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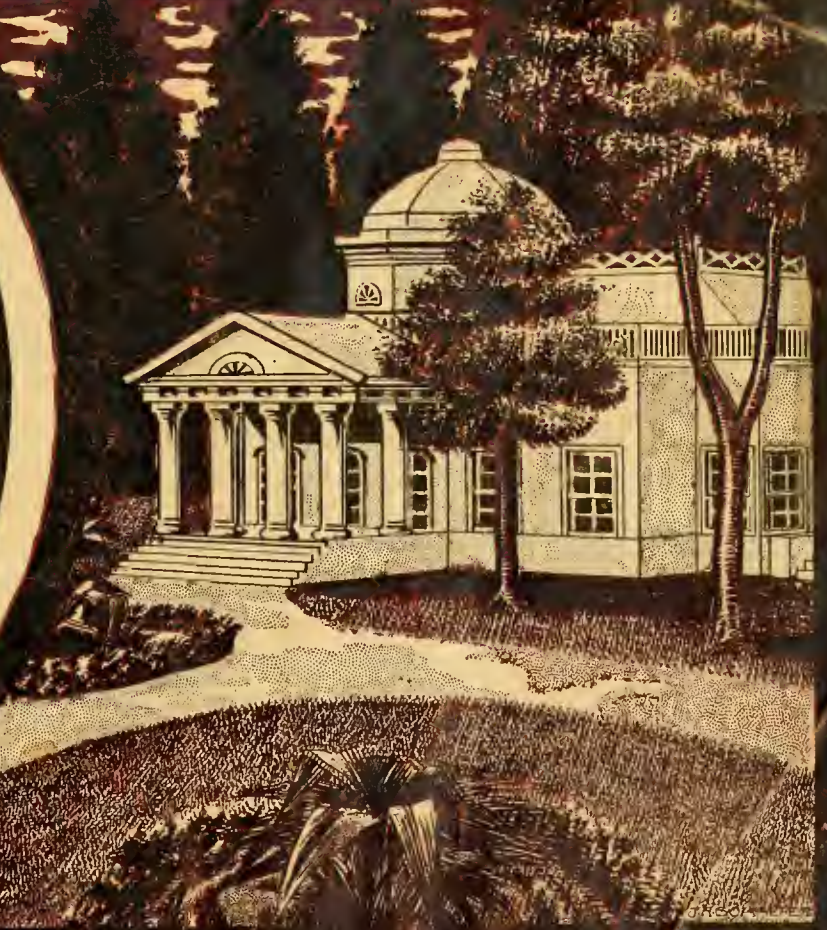
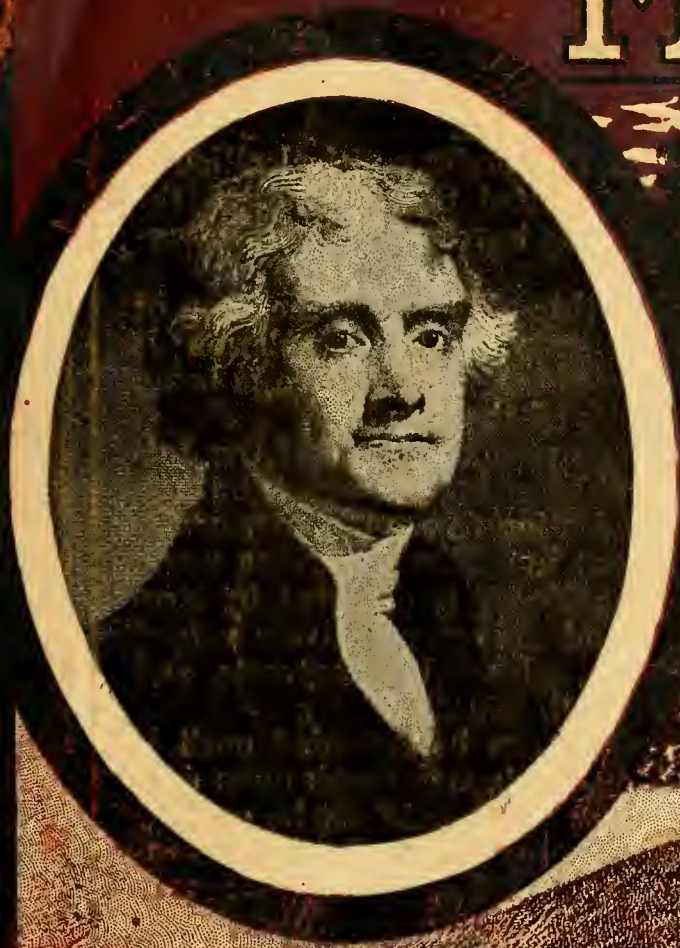
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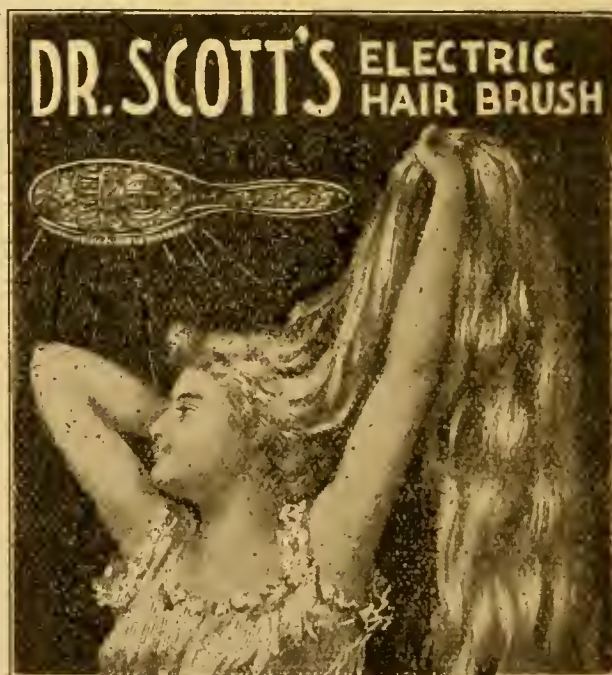
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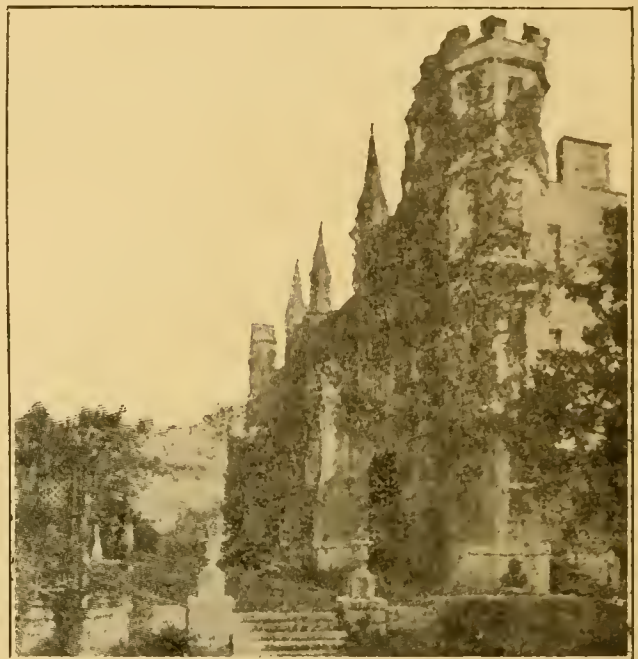
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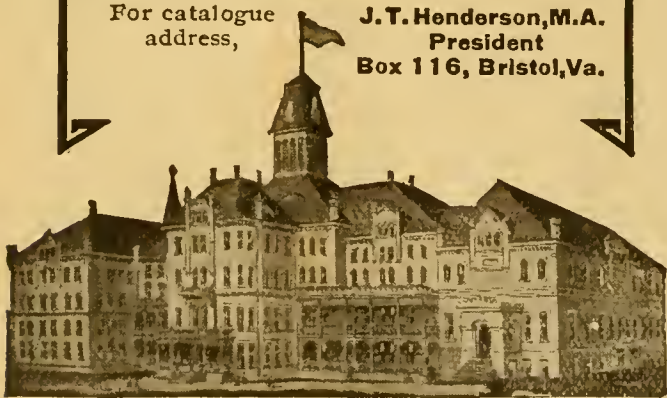
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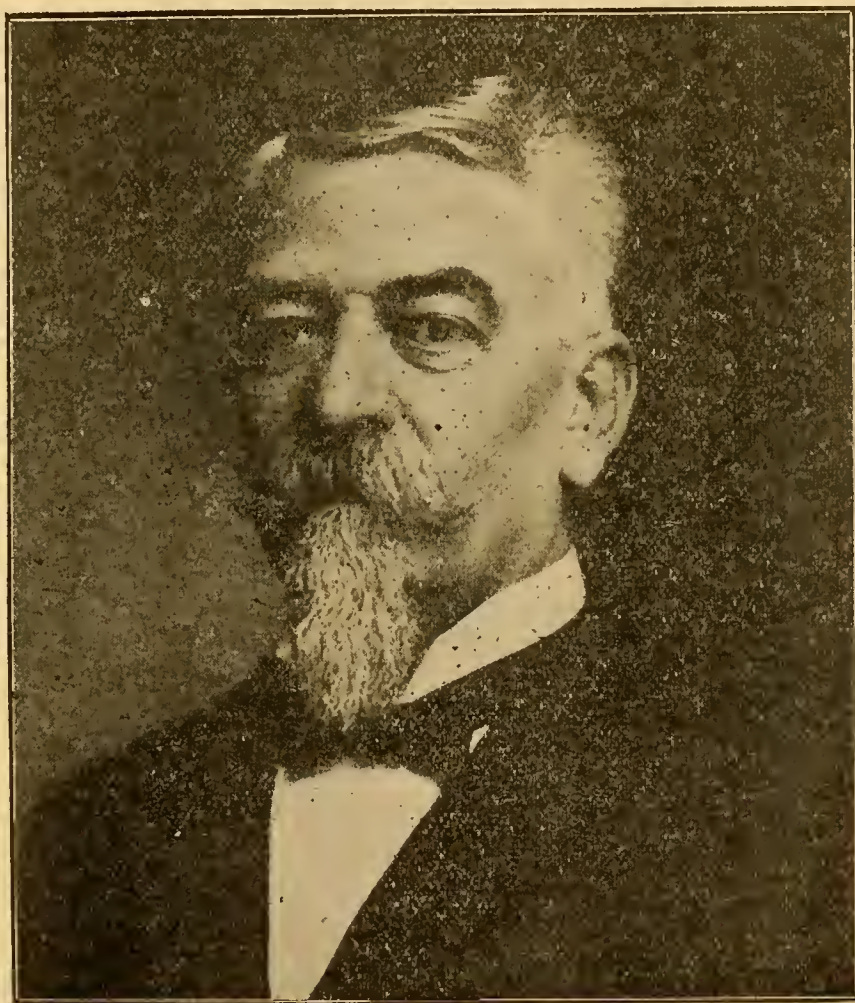
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(Page 334)



EDITORIALS



By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

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CHAPTER VIII.

“NOW, Quint, tell us about the Injuns.”

In that jocosé tone President Cleveland used to address L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, during Cleveland's first—and creditable—administration. (Our readers may not need to be reminded that the affairs of the Red Men, in the territories and on the reservations, at that time almost monopolized the attention of the Department of the Interior. The other department ranked the Interior, and Lamar was the last to be called on for his report.)

What “Quint” Lamar may have had to say to Cleveland's cabinet about the Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Sioux and the Apaches who survive the encroachments of the great white race, we do not know; but it occurs to me that the “Story of the South and West” will be incomplete if I do not tell you “about the Injuns.”

At present, we will consider none but those of Virginia. How did they live? How did they govern themselves? What were their manners, customs, beliefs? What was their position in the human family? What was the “standard of honor?” What was their code of mor-

als? How did they hold property? How did they settle disputes and punish crimes?

Mr. Jefferson tells us in his *Notes on Virginia*, that the Powhatan Confederacy, south of the Potomac, contained 8,000 square miles, 30 tribes and 2,400 warriors, the whole population being estimated at 8,000. As these are the Indians who immediately concern us, to them we will confine our attention.

The Emperor, whose official title was Powhatan, was eighty years old, at the time Jamestown was built by the whites, but he was still in possession of great physical and mental powers. What surprises one is, that he did not exterminate the English when he had them in his power. From the first, he appeared to anticipate the progress of events, for he repeatedly asked the whites when they meant to go away. From the permanent character of their buildings, he must have known that the English had come to stay. Yet this powerful and long-headed ruler of the Red Men not only let pass the opportunities for slaughtering the strange intruders upon his domain, but he saved their lives, again and again, by feeding them in time of famine. With a few worthless

baubles, they could tempt these child-men of the woods to part with boat-loads of corn, which they must procure, or starve.

Powhatan had two principal capitals: one, where the city of Richmond now stands; and the other in Gloucester county, about thirty miles from West Point. At each of these places, there was a considerable Indian village. At each the Emperor had a "palace."

He was supported by a tribute, paid in corn and other produce, and in the spoils of war and of the chase.

There was an abundance of food of the best kind served at the monarch's hospitable feasts—such as venison, wild-turkey, duck, wild-geese, oysters, and bread made of meal, or acorns, or chestnuts, or chinquapins. *There was no intoxicating drink in use.* Their only beverage was the juice of green corn-stalks and a mixture of unripe hickory-nut pulp with water.

Powhatan had several wives, some of whom were mere girls. This shows that at heart he was a Mormon. It is said that it was the duty of one of these wives to sit at his head, when he slept—another sitting at his feet. (Which reminds me of the *en cas* of the Bourbon Kings of France.)

The old fellow maintained quite a good deal of barbaric state. A man of splendid figure, extraordinary natural ability, and perfect courage, he inspired his people with unbounded respect and confidence. A body-guard of forty warriors attended him whenever he went abroad, and a sentinel kept watch around his house at night.

He granted "audience" to visitors—as other Emperors do—and

he received them, sitting on a sort of throne. His favorite royal robe was made of raccoon skins, with the tails on.

While Powhatan was the Emperor, the Council held a check on him; and the men of the tribe held a check on the council. His sagacity and will-power were so great that the old Emperor could usually control the council and secure the consent of the tribes; but as a matter of tribal law—unwritten but acknowledged, the tribe was not bound to obey either the Council or the Powhatan, unless it saw fit to do so. Thus we see in operation among these woods-people, 400 years ago, a system of Democratic government which Switzerland did not adopt until 1870; and which the rest of the civilized world has not been able to reach at all.

The Indians had no phrases corresponding with the Initiative, Referendum and Recall; *but they had the system itself.*

Such a plan of government works best in small states and small numbers. *Was it by accident, or by design, that the Indian Confederacies were split up into so many small tribes?* The question is interesting, but I cannot answer it.

These Virginia Indians had no alphabet, no written language, no common tongue. Every Confederation had a language of its own, and interpreters were needed, when one communicated with another.

While the average Indian mentality was not very high, some of the men were orators of the first class. The debates in the tribal councils greatly encouraged the development of this natural eloquence.

There was no system of laws;

only the great dividing lines between right and wrong. When a member of the tribe committed any disgraceful deed, he was shunned and contemptuously treated by the others. It was "solitary confinement" on a primitive scale.

In case of heinous crime like murder, the kinsmen of the victim could deal with the criminal as they saw fit. Adultery was regarded as something monstrous and was punishable with death. If one man stole another's corn, the theft cost the life of the thief.

In fact, there were not many violations of the moral law among these children of the forest. They did not often steal from one another; they had no inter-tribal wrangles about their corn-patches, their gardens, their wigwams. Each tribe was like one family—as the Highland clan was—and to wrong a tribesman was to wrong the tribe. Each member of it made common cause with every other. I have found little evidence of quarreling, fighting or killing, *inside the family*. The Red Man was a born fighter, with a tiger's lust for blood; but *he did not dip his hands in the blood of his brother*. He saved his wrath, until he met the enemy of his tribe.

To be a noted warrior and a mighty hunter, was the ambition of every Indian. This was the goal of tedious practice, of patient endurance, of arduous toil. To know the woods better than the wild animals knew them; to know the habits of birds and fishes and quadrupeds; to trail game, or an enemy, with the soundless footstep and the eye that could not be deceived; to return to the village with the slaugh-

tered deer and bear, and gorge on the abundant food; or better, far better, to come back from the war-path with the scalps of foemen dangling at his belt, and be welcomed by triumphant, admiring shouts and songs—this was the dream of every young man of the tribe.

Such a thing as physical cowardice was not to be found. Nor were there any physical deformities among these people. They were perhaps the most perfect race, physically, that ever lived. There were some tribes—like the Rappahannocks—whose every member was a magnificent specimen of humanity.

Their music was of the simplest kind—the blowing of quills of cane, the beating of drums, &c. Their songs were monotonous chants, with a jingle of words.

Romantic love was impossible under the conditions in which they lived. Their mating was very much like that of wild animals.

Mr. Jefferson records an incident which he witnessed:

A young Indian woman had lost her husband, and had promised to marry another man. She was weeping, wailing and beating her breast in a frantic manner, although her husband had been dead and put away, some days before. Upon inquiry, Mr. Jefferson was told that she was compressing many days' sorrowing into one, in order that she might comply with tribal custom as to the amount of wifely grief required, and at the same time be ready to marry again next day. Instead of a brief manifestation, covering a period of many days, it was the widow's privilege to pack all of the woe into one or two days and

thus render herself eligible to another matrimonial venture.

They were the victims of various diseases. Their mode of life; their gluttonous eating in times of plenty, alternating with hunger and low, inferior diet, in seasons of scarcity, would account for much of their physical suffering. Some of their methods of preparing food were not conducive to health. For example, they roasted fish, without removing either the scales or the entrails. The skin was peeled off as they began to eat, and the entrails were thrown away, after the flesh had been devoured. Yet they were very particular about "picking" and "drawing" a turkey or other fowl, before beginning to cook it.

Again, their manner of sun-drying fruits and flesh, for future consumption, without protection of any sort from the housefly or other insects, must have been the cause of much sickness.

After all, the Indian did not live cleanly. The bath tub did not enter into his theory of the universe. Soap and water made no "circuit" in his thoughts. To grease his body with bear-gravy, or paint it all over with colored mud, seemed to him the agony of elegance. There was nothing in the forest to suggest a handkerchief, a finger-bowl, or a tooth-brush; consequently these heathen did not imagine those vain things.

The fact that venereal diseases raged among them, decimating their numbers, is of itself, convincing evidence of their lack of personal cleanliness.

The Indian women were modest, in their own way.

They had "nothing to wear," usually; and wore it, day and night. In the daytime, they wore a brief skirt around the waist; at night, no garment of any kind. For special occasions, they had robes made of the feathers of birds; also mantles made of dressed skins, on which were painted flowers, birds and animals. The men too were scantily clad, in the day; and slept naked. As a dozen or more men and women occupied the same room at night, we can understand that their modesty was different from ours.

Ordinarily, only the chiefs had more than one wife. Monogamy was the general practice of the tribe. A suitor offered customary gifts to the maiden of his choice; if she accepted them, they were man and wife; and she, forthwith, accompanied him to his home. The husband might quit the wife at his pleasure; but he had to leave her in possession of the home. The wife had the same right to quit the husband. Both could re-marry. There was no reproach attached to these voluntary divorces and re-marriages. And the wife kept the children, without question.

The Indian warrior would not stoop to do manual labor, other than in felling the trees and thus clearing the land for cultivation. In Virginia and other parts of the country where the Red Men lived in huts or houses, the men built them. The men also made the canoes, the war-weapons, the bow and arrow. But the women bore the burden of house work, garden work and field work. In Virginia, this was not heavy. The household economy was simple, the cookery primitive to a degree. To

put the hoe-cake in the ashes; to wrap a fish in leaves, and heap coals over it; to fetch forth the dried persimmons and mulberries; and to hand these around on platters that carried no hint of an aftermath of dish-washing—wasn't such awful drudgery. There was no stove to wrestle with, no floor to scrub, no kitchen to clean up, no cook to talk back. To set the table was an act, not a process. And there were no dreadful uncertainties as to whether the spoons and the side-dishes and the entres were strictly according to Hoyle.

Besides, these Indian women enjoyed another advantage, which Virginia ladies do not now enjoy. When a warrior had become famous for his feats in war and hunting, the woman who admired him, loved him and wanted him, could go and seat herself beside him, and make eyes at him, and touch him in a way that fires a man up—as demure little Ruth did with the wine-warmed Boaz, in the Old Testament story.

Another important fact to be weighed: Among the Virginia Indians, as among those of Florida, *women* often occupied the position of ruler of the tribe. There were Queens in Virginia who were Sachems over tribes in the Powhatan Confederacy. It must have been that the office was hereditary; otherwise a war-loving race would not have been under the dominion of women.

The Virginia Indians had no conception of private property in land. When a warrior cleared a field of the trees, and prepared it for cultivation, that field belonged to him *to cultivate*. If he abandoned it, another could use it. The title in the

soil was in the tribe; only the tribe could sell it.

But the crops grown on the land belonged to the person whose wife and children produced it. Likewise, the cattle, house, utensils, weapons, &c., were privately owned.

The whole tribe was supposed to have acquired the territory which it occupied; therefore, the whole tribe was proprietor. But the deer which the hunter slew belonged to the hunter. So with the corn, tobacco, beans, melons, fruits, &c., which the industry of the individual had separated from the common estate *and reduced to possession*.

The Indian garden was small, 100 to 200 square feet. In this was grown pumpkins, cymlins, muskmelons, tobacco—which last the Indians smoked, but did not chew.

The farms were located on soil of the greatest natural fertility; and the yield was generally 200 bushels to the acre, counting corn, beans, peas and pumpkins.

The Indian had no plough, and the hoe used was a crooked stick or a piece of deer horn, or shoulder blade attached to a wooden handle.

In planting corn, they dug holes four feet apart, and into these were dropped four grains of corn and two beans. The greatest care was taken to prevent grains from touching one another in the hole.

The Indians of Virginia had no domestic animals whatever. They tamed neither bird nor beast.

Their fields were not protected by any kind of fence. In the center of each little farm a scaffold was erected, on which was built a small hut; and a young Indian was placed there to watch the crop and keep depredating birds and beasts away.

These Red Men had a religion and a priesthood, but it is doubtful whether they ever revealed the true nature of it to the whites. They had their temples in which were idols, but what the creed was is not known. They told conflicting stories about it. Some claimed to believe in a life beyond this; others said that death ended all.

The propitiation of the Evil Spirit, rather than the adoration of any god, was characteristic of the Indian. Thus he never began to eat until he had thrown into the fire a small bit of the food, as a sacrifice to the Evil One.

They had physicians, medicine men who always went through some monkey motions, incantations, &c., before administering treatment to the sick. In every village, was a "sweating house;" and, strange to say, the doctor accompanied his patient and underwent the heating process with him. After the sick man had become wet with sweat, he plunged into cold water. In small-pox cases, and some others, this practice must have been fatal.

For the different seasons of the year the Indians had festivals at which they feasted, chanted and danced. The girls had a way of garlanding themselves with leaves and flowers, and linking hands, singing and dancing, that must have been a pleasing spectacle.

The following account of an Indian masquerading scene was given by one of Capt. John Smith's party of Englishmen:

"In a fays playen field they made a fire, before which (we) sitting upon a mat, suddainly amongst the woods we heard a hydeous noise

and shrieking. Then presently (we) were presented with this anticke: thirtie young women came (nearly) naked out of the woods, their bodies all painted, some white, some red, some black, some particolour, but all differing; their leader had a fayre payre of buck's horns on her head, and an otter's skin at her girdle, and another at her arm, and a quiver of arrowes at her back, a bow and arrowes in her hand; the next had in her hand a sword, another a club, all horned alike. These fiends with most hellish shouts and cries, rushing from among the trees, cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dancing with most excellent ill varietie; having spent neare an hour in this mascarado, as they entered in like manner they departed. Having reaccommodated themselves, they solemnly invited (us) to their lodgings, where (we) were no sooner within the house but all these nymphes more tormented us than ever, with crowding, pressing, and hanging about (us), most tediously crying Love you not me? This salutation ended, the feast was set, consisting of fruit in baskets, fish and flesh in wooden platters; beans and peas there wanted not, nor any salvage dainty their invention could devise; some attending, others singing and dancing about (us); with mirth and banquet being ended, with firebrands (for) torches they conducted (us) to (our) lodging."

Says Historian John Fiske:

"The wood-nymphs who thus entertained their guests are in one account mentioned simply as "Powhatan's women;" in another they

are spoken of as "Pocahontas and her women;" which seems to give us a realistic sketch of the little maid with her stag-horn head-dress and skin all stained with puceoon leading her companions in their grotesque capers. Truly, it was in- to a strange world and among a strange people that our colonists had come."



The Voiceless Call

Horace M. Ellington

When I shall hear the Voiceless call of Death:

 " Oh Soul, come thou with me ! "

May I go like a Mariner that sails

 A stormy sea.

May I not in abyssmal darkness grope,

But guided by the Beacon light of Hope.

When I fare forth to that Mysterious Place,

 May those I leave bereft

Be comforted because I planted fruits and flowers

 For those I left.

And if some tears are shed, may sunshine fall,

To make a Bow of Promise over all.

When I shall heed the voiceless call, I pray,

 My mortal part be laid beneath the sod

By kindly hands; and let some good man say:

 " God rest his soul," and then: " We trust in God." "

Let those who knew me living for awhile,

If they should think of me, think kindly with a smile.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

(Copyright by Thomas E. Watson, 1911)

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

CHAPTER XIII.

BY way of preliminary, I will state that the publication of my historical researches into the origin of the idol-worship and pagan ceremonial, which now hold possession of the Roman Catholic church, began in this magazine more than a year ago. Thus far, not a single scholar of that "faith" has asked the privilege of replying in our columns. If I am historically wrong, the priesthood should be able to put forward a champion who can demonstrate my error. If there is something in the Bible supporting *them*, which I have overlooked, they should be ready and willing to cite me to it. It is not *I*, who claim to be infallible. When wrong, I enjoy being set right. Won't some scholarly Catholic do me that favor?

The passionate inflammatory pamphlet of Lucian Johnston made no attempt at argument or refutation. His was the railing of an enraged partisan. He did not cite a passage from the Bible, nor combat a single one of my assertions concerning the origin of the idolatry which he believes in. Consequently, I did not care to waste any of my time on the furious Lucian.

Again, the Federation of Catholic Societies has resorted to the cowardly and malicious boycott, in the hope of killing the magazine. The American News Company and its subsidiaries have cast us out—a trust, by the way, which congress should investigate. But how could anyone be surprised that a *hierarchy which burns Bibles and keeps its votaries in ignorance of what is in the Book*, should resort to a brutal method to suppress the truth, as told in this magazine?

Anthony Matre, of St. Louis, Mo. (Secretary of the Federation of Catholic Societies), is publishing letters from business firms which have agreed to boycott me because of this series of chapters on the Roman hierarchy. I hope to get a list of those names, for publication. I want the Protestants and the liberal Catholics of this country to see who they are that cringe, like whipped curs, when these foreign-fanatics and their American dupes wage underhanded war on Free Speech.

Perhaps Anthony Matre will discover that the sword which he has drawn cuts both ways. Some of those timid advertisers may soon come to know that their lack of

American spirit has not increased their business.

The Roman Catholic church is the only religious corporation in this country that is under foreign control. It is fed, mainly, by foreign immigrants. A million or more of its adherents cannot speak the English language. Its priests cannot be good American citizens without violating their oath of office. Their Ambassador, Falconio, is here in violation of the Federal constitution. Yet so great has become their insolence that these priests, who never lose an opportunity to insult *our* religion, openly seek by the most infamous methods, to destroy my magazine because it has dared to imitate the glorious examples of Erasmus, Melancthon, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wycliffe, Zwinglius, and the Puritans and Huguenots who came to America to find an asylum from the unmerciful persecutions of Rome. In this systematic campaign of these powerful Catholic societies *to ruin one man*, we see an exhibition of the same spirit that sent Arnold of Breschia; Jerome and Huss of Prague; Bruno, of Rome; and Ferrer, of Barcelona, to their doom. Rome never changes, and never tolerates. Those foreign-ruled wolves will devour me, if they can. It remains to be seen whether their taunting boast is true—*that Protestantism is dead.*

* * *

There are few quotations from the Bible that have had a more general circulation and a more emphatic vindication than the remark which Jesus made when His home-folks repudiated him:

“*A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.*”

He had wrought mightily among strangers, but when He came to His own country, and would have taught His own people, they murmured:

“Is not this the carpenter’s son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brothers, James, and Joses and Simon and Judas?”

“And His sisters, are they not all with us?”

And Christ “did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.”

There isn’t a passage in the Bible that I comprehend more thoroughly.

But where does it leave the Roman Catholics? They believe in the *perpetual virginity* of Mary. They worship as a virgin, a matron that bore to her husband four sons whose names are given; and so many daughters, as to justify the indefinite but comprehensive term, “all.”

The neighbors could readily name the four brothers of Jesus, but apparently He had so many sisters it was easier to use the word “all” than to enumerate them severally. This was the human offspring of the carpenter, Joseph, and his spouse, Mary. And these paganized Catholic priests keep on adoring *this prolific wife* as the Virgin Mary.

In the ancient religions, the Virgin mother who was adored as “Queen of the Heavens,” *had but one son*. It was so with Venus, it was so with Isis, and it was so with Mylitta; it was so with the virgin mother of the Hindoo, Krishna.

When the Roman Catholic hierarchy introduced, *for the first time*, the worship of the Virgin Mary, in imitation of the pagans, they stupidly overlooked the Scriptural evi-

dence that Mary, as the human mate of a human husband, became the human mother of a large human family.

(Really, I wish that some Catholic scholar would pluck up his courage, put on his armor, and enter the lists of controversy. This having it all to myself, is monotonous.)

To signify the mother of numerous children as a virgin, to separate her entirely from the human family of which she was an integral part, and to connect her with the Godhead, as a divine portion thereof, is to defy the Biblical record, and to go exactly opposite to the course of Jesus Himself. If there is any one thing absolutely beyond question—so far as the New Testament is concerned—it is that Mary never did claim and never was accorded any special distinction.

At the age of twelve, He assumes a bearing of aloofness from Joseph and Mary, and that attitude is never thereafter changed so far as we know. Thenceforward, it would seem that He treated His mother as an ordinary human being, while He Himself was preparing for His Father's work.

In fact, whenever Mary is represented, in the Scriptural record, as speaking to Christ, He is represented as rebuking her—at least discouraging her interference with Him.

Not only did Christ refuse to see or greet Mary when she and His brothers came to the house where He was teaching, but in doing so He proclaimed them to be on the same level with all other mothers and brothers *who did the will of God*.

You will recall another instance, where He repelled the advances of

Mary. At the marriage festival at Cana, when the wine failed, it was Mary who informed Him of it. You, of course, remember His answer—which, humanely considered, sounds rude: "*Woman, what have I to do with thee?*" (The original Greek reads: "What to me, or to thee?") Meaning, "that does not concern you or me.")

A few moments later, He issues orders to the servants and the jars are filled with water, which when served to the guests proves to be the best wine of the feast.

Then, again, when some one invokes a special blessing on the womb that bore Him, Christ very promptly and very positively rejects the distinction, saying that the doing of the will of God was the test, the source of pre-eminence.

We are told, to the minutest detail, how, when and where Christ died. We are not told when Mary died, nor where, nor how. We can trace The Twelve and we can trace Paul; but who can trace Mary? We know that John took her to his house to live; but how long she survived her crucified Son, we are not informed. Could evidence be more conclusive that the Disciples did not regard her as the "Empress of the Heavens"?

No wonder the priests have always and everywhere *kept the Bible from the people*. No wonder they drive it out of the schools—not on the ground that you and I might endorse, but because *they don't want the children to know what the New Testament contains*.

The last time we see Mary in the Bible, she is on her knees in prayer, soon after the Ascension. We see her no more, forever, save

in doubtful traditions which conflict with one another.

More than 2,000 years after Christ, a legend began to float around among the Gnostics, that Christ and the angels came down to earth and bore Mary to heaven, both her body and her spirit.

This story gradually gained ground; but it was not until 700 years after the crucifixion that the Catholic church of the East instituted a festival in honor of the event. It was 900 years after Christ, before the Western Catholics did the same thing. They said that the body and soul of "the Virgin" had been "assumed" into heaven, and the feast in commemoration of the miracle is known as that of the Assumption.

And the festival is based upon a story quite as veracious as that which represented Castor and Pollux appearing on horseback in the clouds to re-animate the fainting spirits of the Roman soldiers—or the "By this sign, conquer," which assured victory to that flinty-hearted monster, Constantine, the Great.

* * *

But do the Roman Catholic priests encourage the actual worship of "the Virgin Mary," *the mother of so many Jews, by a Hebrew husband?*

Let us see what the facts are, using for the present, the evidence of the Romanists themselves.

The Council of Trent (held in 1545), adopted a decree of Pope Sixtus IV. in which occurs an official deification of Mary. In this decree she is styled "the Queen of the Heavens," "a path of mercy," "the Mother of Grace," "the Consoler of the human race," "the vig-

ilant advocate of the salvation of the faithful," who "intercedes with the King whom she has brought forth, * * that thereby they may become more fit for divine grace, *by the merits of the intercession of the same virgin.*"

The Roman Catholic priests were more than 1500 years in finding Mary's true place in their system; and they needed three more centuries to properly place her mother. Verily, verily, Rome was *not* built in a day, spiritually or temporally.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent styles Mary the "Mother of Mercy," and prayer to her is enjoined upon the faithful.

Papa Gregory XVI., in 1832, (Encyclical Letter, Aug. 15.) uses the following language:

"Let us raise our eyes and hands to the most holy Virgin Mary, who only destroys all heresies, *who is our greatest hope; yea, the entire ground of our hope.*"

You will search the Scriptures in vain for any authority for a prayer to any, save God. There is no hint of any remission of sin through invocations to saints or to the mother of Christ. When we last see her in the New Testament, she and other good women are kneeling in prayer *together*. None prays to her; all pray to God. She does not any more assume superior sanctity over the other women than does Peter over the other disciples. And that picture in the Acts, of perfect equality — Mary to the Christian women and Peter to the Christian men—must forever be hateful to the contemplation of the paganized Roman hierarchy.

Turn to the Litanies of Rome and you'll find them teeming with pray-

ers to Mary. Some of these hymns to her are almost paraphrases hymns to Juno, to Isis, to Minerva, to Diana, to Venus.

One of the passionate prayers to "the Virgin" is found in the "Mission Book," p. 161, N. Y., 1866, quoted by Wm. Cathcart, D. D., in his *Papal System*, which I have freely used in the foregoing pages:

"Most holy and immaculate Virgin, my mother Mary, it is to thee, the mother of my God, the Queen of the world, the advocate, the hope, and the refuge of sinners, that I have recourse today, I, who am the most miserable of all. I render thee my humble homage, O great Queen, and I thank thee for all the graces which thou hast bestowed upon me till now, particularly for having delivered me from hell, which I have so often deserved. I love thee, O most amiable sovereign, and for the love I bear thee, I promise to serve thee always, and to do all in my power to make others love thee also. I place in thee after God all my hopes. I confide my salvation to thy care. Accept me for thy servant, and receive me under thy mantle, O Mother of Mercy; and since thou art so powerful with God, deliver me from all temptations, or rather obtain for me the strength to triumph over them till death. Obtain for me, I beseech thee, a perfect love for Jesus Christ. To thee I look for grace to make a good death. O my Mother, by the love which thou bearest to God, I beseech thee to help me at all times, and particularly at the decisive moment of death. Do not leave me till thou seest me safe in heaven, occupied in blessing thee and singing thy mercies throughout eternity."

Everybody who has ever studied the subject knows that, when the early church began to pray for the Saints, *Mary was prayed for*, just as the others were. The difference between praying *for* her, and praying *to* her is about as great as can be imagined. Prayers made in her behalf implied, of course, that her condition in heaven was not as good as it might be made. Prayer *for* her was inseparable from the belief that she could be called up higher, made more glorious, more powerful, more happy. That the condition of the dead can be improved by the intercessions of the living, is a doctrine which finds no foundation in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; but it was a firm belief among older religions, and it gradually worked its way into the early Christian church. In this way Mary came to be *prayed for*; and the Eucharist was in her behalf offered.

(See the Clementine Liturgy, and those that go by the name of St. James, St. Mark, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and also, the Ethiopic and the old Roman.)

In Dr. J. H. Eager's "Romanism in Its Home," page 156, we read:

"One hundred and twenty churches in Rome are dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and only fifteen to Christ. The rosary consists of 166 beads. * * These beads represent *one* creed, 15 Our Fathers, and 150 Hail Mary's."

"Mary has 41 festivals a year in Rome, while Christ has but twenty-two."

On page 15, Dr. Eager, who was then at Modena, says:

"I noticed that one particular object attracted special attention and drew an unusual number of worship-

ers. I found it to be an old painting of Mary, which the priests claim is endowed with miraculous power to grant both temporal and spiritual blessings. It was enclosed in a large glass case, and surrounded by flowers and votive offerings of all kinds, brought by the people as an expression of gratitude for blessings received. I saw watches, ear-rings, bracelets, medals, gold chains, and other objects. Going a little nearer, my eyes fell upon a small framed image of the Virgin, with three prayers grouped around it, and this is what I read:

“Prayers to the Most Holy Virgin, refuge of sinners, whose holy image is venerated in the cathedral of Modena: ‘Most loving Virgin, refuge of sinners, in the stormy sea of this world all look to you as a star which guides to port. You are the hope of all in trouble, the loving object of all hearts. Upon all, therefore, O Mary, turn your pitying eyes, gather and protect all under your mantle. No one, O blessed Virgin Mary, can hope for salvation except through your aid. It is a sign of salvation to have your name, O Mary, continually upon one’s lips. Aid from Jesus, our most loving Saviour, comes through you; light to the blind, comfort to the weak, fervor to the lukewarm, consolation to the afflicted, and the great gift of final perseverance to all. O Mary, refuge of sinners, pray for us.’”

“When I read these words and saw the people bowing humbly before this image, I thought of what a Catholic bishop said to a large audience—all Protestant, except six or eight—in a certain American town which I visited in 1888. He solemnly declared that the Catholic

church did not forbid the reading of the Bible, had never persecuted, and that there was no such thing in the church as image worship. Of course, any one who has lived in Italy, or who has read church history, knows that these statements, though solemnly uttered by a bishop, are contradicted by a mighty array of facts. In the cathedral of Modena I saw as genuine image worship as could be found in India or China. During the few moments occupied in writing down the above prayer, thirty persons paid their devotion to this image.”

With Council and Pope and authorized books leading the way to the worship of Mary, can we be surprised that the “true believers” followed?

No Roman Catholic will object to having his religion known by its fruits, in countries where it has had the fullest control. If in Italy, for example, it has degenerated into gross idolatry, the presumption would be that its innate tendency is to become pagan. If Mary has supplanted God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit in Italy, it would do so in any country where, as in Italy, the Papal system became supreme. Let us then consider some evidence as to *what Romanism is, IN ITS HOME*.

In “Kirwan’s Letters” to Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, page 161, we read:

“The pictures and statues that most abound and to which most *recourse in prayer and prostration* are those of the Virgin Mary! Indeed, what the Prophet is to Mohammedanism, the Virgin is to Romanism.” (A very striking comparison and a just one.)

“In the Psalter of David, as reformed by Bonaventura, we find this sentence—

“‘Come unto Mary, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and she shall refresh your souls.’”

“Mary is to the Romans what Diana was to the Ephesians. Rome, as a city, is given to idolatry.”

“Through Spain,” is the title of a very interesting book of travel, by C. P. Scott. He describes Virgin worship, as he found it; and he found it, wherever he went. At Seville, he saw the Indulgence, framed in silver, hanging beside the “bedizened doll representing the Virgin.” He translated the Indulgence thus:

“Pope Leo VII. grants perpetual indulgence, *and remission of sins*, to all who on Good Friday, from earliest dawn to sunset, visit this image of *Our Lady of Pardon*, and pray for the extension of the faith, the suppression of heresy, and the other objects of the church, having first duly confessed and communicated. December 17, 1824.”

Speaking of the natives of Seville, the author says:

“Venus was then (in Roman times) as now (1885), their favorite goddess; her image was borne during the festivals on the shoulders of patrician women; and certain rites of the Phœnician Astarte, her prototype, survive in the ceremonies of modern holidays.” The chief difference is that priests, dressed as women, bear the image of the Virgin Mary—the image being, in some cases, the ancient Venus.

One of the canonized saints of the Roman Catholic church, Augustine, stated the doctrine as to Mary as follows:

“Christ was God and man. So far as it concerned His deity, He had no mother; so far as it concerned His humanity, He had. Therefore, Mary was the mother of His flesh, the mother of His humanity, the mother of the infirmity which He took on Himself for us. For the Lord of Heaven and Earth came by a woman. As He was the Lord of Heaven and Earth, He was also the Lord of Mary. As He was the Creator of Heaven and Earth, He was the Creator of Mary. But as it was said that He was made of a woman, made under the land, He was the son of Mary.”

The term, “*Mother of God*,” has no place in the language of true Christianity. It is a contradiction in terms. God, being the Creator of all things, *could not, AS A GOD*, have a mother. Only as a man, could He be said to have human birth. This is *so* evident, that even a child would see it, *if let alone*. “Empress of Heaven,” “Queen of the Angels” and similar titles are of modern adaptation, but of mythological and heathenish parentage.

When Constantine the Great made Christianity the religion of the Roman world and compelled every soldier to join the church of Christ, the heathens simply moved over into organized Christianity, bringing their pagan idols and beliefs with them.

Imperial decrees had no power to cause men to be born again. Baptisms by force were failures, whether ordered by Constantine or Charlemagne. Inherited, ingrained paganism could no more be extirpated by law, than a puny Papa of the 20th century can block the progress of Modernism by swearing the priests to eternal ignorance.

APPENDIX.

THE WORSHIP OF MARY IN FRANCE.

[Special Correspondence to *The Christian Standard*.]

In previous references to Lourdes I have said but little about the religious aspects of that shrine. I will refer to that subject now. From first to last, at Lourdes, one is impressed with the fact that the principal, one might even say the only, object of worship there is the Virgin Mary. In making this statement, I do not forget the fact that there are some Romish theologians who distinguish between *adoration* and *veneration*, saying that adoration can be properly paid only to the three divine Persons of the Trinity, and that they venerate the Virgin. This verbal distinction is perhaps more appreciable in French than in English. I have not an English dictionary to refer to at this moment, to determine with lexicographical accuracy the extent of the meaning of our English word "worship." My impression is that "worship" embraces the ideas conveyed by the words "adoration" and "veneration" when used in a religious sense. But, whether in English, French or any other language, I should be disposed to contend that it is a distinction without a difference; that, as a matter of fact, there is no essential difference between the homage the Romanist renders to Mary and that which he renders to the Godhead; or, if there be a difference, it certainly seems to me that Mary is worshipped with greater persistency, fervor and devotion than either the divine Father, Son or the Holy Spirit. Here, for instance, is a verse of a Romish hymn, published recent-

ly in the *Semaine Catholique* of Fribourg in Switzerland:

"Sing (if you will) the creator of storm oceans,
Who mantled the sides of giant mountains with glaciers
And (created) the humble flower in the valley.
I will sing to the Immaculate (Virgin).
Sing (if you will) the Redeemer,
God of God, King of kings,
Jesus opening His arms and His heart, on the cross
To (welcome) His exiled (people).
I will sing (to) the Immaculate (Virgin)."

Leaving aside the fact that "creator" is printed with a small c, which may be a printer's error, nothing is more apparent than that the worshipper who uses this hymn is led to prefer Mary to either the divine Father or Son. This preference seems to me to be the inevitable mental and spiritual result of the Mariolatry of Popery. I am here reminded of a touching incident that Mme. Hautefeuille tells about her grandmother. On her death-bed the old lady was heard to say: "O Jesus, forgive me for having forgotten You so much. I have prayed to Your mother so often that I am afraid I have forgotten you." Mme. Hautefeuille often talks about the dear old grandma who brought her up. I should judge she was as near being a Christian as one could be that was brought up in the heathen darkness of Romanism, and that the Holy Spirit, whose mission it is to take the things of Christ and reveal them to us, visited this benighted child of God on her death-bed and revealed the true Saviour to her.

Far more churches are dedicated to the Virgin than to either Person of the Godhead. The great cathedral of Paris is *Notre Dame* (Our Lady); that is, the Virgin Mary. Nearly all the French cathedrals are in the same way dedicated to the mother of Christ. I have just looked up in the Paris Baedeker, and find in the list of churches ten dedicated to the Virgin Mary, one to the Trinity, one to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and about sixty others dedicated to various saints. (Parenthetically, here let me remark that it appears that to us belongs the honor of being the first to establish a church bearing the name "Eglise de Christ"—church of Christ—in Paris, and it is also a sad and significant fact that we have been compelled to remove that sign by Protestants. However, the institution exists, and the sign will again be displayed in another place.) Amongst the hundreds of churches I have seen, I have been trying to recall any that are dedicated to Jesus Christ, and, apart from several I know of that are dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the only one that I can think of is the Chiesa di Gesu, the church of the Jesuits, near the Pantheon at Rome.

In the old town of Lourdes, the principal church is S. Pierre. The church began to be built by l'abbé Peyramale in the early days of the Lourdes excitement, and is today in an unfinished condition. There may be another church, or even churches, but, if so, they are so inconsiderable, from an ecclesiastical standpoint, as to be practically negligible. The thing to note in this connection is that the cathedral of

Lourdes is dedicated to the Virgin, Notre Dame de Lourdes, and its subsidiary church is Notre Dame du Rosaire.

There can be no mistaking the prominence given to the Virgin in both of these churches, which are practically the only ones visited by the pilgrims. In the Church of the Rosary, behind the altar there is a series of splendid mosaics illustrating the life of Christ, leading up to the crucifixion and resurrection. The last of the series, which one would naturally expect to present Christ in His heavenly glory, turns one's attention away from Christ to the Virgin as the central figure. I remember well the feeling of disappointment that oppressed me as the real purpose of the picture dawned upon me. The preceding numbers of the series had so eloquently told the story of that wonderful life, that Christ crowned, seated at the right hand of God, seemed to be the appropriate culmination, calling for the salutation, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Instead of this, the spectator is invited to salute Mary—"Ave Maria." I send a picture of the mosaic herewith. The words beneath it are in Latin: "*Paradisi portae per Te nobis apertae sunt. Hodie, gloriosa, cum angelis triumphus*" (the gates of paradise are opened for us by Thee. To-day, Thou dost triumph with angels). One need have no disrespect for Mary, and yet feel indignant that, after all the service and suffering so eloquently depicted by the other mosaics, the glory is given, not to the Saviour Who suffered and gave Himself for us, but to another.

The rosary, from which the

church is named, is a device for the glorification of Mary. It is the larger chaplet of beads, consisting of fifteen series of ten beads, each bead calling for a prayer to Mary. These series are divided by a larger bead, calling for a repetition of the *Pater noster*. Thus, as the devotee "tells his beads," he offers ten prayers to the Virgin to one offered to God.

As I was standing in front of the crowd that gathered in front of the *piscines*, or pools where the sick people were bathed, the attendants distributed a *Neuvaine efficace*—that is, a form of prayer consisting of three "Ave Marias"—which the multitude straightaway began to repeat in undertones. The sound filled the air like the humming of innumerable bees. Sometimes it would swell and subside, like the moaning of the wind through a forest of pines. Occasionally some soul in deep distress would call out hysterically the pleadings of the prayer, and then the sounds would fall like raindrops into the ocean of sound. This is the first of the three *Aves*:

O Mary, Virgin of power (*Virgo potens*), you to whom nothing is impossible, by the power itself which the Almighty Father has bestowed upon you, I conjure you, help me in my need. Since it is in your power to help me, do not abandon me, O you who are the Advocate of the most desperate cases!

It seems to me that the glory of God, your own honor and the welfare of my soul demand the granting of this favor.

If therefore, as I verily believe, it is in accordance with the loving and holy will of God, I beg you, O *All-powerful Intercessor* (*Omnipotencia*

supplex), intercede for me with your Son, Who can refuse you nothing.

Again I beseech you, in the name of that limitless power that the heavenly Father has communicated to you, and to the honor of which, in conjunction with the holy Mechtilde, to whom you revealed the salutary exercises of the three Ave Marias; Hail Mary, Mother of God, conceived without sin, pray for us.

The second Ave is as follows:

Divine Virgin, who art called the *Throne of Wisdom* (*Sedes sapientiae*), because uncreated wisdom, the Word of God has dwelt within you. You to whom this adorable Son has communicated all the fullness of His divine knowledge in such measure as the most perfect of all created human beings is able to receive it, you know the greatness of my misery and the urgency of my need of your help.

Confiding in your divine wisdom, I abandon myself entirely into your hands, in order that you might do with strength and tenderness whatever is needful for the greater glory of God and for the best welfare of my soul.

Condescend to come to my help by every means that you know of suitable to that end.

O Mary, Mother of the divine Wisdom, condescend, I beseech you, to obtain for me the precious favor that I ask. I ask it of you in the name of that incomparable Wisdom with which the Word, your Son, has enlightened you, and in the honor of which I repeat, in conjunction with Saint Antoine of Padua and Saint Leonard of Porto Maurizio, the most zealous preachers of the

three Aves. Hail Mary, Mother of God, conceived without sin, pray for us.

And this is the third Ave:

O good and tender mother, true *Mother of Mercy* (*Mater misericordiae*), who, in these last times, have called yourself the "All-Merciful Mother," I come to seek for myself your compassionate goodness.

The deeper my misery, the more should it excite your compassion. I know that I do not deserve the grace that I desire, I who have so often grieved you by offending your divine Son. But if I have been guilty, very guilty, I sincerely repent for having wounded the tender heart of Jesus and your own.

Besides, are you not as you have revealed to Saint Bridget, one of your servants, the Mother of penitent sinners? Pardon, therefore, my present ingratitude, and, considering only your own merciful Goodness, as well as the glory that will redound to God and to yourself, obtain for me the divine mercy, the grace that I implore, by your intercession.

O you who have never been invoked in vain, O clement, O merciful, O sweet Virgin Mary! (*O Clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*) condescend, condescend to help me, I conjure you by that merciful goodness with which the Holy Spirit has filled you *for us*, and in honor of which I say, with St. Alphonse de Liguori, the apostle of your mercy and the doctor of the three Aves, Hail Mary, etc.

I have given these three "Aves" in full, in order that the readers of

the *Standard* may judge for themselves whether the Romanist worships the Virgin Mary or not. The Romanist claims that he offers the sacrifice of the mass to Jesus Christ, but not to Mary, and that divine honors are paid to the Trinity, but not to Mary. As for the sacrifice of the mass, it is no sacrifice at all; it is nothing but a blasphemous mockery. The priest places a wafer, which he alleges to be the real body of Christ, on the tongue of the communicant, and the priest himself drinks the wine. It is an empty fiction. The sacrifice of the mass is a sacrifice in nothing but name. As for the alleged divine honors paid to the Trinity, let the reader compare the Romish liturgies with the above Aves, and he will find nothing but verbal differences. When it comes to a question of worship, I contend the devout Romanist worships the Virgin Mary as devoutly as he worships the divine Persons of the Trinity. The distinctions made are purely of words, not facts. In the catechism compiled by Bishop Challoner, for the instruction of Romanists, he has this question and answer:

Q. Do you, then, allow divine honor or worship to the blessed Virgin Mary?

A. No, certainly; the church in this, as in all other things, keeps the golden mean between the two extremes; she condemns those who refuse to honor this blessed Mother of God; but those much more who would give her divine worship. She thinks no honor that can be given to any pure creature too great for the blessed Virgin, but as she knows that there is an infinite distance be-

tween her and God, she is far from offering sacrifice to her or paying her any worship that belongs to God alone; and whatever honor she gives the mother she refers it to the glory of the Son, as the chief motive and end of all her devotions.

In view of the three Aves previously quoted, Bishop Challoner's statement will be seen to be a mere juggling with words, having no relation to facts, and, as far as sacrifice to the Virgin is concerned, there is much more real sacrifice in the innumerable votive offerings made by devout Romanists to the Virgin than in their eating of a wafer which the priest calls "God."

Does any one still say that the Virgin is not worshipped at Lourdes? Listen to this extract from a sermon preached at Lourdes on the 6th of October, 1872, by the bishop of Tarbes:

The holy Virgin is associated, so to speak, officially with the mysteries of the Son of God, of which the Rosary is the touching memorial. A man and a woman lost the world, Adam and Eve; a man and a woman have saved it, Jesus and Mary. The new Adam did not wish to be alone in the great work of reparation. He associated Himself freely with His divine mother, in His love for her, and for us. For see! the very incarnation was dependent on her consent, the sublime *fiat* was uttered by her Virgin lips. In the "Visitation" the Holy Virgin appears alone. The Son of God is hidden in her chaste womb as the holy wafer in the adorable *ciboire*. The shepherds and the Magii draw near the cradle and it is she who intro-

duces them to the infant God, and, so to speak, does for them the honors of the stable. It is in her arms that He is offered in the temple. It is she who seeks Him, who weeps, and finds Him in the temple with St. Joseph. She was in the spirit with Him in the garden of olives, in the court of the Pretorium, and in all the blood that flowed in those sacred places came originally, from no other place than her maternal heart. She followed Jesus on the way to Golgotha. She was near, very near, to the Cross when He rendered up His last breath. The first visit paid by the risen Saviour was to His mother. This we learn from tradition, for the Gospel is silent on that point. We see her again in the upper room, when the sacred supper was instituted. She awaits for the Holy Spirit with the apostles, she prays for it and obtains it for them all. Now she is at the right hand of God exalted, that is to say, when she is not in the grotto of Massabielle; now she is at the right hand of her Son, the dispenser and treasurer of all grace. It is therefore not surprising that the Rosary which awakens these holy memories, bears her name — *Rosarium beatæ Mariæ Virginis*.

In suppressing the worship (*culte*) of the holy Virgin, Protestants have divided Jesus Christ, they have divided our mysteries, they have mutilated the gospel and all religion. There is no longer any completeness, any fragrance, any harmony in a Christianity thus dried up and degraded. We are left as orphans without a mother, and all the grace, the tenderness, the love that clusters around the Virgin's name disappears. The church has

better understood the heart of God and ours, and, entering into the designs of Providence, she binds us by chains of flowers to the foot of the altar of Mary, her charms attract us, and we willingly run to the fragrance of her perfumes.

Such quotations could be multiplied a hundred-fold, in proof of the fact that the Virgin Mary is worshipped by the Romanist.

But, leaving words, let us consider attitudes. Kneeling down and falling prostrate are attitudes of worship recognized by both Jew and Christian. John the revelator was

twice rebuked for falling prostrate before an angel. When the host is elevated in a Romanish church, the worshippers kneel; but before the grotto at Lourdes I have seen pilgrims not only kneel before the image of the Virgin, but also fall prostrate and kiss the dust of the ground at the Virgin's feet, carrying away with them, on the tips of their noses, the evidence of their contact with the soil. Kissing, in the book of Job, is referred to as an act of worship. It is one of the commonest sights at Lourdes to see the pilgrims kiss the rock beneath the feet of the image of the Virgin.—ALFRED E. SEDDON, in *Christian Standard*.



Can Such Persecution Succeed, in Free America?

FUGITIVES from religious persecution, in the Old World, colonized the New. Puritans and Huguenots came here to escape hideous mistreatment at the hands of Roman Catholic priests. They founded our Republic; and, in doing so, left the gap down for the Roman wolves to enter, *and to make history repeat itself*.

Very, very meek was the bearing of the priests, so long as they were in a weak minority. Very, very pitiful was their plea for *toleration*. They were in mortal fear lest the Protestants and the Baptists resort to the *lextalionis*—and do unto American Catholics, what the European Catholics had so barbarously done to the Protestants, and the Baptists.

Consequently, their attitude was one of deep humility. They were humble. Uriah Heep would have appeared haughty, by the side of one of these early priests.

But times have changed. Our unwise liberality has been our undoing. The Roman church has not only won millions of converts among the Americans, *but they have for many years been systematically at work importing Catholics from Poland, Hungary, Italy and Ireland*.

Out of a list of 108 Catholic periodicals, 39 of them are printed in foreign languages. This keeps alive the foreign spirit in America. The increase in the Catholic church in America, of late years, is largely due to the flood of foreign immigra-

tion—the ignorant, often criminal sweepings of European cities.

In America, priestly meekness is a thing of the remote past. A more arrogant lot of bigots never lived, than the Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops of these United States.

A typical instance has just come to my notice:

In the *Western World*, of July 20, 1911, is published a petition to Archbishop James H. Blenk, of New Orleans, and his reply.

It appears that a negro of St. Martin's parish had murdered two white men and had attempted to murder a third. The jury found him guilty, and the judge sentenced the criminal to be hanged. This sentence was heartily approved by the generality of people; and it does not appear that the negro himself thought of making any effort to escape the extreme penalty of the law.

But the priests of the parish got together, made up a purse, employed a lawyer, and carried the case to the Pardon Board, where the whole of their influence *as priests*, is to be used to have the murderer's life saved.

The lay Catholics of the parish were so indignant that they petitioned Archbishop Blenk, in the most respectful terms, urging the rebuke of the priests for obstructing the courts and the due enforcement of the laws. The petitioners say, in part:

“We wish a statement from you to the public announcing to what extent and degree these priests have your sanction to mix up and drag Catholicism into the judicial affairs of this nation.

“We wish to state further that the best of our Catholic people are disheartened, discouraged and disgusted with a religion which seeks political and judicial triumph, even at the expense of honor and truth and religion. Right along this line of thought we would remind you of the recent religious history of France. Perhaps in this instance you will readily note the early steps in a parallel case; the last ones will undoubtedly come in due time if the proper measures are not taken to adjust the present situation.”

The reply of the Archbishop was caustic. He reprimanded the ladies and the gentlemen—Catholics, mind you—who had so forgotten themselves as to take that tone with him. He approved the course of the priests. “This is a free country,” &c. The said priests “are and remain free men and American citizens.” The haughty prelate then declares, roundly, that the men and women who signed the petition “*can not be good Catholics.*” Evidently, no gentleman or lady who has an opinion of his or her own can, by any possibility, be “a good Catholic”—from the view-point of the Rome-ruled hierarchy.

Blenk's reply so delighted the managers of the State Federation of Catholic Societies, that they held a meeting in which John St. Paul—a Judge, it seems—offered resolutions applauding, in the warmest terms, the intolerant answer of Blenk to his parishioners.

With all this Roman push in his favor, the murderer will probably get a pardon, and will be free to kill several other white men.

That's one side of the picture; now let us look at the other:

At Opelika, Alabama, is published a magazine under the title of *The Marian*; not Mary Ann, but Marian. I presume that it is named for the Virgin Mary—who bore a houseful of Hebrew children to her Israelite husband.

In the July number of *Mary Ann*—excuse me, *Marian*—there appears a screed which starts this way:

“A man named Watson who lives in Georgia has been disgorging through a magazine some lies and obscenities respecting the Catholic church.”

There is a painful lack of punctuation and veracity in the foregoing sentence. If I have published any “lies” on the subject named, I will pay \$100 apiece to have the *Mary Ann* editor designate them. If anything that I have published about this foreign religion is obscene, it was the questions put to married and single women in the Confessional. These, I admit, are shockingly obscene. If any preacher should ask Protestant and Baptist girls and wives such nasty questions as the priests are constantly asking Catholic wives and daughters, the husband or the father, would resort to a buggy whip, if not to a club.

The remainder of the article of the *Mary Ann* editor is as follows:

“The Confederation of Catholic Societies wrote to the advertisers in the magazine, protesting that they should support the publication which was insulting by its scurrility and defamation 14,000,000 Catholics of the country. Almost all the advertisers took favorable action im-

mediately. We cull from a few of their replies to the Federation:

“We have determined not to advertise further in this magazine.”—National Casket Co., N. Y. City.

“Watson's Magazine has published our advertisement without any authority from us, and without compensation.”—American National Bank, Nashville, Tenn.

“We had no knowledge of the nature of the publication. We find the article quite as objectionable as you do.”—Loughlin Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

“We will substantiate our views more materially by withdrawing our support that we have in the past afforded this paper, and thank you for calling our attention to the matter.”—Warren Paint and Color Co., Nashville, Tenn.

“All our advertisement has been through H. B. Humphrey Co., Boston. Mr. Humphrey has cancelled the contract.”—George Frost Co., Boston, Mass.

“No one connected with this bank has any sympathy with the error of that article. The advertisement inserted in that paper has been the only one I recall ever having been published in that magazine. It will not appear again.”—Fourth National Bank, Nashville, Tenn.”

The statement that, “almost all the advertisers took favorable action immediately,” is about as near the truth as a *Mary Ann* editor could be expected to get. The “Watson's Magazine” shows for itself that the August number carries more advertisements than we ever had before; and when our September issue comes from the presses, it will show an increase over August.

(In *The Marian* there is a feeble attempt at refuting some of my statements concerning the origin of Catholic idolatry. I will examine this in our October number.)

Having referred this matter to our Advertising Manager, the list of advertisers which *The Marian* claimed to have been shooed off, he reports on it, as follows:

Thomson, Ga., Aug. 4, 1911.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Referring to the copy of *The Marian* in which is listed several advertisers whom they claim to have cancelled their advertising arrangements with Watson's Magazine on account of the pressure brought to bear on them by the Federation of Catholic Societies, I beg to say that each of these advertisers had unfinished contracts with Taylor-Trotwood Pub. Co. at the time we took over their publication.

The National Casket Co., New York, N. Y., had one insertion due them. This was run in Watson's and for which we received payment. These people had been customers of Taylor-Trotwood. However, their patronage had been so irregular, that they could not be counted as regular advertisers.

The American National Bank, Nashville, Tenn., contracted with Taylor-Trotwood for \$225.00 in advertising space to be used within twelve months at the rate of \$18.75 per month. This contract is on file in the office of Taylor-Trotwood Pub. Co. in Nashville, Tenn. The unfinished part of this contract was turned over to Watson's Magazine to be completed, it being understood that Watson's would mail each bill

to Taylor-Trotwood who would settle direct with the bank. Whether or not this settlement has been made I am unable to say. Watson's had never expected to continue this account as it had been given to Taylor-Trotwood on account of Taylor-Trotwood giving them their banking business.

The Laughlin Mfg. Co. was a most unsatisfactory account, and I don't consider any publication the loser that does not carry their copy.

The Warren Paint and Color Co., Nashville, Tenn., is another unsatisfactory account. It seems that in order to secure this business, the Taylor-Trotwood solicitor was asked to give the most unreasonable concessions. Their copy was to appear twice in Taylor-Trotwood and four times in Watson's. The only payment for this service has been for the first insertion in Taylor-Trotwood. It now seems that both Taylor-Trotwood and Watson's will be forced to resort to legal proceedings in order to collect their just accounts against this advertiser.

The George Frost advertisement did hurt, we were sorry to lose it and want it back; however we were advised they broke their agreement on account of our failure to print their copy in two colors, and not on account of any threats made by the Catholic societies.

The business of the Fourth National Bank, of Nashville, Tenn., had never amounted to anything; occasionally they would give Taylor-Trotwood an order. This was done simply to compliment a local institution.

You will also note that of the six advertisers given, three are located

in Nashville, Tenn. In addition to this we had always obtained the National Casket Co. from their Nashville office. This leaves only two outside of Nashville, one of which we would not accept if offered to us. I refer to the Laughlin Mfg. Co. The other, Geo. Frost Co., as stated above dropped out on account of our failure to print in two colors. I am convinced that any falling off in our Nashville business is caused more from the fact of the publication being moved away than from any other reason.

Yours truly,

W. M. DUNCAN,

According to Archbishop Blenk, this is "Free America."

The Methodists didn't find it very free, when they were trying to establish a hospital in Blenk's own Catholic city.

The late James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," did not find much freedom when he tried to edit Blenk's paper, "The Morning Star."

A certain rich man bequeathed a fortune to the noble charity of establishing free schools in New Orleans—expressly providing that the Bible should be read in them. That

clause of the will (John McDonough's) reads:

"Always understood and provided, however, that the Holy Bible, of the Old and New Testament, shall be at all times and forever made use of in these schools, as one (and the principal one) of the reading or class books which shall be used by the pupils therein."

Under this will and with John McDonough's money, they have built in New Orleans thirty-odd school houses in which the children of Roman Catholics are educated on the hard-earned fortune of a Protestant testator. But Archbishop Blenk and his clerical lieutenants have been easily successful in violating the fundamental condition of the bequest. In other words, Blenk and other Roman Catholic priests get, for Catholic pupils, the benefit of McDonough's money, *by breaking his will.*

And when Protestant preachers go to Louisiana officials—School Board, Governor, Attorney-General, &c.—they get no satisfaction. The cowardly politicians are afraid of Blenk and his priests.

This is "Free America," but not sufficiently so, it would seem, to have a Protestant's will carried out, *in a Catholic city.*



The World's Greatest Banking System

Ernest C. Mobley

DEBT haunts domestic circles and pervades governmental realms. Finance lurks like a nightmare in the council chambers of nations and stalks like some great ghost across every field of human endeavor. The ointment of international peace is spoiled by the fly of taxation. This unconquerable principle lies at the heart of nearly all constitutional troubles and acts as a throttle in impeding national progress. Taxation precipitates revolution and inhuman wars in turn impose increased taxation. It is the specter of international warfare that overburdens the oppressed masses of every European power with increased, unbearable taxes. A vast majority of America's governmental income goes to support the army and maintain the navy. Primarily these two institutions have but one purpose and that is to protect the country by fighting. The bulk of the peoples' taxes go to support our army and navy, and if they were called to perform their chief function, the inevitable consequences would necessarily entail a frightful national debt which would call for more taxes. The severest strain and the largest debts saddled upon every country have come by reason of war. Blood money has always weighed heavily on the people who possessed it.

Our study of English customs and institutions brings us to a consideration of England's financial system. We have gained flashlights into the imperial history of that little country. Our excursions into various avenues of national life have revealed some startling facts. Since 1805 England has ploughed the waters as mistress of the high seas. Her system of commercial transportation is the marvel of all ages. More than three-fourths of all the com-

merce of the world is moved in English boats. The United States possesses less than four million square miles; Russia controls about nine million square miles, but this tight sea-girt island owns twelve million square miles and governs one-fifth of the population of the world. How can a country eight hundred by about two hundred miles support forty-eight millions of people, maintain a large standing army with about seventy-five thousand soldiers stationed in India; transport more than three-fourths of the commerce of the world and govern one-fifth of the world's population? The orient and the Occident, the ancient and the modern, the conservative and the progressive are bound together under one remarkable system of government.

The student of political economy in tracing the system of Great Britain will naturally begin his studies at the Bank of England. It stands on Threadneedle Street and got its origin from an Act of Parliament passed in 1694, authorizing a national bank. The title of incorporation is "The Governors and Company of the Bank of England." The business was carried on for forty years at Grocers' Hall. Sir John Haublan, a Huguenot, was the first governor. His house and garden in Threadneedle Street were bought in 1732 and a building was erected which was first occupied June 5, 1734. The site of the Bank of the World is 449 feet on the west, 410 feet on the north, 365 feet on the south and 425 feet on the east. Sir Robert Taylor increased the size of the building between 1770 and 1786. Sir John Soane reconstructed the building throughout in 1788.

It was a difficult task to combine architectural splendor with the massive strength of the vast extent of wall

space. On the exterior the building is of one story and has no windows towards the streets. The structure has nine courts on the interior. Diagonally across the street stands the magnificent Royal Exchange. This was built under the patronage of Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1564. The original exchange was destroyed by the great fire in 1666 and was immediately rebuilt.

In front of the Bank of England is one of the busiest places in all London. Several streets converge here and traffic is something frightful throughout the busy hours of the day. This bank began with six million dollars capital which has been multiplied more than twelve times. No other bank in London can issue paper money. Nearly one thousand persons work within these walls. No banking institution in any other country holds quite the position held by this bank. Its capital is held by individuals and its management is not in any way controlled by the State. But from the first it has enjoyed the closest protection of the State and its loans have been frequently made to the State by reason of extended privileges, consequently the State on occasion has dictated its operations. The management is under a governor, deputy-governor and a court of twenty-four directors. The bank is regulated by the Bank Charter Act of 1844. On nomination of the directors, a director is elected by the proprietors. The selection excludes members of a banking firm or directors of another joint-stock bank, and are generally elected from leading mercantile firms. Under the Act of 1844, the bank is divided into the Issue Department and the Banking Department. The first department is practically automatic by reason of its strict regulations under the charter. The banking department is as free as any other joint-stock bank from legal restrictions. Certain assumed responsibilities, however, put it

under peculiar legal obligations. It does banking for the government, for the banks and keeps the reserve funds for the country. The responsibilities of the bank are enormous. It keeps the Government's accounts, manages the national debt, issues and pays the bonds and bills of the exchequer. The London Banker's Clearing House settlements are made at the Bank of England by transfers. Each bank with a seat in the Clearing House must keep an account with the Bank of England. The amount of business done in this one building is beyond the comprehension of most mortals. For the fiscal year of 1906 the sum changing hands was \$63,356,670,000. Private banks were influential during the 18th century. The Act of 1708 limited the number of partners to six. These banks once wielded considerable social and political power, but the Bank Charter Act of 1844 prevented them from issuing notes. Many of these institutions, especially in the country, still maintain unbroken business confidence.

The Act of 1708 possessed a clause which prohibited joint-stock banks during the 18th century. This gave the Bank of England a practical monopoly which was practically broken in 1826. A joint-stock bank was permitted to be established and allowed to issue notes within a radius of sixty-five miles of London. These privileges were extended in 1833 until a joint-stock bank could operate within this radius, on condition that it issue no notes. This legal disability holds good until now and has greatly hampered competitive banking in England. Some splendid joint-stock banks got well established in London during the last century and still retain remarkable influence. These banks have consistently curtailed the use of bank notes by building up a popular widespread deposit system. The past decades have shown a spirit of centralization by amalgamation on the part of the smaller joint-stock banks

and the private banks. This tendency has evolved branch banking and given magnitude to individual banks. Of the five largest systems of this character, Lloyds Bank stands first. The tabulation of this one will give some estimate of their importance. Lloyds has \$120,361,000 subscribed capital; \$19,258,000 paid up capital; \$14,500,000 reserve fund and \$314,112,145 current and deposit accounts. The Bank of England and the joint-stock banks in all of the United Kingdom, including the adjoining islands, have eighty-two banks. These eighty-two banks have a paid capital of \$397,200,715 with a reserve fund of \$244,302,080, and the enormous deposit and current accounts of \$4,174,167,265.

There are twelve private banks in England and Wales, with partners capital and reserve of \$21,969,525 and deposit and current accounts amounting to \$138,875,095. These do not include the colonial and foreign banks doing business in London.

The avowed purpose of the Act of 1844 was to limit the issuing of notes to the Bank of England. This purpose has become more apparent with each passing decade until 1906, only thirty-one banks possessed this right. The unfair discrimination is to be observed in the amount of notes allowed to be issued by each bank. All outside the Bank of England have an authorized maximum issue of \$8,141,710 with an actual circulation of \$2,889,320. From its Issue Department, the Bank of England is authorized to issue \$70,000,000 under Government securities. This can be increased. If other banks forfeit their right or allow the issuing to lapse, the Bank of England can add two-thirds of their authorized grant to its issue. This amount now stands at \$92,250,000. If notes, in excess of this authorized amount, are issued, they must be made secure by the deposit of bullion or coin to the same amount. The bank rarely resorts to a silver deposit, but if it

should, the white metal cannot make more than one-fifth of the entire deposit. All standard gold bullions offered to the Issue Department are bought at the rate of three pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence per ounce. It does not always hold fast these figures. If competing with other banks for gold, the Bank sometimes pays more and if the demand by foreign countries is urgent, the Bank raises its selling price. Notes when not needed in circulation are retained in the Banking Department and constitute a great part of the reserve of the Bank of England. During normal business conditions, the active circulation is slightly more than half of the entire issue. The demand for a convenient and elastic currency has never approximated the proportions assumed in this country. On three occasions, 1847, 1857, and 1866, under extraordinary stress, the issue of notes exceeded the bank's power to grant, and the Government intervened. Notes issued by the Bank of England are legal tender in transactions and payment outside the Bank and its branches. Notwithstanding several persistent efforts to create notes of smaller denomination, the Bank of England issues nothing less than a twenty-five dollar note.

Since every English bank is within the compass of a day's journey, the system of clearing checks is the simplest in the world. In different important centers local checks are cleared through local clearing houses, but the vast majority of checks gravitate to the banking center and are cleared at the London Clearing House. The difficulty with which seats were secured in the Clearing House and the traditional jealousy that safeguards such high privileges prevented the joint-stock banks possessing seats until 1854. Every bank enjoying the honor of a seat in the Clearing House is compelled by rule to keep an account with the Bank of England. A central account called the Clearing Banker's Account is also kept and at

the close of banking hours differences are readily adjusted to and from the various accounts. The Bankers' Clearing House of London reached the highest amount in 1905. Everything cleared through the House that year made the enormous sum of \$6,439,675,000. The greatest amount for one day was \$513,900,000, and the biggest total for one week was \$1,726,850,000. Eighteen banks now have seats in the Clearing House.

In the face of the fact that the world acknowledges London its only free market for gold, you would be startled to know that the precious metal in her stock is sometimes below the amount possessed by other countries. There is more actual gold today in Paris than in London. The Bank of France in some respects shows a finer annual record than does the Bank of England. France has more actual distributed wealth than any other country today. An Associated Press dispatch recently announced that the United States possessed a fraction over \$34.00 per capita. France has \$117.00 per capita. It may be asked how London holds the center in the banking world and operates such tremendous schemes on so small a gold basis. 1st: Her economy in a single simple centralized reserve system. In the union of financial forces and means, there is an irresistible power. The good wrought by such a power is incomprehensible, if that power is directed by some judgment and controlled by equitable standards. 2nd: England's thoroughly compact organization and the durability and smoothness of its machinery. In the third place the Bank's unquestionable methods have inspired confidence everywhere. Like some monster magnet, the Bank's credit draws the rich nuggets of gold from other countries at once. After all, the greatest asset that any concern can possess is the unswerving business confidence of the people. The foundation of any eminently successful national insti-

tution is its undisputed integrity which must enlist universal confidence. The English banking system eliminates all questionable methods and stands as the noonday sun on the face of a clear sky as regards graft.

However, there is an undercurrent tendency on the part of large business houses to get the Bank of England to increase her gold reserve, especially since several other countries have adopted the gold standard. No doubt that London is keeping her banking eye on New York. During the panic here in 1907, when America was drawing gold across by millions of dollars, the Bank of England's rate of discount bounded out of reason. The metropolitan monthlies and dailies expatiated on the situation at great length. The London financial journals set forth by contrast in extended tabulated reports the frightfully unsafe banking system in America. Somehow I seemed to read between the lines that conscious fear which lurks under the cover of an apparently friendly message where a deep-seated jealousy exists.

With the chivalry of a Chesterfield, the astute editors analyzed the far-reaching catastrophe and appeared to get healing balm from the fact that it would only strengthen the English banking system in the estimation and support of the world, and at the same time drive farther away New York's hopes of becoming the great banking center of the world. It is scarcely possible to realize the enormous obligations under which London rests as regards the banking of all the world. The British banks owe \$4,500,000,000 in gold to their depositors. Caution is their watchword. Prudence has become an unerring instinct. Their deposits payable on demand are simply immense and keep the banks from schemes of speculation. Only gilt-edge securities are considered at all on the stock exchange. The large banks are practically free from political entanglements

and are not encumbered as promoters of commercial undertakings. The London banks pay but little attention to foreign bills and foreign exchange.

Threadneedle and Lombard streets form the business places of a large body of people who constitute what is called the London Money Market. These men borrow and loan on short time. The Bill brokers and Stock Exchange, together with a miscellaneous company of financiers form part one. While the Bank of England with its reserve funds stands near at hand, and makes part two. Between these two there are numerous other financial institutions and organizations doing business. The Money Market has as an esteemed patron the British Government. The India Council represents the Government of India in making large loans to the market. The Bank Rate of the Market is determined by the discounting of bills by the Bank of England. The Bank of England fixes its rate of discount according to the inflow or outflow of gold, but they strive to keep it as high as possible.

The vast populace who borrow in the Market endeavor to keep the rate as low as they can. This gives the other banks of London an opportunity to strike a balance between the Bank of England and the multitude of borrowers. When great quantities of money are in circulation, the other banks can force the gold reserve in the Bank of England very low. The funds under the control of the joint-stock banks far exceed those of the Bank of England. The English banks' liabilities are to be found in the balances of current accounts in their possession which are payable on demand, and on which it is not customary to pay any interest. Next, time deposits payable at a fixed notice on which one and a half per cent below the Bank of England's discount rate is allowed by the other banks of London.

England's wonderful banking system has figured very conspicuously in the

marvelous development of the enormous empire. A thoroughly reliable financial institution was absolutely necessary in the building of such a comprehensive scheme of government. English capital has played such a tremendous part in the material development of many countries. If the actual amount of English capital invested in different enterprises in the United States could be shown in some way to be readily grasped, the figures would startle nearly every citizen. Factories, cotton and flouring mills, railroads and real estate, in fact almost every avenue of legitimate business investment stands under obligation in some way to English capital. There is scarcely a rural community but what is under tribute to English Life or Fire Insurance Companies. It is English capital that practically developed the vast stretches of Canadian territory. British money largely built the Canadian Pacific Railway which spans the continent and ties the two oceans together with iron rails. This road, with its connected and controlled ship lines, owns the greatest single system in America and has the largest shops in all the world at Montreal. The Grand Trunk Line, now about completed, will eventually become one of the biggest, best constructed double-track transcontinental lines in existence. English gold figured largely in this splendid work.

The uninformed would be surprised at the vast sum of British coin invested in the rapidly growing enterprises and institutions of the South American republics. Especially is this true with reference to Argentine and Brazil. Time will not permit us to write of English capital in the United States of South Africa. In that magic city of Johannesburg, hovering over the mines of gold and keeping watch of the scores of diamonds, the British are to furnish this great new city with power and light transmitted about six hundred miles across the desert from Victoria

Falls. At Elizabethtown are fine ostrich farms. Boats frequently land at Southampton carrying millions of dollars worth of gold bricks, crude bricks, crude diamonds and fine ostrich feathers. This was made possible largely by English finance.

What shall we say of the fertile soil of the ancient Nile? Centuries rolled by with but little change or improvement. After other European powers had failed, England assumed the tremendous task of the physical regeneration of the great Nile valley. Lord Cromer was the government's efficient representative. With that peculiar statesman-like wisdom born of centuries of experience, Lord Cromer governed Egypt through the Egyptians. He soon inaugurated that vast system of irrigation which finally culminated in the construction of the big dam. The rich valley smiled under her wealth of soil and produced great harvests never before dreamed of. British money did it.

So you see that indirectly, the Bank of England through the British Imperial government has practically unlimited scope for its operations. And since the two are distinct yet thoroughly co-ordinate in their financial affairs, it stands to reason that a national institution of such prestige and unlimited scope must wield an incalculable power in the development of an Empire. The remarkable thing is that this absolute confidence has never been betrayed. Even when the undertakings were imperial in proportion and the opportunity for graft entrancingly inviting, the Bank has maintained its business integrity and thus held universal confidence.

With this unlimited scope and untrammelled power there comes correspondingly grave responsibilities, and the standard of business integrity in the light of these far-reaching responsibilities have kept the Bank's operations within the path of prudence and justice.



Song

Stokely S. Fisher

*Beware, sweetheart, beware!
The world has many eyes unkind;
It sees however love be blind:
Beware!
How few can understand, and none will spare!*

*Beware, sweetheart, beware!
The world has many a listening ear,
But love's excuse it cannot hear:
Beware!—
Yet, hearts sure of each other, need we care?*

The Prevention of Insanity

Homer Folks

(Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, in May Number of Review of Reviews)

AMONG the stories and traditions which make up the gossip of every hamlet and village, one of the strangest chapters is that about the man who "went crazy." The men as they talk at their work, the women in their households, and the children on their way to and from school, pass on from one to another the account of the strange doings of a man who tried to harness his team to the wagon, wrong-end foremost, or to drive into the barn without opening the doors, or who thought the angels were talking to him, or that devils were after him, or who chased children, or who unexpectedly attacked a friend. The recital usually ends with the phrase, "and they had to take him off to an asylum."

It is for many reasons unfortunate that this kindly removal of the afflicted person to a hospital in which he may be humanely cared for, protected from injury to himself or others and receive the best of medical treatment, removes him from further observation by the community. The lessons which would be learned by each community if its insane were cared for in its own sight, so to speak, would be exceedingly valuable. If people generally saw more of the insane after the first onset of the disease they would learn many things which now are known only to a few. They would learn, for instance, that most of the insane are practically harmless; that mental troubles differ greatly in degree and in kind; and that patience, kindness, and sympathy are the chief factors in healing the diseases of the mind as in healing many other ills. The seriousness of the affliction, and the burden which it imposes on the community would be more fully realized, and there would be readier appreciation of the importance of

any new detail thrown by science upon the nature, cause and preventability of insanity.

It will doubtless surprise most persons to learn that the number of insane in hospitals in the United States on January first, 1904 (no later figures are available for the country as a whole), was not less than 150,151. This was more than double the number in 1890, which was 74,928. From 1904 to 1910 the insane in hospitals in New York alone increased 25 per cent. It is safe to say that the insane now in hospitals in the United States number at least 200,000. These unfortunates, if gathered together in one place, would make up a city approximately the size of Rochester, St. Paul, Seattle, Denver, or Louisville. The population of the State of Delaware in 1910 is almost exactly the same as the number of insane in the United States in 1904. The population of Nevada and Wyoming in 1910 together is about equal to the population of the hospitals for the insane in the United States. The total annual cost of caring for the insane in the United States is in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000 per year. About one-sixth of the total expenditure of the State of New York is for the care of the insane.

It is, of course, entirely impossible for any one of us to appreciate such totals. If we recall the distress in any household in which insanity has developed, the sufferings of the patient, the anguish of his family and friends, the loss of his earnings with, in many cases, the resulting pinch of poverty, we will acknowledge our inability to fully measure the length, breadth, and depth of the calamity in one single instance. By what process of mental arithmetic shall we multiply by the

hundreds of thousands one such story of loss and suffering?

If we have the least sympathy with our fellow human beings upon whom this affliction may fall directly or indirectly, or if we think of the extraordinary results in social betterment which could be had from the expenditure of this \$50,000,000 per annum, if it could be used for the common good, we must quickly see that the phrase, "the prevention of insanity" expresses a hope, the fulfillment of which would be of the utmost significance to the human race. Important, if true. Skepticism will undoubtedly be the first impression of many. Of all the ills that afflict human kind, insanity has always been regarded as the most mysterious; sudden in its onset, proceeding from no known cause, irrational, unpredictable, indefinable; only to be accounted for by the mysterious entrance into the human frame of devils or the influence, unseen, mysterious, but effective, and terrible, of witches. All the force of tradition and instinctive feeling is against the probability of the preventability of insanity.

The writer, accustomed to visiting public institutions of all kinds for two decades, casually remarked to the medical superintendent of a large hospital for the insane which he was inspecting some two years ago, looking about at hundreds of patients, "I suppose you are as far as ever from knowing what brings all these people here."

"Not at all," said the superintendent, "we know perfectly well what brings many of them here. As to others, we can make a good guess, and as to still others, we know but little." He then detailed, in the course of two hours' conversation, something of the extent and limitations of our present knowledge of the causes of insanity. Other physicians, experienced in the care of mental disease, were questioned and a surprising agreement was found. All of the physicians connected with hospitals for the insane or having a

large practice in the treatment of nervous and mental diseases, seemed to be in entire accord as to the direct, specific, unmistakable causes of certain forms of insanity. In talking about these causes they used language which the layman could understand perfectly. In speaking of certain other causes their language was involved, technical, peculiar, and left upon the layman the final impression that, perhaps, after all, they did not really know.

To one engaged for years in practical efforts for social betterment, it is instinctive that knowledge should be applied. If the causes of insanity are now known, it admits of no argument that, if these causes are within human control, a serious effort should be made forthwith to control them. Here and there, in New York, Connecticut, Illinois, and elsewhere, this set of facts has been recognized at about the same time, and this recognition has crystallized into definite movements for the "prevention of insanity," not of all insanity, of course, but of such insanity as is due to causes which are known and which are removable.

In New York this movement is in the hand of a special committee of the State Charities Aid Association, including men and women, laymen and physicians. Another Committee of this same association has carried on for the past three years a particularly successful campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis, which was described in the Review of Reviews for April, 1910. Through the voluntary contributions of individuals a fund of \$10,000 per annum for a period of three years is being collected for the prevention of insanity, or for the promotion of mental health; and an executive secretary has been at work for several months. A serious effort is being made to change the current of tradition and the attitude of the average citizen of the Empire State toward the subject of mental disease.

What, then, are some of these causes

of insanity? While the layman is apt to speak of insanity as though it were some one disease, the physician instinctively refers to it in a manner which suggests a group of more or less unrelated diseases, proceeding from different causes, running different courses, differing widely as to curability, and having in common only the fact of mental disturbance.

One of the most dreadful of all the forms of insanity is that which is popularly known as "softening of the brain," and is known scientifically as paresis, or general paralysis. This particular form of insanity is absolutely incurable by any means now known to the medical profession. Those afflicted with it suffer gradual but complete mental and physical decay. The very substance of the brain and its appearance become changed. These unfortunates live but a few years. During the past year, 600 men were admitted to State hospitals for the insane in the State of New York, suffering from this disease,—17 per cent. of all the men who were admitted; and 263 women, or 8 per cent. of all the women admitted.

The medical profession knows that of which, to the present time, the average layman has had no intimation whatever, that this disease is in substantially every case, if not in every case, caused by an earlier disease, which until just now it has been thought improper to mention in polite society and which most newspapers will not refer to—syphilis. Syphilis is a germ disease. It is usually acquired in the course of immoral habits, though one may get it innocently. Every boy and man should know that in yielding to temptation which comes sooner or later to every man and boy to go with immoral women, he is exposing himself to the probability of getting this disease, which may result years afterward in incurable insanity. One of the most reputable physicians in New York city, of wide experience in the treatment of

insanity, vouches for the truthfulness of the following statement:

Recently, there died in one of the private institutions for the insane in this State, a man in the prime of life, who had previously had vigorous health, and was temperate, of good character, happily married, and the father of a child. He was a graduate of a large university, and had large means which he had inherited and had added to by success in business. The infection, of which general paralysis was the final outcome several years after he was considered perfectly recovered from the infection, was contracted when he entered college and was the result of a reprehensible prank of some of his fellow students. They undertook to initiate him into some of the demoralizing features which occasionally enter into student life, and, to his undoing, ended by leaving him in a state of alcoholic intoxication in a disorderly house.

Over the door of every immoral resort might truthfully be hung, "Incurable insanity may be contracted here." If self-respect, the desire for the good opinion of others, the influence of religious training, and the attractions of home life are not sufficient to prevent this kind of wrong-doing, the danger of contracting a disease which may result in incurable insanity should be sufficient. Who can doubt that if these facts were generally known to the public, as they are known to physicians familiar with mental disease, they would have a profound effect upon the conduct of the average man?

Among the various types of insanity, of which at least a dozen might be enumerated, three are so directly traceable to a particular cause that, though differing in important aspects, they are known collectively as the alcoholic insanities. No hospital physician questions the direct relation of cause and effect between alcohol and these three

types of insanity. There are other forms of insanity to which the use of alcohol is believed by many to be a contributing cause to an extent as yet undefined and uncertain. But as to these three types of insanity there is no difference of opinion. They are due directly and exclusively to the use of alcohol. Its discontinuance may be followed by recovery; its continued use means to these patients insanity and early death. Here again the proportion of men admitted to hospitals for the insane suffering from the alcoholic insanities is greater than the proportion of women, being, roughly speaking, 20 per cent. of the men admitted and 10 per cent. of the women.

The State Charities Aid Association and the other organizations engaged in the prevention of insanity are not temperance societies; they were not formed in the first instance by people who were particularly interested in the temperance question; or if so interested, that interest found expression in other directions. The time has come, however, when every person desirous of promoting the health and happiness of his fellow men and in preventing disease, and especially the great scourges of tuberculosis and insanity, must join hands in furthering whatever methods stand the test of practicability for the purpose of stopping the exploitation of the weakness of human beings for profit. Let us recognize, once for all, that liquors are not made to be drunk, but to be sold; that the most difficult factor in the problem of intemperance is not the man who wants to drink, but the man who wants to sell drinks.

There is another group of causes of insanity which are, so to speak, the by-products of other diseases. Typhoid fever, diphtheria, influenza, fever following childbirth, and some other diseases, occasionally leave the system so weakened that the poison produced within the body interferes with the nervous system and the brain. A nerv-

ous and mental breakdown follows the earlier disease. Particularly when such a disease is accompanied by profound discouragement, anxiety, fear of suffering on the part of family or friends, or fear of the poorhouse, there is a distinct tendency toward mental disturbance. In fact, every effort for the promotion of the general public health, the control of infectious diseases, the securing of a pure food and water supply, of healthful conditions of work in factories, and of sanitary conditions in homes, helps to prevent mental as well as physical diseases.

Certain other forms of insanity, which are not clearly understood, appear to be due to what are called "bad mental habits." The healthy and usual state of mind is one of at least moderate satisfaction with life. Difficulties, troubles, obstacles, and anxieties come to us all, but ordinarily we overcome them and find satisfaction and reasonable comfort in our everyday occupations. We enjoy our work, our homes, our social life. To some persons, however, the bad in life seems to outweigh the good. Reflection tends to become attracted to the things that are morbid, depressing, disturbing, not to the things that are restful, elevating, inspiring. Along with this goes the tendency to conceal one's inner thoughts, to be unusually sensitive, suspicious, to cherish slight, injuries, disappointments, to lose interest in the ordinary affairs of life and in simple pleasures, and to delight in the things that are secretive, forbidden, unnatural, solitary.

All these things are part of a process of deterioration which, if continued, tends to develop insanity. Whether they are, as many believe, actual causes, or whether they are but the symptoms of underlying causes far down in our physical or mental make-ups, we are not sure. Every one of us knows, however, that to some extent our "feelings" are subject to control,

that we can "give up to" our feelings of disappointment, weariness, and anxiety; or we can "throw them off" and resolutely go about our duties and "lose ourselves" in our work and in the ordinary affairs of life. What is not generally recognized is the fact that apparently these very processes of "giving up to" our feelings, of cherishing slights, of brooding, of solitariness, are departures from the normal life which, if persisted in, do actually result in profound and often irreparable mental disturbances.

There are two facts which to the average man and in the current tradition are supposed to account for a large volume of insanity. These are overwork and heredity. As a matter of fact it is doubtful if either of these factors ever directly causes insanity. Work, even severe and long continued, unaccompanied by worry, is rarely a cause of nervous or mental disease.

Heredity plays an important but a secondary role. It is doubtful whether any number of persons actually directly inherit insanity. One may inherit mental instability, a tendency toward insanity, just as he may inherit a tendency toward weak lungs. If, in my ancestors, there were cases of mental disease, there is every reason on my part for taking special care of my health, but there is also every reason for not being unduly or especially alarmed. This tendency toward insanity may and probably will lie dormant during my entire life, if I take pains to conserve my bodily strength and vigor, to form healthful and temperate habits, to avoid unnecessary anxiety, and to live a simple, normal life. The great majority of my ancestors were sane, the great trend of my inheritance, therefore, is toward health and sanity and not toward disease.

These being the causes of insanity, what can be done about them? How far can this knowledge find actual application? If preventable, how can insanity be prevented? There is a striking

similarity in general outline between the movement for the prevention of tuberculosis and that for the prevention of insanity. Probably this will also hold true of future movements for the prevention of other diseases. Two distinct lines are indicated from the outset. One, the general education of the public as to the nature, cause, and modes of prevention of the disease, and the other its earlier detection and treatment. The one proceeds upon the perfectly safe assumption that if people generally understand the facts they will, to a considerable degree, adjust their lives accordingly.

People prefer health to sickness, sanity to insanity, freedom to incarceration. If men and boys know that consorting with prostitutes is very likely to mean syphilis, and that syphilis may mean paresis and early death, there will be less of consorting with prostitutes. If people generally know that the habitual and excessive use of alcohol leads hundreds of men and women every year to the doors of hospitals for the insane, there will be fewer instances of the habitual and excessive use of alcohol. Man is a reasoning animal. He does not burn his finger twice in the same fire. He is not wholly rational, but he tends to be rational, and it is always worth while to inform him.

On this safe and sure basis the State Charities Aid Association, has outlined and is carrying into effect, a movement for popular education, along scientific lines and by sound psychological methods, as to the causes and prevention of insanity. As one factor in this educational movement, a short leaflet has been prepared, stating in simple language the essential facts as to the causes of insanity so far as they are now known. This leaflet is unique in that, though dealing with a subject of exceptional complexity and obscurity, it bears the following endorsement:

We have read the foregoing pamph-

let and find it thoroughly in accord with present scientific authority:

Charles L. Dana, M.D.
 Albert Warren Ferris, M.D.
 August Hoch, M.D.
 William Mabon, M.D.
 Fred. Peterson, M.D.
 Wm. L. Russell, M.D.
 Bernard Sachs, M.D.
 M. A. Starr, M.D.

It would be impossible to find eight men whose names would carry greater weight with the medical profession in the Empire State on any subject having to do with nervous and mental diseases. Drs. Dana, Sachs, and Starr are all eminent experts in mental diseases. Dr. Ferris is president of the State Commission in Lunacy, and Drs. Peterson and Mabon have each held this office. Dr. Russell was formerly State Medical Inspector. Dr. Hoch is Director of the Psychiatric Institute on Ward's Island. The fact that they have been able to agree on such a statement is in itself of tremendous significance. The average medical practitioner, and certainly the average layman, may well accept without anxiety or question a pronouncement from such a source.

This leaflet is being printed not by hundreds, or thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. It is being placed in the hands of men, women, boys and girls, through every form of organization willing to help in distributing it. It has been sent to every physician in the State, to the principal of every public school, to all clergymen, college presidents, and faculties, superintendents of city schools, health officers, county school commissioners, secretaries of Y. M. C. A.'s, to officers of labor unions, proprietors of factories, department stores, laundries, to city officials, officers of the local granges, officers of fraternal orders; in short, to all the various types of organizations that are willing to promote such an effort for the public good.

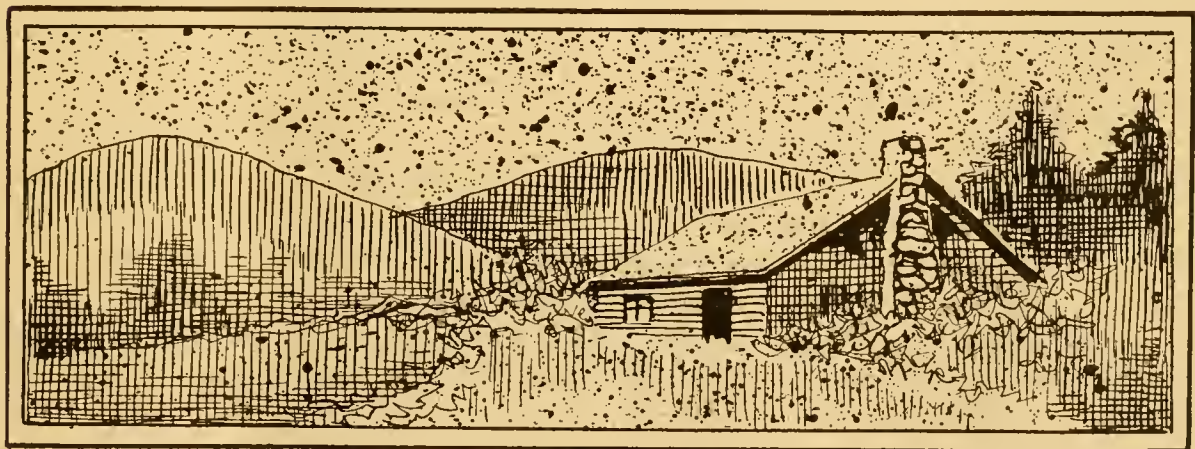
The newspapers of the State are being supplied from time to time with material stating and restating the essential facts. Not too frequently, for those concerned in this movement are aware that it might be quite possible for the community to think too much about its mental health. The campaign must proceed with all patience. The adjustment to the newer attitudes must be made slowly. We are not yet consulting the monthly record of admissions to State hospitals hoping to find any diminution due to our efforts, and shall not do so for many weary but hopeful months to come.

As in the tuberculosis campaign, so also in the insanity campaign, a second line of effort, paralleling the first from the start, is the establishment of specific agencies for the earlier detection of the disease and its earlier treatment. Just as the average practitioner does not recognize tuberculosis in its earlier stages, and the average man does not know that anything is wrong with him until it is often too late for him to regain the lost ground, in the case of tuberculosis; so in the case of insanity. The average medical practitioner knows very little of the early symptoms of mental disorder. The average household, office, or workshop thinks only that this or that individual is queer or moody, but does not regard these facts as requiring any further attention, or as possibly suggesting conditions that need treatment. Just as the layman has to be taught that a persistent cough, a little fever each afternoon and a general feeling of weariness may mean tuberculosis, so he must be taught that certain other things may mean a departure from the normal mental life, and require skilled help and a change in the manner of living. Just as every city is coming to have its tuberculosis dispensary at which any person may secure expert examination of his lungs, so every considerable center of population should

have an agency to which any person could be taken quietly and unobtrusively for advice as to peculiarities in mental habit or disposition or attitude toward life, which may indicate the beginnings of mental disorder. Special dispensaries for the earlier recognition and treatment of mental diseases exist in many foreign cities and in a few American cities. They have a clear field of usefulness and undoubtedly as the medical profession plants such outposts in that little explored field, the congested centers of city population, the dispensary or clinic for nervous and mental diseases will be one of its important facilities.

No other fact in modern social life is so hopeful as these various movements for the prevention of disease. Piously claiming to value human life above all else, we have for generation after generation, by our acts, denied our words. We have failed to do the things which would preserve human life. The little white hearse calls at the door for one in five of the babies born in the great cities. The great white plague has taken from one-third to one-fifth of all those dying in middle life. Insanity

has filled great hospitals until teeming populations are thus set apart. We have suffered all these things to be done because the lines of responsibility were not clearly defined,—because the facts were not clear beyond all possibility of doubt. This comfortable margin of uncertainty affords us refuge no longer. Science points at us its finger and says, "Thou art the man. Thou art thy brother's keeper." We now know not only that we are our brother's keeper, but we know how to keep him; how to protect him; how to conserve his life forces. We know how to build up a strong, vigorous race, fit to live; fit to build up a great nation; fit for great deeds of constructive social life; fit to promote the education, uplifting, strengthening of the masses, not simply of the few. Those who have already passed threescore years are to be pitied, chiefly because they will not live to see the wonders which will be accomplished within the next quarter-century in the control of the great ills which have afflicted mankind through centuries of weariness and of suffering, and among them insanity. The devils are not to be cast out, they are to be kept from getting in.



The Name of America

Alexander Del Mar

THAT the American Continent derived its name from the Florentine merchant and geographer, Emerigou Vespucci, and that thereby an injustice was done to Columbus, is an impression which still retains a firm hold on the popular mind; yet many proofs have been offered that before Columbus landed the name America was found scattered over the Southern Continent from the Carribean Sea to the Pacific Ocean and from the Maricaibo Gulf and Amaracapana coast, near the Orinoco's outlet, to the mountainous regions of Cax-Amaraca around Bagota and over the heights of the Andes as far to the south as Peru.

Ex-President Harrison added his influence to the popular impression with the remark that the continent should have been named for Columbus; thereby implying that it was in fact named for Vespucci. The only evidence to sustain this assumption is the letter of a Florentine bishop, in which he writes rather boastfully "and well may our new world be named America since its discoverye was due to our eminent countryman, Emerigou Vespucci," etc.

On the other hand the proofs that the country bore a title much nearer to "America" than "Emerigou," may be summarized in the following citations:

Girolemo Benzoni, a Milanese, in his "Historia delle Mondo Nuovo," published at Venice in 1565, says: (p. 7 of trans.): "The Governor shortly after left Cumana, with all his company, and coasting westward, went to *Amaracapanna*; this was a town of about forty houses, and four hundred Spaniards resided there constantly, who annually elected a captain."

Humboldt, in his "Relations Historiques," a narrative of personal obser-

vations, chiefly in South America, from 1799 to 1804, writes, Vol. 1, p. 324, that "the first settlement of the Spaniards on the mainland was at Amaracapana." The coast between the Capes Paria and de la Vela, appear under the names of Amaracapana and Maracapana in Codazzio's map of Venezuela, showing the voyages of Columbus and others.

Herrera in his history of the West Indies, narrates the voyage of Ojeda (1499), whom Amerigo Vespucci accompanied as a merchant, and says: "Finally he arrived at a port, where they saw a village on the shore, called Maracaibo by the natives, which had twenty-six large houses of bell shape, built on pillars or supports, with swinging bridges leading from one to another; and as this looked like Venice in appearance, he gave it that name, which was subsequently adopted by the Republic of Venezuela." This simple sentence is conclusive proof that at the time Vespucci made his first landing in the Western Continent, the port he stopped at was called Amaracai-bo or America-land.

Sir Walter Raleigh reached the same region (1595) and wrote of it as "the Bewtiful valley of Amerioca-pana." Sir Walter also, writing in 1596, describes one of the younger brothers of Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, (whom the Spaniards under Pizarro had slain), as taking thousands of the soldiers and nobles of Peru, and with these "vanquishing all that tract and valley of America situated between the Rivers Orinoco and Amazon."

Besides this, the name given to the whole country between the "Coast of Amaraca," which stretched from the Orinoco River to Maracai-bo bay, and thence to the whole country between

Maracai-bo bay and the Pacific, was called Amarca, while the whole country now known as Bogota and stretching down to Peru was called Cax-Amarca. Along the heights of the Andes in this region the name again appears in the Capital City, which was also called Cax-Amaraca, in one of its near-by towns, called Pult-Amarca, and in the three other local names strewn to the southward along the Andes, of And-Amarca and Catamarca. Down near the mouth of the River Cumana was Amaraca-pana, previously mentioned, while out in the Carribean Sea, off the Coast of Amaraca-pana, was the large island of Tamaraque, a Spanish mode of spelling the same word, also a name given to one of the gods, or one of the names given to the Great Spirit of the natives.

To these citations may be added the probability that had there been any intention to name the continent after Vespucci, his surname would have been used, so that the result would have been something like Vespugia, instead of Emeriga. In short there seems to be very little room to doubt that the world has been misled through the complimentary notice of the Florentine bishop.

There seems to be a law for the evolution of continental names from names

of a divinity or of small localities, which through use by the persons first coming into contact with the continent at that point, spread gradually over the whole. Thus Europa originally designated a small village in Thessaly, but as it lay to the west of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, it must have been spoken of by Asiatic neighbors in a manner to facilitate its more extended application. "Asia" indicated originally a very small part of what is now Asia Minor, but near the dividing line. Africa meant originally only that small part of the continent lying around Carthage, and with which the Romans came in contact. It was much less extended than Lybia. Egypt was the name by which the Greeks knew a small seaport town near the mouth of the Nile and bears no resemblance to the name "The Black Country" by which the ancient Egyptians designated their own land. The name China spread from a pretty mountain region on the borders of India, because it was there that Europeans first came into any considerable contact with the empire, and it was by European nations that the name came to be obtruded on a nation which knew itself only as The Middle Kingdom. This shows that it is by the spread of local names, indigenous to a small region, that large regions are named.



The Literary Future of the South

Guy E. Patterson

SINCE the Delphic Oracle retired from business, disowned and discredited, and the bears consumed Elisha's juvenile associates, the profession of prophecy has not flourished in its pristine strength and glory; but the tendency toward prophetic utterance is still latent in the race, and sporadic manifestations of its power are still in evidence.

A discussion of the Literary Future of the South, or of the future of anything else only illustrates the vitality of this primitive instinct. In all ages the prophet speaks, regardless of the deafness and skepticism of his auditors. In the rare instances when, like Joseph of old, his prophetic soul discloses the trend of the market on some great commodity, thenceforth he is "arrayed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day." Indulgence in literary prophecy is not so productive but it is more conducive to sound slumber.

The ultimate source of all literature is life. Hearts throb, cheeks burn, eyes flash, pulses thrill, chivalric impulses leap up, tears fall, memories linger, and literature is simply the record of these—the history of the fears, hopes, griefs, joys, defeats and victories which fill up all our days.

The people of the South have lived. They have lived so much, their lives have been so crowded with every human vicissitude, that they have not yet paused to write the story of their deeds. Practically the whole literature of the South is a literature of the future. Honored Southern names which were reverently spoken in an earlier day, and many which are equally honored now, stand high in the annals of American letters, but the master minds who can recognize and utilize the wonderful literary possibilities in the for-

tunes and misfortunes of our Southern land, have not yet spoken. Some day a genius will come whose accents will voice the soul life of this people—who, in sweet and tender strains, will translate their sacred memories into purest and most delightful music; and then, in bolder mood will breathe into heroic verse their achievements and their aspirations.

It is not hard to explain or understand the lack of literary pre-eminence in this section up to this time. Within a comparatively brief period the South has passed through all the stages of material progress from the hut of the pioneer to the marble palace of the millionaire.

Most of us have heard our own grandfathers emulate old Grandfather Squeers and

"Lead off the program by telling how
He used to shoot deer where the court-
house stands now;
How he felt of a truth, to live over the
past,
When the country was wild and un-
broken and vast,
That the little log cabin was just
plenty fine
For himself, his companion and fam-
ily of nine."

It is needless to say that pioneer life is not conducive to literary development. Literature does not flourish when a man has to protect a wife and fourteen tow-headed children from Indian attacks, when he spends his waking hours swearing softly but earnestly as his plow hits stumps and roots in the new ground, and forcibly deposits its handle in the softest spots in his anatomy, when his sole recreations consist of coon hunting by torch light, squirrel hunting on rainy days, and

riding a mule thirty-six miles to a camp meeting on Sundays.

The days of luxury which succeeded the hardships of the pioneer period were not much better adapted to the evolution of the literary instinct. No Southern name stands prominently out at this time unless Poe can be claimed as a Southerner. The fact that he was born in Boston and his father only of Southern blood makes this claim somewhat doubtful, though his subsequent residence in Richmond and Baltimore may serve to give it a substantial basis. The interesting story, frequently told of Poe's winning a prize story competition with his "Manuscript Found in a Bottle," marks the early development of a still flourishing custom. The present writer has not read "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," and, generally speaking, is not an authority on the contents of bottles, but he has been led to believe that many other manuscripts can trace their origin more or less directly to the same source. Whether or not their quality has been improved thereby is another story.

The turning point in Southern letters, as well as in every other phase of Southern life came with the Civil War. The period of dreams gave way to the period of action. Emotion crystallized into thought, and thought into deeds. Writers like John Esten Cooke, Henry Timrod, Father Ryan, and many others who lived through those stirring scenes, have bequeathed to the writers of the future, the very spirit which animated our fathers and mothers in those splendid, terrible days. And when the mind of that future genius begins its work what a splendid heritage of all kinds of literary material will be his! The sound of the settler's axe will drift down to him, mingled with the crack of the rifle and the yell of the savage. The rustle of the waving corn will sweep down on the breeze with the chant of cotton pickers in the snowy fields. He can hear the hum of the old

water wheels and picture the barefoot boy riding to mill with a well-balanced corn sack serving as a saddle for his melancholy mule. He can recall the melody of murmuring streams and picture the poetic beauty of a country town on "First Monday," with its lonesome looking lost canines, its sore-backed and spavined steeds sent in to be traded, and its anxious visitors from the interior who wander around in red neckties,—and some other things—eat watermelons, and drag their youngest hopefuls by the arms in an earnest effort to keep them from being trampled by the hurrying throngs. That future genius can grow eloquent over the pink cheeks and clustering ringlets, the sunny smiles and flashing eyes of the Dixie maidens of long ago, and the Dixie maidens of today, tomorrow and forever. He can catch the glow of ambition which animated the breasts of the young men of an earlier day. He can describe their luxurious lives in their ancestral homes, and repeat the fiery accents which fell from their lips in debate in the halls of Congress.

He can let his fancy down from its higher flights, and with affectionate remembrance, can tell of the old "Black Mammies," with their bandanna bound heads, their wondrous tales of ghosts and "ha'nts," their good and evil omens and their crooning lullabies.

The fierce and lurid story of the war will claim him. He will tell of the tear dimmed eyes and sorrowing hearts of the mothers who watched their darlings march away and waited vainly for their return. His pages will echo with the boom of cannon, the roar of musketry and the shouts of triumph and despair.

He will recognize that human nature today is the same as the human nature of our fathers. He will look beneath the apparently sordid struggles of this later time and discover that we are still animated by primal emotions. The love of the bank clerk for the daughter of

the merchant is just as truly literary material as the chivalric quests

“In days of old
When knights were bold
And Barons held their sway.”

Our men and women as well as other men and women still live and yearn,

suffer, despair, hope and reach out for the infinite and the everlasting. Our Southern land is peopled by a noble race, and sanctified by a glorious history. Its literary future will be equally glorious when this history shall come to be written, and the loves and sorrows, and joys of this people shall come to be told in song and story.



Personal Evolution

John Potts, M. D.

GREAT minds have given much thought to the evolution of man, his source, his progress, and his final condition. Whence came we and whither are we going, are questions yet unanswered. Alexander Pope has well said: “The greatest study of mankind is man.”

Let us not deal too much with glittering generalities. The thing that concerns you and me is our own personal progress or more especially whether we are making any progress or not. A life, ideal, is rarely seen, yet such life is and should be the hope of every one. Philosophers and religionists tell us what we should be and in the building of air-castles daily we picture what we would like to be. But—the attainment!

Health as a factor in personal progress is the foundation upon which we build. The problem is ever with us. Most of us fortunately are born healthy, but as soon as the physician has severed the cord that binds infancy to maternity, trouble begins. Happy is he whose childhood is spent in some place far remote from tenement houses, paved streets, smoke, dust, dirt and other objectionable conditions incident to city life. The age at which one takes an interest in his physical con-

dition depends upon the social and intellectual stratum of his parents and teachers. Rules for health are not inherent. Mental, moral, and physical cleanliness, temperance in the gratification of our desires and appetites, rules of hygiene, all are taught us. A few only we learn from experience. Nature gives us no definite law and in this she seems unjust, for the punishment inflicted for breaking her obscure laws, if laws they be, are severe beyond reason. In regard to health, we can only hope to live and learn.

The matter of education at present is not so difficult as formerly. Gross illiteracy is inexcusable. Brilliant men and women who have risen from humble surroundings are met on every hand and, thanks to American democracy, merit is usually recognized. Public and private schools, likewise churches and the press—all lead us onward and upward if we will put forth even slight effort. The laborer of last year may be our Congressman next year; the meager beginnings and equipment of today may reach their complete development tomorrow.

Social growth is with many most difficult. To depart from the evil of former days and burn the bridges behind is not always easily done. Too

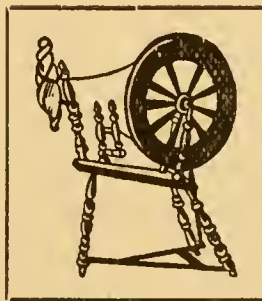
often the uncouth speech, manner, habits and ideas of our early training or lack of training persist, and are a serious menace to our progress. The critical world excuses these shortcomings in a Johnson or a Carlyle, but not in you and me. A change in locality is often of great benefit, for to him who is really growing, "turning a new leaf," is not only beneficial, it is very essential. Personal ambition is not always well founded. The professions have within their ranks many men who, by natural equipment, should follow the plow or work as tradesmen; while on the other hand, the trades contain many gifted by Nature to lead their fellow men into a better world of life and thought.

Dame Fortune is wooed from the gray dawn of our day to the gloom of its eventide. Now and then she smiles upon us, rarely she is generous, but for the most part she is fickle, inconstant, and indifferent to our wooing. Of the things desired for our personal comfort, probably the imagination runs riot oftenest on the subject of money, and because we cannot realize our dreams in this matter we are prone to disregard good judgment in keeping or spending that which comes our way.

Forces exterior have much to do in making the path straight. Those of us who have traveled, even a little way, recall with pleasure the advice, the commendation, the help received at the beginning of the journey, as well as the occasional boost while on the way. Often the force itself that causes us to begin a new course or career comes from without. Not infrequently it is a derogatory remark concerning our ability to do anything well. Then, with soul aflame, with indignation because of injury to our pride, we look about us for an opportunity to work out the new-made plan and ere long it is found and a new world is open to us, a new life is begun.

Let us read again Ingall's classic lines on Opportunity:

Master of human destinies, am I!
 Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps
 wait,
 Cities and towns I walk; I penetrate
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
 I knock unbidden once at every gate!
 If sleeping, awake, if feasting, rise before
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate
 And they who follow me reach every state,
 Mortals desire and conquer every foe,
 Save death; but those who doubt or hesi-
 tate,
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
 I answer not and I return no more!



Tom-Sun—A True Story

Capt. Jack Crawford

THE report in the dispatches a short time ago of the death in a hospital at Denver of Tom Sun, a noted frontiersman and Indian fighter of the early days of Wyoming, recalls an incident in which he and I believed ourselves so near the gates of Gloryland that we narrowly escaped being hailed by Saint Peter.

Tom was a typical borderman. He stood something over six feet high in his moccasins, and was straight as a tepee pole. He claimed to be a French Canadian, but was so swarthy of complexion and wore such coarse black hair that the old-timers always believed that Indian blood predominated in his veins. He was fearless of nature, cool-headed in the face of imminent danger, a dead shot with the heavy Sharp's rifle which he always carried, and, if all reports of his life in the far West are true, he had killed Indians sufficient to stock all of the Wild West shows that ever hit the road. On this subject he was always reticent, and would discuss Indian fighting only with fellow bordermen who were as familiar as he with the the perils of border life.

He was one of the most expert handlers of high-grade profanity whom I ever met, interlarding his utterances at all times with profane outbursts which fell as trippingly from his tongue as the waters of a mountain brook ripples over a pebbly bed. When once asked why he so freely used expressions that would be shockingly out of place in polite society he replied, in his French Canadian vernacular:

"Dat's de sort o' talk I was raised amongst, an' I can express myself better in dat dan in any odder way so I see no advantage in changin' to straight talk."

One winter day in the early '70's when the Indians were lying in their

camps because the dried grasses upon which they depended for sustenance for their ponies were covered with snow, I stopped off at Fort Steele, while on my way to a garrison further down the Platte, to visit some army officer friends. The report had reached the commanding officer that a band of Sioux warriors had been seen some distance to the northward, and I was asked by him if I would not go out and endeavor to locate the bunch and, if possible, learn what they were doing away from their reservation at that time of the year, he having no scout available at the post and no soldier sufficiently versed in the ways of the Indians to successfully accomplish the desired work. I replied that I was at his service, and while we were discussing the matter Tom Sun happened in from a cattle ranch at which he was wintering a few miles down the Platte. Tom possessed a ravenous appetite for adventure, was always hungry for a scrap with the painted savages, and when it was suggested that he accompany me he quickly expressed a desire to do so.

Just before the break of day on the following morning we rode out of the garrison, heading in a northwesterly direction toward the Seminole range, between which and the river the Indians had been sighted.

It was a beautiful winter morning, crisp and cold, and we were in high spirits as we rode along, our horses champing at the bits and tossing their heads in impatient protest against the restraining reins. By riding around the drifts of snow when possible we made good progress, the crust on the level snow bearing up the weight of horses and men, seldom giving way beneath a hoof.

When the winter sun arose in all its

effulgent glory we were about six miles distant from the garrison, traveling through a somewhat broken stretch of country studded with low sand hills and seamed with gullies into which the snow had drifted, making our progress at times very difficult.

Having no fear of encountering hostiles so near the fort we did not exercise the usual vigilance of scouts when on the trail, but rode along chatting and recounting scouting experiences, feeling as safe from danger as if traversing a country inside the limits of civilization which had not known the print of a moccasin for many years. I had not been in Tom's company for several years and I highly enjoyed his oath-spangled utterances as they fell from his lips in easy cadences or were shot forth with catapultic force at the more exciting points of his recitals. I asked him if his rare gift of profanity was inherited or acquired and he replied by asking me if I reckoned he had learned it in a correspondence school.

Our conversation was interrupted by the simultaneous raising of the heads of our horses and the pointing of their ears in the direction in which we traveling. This, to the scout, is an infallible warning of the presence of Indians or wild beasts, and upon looking ahead we were surprised to see, about half a mile distant, a band of Sioux that had just topped a hogback which crossed the trail. Our field glasses were quickly focussed upon them and we well knew from their painted faces and war-dress that they were on no peaceful mission.

They had discovered us, and as we watched their movements they gathered about their chief, whom we could distinguish by his eagle feathered war-bonnet, and appeared to be holding a pow-wow to determine, perhaps, the better way in which to attack the two whites upon whom they had come so unexpectedly. They had no doubt recognized us as scouts and were well aware of the fact that Uncle Sam's

trail followers carried the best of long range rifles and knew how to use them. Hence, if by the exercise of Indian cunning they could kill us without giving us an opportunity to effectively use our rifles they would do so rather than charge down upon us in their overwhelming numbers, which would mean death to some of them as well as to us.

Evidently by direction of their chief, they turned their ponies and disappeared from our sight below the top of the hogback. We were well enough versed in Indian craft to at once determine that it was their intention to endeavor to get near enough to us under cover to fire upon us without exposing themselves to our fire in return. After a hurried consultation we determined that our only safety lay in hasty flight back towards the fort, and the hoofs of our horses were soon pounding at the crusted snow, urged on by the roweling from our spurs.

At times drifts were encountered which delayed our progress, but through which our horses gamely floundered, regaining their swift speed when clearer ground was reached.

After we had ridden a mile or more it became evident that the Indians had found easier traveling, an unexpected fusillade of shots from behind a ridge to our left reaching our ears, the bullets cutting the snow around us and singing a startling song as they passed us by. One shot hit my horse in the hip, but did not disable him, and on we sped, our rifles in hand and our heads turned in the direction from which the shots came, and from which scattering shots were yet coming, hoping we might see enough exposure of redskin body to warrant return shots.

Suddenly, to our dismay, our horses struck a deep gully into which the snow had drifted until level with the solid ground, crashed through the crust and were mired to their bellies, and our feelings were not of a strikingly pleasant nature as the realization came to us

that we were caught as rats in a trap! A yell of triumph from the savages told us that they had noted our predicament, and they now regarded us as easy prey.

Rolling from our saddles we concealed ourselves as well as possible behind the bodies of our horses and prepared to make the red devils pay as dearly as possible for their entrapped game.

Tom and I looked into each other's faces, and the expression on each plainly told that we realized the danger in which we had so unexpectedly been placed and that we might be very near the end of the earthly trail.

"How does the situation strike you, Tom?" I asked.

"Looks like we was booked fur a ride over de trail to Kingdom Come," he replied. "De red niggers has got us an' dey know it, an' it makes me madder'n a trapped coyote to t'ink we've got to lose our hair wit'out gittin' a shot at dem. I'd hit de trail over de range singin' halleluyer songs if I could jes' bore a hole t'roo one or two or half a dozen of the painted whelps before lightin' out. If dey would t'row demselves in sight we could lick de whole bunch an' take enough hair back to stuff half a dozen sofy pillers fur de ladies of de fort."

Through consideration for the sensitiveness of the refined reader I omit his profanity, which was luridly picturesque.

The firing had ceased, and we concluded that the Indans were creeping to the cover of a ridge not over two hundred yards from us, from which point they would be able to make short work of our extermination without exposing themselves to our fire. Intensely we watched the crest of the ridge, expecting every moment to see the smoke from their rifles burst forth and hear the sharp reports which might be to us the knell of death.

Minutes passed—five—ten—fifteen—half an hour, and yet no evidence of the Indians on the ridge.

"De copper-colored coyotes are waitin' fur a good shot," Sun remarked. "Dey're watchin' us, all right, an' dey t'ink if dey lay low a while we'll git careless an' show ourselves. See if I don't make 'em make a gun play."

He unstrapped his slicker from the saddle, hung it on the muzzle of his rifle, placed his broad-brim hat on the upper end and slowly raised the dummy above the body of his horse, to create the impression that one of us was peering cautiously around to discover if there was yet danger. Higher and higher he raised it, yet it drew no fire from the ridge.

"W'at t'ell do de red snakes mean?" he asked.

"Yonder is the explanation, Tom," I replied. "They've hit the back trail."

Looking back over the trail which we had followed we saw the Indians retreating over the hogback upon which we had first discovered them. The rapidity with which they were traveling led us to believe they had sighted a troop of cavalry from the fort and were making a desperate effort to escape from the soldiers.

We left our horses in the trap into which they had fallen and hastened to the crest of the ridge, where the sign showed us that the Indians had been crouching behind clumps of greasewood, to fire upon us if we should expose ourselves above the bodies of our mired horses. But no evidences of troops were visible. From the elevation we could see for quite a long distance toward the fort, and no moving objects met our view.

Here was a mystery. As we worked to extricate our horses from the snow we discussed it without arriving at any tenable solution of the puzzle. At one time Tom evidently thought he had found an explanation and asked:

"Say, Jack, did you do any prayin'?"

w'en we t'ought de reds had de einch on us an' was about to tighten it?"

"No, Tom, I never thought of appealing for aid from above. I thought only of getting a shot or two at the reds before they puffed out our mortal light. Why do you ask that?"

"Well, it's like dis, pard. I've heard about people gittin' out o' tight places by a little up'ard chinnin', an' I t'ought mebbe you was on good terms wid de Lord an' asked Him to lend us a hand an' He t'rowed a skeer into de red niggers jes' because He knowed you stood in wid Him an' had a right to strike Him fur a favor when you was gittin' de worst of a deal. I b'lieve dere is a God, if I don't foller His trail wid de psalm singers, an' I know if He wanted to he could pull fellers out of a hole if dey was surrounded by a million Injuns, wit'out losin' a hair."

* * *

A year later I was called on a mission to the Red Cloud agency and there found a solution to the mystery which had not only puzzled us, but the officers at the Fort as well. I learned from one of the Indian interpreters, whom I knew well, that the reds we had encountered were from that agency. I recalled the fact that while we were lying behind our horses in the snow trap the bugles at the fort had sounded the call for guard mounting. The air was crisp with frost and very still and the notes of the bugles rang out with such distinctness that they seemed to come from a point but a mile away. The Indians had heard them and believed—and yet believe—their presence in that section of the country had been discovered, and they abandoned their trapped game to beat a hasty retreat back toward their reservation.



From the Mountain to the Sea

Jos. S. Barnwell

*I love the mountain's mystic tunes,
The lisp'ing hemlock trees,
The water-falls that evermore,
Murmur their melodies.*

*I love the forest's sylvan song,
Where Nature's voice is heard,
The sighing of the wandering winds,
The carol of the bird.*

*I love the river's lulling strain,
'Tis solemn—sweet to me,
Winding like a funeral train,
On to the sounding sea.*

Campaigning With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER the 7th of November, 1864, the Army of Northern Virginia retired from Culpeper and the upper Rappahannock behind its old defensive line of the Rapidan and preparations began for winter quarters. This plan, however, was interrupted by an aggressive movement on the part of Meade. Four months had elapsed since the Battle of Gettysburg and little tangible results had accrued to Meade in that time. That restive and emotional element, Public Clamor, now began to insist on action. Rosecranz at Chickamauga had been defeated by Bragg, with Longstreet's assistance, and now Public Clamor was demanding an offset at the hands of Meade and the Army of the Potomac.

Accordingly, at the above date Meade thrust his left wing of three *corps d'armee* under French across the Rappahannock at Kellys Ford and his right under gallant John Sedgwick a Rappahannock Station.

French progressed without much opposition, but Sedgwick found entrenched troops numbering 1674 with four guns defending Rappahannock Station. However, he massed two divisions under Russell and Upton and by a bold and sudden advance overwhelmed them and their artillery: eight stands of colors and quite a number of prisoners were captured.

Lee withdrew his outposts back to and nearer the Rapidan. The ever-cautious Meade took two weeks to develop further offensive action. Then he attempted to turn Lee's right and by a rapid movement place his army so far upon that flank as to threaten his line of march for Richmond. On the 26th of November, the Potomac army took the lower fords of the Rapidan, hoping

to possess these roads before Lee could collect his troops, which were considerably scattered. But Stuart had not been idle. His excellent scouts had penetrated Meade's plan and General Lee was early in motion to meet the new attack of Meade.

Mine Run, flowing northerly into and at right angles to the course of the Rapidan, looked well to the great Virginian for a defensive position. With the skill and speed experience had given these gray battalions, strong works soon crowned the left bank of Mine Run and again the great chessplayer placed his hand upon the board and called "*check!*" Still Meade did not wish to acknowledge the great Virginian had check-mated him, so ordered Warren on the right and Sedgwick on the left to assault. Sedgwick, an able engineer, made careful inspection of the line and advised that the risk seemed too perilous for chances of success.

Then like the King of France with his ten thousand men the Federal commander with six or eight times as many troops "*followed copy*" and abided by Sedgwick's advice and declined to deliver battle. Hampton's division supported by a portion of Hill's infantry, retarded the advance of the enemy's left and after Meade's retirement, again crossed sabres with his old adversary Gregg, on the 29th, at Parker's Store with the advantage on the side of the gray troops: while Rosser, now promoted to brigadier-general, attacked a wagon train in the rear of the Federal army and made some valuable captures.

Adverting to this Mine Run fiasco, Major McClellan says: "I desire to state one incident in this campaign, which so far as I know has never been recorded. Hampton occupied the ex-

treme right of the Confederate line. A personal reconnoissance on the thirtieth brought him into a position where he was in rear of the Federal left wing, which was fully commanded from his post of observation. Hampton was looking down upon the rear of the Federal guns as they stood pointed against the Confederate line. There seemed to be no reason why a heavy force could not be concentrated at this point, which might attack the Federal lines in reverse, and perhaps re-enact some of the scenes of Chancellorsville." This information was quickly communicated to Stuart, who, after examining the ground, conducted General Lee to the same place. A council of war was held that night. The talk among the staff was that General Lee and General Stuart favored an immediate attack, but General Ewell and General Hill did not deem it best.

"General Lee made another personal reconnoissance on the 1st of December. He says in his report: 'Anderson's and Wilcox's divisions were withdrawn from the trenches at 3 A. M., on the 2nd, and moved to our right, with a view to making an attack in that quarter. As soon as it became light enough to distinguish objects, it was discovered that the enemy's pickets along our entire line had retired, and our skirmishers were sent forward to determine his position.'

"The movements of General Meade and all the reports received as to his intention, led me to believe he would attack, and I desired to have the advantage that such an attempt on his part would afford.

"After waiting his advance until Tuesday evening, preparations were made to attack him on Wednesday morning. This was prevented by his retreat."

Thus in two campaigns, that, known as the "Bristoe" campaign in October and this "Mine Run" campaign in November, Meade had been out-gener-

aled by Lee, though in each case, the Confederate army was much the smaller force. For less causes, other commanding generals in the Federal army had been relieved and either sent into retirement or to subordinate commands. Meade seemed to have had some secret "pull" with the Washington authorities, for the old thorn-in-the-side, Public Clamor, did not regard these failures with complacency. Then came the hard taxing winter, and either army suspended active operations in the field. The condition of the Confederate cavalry—the weakened condition of the horses, precluded the annoying activity as had harrassed the Federal flanks and rear the preceeding winter.

As the winter was receding and the demands became more insistent upon Meade for results, he began planning a new campaign. He had a double purpose in this. Around Charlottesville, because forage was more abundant, four batteries, Moorman's, Chew's, Breathed's and McGregor's of the horse artillery, had been retired to winter quarters. Meade planned a sudden swoop of his cavalry upon this prize. Accordingly, on the 28th of February, the Sixth Corps and part of the Third Corps were marched from near Culpeper Courthouse as far as Madison C. H. to stiffen the expedition.

About midnight Custer with 1500 troopers, started out and as there was no force opposing him, he marched rapidly and reached the vicinity of Charlottesville early in the afternoon of the 29th. The camp of the four batteries of horse artillery were in winter quarters near the Rivanna river about three miles from Charlottesville. Possibly two hours before the appearance of Custer's advance, Capt. M. M. Moorman, senior officer of the artillery battalion, received information of Custer's expedition. He at once dispatched pickets to take post at the Rio bridge, but before these reached that post, Custer's advance drove them back. Moorman

got guns of each battery in position, and in order to gain time, opened an artillery fire from each battery, so that the drivers might catch the horses running loose in the pasture, harness up and be prepared to move when necessary. As fast as the horses were hitched, the guns were removed to the rear, until only four pieces were in position to check Custer's advance.

Lieutenant P. P. Johnston was placed in command of the retiring guns and they came into battery on the road to Charlottesville, as the topography gave position. These gallant battery-men determined that if they had to sell their guns, the price should be costly to Custer's troops. There were no other troops present, therefore they had to depend solely upon their own strength and resources.

Captain Moorman threw forward a line of skirmishers armed with pistols, a rather weak defense against a superior force armed with the rapid-fire breech loading Spencer rifles. As many cannoners as could be spared from their pieces, he mounted and placed them under Captains Chew and Breathed to guard his flanks and also to make a show of defense, as of cavalry, on his front.

The enemy divided his force: part crossing the Rivanna at the Rio bridge, and part at Cook's ford. The latter column captured the artillerymen's camp and fired it; the other column, mistaking their left column for Confederate troops charged their own men just as one of Chews' caissons blew up. The explosion caused the enemy to believe the Confederates had re-opened their guns.

Each column of the enemy mistaking the other for foemen fired into each other, then broke. Chew and Breathed, quick to employ any and every advantage, accentuated the mistake of Custer's men, charged with their slim squadrons and materially aided in the repulse. The mistake of Custer's two

columns, was Moorman's safety valve; but for that, it is a reasonable proposition that Custer with his united columns would have overtaken, captured the guns, and captured Charlottesville. The small detachment of Moorman's mounted gunners was no small factor in shaping the result.

There were no troops to protect or support Moorman, and the fortuitous blunder of Custer's two columns gave Chew and Breathed the opportunity of that occasion.

When Stuart learned, by tardy advice, that Custer was after his guns near Charlottesville he dispatched Wickham to their assistance. The sound of the firing gave Wickham grave cause to fear the foe had captured the guns and also possessed Charlottesville. Later, learning of Custer's repulse, Stuart set across the country to intercept the retiring blue column.

The night was gall and bitterness intensified. Sleet and rain fell and as it reached the earth formed a coating of ice. That which adhered to the men, encased them in a frozen mail. When Stuart struck the road upon which Custer was retiring, part of his column had already passed.

There is a limit to human endurance. The thoroughly chilled Confederate troopers could not under the circumstances relieve their condition by building fires, but almost frozen for nearly three hours in that semi-frozen condition, these weary and illy-clad gray troopers waited the balance of Custer's column.

When Custer discovered Stuart awaiting him, he ordered the charge and brushed the obstruction from his road, and proceeded without serious molestation to regain the right of Meade's army. His expedition failed of its ultimate object—the capture of the four batteries, also that of Charlottesville.

On the day (February 28th) that Custer left Madison Court House,

Kilpatrick with 3582 men marched from the right of Meade's army. He came upon the Confederate pickets at Ely's Ford on the Rapidan and captured the whole detachment without giving any alarm.

Of course this opened the way for him to get well in motion before Stuart could learn of his foray. The object of Kilpatrick's foray was Richmond, hoping by a sudden *coup de main* to surprise the city and capture it, and release the Federal prisoners on Belle Isle.

After crossing, Kilpatrick detached Colonel Ulric Dahlgren with nearly 500 men, to move rapidly against the Virginia Central Railroad, and if possible surprise the camp of the reserve artillery of the Second Corps wintering near Fredericks Hall. But General A. L. Long was prepared for Dahlgren and made a show of resistance. As Long's guns were but an incident in Dahlgren's plan, he determined not to try conclusions with him. So flanking Long's position, Dahlgren pressed for the James river, planning to cross well above Richmond, sweep down the right bank while Kilpatrick should engage the attention of its defenders north and east of the city.

Should his plan succeed, Dahlgren was to seize Belle Isle, release and arm the Federal prisoners and attack and burn Richmond, kill President Davis and his cabinet, and of course sack the Confederate capital.

Dahlgren's column reached the James at Dover Mill, but there were neither bridge nor ferry to expedite his crossing, therefore that part of the plan had to be abandoned. Isolated from Kilpatrick by many miles, dangers thickened around Dahlgren and his men in a country hostile to him and his troopers.

Meantime Kilpatrick leaving Ely's Ford, pressed through Spottsylvania, on through Beaver Dam to Ashland, distant less than eighteen miles from Richmond. He reached the defenses of

Richmond about 10 A. M. Tuesday. Col. W. H. Stevens had six guns and about 500 men at the point (Brook Turnpike) where Kilpatrick attacked. Here Stevens held Kilpatrick at arm's length while the Federal general was anxiously awaiting intelligence of Dahlgren, until dark. Dahlgren failing to report by nightfall, Kilpatrick withdrew via Meadow Bridge and encamped for the night near Atlee's Station.

Hampton followed Kilpatrick's trail with but 306 troopers of Gordon's North Carolina brigade. Discovering Kilpatrick's camp fires, Hampton dismounted 100 of his small force. Getting his artillery posted at close range, he suddenly assaulted the Federal camp and drove the enemy from it. Kilpatrick made but slight resistance, leaving 87 prisoners, and donating 133 horses.

Dahlgren followed the road parallel to the James along its north bank until he reached the defenses west of Richmond. There the home guard and battalion of mechanics from the government arsenals so stoutly resisted, Dahlgren turned northward to regain touch with Kilpatrick.

Hampton's night attack interposed between Dahlgren and the main column, causing him to make a wide detour to reach the road by which he hoped to make Gloucester Point. In attempting to gain that road, he was ambushed the next night near King and Queen Court House, by a detachment watching that route. Dahlgren and some of his men fell at the first fire and his command routed; 135 of his men and with them 40 negroes they had enticed from their homes were captured.

The record shows that the foray upon Richmond was planned in Washington. Meade disapproved of it, but by express wish from headquarters, it was sanctioned. Upon the person of Colonel Dahlgren was found a copy of an address disclosing the purpose of the

foray, directing in case of capture, Richmond was to be burned and President Davis and his cabinet murdered.

Photographic copies were taken and under flag of truce transmitted to General Meade by General Lee, with the inquiry whether the Washington government or the commanding general sanctioned such orders. In reply, General Meade denied either his government, himself or General Kilpatrick authorized or approved the intent of the document found on Dahlgren's person.

General Kilpatrick, however, makes the following explanation: "Colonel Dahlgren, an hour before we separated at my headquarters handed me an address he intended to read to his command. The paper was endorsed 'approved' over my official signature. The photographic papers referred to are true copies of the papers approved by me, save so far as they speak of exhorting the prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city and kill the traitor Davis and his cabinet, and in this they do not contain the endorsements referred to as having been placed by me on Colonel Dahlgren's papers.

"Colonel Dahlgren received no orders from me to pillage, burn or kill, nor were any such instructions given me by my superiors."

Now comes a queer and serious sequel to the tragedy of Dahlgren's death. The following document was sent the writer a year and a half ago by Captain George D. Shadburn, now of San Francisco, but during the latter half of the "*Late Unpleasantness*" General Hampton's most trusted and reliable scout:

The Story of a Spy

Thad J. Walker of the Second Maryland Cavalry (Confederate) in a document that recently came to me throws a new light upon the purpose of the raid of General Judson Kilpatrick in March 1864, upon Richmond. Walk-

er's narrative runs as follows: "Sometime early in the year 1864—January as I remember—while on picket near Winchester the first incident of my story occurred. I was standing in a clump of trees and bushes near the banks of the Opequan beside my horse, carbine in readiness for any alarm when I heard a faint 'Hello!' from another clump of bushes, not far distant from my front.

"I was at once on the *qui vive* for business. It was a clear cold morning and as I listened intently, watching closely the bushes in front of me distant about one hundred yards, where we knew the Yankee pickets were stationed; again came the 'hello!' and cautiously from under the bushes came three men, seemingly without arms, dressed in what afterwards proved to be a mixed uniform, part blue part gray. Seeing them wave a white rag, I ordered them to come forward one at a time. After a short talk with them, they confessed they were deserters from the Union cavalry, who stated they were tired of the war, fighting for negroes, &c., and wished to be sent to Richmond.

"I was much taken with the spokesman of the party, who was a good looking and very intelligent young man. I judged about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with bright eyes and face. I finally took them back to headquarters and turned them over to Major Gilmore of the Second Maryland Cavalry. He questioned them carefully and finally ordered me to take them up the valley to Staunton and turn them over to the Provost Marshal, Major J. Q. C. Maidenbush.

"Just at this time I was expecting a short furlough on horse detail. I obtained it and started for Hanover county, Va., near Old Church about sixteen miles from Richmond, with the three prisoners in my charge. We were on our way next morning after an early breakfast of bacon and corn pone and coffee

made from roasted acorns. (Don't smile; this was a good breakfast compared with some we had before and afterwards). We were soon off, the stage rattling up the pike. The young man alluded to as the spokesman, proved to be an exceedingly congenial and companionable fellow, who by his engaging manner and pleasant conversational powers, soon ingratiated himself into my good opinion, and we felt as though we were old college chums who had met after a long separation.

"How little did I think that my congenial companion was one of the most daring young cavalry officers in the Union army, who was in our lines on one of the most dangerous and hazardous errands a soldier could be engaged in.

"But to my story. Arriving at Staunton, I proceeded direct to the headquarters of Major Maidenbrush, who paroled the three men under oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, I think. Upon this point I will not be positive, yet it seems to me that must have been the only means by which they could have been released to go where they choose.

"After a few hours in Staunton my companion and myself bade good bye to the other two men, who remained over in Staunton, and we were soon on the train bound for Richmond. I intending to remain there over night and going out to my home on Totopotomay Creek in Hanover county, the next day.

"To shorten the story, my companion accompanied me to my home. I had formed such an attachment for him, I felt loath to part with him. We reached home the next morning and I feel sure he never forgot the cordial and home-like reception accorded him in that old Virginia farm house.

"Lieutenant Murray (for he assumed this name) soon endeared himself to all of us—father, mother, three brothers and myself, and joined heartily in the sociabilities of the neighborhood. I

noticed however on several occasions when dancing was enjoyed, he always declined to participate. He declined to share my room with me, and one braeing morning refused to accept my banter for a race up the lane. I did not know then he had but one foot, the other being a splendid imitation made of ivory.

"I must mention that during his stay at my home he made two visits to Richmond, and in some plausible manner obtained permits from General Winder, then Provost Marshal of Richmond, to visit the fortifications and other points around the city, of which passes, he casually mentioned to me, he had made good use.

"He also on two or three occasions went to Old Church Tavern and post office, ostensibly to get mail. He was in correspondence with his mother at Belfair, Maryland. He contracted chills and fever while with us and my dear mother's nursing restored his health. A day or two after his recovery he again visited Old Church and—*never returned.*

"I must here digress a little. During one of our visits to a neighbor he was introduced to an estimable and cultivated lady—Miss S. K. H., who, strange to say, doubted him from the first moment she was in his company. I have in my possession a letter from her advising and warning me against him. How strangely her suspicions were verified will be shown later.

"I began to feel now, his visits to Richmond were to learn all he could about the city. Just after he disappeared, General Kilpatrick made his raid through our section, and strange to relate, our farm was not visited or disturbed, and after events assured me this immunity was due to my guest *Lieutenant Murray.* Also, *his visits to Old Church were really to communicate with General Kilpatrick.*

"Colonel Dahlgren and his command in attempting to again get in touch with

Kilpatrick's main column, were ambushed the 3rd of March on the bank of the Motopony river, killing him, some of his staff and men.

"Now comes the sequel of my story: The body of the brave and unfortunate young Colonel was taken to Richmond. While his body was lying in Richmond one of the first to view the body was Miss S. K. H. of Hanover who at once identified Dahlgren's body as that of *Lieutenant Murray*. My father, uncle and others who had seen and known Lieutenant Murray also identified the body."

Maj. Hunter, two years ago editor of the "Confederate Column" in the Richmond Dispatch and News, was very skeptical of Thad Walker's story and so expressed himself. He said Admiral Dahlgren, father of the slain Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, had written a sketch of the life of his son, but had never alluded to the spy episode. Three or four witnesses, however, substantiated the "Story" and Major Hunter admitted there was sufficient testimony to convince him Walker's narrative was substantially true.

That was a tremendous risk assumed by Colonel Dahlgren. He knew the penalty and bravely assumed it. After his stay within the Confederate lines, he believed his plan of crossing the James above Richmond and by a sudden dash down the right bank of that river in co-operation with the main column under Kilpatrick, they could capture the city by a *coup de main*. But—"the best laid plans of mice and men"

—you know the rest, and the result. He successfully executed his part as a daring spy, but in attempting to carry out the fulfillment of the capture of Richmond, paid the penalty with his life.

Kilpatrick with the survivors of his expedition reached the Federal lines near Williamsburg on the lower Peninsula, and later, got back to the lines of the army of the Potomac.

Colonel Ulric Dahlgren's body was buried near Richmond. Soon after, under a flag of truce, a metallic coffin and \$100 in gold were sent through the lines and a request that the body of the unfortunate Colonel be returned to his people in the casket.

Permission was granted for the disinterment and return of the remains. The story runs: President Davis granted the request but when the grave was opened, there was no corpse; and the party sent to convey the remains back to Washington had to return without it. No one seemed to know what had become of the body of Colonel Dahlgren.

A great howl of indignation went up at the North at the brutal outrage. Later there came a sudden lull in the blistering criticisms, then silence.

Chief among the Federal spies in Richmond was Miss Van Lew. It was afterwards discovered, through her assistance, Dahlgren's body was secretly disinterred and re-buried at a spot marked by a persimmon tree, and either before or after the fall of Richmond, Dahlgren's relatives recovered it and transferred it to their own burying-ground.



Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told. *Watson's Magazine* proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veterans will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read. We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

A Renewal of First Bull Run

Here's the way the layout was:
There's *your* line
Frontin' on the Henry House—
Here was mine;
There was Jackson's corps an' Bee,
Beauregard an'—lemme see—
Jake Repine
He stood *there*, an' Lijah Rouse,
Yes, an' *me*.

First we knowed we heerd a gun—
Ol' smooth bore!—
Boomin' off to'rds Warrenton
A mile or more;
Jake Repine he hollers: "See!
Shindig starts right here!" says he,
"Now *there's* war!"
Why, there wasn't nary a one
Close as *me!*

You remember, I suppose,
How we fit?
Won the record, Lordy knows!—
Hold it yit!
'Crosst the Branch an' Turnpike, too—
First the Grey an' then the Blue
Took the bit!
Lots o' times I got as close
As me an' you!

Well, I s'pose you ain't fergot
Who won the day?
Never will, as like as not—
That's your way!
Still, I've allus claimed instid
Of a rout that we jist slid
Off—*what say?*—
When the *others* run I got,
'Cause *they* did!

Down the road to'rds Centerville
Where I lit,
I slowed up beside a rill—
Tried t' git
A drink t' stop my dadburned thirst—
Sprawled right out an'—*then the worst!*
I see y' yit!—
There come your folks, lick'ty-spill
—*Bay'nuts first!*

Well, I felt my speerits sink
Ten below!—
I let out another link
An' let 'er go,
Racin' like a bee-stung cow!
Come t' think of it, I vow
Seems as though
I never *did* git that 'ere drink!—
Less have it now!

JOHN D. WELLS.

More About "The Lines on a Confederate Bill"

Dear Sir: In the June number of your magazine I find some verses said to have been written by Mrs. Lytle. Those verses have been in my scrap-book almost if not quite forty years, and were said to have been written by our own Major S. A. Jones, editor of the Aberdeen, Miss., *Examiner*.

All Mississippians—those who have read that pathetic little poem—are loath to believe that another was the author. However, we wish to know the truth. I send you an exact copy of the verses as they are in my scrap-book. I have underscored the words that are different from those found in Mrs. Lytle's verses. Will you be so good as

to give to the copy I send a place in *Reminiscences From Firing Line?* I suspect that you have already received communications from various persons in reference to the verses.

Very respectfully,

(Mrs.) CHAS. A. KINCAID.

The Oaks, Beach, Miss.

"A Confederate Note"

Written on the back of a \$500 note presented to Miss Anna Rush of Philadelphia, by the author, Major S. A. Jonas, editor Aberdeen (Miss.) *Examiner*.

"Representing nothing on God's earth
now,

And naught in the water below it—

As the pledge of a nation that's dead
and gone,

Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will *lend* an ear
To the tale that this *trifle* will tell,
Of Liberty born of a patriot's *dream*,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued today *her* promise to pay,
And *hoped* to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and weeks became
years,

But our coffers were empty still;

Coin was so scarce that the *Treasury*
quaked,

If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong
indeed,

And our poverty we well discerned;

And *this little check* represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;

It *gazed in our eyes* with a promise to
pay

And every patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or
pay,

Or the *bills* that were over due;

We knew it bought *our* bread to-day,

'Twas the best our poor country could
do.

Keep it, it tells our *history* over,

From the birth of the dream to the
last—

Modest, and born of an angel Hope,

Like our hope of success, it passed."

Please read these verses and compare them with those on page 173 in June Magazine.

"An Historical Truth"

The winter of 1864-65, I was in Fort Delaware a Confederate prisoner of war. The ration given the prisoners was not sufficient to sustain life. I mean by this, that a man had to die who got nothing but his allowance. It was so little that it just stayed in the body. Nature could not perform her functions, and this dry food remained in the body so long that it caused what was called scurvey, while it was nothing but rot. From this our friends died by the score, and to obtain more food I got on a burying detail to bury our own dead, and this is the story that I want to tell, that the historian may write it, so that the truth may be known of a people who boast of a Christian civilization. We carried the dead bodies on our shoulders several hundred yards to a small sail-boat, and on this boat we carried them to the New Jersey shore, where we buried them on a sand beach. We just dug a ditch wide enough to put a coffin down cross wise, and we put one on top of the other, and just extended the ditch as we needed it. The two outside coffins we would not cover, so when we came next day we began close up to them, that is, jammed them together. So they lie there to this day, two deep, solid, one

riding the other. Remember that a guard with a loaded gun stood by and directed this work done just this way, while there was plenty of the sand beach and plenty of labor and time, and no excuse save villany. Some days we would have 5 or 6, and some days 15 or 20. The bodies were put in rough plank boxes with drawers and shirt on only. No other clothing was ever on them. Several years ago when Congress was talking about putting tombstones up at the graves of Confederates who had died in prison, I wrote our Congressman, Mr. B. L. Henry, that he have the bill fixed so they should put two tombstones to each grave at Fort Delaware, as there were two in each grave, but of course Henry did not have the courage to do this, and it was not done. Now, Joe Bailey might have done a thing like this just for the advertisement it would have given him, but I did not think about this then.

C. J. JACKSON.

Nolanville, Texas.

Do Any of Our Vets Know of This War Romance?

Dear Sirs: Perhaps some of your readers may be able to further fill out a story that came to my notice say April, 1864. I, with a friend, made a visit to Fort McHenry, Md., and called on Col. P. A. Porter, 8th New York heavy artillery, then stationed at the fort. Col. P. was busy, but he sent a young officer to show us around. This he did very nicely.

We noticed a fine looking Confederate prisoner, who was exercising under guard. Our escort gave us a scrap of his history; i. e., this Confederate was in love with a girl inside of the Federal lines. There was also a major in the U. S. army who was very much smitten with this girl. The Confederate was in citizen's dress on a visit to the girl, and he walked right into the hands of the Federal officer. The Con-

federate said: "Major, I am your prisoner." He was tried, condemned as a spy, and ordered shot or hung, which ever was the verdict of the court marshal. Our guide told us that the U. S. officers, knowing all the facts, refused to put the sentence into execution.

I afterwards heard that when Col. Porter's regiment was ordered to the front, the next regiment's officers left a door open, and the Confederate escaped.

If any of your readers have a knowledge of this case, I would like to hear what became of this Johnnie Reb. Col. Porter was killed at Cold Harbor in June and six of his men lost their lives in trying to rescue the body.

Very sincerely,

EDW'D S. LONG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Last Charge at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9th, 1865

On Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, Gen. John B. Gordon formed his hitherto victorious Legion for the last charge. The preceding night had been cold and chilly and we reached the village about midnight, when we halted on the court house square, built fires and remained until day. We then re-formed, marched out of Appomattox in a south-westerly direction, passing Carter's, Starke's and Poagues' battalions Confederate artillery in position and then firing at the long lines of Sheridan's blue columns, which had come up the night before and thrown themselves across our only avenue of escape. Gen. Gordon was commanding the Second, or Stonewall Jackson's old corps, Gen. C. A. Evans, Gordon's old division. Col. John L. Lowe was commanding Evans' old brigade, the following regiments composing it: 13th Ga., 26th Ga., 31st Ga., 38th Ga., 60th Ga., 61st Ga. and 12th Ga. Battalion, and Capt. Keigler's battalion sharpshooters, 20 men and two officers. Lts. Hogan and Gwynn. Since the war Gwynn was elected sheriff of

Pike County and was killed by the Deeks.

Our thin line was now advancing rapidly and the continued roar of Carter's, Stark's and Poagues' guns seemed to indicate that we would drive all opposition from our front and escape.

Our hope of success was short lived, for suddenly there appeared a long line of blue infantry moving down on the right, with fixed bayonets and flags gaily flying in the morning breeze. Gen. Evans came riding down his thin line watching the Federal infantry as they advanced until he came opposite Kaigler's battalion sharpshooters, when he ordered them to deploy and charge. The idea of this battalion, 26 men and three officers, charging an army corps and then flushed with victory, none but Gens. Gordon or Evans would have thought of, and I am sure no men but those who had followed Lee, Johnston and Jackson would have complied.

Soon the roar of musketry told us that Kaigler had attacked as that good soldier knew how. The Federal line now seemed to halt and Kaigler was now returning with 71 prisoners who had surrendered. Lieut. Hogan of that gallant band, was cool in the charge, having been on all the battlefields of the Civil War that his command was engaged.

We formed another line along the road east of the village and Gen. Geo. A. Custer, commanding United States cavalry, rode into our line in a few feet of the water and asked to see some general officer in the Confederate army. He was directed to Gen. Gordon. We soon had orders to uncap our guns, march out into the field and stack arms.

We remained at Appomattox Court House from the 9th of April until the 12th, all the terms of the surrender having been agreed on. Gen. John Gibbons' division of 3rd corps, U. S. A., was drawn up on the north side of the public road east of the village to receive our surrender.

Gen. Chamberlain commanding the 1st brigade, as we came opposite, ordered his men to present arms, the highest compliment from the victor to his defeated foe.

We halted, stacked arms, furled our banner that we carried from the beginning to the end. We received our paroles on the 13th, and then commenced the long tedious march homeward to find this once happy land a wilderness, made so by Sherman in his march to the sea. The writer with four of his company reached Atlanta, Ga., on April 24th, the first of Lee's army to arrive.

"Parole of Sergeant F. L. Hudgins. Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 10th, 1865. The bearer, F. L. Hudgins, Sergeant of Co. K, 38th regiment Ga. volunteers, a paroled prisoner of the army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed.

P. E. DAVANT, Lt. Col. Com'dg."
Georgia. F. L. HUDGINS.

Prison Life

(CONCLUDED.)

While sailing around the dangerous and treacherous rock-bound coast of Cape Hatteras, N. C., we encountered a violent wind storm, threatening to drive us upon the rocks of Hatteras, and the Captain of our old ship, in his efforts to avoid shipwreck, under a heavy head of steam steered for mid-ocean. But the large boiler of our old ship cracked, and in a few minutes the old hull was filled with dense steam from boiling water.

As it escaped through the large crack of the boiler, we were steamed, stifled and almost cooked in this deluge of heat. At this critical moment, Comrade McGee, color bearer of the 10th S. Ga. Reg., and who had lost a leg in one of Lee's battles, climbed up the ladder, together with two other comrades, to the upper deck, but were immediately driven back by the Captain of the ship.

But, having gotten a few breaths of pure refreshing air, he more fully appreciated our dire condition, and upon reaching the bottom of the ladder, he said: "Boys, we cannot stand this hot steam. Now who will go with me upon the upper deck and hold it or die, rather than die like cowards down here?" He at once re-climbed the ladder, followed by six more and myself, seven in all.

Upon reaching the upper deck, we sprawled down upon it, as it was difficult to stand, the sea being rough from the storm. For a few minutes the Captain (who was up in the pilot house, scanning the ocean with a telescope, looking for a passing ship, that might succor him, for his ship was now completely at the mercy of the winds) did not see us. But as soon as he did he peremptorily ordered us back. McGee remonstrated with him, called his attention to the dense column of white steam, rising through the hatch door, and insisted that no one could breathe it and live.

In answer to this remonstrance the Captain rang a bell, which was at once answered by an errand boy, through whom he ordered a sergeant to report immediately to him, with six men, loaded guns and fixed bayonets. His orders were easily heard by us, as we were not more than ten feet from him.

McGee quickly jumped up and said: "Boys, you hear that. Now I want to take a vote. All who are willing to hold this deck, if it cost them their lives, stand up." Every man sprang to his feet. "Now boys, how many have pocket knives?" All pulled out old knives. "Now boys, open them and line up across the deck, so that one ball can't kill two men." We lined up across the deck, with McGee in the center. The sergeant and his six men had not yet come. McGee (on his one leg, without stick or crutch, for he could hop like a jay-bird) hopped out and faced us. "Now," he said, "boys, I am going to take another vote. Pretty soon those

soldiers will be here, and if any of you think you can't stand those loaded guns with fixed bayonets, and will creep back in that old hull, go now, but I am going to stand if I stand alone." No man moved to go back. "Now," said he, "all who will stand and fight to the death, hold up your right hands." Every hand shot up with opened knife. McGee then hopped back to his place in line. The old captain, as sullen as an Indian, saw and heard every word spoken. Now the soldiers, with glittering guns and bayonets, marched along the cabin room, and the sergeant saluted the old captain. He returned the salute and ordered the sergeant to put those men back in the hull of the ship, at the point of the bayonet if necessary. The sergeant quickly lined his men in our front, about 12 feet distant. At this critical moment, McKee hopped in front, about 4 feet, and made a most stirring appeal to these soldiers. I wish I could repeat his eloquent and matchless appeal, but he told these soldiers that we were paroled prisoners, going home, the war being over, to engage in the peaceful pursuits of life; recounted the kind treatment we had received from the old soldiers of the line, called their attention to the dense column of steam issuing up through the hatch door, from boiling water in the boiler, that no one could breathe it and live. That instead of driving us back, as we had a number of sick men, down in the hull, they ought to be brought out, for they too were being steamed to death. "But," said he, "if you attempt to execute the orders of that infernal wretch," pointing his knife at the old captain, "we propose to renew the war upon the deck of this vessel, and if you do not kill us all at first fire, we will cut you to pieces with our knives." Then facing the old Captain, with clenched teeth and fist, said: "Yes, damn you, we will limb you limb by limb, sir;" and his voice roared like a lion. Having made this appeal, he wheeled and hopped back in line and

faced the soldiers, as if to say: "Now, do what you are going to do quickly." There we stood, defiantly eyeing the soldiers, and they eyeing us. Not a move, not a word was spoken for a full minute, when the old Captain broke the silence by ordering the sergeant and his men back to their quarters, giving the victory to us, without a shot. Then we at once set about to bring our comrades out of that old hull, seething with hot steam. But there were only three of us who were able to render assistance. Indeed, I was the only well man. So down the ladder we went, and called to our comrades to go on deck. We assisted all who could help themselves up the ladder. There were five left, who were so exhausted that they had to be shouldered and carried up the ladder. My two assistants carried up one apiece, but sorrowfully told me they could do no more. So I carried up three, the last one dying on my shoulder, about half way up the ladder.

I laid his lifeless form gently upon the upper deck. I found myself completely prostrated from the steam, notwithstanding I had been able to get a few good breaths of air, each time I came up. I had the hardest ordeal yet to face. Some of our comrades thought one of our boys had gone to the stern end of the ship, beyond the boiler, hoping to escape the steam, which was drawn to the bow of the ship by the hatch door. As soon as I could, I again descended the ladder and began my search for this man. It was so dark, I could see nothing, so to go beyond the boiler, and not run against it, I put my hand against the side of the vessel to guide me as I passed the boiler, which was in the center of the hull about 50 feet from stern. When I got opposite the boiler, the hot steam, hissing like 10,000 rattlesnakes, was so oppressive, I hastened back with all possible speed, and climbed the ladder, to revive myself with fresh, pure air. I only tarried a few seconds, when, filling my lungs

with fresh air, I again descended, running faster, and as before, to the extreme end at the stern, determined to find my comrade, and rescue him if possible; but feeling along the sides of the vessel, making a thorough search, I could not find him; and if I had, I could not have rescued him.

I grew faint, and had to reason with myself like a philosopher. I must run the gauntlet of that boiler, before my strength collapsed, or die. So gathering my strength and courage, I guided myself to the side of the wall, as before, and made my life's race for the ladder at the other end of the ship, which I thought was about 200 or 250 feet long. I succeeded in reaching and climbing the ladder, and almost fainted. I found that three of our comrades whom we had carried up the ladder were dead. Altogether this incident was the most thrilling and shocking experience of my life.

This took place in full view of that wretch of a captain and he seemed unmoved at the sight of it. A relentless, mad look was upon his face, and if he could have saved himself, I believe he would have sunk the ship. He still sat up in the pilot house, telescope in hand, surveying the horizon of the ocean, watching for a passing ship. He had already hoisted a flag of distress at the top of the mast. The waves were rolling high, and everything *looked to us* very squally. The wind storm waxed more furious, the waves appeared to be at least 30 feet high, and as the old ship would ride the billows, we would slide across the floor of the deck, like a brick on a house top, and had to clutch the railing around the deck.

But to take up the thread of my story again, I will briefly describe the burial of my dead comrades. One of the ship's crew brought a long, broad plank, which was placed over the top of the railing on the outer edge of the deck. Tenderly wrapping a blanket around them, we gently laid them upon the

plank across the railing, then raising the inside end of the plank, with loving hearts and a secret prayer we consigned their bodies to a watery grave and their spirits to God.

The storm passed, the waters were still, and we enjoyed the fruits of our victory, which were the exhilarating effects of the salt water breeze and the wonderful and varied sights of ocean novelties.

In due time, though it seemed an age to us, we boarded our same old ship, but held the upper deck, and sailed to Charleston, and then to Savannah, Ga., where we got off and stayed in that city a week, waiting for repairs on a river steamer running to Augusta; but too impatient to wait longer, we, (reduced

to Jno. Morel of Effingham Co. and myself), took up our line of march, as far as his home, about 30 miles; as he was taken sick upon reaching home, I stayed with and nursed him, which was a very pleasant duty, as he had two pretty sisters who helped me. But on the third day he was better, and my desire to see mother and father caused me to resume my journey, alone now, to Waynesborough, 2 1-4 days' march. Here I boarded a train to Thomson, walked out to old Uncle Johnnie Butler's, got a horse and saddle from him, and rode to my home in Lincoln Co. I would have walked home, but my feet were too sore. I arrived home on the night of July 3rd, about 12 o'clock, 1865.

Respectfully,

A. E. STROTHER.



Morning in Daytona

Robert Paine Hudson

*Oh, the jasmines, pinks and roses,
How they bloom!
They are sweet to eyes and noses,
And the gloom?
Why, they've swept it all asunder,
And I wake entranced in wonder—
Sweet perfume!*

*Oh, the mocking-birds of Eden!
Where are they?
Here they are with music laden,
Come to stay;
Paradise here opes her portals,
And the joy is for we mortals
Night and day.*

*Oh, the golden fruits that meet us,
Swinging free!
Oh, the crystal lakes that greet us,
And the sea!
Oh, the beauty that awaits us,
How each morning walk elates us,
You and me!*

Planning for the House Beautiful

Alice Louise Lytle

IF you want to be convinced of the growing desire on the part of man and womankind to "live in a home by themselves," you may receive liberal enlightenment by glancing over the real-estate advertisements in any newspaper or magazine. Illustrated articles on house-building occupy a large amount of space in many magazines and Sunday supplements, and the trend is all toward the small house, for the small family.

We will pass by the efforts of Senator Millions, the Newrichs and the rest of the recent-dollar folks, and confine ourselves to the building of the home which every normal man and woman wants.

There are many men and a few women architects in the profession, and they have been wondrously successful in their fascinating calling, but who wants the services of a professional architect to plan and build one's home?

There have been some dismal failures in clap-boards, stone, brick or cement-work, but no true home-lovers who had saved and stinted for their own four walls, and who planned everything, from the foundation to the top brick on the chimney, but felt gloriously satisfied with the result, when they planned intelligently.

Of course, there have been times when the amateur thought he knew it all, and lacked the needed intelligence, as witness the man who planned a two-story house, had it built as "day's work," saw the roof and the chimneys in place, found all the windows worked up and down faultlessly—and had forgotten to put in a stairway!

Then, we have all seen houses, built strictly according to the owner's plans, with a Mary Ann back which was decidedly out of keeping with its Queen Anne front.

In a small town in Georgia a newly-rich woman made most elaborate plans for the building of a house; architects were invited to submit designs, and they did so; the lady took a pair of scissors, cut a "front" from this plan, a "side" from another, a balcony from a third, an ornamental chimney and a piazza from another set—and the result was a fearful and wonderful composition.

The interior was the same happy-go-lucky school of architecture, and the lady must have tired of it, as she did not tarry long as its mistress.

A clever girl was once asked to describe a house she had visited. Her reply was: "Well, it's one of those houses where you open the front door and fall right up stairs," and a better description of a house with a narrow hall could not be given.

Why is it that, as a rule, people use less judgment in the selection or planning of the really momentous things of life, than they give to trivial things?

What can be more important than the home? And who should be more considered than the woman who is to preside over that home?

Perhaps some of the most ardent, secret longings a woman may have will be for conveniences in a home, which would cost a trivial amount, and yet save time, strength, patience, and pay for themselves a thousand times over by the satisfaction they would give.

The ornate house is not the most comfortable house; and it often happens that the most elaborate of hot water or steam heating will not give the comfort and satisfaction one good, ample fireplace, attached to a chimney guaranteed to "draw," will give.

So, it would seem then, the simple lines in architecture would run parallel with the simple life it would so

readily be a part of, and that gives us the opportunity of giving an idea of the House Beautiful, which may also be the House Convenient and the House Reasonable.

In former days, the South rather glorified a style of architecture which we moderns refer to as "Colonial." When one says "Colonial," the picture of a high roof supported by tall white columns, rises in one's mind, but all Colonial houses were not in this class.

As replicas of the old English manor houses they had left, the colonists of America re-produced as closely as possible those houses, with added touches which the climate or the unsettled surroundings demanded.

One of the most delightful features of these old houses was the broad hall, running from front door to back, and having on either side of it the rooms which were not so closely associated with the intimate family life.

In the homes of the wealthier were to be found, on one side, either the "long drawing room," or two distinct rooms known as "the front" and "the back" drawing rooms. Here were held all the formal affairs of the social life; here family counsels gathered, after a death, or to discuss a wedding; here also the weddings occurred, and here too, were the baptisms of the newly-arrived infants solemnized.

On the opposite sides of the hall, would be, usually, the "state" dining room and the library, each as formal and as grand as the drawing-rooms opposite.

All this, in a day—

"When men wore buckles and garments brighter—

And dames wore head-dresses nearly as tall

As their colored coachman, but powdered whiter."

Virginia and the Carolinas, with parts of Georgia, still have many of

these wondrously beautiful old houses.

With the denser population, as land values increased, the South did not build on the architectural lines of the old days, in the cities. The small house was quite common, but it was the small house one may see copies of in any Northern or Western town. The day of distinctive type has gone, and with it much of the privacy and beauty of home life.

More and more is the trend to make the piazza the meeting place for the family and its friends, in the small Southern towns or in the suburbs of the cities, while the brick horrors known as "flats" and apartment houses are being built in the cities, in emulation of the real-estate productiveness of the Northern cities.

To be thoroughly happy, a woman's idea of a home is one in which the stairs are of so gentle a slope as to make the ascending and descending a matter calling for little exertion.

A closet in every room, so situated that it may readily be lighted by a window from outside, and a bath-room "large enough to turn around in" are two more of the secret longings every woman has.

Of course, we are not discussing the home for the woman of means, who can afford one or more servants, but for the vast army who "do their own house-work" and have joy in doing it.

To the real house-keeper, the kitchen is the most important room in the house, and it would seem, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, this is a place where the ten cardinal sins of the architects' creed were committed.

Did you ever see a kitchen, planned from the architect's point of view, that didn't have the kitchen range just where the draft from the outside door would blow right into the oven?

Did you ever know of a kitchen cupboard that wasn't put in the very darkest corner, to the delight of every cockroach and water-bug for blocks around?

Did you ever know of a kitchen closet with shelves enough or space enough to hold the pots, kettles and other accessories, that wasn't so deeply set in the wall as to be the earthly paradise of colonies of mice?

And what man-architect ever thought to arrange window-ledges in a kitchen so that they might be used as shelf-tables?

Or what of the tripe ever gave a thought to the distance between range and sink, or sink and cupboard?

The arrangement of the kitchen, then, should be the first thought of the architect who is building the House Beautiful and the House Convenient, and with that important subject satisfactorily settled, the prospective builder will do well to remember the pantry and dining room should be in the relation of links of convenience to the kitchen.

It is safe to say, more domestic tragedies have started in the kitchen and the pantry, than in the parlor.

The lack of conveniences and appliances will often make of an otherwise excellent home-keeper, a most unsatisfactory house-keeper.

The pantry should have, then, abundance of light, plenty of room for the storing of the things needed directly for the dining room, and so arranged as to make it easy of access at all times.

It is a mistake to make a pantry a "room," in the accepted sense of that word; results are happiest when there is not too much floor space to cover nor care for.

Every woman who has planned a home, knows exactly how she wants her dining room arranged. While no two women are agreed on the detail, the plans, as discussed, usually run like this: "Of course we want the table right in the center; and we want a bay-window with some window-seats; and we'll put the sideboard here, and the chairs there, and—" but you all know how it ends. How many, though, have taken

thought of the width of the space in which is to repose the side-board, or china closet, or their relative position to the table, whose adjuncts they are to be?

So it would seem then, some of the most careful planning would have to be done for this important room, in which the family spend really so little time, but about which should be centered the cheeriest, happiest part of the family life.

In the manner of lighting a dining room, architects are most remiss, and the location of the fire place or chimney is another of their cardinal sins. Oftentimes it would seem as though the dining room windows were put where they were, simply because nothing else could be put there. Where the outlook is not apt to be pleasing, a big casement window, broad and high, will give a delightful effect in lighting and the much-to-be-desired privacy for the family at meal times.

With the small family of moderate means, for whom we are planning this House Reasonable and House Convenient, the need for a "parlor" isn't so great as the need for a family living-room, and a happy combination of library and living-room gives delightful results.

The ever-important matters of the heating apparatus and ventilation, are even more important in this room, as it is here the family will gather in the long winter evenings, and here too will it most likely spend Sundays and holidays.

Again will the question of the location, size and style of windows be open for much discussion, and the needs of the furniture must again be considered.

In a delightfully planned house, the broad hall was used as a reception room; furnished with a few solid chairs, a table, a hanging hat-rack, and a large fire-place, the key-note of coziness was struck as soon as one entered. The

stairway was rather daring in its treatment and its relation to the hall was radical. Instead of entrance to the stairs being from the front, it was at the back of the hall, built on the left side of the wall, with the stair-way proper facing the hall door for the distance of half a flight.

At the break in the flight, a platform or gallery ran the full width of the hall, another half-flight, built into the right-hand wall, (as one looked from the front door) carried the stairs to the upper floor.

The effect was unique, but not at all displeasing; the gallery was wide enough to hold an old-fashioned high clock, which was also seen as one entered the front door.

It's the bed-rooms of the house that more nearly bring utter despair to the woman who has to fit her furniture into the rooms planned by some one else.

How many cases of croup, pneumonia and the like are traceable to beds so placed as to make a direct draft upon the sleepers, only the Recording Angel can tell. When you call up in your mind the bed-rooms you have lived in, those you have visited and those you have glanced into in your search for a home, can you recall six that have been planned with any regard for the placing of a bed, bureau or wash-stand?

One whimsical woman said, speaking of the journeyings of the bed about the room: "I've put it against the fire-place in summer, and against the closet door

in winter, but it doesn't fit anywhere"—and the bed was just an ordinary sized double affair, such as any furniture store sells by the car-load, but of which the average architect takes no cognizance, if we are to judge by the average bed-room.

The question of window location, then, above stairs, thus looms even more important than ever, and here too it would seem that the deep, broad window, placed high enough up to give full space beneath for furniture, would also insure privacy, ventilation and light in an ideal way for all bed-rooms.

The bath room is another spot which the average architect won't trouble to plan for, in the small house, and yet it can be arranged for the convenience of the small family with very little trouble or expense. If it is made large enough, as it should be, and if properly ventilated (which it usually isn't), it may serve also as a dressing room; with ample closet space, a receptacle for the soiled clothing, and many other little touches which will suggest themselves readily to the mind of the woman who is planning her home.

The barest outlines of the House Convenient have been given here. Of course, they are only the ideas of one, but that one has suffered the gamut of agonies, living in houses planned and built by other people, and the lessons learned are ineradicable.

In the next paper, we will discuss in detail, the actual building of a house of—say six rooms.



The Stars

George B. Staef

*In looking at those silent stars that shine
From out the clear and dense black vault of heaven,
How small seems all man's petty hopes and fears;
When, standing in the silence of the night,
And all life's stirring sounds are hushed and still,
One sees the many gleaming points of light
From other worlds and knows that this one, too,
Is but a spark in God's great universe.*

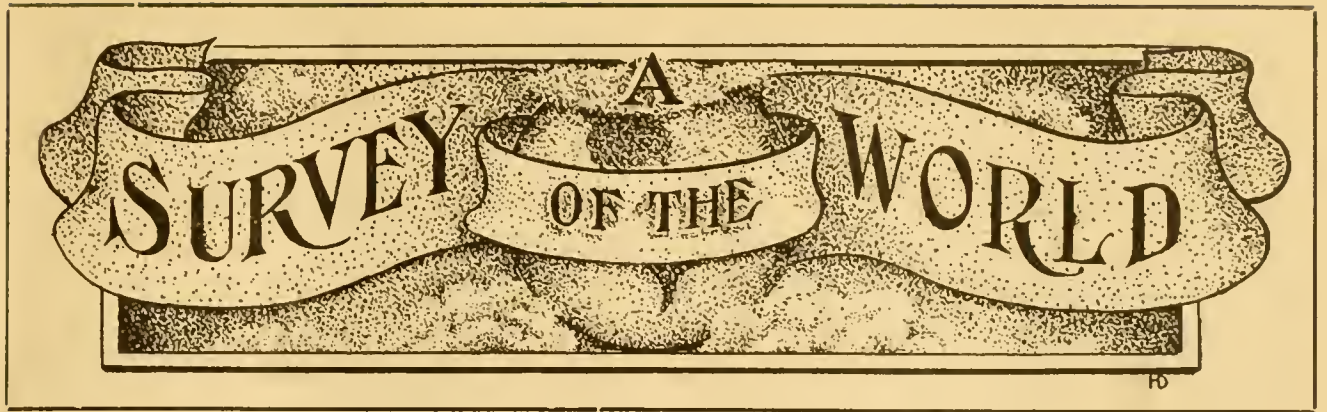
*And when one thinks how all those far off stars
Have shined upon the lives and deeds of men
For ages past. They shone when first the tribes
Came out from Asia's mystic borderland,
And, spreading on to regions in the west,
Made the immortal names of Greece and Rome.
Greece, with her deep-browed Homers and her art.
Rome, with her laws and conquerors of men.*

*They shone when first the mighty German tribes
Swept like a roaring tempest from the north,
From out the forests dark, that fringed the Rhine,
And, pouring through the frontier lands of Rome,
Came rushing like a flood against her walls.
Or crossing in their boats to England's shore,
Laid down the first foundation stones, where stands
A monarchy of liberty and power.*

*They shone when first Napoleon fought and planned,
And with his mighty armies made the thrones
Of Europe's kings to tremble at his tread.
Their pale light lit that bloody battlefield
Where Bonaparte, with shattered dreams and hopes
Laid down his sword to mighty Wellington.*

*And so they now are shining at this hour
Unchanged, as in the ages that are passed;
And underneath their pale and glimmering light,
Man schemes and plans, each in his little sphere.
Man hopes and fears, and loves, and fights, and dies.*

*And in the unknown ages yet to come,
When all the life that fills the earth today
Shall be the ancient history of the past,
They still shall shine, those mystic, wondrous stars;
And men shall gaze upon their far-off light,
With thoughts about the ages that have passed,
And dreams about the ones yet to come.*



By THE EDITOR

IT is a sound legal principle, that a title obtained in violation of law is voidable. Therefore, anybody who is financially interested in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company could bring suit to annul the sale of that property to the Steel Trust. A few years ago, Attorney-General Knox brought suit to dissolve a railroad merger, planned by J. J. Hill and J. P. Morgan. The Federal Court held that the combination was illegal, and ordered its dissolution. If the Great Northern Securities Company could be dissolved into its constituent elements, why could not the Steel Trust be made to disgorge the smaller corporations that it has swallowed? Particularly, why could not its illegal absorption of the Tennessee Company be made the subject of a suit by the Attorney-General?

In that case, there is irrefutable evidence that the men who precipitated a panic and used this to press a rival to the wall, *knew* that they were about to violate a law. The visit to the White House, made by the President of the Steel Trust, had for its sole object the obtaining of a verbal license to violate the law. Not until this verbal license had been reduced to writing, and filed in the Attorney-General's office did the Morgan-Gary associates go ahead and commit the crime.

* * *

The Sherman law has three deadly

weapons against lawless corporations and individuals. Thus far, two of these weapons have not been much used.

By the words of the statute, *any* combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade can be punished:

(1) By dissolution under order of court. This is a tedious process, and since the Supreme Court has written the word "unreasonable" into the Sherman law, it will be extremely difficult to get enough testimony to convince the Federal judges that any combination is unreasonable.

(2) By seizure and confiscation of the products of the Trusts wherever found. Energetically used, this weapon would put any illegal combination out of business.

(3) Criminal prosecutions against the officials of the lawbreaking corporations. This weapon is at last being employed; and the good effect of *jail sentences* is being seen. To impose a fine of a few thousand dollars on a criminal who has robbed the public of millions, is mere child's play. Worse! it is an encouragement to big criminals, and destroys confidence in the courts.

* * *

A boy of tender years was deprived of his liberty *for seven years*, by the sentence of a Washington City judge. The lad had pilfered four copies of a morning newspaper from the areaway of several houses. The property stolen was worth a few cents. *Those who lost*

it did not prosecute the boy. A policeman took it upon himself to hale the little chap to court, and as he had been caught pilfering before, the judge deprived him of *seven years* of freedom!

A good talk and a good job might have been the salvation of the friendless lad. As it is, he will grow up with a feeling of hatred against the social order which dealt with him so unmercifully.

What will be his feelings, when he reads the story of those New York cases, in which educated, prosperous manufacturers and jobbers were led by an astute lawyer, into pooling combinations which they knew were criminal, and by means of which they robbed the consumers of wire nails, fencing, &c., to the amount of millions of dollars?

The infamous wretch, Judge Archbald, let the ringleader off with a fine of \$45,000, and the other eighty-two self-confessed criminals, at \$25,000. And yet President Taft says that such men as Archbald, Grosscup, Jones, &c., should not be subject to the "Recall."

BY what authority does a President of the United States arrogate to himself the right to debar a territory from entrance into the Union, when Congress has approved her application for admission, and when there is nothing in her constitution which conflicts with that of the Federal Government?

Usurpation, is one of the worst evils that we have to contend with. It is found throughout the whole realm of authority. But its most injurious manifestation is witnessed in our Federal system, where the executive encroaches on the legislative, where the judicial overlaps the legislative, and where all three diminish the rights of the states.

A little while ago, it was our Jesuitized Supreme Court which re-wrote the Sherman law, and gave the lower Federal courts the excuse to broaden the mantle of protection which they throw over lawless corporations,

Before that, we had a President who assumed to deny California local home-rule, claiming that he could deprive her of it by the treaty-making power.

Now, we have a President who virtually declares that the people of Arizona have no right to regulate their domestic affairs, but must strike out of their laws a provision that he cannot approve. Since when, have Congress and the President been empowered to make the laws of a state?

* * *

There is nothing unconstitutional in the "recall" of judges. Even Federal judges may be voted out of office, if they depart from the line of "good behavior." What is "good behavior?" In a judge, I should say it is impartiality, integrity, diligence, justice.

The lack of these qualities is, in a judge, the lack of "good behavior."

Now, why shouldn't the people who are supposed to have the ability to choose good Congressmen, Governors and Presidents, have sense enough to elect a Federal judge?

Most of them are Oriental despots, owned by the corporations; many of them are rotten to the core; and there are none of them that would not be improved by being put under the control of the people.

* * *

President Taft could not have been serious when he argued that we already had an effective way of ridding ourselves of objectionable judges. He knows, as well as we do, that impeachment proceedings are slow, clumsy, expensive and futile. Even such violent partisans as Judge Chase could not be reached by impeachment, although President Jefferson was virtually the prosecutor. Do we not remember the damning evidence that came out on the Florida Judge, a few years ago? Yet, partisan politics in Congress saved him.

Appointed by the President and holding office for life, these Federal judges are the anomaly of our system

and the chief bulwark of marauding thieves, who took out a charter before they begin to steal.

THE Reciprocity Treaty with Canada is being hotly opposed in that country. The American trusts hit by it are planning a systematic campaign against its adoption; and they make no secret of their intention to use a huge amount of money to defeat it. The Lumber, Paper and Beef Trusts are those that are most concerned.

A paper very friendly to the Roman Catholics (the Baltimore Evening Sun) publishes a special from Canada in which it is stated that the priests are preaching a crusade against the treaty.

EX-PRESIDENT Roosevelt appearing before the Stanley Investigating Committee, testified that he alone was responsible for the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the Steel Trust. "Did it to stop the panic," was the gist of his testimony.

A panic is due to scarcity of money. Therefore, a sure cure is to put more cash in circulation.

Did Mr. Roosevelt have the authority to do this? He did: the Acts of Congress of 1862-3 gave it to him. That mandatory Act has never been repealed. It authorized the issuance of \$450,000,000 in Treasury Notes. To the amount of \$104,000,000 the notes put out fell short of the sum-total authorized. Mr. Roosevelt's attention was called to this law at the time the panic was on; but he declined to avail himself of it.

* * *

After the Morgan interests had got \$250,000,000 of the Government's money; and \$50,000,000 in small bonds, (miscalled Treasury Notes) which bore 3 per cent. interest; and had taken out a Presidential license to swallow its only dangerous rival, they decided they

had done enough for one time, and they therefore put their hoarded millions into circulation. The panic passed, immediately.

President Grant's administration stopped the panic of 1873 by issuing \$26,000,000 in Treasury Notes; and England has, again and again, checked similar stampedes by putting out Exchequer-bills.

* * *

For the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., the Steel Trust gave \$29,000,000 in its own second mortgage bonds. Not a dollar, in money, changed hands.

How did President Roosevelt come to believe that the purchase of one corporation by another could, or would, stop a panic? Upon what theory of finance did he base such an opinion? As a practical man—and he assured Harriman that both he and Harriman were "practical men"—did he really believe that one commercial transaction—property changing ownerships—would stop the panic of 1907?

Somehow, I get the impression that Roosevelt lost his nerve; and that when Judge Gary told him *the Morgan interests* would let go the hoarded money, if they were permitted to gorge themselves on the \$200,000,000 property of their only competitor, he consented, *under duress*. Either that, or they bamboozled him completely. In this connection, however, it should be remembered that Roosevelt had expressed great friendliness to "the Morgan interests which have been so friendly to us."

A STRIKE in Liverpool, England, threatens to tie up all railroad traffic and shipping, besides causing great suffering among the poor. The police being incapable of maintaining order, the troops have been used; and already, the riotous crowds have been fired upon, with fatal effects. One worker, apparently in a spirit of horse-play, tried to pull an army of-

ficer off his mount. The officer shot the man through the head, killing him.

If the officer had not been educated to murder, and had not been clothed in uniform, his crime would perhaps have been loudly condemned. He certainly had no right to shoot an unarmed fellow-citizen, under the circumstances mentioned.

Every country ought to have a compulsory arbitration law. That a whole nation should suffer, because labor unions and employing corporations get at loggerheads, proves how little we really have done in the way of good government and genuine civilization.

* * *

At this date (Aug. 19) 25,000 soldiers are out, with cavalry and artillery, to assist the Cure authorities in controlling the strike situation in Liverpool. Naval vessels have been put in readiness to lend their assistance. Many of the English cities are under martial law. The commerce of the whole world may soon feel the effects of this gigantic labor war.

The Government has notified the railroad managers that, unless they speedily gain control and put their cars to running, it will step in and take possession of the properties.

In those countries where the national highways (railroads) are owned and operated by the Government, such a tie-up of transportation as England now suffers from, is unknown. You never read of such calamitous conditions in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, France, Germany and Russia.

In these United States, the Government, through the Federal courts and receivers, have again and again, had to come to the rescue of the railway managers, and run their roads for them.

These troubles, these terrible crises, will never be eliminated from the commercial systems of England and the United States, until the Government

owns and controls the national highways.

* * *

Later: The great strike which caused the troops to fire on the workmen in Wales, also, has terminated unexpectedly. The threat of the Government to take possession of the railroads, the fact that the Liberals were in danger of overthrow, the recognition of the Union by the employers, the promise to create an impartial arbitration board—were contributory causes of the settlement. The government prevailed on the railway managers, not only by the threat of governmental control, but by promising to allow an advance in freight and passenger rates.

So, the dear public will foot the expenses of the strike, as usual.

IN the triangular race for the Senatorship, in Mississippi, ex-Governor Vardaman won a decided majority over both his opponents. As the state was thoroughly canvassed by all three, there can be no doubt that Vardaman is the real choice of the people.

The new Senator is in the prime of stalwart manhood, has a fine presence, is an orator of undeniable power, and, in principle, a Jeffersonian. Withal, he is a gentleman—a man of clean life and high ideals.

ON August 3, there were signed at the White House, arbitration treaties by the United States and France, and the United States and England. As Mr. Taft had made a speech on this line at the Peace Conference, last year, the European and American worlds generously gave our President the credit for this supposedly great step in the direction of universal settlement of international disputes. But amid the jubilations, the U. S. Senate sounded the note of discord. Its own "rights" had been invaded, it seems. Of course, it would never do to invade the rights

of the much-loved U. S. Senate! Rather than do such a thing, it would be better to drench the universe with human gore. The Senate is so vehemently respected by the American people; its love of the right thing, and of the common people is so violently well known; its profound wisdom and patriotism are so overwhelmingly evident, that all the peace treaties philanthropy and statesmanship can frame are as nought in comparison.

Senatorial "courtesy," Senatorial "dignity," and Senatorial "rights," are three things that are intensely, morbidly, never-endingly popular throughout the entire Union. In fact, we dote on our U. S. Senate.

ANOTHER Alaskan scandal! By a secret order, more than 12,000 acres on Controller bay was thrown open to private entry; and a man named Ryan was right on the spot ready to enter. Nobody else was. So, Ryan entered. Thus he secures a right of way from the coal fields to deep water. It is claimed that Ryan's entry shuts out any others who may wish to build a railroad from the coal fields to the sea. On the contrary, it is contended with equal heat, and with apparent truth, that Ryan has not, and cannot have, a monopoly.

The President unquestionably did wrong in not publishing the customary 30 day notice. What adds to the ugliness of the secret order is, the admitted fact that Ryan was in Washington just before it was issued. It is also a fact that he conferred with the President, and received a verbal assurance that the land would be withdrawn from the public reservation. Then, Ryan hastened to Alaska, to be on the spot when the opportunity came to seize the property.

A Miss Adams claims to have read and copied a letter, found by her in the official files of the Interior Department in which some one signing himself "Dick" wrote to some one addressed as "Dick," asking that the President's

brother be requested to inform the President *who it was that* he (Ryan) really represented in urging the President to open up Controller Bay to private entry. The suspicion was—and is—that Ryan is a dummy for the Morgan-Guggenheim interests.

SOME time ago in *The Progressive Democrat*, I advocated the election of School Superintendents and School Boards by the people, with the right of recall attached. At that time, I did not know that Dallas, Texas, had put that idea into operation. In her charter, she reserved the right to elect these officers, and to recall them—that is, vote them out and put in others.

Recently the voters of Dallas exercised that privilege and ousted a Superintendent and a Board which defied the expressed wishes of the people. Thereupon the ejected officials took the case into the courts. But the Supreme Court of Texas has decided that the recall is constitutional. Therefore, the new Superintendent and Board are in charge.

The people give; the people take away—that's Democracy. And the despised Populists were the first to put that principle into their platform. We did so in 1891; and it is growing in public favor faster than any other political principle; for by the route of direct legislation and the recall, all reforms can come. Without this principle, few, or none, can come.

"NATURE abhors a vacuum," and fills it, immediately. In like manner governmental systems abhor a vacancy. The officials constitute the machinery of administration, and it is supposed that every part of this is essential to the object in view. With the utmost care, the law makes provision for the filling of vacancies. So undesirable is it for offices to remain dormant, that the state law extends the term of each incumbent—save in speci-

fied exceptions—until his successor has been elected and qualified.

But in the case of a U. S. Senator, the constitutional rule is rigid:

If a vacancy occurs when the legislature is not in session, the Governor may appoint a Senator who represents the State *until* the next meeting of the Legislature.

The statute law provides that when the legislature meets, it *shall* elect a Senator for the unexpired term. The very day on which this shall be done, is designated. The legislature *must* begin to ballot, on a certain day; and continue, from day to day, until a choice is made.

This having been done, it is the duty of the Governor to notify the newly-elected Senator, and also the President of the U. S. Senate.

When?

* * *

The law means that the Governor must notify the Senator and the Vice-President without delay. Any other construction of the statute would empower the Governor to keep Senators out of their seats indefinitely. Can any sane man believe that it was ever meant to invest Governors with such a tremendous power?

Think of how such a power might be abused! States might be shorn of Senatorial equality, *for months, FOR YEARS*. This might be done at a time when the most important issues were pending in Congress. If a Governor has the legal right to deprive his state of equal representation in the Senate for six months, why has he not the same right for the entire six years?

In Mississippi, the Governor is an implacable enemy of the Senator-elect, Vardaman. Suppose that Governor Noel should do in Mississippi, what Governor Smith has done in Georgia—refuse to enable the U. S. Senator-elect to qualify! There would be hot times in "old Mississippi," would there not?

The fact that in Georgia, Governor

Smith worships Senator-elect Smith, does not affect the principle involved. If a Governor has *the right* to withhold Senatorial credentials, his motives are his own affair. If he can rightfully refuse to qualify a Senator so that he may enter upon his duties, his hatred of the Senator-elect is no more hurtful to the State and to the Union, than love is in the case of Governor Smith.

If this baleful precedent is not condemned, Republican governors may refuse to give credentials to Democratic Senators-elect, and *vice versa*. Thus, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, North Carolina or Tennessee might be deprived of representation in the highest law-making body. If the Governor, being a Democrat, did not wish to issue the credentials to a Republican Senator-elect, and had the legal right to withhold them, what redress would the State have?

It must be evident to all intelligent people that a Governor was never clothed with the authority to deprive a Senator-elect of his office; and that, therefore, Governor Smith's course is revolutionary and *violative of his oath of office*.

* * *

One of the sworn duties of a Governor of Georgia is prescribed in Section 121 of the Code:

"*Must grant commissions. He shall grant commissions to all such officers of this state, including Senators and Representatives in Congress, as are required to hold them.*"

When? As soon after they are entitled to them as is reasonably possible.

Governor Smith was elected Senator—by the most discreditable methods, on July 14th. The commission should have been issued in a day or so afterwards.

It is now the 20th of August. He is still acting as Governor, although his name is on the pay-roll as U. S. Senator, and Congress is in session, with vastly important measures pending.

The most generally beneficent bill which has been before Congress since the Civil War—the Farmers' Free List bill in its original form—was lost on a tie-vote of 39 to 39.

Had Governor Smith observed his

oath of Office, Senator Smith would have been in his seat to vote for the bill, and pass it.

Even had Mr. Taft vetoed it, *his* would have been the odium. The amended bill which he did veto, was not nearly so good a measure.



The Baby Show

THE manager of the Baby Show is looking for a good quality of hair dye; it's badly needed, as the anxiety caused by trying to show every entry in the contest to the best possible advantage, has been conducive to

table bits of humanity in the best possible manner.

This month we are showing for the second time, two of the little ones who, Peter Pan-like, had been lost from their



LILLIE FRANCES HILL,
2 years. Nashville, Tenn.



CHARLES NEIL MARSH,
7 months. Okolona, Ark.

gray hairs, wrinkles and sleepless nights.

It is impossible to imagine what four hundred photographs of every sort of baby can do in the way of worrying one, until one has made the collection, and tried to show up every one of the delec-

names. As so long a time had elapsed from the publication of the lost brigade, and as the names of the two little chaps were only recently secured, we are giving you another view of William Homer Legget, Jr., aged four months,



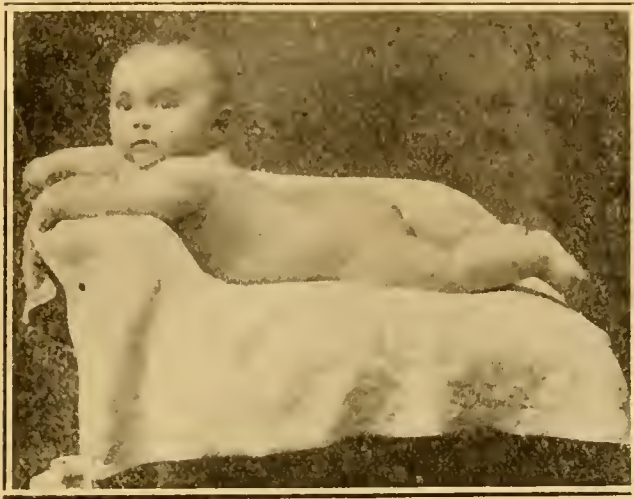
1, Annie Belle Smith, seven months, Carthage, Tex.; 2, Thomas Edward Cunningham, five months, Hillsboro, Tex.; 3, William Aaron Smith, fourteen months, Royston, Ga.; 4, Paul Estes Jones, five months, Loco, Ga.; 5, Irma Walker, ten months, Selma, Tenn.; 6, John Adrian Boris, eleven months, Bagdad, Fla.; 7, Lowell Hape Travis, ten months, East Point, Ga.; 8, Evelyn Ray Landers, eight months, Gumlog, Ark.; 9, Loretta Wilson, nine months, Higginsville, W. Va.; 10, Pearl Grose McDaniel, six months, Ozark, Ala.; 11, Maude Chappel Higgins, seven months, Forsyth, Ga.; 12, Julian Lewis, six months, Moultrie, Ga.

of Laurel, Miss., and Charles Neil Marsh, aged seven months, of Okolona, Ark.

A great many inquiries have been

to hold all of the original photographs until after the balloting.

We coaxed the additional space for



WILLIAM HOMER LEGGETT,
4 months. Laurel, Miss.



LYNDON ERROLL DAWSON,
2 years, 3 months. Haynesville, La.

sent, asking that the photographs be returned now.

We have decided that it will be fairer to the babies, and easier for the judges,

this issue, as so many parents are becoming impatient at the non-appearance of their heirs and heiresses.



ETHELENE HICKS,
2 years. Yatesville, Ga.



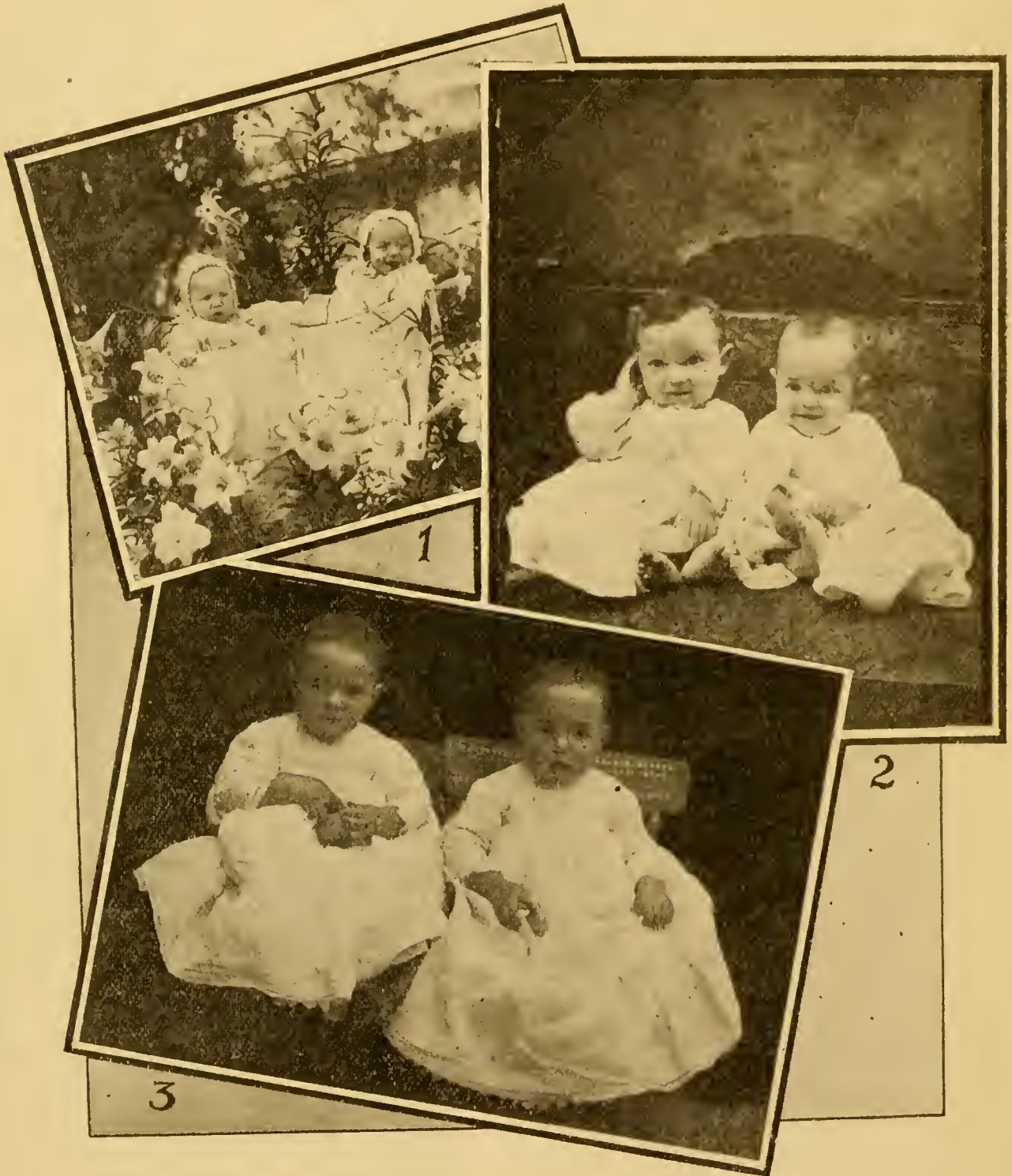
CHARLES MARION GASTON,
4 months. Toccoa, Ga.

Haven't we a delectable bunch of twins? And the young man who has just arrived in the doctor's grip—what do you think of this mode of travel?

The "page" babies are, we think, some of the handsomest we have shown;

the girls are as splendid specimens of physical development as the boys.

We hope now, to publish each month just as many pictures as possible, so as to award the prizes before all the babies are grown-up.



1, Alexandria and James Osban, Titusville, Fla.; 2, Mildred Nolan and Hillure Nolan Bryan, ten months, Oostanaula, Ga.; 3, Twin Boy and Girl of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Barnes, Tallapoosa, Ga.



ENJOYS THE STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.

Dear Sir: I have been especially delighted with your historical writings, for they reveal a mind which weighs historical evidence, and which is not merely an instrument for compiling the mixed truths and errors handed down by earlier writers. I have all your published histories and biographies, and consider each a masterpiece.

In your new "Story of the South and West" you showed an insight which time will prove to be correct, and also a refreshing courage in cutting the halo off the head of that fraudulent Papal saint, Columbus, and giving the credit for the discovery of America where it justly belongs.

Nobody knows better than the men in the Vatican that the Northmen not only discovered the New World, but that from their settlements in Southern Greenland (Eastbygd and Westbygd) their bishops for more than 100 years sent regular reports to Rome, giving the census, records of births and deaths, baptisms and marriages, reports of new discoveries, etc.

But these stiff-necked Norsemen, though they had finally adopted Christianity and had added many of their own ancient ceremonials such as infant baptism and the Yuletide celebration to the then already multifarious ceremonials of the Roman church, were never loved or trusted by the Papa at Rome, for they were intensely democratic and self-willed and never obedient and tractable to his gracious will.

The Northlands have never been conquered either by armed soldiers or suppled priests—either by sword or superstition. They have always had kings, to be sure, but their ancient laws provided that the freeholders should be fined who did not join in killing any king who tried to dictate to the people. Besides this most effective "recall" they also had the "initiative and referendum." In ancient times any freeholder could call an assembly, propose his law and refer it to the people. A spirit such as this was utterly at variance with the genius of the centralized power at Rome. The Northlands are the cradle of free thought, of the free man, of the jury system, and of the doctrine that law and authority rest only with the people.

Gustavus Adolphus and his followers were embodiments of the spirit of the

North, and this unconquerable spirit has been the barrier which has balked the onward sweep of Rome.

Julius Caesar tells us that on the seas near Britian he had a great battle with a people whom he calls the "Veneti," and who, according to his own admission, "had the advantage." From his description of their superior boats of oak we know that they were an advance guard of the ancient Northmen. They turned back his tide of conquest. He did not attempt to go farther. Even though they held all the trading towns on the harbors under tribute, and thus made Rome's conquest of Britian and Western Gaul valueless, he did not afterwards molest them.

For 2,000 years the conquest has been waged between the open, democratic, liberty-loving spirit of the North and the stealthy, insidious, light-suppressing, grasping and ambitious power on the Mediterranean.

I would be greatly pleased to see you employ your splendid talents to expose that other hoary myth, namely, the "Anglo-Saxon" theory of the origin of the English-speaking people. There is far less authority for this than for the claim that Columbus "discovered" America.

Caesar never encountered or heard of any "Saxons" or "Angles." Neither did Tacitus, 100 years later. That England could have been conquered, after 150 years of constant fighting, by a race which neither before nor since that conquest was ever heard of in its native lands, is an impossible theory. The term "Anglo-Saxon" would never have come into use had it not been for the ignorance of the ancient Roman writers in regard to countries and peoples of the far North, and the fact that modern historians are for the most part mere transcribers.

Beginning with the third century certain Latin and Greek writers applied the term "Saxons" to the light-haired seafaring people of the North, probably from the fact that the long sword of the Northmen was called by themselves a "sax," and one form of the plural would be "saxene." But the context of these writings shows that the writers meant Northmen—the same whom Tacitus had called "Sueones," and who, he said, had great states and mighty fleets on the Baltic.

Archeology has proven that in the peninsulas and islands of the Baltic and

North seas there was a civilization in the time of Moses. Caesar tells that the Germans of his time had practically no civilization; but were dressed in skins and could scarcely make a rude shield. They fought with spears made from sticks burned at one end. The earth finds in Scandinavia prove that in the same period the inhabitants there were miners, metalurgists, skilled artisans, engravers, artists, farmers and traders. The warriors were equipped with beautifully engraved shields and helmets plated with gold and silver and set with jewels. They had swords of Damascus quality and inlaid with runic letters. These were the only people north of Rome who had an alphabet and a literature of their own. They had a mythology as elaborate as that of the ancient Greeks. That they carried on extensive commerce is proven by the fact that thousands of Roman coins dating from the time of Augustus have been found in graves, mounds and bogs.

That a small tribe of the then uncivilized Germans could have sent wave after wave of conquerors and settlers into Britian is utterly improbable. That the conquest of England in the fifth and sixth centuries was by the Northmen is proven by (1) the Latin and Greek writers; (2) Archeology; (3) similarity of the so-called Anglo-Saxon words and those of the Northmen; (4) the fact that the people of early England never called themselves Saxons; (5) the old Scandinavian Sagas or Essays; (6) the fact that when authentic history begins England was ruled by Northmen; (7) the similarity between the English-speaking people in physical and mental traits and the Norweigians, Swedes and Danes; (8) the fact that the early English laws, customs and institutions are distinctively Norse; (9) the large number of towns in England founded before the beginning of authentic history which end in "ham," "by," "ton," "bury," "borough," and other Norse endings.

The term "Anglo-Saxons" was never used till the latter part of the 16th century, and then only by one writer of any note. Not till the latter part of the 19th century did the scholars attempt to throw any light on the period in English history following the departure of the Romans. These scholars found that the medieval Latin and Greek writers had called the conquerors of England "Saxons." That settled it. They blazed the path. The whole literary world is thoughtlessly following in that path today.

For 400 years the enlightened world believed that Columbus was the first white man who had set foot in the New World. Every professor of history today teaches that Hengist and Horsa were Saxons, and that the Saxons were Germans. If he would look it up he would find that "horsa," meaning "horse," is an old Norse word

and it was never used by any branch of the German family.

Very sincerely yours,
MARTIN E. TEW.

Willmar, Minn.

TRYING TO DESTROY WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: You have by this time, no doubt, received my letter of last Friday, the 9th, which I posted at the postoffice at 10:30 p. m., relating to you my experience with the news dealers of this city, concerning Watson's Magazine, including that with the Washington News Company, located at 313 Sixth Street, N. W.

The Washington News Company has not yet let out Watson's Magazine to the news dealers, or to the public.

This morning I was talking to an employe of a news dealer, corner 9th and G, N. W., and I asked him why the Washington News Company did not let out Watson's Magazine to the public. He answered: "They tell me at the Company's office that they are holding them subject to the orders of the Post Office officials. Thy also tell me they are holding them subject to the orders of the News Company of New York City, of which the company in Washington is a branch."

I said: "It has been suggested that Watson may be in financial difficulty with them and that they are held for payment of back indebtedness—what do you know about it?"

He answered: "Nothing, and I don't think that. From what they told me at the Company's office they are held on complaint somehow by the Roman Catholics through the post office."

I asked: "How does the news company get Watson's Magazines?" He answered: "By express, I think." I said: "It is clear, then, that the post-office officials have no part in the hold-up, for not only is it out of their jurisdiction, by such mode of delivery, but had they been delivered by mail, delivery would have ended their control." I said further:

"The story afloat that the post-office officials are holding up the Washington News Company's consignment of Watson's Magazines because such magazine contains matter obnoxious to Roman Catholics is a simon pure cock-and-bull story—a lie of the first order—manufactured by the Roman Catholics to injure Watson's Magazine's business, in the first place, and, in the second, to mislead the public in trying to make them think the P. O. department has espoused their side. It is tommyrot and damnable Jesuitical tactics resorted to by idiots who have not enough sense to see it will be to their hurt in ringing greater publicity to their rascality than would their silence."

I repeated the same thing to the news-dealer himself (corner 9th and G) and he

answered: "That is true. I could have sold 300 Watson's Magazines for March if I could have gotten them. The February edition was all sold out. I had a hard time in getting that."

I said: "I don't for one instant believe the Postoffice Department is lending a hand in such nefarious persecution of Mr. Watson. I think it the devilish work of local Irish Catholics, led by Jesuit priests, in fanatical effort for political power, in service of their foreign Pope at Rome. They will stop at nothing in their attempt to destroy free institutions and the turning of this Protestant country into a Portugal's plight of Papal blight. When we get at the inside facts of Watson's hold-up here by the Washington News Company, we will know that it is not at the instance or order of the U. S. government officials, but at the instance of the New York headquarters directing its Washington bureau, and the Washington News Co. itself, under pressure of fear of Roman Catholic threat and boycott. Further, I predict that when all is known it will be learned that the head of the New York concern, possibly the controlling factor, has held up Watson's Magazine of his own accord at the demand and threat of Roman Catholic boycott, or else he himself may be a fanatical Roman Catholic. Do you know the name of the New York Company?" He answered: "It was O'Brien last year, I think; don't know who this year." "Well," I answered, "O'Brien is a pretty good pointer towards the secret of Watson's hold-up."

I then said: "It has been a hard matter for me to get Watson's Magazine from news-dealers, and, from my questioning them, I have come to the conclusion that most of them are Roman Catholics, who have been warned by their priests to drop Watson's Magazine from their counters."

He answered: "It may be true. I have been asked to drop it." I asked: "Do you carry 'The American Citizen?'" "I do," he answered, "right alongside 'The New Century.' The late 'Father' Stafford asked me to drop it from my counter, but I answered: 'No, I am serving the whole public.'" "That is true American spirit," I answered. He replied: "The present man who followed Dr. Stafford has never asked me to discontinue that or any other, but other Roman Catholics have."

I answered: "'Father' Stafford was not quite as bigoted, in my opinion, as his successor, Dr. Russell, and where Stafford made personal appeals, Russell has not, but he has organized societies of bigoted Irish Catholics directed by Jesuit priests, who in fanatical manner are asking and demanding the press to suppress criticism of Roman Catholic things, they intrigue to carry Roman Catholic literature because it is Roman Catholic, and even have lawyers to recommend legislation in Roman Catholic prejudices. Read 'The Washing-

ton Herald' church notes under 'Catholic' every Saturday for what they do and publish about it."

Of course, it is un-American, but they are not Americans, though they boast it under cloak of their aim. They serve their foreign sovereign at Rome rather than their sovereign government at Washington.

The Irish Papists are the worst element in the United States. England has long had her Irish question, but America has its "Irish question," too, and it is Roman at heart, and would Romanize the country in absorption of the priesthood.

The Irish priests have organized the secret order of Columbus, and call it the right arm of the hierarchy in America. Its whole object is for racial and church aggrandizement. They got Congress to appropriate \$100,000 for a monument in this city to Columbus, and they got that \$100,000 from Congress when the treasury's resources were so bad off that expenses of an extra session of Congress was in contemplation to avert. The Roman Catholics can get most any amount of money out of Congress. They got \$150,000 to build a monument here to that poor old lobster, John Barry, as "Father of the American Navy." They mixed church and state in Congress by getting Congress to name the head of the Columbus as one with equal power with the Secretary of State and other state officers in the erection of the Columbus monument. They would have bills before Congress for a "Columbus Day" holiday, thus reaching out for a church day holiday for the parade of the Columbus—the right arm of the hierarchy. Congress will give it for a Roman Catholic church depository, the right of Protestants, and defying the principle of separation of church and state in government.

In order to advertise themselves and in effort to make history, they have devised a "Pan-American Thanksgiving," which the President of the United States lends his presence in mixing church and state, and dropping the people of his church. They have devised "military mass meetings" for them, and here in Washington the other day on the monument grounds, is great advertisement and future history—"a military mass for the Spanish War dead," and the President gives it official sanction by his presence. The repression of Protestants is appalling. They sink with destruction. The other day over in Baltimore, the President took care in his speech to Cardinal Gibbons to say he was not present in an official capacity. He is slow to learn, or he would have said the same thing at the unveiling mass and "Pan-American Thanksgiving." Think of his giving up an American Thanksgiving for a mongrel "Pan-American" skunk! All such stuff is a bantering for political party profit that is fast bringing this country to a di-

vision between a national party and a church party, and the sooner it comes the better for free institutions, for it is certain to come, as Portugal is now trying to wrest herself from its curse.

The President in lending his position to it, is not statesmanlike, nor is he mindful of his trust to the people.

June 15, 1910; Thursday Night—I have not heard from you. The News Company is still holding up your magazines.

June 17, 1911; Saturday, 7:00 P. M.—Your postal of the 12th, received 16th, I showed to news dealer this morning. He told me that a friend of yours had been to see him to ask him if he would handle 100 from you direct, and he said he would. He seemed to be glad of the prospect of getting this, as he said he wished to serve the whole public.

When I returned to my rooms a few minutes ago, "The Jeffersonian" greeted me, and, most wonderful of all, on time for the first time since I became its subscriber. I cannot account for it unless the postman read the first page article entitled "The Roman Catholic Priests Are on the War Path," and, instead of holding it up to show his priest (as I wrote you the 9th, I had inferred from what had taken place) he delivered it on time. Now, I have never gotten my Jeffersonian on time before, and being published on Thursday, it seems to me it should have reached me on Saturday morning, instead of in afternoon delivery, but I have never received it before Tuesday heretofore, and, in April and May, never received two issues at all, and one, that of June 1, was not delivered at my residence until June 7. In view of the facts, I desire you to write me of the mailing hour of "The Jeffersonian," that, in case of delay again, I may have data to place before the P. O. Department with my complaint.

10:00 P. M., June 17—I have just returned from my newsdealer's, 9th and G, N. W., Ham Starne's Old Stand, maybe you remember it. He told me, i. e., my news dealer told me, don't know his name, Ham Adams is dead, that Watson's had arrived, and with finger pointed at a pile, said: "200!" "I'll take two," I said, "and tell all I can, and I think you can sell out." He said: "Mr. Watson sent me 'The Jeffersonian,' one copy. "Oh," I said, "I found mine by mail at my residence today." He said: "I did not know it was published." I answered: "For over eight years, an excellent periodical, too, and you ought to carry it. I will write to Mr. Watson tonight to send you 100 copies, for I think you can sell all, and those reading the first page article will then want to see Watson's Magazine, and so all of them will be sold too, even if you have gotten them so late in this month." He thanked me for my interest.

By the way, when I went into the newsdealer's store, a man was talking to him,

so I engaged an employe, who said: "That man talking to him is the manager of the Washington News Co., and he is reading that article in 'The Jeffersonian' on first page. Watson's a dandy, ain't he? You told me you had written him, and sure enough he has got it in there." I asked: "What has the manager of the News Company to say?" "Well, he has just come in. It is funny that you both should get here together."

Then the newsdealer—a young man of 35 or 40—came up. While I do not know this man, have seen him many times for many years.

Our conversation was about as recorded above with his clerk.

12:20 A. M., June 18, Sunday morning—Just returned from World office. I continued on to P. O. and wrote you a short letter. Hope you can read it.

Monday, June 20, 7 P. M.—Did not feel like writing you yesterday, and today I do not feel like copying the June 13th part, so will let you fight it out in deciphering.

Yesterday, I went to several news dealers and asked for Watson's Magazine. Some said they had heard of it, but never carried it. Others said: "We did have it once, and dropped it; we hear that the News Company has cut it out of its delivery." To such I showed my copy I got at 9th and G Saturday night, and on showing them said: "Watson's June Magazine was held out by the Jesuits' influence on the News Company, but Watson's Magazine will be on sale at certain places which are well known, and those places that do not sell them because of Jesuitical influence will lose custom and some of their patrons. You will find it a bad rule that won't work both ways, and so you will find that the rascality of the Jesuitical Roman Catholics will be met by fair and square means and measures."

WASHINGTON STUDENT.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST REFUSES TO EXPLAIN.

Dear Mr. Watson: I have asked several men here to talk with the priests about your exposures of the "heirarchy," but none of them would do it. So Friday afternoon I decided to act for myself.

A priest lives just around the corner from me, hardly half a block, so I paid him a visit, found him in the yard. He escorted me into his study and I opened fire by telling him that I wanted to become more familiar with the Catholic religion—making no pretenses whatever.

He then wanted to know what faith I was brought up in, my parents' creed, etc. I told him that my father was a Free Thinker, and allowed his children to think and act for themselves, so far as religious views were concerned; and that while I am a Baptist, some of my views are naturally skeptical. He told me I was not to

blame for that, then proceeded to tell me that Christ established one church, the Catholic, going over and over the same thing a number of times, and basting the Protestants—"heretics!"—with such living words of fire that I could almost feel my flesh shrivel under his scathing accusations, calling all non-Catholics ignoramuses, with no head to construe or interpret for them; saying the Catholics believed what the priest told them, without seeking any further.

I could not get a question in edgeways, so I listened, but I intended for my time to come after awhile.

I kept my eyes glued to his face, but not once did he look at me, or even look up. He then got up and gave me a little book, a sort of dialogue between "Thomas the Soft, and Father the Crafty." I found it almost a monologue. Will send the precious document to you.

Then I proceeded to open the "Ball" by opening your last Magazine at the Catholic Hierarchy and asking him, in a really-I-want-to-know tone, to explain. He came to my side, looked at the heading, then turned quickly away—said he was busy, and refused to talk. I turned to cut 7, page 208, and walked right up to him, made him look at it, and demanded an explanation; he gazed as if fascinated, then turned away, as if dumbfounded at my persistence; I pressed him for an answer, which he evaded by saying he would not read an article against the Catholic hierarchy; I told him it was his duty to read it, and pointedly asked him about that sign of the Phallic-worship—holding the book before him, but he only gave vent to a venomous ejaculation, about "such damnable, devilish"—and the rest of the sentence was only an unintelligible, maudlin murmur. Pale with anger he left me in the study, walked out, picked up his evening paper and sat down under a tree.

Was I to be outwitted in such a manner? Not if I knew myself! I followed him and begged him for an answer. Finally livid with rage and shaking from some emotion (it savored of fear) he caught at the book, saying: "It is damnable, devilish stuff. I will spit on it, and tear it up; and you say I ought to read this damnable attack on the hierarchy. You see I am busy. Go!" (Busy reading the evening paper.) But I am not quite so easy to dismiss. I hung on. I was really enjoying his discomfiture, and told him yes, it was his duty to not only read, but disprove such attacks, and offered to lend him my magazine if he would read and explain how those pagan rites and customs got mixed up with the church of Christ. I had previously repeat-

ed his charge of its being written by an "ignoramus."

But he only reiterated that he would not read anything printed against the Catholic Hierarchy.

If you have any suggestion to make, I will see what I can do. I am not afraid to ask them questions. Yours truly.

D. C.

CECIL CLARK.

WHY CAN'T PROTESTANT AMERICA SEE?

Dear Friend: I address you in this way because I know you are a friend, staunch and brave, to every liberty-loving man and woman in America. I have been deeply interested in your fearless exposure of Roman Catholicism, true in every word and detail, and every Protestant American ought to rally to your support, for you are surely, and truly, sounding a note of warning that this nation must soon realize, or find itself bound to the greatest enemy that has ever yet threatened American liberty and safety.

Why can not Protestant America see this?

How can Protestant America forget the 1260 years of Romish history during which time more than fifty million Christian souls perished to satisfy this Beast—dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly—"it devoured and break in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet it of."—Dan. 7:7.

Who that reads and thinks can readily see that the Catholic church would do this same thing again if she dared? She is thirsting today for "all the power of the first beast whose deadly wound was healed."—Rev. 13-12.

And if the Protestant churches do not sit up and take notice the Catholic church will some day have the power, right here in free America, to put people to death, for the Book tells us that the deadly wound was healed.

She received the deadly wound in 1798, when the Pope was taken prisoner, dying in exile—when the civic power of the church was broken.

Mr. Watson, I pray you will never cease to fight this enemy, and that the churches may be awakened to see their position in the matter. They must either fight or yield. May God give you new light each day and give you strength and courage to show the people of our country the danger that ought to be proclaimed by the Protestant churches.

MRS. LOLA REEVES.

Nashville, Tenn.





FLAGG'S FLATS. By Jared Flagg. New York City.

The author went to Gotham, as many other men have done, to do business and make money. He is a man of ideas, independence and fortitude. Therefore, his great venture—that of operating several hundred flats, all furnished elegantly—proved a success; and when the police demanded a share of his profits, he firmly refused.

That was in 1894. At that time he held \$600,000 worth of "flat" property for which he was paying in monthly installments. Had he been left unmolested, he would soon have become a millionaire.

But Captain J. J. Donohue, of West 20th St. police station, demanded \$100 a month from Flagg, as the price of police "protection." As Flagg's business was legitimate, he saw no reason why he should allow the police to blackmail him.

Then his troubles started. The book gives an unvarnished relation of them. The story is one that would be incredible, had not the putridity and savagery of city administrations become so familiar to us.

The New York police determined to ruin Flagg. They raided his establishments, demolished his furniture, held drunken orgies in his apartments, terrorized his tenants, brough vile women to his flats, arrested and handcuffed him, repeatedly; had him indicted on manufactured evidence, and in every way sought to crush him. They ruined his business and virtually destroyed his property, but did not break his spirit.

He turned to the business of supplying theatrical companies with actors and actresses. Here, again, his business grew rapidly and profitably. But, again, he ran on the reef of rotten officialdom, and was wrecked. This time, as before, his enemies endeavored to take away his good name. He was accused of procuring women and girls for immoral purposes. For a time, his life was in danger, so intense was the feeling of the relatives of young women for whom he had obtained engagements in theatres and opera houses.

Finally, he decided to quit the fight, the odds against him being so great. But he graphically described his experience, and

put it in book form. He gives all the facts and he names all the persons concerned.

As three editions of "Flagg's Flats" have already been sold, I hope that he is getting back some of the money he lost.

T. E. W.

"WATERLOO," by Thomas E. Watson. The Neal Publishing Co., New York.

Waterloo, by Thomas E. Watson, is a magnetic brochure on the three days' struggle that ended the Napoleonic era. The writer is the brilliant author and erratic statesman whose capacities as a historian have seldom been doubted, however his party vagaries have enfeebled his prestige. This is a superb essay on the decisive battle upon whose fate hung the destinies of Europe, and it is a new edition rewritten to have inserted some new material only available at this late date. The *Hobhouse—Lord Broughton—memoirs* are used wherever needed as correctives of former impressions. The Victor Hugo delirium over Waterloo in his "*Les Miserables*" may be a wilder dervish dance of composition, but for historical accuracy we would frankly prefer this little volume by Mr. Watson. Its opening paragraph furnishes some suggestion of his style:

"The Warder of the Tower has his bout with the citizen on the green; Sir Walter Raleigh looks on from above, and the lieutenant's wife from below; and neither of the three, warder, lieutenant's wife nor the prisoners, Sir Walter, can agree with either of the other two as to what took place. Inside the tower, three different tales are told. It is reasonably certain that still another version was given when the citizen got back to town and began to talk."

In other words, "History is solid, narration is linear," as Carlyle puts it. It is now 96 years, come next June, since the battle, but still the strategists and annalists dispute over many points. He admits the conflict of testimony is utterly irreconcilable. But still he pursues an attempt to trace cause and effect, and introduces all the thrilling episodes. We learn about Blucher, Grouchy, Ney, as well as Napoleon and Wellington. Mr. Watson proffers as his largest conclusion that Waterloo was not a British victory but an Anglo-Prus-

sian one. It is now known that Wellington's official report was wrong. Napoleon saw but little of the battle. This is neither new, nor startling, but it is still interesting, and he adduces much proof.—The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post.

"ROOSEVELTIAN FACT AND FABLE."

By Mrs. Anne Riley Hale. Published by the author, 519 W. 121st St., New York.

This unique and piquant study of Theodore, is dedicated, most appropriately, to "The Galleries, to whom my hero has played so long and so successfully."

In her preface, Mrs. Hale remarked, when Roosevelt was at the zenith of his popularity:

"But there are straw indications here and there that many of them (Roosevelt Admirers) are emerging from the Roosevelt spell." Written three years ago, this statement proves that Mrs. Hale possesses a true insight into the trend of popular opinion.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned from his African trip, he seemed to enjoy the unlimited confidence and good will of the American people. No one, except himself, could have dimmed his aureole. But he did it, and was not long about it. By the time he had stumped the West as a Radical; and the East as a Conservative; and had endorsed the Payne-Aldrich tariff, in the Saratoga platform; and had condoned all the flagrant offenses of the Taft administration, he was a sadly diminished quantity. Even Jacob Riis must have sighed wearily, and Dr. Lyman Abbott may have repented him of that Outlook contract.

In the adulatory biographies of Mr. Roosevelt he is given the credit for the civil service law of New York, which they claim to have been the model of the national law.

Mrs. Hale asserts that there were 85 Democrats, to 48 Republicans, in the New York Assembly which passed the first civil service law of that state. Roosevelt was recorded as "not voting." The author of the bill was Michael C. Murphy, of New York City. Grover Cleveland was Governor. This law was enacted five months after Congress, in Jan., 1883, had passed and the President had approved, a national civil service law.

How the biographers—Leupp, Riis, Stratemeyer, &c.—could have made such a thundering mistake in this matter, is a puzzle.

Next, Mrs. Hale punctures the San Juan Hill bubble. After relating the tragic incident of the ambush into which Wood and Roosevelt led the Rough Riders, at the battle of Las Guasimas—sustaining a loss of 68 men, including Capt. Allyn Capron, and owing their rescue to the negro troops—Mrs. Hale proves, from official reports, and from Roosevelt's own book, that the

Rough Riders took no part in the charge up San Juan.

In his "Rough Riders"—the book—Mr. Roosevelt says:

"No sooner were we on the crest of Kettle Hill than the Spaniards, &c." "On the top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, &c." "We had a splendid view of the charge on San Juan block-house to our left and a third of a mile to the front, where the infantry of Kent, led by Hawkins, were climbing the hill."

Yet the blood-stirring description of how Roosevelt, sword in hand, led that charge, appeared in the New York papers, appeared in some books (including one of mine, Alas!) appeared in Roosevelt's campaigns, appeared in election majorities; and appeared in a painting which the great Russian artist, Vereschagin, worked out under Roosevelt's supervision.

With much justice, Mr. Dooley said that Roosevelt's book should have been named, "Alone in Cuba." In the painting of Vereschagin, Roosevelt and his horse came mighty near being the entire cheese. The Colonel is pictured as half-turned in his saddle, with sword-arm outstretched, wildly shaking his falchion, his trusty blade, evidently ahead of his men and cheering them to "Follow me!" The San Juan block-house is shown, on the crest of the hill.

As a matter of fact, the top of the hill which Roosevelt charged was crowned by a huge iron pot. This pot did not lend itself very well to artistic use, so as Roosevelt couldn't transfer the block house to Kettle Hill, he transferred himself to San Juan Hill—a swap that was immensely profitable to him.

After the San Juan story had made its hero governor of New York, he was in position to do some effective work as reformer. Mrs. Hale is unsparing in her analysis of the Roosevelt record.

"He dismissed Lou Payn, whose administration of the office of Insurance had been notoriously scandalous, permitted him to go unpunished and permitted Platt to name his successor." He suppressed the report which disclosed the rottenness and criminality of the New York State Trust Co., because the persons guilty were "Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, Jno. W. Griggs, then Attorney-General of the U. S., Thomas F. Ryan, William C. Whitney, et al."

Practically, Mrs. Hale charges that Roosevelt is one thing, in his public utterances and posturing, and quite another, in his private conferences and official conduct.

There is a spicy chapter on Roosevelt's "Court Favorites." The last of the list was W. B. Dulaney, the negro barber, who was carried on the government pay-roll as "an expert accountant" at \$1,600 per year.

Another chapter is devoted to the brutal ejection of Mrs. Minor Morris from the

White House. That was a grewsome incident and is a disagreeable memory.

Perhaps the most important revelation in the book is the chapter entitled "Roosevelt and the Catholic Church."

Beginning with President Cleveland, the Roman hierarchy has secretly controlled our Federal Government to a fearful extent; and under Roosevelt and Taft that control has gradually become more and more open. Therefore, this part of Mrs. Hale's captivating book possesses historical value, of permanent interest. The stealthiness and the duplicity which have marked the relation between the Pope and our Presidents is exposed thoroughly.

The contrast drawn—Roosevelt, the preacher to Roosevelt the "practical"—is at once diverting and convincing for it just so happened that Theodore always got found out. The Whitney quarrel, the Storer episode, the Harriman letter, the fix-up for "the Morgan interests who have been so friendly to us," to gobble up the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the protection given to the Sugar Trust, &c., &c.—left the country in no doubt that while the Colonel was a most virtuous Noise, he could "play the game" just as other professionals do.

While Mrs. Hale gave her book the modest title already quoted, she might fairly have called it: "Seven Years of Federal Government; Corruption and Hypocrisy Exposed."

Four editions have already been sold. It is to be hoped that the facts which Mrs. Hale has collected will become generally known—not that it materially matters whether the readers adopt the authoress' opinion of Roosevelt, but because it would be a valuable lesson to the people if they were "put wise" to the manner in which things are done in Federal Administrations.

If the taxpayers of this country do not pay more attention to their public business, their private business will yield no profits. The relation between **Government and prosperity**, is a question that few understand. Those few band together and run the government—big and little—in their own interests.

T. E. W.

MARRIAGE AND RACE DEATH; The Foundations of an Intelligent System of Marriage. Morrison J. Swift. Price fifty cents. The Morrison J. Swift Press. New York.

The reprehensible habit of looking at the last pages of a book, after a dip or two into the first pages, is a practice greatly deplored by some people—and almost universally followed.

In the back pages of "Marriage and Race Death" one had to look (after a perusal of a chapter or two, beginning with the first), to see if there was any lightening of the horrible truths, the awful arraignments,

and the unspeakable conditions the author has touched on in his earlier chapters.

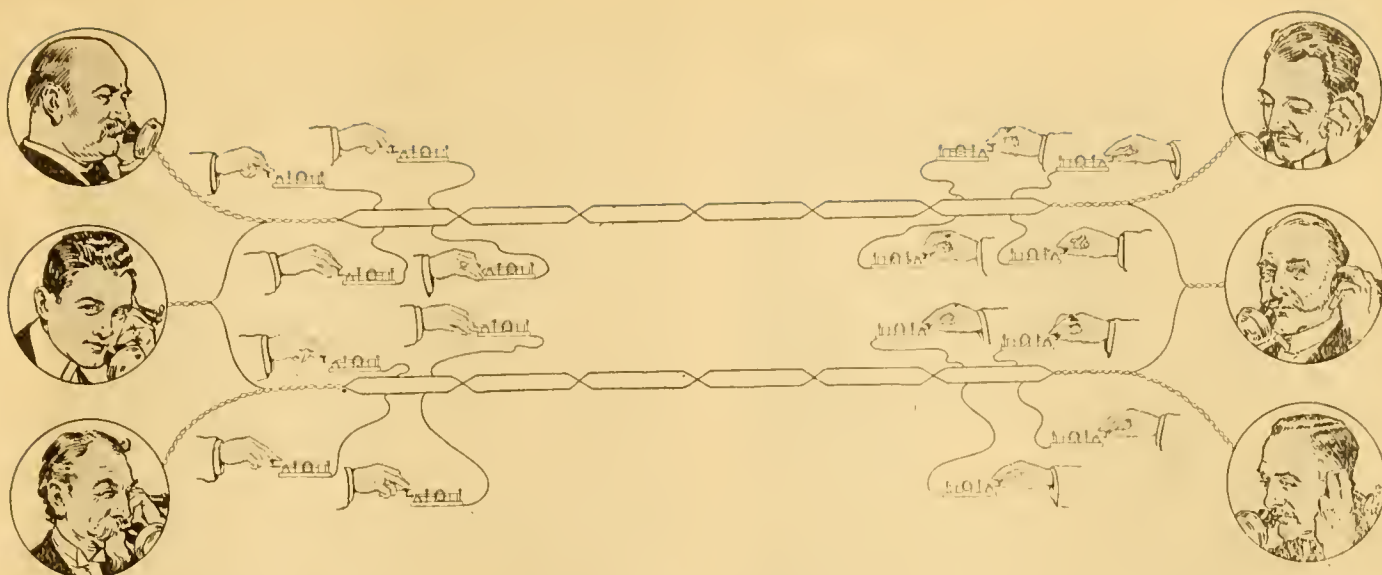
And the price one pays for "skipping" is, to turn to chapter thirty, under the heading "The Morality of Social Man," and have this greet one's eyes:

"At all times morality is undergoing a change. The American rich, in the last three decades have rubbed the Ten Commandments out. By destroying the tables of stone they have taken squatter possession of the United States. But they have succeeded in this piracy only because all others thought it their duty to keep the ten commandments toward these rich. But toward a burglar and assassin ordinary rules of morality cease. For the burglar and assassin has rejected the ten commandments as to others, and to save themselves others must treat him as the blood-thirsty beast he has chosen to be.

"The condition is this: the rich have taken up arms against the people, are making war on them, plundering, pillaging, rifling, stripping them, killing many as straight as if they were shot. In other words, they have inaugurated the morality of war. Now it is ridiculous for the people to sit still saying over the ten commandments and be robbed and shot dead with want. They must adopt war tactics towards the pirates. Schwab sleeps and makes \$1,135,750 in thirty-six hours by a raise in stocks. This is damnable robbery. Schwab is a pirate. There are several hundred of these Schwabs who are pillaging the country with the cutlass of finance and the stolen pistol of law.

"Let us see the compact with hell these pirates have made. 'Is it worth while trying to save the sick children of the poor?' asked a New York minister, William R. Huntington, after visiting the latest dog show of the rich. 'The man in the street syas no,' he continued. 'At the bench show I was struck with the magnificence of the thing, the vast amount of care, attention and money lavished on the dogs. * * One having its toilet made with a brush and comb, and another—a Chinese dog—resting against a background of Chinese tapestry, the happy creature feeding out of a blue willow-patern dish, I did wonder if a fraction of the money might not have been better devoted to the care of little children. The cost of getting these admirable dogs to the Garden would run this (Post Graduate) hospital for a year.'

"While human babies of the people who make the wealth, die slowly of mal-nutrition—starvation—the rich take the wealth from them and squander it on their princely dogs. And the clergyman thinks a fraction of this wealth might perhaps be better devoted to human babies. And another clergyman, George R. Vandewater, says: 'The right to make millions without labor cannot be withheld from the wealthy. * * We will see if it can not. There certainly



Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

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While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and

different. The telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

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Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service. Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.



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will be civil war to do it if it can be done in no other way. Piracy to pamper rich men's dogs like kings will certainly end in a revolution of extermination if the rich do not speedily cease plundering, and surrender their mountains of loot. I can assure the rich that this is fast growing to be the feeling and resolution of all classes toward them. There is a rising rage, a wonder, a stupefaction at their dizzy insolence. I forewarn these fool rich that this rage will break and grind them to atoms if they do not repent.

"The morality of these rich who have declared war on the United States is the wiping out of the Ten Commandments. Now wealth gotten by robbery belongs not to the pirate but to the robbed. The robbed are morally justified in taking this wealth where they can find it. Their duty is to take it. In a state of war the Commandment "thou shalt not steal" does not exist; and as the rich have declared and organized war against the people of this nation, the stolen property of these robbers is contraband and may be rightfully seized by any citizen who can lay his hand on it."

There are parts of the book which smack vigorously of what we have been calling "Socialism"—but there are other parts which show some conditions as we know, from daily newspaper reading, do exist, and they are shown in all their horrors.

When we read of the rotten moral standard of the rich, we are apt to puff with virtuous pride and refer to "our middle-class and our laboring-class" as the bulwark of morality, but Mr. Swift shows, in his book, too clearly and convincingly for misunderstanding, that the cancer has eaten into this part of our commonwealth,

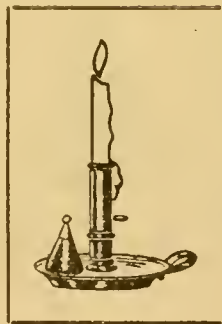
and moral standards are just as low among our middle class.

The horrors of the white slave traffic are touched on, and it will amaze many to learn in one city at least, of the actual organized methods of the men who finance this horrible business.

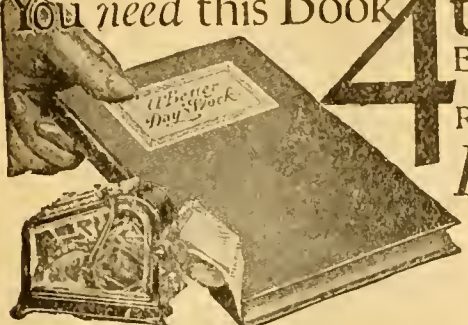
The book is one to read carefully; not with a cynical criticism at the manner of handling the topics which are handled (and for verifications of which any city newspaper may be consulted), but with the care of a student who sees set forth conditions which we all know have existed in every city and hamlet of the United States, for years, and which are making the moral standard of the United States as low as any of the "decayed European powers."

The book isn't "nice," it discusses things one can't talk of before children, but it will make every parent realize that, only by learning of these things and teaching a child the lessons it should be taught, will there be a bettering of conditions and a cessation of the need for such books as "Marriage and Race Death." A. L. L.

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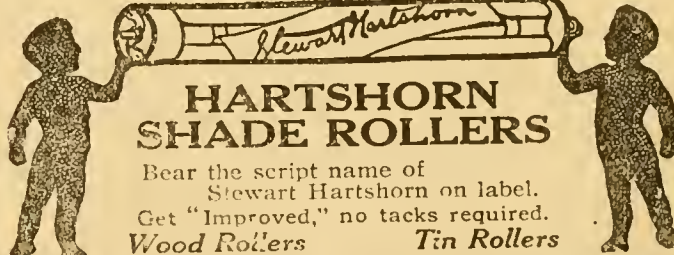
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On Nov. 1st Dr. F. Turner, a well-known Philadelphia physician, was one of the fattest men in that great city. He weighed 254 pounds. His waist measured 48 inches, and he wore a 17 1-2 collar. His health was miserable; he was weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep nights, or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of this excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat he might drop at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, etc., but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely original and different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful scientific discovery by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100 lbs., gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

On Jan. 1st of this year Dr. Turner weighed 150 lbs.; his waist measured 37 1-2 inches, and he wore a 15 1-2 collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of good work as at 25 years of age, and his mind is clear and buoyant.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to wear, no physical culture or violent exercise, no Turkish Baths, Sweating, Purging, Starvation Diets, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system, which any person can readily practise in their own home, without medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1 lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body, and benefit the general health right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, and he has been fairly deluged with requests for personal treatments. Close friends have urged him to specialize in this particular branch of work, where he could command large fees, but other business interests which occupy much of his time have decided him against it.

In answer however, to the multitude of requests for information and in order that all may have the benefits of the system it was his good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on his method and telling every fleshy man and woman how they may accomplish the same happy result, without the least danger of inconvenience. He has mailed these books without charge to those who have written him and has a few hundred copies left which he has agreed to distribute so long as they last among fleshy people, sufficiently interested to send a two-cent stamp for postage. The Doctor's present address is Dr. F. Turner, Clark Music Bldg., Suite 125 A, Syracuse, N. Y., and any request for the booklet sent there will be given prompt attention.



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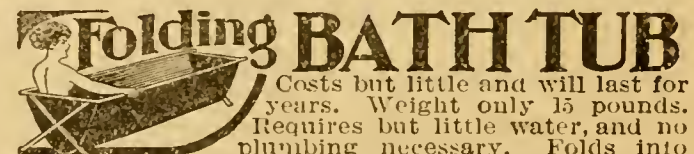
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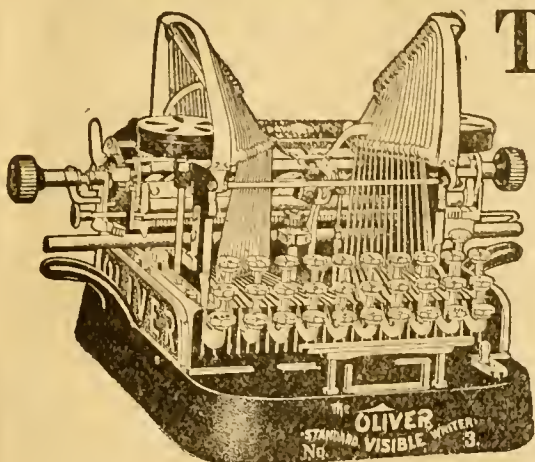
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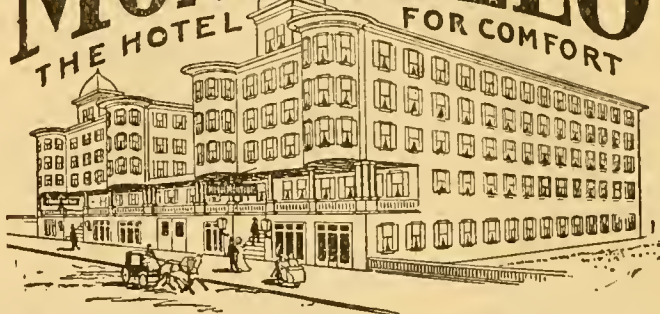
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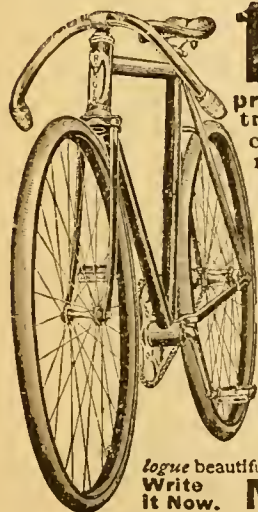
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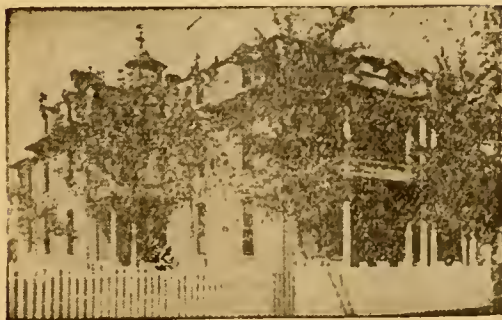
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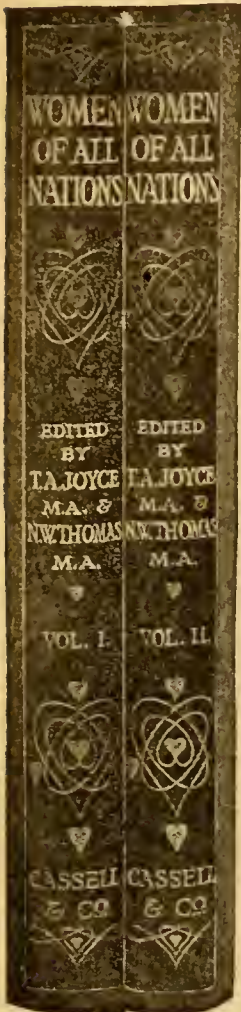
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