the traveller shuns the spot. The Raven of gloom flits around the place and the crown of shame sits silent and shadowy upon the tombstone. This is Burr's memorial in this world. But, "as nothing dies but something mourns", and as even on Nero's tomb "some hand unseen strewed flowers", I would lay this slight offering on his sepulchre: *Requiescat in Pace!*

(After a protracted and exciting debate, the chair gave his decision in favor of our side, amid loud applause.)

Some "Tin-Types" of the Long Ago

The series of boyhood sketches which we have been publishing are reviving many a recollection of school-days among the middle-aged men who were my companions in Lang Syne.

On the left, in the group picture, is that of Mr. Watson's beloved Mentor, the Rev. "Leek" Steed, so often mentioned in the Watson writings. He is the eloquent young preacher, in "Bethany".

To the right, is Thomas M. Steed, co-principal of the Thomson High School, where so many of the now mid-



dle-aged men of McDuffie and Columbia counties were educated.

The Steed brothers exerted a decisive influence over Mr. Watson's early life, and were his devoted friends, as long as they lived.

The two boys, standing in the background of the photograph, were scholars at the High School.

To the left, is L. Carleton Smith, now living in Columbia County, Georgia, a prosperous farmer, universally honored.

On the right, stood James Hamilton, whose death from meningitis, at Mercer University, in 1873, has been described in a previous number of this magazine. Note the striking refinement and beauty of this face and *expression*.

In the oratorical contest of that year, "Jimmie" Hamilton carried off the First prize, and Watson, the Second.

Hamilton declaimed "The Red King's Warning": Watson spouted a speech of his own, on General Lee.

Afterwards, in alluding to this contest, and speaking of Hamilton, Mr. "Leck" Steed remarked to Watson, "*What a graceful speaker he is!*"

And, indeed, he *was*. To hear him recite "Bingen on the Rhine", was something to remember. As a matter of fact, I never saw anybody carry himself on the stage with more consummate ease and grace than Jimmie Hamilton. Next to him, came W. R. D. Jelks, ex-Governor of Alabama.

In watching Jelks' manner and gesticulation in the Phi Delta debating society, at Mercer, I used to fairly envy his perfection.



The above represents T. E. W. at the age of fourteen, or fifteen.

The photo was taken in the same tent where the traveling "artist" made the tin-type of the group which precedes this cut.

The school-bucket is plain enough: the book held in the same hand was a "Bullion's Grammar".

Evidently, the "artist" had not thought it worth while to tell his victim to "Look pleasant"!

It may have been that a preliminary "scrap" had taken place between the photographer and the boy, as to the keeping on of that wide-brimmed, white wool-hat while the picture was being "took".



PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO GOV. JELKS, UPON HIS RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE

OUTLINE SKETCH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

ON his father's side, Thomas Jefferson traced his ancestry back through a long line of yeomen to Welsh forefathers. On his mother's side, his lineage reached back to the nobility of Scotland,—a fact to which he never appeared to attach the slightest importance.

Peter Jefferson, the father of the statesman, was a land surveyor like Washington, and, like Washington, he married well,—Jane Randolph, whose hand he won, being the daughter of Ishman Randolph, Adjutant General of the Colony. Stricken down suddenly in the year 1751, Peter Jefferson directed, on his death bed, that his eldest son, Thomas Jefferson, should be given a thorough classical education. The lad had already attended school nearly nine years. After his father's death, he attended the boarding school of Reverend James Maury for two years, and was then entered as a student at William and Mary University.

Related through his mother to the best people in the colony, young Jefferson received a warm social welcome at Williamsburg, the site of the college and the capital of the colony. He not only pursued his studies with all the zeal of a typical scholar, but took a prominent part in the social entertainments of the colonial capital. Among the teachers at William and Mary was Dr. Small, of Edinboro, Scotland, who took such a fancy to young Jefferson that the two became constant companions, and from Dr. Small, a daring, independent thinker, Mr. Jefferson is supposed to have received his first impulse toward radicalism in religious and political speculation. It is certainly a signal proof of the favorable impression which young Jefferson made

upon the older men with whom he was thrown in contact at this time that he should have been chosen by the Governor of Virginia, the accomplished and very able Fauquier, as one of his personal, intimate associates. The college boy was not only invited to the private dinner parties at the palace, but was a member of the band of musical amateurs which Governor Fauquier had formed for his own pleasure. Mr. Jefferson played the fiddle and took a part in the gubernatorial concerts once a week.

At the end of his college course of two years, Mr. Jefferson had mastered Latin and Greek and higher mathematics. He also knew French thoroughly, as a written language. He had explored the realms of ancient and modern literature. It is doubtful if Virginia, at that time, could boast of a son more generally capable and accomplished. Not only had he received the benefits of thorough mental training, but in the court of Governor Fauquier he had received that training in manners which afterwards made him so much at ease in the best society at home and abroad.

The next five years of Mr. Jefferson's life were spent in the study of law under George Wythe. During these years of legal study, Mr. Jefferson took a young man's healthy part in the social entertainments for which Williamsburg was celebrated; was a familiar figure of the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, where the State balls were given, and in these festivities he walked the minuet, or danced the cotillion, with many of the fairest maidens of the Old Dominion. With one of these, Rebecca Burwell, he seems to have gently fallen in love. He raved about her, in a decorous manner, and

wrote alleged poetry about her,—after the immemorial custom of young men. He appears to have made to his "Belinda" a tentative proposal of marriage. Belinda was a practical girl,

In 1767, Mr. Jefferson was admitted to the bar. He appears to have done a good practice and to have enjoyed a fairly good income. He was learned in the law, painstaking in the prepara-



THOMAS JEFFERSON

with no fondness for tentative proposals of marriage, and she, therefore, gave her hand to another and more ardent suitor,—one who united to his claim of right an eager desire for immediate possession.

tion for trial, and, therefore, in any case which carried him before the Chancellor, he must have been very strong, but he was no debator; had none of the gifts of oratory, had no voice for speaking, and, therefore,

could never have been powerful in a rough and tumble fight before a jury. It is probable that Mr. Jefferson was that kind of a lawyer which in our day would be called an office lawyer.

In person, Mr. Jefferson was six feet and a half inches tall, spare made, active, strong; his feet, hands and wrists were noticeably large; his neck unusually long, and, for a man of his stature, slender; his face was rather small and pointed; his teeth were perfect, and his hair was what is called "sandy"; his eyes were hazel brown, neither large nor brilliant, but clear and expressive; his complexion was inclined to be florid, and the thin skin of his face was quick to peel off under exposure to sun and wind; he was not at all handsome, for his features were irregular; but his face filled out as he grew older, and in old age he was considered good looking. He was extremely fond of out-of-door exercise and manly sport. His favorite exercise was a rapid walk, or a Gladstonian trot, but he also liked horse-back riding; was fond of swimming, rowing, hunting; and seemed to be perfectly at home in one of those country dances where the young people of olden times surrendered themselves to an all night of fiddle music and quadrille hopping. He was noted for his cheerful sociability. It is not reported that he ever gave or had to take a personal insult. The young people liked him because he put on no priggish airs of scholarly superiority,—among them he was one of them, thoroughly enjoying himself and contributing, without visible effort, to the general enjoyment of the company. The older people liked him because of his uniform deference to those who were his seniors. He talked well and listened well; he disputed with nobody; when the conversation neared the limits of controversy, he immediately withdrew from it. He did not use tobacco; was never profane; did not gamble; was never known to

be under the influence of intoxicants; was a good son to his mother; was affectionate and helpful to his sisters and brothers; was a good boy at school; an ideal student at college, and was now to enter upon the battle field of life with every prospect of becoming a good citizen, influential among his fellows, and useful to his country.

To a very large element in this country, and, perhaps, in others, Thomas Jefferson is a dreamer, a philosopher who indulged in vague speculation, a man of theory and not of work, but this conception of Mr. Jefferson does him profound injustice. The very first task to which he put his hands after coming of age was to raise money by subscription to open up the Rivanna to local navigation. This was no great achievement in itself, but it certainly proves the utilitarian bent of the Jeffersonian mind.

In 1769, he was elected to the House of Burgesses. Although one of the youngest members of this legislative body, he was chosen to draft the resolutions which were to be the basis of the reply of the Burgesses to Governor Botetourt's address. He was one of the more radical members of the House who, after that body had been dissolved by the Governor, met in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern and resolved to boycott English goods. At the second session of this assembly (1770), Mr. Jefferson introduced, through Colonel Richard Bland, a bill to repeal the Virginia law which required every slave-owner who freed his slaves to send them out of the State. This bill of Mr. Jefferson's was overwhelmingly defeated, but it became a law, nevertheless, in 1782.

The house which Peter Jefferson had founded in the region which afterwards embraced in Albemarle County, was named "Shadwell" in honor of the London birth-place of his wife, Jane Randolph. In 1770, this house was

destroyed by fire while the family were away. Putting his mother and the rest of the family in another house on the estate, Mr. Jefferson went to keep "bachelor's hall" on the top of the Little Mountain which he had selected for that ideal home which had long been in his dreams. On room of the mansion which he intended to build on Monticello had already been finished. To this, in January, 1772, he brought his bride, Martha Skelton, a childless young widow, daughter of John Wayles, who was a wealthy lawyer of the Williamsburg bar. At the time of this marriage, Mr. Jefferson owned five thousand acres of land and fifty-two slaves. By the death of his wife's father, the year after the marriage, he came into the ownership of forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves, but along with the property, he took an incumbrance in shape of a British debt of about \$19,000. Had Mr. Jefferson been a *business man*, in the true sense of the word, he would have paid off this debt, even if it had devoured one-half of the Wayles estate. Most unwisely, he allowed the encumbrance to remain upon the property, drawing interest from year to year, and when the Revolutionary War came, unsettling everything and striking down land values throughout all agricultural communities, this British debt assumed formidable proportions and appears to have swallowed up the entire Wayles estate and a considerable portion of Mr. Jefferson's own property, besides.

With an imprudence that bordered upon recklessness, Mr. Jefferson expanded his scale of expenditures; began to build a grand residence, putting his household establishment upon the footing of a grand signieur; multiplied the servants who ministered to the wants of himself, his family and his guests; filled his stables with the finest horses; threw open his expanding mansion to anybody and every-

body: indulged his costly passion for landscape gardening and fancy farming; and thus gave himself a good start on that highway of financial embarrassment which he traveled all the days of his life, and which led him inevitably to the bankruptcy which overclouded his last years.

As a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses of 1773, Mr. Jefferson put into written form the plan which Richard Henry Lee had proposed for the creation of a Committee of Correspondence. The brilliant young Dabney Carr, Jefferson's brother-in-law and bosom friend, offered these resolutions to the House and they were adopted. The Committee was appointed, *and thus began the work of organizing the Revolution*. Governor Dunmore dissolved these rebellious Burgesses, but the Committee at once entered upon its work, Mr. Jefferson being one of its members.

In August, 1774, Virginia held her Convention to elect delegates to the Continental Congress, and Mr. Jefferson was chosen as one of her representatives. Prevented by sickness from attending the Convention, Mr. Jefferson forwarded an elaborate paper in which he had drawn up, with great clearness and strength, the case of the Colonies against the Mother Country.

In 1775, Mr. Jefferson, having in the meanwhile been at the forefront of the revolutionary movement, was made a member of the Committee of Thirteen, which included George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee, *to prepare Virginia for War*. It was Mr. Jefferson who was selected to make the reply to Lord North's "Conciliatory proposition" to the Colonies. When Mr. Jefferson took his seat in Congress June 1st, 1775, the first Continental Congress had already put forth its Declaration of Rights and Grievances: had already renewed the boycott against English goods; had already denied Great Britain's right to

tax the Colonies or to quarter troops upon them without their consent. The British Parliament had already declared Massachusetts to be in a state of rebellion; the crack of musketry and the splash of blood upon the green had already happened at Lexington; George Washington had already been made Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial army, and the battle of Bunker Hill had already been fought.

According to Mr. Adams, Mr. Jefferson already enjoyed a reputation for literature, science and a happy talent for composition. He made no speeches, but his work upon committees soon gave him a commanding influence among representatives from all sections, and whenever Congress had a state paper to put forth, Mr. Jefferson's services were invariably called into requisition. It thus happened that when, on June 7th, 1776, Richard Henry Lee made a motion in Congress that the Colonies declare themselves free and independent states, Mr. Jefferson stood at the head of the ballot when Congress voted for the Committee which was to draft the Declaration of Independence.

Declining another term in Congress, Mr. Jefferson devoted himself to a home task upon which his heart was set. He was intensely in earnest in desiring to rid Virginia of her antiquated Code, her Church establishment, and her feudal aristocracy. Elected a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, he entered October 7th, 1776, upon one of the most laborious series of labor that a statesman ever shouldered. Powerfully assisted by Governor Wythe, James Madison and George Mason, Mr. Jefferson attacked the Established Church (Episcopal) and brought about a complete separation of Church and State. He also introduced a bill for religious freedom, but did not secure its passage. It became a law later through the continued efforts of James Madison (1786). Landed estate had

been held together, as in England, by the law of entails and primogeniture—the eldest son taking the inheritance, and debts could not reach it. Mr. Jefferson considered this system undemocratic. He abolished entails and threw open the inheritance to all the children of the deceased, share and share alike. He formulated an elaborate system of State education,—the common school, the high school, the university and the State library. The House of Delegates adopted his plan enthusiastically; but each County was given *the option of adopting it*, and the Counties refused to tax themselves to support the system. Mr. Jefferson framed the Judiciary Act which created the various Courts of Virginia, defined the limits of their jurisdiction and prescribed the methods of procedure. He also drew up a bill providing for the gradual emancipation of the negroes, the removal of the negro from this country and supplying of their place by white emigrants from Europe. Not one of Mr. Jefferson's friends could be prevailed upon to introduce this bill, and he, himself, did not have the courage to offer it. He had already aroused the deepest and most intense animosity by his assault upon the church establishment and the landed aristocracy, and he probably thought it wasn't worth while to make a host of additional enemies for himself when there was no hope for the passage of the emancipation act.

The first three years of the Revolutionary War passed while Mr. Jefferson was busy with the revision of the laws of Virginia. He spent most of his time at Monticello. Into his growing family there, he had taken his sister, Martha, the widow of Dabney Carr, and her children.

In 1779, he was elected Governor of Virginia, by a small majority, over his old friend, John Page. The candidacy for this position at that time was one of the great mistakes of Mr. Jeffer-

son's career. It was the blackest period in the long struggle of the Colonies for their independence. Public spirit was at a low ebb; there were feuds in Congress, in the army and in every state. Virginia had already been well-nigh exhausted by the constant drain upon her resources. Virginia had sent 4,500 men to the army, to say nothing of munitions of war,—provisions, arms, wagons, horses, tents, money—but the cry was still for more, and Mr. Jefferson exerted himself to the uttermost to supply the demand.

With the year 1781, came vindictive Benedict Arnold, swooping down from Westover and marching on to Richmond where there were no forces to oppose him. The new capital, Richmond, was captured by the invaders, who rioted, looted and destroyed at their pleasure, carrying away as much plunder as they could move.

Then came May, 1781, and the army of Cornwallis. Once more the Legislature and the Governor had to scatter for safety,—indeed, the famous Tarleton came near bagging the whole State government of Virginia. For these humiliations and losses, Virginians, generally, were disposed to hold Mr. Jefferson responsible. So keenly did Mr. Jefferson feel the injustice which laid at his door misfortunes which he could not foresee or prevent, that he was almost disheartened. He returned to a distant farm, where he spent the whole year of 1781, William Nelson having been elected Governor to succeed him.

During his retirement Mr. Jefferson composed his "Notes on Virginia." M. de Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation at Philadelphia, had propounded twenty-three questions to Mr. Jefferson for the purpose of securing certain statistical information desired by his government. In answering these questions, the work grew under the hands of the master, and Mr. Jefferson put forth a mass of information which

made a printed book of 336 pages. To a great extent, the answer to the Frenchman's questions deals with statistics. There is a wilderness of dry facts and figures, but the genius of the author was never so conspicuous as when it makes this desert of statistics blossom as the rose. It is doubtful if Mr. Jefferson showed to better advantage in anything that came from his pen than he does in this unpretentious volume written to pass away the time during a summer vacation.

Who does not remember the beautiful and graphic description of the manner in which the Shenandoah meets the Potomac at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and how the united strength of the two bursts through the Blue Ridge and pass off together to the sea? This passage, which occurs casually in Mr. Jefferson's reply to the Frenchman's fourth query is a classic, and is treated as such in the literature of America. Under the caption of "Animals," Mr. Jefferson discusses the North American Indian; and his study of the red man is most exhaustive, comprehensive and satisfactory. It is in the course of this study of the North American Indian that Mr. Jefferson preserves the speech which Logan, the Mingo Chief, sent to Governor Dunmore after the massacre of Logan's family by the whites. Of its kind, this bit of oratory is also a gem and has lived in all the books of oratory.

Discussing the laws of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson was brought naturally to the subject of slavery, and he proceeds to treat of the negroes as a race. If there is to be found on printed page a more masterly treatment of this subject than Mr. Jefferson gives on the six pages where he discussed the negro particularly, and slavery generally, I know nothing of its whereabouts.

In answer to query *question* of de Marbois, Mr. Jefferson again discusses slavery with special reference to its influence upon the masters and the chil-

dren of the masters. In the course of that short chapter occurs the celebrated and prophetic sentence:

"I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever; that considering number, nature and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events, that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest."

In the course of this chapter, Mr. Jefferson makes the profound observation that slavery is ruinous to the whites as well as to the blacks, when the natural consequence of the system is to destroy the morals of the people as well as their industry:

"—, for in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself when he can make another labor for him."

Those who wish to study a state paper of the very highest class should turn to the appendix of the "Notes on Virginia" and read Mr. Jefferson's "Act for Establishing Religious Freedom."

In September, 1782, Mrs. Jefferson, who had recently given birth to a sixth child, died. Her husband, who had watched by her bedside day and night, week after week, was led staggering from the room, and on reaching the library, fainted. For many weeks he was plunged into a stupor of grief from which his friends and relatives endeavored in vain to arouse him.

On June 6th, 1783, he was again elected to Congress by the Virginia Legislature and was given a flattering reception in Philadelphia, was appointed to the most important committee, and his mind diverted to congenial work was drawn away from the danger of morbid melancholy. In conjunction with Gouverneur Morris, he worked out the plan for a national currency, the dollar being accepted by Congress, at his suggestion as the unit of value. At this session, he presented, to Congress the Deed of Cession, by which

Virginia made over to the Federal Government her vast Northwest territory. He endeavored to have slavery forbidden in the new territory after the year 1800, but his proposition was rejected by a majority of one vote.

In May, 1784, Congress appointed Mr. Jefferson one of the three ministers to negotiate Treaties of Commerce with European nations, Dr. Franklin and John Adams being the other two. The ministers were unable to accomplish what Congress desired. With the exception of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who received the American overtures cordially, but who had no commerce to exchange, European monarchs, held aloof and gave to the American ministers a cool rebuff.

In 1785, Mr. Jefferson took up his residence in Paris as sole minister of the United States to France. In this position there wasn't much that Mr. Jefferson could do, and his time appears to have been occupied in executing all sorts of commissions for American societies, colleges and personal friends. He lived in grand style, entertaining much elegant company, spending many thousands of his money, besides his \$9,000 salary. Not having a great deal to do in Paris, and having broken a wrist by a fall, he was advised to try the waters at Aix, and he set out upon a tour which led him through Southern France and Northern Italy. Travelling in his own carriages, taking easy stages, he went from village to village, making a thorough study of the people and of conditions. He kept a diary during these travels, and, with the exception of the Journal of Arthur Young, there is no description of the conditions of the French people immediately prior to their revolution which is more instructive, suggestive and valuable than that of Mr. Jefferson.

In 1789, he returned to Virginia on a leave of absence, reaching Monticello by Christmas.

While he was abroad, the Constitutional Convention of 1787 had done its work; the new government was struggling to its feet; Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury and had been for months—gathering into his strong hands the reins of power. Urged by President Washington repeatedly to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson finally decided to do so. From the first, he found his position an uncongenial one. President Washington, no doubt, honestly believed himself to be a non-partisan, thoroughly free from party bias and prejudice; in fact, he was a determined Federalist who needed but very little to make him a typical English Tory. No matter how earnestly he might seek advice from Edmund Randolph and Thomas Jefferson, no matter how long he might cogitate and hesitate, he never failed to take the Hamiltonian side of every great governmental question. The result was that there began in Washington's cabinet the bitter combat between the two schools of political thought,—Jeffersonianism and Hamiltonianism,—which has raged, with some intermission, ever since, and which will probably continue to the end of time.

By temperament, Mr. Jefferson was unfitted for a scene of constant strife, and he finally became weary of the Cabinet struggle with Hamilton; therefore, in 1789, he tendered his resignation, and, in spite of Mr. Washington's earnest request that he remain in the cabinet, he insisted upon retirement. At Monticello he found that after the payment of the British debt he still owned 10,000 acres of land, but his entire estate was dilapidated, its value greatly reduced. Besides the British debt, which had been paid, Mr. Jefferson, an easy-going optimist, had incurred many others of his own; and with his strange mixture of carelessness,—which caused him to enter such items of expense as postage stamps and pennies in the church contribution box—

and of recklessness which carried him to the most expensive style of living, of entertaining and of building, he now *threw down certain portions of his mansion to make way for the more artistic conceptions which he had gathered during his travels in Europe, and began to lay gardens and parks after the manner of those which had excited his admiration in England.* His great flouring mill on the Rivanna, which cost him thirty thousand dollars, probably, never paid him one cent of profit; his wool factory probably turned out for him the most costly cloth in the world; his nail factories were perhaps as unprofitable, and while his agricultural pursuits were carried on in a highly ornamental manner, there can scarcely be a doubt that Mr. Jefferson was one of those farmers whose crops cost more than they brought in the market.

Yet this strange blend of visionary and the man of affairs conferred very clear, practical benefits upon his countrymen. He imported merino sheep to improve the native breed; he introduced up-land rice into Georgia and South Carolina, and the olive into South Carolina, Georgia and Florida; he introduced improved agricultural machinery and improved methods. In France he had taken a medal awarded by the Royal Agricultural Society for an improved turn plow. He was constantly sending to his friends importations from abroad of European nuts and vines and the seed of European melons. He invented a folding chair, and was also the inventor of the first revolving chair. He devised for himself a two-wheel, single-seat sulky and an extension top for his carriage. The modern evolution of these various inventions are to be seen throughout our whole country.

The Republican caucus at Philadelphia nominated Mr. Jefferson in 1796 on the presidential ticket. He did not leave Monticello during the campaign

and, apparently, took no part in it, but he came very near defeating John Adams. Under the system then prevailing, Mr. Adams became President, and Mr. Jefferson, as the receiver of the next highest vote, became Vice-President. The salary attached to the office of Vice-President at that time was one of its chief attractions to our debt-ridden statesman; his affairs were so embarrassed that he sadly needed the money. Shortly after he began to preside over the Senate, he published his "Manual of Parliamentary Practice," which became a standard authority on the dark and dismal science known as Parliamentary Law. He hotly denounced the Alien and Sedition Law which the Federalists pushed through Congress; wrote the celebrated Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, in collaboration with Mr. Madison, but firmly protested against the suggestion made by John Taylor that North Carolina and Virginia secede from the Union.

In the presidential election of 1800, Mr. Johnson defeated Mr. Adams for the Presidency. During this campaign he had been assailed with the most malignant violence. The New England preachers were especially vociferous in their attacks upon him; they declared that Mr. Jefferson was an atheist; that his writings poisoned the minds of the young; that he had robbed the widow and the orphan of a dead friend, and that he was guilty of other immoralities which are unprintable.

The inauguration of Mr. Jefferson worked a new era in the history of our government; the semi-royalty of Washington and John Adams disappeared. The former, especially, had surrounded himself with imposing ceremonial,—he seemed very much disposed to pattern after the royal functions of the king of England. Mr. Jefferson swept all of this aside. He installed at the White House the manners of a simple gentleman, with no

rules of precedence, barriers, social or otherwise, over which one class of men and women could look superciliously at another and say, "We are better than you." Under Jefferson, all came as equals to the White House, if they came at all.

Here, again, as in Paris and as at Monticello, Mr. Jefferson lived the grand life. The White House became the best hotel in Washington, with a patronage that was the despair of inferior places. He kept French cooks, a dozen other servants, often spent \$50 per day at the Georgetown market; a wagon was kept busy hauling the substantial from Monticello, and he refreshed his guests with French wines that cost him \$2,700 per year. His carriage team alone cost \$1,600. Yet, with all this lavish outlay in his manner of living, the newspapers of the opposition were full of descriptions which represented him as untidy in his person and wearing apparel, undignified in his manner, and altogether too promiscuous in his reception of people at the Executive Mansion.

Mr. Jefferson's first administration was signalized by a repeal of the Judiciary Act which had created new Federal Courts, Judges and Marshals. He annulled the midnight appointments which John Adams, with most indecent partisanship had made. One of the Federal Judges, Pickering, was tried by impeachment, found guilty and removed from office. A similar impeachment directed against Judge Chase, a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, called forth all the power of Federalism. It was felt by the Federalists that if a signer of the Declaration of Independence like Chase could be ousted from his judgeship, the next impeachment would assail John Marshall himself, therefore, they employed the ablest counsel that money could secure, whereas the Jeffersonians put the management of the impeachment in the hands of John Ran-

dolph, of Roanoke, who had no fitness whatever for such a task. There was a long and bitter struggle, and Chase came forth triumphant. This was a bitter pill to Mr. Jefferson, for with

the foresight of a political seer, he realized that the Federal judiciary were the sappers and miners, who were the most dangerous enemies to our republican institutions.



Pullin' Hick'ry Sweet-Roots

J. A. ROSS

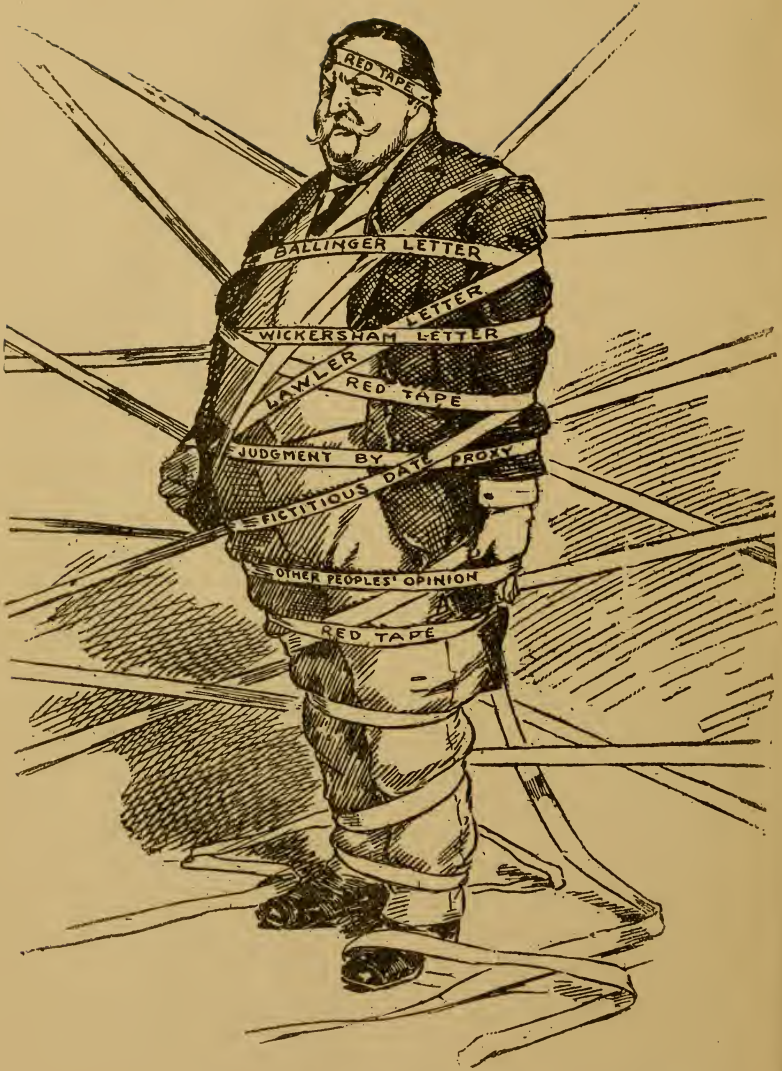
(Dedicated to the friend of my youth and age, Hon. Sanford H. Cochran, Logan, Iowa)

When you git that lazy feelin'
 What comes on in early spring,
 When the bees begin their hummin'
 An' the birds their songs to sing;
 When troops uv God's bright angels
 Hover 'round you, it doth seem,
 An' you snatch a s'ice o' heav'n
 Frum the fringes uv a dream;
 When you're lovin' everybody
 As your mother's lovin' you,
 An' you wish with all your boyish heart
 There want a thing to do,
 When there's nothin' in the world so good
 As jist ter be a boy,
 It's time fur pullin' sweet-roots
 Down in Eel-li-noy.

They may talk about their boyhood days
 In Florida an' Maine,
 They may prate about the music
 Uv the shingle an' the rain,
 They may tell us uv the flowers, too,
 In southern lands that grow,
 An' Monty's maple-sugar camps
 Where happy children go;
 But, I'm risin' up ter tell you that
 Fur fun without alloy
 You can't beat sweet-root pullin'
 Down in Eel-li-noy.

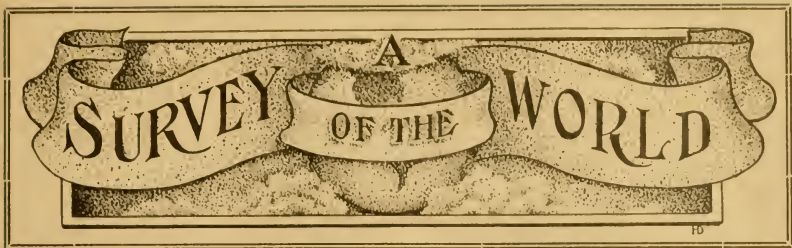
I feel it yet—that magc spell
 Uv woodland and uv breeze,
 When blue-bells filled the valleys
 An' happy birds the trees;
 When the startling's song uv gladness
 As he swung frum briar an' weed,
 Wuz a note frum heav'n new-echoed
 'At wuz better than a creed;
 Such wuz our boyhood vlsions,—
 It wuz bliss without alloy,
 A pullin' hick'ry sweet-roots
 In Southern Eel-li-noy.

Those scenes have long since vanished
 An' my hair is gettin' white,
 While I'm sittin' here a-thinkin'
 Uv my boyhood home to-night;
 But I'm livin' those days over,
 An' the Past as Now doth seem,
 As I cast my bob and sinker
 In the fish-pond uv a dream.
 I do not know the raptures
 Uv that heav'nly land so fair,
 Where trouble cometh never
 An' there is naught uv care,
 But I'll not be much complainin'
 If that clime I can enjoy
 Like pullin' hick'ry sweet-roots
 In Southern Eel li-noy.



All Tangled Up

—New York World



A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By THE EDITOR

THE election of ex-Governor Broward, of Florida, to the United States Senate, in place of Senator Taliaferro, is an event of very great importance. It is not merely the substitution of one man for another, but it is a defeat of the corporations by a revolt of the people. The Flagler interests, the Lumber Trust, and the Naval Stores Companies have been exercising almost despotic control over the politics of the peninsula. In the *Times-Union*, they have a most thoroughgoing partisan. When a Southern newspaper can sing hymns of praise in honor of such a creature as the present Secretary of the Interior, you wouldn't care to know anything more in order to judge of its true character. Largely by the help of the *Times-Union*, the corporations have been able to keep in office men who could be relied on to be loyal to their interests. Taliaferro has voted pretty much as they desired, and they strove mightily to save him. In the effort to secure his re-nomination, money flowed like water. He and Congressman Clark remained away from their posts of duty at Washington, (although the most important measures were on their passage in Congress,) and these two gentlemen toured the State of Florida, making the most savage assaults upon Broward. That he has secured the nomination, by a substantial majority, in spite of all that the corporations

could do, will encourage Old Man Peepul everywhere.

AS we go to press, the Dove of Peace is wearing an expression of worry.

China is chasing missionaries and native "converts", Egypt is seething with discontent, the Albanians are in revolt against the Turks, the Indians of Yucatan are up in arms against Diaz; the civil war still rages in Nicaragua, with every indication that our navy means to butt in; Mr. Roosevelt and the Italian earthquakes are giving Europe a shake-up; and the elections are on, in the United States.

ON March 15, 1909, the country witnessed the ability of the Republican party to secure the use of the Democratic life-boat, in case of a storm. Cannonism was saved by the twenty-three Democratic deserters—mainly composed of the Standard Oil Congressmen from New York City and the J. P. Morgan group from Georgia.

But the connection between the two old parties was even more strikingly shown by the confessions of those Democratic members of the Illinois Legislature *who were bribed by the Democratic boss* (Browne) to vote for Lorimer, the Republican candidate for the Senate.

Lorimer has been a member of the lower House of Congress for some



The Master Mason

—McDougall's Magazine

years, has been the faithful tool of the Beef Trust. The corporations which have been the beneficiaries of his service and who need more of it in their business no doubt put up the money which bribed the Democrats to vote for him. The significance of the thing is that *the Democratic State-boss* was at work for Lorimer.

—•—

GEOORGIA should join the twenty-nine States that have already demanded a national convention to revise the Federal Constitution. When two more States unite in the call, it will become operative. Let Georgia be one of these two, and then let us do all in our power to prevail upon another Southern State to follow suit.

The Federal Constitution should be amended by abolishing the life-tenure of the Federal judges. These Courts are thoroughly un-democratic; and they have proven themselves as dangerous to our institutions and our liberties as Jefferson prophesied that they would be.

The Eleventh Amendment should be so strengthened that a Federal judge, ignoring the obvious purpose of it, should be liable to criminal prosecution in the State Courts. The manner in which the Federal judges entertain suits instituted by private corporations against sovereign States, is simply infamous.

There should be a stringent provision preventing Congress from levying taxes in such a way that one man, or one industry is given the power to rob another.

There should be a clause divorcing our national treasury from the J. P. Morgan Money-trust.

It should be made a crime, punishable upon the prosecution of any citizen, for the Secretary of the Treasury to hoard \$150,000,000 of our gold coin—over and above the usual and necessary cash reserve. This enormous

amount of money is kept out of circulation—for no other reason than that the Morgan Money-trust dreads its competition with bank notes.

There should be a mandatory provision, requiring Congress to restore to the South the \$63,000,000 taken from us by the illegal "Cotton-tax".

The Interstate Commerce Commission should be strengthened, so that it would exert the same control over transportation, telegraph and telephone companies that European governments exercise.

The Postal service should be broadened, as it is in Europe, so that parcels, telegrams and telephone messages may be sent through that channel.

Every kind of currency intended to circulate as money, should be the creation of the Government. To abdicate this sovereign function to a private individual or corporation, is to establish a State within a State. Whoever issues the money of any country, can control the volume of it; and whoever can do *that*, is master of markets, and of commercial conditions. In the Government alone, should that irresistible power be vested.

—•—

THE *Literary Digest* usually gives an impartial and trustworthy opinion upon nearly all questions which it handles. A striking exception to the contrary, however, is furnished by its comments upon the Ballinger investigation. In its issue of May 28, 1910, the evidence produced before the Committee is summarized in a manner which signally fails to do justice to the strength of the case against the accused Secretary of the Interior.

In spite of all the obstacles placed in the way of the opposition, by the Republican members of the Committee, and in the teeth of the strenuous antagonism of Senators Nelson, Root and Gallinger, Mr. Brandeis succeeded in dragging forth certain facts which en-

able intelligent readers to understand the situation fairly well. Ballinger's own evasions, refusals to answer, failures to produce important documents, and flat contradictions of himself were sufficient to show what *he* is. The fol-

site grabbers the secrets of the Government. This was in violation of law.

(2) While acting as attorney for the Cunningham claims, Ballinger prepared an affidavit to the effect that the Guggenheims had no interest whatever



Preparing for Another "Investigation" —Baltimore Sun

Congress: What's up now?

Senate: Haven't you heard about Lorimer?

lowing concrete facts in the evidence are established beyond all question:

(1) When Ballinger resigned from the Land Office, he almost immediately became the attorney of the holders of the Cunningham claims. That is to say, he entered into the employment of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, selling to those coal-land and power-

in these claims. He knew that statement to be false, but he, in person, filed the affidavit with Secretary Garfield.

(3) He practically suspended the investigation of the fraudulent character of the Alaska claims, although he had been put upon notice that Garfield considered all of these claims fraudulent.

(4) He was in intimate correspondence with the Morgan banking house, and was known to be personally close to George W. Perkins, a member of that firm.

(5) He clear-listed the Cunningham claims, telegraphed to Alaska for the transmission to his Department of the plats necessary for the patents, and was about to issue titles covering property estimated by Morgan-Guggenheim experts to be worth \$25,000,000. It was at this stage of the proceedings that Louis R. Glavis entered such strenuous protest that Ballinger was afraid to go further.

(6) When ex-Governor Moore, who was representing the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, and who was pushing the claims, telegraphed to Ballinger to know why the patents had not been issued, he received a reply from Ballinger himself that the matter had been *temporarily halted*, because of the protest made by the field agent. This was Glavis.

(7) He ordered the Reclamation Service to formally demand the re-opening to entry of certain public lands, on which were power sites in the North-West. When this order was finally obeyed, Ballinger explained to the President that he was re-opening land to settlement *because the Reclamation Service had requested it*. In effect, therefore, he was telling the President a deliberate falsehood on a most material matter.

* * * *

There was one very ugly feature which cropped out during this investigation. On September 13, 1909, the President issued a formal statement exonerating Ballinger from the Glavis charge. In his letter, the President positively stated that he had very carefully examined a certain paper which was before him at that time. He stated that he based his opinion upon this documentary evidence. It transpired

during the investigation before the Committee that no such paper as the one the President referred to was in existence at the time he issued his O. K. of Ballinger. Not until Brandeis had, by the most stubborn and courageous persistence, dug up fact after fact, and brought the matter home to them, did Mr. Wickersham and the President admit that the paper which the President said was before him at the time he signed the statement of September 13, 1909, was not written until several months afterwards. It is said that it took Mr. Wickersham three weeks to prepare the opinion covering the case, and that it occupied ninety printed pages.

The Investigating Committee had been at work some time before the Attorney-General put pen to paper. In other words, Glavis and Pinchot both had been dismissed from office, and the inquiry into the charges made against Ballinger was under full headway, before a line was written of that paper which we were told convinced the President that Glavis was wrong, and should be discharged.

Of course, the President and the Attorney-General contend that this opinion of the latter, which it took three weeks to prepare, is identical with the oral opinion which the Attorney-General gave to the President at Beverly, Massachusetts. We must say that it is hard to believe *any such thing*; and we must further say that the confessions which Wickersham and the President had to make, as a consequence of the secrets revealed by Frederick N. Kerby, will have a tendency to shake the confidence of the average man in any future statement which either the President or his Attorney-General may make.

* * * *

Was there any good reason why the President could not have told the people that he was exonerating Ballinger

on the faith of a *verbal opinion* which his Attorney-General had just given him? Would not such a statement have been as satisfactory as to say that the Presidential verdict was rendered upon the Attorney General's written opinion? In numberless cases, the opinions of judges are delivered orally

the Standard Oil case went back to Chicago for re-trial after the Landis fine of \$29,000,000 had been overturned by Judge Groscup and the Supreme Court. We saw the same thing happen at the trial of Heinze, in New York, a few weeks ago by oral opinion delivered upon interlocutory matters, the



An Unpleasant News Item

—Baltimore Sun

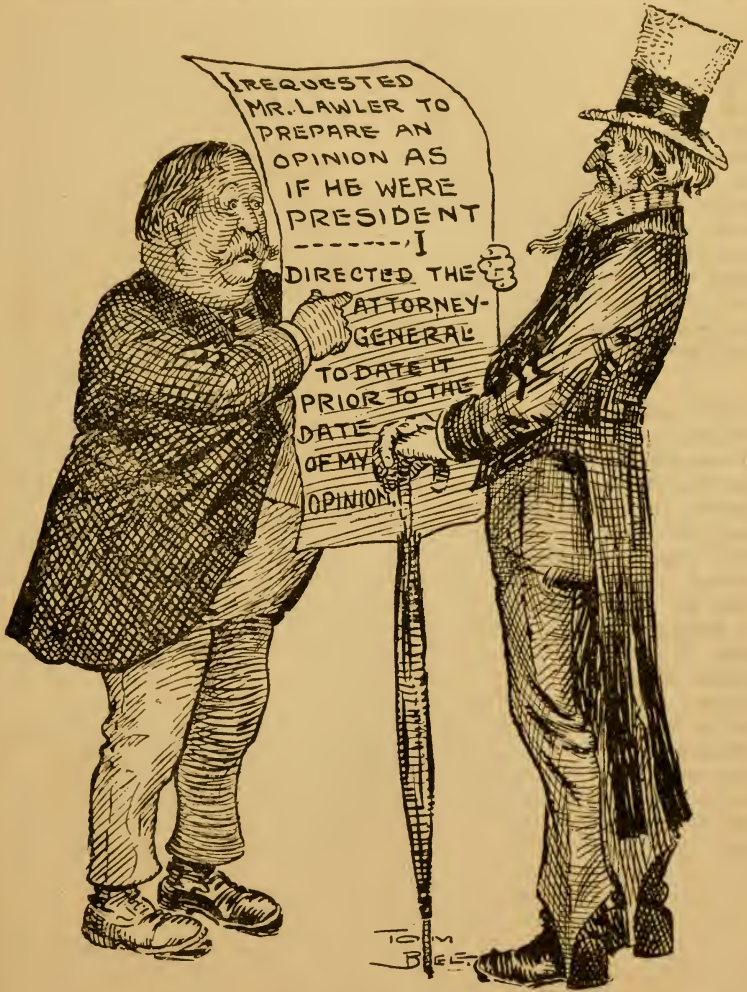
Mr. Taft: I don't know what the newspapers are coming to—nothing but scandal!

during the progress of the most important trials. Questions which really decide the case come up upon the admission or the rejection of testimony. In all such matters, the opinion of the Court is verbal. These opinions cut the very life out of the case if adverse to the plaintiff. They cut the life out of the defence if adverse to the defendant. We saw an instance of that when

Judge simply clubbed the life out of the case. In like manner, great lawyers frequently give opinions verbally, after a careful examination of the evidence, and of the authorities. Such opinions, clearly expressed, and thoroughly understood, are as satisfactory as those reduced to writing. Mr. Taft has been a lawyer and a judge himself, and is familiar with all this. *Why*

should he not have told the simple truth, when he was exonerating Bal-linger? Whatever Wickersham said to

ion which now appears of record. Consequently, an unpleasant taste is left in the mouth: a disagreeable mem-



Mr. Taft Explains

—Baltimore Sun

Mr. Taft at Beverly must have been brief and hurried: it could never have been the ninety pages of printed opin-

ory clings to the episode. The inevitable result will be that whenever the President or Wickersham hereafter

make a statement, it will be received with more or less incredulity. In other words, Mr. Taft has nobody but himself to blame if the popular mind should henceforth demand of him some proof in corroboration of his public statements upon important matters. This is said in no spirit of unkindness, but with a feeling of genuine regret that it *has to be said*. The proposition is too plain and simple. A man ought not to say that he has a certain paper before him as a basis for his opinion when, as a matter of fact, there is no such paper in existence. To put it another way, *people ought to tell the truth*: they can't blame others if, having been detected in an untruth, their word thenceforward carries less weight.

* * * *

The most ominously significant declaration made by Ballinger's attorney, in summing up before the Committee, was that the Cunningham claims were genuine, and that patents should be issued covering those coal lands which the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate coveted. This would indicate that when the popular clamorous hysteria, as Ballinger calls it, shows the least signs of subsiding, the Taft administration means to deliver the goods. Enough has cropped out to indicate that a bargain was made during the Presidential campaign between the pirates and the Taft managers. Just how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the land-grabbing syndicate contributed to the Republican campaign will perhaps never be known; but there is circumstantial evidence, of the most convincing character, that the syndicate expected the clear-listing of the Cunningham claims in return for these liberal contributions to the Republican slush-fund. In no other way can it be explained that such a man as Ballinger, notoriously known as the attorney of these people, should have been put in charge of the Interior De-

partment. Stealthily, but swiftly, Ballinger was proceeding to carry out the understanding. The outcry made by Glavis frightened him and stopped him. But suppose the public looks another way, suppose attention is drawn off to some other more absorbing matter, and the newspapers drop the subject. Then what? *Ballinger will deliver the goods.*

* * * *

The Senate called upon the President for such documents as he had before him at the time he indorsed Ballinger and dismissed Glavis.

Whereupon, Wickersham spent three laborious weeks in writing his 90-page opinion. This document was sent to the Senate, as one of the papers which Mr. Taft had before him *several months before it came into existence.*

Neither Wickersham, Ballinger nor Taft had quailed in their bold pretense that this was the main "document" which the President relied on when deciding against Glavis. For weeks and weeks, the three conspirators stood pat. For weeks and weeks the guilty secret was well kept—likewise the astounding fact that Mr. Taft had instructed Ballinger to whitewash himself, through Lawler, his own subordinate.

Then, when Kerby exposes the conspiracy, the fraud practised upon the public and the forgery of the "document", the President rushes to the front with the statement that the 90 printed-page opinion of the Attorney is the reproduction of the oral communication which Wickersham made to Mr. Taft at Beverly!

No wonder that Private Secretary Carpenter hotly denounced the Kerby story as absolutely unfounded. His honest disbelief in the duplicity of his Chief, should go to his credit. He could not believe that the President could have signed his name to such a wilful and deliberate falsehood as that contained in the exoneration of Bal-

linger. He could not believe that Mr. Taft had told the accused Secretary to whitewash himself through the subservient and unscrupulous Lawler—a

ly. He estimates that there are from one million to four million "dope fiends" in this country. He mentions in the catalogue of pernicious drinks,



The Burden-bearer

Baltimore Sun.

man who was under the Glavis charges himself.

IN the Farmers' Bulletin 393, L. F. Kebler endeavors to attract the attention of the country to the fact that the drug habit is increasing enormous-

soothing syrups, medicated soft drinks, asthma and catarrh remedies, cold and cough cures, remedies and consumption cures, headache remedies and drug habit cures. All of these it seems may contain dangerous poisons, likely to fasten a fatal habit on those who use

them. He says that there are at least twenty mail-order drug treatments known to the authorities. It is alleged that some of these "cures" are mere parasites which feed on the maladies of the dope fiend. In the report of the Roosevelt Homes Commission, Coca-Cola is listed as one of these pernicious soft drinks. Such being the fact, it seems incredible that so many of the religious papers, and of the medical journals should carry advertisements of that tippie.

IS there in England today the physical robustness and the mental power which was so characteristic of former times? We remember that when recruits were being drummed up for the Boer War, something like a sensation was created by the fact that so much physical deterioration was apparent in those who volunteered for enlistment. In fact, it was impossible to get men of the desired standard. If my recollection is not at fault, the requirements had to be made less rigorous. Man to man, the Boers were vastly superior to the British.

In this country, there is no doubt that our imperialistic policy is having a baneful influence. Our record in the Philippines is not one to be proud of; and the fact is, that our soldiers fought and bled, (while our tax-payers were burdened with expenditures of hundreds of millions of dollars,) *with no other general result than that the Sugar Trust has secured a rich province.* Is there no significance in the fact that Germany shows greater physical and mental vigor than the other European countries which have long been burdened with colonial possessions? *Or in the fact that Spain began to improve, in every way, as soon as her provinces were wrested from her?*

* * * *

Where do we get the idea that it is any of our business to go to the Phil-

ippines, to Egypt, to India, or to China, and substitute our ways for theirs, our civilization for theirs? The genius of each race is different from that of the others. Racial characteristics persist: *education does not obliterate them.* The Chinaman may be transformed outwardly, and his mind may be saturated with Western thought; but the Chinaman will never be at heart a European. The Oriental soul will always be different from that of the Occident. It must be evident to every student of human affairs that civilization must *germinate from within.* In other words, *civilization* cannot be taught as you would teach farming, manufacturing, mining and engineering. History presents no instance of any race being civilized by another. The Greeks carried their standards throughout the East, and Grecian learning followed the standard; but the civilization of Greece never did cross her frontiers. Rome carried her eagles to the confines of the then known world; she built her roads and bridges as far as the eagles flew; she founded schools, introduced her laws and her customs; but, as a matter of sober fact, *Roman civilization* never did extend beyond the limits of Italy. *She couldn't make a Latin out of the Celt, the Teuton, the Parthian, or the Egyptian.* What they were, they remained, *racially distinct* from their conquerors.

To assert the right of one nation to own and control another, is in principle the same as to say that one man has the right to own another. To enslave a nation, governing it against its will, is as immortal and unrighteous as the enslaving of an individual.

OF course, the whole world is still talking Roosevelt. His speech in Guild Hall, London, has probably elicited a greater amount of contemporaneous comment than any address

ever delivered. The pith of it seems to be, that the white man is responsible for the consent of the governed", is a negligible quantity. Mr. Roosevelt an-



Never Again!

N. Y. American.

for the uplift and the control of all the lower races throughout the world. pronounced the proposition that timidity and sentimentality in dealing with

these lower races would do more harm than violence and injustice. He also frankly advocated "the rod of iron and the sword of blood", in dealing with these subject countries. Of course, this is nothing more than a prose version of the Kipling gospel of "the white man's burden", etc.

The imperial policy, wherever adopted, *has resulted in the ruin of the dominant, as well as of the subject, race.* It was so with the five great monarchies of the East: it was so with Greece: it was so with Rome. Any one who looks beneath the surface can see that the same truth is working itself out in Great Britain and in the United States. Her imperial policy will be the ruin of England; and our imperial policy will cause our own national decay. It is very easy for the Roosevelts to see that *slavery* was wrong—injurious to the master, as well and unjust to the slave. *What these imperialists and militarists fail to observe is, that the same principle applies to that larger relation of suzerain and subject country.*

THE elections are bringing no comfort to the stand-pat Republicans. John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, the right bower of Speaker Cannon, and the personal representative of the Steel Trust in Congress, has had the fight of his life. If he has escaped slaughter at all, he has done it by the skin of his teeth. His opponent claims that the Steel Corporations used the job lash on their men, as well as money and fraud, on the electorate. I haven't the slightest doubt of it. A contest is promised, and it is to be hoped that a full investigation will be had.

In Iowa, it appears that only three of the stand-patters escaped shipwreck. Even the Chairman of the Republican Committee on Military affairs went down in the general crash. Mr. Hull will be remembered as the brother of

Mrs. Morris, who was subjected to such brutal treatment at the White House during the Roosevelt administration. At that time, she accused her brother of having taken advantage of her in money matters, and of having persecuted her husband, driving him from a position which he held in the Government service. The fact that Mr. Hull showed no feeling of resentment against Roosevelt, or of sympathy for his sister, was the subject of very unfavorable comment at the time.

HON. JOHN O. MARTIN, of Colorado, deserves the thanks of the country for his courageous efforts to wring the truth out of Wickersham concerning the surrender of the friar lands in the Philippines to Wickersham's clients, the Sugar Trust thieves. When we remember how long it took Brandeis to unearth the facts in the Ballinger case, we can readily understand the difficulties which confront Mr. Martin. He has to deal with a lawyer who has no principles and no conscience. He is capable of all manner of evasion and deception. A man who will forge evidence will suppress it—and we have seen Wickersham devote three weeks to the manufacture of a document, to which he affixed a false date, and which was used to deceive.

And, worst of all! our President was a party to the fraud.

IN the June number of the *American Federationist*, Hon. Samuel Gompers says:

"The report of the Federal Commissioner of Labor on the strike at the Bethlehem Steel Works is official confirmation, in carefully drawn up tables and text, of the words of Father Fretz, a pastor in South Bethlehem, when he said: 'I have labored among my people in this community for nineteen years, and I know that the Bethlehem Steel Company is a human slaughter-house.' The slaughtering is due, not so much to the accidents as to over-

work, although the number of 'accidents' (sure occurrences, rather) which caused injuries to workmen was, in 1909 no less than 927, of which 21 were fatal, and the total time lost by the injured while recovering was 3,739 weeks. *What state of health can laboring men be in who work in a blast furnace twelve hours a day during seven days a week?* Of the total of 9,184 men employed by the company in January, 1910, 4,725, or 51 per cent., worked at occupations requiring twelve hours a day on the regular working days. The number working seven days a week twelve hours a day was

2,628, or 29 per cent. *A force of seventy-nine men worked thirteen and one-sixth hours a day for seven days a week.* For overtime no extra pay was given, whether for Sunday or otherwise; nearly 13 per cent. of the entire force worked an average for the month of forty-three and eight-tenth hours overtime."

There was never a time when Southern Slavery exhibited anything equal to the "slaughter-house methods" which now prevail, not only in Pennsylvania but in all the manufacturing centers.



Beginning to Loom Up

"I can't see him, but I think I can hear him!"

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Beyond the Walls

JAMES TANDY ELLIS

*Ah, Lanning loved her in that sweet old way
Wherein some fair rose blooming in the May
Exhales its nectar and would glorify
Its own blown sweetness as the years go by.
And she, as some deep blushing rose of Spring
In op'ning touch of beauty, ravishing
The eager gaze with dreams of loveliness,—
Her cheek, where sunbeams lent their soft impress,—
The voice as some sweet rising melody
In flute-like tones so soft and tenderly.*

*An, Lanning, had you not the poet's heart,
That rhythmic thread of tone that stands apart
From all the bitter, chilling strife for gain,—
The poet's heart, and whether joy or pain,
The honey of the one,—the fretting gall
Of suffering, it must be all in all,
But as some harp string sounds above the night,
The sun-rays of that soul will seek the light,
And in that light there ne'er shall cease to be
The whispering dream of blest eternity.*

*Ah, Lanning, lad, it was but yesterday
I stood beside your tomb, the shadows gray
Were touching on the pine-trees, and I heard
The plaintive chirping of a lonely bird,—
I wondered if She ever came a-near
Your resting place, to sit and ponder here,
And think of days when sweet were summer skies,
Reflecting all the blue of her dear eyes
Into your heart,—I wonder if she came
To train the vine that wreathes above your name.*

*And tho' her life is cast in brighter plains
And mated with a being who attains
The topmost rung of this commercial age,
Yet, over all, it may be there's a page
In her own life-book where your name alone
Is writ in golden letters with her own
In some unuttered couplet, and above
The margin, some sweet echoing of love,
Some rapt reminder of a balmy day in June,
Some plighted vow beneath the silvered moon,—
The touch of lips,—the kiss of love so warm,
The voice of softness, with its Southern charm,—*

*For Lanning loved her in that sweet old way
Wherein some fair rose blooming in the May
Exhales its nectar and would glorify
Its own blown sweetness as the days go by.*



YANKEE TARIFFS AND CANADIAN CONSERVATION

ERNEST CAWCROFT



THE Taft administration is seeking a reciprocity treaty with Canada. This follows the success of the recent negotiations which preserved commercial peace between the United States and the Dominion and prevented the application of the maximum schedules of the Tariff Act to Canadian products. Since the Civil War, Canada and the United States have been growing apart, rather than together, from a commercial standpoint. The American tariff wall has forced the development of the "infant industries" throughout the Dominion: and now the United States is compelled to seek a reciprocity treaty with a nation that is becoming increasingly strong from an agricultural and commercial viewpoint.

When Taft and Fielding reached the understanding embodied in Secretary Knox's note providing for commercial peace between the United States and Canada, the people of this country overlooked the fact that the Provinces of the Dominion Confederation are in a position to act independently of the Laurier administration in certain matters affecting their particular interests. This proposition is true both from a constitutional and economic standpoint. The United States Constitution prohibits the levying of an export tax, and it inhibits independent action by the several States with foreign governments. But, on the other hand, the British North American Act empowers the Dominion to levy both import and export taxes; and in addition the several Provinces reserve the privilege of placing dues or levies on products outward bound. The importance of this right to levy export taxes had not been

fully appreciated until the increasing commercial and agricultural strength of Canada, backed by an Empire of natural resources, compelled officials of the United States to awaken to the growing menace of our Northern competitor. It has been the custom in the United States, where a large available market for foreign products exists, to use the power of levying import taxes as a means of forcing concessions from other nations. But now the time has arrived, when Canada, possessing the same natural strength that inhered in the United States until the exhaustion of our national resources began, confronts this country in the markets of the world with the threat of both import and export tariff levies.

The American newspapers hailed the recent commercial understanding with Canada as a token of mercantile peace. But they did not realize that the Provinces of Canada intended to derive every advantage possible from their resources, independent of the action of the Dominion Premier. The truth of this proposition has been impressed upon the people of both nations by the recent action of the Premier of Quebec. The problem of securing a price for white paper which will enable the newspapers and magazines of the United States to continue publication at the existing subscription and advertising rates, has become an international and domestic issue. The visit of the committee of the Newspaper Association to Speaker Cannon during the pendency of the Payne Tariff Bill, is still fresh in the minds of journalistic business managers. The Newspaper Association failed to secure the concessions desired and the predicted drastic

action of the Canadian Provinces is at hand. These Provinces have certain natural resources which America needs to an increasing degree, both because of the enhanced domestic prices and the impending exhaustion of certain staples. Pulp wood is one of the principal causes of this domestic and international situation. The Newspaper Association had hoped that by securing certain definite concessions for Canada in the Payne Tariff Act, it would be possible to prevent Provincial action destined to curtail the exportation of raw material now employing thousands of men in manufactures throughout the United States.

Premier Gouin now announces that the Province of Quebec will prohibit, after the first of September, the exportation of pulp wood from Crown lands for at least five years. The people of Canada have been impressed by the English patent amendment compelling the holders of British patents to arrange for the manufacture of part of their product within the United Kingdom before the year 1911; and after viewing the results of this policy, and coupling with it the knowledge that America needs Canadian pulp wood, it is not surprising that the Premier decided to reserve the pulp wood products of the enormous tract of Crown lands for manufacture within the Province of Quebec. While it is true that American timber and paper interests own in fee large tracts of land in this Province, it is none the less certain that the action of the Premier will affect the course of Yankee industries. In other words, it will tend to increase the price of paper, force the location of branch paper mills on the Canadian side of the border, and it is indicative of a determined policy of commercial independence upon the part of a Dominion having ample lands for settlement rich in those timber, iron and coal resources which are the basis of industrial empire. The action of Quebec furnishes

a precedent for the other Provinces, even though the Laurier government has consented to a commercial peace treaty within a few weeks.

The casual study of Canadian commercial history shows that this policy has been in the minds of Dominion statesmen for some years. The Ontario Legislature of 1900 empowered the Premier to prohibit, in his discretion, the exportation of pulp wood cut from Crown lands. The government of Nova Scotia has recently prohibited the exportation of pulp wood, or any other timber, cut from Crown lands. The New Brunswick Legislature has passed a resolution declaring that all pulp wood and timber cut from Crown lands must be manufactured within that Province. During the last nine months of the year 1909 Canada sold five million dollars' worth of pulp wood to the United States. The *Toronto Globe* has made a special investigation of this problem and it declares that the people are united in insisting that their raw materials, including pulp wood, must be manufactured within the Dominion. This means that Canada, being successful in its policy of colonizing the Western farm lands, is now bent upon developing the industrial centers of the Eastern seaboard, to the end that newly created markets of the Last West may be supplied by products of Canadian manufacture.

The action of Quebec in limiting the exportation of pulp wood was simultaneous with that of Ontario in announcing a new timber policy. The Minister of Lands, Frank Cochrane, declares that the people of Ontario must share in the increasing values attaching to timber lands and privileges throughout that Province. The newspapers of Ontario have given special attention to the Budget campaign in England and the people of that Province seem to be in resolute sympathy with the Lloyd-George effort to absorb a part of the unearned increment

attaching to land values, by means of public taxation. The diminishing supply of timber in the United States, and the increasing demands upon the resources of Canada, both by the manufacturers of the United States and the Dominion, has stimulated timber land values in Ontario. The Minister of Lands proposes to preserve the low taxes existing on productive industries by taxing the values of these timber lands. According to the statement made the same week as the Quebec pulp wood declaration, the dues on pine sawlogs will be increased from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per thousand feet board measure; the dues on square timber are increased from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per thousand cubic feet; the ground rents are increased from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per mile; while the licensees are now paying one-half of the cost of fire protection, hereafter they must bear the whole expense and the government is to exercise increased supervision over the rangers. It is estimated that this will provide \$300,000 additional a year in reserve.

"The Government," said Hon. Frank Cochrane, in making the announcement, "have had under consideration the question of sharing in the increment of value that has taken place in the stumpage value of timber on lands which have been under license for long periods. We have recognized that any increases made should be considered in all their bearings—that is, their effect upon the trade as well as upon the revenues of the Province—and after getting all the information and listening to the representations of those interested, we have determined upon certain increases which, while they will bring in a substantial increase in timber revenue, will not, in our opinion, prove injurious to nor embarrass the interests of the lumber trade.

"The dues on old limits," proceeded the Minister, "were last increased in 1887 by 25 cents per thousand feet

board measure, which brought them from 75 cents per thousand feet board measure up to \$1. A long period has elapsed since that increase of 25 cents, and we are now increasing the dues by 50 cents per thousand feet board measure, or double what they were increased in 1887. This will bring the dues on pine sawlogs up to \$1.50 per thousand feet board measure. Recognizing that the making of square and waney board timber is a wasteful form of manufacture, we have made a substantial increase in the dues on square timber. They have been increased from \$20 per thousand feet cubic to \$50—that is, an increase of \$30 per thousand cubic feet. Then we have thought, too, that hemlock, which is coming more into general use, should pay additional duty, and we have added 25 cents per thousand feet board measure to the hemlock dues. There are other small increases, but these are the important ones.

"Then we have to consider the question of ground rent," continued Mr. Cochrane. "The Government felt that on old licenses, which only paid a ground rent of \$3 per mile, there should be a substantial increase. In 1887 the ground rent was increased from \$2 to \$3 per mile—an increase of \$1 per mile. We have now increased the ground rent from \$3 to \$5 per mile—an increase of \$2. There will thus be but one rate of ground rent all over the Province.

"The timber licensees, having urged that there is an element of unfairness in not having some definite period fixed within which the dues shall not be raised, as the uncertainty affects the value of their property if they want to sell it or when they are pledging it to a bank as security, we have thought there is a great deal of truth in what they say, and have concluded to fix ten years as the time in which the dues on these particular limits shall not be raised.

"Then we charge a small fee when limits are being transferred from one to another of \$1 per mile. We have concluded that this is too small a fee when large property is being transferred, and we have increased the transfer fee to \$5 per mile.

"These are the important changes so far as revenue is concerned, and we think that without detriment to the lumber trade they will bring in a substantial increase in the timber revenue."

Canada realizes that she must preserve her timber as the basis of an industrial Empire. Railroads carrying the grain of the settlers to the Eastern seaboard must have a return haul; and Canadian statesmen believe that the Western shipment should consist of Dominion timber manufactured into furniture and implements. This is not only the basis of the pulp wood and timber policies of the Eastern Provinces, but it is the thought which underlies the Forest Reserve policy measures throughout the Northwest. There are twenty-six Dominion Forest Reserves in the Northwest comprising a total of 11,000,000 acres. Surveys continue from year to year, and it is the intention both of the provincial and Dominion governments to enlarge the area of reserved timber lands. In fact there is a definite movement to reserve lands of every kind except those actually occupied by settlers who till the soil rather than speculate in land values. This sane policy finds expression in the decision of the Government to retain the lands through which the proposed railroad to Hudson Bay will pass in the expectation that their increased sale value will more than pay the cost of constructing the road from the Saskatchewan Valley to Fort Churchill. Unlike the United States, Canada is taking a national inventory before the period of exhaustion appears; and as the surveys and inventory of natural resources are the basis

of a definite conservation policy, it is certain that Canada will have strategic strength in competing for world markets with the United States, in the years of the immediate future.

Western Canada is a haven for the sons of men. Yankees, Yorkshiremen, Jews and Gentiles, are rushing to the free and fertile lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan. But as settlement and tillage are conditions precedent to the ownership of these Western lands, so use, rather than waste, are the basis of enjoying the advantages of a Western homestead. There is to be no such reckless and wanton destruction of resources as prevailed in the United States until the year 1890. Thus the Government has a definite policy relative to the use of firewood in the Western Provinces. The officials realize that firewood and water are the first essentials of contented tillage. If the homesteader has no timber on the soil he settles, he is granted one free permit for 3,000 linear feet of building timber; and if the building timber is to be sawed at the mill, he is entitled to receive 9,250 feet of lumber free of dues, together with 400 roof poles, 500 fence posts and 2,000 fence rails. Should the settler in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta lose his dwelling and farm buildings by a fire not due to his own negligence, he is entitled to a free permit for a similar supply of building materials. In addition the Government seeks to encourage the expansion of the farm buildings of the homesteader and upon a basis designed to assure the use of the timber for useful purposes at a small cost, but sufficiently expensive to eradicate the false notion that the resources of any nation are inexhaustible. Thus any bona fide settler, who is without a sufficient supply on his own farm, may purchase each year from the Reserves 10,000 feet of building logs for lumber to be used on his premises, at the following rates: Poplar, \$1.50 per thousand feet;

other species, \$3.00 per thousand feet, together with 500 fence posts and 500 fence rails at prices ranging from 2 to 5 cents each. These permits have been granted only to actual settlers within fifty miles of a Reserve, and as there is a shortage in Southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, there is some discussion of the need of allowing settlers at a greater distance from the Reserves to rely upon those resources for fire wood and building materials, in order to facilitate the rapid settlement of the rich wheat lands.

Officials of the Forestry Department complain that the waste of timber is not confined to the money-making corporations. It appears that the average settler is equally wanton in cutting his timber high from the ground and caring little for the future of the forest. Thus there is need for scientific conservation in meeting the future timber needs of the Western settlers, and the Forestry Department is experimenting with the plan of granting to portable mills the right to cut for one year on a tract of Forest Reserve a mile square. The Department is insisting that a stump should not be left more than eighteen inches high; that all parts of trees cut exceeding four inches in diameter should be removed from the forest by the licensee, and that all timber thus cut from the Reserves by the portable mills operated by corporations should be sold only to settlers for farm dwellings or to church and school organizations within the district for their public purposes.

Thus in Eastern and Western Canada a policy is being pursued to meet the varying needs of the Dominion, for the sole and united purpose of upbuilding and assuring the commercial and agricultural strength of the Nation of the North. The West is being rapidly colonized and the raw materials of both sections are to be retained within Canada to a larger degree from year

to year, for the purpose of manufacturing articles in the East which will meet the needs of the Westerners. Thus the timber policy of Canada is not only of vital interest to the paper and furniture manufacturers of the United States, but it is of immediate concern to those who are seeking to supply the increasing markets created in Western Canada by the migration of American settlers. It is singular, and perhaps fortunate, that the colonization and conservation policies of the Dominion are the products of the same brain. Fifteen years ago Hon. Clifton Sifton organized the immigration bureaus and conducted the publicity campaign which has brought 1,000,000 settlers into the Western Provinces, including 400,000 Americans. Now the time has arrived in his mind when the enormous resources which attracted these settlers should be used in the creation of individual and national wealth without national waste. This had led him to accept the Chairmanship of the Canadian Conservation Commission. Unlike the United States, this Pinchot of Canada has been fortunate in that the movement has not become involved in Dominion politics. He is carrying forward the propaganda at a time when the Canadian people, warned by the situation in the United States, are bent upon conserving their resources while the supply is plentiful rather than awaiting the period when exhaustion forces action. While the conservation policy of the United States bears an immediate relation to the future competitive power of Americans in foreign markets, those who are considering the commercial relations of the United States and Canada should not overlook the fact that the Eastern export taxes and the Western timber policies of the latter are placing the Dominion in a position to secure the largest possible profit for Canada and Canadians within and without the boundaries of that Northern Empire.

NEW SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES

A GEORGIA HAT FACTORY

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

WHEN the days of Southern reconstruction began, the South was too dazed by the tremendous losses to make a move toward establishing or learning new commercial ventures.

raising, it soon became evident that cotton mills were good business ventures, and these, for a long time, were the only representative manufacturing plants. Then, when capital became more plentiful, it was demonstrated



"THE FACTORY PROPER IS WELL VENTILATED AND LIGHTED"
VIEW OF ONE PART OF SEWING-ROOM

This attitude lasted for many years, the Northern markets supplying almost everything which the Southern soil did not produce.

In recent years, a renaissance set in, and it seemed as though the whole South began taking stock, not only of her resources, but of her possibilities. Identified almost wholly with cotton

that soil, climate and the general conditions prevailing were conducive to development along every commercial line which had made the North wealthy, and the South has gradually come into her own as a factor in national commerce.

Georgia, the Empire State of the South, was, perhaps, more greatly im-

poverished by the Civil War than any of the other Southern States; not only was the loss tremendous in damaged crops, but the wanton destruction of property, real and personal, following the march of Sherman's army, reduced the people of the State to a low financial basis.

Georgia has so many natural advan-

—of Southern manufacture, the idea would have been ridiculed.

But Atlanta, Georgia, numbers among her other industries, a hat factory which has, in four years, won a strong place for itself in the Southern and Western trade.

So many "special articles" have been issued lately of factories and factory



THE MACHINES ARE OPERATED BY ELECTRIC POWER, * * * OF A NICETY OF ADJUSTMENT WHICH MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THE OPERATOR TO TURN OUT PERFECT WORK

tages, it has naturally followed that her development, commercially, is rapid, and she is now entering into direct competition with Northern States in various manufacturing interests.

If any one had prophesied a dozen years ago that the South could buy hats—women's hats, in all the modes and fancies which the Northern hat salesman had carried by trunk loads to the Southern merchant to select from

workers, one almost comes to the conclusion that every factory is a sweat shop, every operator is a consumptive or a child, and every owner is a brute.

Happily, the Southern mill and factory has not yet become glutted with the ignorant foreigners who make squalid the factory towns of the North.

There is nothing that savors of sweat shop methods nor surroundings in the Atlanta hat factory, and the pay, based

on "piece work," makes a general average which is a liberal working wage.

The factory which was chosen as the initial to illustrate the industrial development of Georgia, covers about thirty-four thousand square feet of floor space—occupying two floors of a four-story brick and stone building.

As an industry, hat making covers a diversity of phases.

The straws used in this Atlanta factory were of several grades; the coarser come principally from China and Japan; Italy and France furnish the finer braids, while a few are also imported from Switzerland. The braids



© SCIENCE FICTION MANY VARIETIES OF STRAWS IMPORTED FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HATS

The factory proper is well ventilated and lighted by windows facing west and south.

The machines are operated by electric power, incredible in their swiftness, and of a delicate nicety of adjustment, which makes it possible for the operator to turn out perfect work in the shortest time.

are in bundles, which in turn are baled or boxed; Japan and China bale theirs in coarse matting straw, while the better grades from the other countries are carefully boxed.

The process of making women's hats is a most interesting one, and the origin of the "shapes" is interesting.

Paris seems to lead when it comes

to devising new and startling modes for woman's head covering, and as this is conceded by the American trade, we will follow the trail after the French modiste has decided on what shall be worn.

A general convention is held of the manufacturers, at which is shown every style the Paris hat artist has turned out.

In "pattern hats" the whole creation

are made, and on which every hat must be pressed or moulded, to conform to the decreed style.

And if one has not an adequate conception of the monstrosities which women have deliberately chosen to wear on their heads, a visit to the moulding room of a hat factory would be interesting.

In their plaster-of-paris bareness, these "shapes of other days", resemble



MOULDING ROOM, WHERE PLASTER-OF-PARIS MOULDS ARE MADE OF THE SEASON'S "PATTERN HATS"

is shown trimmed and ready for wear, perhaps in a number of combinations.

The American manufacturers modify or adapt such models as they contemplate putting on the American market, and these patterns are secured in either wire-frame hats, or in buckram. Each factory, having decided on the models for their output, the next step is the plaster cast of each hat, made from the original model.

In the illustration is shown the "moulding room" where the moulds

the cooking utensils which are bared whenever an Egyptian mummy's grave is opened.

The "Merry Widow" in plaster-of-paris form is a monstrosity; other shapes resemble nothing so much as inverted bean-pots, stew pans and small-sized bath tubs, but each has served its day in producing the "very latest style" in women's hats.

Each of the women operators is provided with one of these moulds; the braid is wound on high wooden reels,

which stand immediately back of the operator. One set of operators fashions the crowns; to determine the proper size, they are fitted from time

solution known as "size", after which they are hung over-night to dry. From the sizing bath to the pressing room is the next step. A steaming process



A STEAMING PROCESS SOFTENS THE SHAPE AND IT IS PUT IN AN IMMENSE MOULDER

on the moulds and when the proper proportion has been reached, the braid is "fastened off", clipped, and another crown begun.

The hats are then dipped in a glue

softens the shape and it is put in an immense moulder which is subjected to tremendous pressure, from which it emerges a perfect shape.

From the pressers to the trimmers,

from there to the shipping room, thence to the trade, and the history of the hat is complete.

Four inspections are given by different inspectors of each hat.

This Southern factory, one of the youngest in the trade, employs one hundred and twelve operators; the scale of earnings averages twelve dollars per week, but some of the more skilful earn as much as twenty.

others which are to follow, is to prove that the South is now able to enter into direct competition with the Northern manufacturers in supplying every branch of the manufacturing trade.

The tide of emigration is toward the South, but the new-comers are, in a large per cent. American born. This is noticeable in the absence of squalor.

While it is true there is poverty, and plenty of it, in the Southern cities and



THE TRIMMING-ROOM, ONE OF THE STAGES SHOWING THE ALMOST COMPLETE HAT

The photographs used to illustrate this article were taken in the Atlanta hat factory. They will prove that the working conditions are as nearly ideal as is possible; there is a friendliness existing between the heads of the firm and their employees which is seldom seen in Northern factories. The rules are simple, and such as are necessary in any organized concern employing so many people.

The object of this article, and the

towns, it is also true that, among the whites, there is an absence of the filth, criminality and wretchedness which is so apparent where there is a large percentage of foreigners.

There are many other important industries in Georgia which are firmly based and becoming stronger powers each season in the commercial world.

With these, future articles in this series will deal.

GOING BACK TO DIXIE

PHILIP ROBERT DILLON



HEY had come to the southward hundreds of miles from New York. From the deck of the steamship, looking off the starboard beam, they could see the mainland coast, fifteen miles away. The warm, white, March sunshine laughed and danced, flashing little diamond points where the breeze catspawed the ocean.

"Over yonder—see it? That's Dixie Land! My Dixie!"

Miss Roberval looked at him wonderingly. She had known him but a very little while, yet she thought she knew him quite well. That is the way of steamship friendships.

He was a big, quiet man, rather somber, also conventionally polite. She wondered at the way he said "My Dixie!"

She looked with him, across the water, to the vague coast. It was not much, for her, to see.

After a silence she said, still staring landward:

"So you're going home to Dixie! How does it feel?"

"Fine! I couldn't tell you how fine."

"Me? You couldn't tell me?" accenting the pronoun wilfully, and softly.

"No, I couldn't tell you."

"Because I am a Yankee?" with an aroused light in her big violet eyes and her fine nostrils vibrating.

"It isn't that. It's—it's—" he was straining helplessly for some adequate word. She put in—

"It's because only a Dixie woman can know what a coming back to Dixie means to a man?"

He was not sure whether the subtle something in her tone was scorn. Her eyes, half closed, puzzled him uncomfortably. He said, still stumbling:

"Well, you see, a Dixie woman would know, without being told. I'm not much good at expressing things—"

"Is it so different from all other home comings? Would you understand what I would feel, going home to my New York?"

There could be no mistake about the flashing in her Northern eyes, and the rare color in her face.

"Ah, no—I, too, love New York!" he hastened to say, apologizing. "But you are only a visitor down here. It is not your own land. It was my own land when I was a boy. It is my homeland! It is so beautiful, and I've been dreaming of it so many years! Don't you see how different the case it?"

Her eyes melted. It was good to see this big man stirred like this. She felt distinctly the waves of emotion that pulsed out of him. She smiled indulgently, saying:

"No, I do not see 'how different the case is'. I think a home coming to Dixie is not radically different from a home coming to 'York State'."

"Perhaps not", he conceded, politely, shrinking back to his habitual reserve.

She saw he was hurt. She said, sympathetically:

"Please tell me what you expect at your old home. Shall you see your people, your relatives?"

"No." A deeper shadow came in his somber eyes.

"No? Are they—"

"They died, of yellow fever."

"Oh! Your mother?"

"All—father, mother—all. I was a boy twenty-five years ago."

"Poor boy!"

He was thrilled, yet he affected stolidity.

More softly, understandingly, she spoke:

"And it is just the call of the Southland, the call you have been hearing for twenty-five years, that is bringing you back?"

He moved uneasily. His eyes wandered along the horizon. He essayed to speak, but words would not come.

She watched him, showing in her face the deliciousness she felt, thinking she knew him well, thinking how big, and strong, and shy he was. She revelled in the contemplation of his shyness, as she thought it. She leaned a little to him, saying again, seductively—

"Just the call of the old, dear, beautiful Southland!"

He rose suddenly, looked about the ship forward and aft, looked aloft, and back to the coastline. He wasn't looking for anything definite, and she knew it. He was intensely nervous. She settled back in her chair, watching him silently, enjoying him.

"Look here!" he said abruptly. "You won't laugh at me if I tell you something?"

"No!" eagerly.

He sat down, moved and settled his chair, examined the chair legs, cleared his throat, mopped his brow—

"I'm going back to see Bradley's Saw Mill!"

She gasped, opened her eyes wide.

"A saw mill! What's Bradley's Saw Mill?"

"That's where I first went in swimming. That's where I learned."

"Oh!"

She did not laugh. It might be ridiculous, to a woman, that a big, good looking, well balanced, experienced man should go back a long journey, after twenty-five years, just to see the place where he first went in swimming. But women do not usually laugh at merely ridiculous things. At least this girl did not. On the contrary, she was half angry. What right had he to make himself ridiculous

when she had just put him up on a pedestal?

He knew he had missed. He backed into his shell. He asked, conventionally:

"Do you swim?"

"Yes."

"Where did you learn?"

"In a tank, I guess, or at Newport—I don't remember."

"Didn't you ever swim in a river, or creek, or—"

She interrupted imperiously—"Tell me about this saw mill. There must be something wonderful about it to hold you twenty-five years."

"Well—eh—I guess it wasn't so wonderful. Just a place, you know, down by the riverside where the saw logs were towed in; a kind of basin, not too deep. The water wasn't over your head."

The description was not impressive. He knew it, and her eyes seemed to him merciless.

"Just the ordinary 'swimmin' hole' like boys in York State and Indiana splash around in?"

It was a purposed sarcasm. It compelled him to defend:

"Not at all! When you learned, you could swim out into the river, and it was a mighty big river, I can tell you! Why"—waxing eloquent—"one day a boy named Sullivan, about my age, swam the river and back. Talk about a hero! It was in the newspapers next day. It was a mighty big thing to do."

She relented. After all, he was only a big boy, she thought.

"Tell me more about it."

His face lighted—"We used to go in at high tide—there's a big tide there, you know. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, when we had a morning tide, and the silver gray water came up from the ocean and rose to the high mark at Bradley's. It was so beautiful. It was a long way down from the city, away below the docks, wide fields stretching backward from

the river, and no houses near. We didn't go in swimming in dog days, you know, because the snakes—moccasins—were dangerous then, and, besides, they used to tell us we'd catch hydrophobia if we went in dog days. Once I saw a moccasin, about so long"—showing her by hoding his hands two feet apart—"with his tail round a spike in the dock, holding in his mouth an eel four times as long and big round as himself. We had a time rescuing that eel. Sometimes the moccasins would chase us boys, and sometimes an alligator would come into the basin. Then we had fun—well, I guess!"

She had seen passion in the eyes of men. The fire in this man's dark, shadow blue eyes was akin to passion. She said low, tremblingly:

"It must have been splendid!"

Later came a fog, and when it lifted, at night, the steamship was definitely put under way for the mouth of the river. Then the rain came, in an unobtrusive way, as rain often falls at night in warm latitudes when there is no wind.

He put on a rain coat and a Rough Rider hat, and went out on deck, and paced restlessly up and down the gangways, starboard and port, alternately. He had anticipated a run up the river in the moonlight. Any how, he would keep keen watch of the landmarks, even through the darkness and rain.

A Yankee skipper with whom he had talked some seafaring discourse in the forward deckhouse, came out in a peajacket and tarpaulin.

"Rain all night," the skipper observed, making conversation.

"Looks that way."

The skipper went to the rail and spit over the side. He said heartily:

"My name's Peacock, from Maine. What's yours?"

"MacAlpin. I'm glad to know you, Captain Peacock."

"Bin here before?"

"Years ago. I was born here."

"Folks live here?"

"All in the cemetery."

The skipper grunted in pure sympathy. "I got a sister here", he confided. "She married a Southerner. I was down here some years ago. Mebbe I'll tie up here fur good."

"Where does she live?" his voice full of ingenuous interest.

"On th' side hill near the gas hous—"

"Oh, Yes! Y-e-s! I know where it is. We used to go down that hill every day in summer on the way to Bradley's Saw Mill. Great place to swim. Ever go in swimming there?"

"Bradley's? I don't seem to call to mind. I don't go much on river swimmin'."

"No?" disappointed.

They were silent. The rain made a soothing music. There was the monotonous "shush" of the water at the ship's bow.

The skipper remarked impatiently: "It's a cantankerous river to git up with a big ship at night. Nuthin' like the Hudson."

"I like it better than the Hudson, or the La Plata, or the Tagus and the Thames. I've seen them. I like this river!"

"So? Matter o' taste."

MacAlpin watched keenly the shore. Dazzling electric lights showed mills, steamers, railroad cars. The city sent up a splendid aurora. He peered hard to catch the old landmarks, but he could not locate them confidently. Perhaps the rain made some difference, he explained.

"They seem to have as many electric lights as New York," he said, as if talking to himself.

"Yes, this place is growin' fast," admitted the skipper.

Then MacAlpin murmured—"We ought to be about off Bradley's Saw Mill!"

But he could not make it out. Well, he would see it in the morning. And, after a few minutes, the ship stopped,

and was tied up beside the dock, while the rain still was falling.

"Goin' to stay in the city awhile?" inquired the skipper.

"I've planned to stay a couple of months."

The ship's bell sounded four double strokes. It was midnight.

"Can't git ashore tonight in this rain", grumbled the skipper. "I'll turn in. Good night!"

But the other remained at the rail, alone, staring at the city lights, looking inward to the very sanctuary of memory, from which the veil was lifted.

They hammered at his stateroom door in the morning. He jumped up, swiftly dressed, exulting, in anticipation of what was at last to be realized. He fairly rushed out on deck to feast his eyes on that river.

For a whole minute the novelty of the scene held him, the normal sensation of a practical man trained in observation. He noted the salient things in the picture; the big steamships, the big rice mills, the hundreds of negroes on the docks, the signs of material progress, business and bustle. These were all new to him.

After a minute, lifting up out of memory, rising out of heart, came the other picture, his treasure. He saw the two pictures, side by side, and they were so different!

Was this yellow stream the river of his dreams? For years he had boasted of it, of its bigness, of the clear silver gray water that came up to Bradley's at high tide. Of the great rivers of the world, none compared with the beautiful river of his boyhood, which only a hero could swim—it was so wide!

But this river! He measured with his eye, sardonically, the distance across. In sarcasm he suggested to himself that he could almost throw a stone across it. It was, actually, much wider than stone throwing distance—

probably more than twice as wide—but, in his disappointment, he was prone to belittle it, unjustly. For half a minute he was in a rage, reviling the river.

When the first big shock passed, a depression, a strangeness, fell upon him. He shook this off by a strong effort of his logical faculty.

Yes, of course, the rain of the night before, pouring from creeks further up, would stain the river a yellow mud color. Every freshwater stream is discolored by floods. It was unfortunate that the sky, this morning, was lead-cooled. Later, of course, the sun would shine, and the river would clear, and he would see again the silver gray tide at the Saw Mill—albeit the river was not as wide as he had pictured it.

And also he would renew the ecstasy of boyhood days twined golden with jessamines. He would smell again the magnolias. He would laugh with the mocking birds in the china berry trees. Yes, when the sun would come out, he would find again the old glad places.

So he rode to the hotel in a smiling mood, recognizing, with many sweet thrills, the names of streets. Added to this was the consciousness, of a subliminal sort, which he did not recognize as a concrete hope, that he would see the Girl at the hotel.

It was a big, luxuriously appointed establishment. Of course it was new, comparatively. It was not characteristic of his boyhood city. Again he fell into the mood of resentment. He glared at the people, the guests, Northerners and Westerners. They were fat, or muscular, massive, self-confident. They were aliens. They did not speak with the soft Southland drawl. What right had they to seem at home here? What did they know or care about Bradley's Saw Mill?

Yet again he shook of the mood. These Yankees had come to visit this beautiful Southern city. Why not? And he leisurely ate his breakfast,

watching, all the time, for Miss Roberval.

By and by the sun broke through the leaden dome, glistened on the wax leaves of the magnolias, blazing the jessamines, kissing lusciously the lavender flowers of the chinaberry trees.

Now was the time. He would not wait longer for Miss Roberval. He would return and tell her about it. He would go to Bradley's. On the way he would revisit the old park by the river. There were other parks, gorgeously rich in the sunshine—he could see bits of them from the hotel veranda—but they were not the ones he had known twenty-five years ago. He bent his steps to the park by the river.

There it was! The same old trees. He knew them. They knew him. Why did they greet him in that tired, worn, sad way, when he had expected a glad, hearty welcome? He could hear them say—"You went away from us, to strangers, and the others who live here, have turned their backs on us, have gone to newer friends. They love the new, and neglect us!"

He stood still, taking in every detail of the little park. Such a little park! He recalled that it was a tremendous big green when he was a boy. He used to think it ran along by the river two miles, maybe, when he played ball there. The boundaries had not changed, yet now it was not a tenth of a mile long! And no children were there, but only a few old men, sitting silent on worn benches, staring stolidly at the river.

He walked slowly, treading sacred ground, something within him quivering. Poor, little old green!

Suddenly fell upon him a nameless fear. What if Bradley's Saw Mill had changed? He had never considered that contingency. He went swiftly, almost ran, through the park, down the hill. How well he knew the road to Bradley's!

It was amazing how fast he went.

Distances that used to be so wearisome long, in boyhood, he now covered in fractions of a minute. Onward, down the old plank road, past cotton warehouses, past big black steamships, new docks, new mills, and his eyes straining forward.

He whispered, as if frightened—"Where is it? Have I lost it?"

From somewhere within, the spirit of logic spoke coldly—"All things change! Nothing remaineth!"

He shook his head violently.

"No! No!!" he cried, refusing to believe, dashing away the thought.

He turned, went back, searching. He must have passed the Saw Mill, hidden somewhere among this mass of new structures, he hoped.

He came to an open space between buildings, and through the opening he could see the river. The space was a "dump" for ashes, for refuse, including some dead animals. He walked over it toward the river, stumbling over empty tins, broken bricks, sinking in ashes, rotten rags.

A thin man, evidently a watchman, came out of a factory and eyed him suspiciously.

"Can you tell me", said MacAlpin, "where Bradley's Saw Mill is?"

The man showed mild surprise.

"Why", said he, "your a' standin' on the 'groun' where th' lawg pon' used tu be. Ah raikon they toah down th' mill fifteen yeahs ago."

"Is this the place where the boys used to swim?"

"Yehs, a long time ago. This wuz a big baiz'n lettin' in from th' rivuh, when Ah came hyah, fo'teen yeahs ago. They mos' fill it all up with ashes since then."

"Thank you!" said MacAlpin, walking away, his head bent, a weight crushing down, benumbing him, and a nothingness, akin to despair, in his mind.

He wandered back, winding through the city, looking dumbly, unemotional-

ly, at old places, even at the house in which he was born.

Far out beyond the city he went, to the cemetery. He found the graves of his ancestors. He lay down beside a gravestone, stretched at full length on the green turf, resting. He was very tired.

He closed his eyes, thinking: That it is good to see old cemeteries. They change so little in one generation. If time and weather crumble the edges and obliterate the letterings of the tombstones, we are not shocked, but feel a mellow sweetness. And the live oaks, and live oak moss drooping down to old graves, look just as they did twenty-five years ago, or a hundred years ago. Jessamines are as wild, and sweet, and yellow, as when Ponce de Leon searched among them for the fountain of youth!

The steamship sailed the next night, at eight o'clock, for New York. MacAlpin stored his luggage in a stateroom and went on deck to see the city by moonlight as the ship steamed down the river. He felt contented, just then.

A man in a pea jacket came out of the saloon—

"Captain Peacock! You going home, too?"

"You bet! I'm used to Maine folks. I'm too old to git away."

MacAlpin laughed, gleefully. The Maine skipper said suspiciously:

"You was a goin' to stay two months. You stayed two days. What's the matter?"

"Well," said MacAlpin softly, "I made a mistake. New York is good enough for me."

"That's the way with you New York-

ers. You're always hankerin' to git back to the darned town. It pizens ye."

"It surely does. It is the poison of the Metropolitan city that gets into the blood, and we don't cure it!"

Miss Roberval came out, alone. He knew she was sailing home on this steamer. He had hoped she would come out on deck, alone. He shrank from meeting her in the brightly lighted saloon. He felt like a conscious coward. He feared she would laugh at him, ridicule him.

He moved near her, making a herculean effort to find his natural voice—

"Isn't it fine? The moonlight?"

"You?" she cried in amazement.

"Only I!" humbly.

"Why do you go back, so soon?"

"I'm going home."

"Home? What about Dixie?"

He did not answer.

"And Bradley's Saw Mill?" she asked, breathlessly.

Still he was silent.

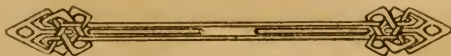
"It was only a dream?" She was trembling, wanting to know.

Quietly he spoke: "To go back, after twenty-five years, to see with wide-awake eyes, the river, and the streets, and houses, and fields one has been looking at in visions through the enraptured eyes of memory—that is one of the great events of life!"

"Yes!" she whispered, "great as youth's first love. Great as the revelation of coming death!"

The light of exquisite sympathy was shining in her eyes. She gave him her hand, and the moonlight rippled over her face like the silver waves over the rippling moonlit river.

He was strangely happy. He kept her hand in his, and thus they stood, silent, a long time, watching the lights of that beautiful city fading away.



SOME HEROIC AND STRENUOUS RIDES WITH JEB STUART

COL. G. N. SAUSSY

CHAPTER III.

The Chambersburg Raid



HARPSBURG had been fought, and the page in history dedicated to 17th of Setember, 1862, is splashed with blood.

Few more hotly contested fields of battle in any age since gunpowder was invented are chronicled by any historian; 35,255 gray and gaunt veterans stood up before 87,194 blue soldiers in a regular stand-up and knock-down combat. Night dropped the curtain of darkness upon the contestants in relatively the same positions as when the battle opened.

Dawn of the 18th found them there, the one too weak to assume the aggressive, the other too terribly punished to renew the attack. All day these mighty antagonists watched each other. Only some desultory firing occurred, while many details were burying the dead. Lee's casualties footed 8,000 at Sharpsburg, and including Harper's Ferry, Barnsboro and South Mountain—really the whole of the *First Invasion*—his losses totalled 10,292. The Federal army suffered to the extent of 12,496, exclusive of the garrison and stores at Harper's Ferry—some 12,000 more men.

As reinforcements were coming to McClellan, General Lee withdrew the Army of Northern Virginia to the South bank of the Potomac the night of the 18th. Not until the 19th, and after the withdrawal of the Confederate forces, did General McClellan feel justified in claiming a victory. Thirty-six hours after the battle had ended, McClellan dispatched General Halleck,

"We may safely claim a complete victory." If the battle of Sharpsburg was "a complete victory," it was barren of fruits, except the simple surrender of Maryland soil by the Confederates. If "complete," General McClellan failed to realize any results, for he clung to the river bank.

Both Halleck and Mr. Lincoln became impatient at the inertia in the Potomac army. General Lee also became anxious for some movement by McClellan. His tardiness determined the *Great Virginian* to stir up matters and rub the fur the wrong way upon McClellan.

Accordingly, General Stuart was directed to select a sufficiency of his cavalry and four guns of his horse artillery to pass through or around McClellan's right, seeing well to his rear, penetrate as far as Southern Pennsylvania, and return around or through the Federal left.

On the 9th of October, or about three weeks after the Sharpsburg battle, Stuart assembled six hundred troopers, each, from Hampton's, Fitz Lee's and Jones' brigades, with a 4-gun battery, rendezvoused at Darksville. To prevent information to the enemy, the command bivouacked at Hedgesville.

To insure a successful initial of the proposed enterprise, Hampton, who commanded the advance, selected twenty-five picked men, under Lieutenant Phillips, of the Tenth Virginia Cavalry, to secretly cross the Potomac above McCoy's Ford—the intended point of crossing—and swoop down upon the Federal pickets. To these Colonel M. C. Butler, of the second South Carolina, added Lieut. Robert

Shivers and six experienced scouts from his own command.

Before day of the 10th every man was in the saddle. Butler, leading, was at the Virginia side of the ford anxiously listening for some token of Shivers' work. Shivers failed to completely surround the picket, but he drove it in so rapidly it was cut off from its reserve. One Federal soldier was wounded and several horses captured. At the first sound from the Maryland side, Butler plunged into the *Border river* and secured the ford for the safe passage of the balance of the foraying force. The command at once pressed for the National Turnpike, which leads from Hagerstown to Hancock, near which, at Fair View Heights, was a Federal signal station. Just preceding the advent of Stuart, General Cox's division of Federal infantry had passed upon the pike. So close was Butler upon the heels of the blue division, he picked up ten stragglers.

A dense fog so shrouded the raiders, Cox proceeded to Hancock entirely ignorant of 1,800 gray troopers literally treading upon his heels.

The movement of so large a force as 1,800 mounted men could not long be concealed. As early as 5:30 a. m. a citizen apprised Captain Logan, of the 12th Illinois cavalry, who commanded a picket post in the near vicinity, of the proximity of the Confederate cavalry. Captain Logan kept Stuart in observation until 9 a. m.. At 7:30 a. m. General Kenly, commanding at Williamsport, was aware of the presence of Stuart, and not later than 10 o'clock General Brooke, at Hagerstown, had the same information. Without let or hindrance, Stuart pressed for Mercersburg. Before noon word had been passed down nearly the whole of McClellan's army, the daring raider was somewhere lost in Maryland. Fortunately for Stuart there was no telegraph line upon the route selected. Steadily the column pressed forward,

and before dark had marched clear across the State of Maryland. Strict instructions had been issued, the troopers were in no way to molest the citizens of Maryland, but once across the Pennsylvania line, public property, as well as private, such as was subject to seizure, was to be taken in charge. One-third of the force was detailed to round up horses. About 8 p. m. the column appeared before the city of Chambersburg. There was no garrison to defend the town, so the mayor proceeded to meet the approaching Confederate column and ask protection for the non-combatants. Butler was placed in charge of the town and complete order maintained.

Amongst the residents of Chambersburg at this time was Col. A. K. McClure, for many years the gifted editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, and at the time a member of Mr. Lincoln's military household, with the rank of colonel, and therefore subject to capture.

Colonel Butler had a valuable and trusted scout in Hugh Logan. At one time Logan had been a resident of Pennsylvania, and Colonel McClure had in some way befriended him. Now it became the opportunity for Logan to repay the debt.

Logan recognized Colonel McClure and advised him to go to his home and remain quietly there, hoping he would thus escape notice and capture.

Colonel McClure wrote an interesting account of the "Day of Rebel Rule in Chambersburg."

Extracts will be interesting. Colonel McClure was of the committee with the mayor who met General Hampton and made the surrender. Of General Hampton he said: "He assured us he would scrupulously protect the citizens—would allow no soldier to enter a public or private house unless under command of an officer. He insisted no one must attempt to leave Chambersburg during the occupancy by his

troops. Here I was in an interesting situation. If I remained, General Hampton might have '*special reasons*' for not paroling me. If I *should leave*, as I had ample opportunity afterwards to do, I might be held as violating my own agreement, and to what extent my family and property might suffer, conjecture had a very wide range. I resolved to stay and take my chances of discovery and parol. Every horse in the barn, ten in all, was promptly equipped and mounted by a rebel cavalryman.

"It was now about midnight, and I sat on the porch observing their movements. In a little while one entered the yard, came up to me and, after a profound bow, politely asked for a few coals with which to start a fire. I supplied him and informed him as blandly as I could where he could find wood conveniently, as I had dim visions of camp-fires made from my palings.

"I was thanked in return, and the mild-mannered villain proceeded at once to strip the fence and kindle fires. Soon after a squad came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump and again received profound thanks.

"Communication having been opened between us, squads followed each other for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered by this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but the prelude to an assault upon everything eatable in the morning.

"About one o'clock, half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate script. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them; they then asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright, open wood fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and

warm while the coffee was being prepared, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be disturbed by their men. I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, so I did so with as good grace as possible.

"Once seated around the fire, all reserve seemed to be forgotten and they opened a general conversation on politics, the war, the different battles, the merits of generals of both armies, etc. They spoke with entire freedom on all subjects, *but their movements into Chambersburg*. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen anything more keenly relished. When they were through they asked if there was any coffee left, and finding there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates, who were prostrated by exposure, to get some of what was left. They came in squads of five or more until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. They did not make a rude or profane remark even to the servants.

"At four o'clock in the morning the welcome blast of the bugle was sounded and they arose hurriedly to depart. Thanking me for the hospitality they had received, we parted, mutually expressing the hope that should we meet again it would be under more pleasant circumstances."

This long excerpt from Col. McClure's pen is pardonable, because it illustrates the marked difference in the character and conduct of these Confederate troopers when contrasted with that of Sherman's and Sheridan's men when in contact with defenceless non-combatants.

Stuart bivouacked beyond the town on the Gettysburg pike. The sit-steady rain was a matter of great concern to General Stuart. Three times that night

he aroused Capt. B. S. White to ask whether he thought the rain would flood the Potomac and seriously imperil the fords. White assured him his troopers could and would march faster than the water would rise in the river.

Colonel Butler, of the 2d South Carolina, who had headed the advance, was now assigned the rear of the column. He was directed to destroy the United States Government property stored in the town. Warning the citizens to move from the neighborhood of the building, he set a slow match for the fire to eat its way to the stock of ammunition, and awaited until the explosion advised the work had been done. Butler then moved rapidly and overtook the main column at Cash-town, seven and a half miles from Gettysburg.

Soon after leaving Chambersburg, General Stuart called Captain Blackford, his engineer officer, and opening a map showed him his proposed route. "You see," he explained, "the enemy will be sure to think that I will try to recross *above*, because it is nearer to me and further from them. They will have all the fords strongly guarded in that direction, and scouting parties will be on the lookout for our approach, so they can concentrate to meet us at any point. They will never expect us to move three times the distance and cross at a ford below them, and so close to their main body, and therefore they will not be prepared to meet us down there. Now do you understand what I mean, and don't you think I am right?"

Blackford assured him he understood, and appreciated the plan; and the wisdom of his course was vindicated by the results.

Stuart pursued the march on the Chambersburg and Gettysburg pike until he crossed the Catoctin Mountain.

Turning southward at Cashtown, he marched through Fairfield to Emmittsburg, which point the command enter-

ed about sundown, where the hungry troopers were regaled with a bountiful supply of provisions by the good people, who received them with marked demonstrations of pleasure.

As soon as the raiders recrossed the Maryland-Pennsylvania line, the details, who had been gathering horses, were recalled to the colors and nothing allowed to be disturbed.

Now let us turn the lights on the other side of the picture. As before stated, Stuart's advent and movements were early reported to officers above and below the ford where he crossed. At ten o'clock that night his presence in Chambersburg was in Governor Curtain's possession, and Pennsylvania's war Governor had at that hour advised General Wool, at Baltimore, of this exciting fact, and troops dispatched to Gettysburg and Harrisburg to anticipate Stuart's arrival, should either place be his objective point.

A marine maxim, "A stern chase is a long one," was appreciated by McClellan, who refrained from sending his cavalry in pursuit, preferring to hold them in readiness to meet the raiders on their return.

He knew they *must* attempt to recross the Potomac, and to thwart that, attack and destroy the bold gray foragers, was the Federal captain's hope and desire.

Fortunately for Stuart and his troopers, Capt. B. S. White, of his staff, had lived near Poolesville, Md., and knew the country thoroughly, and his ability as a guide was put to the severest test.

Pleasanton and his cavalry were held in readiness near Knoxville during the 10th and on the 11th, at 4 a. m. were ordered to Hagerstown, which they reached before noon. Here, Pleasanton received information that Stuart was trying to retrace his steps and gain one of the upper fords, and he immediately started for Clear Spring. Four miles away he was halted with orders

from headquarters and turned back, with instructions to take the road to Emmitsburg and Gettysburg. Thinking Stuart might attempt one of the fords near Leesburg, McClellan ordered Stoneman, at Poolesville, to exercise unusual diligence and trap the raiders. Pleasanton had lost two hours of valuable time, and time here, as is often the case, was the very essence of success. He reached Mechanicstown at 8.30 p. m. Stuart at that hour was passing within four miles of Pleasanton's column. He set out for the ford at the mouth of the Monocacy, which he reached about 8 a. m. on the 12th. He had marched seventy-eight miles in twenty-eight hours—many of the horses of his command dropping out from exhaustion.

Pleasanton, therefore was in little better condition than a mere observer of Stuart's movements.

As before stated, Stuart reached Emmitsburg near sundown of the 11th—thirty-one and a half miles from Chambersburg. He was yet *forty-five miles from the Potomac*. One hour before Stuart's arrival at Emmitsburg, two squadrons of Rush's lancers (6th Pennsylvania cavalry) passed through that town in its search for the raiders. At Emmitsburg Stuart's stop was only long enough to refresh the men with the hospitality of the good people. Then he resumed his line of march, briskly quickening his gait, with orders to *ride over anything* that got in the column's way.

Early after dark, a courier with valuable information, ran into his column. From him he learned, while still ignorant of his true position, the enemy were using every means to finally trap him. He learned Colonel Rush, with sufficient force, was at Frederick to protect that town. Pleasanton, with 800 men, was approaching Mechanicstown, four miles away, and two brigades of infantry *en trainée*, at the Monocacy, with steam up, ready to

hurry in either direction at a moment's notice. The reader can readily see how dangers were thickening around the gray troopers. To avoid them, the head of column was turned *eastward* at Rocky Ridge. At Woodsboro Rush's scouts observed Stuart's march at or about 10.30 p. m., and by midnight Rush had been advised of Stuart's probable route. Safety depended upon the celerity of his march. At daylight of the 12th the advance guard entered Hyattstown. Inside of twenty-four hours Stuart had marched sixty-five miles and kept up his artillery. Captured horses relayed the weary ones at the guns as rapidly as needed. At Hyattstown the coveted Potomac was still twelve miles away, and broad daylight to betray the march. Stoneman guarded all the lower fords with three brigades of infantry and Duffie's cavalry as a movable asset, while Pleasanton was closing down upon the mouth of the Monocacy. Surely the cords were tightening about Stuart. These conditions justified General McClellan in wording his report: "I did not think it possible for Stuart to recross, and I believed the capture or destruction of his entire force was perfectly certain." But General McClellan had forgotten the maxim of Bobby Burns: "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee."

All the information General Stoneman could secure convinced him Stuart was making for the Leesburg crossing. While not neglecting other fords, Stoneman's chief concern centered at Leesburg. This condition was just what Stuart particularly desired, for while he was anxious for Stoneman to center upon Leesburg, he had no intention of such a venture.

From Hyattstown he moved to Barnesville, reaching that village just as part of Duffie's cavalry had vacated; thence he pushed for Poolesville. Two miles away his road entered a dense wood, which absorbed the command.

Captain White here found a disused road that turned the command *due west* which led to the road between Poolesville and the mouth of the Monocacy, thence he turned northward again.

Pleasanton had already determined the ford at the mouth of the Monocacy for Stuart's gateway of escape, while Stoneman had selected Leesburg for the same purpose. So carefully had Captain White planned and guided Stuart's march, at eight o'clock the forces waiting to entrap him, were still in complete ignorance as to his location.

Pleasanton now turned in the direction of Poolesville. Stuart's boys had fitted themselves out in blue overcoats at Uncle Sam's Q. M. storehouse in Chambersburg, and as the night's march in October had proven quite chilly these blue coats had served to keep out the cold.

The blue coats performed a further service for Stuart's lads; they completely deceived Pleasanton's men as to the true character of their wearers. Pleasanton knew numerous detachments were searching for the Confederate column, and believed this was one of them.

Stuart restrained his men until well upon Pleasanton's column, when he gave the order, "*Charge!*" The Federal squadrons stood long enough to fire one volley, then decamped for their main body.

The blue troopers in their flight vacated the road for Stuart leading to a high bluff on the Little Monocacy, which gave protection to his left flank.

White's Ford on the Potomac was Stuart's objective crossing, now distant two miles. Col. "Rooney" Lee turned with the detachment from Fitz Lee's brigade, together with captured horses, now made for White's Ford, followed by the detail from Jones' brigade; Hampton held the rear.

As "Rooney" Lee approached White's Ford, his worst fears were real-

ized. Federal bayonets crowned the eminence commanding the approaches to the ford. This placed the Junior Lee in a grave dilemma. He dispatched a courier to Stuart, requesting his presence at the ford. Stuart's reply was, he was fully occupied; hold Pleasanton off at arm's length, and ford *must be gained at any hazard*.

Lee concluded to try diplomacy. He sent a note to the officer commanding the Federal troops, advising Stuart, with his whole force, was in his front, and demanding the surrender of the post and its garrison, with fifteen minutes for a reply. The fifteen minutes passed, but no reply, or disposition to surrender or vacate the strong position. "Rooney" feared his *bluff* had failed, and as Stuart had ordered the ford captured *at all hazards*, he had to obey instructions and undertake the dangerous enterprise. There was no alternative but to attack. He formed his command in column of assault, and placing his artillery in battery, opened with shell upon the Federal force. Soon the garrison of the eminence, with drums beating and flags flying, vacated their strong position and in good order, with skirmishers well to the rear, marched *down* the river. A fight for the possession of the ford was far from "Rooney's" desire, cumbered as he was with a large drove of captured horses.

With a wild cheer—that fateful yell that *no man ever yet heard unmoved upon the field of battle*, the advance rushed for this key point, and the artillery was quickly posted so as to command the approaches to the ford. Men and captured horses passed rapidly over.

Meantime Stuart, with Major Pelham and his piece, was holding Pleasanton at arm's length, withdrawing from one position to another toward the ford.

Arriving at the intersection of the roads, he was busy firing, now up now down the river as the enemy closed

upon him. Butler, with his command and the detachment from the 1st North Carolina, still held the point of danger—the rear guard. When the ford had been secured, Stuart sent four couriers in quick succession to hasten Butler and his command, but they had not come up.

Turning to his engineer officer Stuart said: "Blackford, we are going to lose our rear guard!"

"How is that, General?" said Captain Blackford.

"Why, I have sent four couriers to Butler, yet he has not come up; see, the enemy are fast closing in upon us!"

"Let me try it!" said Blackford.

Stuart hesitated a moment, then extending his hand said: "All right; if we don't meet again, good-bye, old fellow."

Butler had held the place of danger since leaving Chambersburg—the rear of the column. He knew by the sound of Pelham's gun Stuart was very busy, and, awaiting orders from the General, had made disposition to resist the attack of the troops crowding upon his heels. His one piece of artillery was "in battery" when Blackford dashed up.

"General Stuart says withdraw at a gallop, or you will be cut off!" exclaimed Blackford.

"But," replied the Carolinian, with his intrepid coolness, "I don't think the horses can move the gun at that pace; they are much jaded."

"Abandon your gun and save your men!" answered Blackford.

"Well, we'll see what can be done," coolly replied Butler. "Limber up!" he ordered, and to his great surprise and pleasure the tired battery horses responded to whip and spur, and at a rattling pace down the road the command moved. As he rounded the bend in the road, making for the ford, Pennington saluted him from his Federal guns, while the infantry also joined in the attack. He ran the gauntlet with-

out the loss of a man, horse or gun, and a rapid dash into the yellow Potomac, and the raiders were again safely on the Virginia shore. The highways and byways traversed by Stuart made his march, according to Pleasanton and McClellan, from Chambersburg to White's Ford *ninety miles*, and he accomplished that in *twenty-seven hours*.

He lost one man, wounded, and two who straggled away from the column were captured. His booty consisted of about 1,200 captured horses. Col. McClure, before quoted, estimated the United States' property captured and destroyed at Chambersburg at a quarter of a million dollars; 286 sick and wounded soldiers were found in hospitals at that place were duly paroled; thirty United States Government officials were brought along with the column and forwarded as prisoners to Richmond.

If General McClellan was chagrined at Stuart's audacious ride around his army before Richmond, he was intensely mortified at being played the same trick in Maryland. He certainly caught it from certain quarters. Mr. Lincoln felt called upon to criticise in the following dispatch:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.,

(Sent 11.30 a. m.) 26th October, 1862.

MAJ.-GEN. McCLELLAN:—Yours in reply to mine about horses received. Of course, you know the facts better than I; still two considerations remain: Stuart's cavalry outmarched ours, having certainly done more marked service on the Peninsular, and everywhere since. Secondly, will not a movement of our army be a relief to the cavalry, compelling the enemy to concentrate, instead of foraging in squads everywhere?

A. LINCOLN.

Stuart moved his command to Leesburg, where the men and horses went into bivouac for the needed rest after such a strenuous foray.

This audacious poaching upon McClellan's preserves, but emphasized the statement that the Confederate trooper had no superior.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

Short Biographies of Some Southern Cities —Chattanooga, Tenn.



CHATTANOOGA, TENN., is a Southern city with a diversity of attractions.

Since Southern prohibition became effective, the city ceased to be a pipe-line for the distribution of liquid relief to Georgia, but it makes up for this loss in revenue by receiving "mail orders" for the same liquors, a generous Legislature thus permitting the liquor dealer to beat the devil about the stump with little loss of revenue.

Chattanooga is the main stopping place, coming South, where the hungry traveler may secure a supply of food nearly resembling a square meal.

The people of Chattanooga are very proud of Lookout Mountain, many of them believing Nature planted this lump of rock there for the sole purpose of enabling tourists to go up the inclined railway which is owned by a syndicate.

Insurance tickets are given with every round trip fare.

Chattanooga is also becoming famous as the proud possessor of a near-baseball team. For many seasons after Georgia went dry, all of Chattanooga's young men were identified with the manufacture of beer and patent medicines, but in recent seasons base-ball has caught the overflow who were thrown out of jobs by Tennessee prohibition, and there is hope for the city some day getting a near view of a real pennant.

Race suicide has never been an affliction of Chattanooga, and the men of that city are a very domestic lot, devoted to their families, and the trade in baby carriages is always reported as "middling to brisk."

In politics, Chattanooga resembles

the rest of the State, and the coroner always sleeps with his shoes on when elections are progress, as the number of pistol toters is up to the average of the rest of Tennessee.

Sanitariums are a good side line in the city's business ventures, many of the patent medicine concerns keeping factories on one street, with a sanitarium on another, where the patent medicines are "tried on" the inmates.

Chattanooga has the largest graveyard in the South, outside the National Cemetery. Several important battles were fought near the site of Chattanooga, hence the graveyard.

The city also received wide advertisement from the fact that the State of Georgia purchased a piece of real estate some years ago, for the purpose of erecting a terminus of the Georgia State road. Some real estate sharks got busy and tried to force the State to buy more, but a tight-wad Legislature refused to be buncoed. It is supposed Chattanooga took this means as revenge for Georgia's having cut off the beer traffic to a large extent.

The women of Chattanooga are beautiful, as all Southern women are; they play bridge and spend their husband's money almost as successfully as the dames of Northern cities, but in this they are ably aided and abetted by their husbands, who are also good spenders.

Chattanooga is very proud of the fact that nearly as many people are run over by automobiles and electric cars as some of the larger cities of the North have to record, this being a sure sign of cosmopolitan development, according to the natives who own the autos.

Souvenir post-cards are, of course, a source of tremendous revenue, but as they are all simply fifty-seven views of

Lookout Mountain, the tourists are the only ones who invest.

Chattanooga thinks so much of her negro population that the sheriff and some of his deputies were imprisoned for refusing to be shot full of holes when a mob broke into the jail to lynch some negroes.

Altogether, Chattanooga is a most interesting and delightful place—to visit.



Men and Secret Societies

Secret societies were first instituted by King Solomon, as a means of jollyng the non-union labor which he had to build his Temple.

In those early days the King was the only male who had the privilege of wearing joyful raiment. His costumes were gorgeous affairs of red, green, gold, purple, and various combinations, while his collection of crowns was enough to make an English duchess weep with envy.

The Walking Delegates got busy, and as steam hadn't figured any in history those days, the grievances of the workmen were many; they had to hoist the blocks of stone in place, by hand, and Shank's mares were the only locomotive power in use for conveying the marble from the quarries to the Temple site. As Solomon was the Boss of the Whole Works, he spent a large part of his time sitting around watching the men.

And the Walkng Delegate didn't lose any time drawing the contrast between the Common Workman's one-piece suit (which was mostly belt) and the joyful raiment of the King.

Also, his head coverings came into the discussion, and the Common Workman hadn't any.

Likewise the chair the King sat in, was food for complaint; their heels and the ground were all the Common Workman ever had to sit on.

About this time of history, the Sim-

ple Life had a strangle hold on the majority.

Jeptha, Absalom, Nicodemus, and the rest of them, were, ostensibly, the heads of the families, but the cook pots were presided over by the women, as had been instituted by Eve, after the First Family made its First Move to other quarters than the Garden of Eden.

And these women preferred all their men folks to be at home after dark.

Then Solomon got busy and instituted the first Secret Order.

Being a wise man (see Bible for reference to this trait) he knew that his kingly trappings were greatly prized by the men whom he had subsidized some years before to build his Temple, and the Keeper of the Wardrobe was instructed to go over all the out-of-date garments, select the crowns which were dented or rusty, or otherwise showed signs of wear. Also, the garret was searched for wobbly chairs, settees, altars and other household furnishings past their first youth—and the rest was easy.

The gentleman who had presided over the mortar bed in day time, was given a second-hand crown and a purple robe with pink dots, and on Lodge Nights was referred to as Grand Master Morterer. The official who lost his breath and his balance while hanging aloft by his eyebrows, directing the placing of the blocks of the Temple, was given a robe of royal green, a hammer, and the title of Grand and Worthy Layer of the Stones. The Keeper of the Trowels and Spades also was favored with a robe and a crown.

Lesser dignitaries were arrayed and entitled, and the first Secret Order was created.

Time has found no improvement on this method as an excuse for married men to stay out at night, or go off on junkets once a year.

These last are called Conventions, and give members of all Secret Orders

the only chance they ever have of ar-
ranging themselves in monkey caps,
pink belts, blue coats, yellow trousers,
and feathers off their wives' hats.

Also, during Conventions, the deal-
ers in theatrical goods do a big busi-
ness in wooden spears, tin swords, boil-
er-plate shields and false whiskers.

One of the attributes of Secret Or-
ders is the oath which binds the mem-
bers to preserving silence on all the
passwords, by-words, high signs, etc.

In these days of drought, especially
in the South, it's a hard matter for the
Masons, K.'s of P., Odd Fellows, and
the rest, to distinguish the High Sign
of their order from the Distress Sign
of the man looking for a Blind Tiger.

Among the other occasions prized by
members of Secret Orders as a time
to wear all their regalia, is the funeral
of a member of their Order.

By the time the brass band, sword-
bearers, keepers of the seal, door, trowel
and the rest of the paraphernalia have
passed, the onlookers have forgotten
the corpse.

Dignified, brave, intelligent men
have required the services of a doctor

for days after they have been initiated
into a "Secret Order", and the antics
of "The Goat" have been feelingly re-
ferred to by them.

In recent years, women have shown
a tendency to form "secret societies,"
but with suffragette meetings, Easter
Sunday and co-education they have
combined the hilarity, raiment and op-
portunity for staying out late at nights
so satisfactorily, the movement has not
gained much strength.

The novice in "Secret Societies"
usually takes the matter very seriously,
and, considering some of the initiation
ceremonies, this is not to be wondered
at, but after he has made the rounds of
the "Chairs," gone to funerals of other
members, glad-handed the down-and-
outs of the Order, submitted to "touch-
es," paid dues, and fought with his
wife because of the late hours and the
junkets, he usually ceases to be rampant
and takes his membership in the form
of dues or "please remit" for a fund
for something-or-other.

As the Father of Secret Orders, Solo-
mon, in his wisdom, nailed the title for
all time.

Shadows

Miss Marie Davis

*Oh shadow hands that sooth away the cares!
Oh shadow face that haunts me thro' the years!
It cannot be that you are far away,
E'en tho' you seem so pale, so wan, so grey.*

*Oh shadow life that wraps me in a spell!
Oh shadow eyes that know my heart so well!
I pray you not to leave me here alone,
But stay 'till I have with the shadows flown.*

Pictured Comments On Current Events

—BY THE CARTOONISTS—



“Who is the Head of the Democratic Family, Bryan, Harmon or Gaynor?”

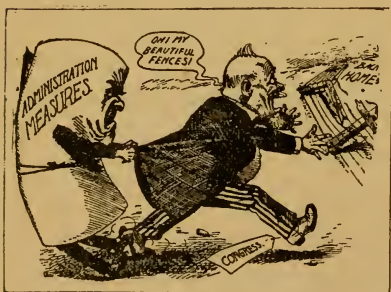
—Cleveland Leader



Regret

(Apropos of the announcement of Senator Aldrich's retirement at the end of his term)

—Philadelphia North American



Hold On,—Finish Your Job!

(The Congressman is anxious to get home to repair his political fences)

—Portland Oregonian



THE RENUNCIATION!

From the Times-Star (Cincinnati)

THE SHIPWRIGHT'S NIECE—A TALE OF DANISH HUMOR

MRS. NETTIE T. LAYCOCK

Over mountains and seas,
Over spans of the abyss,
Over rocks, over heights
Love finds a way.

—HERDER.



would not dispense with my window for a high price; this window gives towards the east. There my flowers thrive luxuriantly: there I enjoy in the early mornings the gladsome greeting of the new-born days, and evenings, the loveliest view of the ford and the city, which in the glow of the setting sun lies spread out before me. Often when I stand at the open window, the swallows fly past and carry food to their hungry broods; I then see their wide open bills stretched out of the nest. The spicy fragrance of the garden ascends to me, and I hear the splashing of the water in the fountain on the grass-plot. It is no proud fountain, which throws its spray high in the air; oh, no! it only aims to be a modest fountain such as becomes a commercial city. Upon a stone slab an old gray Neptune stands, under his out-stretched foot is a faucet, out of which day and night water splashes in the basin. Whilst the old bearded god of the sea, shouldering his trident, stands thus the live-long day, hardly a street loafer or a masterless dog desires the refreshing, sparkling water but towards evening, when the sun sets and it is time to set the tea-kettle over the fire, then Neptune has company enough, a lively, chattering company. The women and maidens of the neighborhood; the men and their horses returning from their labor in the fields drink there; and idle people who have nothing to do can spend a half an hour as well at the fountain as elsewhere. At the fountain there is always news to be heard. That is the rendezvous of all gossiping tongues. Had not old Neptune ears of stone he would be really deserving of pity.

One evening a short time ago the assemblage had been quite numerous; my hostess was there, and where she is, gossip is not easily stopped. She had set down her basket, crossed her arms and was zealous in her narration. She knew well how to relate a history, and produce astonishment out of the group. Any one would have said, that the world must be shortly coming to an end! I looked for the signs of the destruction of the world, but there was nothing more extraordinary to be ob-

served than the unusual loveliness of the evening. "Patience!" I said to myself, "when she brings me my tea I will learn what has happened." The city was, as I have previously said, to be observed from my window. When the sun set, hundreds of window-panes sparkled and glowed in its beams. The gable window in the roof of the city hall was illuminated, as though a feast was being held in the turret chamber instead of the large salon. Between the branches of the trees there gleamed here and there a silver-white background, or the foliage appeared to be pierced through and through by a fiery-red glow; now this window, now that is illuminated, but soon the lights disappear; the green color of the trees, the daylight, which a moment ago resembled the sunset, has become gray again. The smooth surface of the ford is disturbed and ruffled, while the wind sweeps over it, and only on the opposite shore in a house of the fishing village on the steep declivity one window-pane alone still gleams. As often as I observed the declining daylight this glowing window was always the last to lose the reflection of the sunbeams. "I would like to know what kind of a window that is," said I one day to myself. I saw it day after day; I was on account of it quite inquisitive; so I went out immediately to investigate it. As I stood one afternoon by the window, I observed again the illuminated panes in the roof of the city hall, then through the trees the glowing sky, then the mirror-like surface of the ford and the distant hills, which in the mist resembled blue mountains. I saw nothing but the gleaming of the window-pane there in the village. I saw it day after day, it tormented my mind like an unsolved enigma, like the superscription of a well-known handwriting on a letter which one fears to open; like a name, which hovers upon the tongue, but which refuses to pass the lips. I went to the fishing village and examined the houses. I went thither the second time, it became my daily walk; when I strolled through the village I examined every window as attentively as if I expected from the small sun-illuminated panes the solution of the riddle, the contents of the unopened letter, the name hovering on the tongue. The people whispered that I undoubtedly intended to purchase a home in the village; what else could bring a gentleman, who wore a cloth coat, in such a miserable place? An old ship carpenter blunt-

ly told me "That it was no place for me." I could not convince him of his error; because I had obtained no explanation of the confusing circumstance. Time passed; I expelled the foolish enigma from my mind, I let the window-pane sparkle and went no more to the village.

After some time, however, I went again to the village. This time I didn't go to observe the glittering window, but only to take an afternoon stroll. The weather was agreeably mild; I went through the street, wherein the children and the swine were rolling about together. From time to time I stood still in the shade of the hedges near the dune to inhale the salt air or to watch the fishermen, who were returning home from the sea, while their wives on the beach were engaged in taking down or putting up nets and talking to their sunburnt children, who wished to have my dog enter into their sports. The dog, however, evinced no inclination to associate with them, and apparently considered himself too good for such company, truly the children were so dirty that they were better adapted to the swine. I had almost reached the end of this quite long village, when I found myself standing before a small house whose window shutters were closed. The thought surprised me, "Can old Ebbe be dead?" Ebbe Benediktsen—the people generally found it easier to call him Eb. Dixen—is the before-mentioned shipwright, who considered the village no suitable place of residence for me. He is an old, cross bear of morose appearance, and his visage is a weather-beaten and stupid as the carved wooden head which ornaments his workshop. Sometimes a person can hardly get a word in reply from him, but, sometimes, when his tongue is unloosed, he understands how to relate his heroic deeds. It has often entertained me to sit near him while he worked, and listen to his narrations. I would have been very much afflicted if any misfortune had befallen him.

I approached nearer to the house—all the window shutters were closed! I went around to the other side—door and window shutters were closed! But there was Ebbe himself!

He stood in his small shop between the ford and his house, and was diligently tarring an old boat, whose keel lay upwards. Since I had never visited him in his house, I thought I must have been mistaken, and that not the house with the closed shutters, but the neighboring one must belong to the shipwright.

"Is that your house, Ebbe Benediktsen?" I asked, after having seated myself on a block of wood.

"People say that it is mine," grunted he.

He applied himself again to his work, and glanced up at the closed shutters.

"You perhaps would like to buy it?" he broke out suddenly.

"No."

"I thought you might, because you stared so at it."

The old fellow was obviously in no good humor. I was on my guard. I considered it advisable to choose another subject and said, it must be a laborious task to calk such an old boat. And to flatter him, I added, that I admired a new boat, which he had placed here. But I had touched a perverse side, and had poured oil on the fire. The peevish old fellow cast me almost a contemptuous glance and growled, "Man tars a boat and calks a ship; and no one should say, a ship is set there, it is not made to stand, but whoever builds a ship should say it is placed on the ways preparatory to being launched."

I had never seen him so morose before. I was about to take my departure and continue my walk, when it came into my mind, "Might not the sparkling window-pane be in Ebb Dixen's house?"

It was almost sunset; over my home in the small city on the opposite lying shore there hung a thin veil of mist; but straight across the ford there gleamed a red shaft of light, which was directed straight on the house with the closed shutters. The waves danced on the sand and dashed their sun-gilded foam at my feet; the pebbles on the strand, as well as the old tarred boat, shone brightly in the sun rays, and directly back of the boat stood the house. The window-pane must be in Ebb's dwelling! "If I was now in my house standing at my window, I would not see it shine today," thought I, since all the shutters are closed. "But why are they closed?"

"It is early to close the shutters," I remarked.

"Perhaps you would like to see in the window?"

"No, but why do you close the shutters so early?"

"Because I have no eyes in the back of my head."

On this evening he was insufferable. Had it not been for the glittering window-pane, which appeared to exercise a magical influence over me as soon as I thought of it, I certainly would have gone away, and would have left the old bear to "tar" and "calk" and close his shutters to his heart's content. But it appeared as though I had arrived at last to the solution of the enigma, and had found a track in the labyrinth; and I did not wish to let it escape me. Therefore, I armed myself with patience and said, as indifferently as I could, "Tell me, I pray you, Ebbe, will you close the window shutters tomorrow as early as today?"

He looked up astonished.

"Why do you ask me?" said he.

"It is best to be frank," thought I, and candidly related to him all about the gleaming window-pane, which had attracted and excited my curiosity to such an extent that I had already given myself a great deal of trouble to find out where that window could be which shone so brightly every evening in the village. This afternoon it had entered into my mind that it must be in his house. If, therefore, he would close the shutters tomorrow also I would be able to see whether the window glittered or not.

"So you came here just to find out about that window?" asked he, with a grin which drew the corners of his mouth almost to his ears.

I could not deny it.

"Just like Morten Finn!" said he, tittering.

"Morten Finn?"

"Ha, ha, ha, see you, Morten and I once went out together catching eels; there he said, that he had seen an eel with a forked tail. He swore that it was split like a fork, although every mortal knows that an eel has no more a forked tail than a dog has. I told him he must wait with the torch and spear what came; but the eels might have singed their heads in the flame, he would not have perceived it. He sprang backwards and forwards, to the right and left, searching for the eel with the forked-tail. And Morten was not deranged either!"

I did not hear the end of this history; satisfied with Ebbe's assurance that the window shutters would be closed tomorrow, as well as the day after tomorrow, I went on my way homeward. At last I would discover the enigmatical window-pane. On the next day I stood at my window and awaited the sunset as impatiently as a lover awaits the time of rendezvous. At last the hour came. The gable window of the town hall sparkled, over the ford there extended a glittering red path, and above in the fishing village there shone the pane brighter and clearer than ever before; it beamed like a welcome beacon from the shore and shone deep into the water, whose smooth surface reflected with mirror-like distinctness all surrounding objects.

"Ebb Diken has made a fool of me, he has not closed his shutters," was my first thought. "But wait, old fox, I will catch you yet."

The fish-boat builder had said that the shutters would remain closed for two days. Nevertheless, on the next evening I did not remain at home to watch the sunset, but went on my way to the fishing village. I thought I would see if Ebbe had kept his word. On this evening he certainly would not expect me. At all events, I wished to come upon him unexpectedly; instead of taking my way through the

town, I chose a side path skirting the gardens. By this way I could see Ebb Diken's wharf and house at a considerable distance. Positively, there he stood tarring boats, and every window shutter of the house was closed. "But very likely it was not so yesterday evening," whispered doubt. "No, they could not have been closed yesterday," repeated I to myself, "but Ebbe shall not triumph over me."

I approached him with well assumed indifference. As soon as he perceived me he called out, "Now, did you see it shine?"

"No."

"What?"

"Yesterday I saw here no sparkling window-pane; but you had closed the shutters."

"Certainly I had closed them," answered he earnestly.

I paid no attention to his earnestness. In the meantime I decided to reserve my observations, seated myself on a block of wood, and said composedly:

"Yes, yes, now I know that the sparkling pane is not in your house."

"Now are you satisfied at last?"

"At least I have found out what I wished to know."

"You have been more fortunate than Morten Finn. Ha, ha, ha!"

The old fellow was in excellent humor. He related his fishing adventure so diffusively that I did not wish to wait for the end of it, but arose to take my departure.

"Are you in such a hurry?" he asked.

"Wait a moment, then I will go with you through the village. I must take this bolt to the smith. Small jobs are being done today in the smithy."

He turned around, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at the sun. "Ifum!" he muttered, let his hand fall and worked more diligently than before. I expected that he soon would be ready to accompany me. The sun was setting; its disk sank deeper and deeper; half of it was already concealed by the forest; the fishermen had long since ceased their labors, and were resting after their day's work in groups before their doors; but Ebbe remained, without uttering a word, at his occupation; he tarred and tarred, so that the old boat dripped along its weather-boards.

"What kind of a fisherman is that?" I asked, breaking in on his silence, and pointing to a man in a boat which was being rowed around the rocky point which lay opposite Ebb's house and boat-yard.

"A fresh water fisherman," muttered the old ship carpenter.

The man in the boat had caught codfish, and codfish is, as everybody knows, no fresh water fish; therefore, I looked with surprise at Ebb and asked, "What kind of fish does he catch?"

"Very likely crabs," answered he contemptuously, and stirred his tarpot; "isn't the ford large enough, that he must come here and carry on his foolishness directly under my nose?"

A complete change had come suddenly over the old man; he was quite mute, set about his work again, and when I asked him "whether he would not take the bolt to the smith" he muttered it was not necessarily in any great hurry, and any other time would answer just as well," I arose and went away. Ebbe replied to my adieus in a confused manner. I did not see him from that time forward until the evening about which I am going to relate; but on many evenings I have seen the window-pane glitter across the ford, whether it was in Ebbe Dixen's house or another.

My landlady brought the tea. Below at the fountain the gossip was still in full activity and the predominating opinion affirmed that the world could not exist any longer. Although not because the clouds were piling up in the south, or that a storm was threatening, or that the barometer had fallen, or that an eclipse had been predicted in the calendar, but because Lord Von Lysholm was betrothed to Eb Dixen's niece.

"What, to little Maria?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is really a fact," my hostess replied.

"Our neighbor, Mother Bent, met the Secretary of State with the fisherman's daughter leaning on his arm, she carried her head as proudly as a lady, and the wedding will soon take place."

"But," said I, doubtfully, "Maria has not been home for some time." "That the old uncle has imposed upon the people." When he perceived the wooing, he became indignant. He was quite right, because he thought that those who eat cherries with 'great personages' will have their eyes pulled out with the stones, and told the State Secretary he must sheer off; yes, Ebbe does not hesitate to speak freely when he is angry. To preserve peace in his house, he gave out that Maria had gone to visit her aunt in Brisby; but the people say, that the old man had locked her in, and that he did not set his feet out of the house without bolting the doors and shutters. But love laughs at bolts and locksmiths, in spite of his precautionary measures the young people succeeded in out-manoeuvring him; and declared to him that they would not give each other up, and he gave at last his consent." "Think you, Maria will marry and live in Lysholm!" "I would have sworn upon my faith that that was impossible!"

I hardly took time to drink my tea. I wished to see the gruff old bear. On this account he had closed his shutters. And his pretty niece and foster-daughter would be conducted

home as a bride by the Lord of Lysholm. Who could have thought it?

I went in the fisher-village. On the village street I saw some large raindrops fall, and I had barely reached Ebbe Dixen's house, when the rain poured down. Fortunately, today the doors and windows were not closed. The old man stood in the entrance. When he saw me coming he called out, "Hurry up, or you will become as wet as a rat."

"How could I have anticipated such a down-pour?" said I, while I shook the water from my hat. "It was very easy to foresee that," said Ebbe; "southeast winds and women's disputes most always end in rain and tears. The clouds hung all day over the creek."

"What news is there here, Ebbe?" continued I.

"Hum! So you know it already?"

"Uncle!" Maria called, and came running out of the room. When she perceived me she stood still, and blushed perceptibly at my congratulations. She is a pretty girl, rosy, plump, and vivacious; I am nowadays surprised that the State Secretary preferred her to the faded daughter of the Mayor, whom everybody designated as his future bride. "Uncle," said she, "the rain is pouring in the garret. Have you not something with which you can close the window?"

"When it rained a short while ago, I wanted to nail on a couple of boards," Ebbe replied, "but you told me that you had nailed a piece of cloth over the broken pane."

"Yes, lately," said Maria, mischievously.

"It rained, however, as hard as it does today," remarked the uncle.

"But lately, dear Uncle, you had not yet given your consent," said she sweetly, and leaned her curly head on his breast.

"Not yet given my consent? What do you mean by that?" demanded he, with an astonished countenance.

"You dear, good uncle! You closed all the window shutters when you went out, so that I was obliged to sit as if I were in a dark prison. Had you also boarded up the small window in the mansard roof, I could not have seen him when he came."

"When he came!—Maria!" shrieked Ebbe.

"The fresh water fisher!" I interrupted.

That was it. By means of the donner window and the broken pane the lovers had been able to exchange a sign language, and, indeed, directly under Ebbe's nose. He stood there amazed. I burst out into a hearty laugh.

"Come, my excellent Ebbe, you have been led very prettily by the nose!"

"Hum!" grunted the old fellow, while he rubbed his nose. "By heaven! I believe that nature has only set our noses in our faces as a handle for the pleasure of the women, they lead us where they will."

Maria and I laughed. Ebbe did not appear to know what kind of a face to put upon it; at last he seized his old sailor-coat, hobbled out and came back with an old rudder.

"Give me my hammer and a couple of nails," said he.

A minute later we heard him making a racket in the garret, he raised the window in the mansard roof, and nailed the rudder before the opening. Since that day I have seen no more the sparkling window-pane in the fishing village.



A FEW SMILES

A PREFERENCE.

I like a novel that is stout,
The kind that gauges
Say eighty chapters, or about
Four hundred pages.

I like to get my money's worth;
I like a story
That takes the hero from his birth
Until he's hoary.

The skimpy novel I abhor,
For I am thrifty,
And want a lot of reading for
My dollar fifty.

—W. S. ADKINS.

FIRST YOUNG DOCTOR—"When will you be able to get married?"

SECOND YOUNG DOCTOR—"I'm waiting now for only three operations more."—*Life*.

Book agents may be killed from October 1 to September 1; spring poets from March 1 to June 1; scandalmongers from April 1 to February 1; umbrella borrowers from August 3 to November 1 and from February 1 to May 1, while every man who accepts the paper two years, but when the bill is presented says, "I never ordered it," may be killed on sight, without reserve or relief from valuation or appraisal laws.—*Lufkin News*.

AT THE "LITERARY" CLUB.

GLADYS BEAUTIFUL—"We girls of the Lotus Coterie discussed 'Hamlet' last night."

MAUD BRISK—"What was the result?"

GLADYS BEAUTIFUL—"Oh, after a spirited debate lasting an hour and a half it was unanimously decided that a chaperon is not a necessary adjunct to a motor car."—*Puck*.

THEY KNEW.

"Ah, little boy," said the visiting suffragette, with a sigh, "I am shocked to see so many youngsters around here with soiled faces. Don't you know we suffragettes have promised to kiss every little boy who has a clean face?"

"That's why we are keeping them dirty, mum!" shouted the tough lad as he bolted down the alley.—*Tit-Bits*.

ON THE CONTRARY.

"You women think too much of your clothes," said Mr. Tyte, severely.

Mrs. Tyte looked down, patted her skirt, and smiled a demure and yet ironical smile.

"I don't think much of these," she murmured.—*Tit-Bits*.

A NEW LEAF.

A newly qualified judge in one of the small towns of the South was trying one of his first criminal cases. The accused was an old colored man, who was charged with robbing a hencoop. He had been in court before on a similar charge, and was then acquitted.

"Well, Tom," began the Judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yes, sah," replied the prisoner. "The last time, Jedge, you was ma lawyer."

"Where is your lawyer this time?" asked the Judge.

"I ain't got no lawyer this time," answered Tom, "I'm gwine to tell the truth!"

BETTER THAN STOVAINE.

"How do you extract women's teeth without their screaming? You don't give gas."

"But my office is opposite a department store's millinery display. When the women get absorbed in looking at the hats they're oblivious to pain."—*Kansas City Times*.

"Did you say that two artists had worked on your wifes portrait?"

"Yes, a portrait artist did her face and figure and a landscape painter her hat."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

MUSINGS OF THE OFFICE BOY.

Han'some is as han'some puts it on.

All work and no ball game makes Jack a dull week.

Figgers don't lie, unless dey happen to be connected wid de typewriter.

A little circus now and then is good fer boys as well as men.

De boss says he ain't got a minute fer people who wanter take up an hour.

It ain't necessary to know how to wink in order to have de eyes get deyr work in.—*Nashville Banner*.



DEAR SIR:—Please answer the following questions in your Magazine:

(1) Was the postoffice of the United States ever run by private individuals?

(2) Did Thomas Jefferson ever advocate any other than a representative form of government?

(3) Don't every form of government in the world exist by the express, or implied, consent of the whole people?

Yours respectfully,
Jester, Okla.

H. ECHOLS.

ANSWERS.

(1) Yes. At first letters and other mail were transmitted by private hands and by a co-operation of the settlers. After a while, as population increased, the Coffee House in Boston, which was for the general rendezvous for those who wished to talk the news of the day, was selected as the place of deposit and delivery of letters and packages. Therefore, this Coffee House in Boston may very well be called the first post-office ever recognized in America. It was in no way connected with the government, was owned by a private citizen, and the service was purely voluntary. In 1639, however, the general court of Massachusetts realized the necessity of organizing the post-office on some legal and systematic basis. Richard Fairbanks, of Boston, was named as agent to receive and deliver all letters, and was authorized to collect one penny (about two cents) for every letter handled by him. In 1657, the colony of Virginia incorporated a law requiring every planter to provide a messenger to convey the mail, as it arrived, to the next plantation, and so on until the letters, packages, etc., reached their destination. As a penalty for failure to do this, the planter forfeited a hogshead of tobacco. At that time, no inter-Colonial system of forwarding communications was in existence. But, soon afterwards, one was organized. In 1672 a monthly service between New York and Boston was established by the Colony of New York. In 1673, the general court of Massachusetts ordered that dispatch messengers be paid at the rate of three pence per pound. In 1677, the same authorities appointed John Hayward to receive and distribute foreign letters arriving in Boston. William Penn established a general office in Philadelphia in 1683, and organized a weekly service between that city and several points in Maryland. These various postal

roads were entirely independent of the postal system of Great Britain. But in 1660, the British Parliament introduced a system of postal service with the colonies, and Thomas Neale was recognized as the royal postal agent in Virginia. In 1694, the office of Deputy Postmaster General was created, and in 1710, New York was made the headquarters of the colonial postal service with Great Britain. Benjamin Franklin was appointed Postmaster at Philadelphia in 1737, and was commissioned Deputy Postmaster General for the Colonies 1753. He is generally considered the father of the American Postal System, he being such an extremely lucky person that in this field, as in many others, he reaped where others sowed, and wore the crown which others had earned. Benjamin did not manage his office as well as he should have done, and, not to put too fine a point on it, was dismissed as a defaulter.

(2) No.

(3) Yes, but it is one of those fictions which exists in defiance of facts. T. E. W.

HOW SECRETARY BALLINGER VIOLATED THE LAW.

DEAR SIR:—Will you please give me some information, through the Educational Department of your *WATSON'S MAGAZINE*, relative to the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, which is now being conducted in Washington, D. C.? I have not kept up with the newspaper accounts of it, and, therefore, do not understand why the investigation was started.

1. What trust or law has Secretary Ballinger violated?

2. Did he himself, or some one else through him, try to defraud the government out of some land?

3. Is Ballinger's attorney to be paid by him or by the government?

The information requested will be appreciated by

Yours respectfully,
Whistler, Ala.

ANSWER.

(1) Secretary Ballinger violated the law which disqualifies an employee in the government land office from representing claims against the government within two years after leaving office. The obvious purpose of this law is to prevent a public official from learning the secrets of the government, and then making use of these secrets for the benefit of those who

have claims against the government. He also violated the law in taking and filing a perjured affidavit in favor of the Cunningham claims in the Alaska coal fields. The gravest crime against the people that he has committed, however, is in accepting the position as Secretary of the Interior for the purpose of turning public property (power sites and coal lands) over to his friends, the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. He had hardly qualified himself before he began to deliver the goods,—one instance being his surrender to the Harriman-Hill railroads of the Deschutes Valley. He secretly restored to the public domain certain power sites in Montana. Apparently, the

sharks had been notified of his intention, and they promptly seized upon these sites the moment Ballinger shoved them within reach of his clients.

(2) He was interested in some of the corporations which were trying to raid the public property, but his chief offence is that he was acting as attorney for the Morgan-Guggenheim interests and the Cunningham claimants, trying to deliver to them, for the nominal sum of \$10. per acre, enormously valuable coal deposits, worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

(3) By Ballinger himself. As I understand the government simply pays the cost of witnesses, stenographers, etc. T. E. W.



THE SERPENT'S TRAIL. A Tale of the South and of Cuba. By F. B. Cullens. Pathway Publishing Company, New York and Baltimore.

This story purports to be the personal experiences of an American physician, the son of a Southern woman who had made a hasty, ill-considered match with an officer in the United States Army. Old black Mammy Rose is introduced mainly for the purpose of telling the little boy, who becomes the hero of the story, how it was that his mother, a beautiful girl of a proud and wealthy Southern family, had eloped with a Michigander, who proved to be a devoted husband, but with whom she was not happy. There was no congeniality between the couple, and the wife did not live long. The boy inherits his mother's little remnant of fortune, \$5,000, and complies with her wish that he become a physician. A part of his education, however, was the acquirement of horsemanship, sword play, the dance, and even a knowledge of roads. This kind of training was his mother's passion,—an evidence of the cavalier blood in her veins.

At the conclusion of his studies, the young man begins his professional life in a small, unimportant village on the south coast of Florida, on the Gulf side. In this unimportant village, "whose inhabitants were a mongrel lot of natives, mixed with the off scourings of a hostile world,—Spaniards, Cubans, Irish—adventurers more or less from any and every-

where," the doctor is inveigled into paying a professional visit on a hazy moonlight night, to what proved to be a pirate's temporary shelter. From this point on, the adventures are thrilling. The doctor finds himself a prisoner, and has to submit to being blindfolded, as he is carried to his journey's end, where there is a young woman who needs his professional skill. The pirate is thus described:

"Before me stood the exact replica of a Spanish Cavalier of the Seventeen Century. He had on a black velvet jacket, with gold braid; knee breeches, silk stockings of black, low quartered shoes, with silver buckles; a ruffled shirt waist of immaculate white, a large brimmed hat, from which, gracefully waving in the wind, was a black ostrich plume. At his side was a richly jeweled scabbard, the hilt of which was in his hand. His figure was tall and uniform."

This elegantly dressed pirate proved to be a Chesterfield in his manners, a linguist of rare attainments, and a man without fear and without pity. He richly rewards the doctor for his services, and then has him blindfolded and sent back to town on a magnificent mount, which is presented to him by the robber.

Years afterwards, the physician is in Cuba, where he rescues from kidnapping the beautiful young woman who had been the beneficiary of his professional services on the night aforementioned, and it isn't long before the tall pirate comes upon the scene again. Of course,

he makes trouble. Savagely jealous of the doctor, a desperate duel ensues, and to his amazement the physician discovers that his antagonist is protected by a coat of armor worn underneath his ordinary clothing. Just as the doctor despairs of his own life, a timely shot rings out, and the pirate falls with a bullet in his head.

The scene shifts to the South again, and the pirate reappears, hating the physician with murderous fury. He is just about to marry a wealthy, cultured Southern girl, a cousin of our hero, when he and the uncle of the girl, Major Tewkesbury Eggleston, rush in and stop the ceremony. Of course a terrific fight follows. This time, the robber is killed. But the girl whom he was about to wed loses her life in the fray. The story ends in Cuba, where the physician has married "my best beloved Angela", the Spanish girl whom he had visited professionally on the memorable night years before.

THE CAYCE-PENICK DEBATE. Held at Martin, Tennessee, July, 1907. Cayce & Turner, Publishers, Martin, Tenn.

The nature and scope of this memorable discussion may be inferred from the propositions that were debated:

(1) The Scriptures teach that all for whom Christ died will be saved in Heaven. Elder C. H. Cayce, affirms; Elder I. M. Penick, denies.

(2) The scriptures teach that in the death of Christ, sufficient provision was made for the salvation of all the races of Adam. Elder I. M. Penick, affirms; Elder C. H. Cayce, denies.

(3) The Scriptures teach that sinners are regenerated or born of God independently who are without the Gospel as a means. Elder C. H. Cayce, affirms; Elder I. M. Penick, denies.

(4) The Scriptures teach that in the regeneration or the new birth the Lord uses the Gospel as a means. Elder I. M. Penick, affirms; Elder C. H. Cayce, denies.

Theology being my short suit, it would be disingenuous for me to pretend that I can follow intelligently the arguments of the two eminent divines, who spent four days debating the propositions above stated.

So far as I can judge, each of the disputants maintained his position with signal ability; each one proved himself familiar with the Scriptures; each one quoted a great many texts which apparently showed that he was clearly in the right; each appeared to be profoundly in earnest and thoroughly sincere; and the fact that no bad temper was displayed, and the highest standards of courtesy maintained throughout, indicates that the Christianity of both debaters is of the genuine quality.

After the battle was over, they had kind, loving words to speak of each other, they shook hands in good fellowship, and they parted on the friendliest of terms.

Those who find interest and profit in discussions of this character would certainly be edified and entertained by a perusal of this volume.

THE ESSENTIAL FACTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Lawton B. Evans, A. M. Benjamin H. Seaborn & Company, Boston, New York and Chicago.

This is a volume of 530 pages, beautifully printed, profusely illustrated, and well bound in cloth. Evidently written for use in the schools, it seems to be admirably suited for that purpose. There are questions at the end of each chapter, to test the student's memory of what he has been reading; references are made to collateral reading; and suggestions, as to papers to be written by the scholar on the subject matter of the text.

The account of the discovery of the continent is sufficiently full; the colonial period is given ample space; the various distinct episodes of the colonization are distinctly marked off; the troubles with the Indians vividly described; the home life, occupations, dress and sports of the colonists most interestingly described.

Professor Evans does an unusual and most beneficial thing for the ordinary student. He explains the system of legislation which prevailed at that early day, refers to the peculiarities of the early codes of law, the methods of punishment, the modes of travel and the customs which prevailed. He also devotes a chapter to the manner in which Sunday was kept, religious services were held, and educational institutions founded. Another chapter is given to indentured servants and to the slaves and slave trade in the early stage of American history.

It is a pleasure to find that Professor Evans gives greater prominence to the Revolutionary war than is to be found in the ordinary school history. He very properly makes the battle of King's Mountain, *won by the Southern volunteers upon their own initiative and with their own munitions of war*, the turning point of the great struggle.

The war of 1812, the Andrew Jackson era, the bitter struggle over the tariff, the War with Mexico, the settlement of the great West, the disputes over slavery, the gathering of the war clouds, are all treated in a very satisfactory manner. The temper of the book is judicial; the style, lucid, simple and strong. The main narrative closes with the assassination of President McKinley, although some of the more important events of the Roosevelt administration are mentioned.

Separate chapters are given to great American enterprises and inventions. Also to the growth of the West and to the reclamation of arid regions by irrigation. The industries of the South are separately treated, as are American Literature and Art.

THE CROWDS AND THE VEILED WOMAN. By Mrs. Marion Cox. Funk & Wagnells Company, New York. \$1.50.

Those who have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the authoress, were not at all surprised to find in her book very great facility of expression, brilliance of style and

boldness of thought. It is not a book of incident. There are no thrilling adventures, hair-breadth escapes, blood curdling crimes, heart rending tragedies.

In the foreground is a modern philosopher, who has brought himself to believe that intelligent, even-tempered cynicism is the true wisdom of life. He does not allow himself the luxury of impulse and passion. By exerting perfect self-control, he fancies that he becomes the master of others, as well of himself. As is so often the case, this philosopher seeks to perpetuate his system by training a protege to follow in his footsteps. Dickens touched upon this in "Great Expectations". In that case, it is a woman, (whose heart had been broken and who spent her life in seclusion, introspection and thoughts of revenge,) who adopts a beautiful girl, out of whom she wished to make a lovely statue—fascinating, but heartless.

Psychologically, Dickens blundered, for he represents Stella as having become what her mentor wished her to be. Stella is depicted as utterly without feeling, and as not even understanding the passionate wooing of Philip Pirrip, who falls in love with her. It is only after a failure in marriage, and an experience which covers a number of years, that Stella comes to be human at all. This, of course, is not psychologically true, and that part of "Great Expectations" is, I think, usually considered essentially false: in fact, so unnatural that the reader rejects the whole thing as being inhuman.

Mrs. Cox has read the human heart more correctly.

In her book, the young artist, Gaspard, vindicates Nature. The inevitable woman comes into the young man's life, as he comes into hers, and the influence of each upon the other is to take the two out of the realms of the unnatural, the unattainable.

It has been the dream of the philosophers from the remotest times that humanity can rise out of itself, and achieve happiness independent of human environment or attachment. The hermit is not necessarily the religious fanatic who withdraws from association with his fellow creatures to enwrap himself in religious ecstasies. Every race has presented that peculiar type,—the man and the woman who would be happy in an ideal way, without dependence upon their fellow mortals. In the nature of things, no such dream was, or ever can be, realized. In spite of all training, systematic suppression and the development of the abnormal, the fact remains that happiness to man or woman is absolutely an impossibility when it is sought apart from one's fellows. After all is said and done, we are sociable creatures, dependent upon each other, controlled by human sympathies, attracted by some without our knowing why, repelled by others independently of our own volition, subject to be elated or depressed by the atmosphere which surrounds us. All the philosophers on earth, all the woman haters that ever

breathed, might exhaust themselves in the training of a normal boy: yet, the very first swish of the skirt of a lovely girl would overturn the elaborate defences which the philosopher had built against the invasion of sexual fascination. Likewise, all the Duennas, all the Mother Superiors on the face of the earth, might exert every device known to the art of suppressing nature; but the whole framework would be prostrated the moment the young woman was thrown into association with the man who was so constituted as to appeal to that feeling which is as natural to every woman as its counterpart is to every man.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S POEMS, MIRTHFUL AND OTHERWISE. By Charles Noel Douglas. Published by Author, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To those who are not aware of the fact, it will come as a surprise when we say that one of the most useful men that this country has ever produced lies flat on his back in the great New York metropolis, where he has been a helpless invalid for thirteen or fourteen years. Unable to work, unable to leave his bed, physically impotent, all of the man's vital force has concentrated in his heart and his brain. From his sick room have come the invisible waves of magnetism and purpose, bringing sweetness and light into the households of tens of thousands of afflicted people.

Throughout this whole Union, there are men and women, girls and boys, who have cause to bless the name of "Uncle Charlie", and who do, *ferently* and *reverently* bless it. He has devoted his genius to the welfare of others. Instead of filling his sick-room with an invalid's querulous, selfish complaints, curses against the fate which confines him to his bed, when other men are drinking in the elixir of sunlight and the beauties of Nature, he has seen with the eye of imagination the helpless boys and girls thousands of miles away, the afflicted man or woman of other States,—people whom he will never see, and who will never rest their eyes upon him,—and through the almost miraculous operation of human sympathy and human thought, he has come in contact with these, and has been an angel of mercy ministering to his fellow creatures.

While the Roosevelts roar around the universe, creating noise wherever they go—and little else: while the Bryans globe-trot here and there advertising themselves—and doing little else: while a Talmadge goes dramatically over the stage, basking in an ephemeral popularity, glorified by thoughtless multitudes who take the horses from the coach to drag him triumphantly through London streets, the Brooklyn invalid, prostrate and unhonored, went out in the fields of his consecrated endeavor and is rearing a monument more enduring than bronze, setting an example that may mean more to the future of America than all the turbulence of Roosevelt, and the preachments of political accidents like Bryan.



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This little dress is in the popular jumper style and consists of a plaited skirt and a blouse waist cut in low rounded outline, and having the wide open armhole characteristic of present styles. The skirt is laid in deep plaits at the top and pressed to position to the lower edge. Henrietta material was used in

the development, but the washable fabrics, such as pique, linen and gingham, as well as French challie, and mohair, are all suitable for reproduction. Cut in sizes 4-6-8-10-12 years and requires two yards of 44-inch material for the 8-year size.

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8663—A DAINTY HOUSE SACQUE.

Ladies Dressing Sacque With Peplum and Two Styles of Sleeve.

Dressing saques are always desirable and a necessary adjunct to a woman who likes a comfortable garment for wear about the house. The design here shown may be finished with a round or sailor collar and bishop or flowing sleeves, as preferred. The skirt piece, or peplum, is cut circular, and joined to the sacque with the belt. Lawn, dimity, organdy, crepe or challie will be suitable for this model, and silk or flannel are equally appropriate. White dotted swiss, with edging of French Val. will be very dainty and effective. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure, and requires three yards of 44-inch material for the 36-inch size.

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8659—BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT WITH KNICKERBOCKERS.

These little suits are so simple and easy to make that no home dressmaker need fear to attempt the sewing. The design here shown has double-breasted fronts and a sleeve that is plaited over the wrist. Linen, chambrey, flannel, or cloth may be used with equally good effect. The pattern is cut in three sizes, 2, 4, 6 years, and requires 3 3/8 yards of 27-inch material for the 4-year size.

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8674—A NEAT DRESS APPROPRIATE FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WEAR.

A very smart and most popular type of semi-princess dress is here shown, the waist is given sufficient breadth and fulness by the deep tucks that may be stitched to yoke or waistline depth. The panel front may be plain or trimmed with the revers. The skirt may be gathered or plaited. Panama, plaid woolen or wash fabric, prunella cloth in soft striped tones, checks or cashmere, may be used for this model. The one piece sleeve is plaited over its lower part. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years, and requires 4 3/4 yards of 24-inch material for the 8-year size.

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8662—LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE WITH PEPLUM, AND IN HIGH OR LOW NECK WITH CHEMISETE.

This portrays a style that promises to be most popular during the coming season. It embodies much that will appeal to women who like to be smartly dressed. The blouse, which is cut in double-breasted style, may be worn with or without the peplum, and may be cut with low round neck opening and worn with a chemisette or yoke gümpe. The sleeve provides a one piece undersleeve in leg o' mutton style with a shaped two piece over portion that may be omitted. The pattern is cut in six

sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 4 5/8 yards of 44-inch material for the 38-inch size.

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8684—A FASHIONABLE COAT SUIT.

This is an excellent model for a coat of a two-piece suit or to be worn separately. The deep closing will be one of the important features of the new spring coats. Any of the new spring suitings will be appropriate for this model.

8572—The skirt shown with coat, 8684, is on the most popular order, having a panel front and neat yoke lengthened by a plaited flounce. The lines of this skirt conform nicely to those of coat shown with it, and together make a very chic suit for the spring season.

Coat cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 3 1/8 yards of 44-inch material for the 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in six sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inches, waist measure, and requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each in silver or stamps.

8466—A STYLISH SKIRT DESIGN.

Ladies' Seven Gore Skirt.

Another pretty variation of the seven gore skirt is here shown. The tailored effect is enhanced by the lapped seams and the button trimming. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. It requires 7 yards of 24-inch material for the 24-inch size.

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8672—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST WITH COAT CLOSING OR WITH REVERS TRIMMING.

This model may be finished with a simple coat closing or with revers trimming as illustrated. The sleeve has a cap-shaped upper portion and the lower part is long and pointed over the wrist with narrow tucks midway between wrist and elbow. The waist has a group of tucks at the armseye in front and back. Lawn, linen, poplin, cashmere or silk will all develop nicely in this model. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inches, bust measure, and requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8562—A USEFUL APRON.

This practical design for a work apron is the simplest of garments to make and will be found a real aid in preserving the dress, while engaged about the house. The skirt is wide and full and furnished with two deep pockets that add considerably to its usefulness. The gathered bib covers the front of the waist and is attached to a circular yoke that slips on easily over the head. Plaid gingham was used

for the making, but percale, linen and cambric are all suitable for reproduction. The medium size requires 3 1-4 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern is cut in sizes small, medium, large.

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8660—A SMART SHIRTWAIST FOR THE MISS OR SMALL WOMAN.

Misses Shirtwaist.

In linen or lawn, poplin, silk or cashmere

this model will look equally well. The double-breasted front gives breadth to the figure, and the wide tucks over the shoulders are most stylish. The sleeve and collar may be finished with or without the turnover portion. The pattern is cut three sizes, 15, 16, 17 years, and requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 16-inch size.

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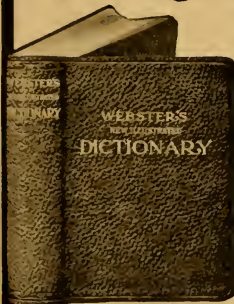
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