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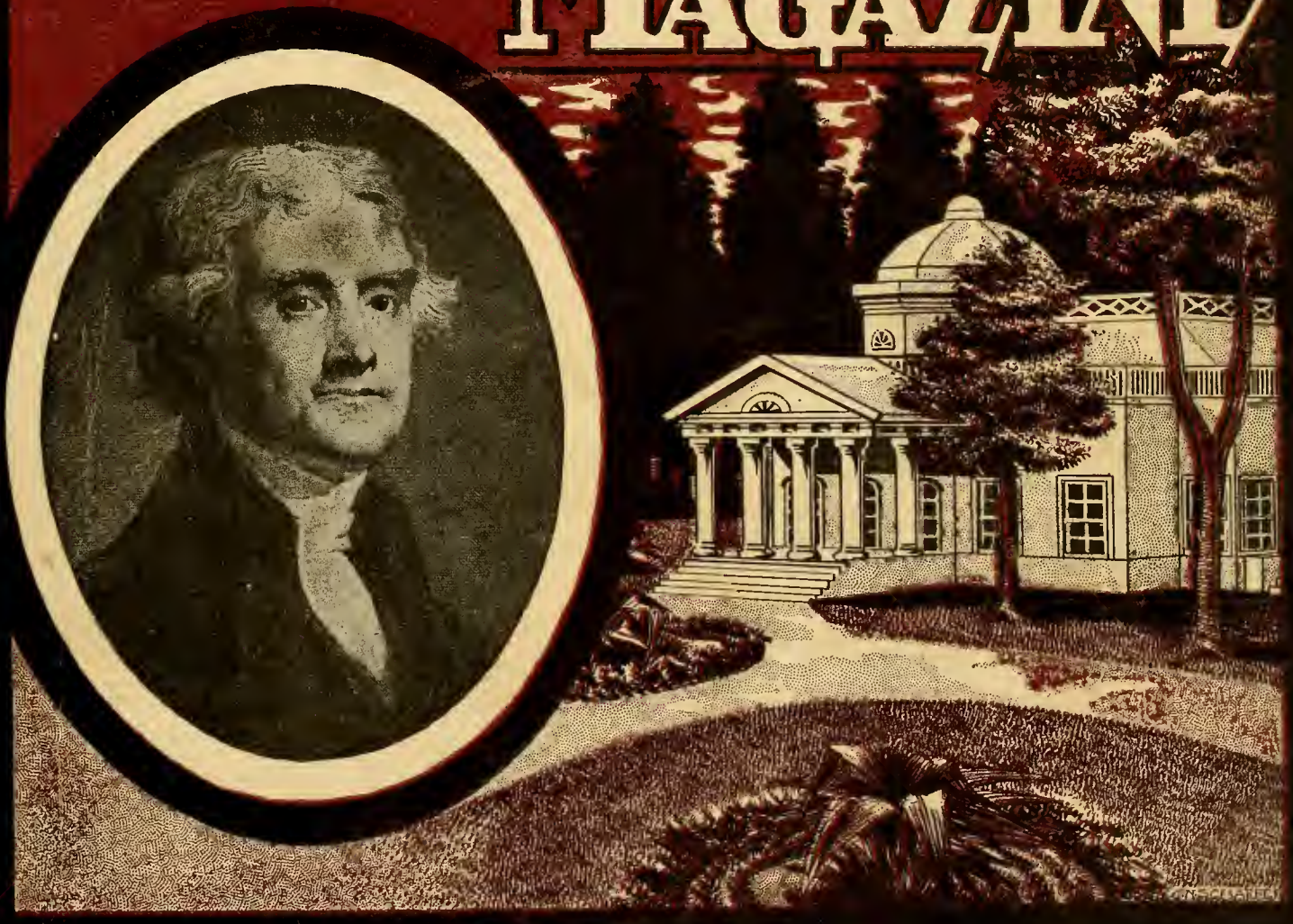

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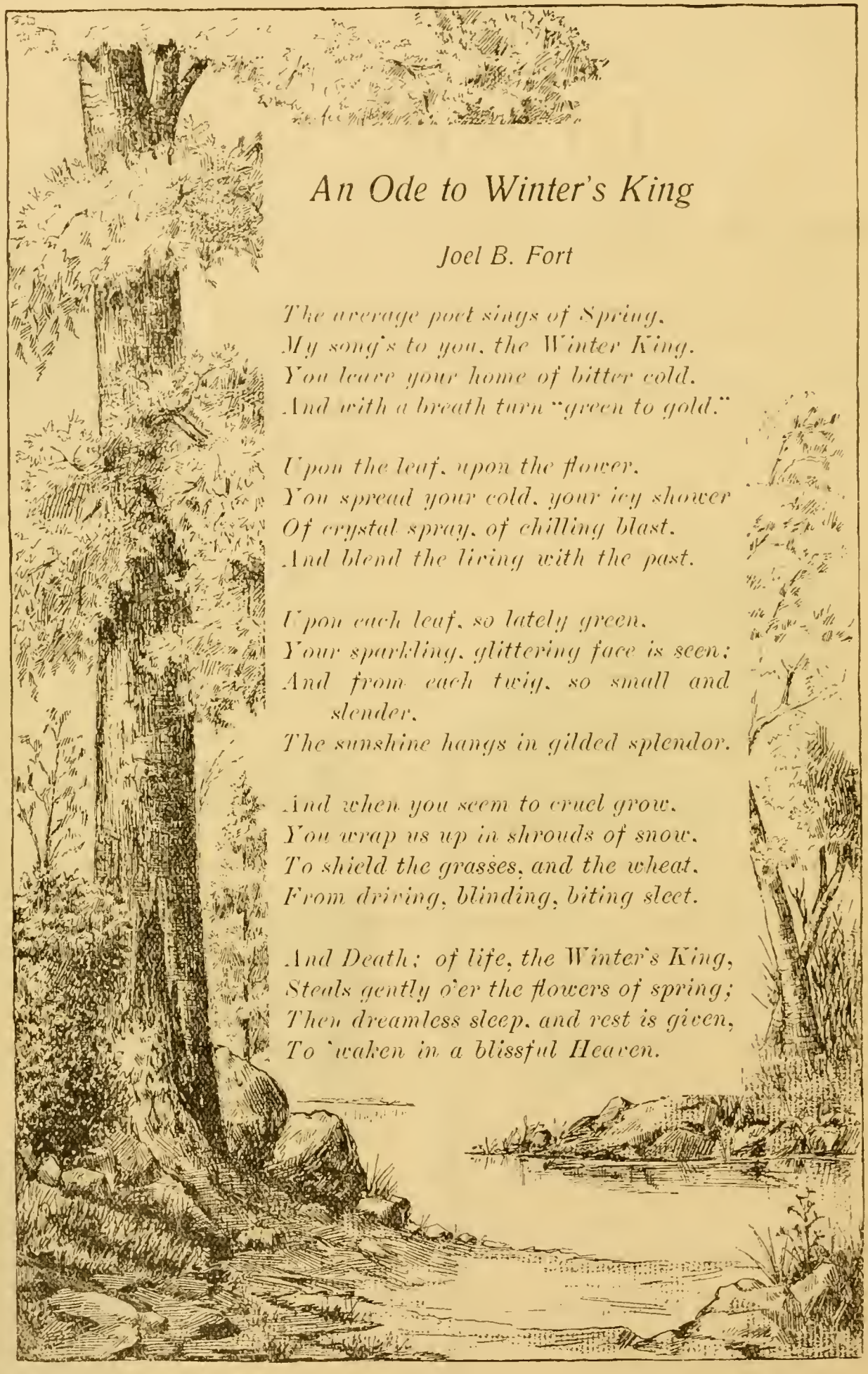


An Ode to Winter's King

Joel B. Fort

The average poet sings of Spring.
My song's to you, the Winter King.
You leave your home of bitter cold.
And with a breath turn "green to gold."

Upon the leaf, upon the flower.
You spread your cold, your icy shower
Of crystal spray, of chilling blast.
And blend the living with the past.

Upon each leaf, so lately green.
Your sparkling, glittering face is seen;
And from each twig, so small and
slender.
The sunshine hangs in gilded splendor.

And when you seem to cruel grow.
You wrap us up in shrouds of snow.
To shield the grasses, and the wheat.
From driving, blinding, biting sleet.

And Death; of life, the Winter's King,
Steals gently o'er the flowers of spring;
Then dreamless sleep, and rest is given,
To 'waken in a blissful Heaven.

EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

Introductory Chapter.

IT WAS formerly the fashion among historians to give their attention mainly to the characters and careers of Kings. This was naturally the case, for until modern times the people were supposed to be nothing and the King, the State. To tell what the monarch did, was to relate the whole story.

Consequently, in reading the history of Europe, we learned of the exploits, or the imbecility of her rulers. We were told of marches and seiges and battles. We were told of the work and the amusements, the virtues or vices, the goings and the comings of royalty. We might learn something of literature, science and art, and something of commerce and manufactures; and always we read of the Pope and his crusades and his encroachments upon the prerogatives of the King: but who told us anything much, or anything illuminating about the condition of the common people?

Nobody. We could see them marching to the wars, to suffer and bleed and die in quarrels which were not of their making and in which they had no interest or concern; but *how* did they ordinarily live? Under what circumstances did they work and support life in times of peace? What were the prevailing ideas and standards among them? What of their manners and morals? What were their aspirations? What about social and industrial conditions? To what extent did their religion affect their lives? What was the cause of their long endurance of Feudalism, Divine Right, and priestly imposition? *How* did reform in Church and State originate; and *how* did it make headway?

These, and kindred subjects, were either ignored, slurred over, or erroneously treated. Yet these are infinitely more vital, more essential to the truth of history and the development of nations than any record of the King's character and achievments.

What was the net result of all the expenditures, splendors, military undertakings, and civil administration of The Grand Monarch? A depleted treasury, a starving peasantry, a weakened nation. If Louis XIV accomplished any good thing at all, it was that he unwittingly prepared the way for the overthrow of his own dynasty.

On the other hand, see what private citizens accomplished, when

gunpowder and movable type were invented! Think of the mighty consequences of John Calvin's zeal! Think of what Luther was to the whole world! Think of what John Knox meant, and means yet, to Great Britain!

One thought in the mind of the tenant of a garret may become a vaster influence over mankind than all the Kings that now sit on trembling thrones, and all the armies now enrolled at the behest of a crazy militarism. A single idea, struck off from the original brain of some Edison, Maxim, Tolstoy, or Mary Baker Eddy may prove more potential for change in human conditions than all the war fleets that ride the waves—than all the heaped up riches of every treasure-house in the world.

Therefore, if the historian would paint the picture so that it will be true to the reality, he must bear in mind that the most important factors in a nation's growth are those things which historians of the Old School left out.

In "The Story of France," I made no effort to imitate either the style or the methods of any other historian. It being my purpose to show the good or bad effect upon the people of good or bad laws, I made a careful study of the condition of the lower orders, under successive rulers; and I endeavored to trace the origin and progress of improvements. Having collected and digested the facts, I told the "Story" in the simplest, clearest, most natural way.

In "the Story of the South and West," a similar method will be adopted.

We will expect History to get down off her high horse, and to become more familiar and interesting We want her to help us make a book that every member of the family can read without going to sleep over it. We want her to show us the progress of popular movements, the effect of legislation upon the people, the influence of ideals, the changes in customs, beliefs, laws and manners—as well as the clash of armies and the intrigues of state-craft.

We want her to get rid of the notion that American liberties and institutions rest on Plymouth Rock—for they do not and never did. The Puritan attempt to establish a narrow, hide-bound, persecuting, hypocritical and hateful theocracy, was an utter failure. Besides, the experiment was not even made until after representative government, trial by jury, and manhood suffrage had been planted at Jamestown, in Virginia.

The rhapsodies of Bancroft, Fiske, J. Q. Adams, and others, over the "Mayflower Compact," are ridiculous. To call that agreement the first of written compacts for self-government, and the parent of all civil liberty in America, is to put on exhibition a very comprehensive ignorance of history.

Such compacts had long been in force, were almost coeval with the art of writing among our ancestors; and the very idea of it was probably borrowed from that which Geneva was then using. Self-government, by general consent, goes back not only to the day-break of German history, but to that of Slavonic tribes.

Bancroft calls the signing of the Mayflower Compact "the birth of popular constitutional liberty."

John Quincy Adams was equally extravagant, when he said:

"This is perhaps the only instance in human history of that positive, original social compact which speculative philosophers have imagined as the only legitimate source of government. Here was a unanimous and personal assent by all the individuals of the community to the association, *by which they became a nation.*"

In "The People's Law," by Lobingier, we find the correct statement:

"In truth, however, as we have already seen, these Mayflower emigrants were doing nothing novel or unprecedented. They were simply applying the doctrine of 'common assent," already a century old in Puritanism, in vogue for generations among the guilds, if not indeed previously practiced for ages by the Teutonic ancestors of these Pilgrims. The occasion and after events made this Mayflower compact a conspicuous instance. It was, however, only an instance, which familiarity with preceding history shows to have been a perfectly natural one, and as it was not the first so it was also not the last. It led naturally to others."

In primitive Russia, there was a system of popular self-government; and we not only find traces of constitutional liberty in other parts of ancient Europe, but in Asia, also.

* * *

It may surprise and shock you to learn that Columbus deserves no especial credit for his voyage of discovery, that he did not discover America, and that he was a bad man. Those, however, are the facts.

That he based his conclusion that the earth is round upon the testimony of others—Toscanelli's map, letters, etc.—and that his motives were utterly sordid, cannot be disputed. He craved riches and power; and was so greedy in his demand for absolute rule and one-tenth of the wealth of the provinces he expected to discover, that he disgusted his royal patron, Ferdinand of Spain.

Rather than abate one iota of his selfish exactions, Columbus withdrew from court and abandoned his purpose. He placed his personal interest above everything, displaying none of the generous, lofty, self-sacrificing spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh—the real colonizer of the New World.

Had not Queen Isabella's sympathy gone out to Columbus, he would not have been recalled to court—where his sordid soul was gratified by royal surrender to his immoderate demands.

There was nothing uncommon in his voyage: other navigators had taken risks far more daring. The Vikings, the North-sea rovers, sailed further, and in waters more tempestous. There was no mutiny of his crew: his life was not in greater peril than his sailors incurred.

He never did sight the North American continent—much less set foot on it. He came no nearer than the West Indies; and he believed that these islands were off the Coast of China.

On landing and after having received the voluntary and indispensable aid of the natives, he set the first example of repaying their friendly service with atrocious cruelty.

Columbus was the very first white slave trader that this country ever knew!

He not only shipped cargoes of kidnapped Indians to Spain, to be

sold into slavery, but he inaugurated the system in the West Indies. He imposed a quarterly tax upon the natives, requiring payment in gold: and when the poor Indians failed to produce the coin, he forced them to work out the amount.

Since Columbus had the fixing of the tax and also the wages of the defaulters, you can plainly see how the peons could be kept in perpetual serfage.

A monster in rapacity and cruelty, he was as much of a liar as our Doctor Cook. Wishing to deceive Europe into the belief that he had discovered the continent, he compelled eighty of his crew to swear to that fact; and to swear, moreover, that if any of the perjurers confessed, on his return home, he should pay a fine of 10,000 maveredis, and have his tongue cut out.

To this gold-seeker and inhuman tyrant, the extinction of the mild, generous, unsuspicious natives of the West Indies can be traced. That he was not punished for his false reports and his barbarities, but was permitted to crawl off in disgrace and die in abandonment, was due to Isabella's womanly compassion.

The discovery of the North American continent was made by the Swedes and Norwegians. This was centuries prior to the first voyage of Columbus.

Concerning this, a recent discovery has been made which proves that these dauntless navigators who had discovered Newfoundly and, perhaps, New England, penetrated Hudson's Bay, and landed in what is now the State of Minnesota. The subject is so important historically, that I quote the entire article of Hjalmar R. Holand, in *Harper's Weekly:*

"Readers of *Harper's Weekly* will remember that the issue of October 9th last contained an account of a stone, inscribed with ancient Norse runes, which had been unearthed upon an island in a marsh near Kensington, Minnesota, some time ago. This runic inscription told of a journey of exploration into that region in 1362. The text was as follows:

"'Eight Goths (Swedes) and twenty-two Norwegians upon journey of discovery from Vinland (Nova Scotia) westward. We had camp by two rocks (in the water) one day's journey north from this stone. We were out fishing one day. When we returned home we found ten men red with blood and dead. AVM (Ave Maria), save us from the evil!

"'(We) have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel, (forty-one?) days' journey from this island. Year 1362.'

"At the time of the publication of this account the learned bodies of the world had been disposed to dismiss the matter lightly. Since *Harper's Weekly* gave publicity to the discovery, however, more critical examinations have been made, with the result that the genuineness of the inscription has become generally acknowledged. The period into which the date upon the runestone falls is the most difficult one in the history of the Scandinavian languages, and much of our most necessary information on the period has only been brought to

light since the discovery of the stone. Even now the difficulties are such that a forgery would be a practical impossibility. As Prof. Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin, who for twenty-five years has been a student and teacher of the Norse language, says: 'It is safe to say that even at the present day, with our most recent light on the runes and language of the fourteenth century, it would have been an impossible task for any scholar in this country to have constructed a runic document of the length and character of the Kensington stone without making such serious blunders that the forgery would have at once been apparent.'

"The inscription has therefore been accepted, not only as correct, but as impossible of forgery. Similarly has its genuineness lately been vindicated by the testimony of geology. The stone is a *greywacke,* a sedimentary stone much harder than granite, and which therefore decays extremely slow. Yet the inscription bears unmistakable signs of centuries of weathering. Dr. Warren Upham, an expert in glacial geology, who has examined the stone carefully, says: 'When we compare the excellent preservation of the glacial scratches shown on the back of the stone, which were made several thousand years ago, with the mellow, time-worn appearance of the face of the inscription, the conclusion is inevitable that this inscription must have been carved many hundred years ago.' Prof. N. H. Winchell, State Geologist of Minnesota, says: 'I have personally made a topographical examination of the localities mentioned in the inscription, and I am convinced, from the geological conditions, and the physical changes which the region has experienced, that the stone contains a genuine record of a Scandinavian exploration into Minnesota, and must be accepted as such for the date named.'

"With such independent and concurrent testimony it now seems conclusively established that white men sojourned in the Red River Valley Valley in 1362, and so another page is added to America's history. And it is probable that this page will be amplified, for it appears that other rune-stones have been found in the same region. When Verandrye explored the Red River Valley about 1740, he found a small stone bearing a mystic inscription. He questioned the Indians closely as to its meaning, history, tradition, etc., but they knew nothing about it, except that it had always been there. Verandrye sent the stone to Paris, but the savants there could not decipher it. As they were probably familiar with all European forms of writing except runic, which had not yet become a subject of study, it seems very probable that this was another rune-stone left by the same party. The Minnesota Historical Society is now attempting to find it or a copy of the inscription in the archives of Paris.

"Another interesting link in the evidence of this remarkable account has lately been added in the discovery of the camping place where ten of these explorers were killed in 1362. This spot, which the inscription says is marked by two skerries or insulated rocks in the water, was located by me on No-

vember 12, 1909, on the southwestern shore of Pelican Lake, four miles south of Ashby, Minnesota, at the extreme end of a long wooded point which here juts out into the lake about one-half mile. Prof, N. H. Winchell, State Archæologist of Minnesota, subsequently made a trip thither and corroborated my discovery. It is the purpose of the Minnesota Historical Society to erect a fitting memorial here.

"Recently, too, there has been brought to light an interesting old document in Norway which, in all probability, gives us the name of the leader of this early expedition and much of its personnel. This is a letter of October, 1354, written by the King of Norway to Paul Knutson, a distinguished chevalier of the times, authorizing him to fit out an expedition to Greeland to fight the Eskimos there and in the parts beyond. This expedition left Bergen, Norway, in 1355, but did not return until 1364. As we thus know that Paul Knutson and his party were in American waters in 1362, there is no reason for looking for any other expedition.

"With the knowledge of the facts enumerated we are now able to form quite a comprehensive conception of this expedition and its fate. Paul Knutson evidently must have established permanent headquarters in Nova Scotia, which we know to be identical with Vinland, for the inscription states the headquarters to be Vinland, not Greenland or Norway. In the course of time these explorers probably conceived the idea of circumnavigating this vast western continent. They accordingly followed the bleak shores of Labrador and Ungava and entered Hudson Bay. Here, perhaps, they thought they had reached the western waters of this continent, but on reaching the southwestern boundary of the bay they found the shore again swinging northward to the polar pack.

"Disappointed on sea, they now determined to continue their exploration on land, and probably disembarked at the head of tide-water in the Nelson River, leaving ten men in charge of their vessels.

"Arrived at this point their line of progress was plainly marked out for them. On both sides of them were vast forests and swamps, but straight ahead of them stretched the open valley of the Nelson River. This they followed, through the great Lake Winnipeg and southward through the vast Red River Valley, unparalleled in its ocean-like expanse of billowy grass. This they followed either by boats or afoot to its upper end near the present location of Breckenridge. Arrived here they struck out eastward entered the famous Lake Park region of Minnesota, and soon reached the heights overlooking Pelican Lake from the west.

"Here undoubtedly they saw the fairest scene of all that had met their eyes since they had left the rock-bound fjords of Norway. On their journey, both far and near, they had seen pretty little lakes dimpling the land, but here before their eyes lay the gem of them all, sparkling in the sunlight for miles to the northward. Straight out in front of them they saw a long wooded point marked at the end with two skerries. Farther out they saw a wooded island separated from the shore by a shoal indicated by the

lighter color of the water. They encamped upon the timbered point, and basked in the ease of pleasant surroundings and high achievements. Finally one-half of the party struck out across the shoal to fish in the deeper water on the other side of the island.

"Up to this time they may have seen nothing of Indians. But these wild nomads of the prairies, shy as the wild beasts which they hunted, had seen them. Screened in the tangled brush of the river bank, or hidden in the shadows of a timber grove, they had seen these tall white strangers invade their land with superior weapons and dauntless strides. Who were they and what was their mission? It lay near to the suspicious nature of the savages to see in these strange men with their foreign speech a new enemy who must be overcome.

"But the white men's number and superior equipment deterred them from making an early attack. They must have waited until they saw their opportunity. Hidden in the deep grass, they had seen their pale-face enemies one after another wade out across the shoal to the island beyond until only ten men were left in camp. Now was the time to strike. With cautious cunning they glided down through the deep grass, thence through the high rushes that border the promontory, until they reached the spot where the ten white explorers lay unsuspectingly resting in the shade of the quiet grove. There is a moment's silence. Then suddenly a rain of arrows pour in upon them. The few that are not pierced through jump up in amazed terror, only to see a ring of glittering tomahawks around them. There is a moment's desperate resistance with bare fists, a final rush. With experienced knives the Indians scalp their victims, seize what valuables they can find, and depart almost as noiselessly as they had come.

"But the fishing party had not seen the attack nor heard the cries of death. Fishing on the other side of the island, they had pulled in one pike after another. Finally, well pleased with their sport, they return across the shoal and skerries and reach their camp, to discover their comrades lying 'red with blood and dead.'

"Who was this terrible enemy? No one could tell. But down through the silent centuries their dread of this unknown enemy is preserved in the tragic inscription, 'Ave Maria! Save us from the evil!'

"They leave the sad spot and make their way southward, and in the very next camping place they search for a fitting stone on which to inscribe a memorial to their dead comrades. The memory of the loss of their friends is still so fresh upon them that this comes first with vivid picturesqueness. Later, like a second thought, comes a statement of the length of their journey, their headquarters, and the date of their enterprise. It is a story without a parallel, striking in its forceful exactness and free from all premeditated ingenuities.

"This is the last we know of these explorers. It is quite certain that they never returned to their native land. Possibly they were taken prisoners by the Indians. If we may assume this, it was probably during their captivity that they inscribed the stone which Verandrye found in

or near the Mandan territory, and which we have every reason to believe was a runestone.

"But what of the ten men who were left in charge of the vessels down by the sea? No doubt they waited anxiously and faithfully for their friends. But autumn followed summer and winter passed away without their return. At last, reluctantly, they weigh anchor in the summer of 1363, returning by way of Greenland, and finally arriving in Norway in the autumn of 1363 or 1364."

While it is true that the Florentine, Vespucci (whose first name is variously given as Morego, Alberico, and Amerigo) landed in South America in 1499; and was, therefore, justly entitled to believe that he was its discoverer, America was not indebted to him for its name.

Just as the original Indian names clung inseparably to so many creeks, rivers, mountains, waterfalls and localities, the name "America" remained fastened to the continent itself.

In South America, the energetic Florentine could have visited the Maraca tribes, the Maracara river, the Amerique mountains, the Hue (ancient) Amaracan empire, the Kingdom of Cundin (Western) Amaraca—in fact, that name was the most frequently used of all Inca words.

There is reason to suspect that the enterprising Vespucci may have changed his first name, for the very purpose of eternally connecting with his, that of the country he discovered.

Wherever a town, river, mountain, island, or other territory was named after an individual, the surname is used—excepting in those cases where kings, queens and other wearers of titles are known to the world by their given names, only.

Thus, we have Jamestown (named after King James Stuart) instead of Stuartsville: we have Georgetown (named for King George Guelph) instead of Guelphston: and Louisville (named in honor of King Louis Bourbon) instead of Bourbonville.

But when it is a private citizen whose name is given, the family name is invariably used, and it was so in the time of Columbus and Vespucci.

Thus Pittsburgh, named for William Pitt, instead of Williamsburgh. Our Virginia city of that name was so dubbed in honor of King William.

Again, Knoxville carries the *family* name of the Scotch reformer, and not his given name, John.

Had Europe applied to this continent the name of the Florentine navigator, the established rule would have been followed; and our country would be known as "Vespucciana."

* * *

NOTE: To the laborious and prolonged researches of Hon. Jos. M. Brown, of Georgia, I am indebted for the information concerning the word "Amaraca." His array of indisputable facts on that subject leaves no room for doubt, that the ancient Inca word, applied territorially far oftener than any other —universally, in fact—is the true historic origin of our national name.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

[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 VI.

LORD MACAULAY, in his discussion of Ranke's "History of the Popes," either purposely or accidentally made the admission that they are the successors of St. Peter. Probably this is the main reason why his works have never been entered upon the Index of literature forbidden to good Catholics.

In reviewing Ranke's great work, it was not necessary for Macaulay to make an investigation of the historical truth of the tremendously important words, casually used by the great essayist. Ranke's studies and narrative began with medieval popes, ages after the papal usurpation has established itself.

The whole superstructure of the Catholic hierarchy and the popedom rests upon the contention that Peter was the prince of the apostles; that Christ recognized him as such and declared that He would found His church upon him; that Peter established the church of Rome and was pope of it for more than twenty-five years. It is absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of the Catholic position that each of these assertions should be capable of demonstration to a moral certainty. If it can be shown that either one of the above statements is false, the whole Catholic position is made untenable.

Now, let us reason together, using our common sense upon these religious questions as we would concerning disputed points in profane history or upon matters of everyday occurrence. Let us endeavor to free our minds of bias and prejudice, and to treat the question without any reference to what we have been taught on the subject, or what may be the prevalent opinion.

In order that you may have the full benefit of whatever strength there is in my line of argument, we must come to an understanding as to how the Bible was put together. The Jewish Talmud informs us that the books containing the Jewish traditions were remodeled by different writers at different times, and were rewritten and given their final touches by Ezra, four hundred and forty-four years before Christ. So much for the Old Testament.

The New Testament did not assume its present shape until about three hundred and sixty years after Christ, when the Council of Laodicea separated the true from the spurious gospels. According to Renan, ("History of the Origins of Christianity") the text of the four

gospels, even, was not settled until 180 years after the crucifixion. Prior to that time, these gospels had been subject to alteration, after having lived in the memories of the apostles and their immediate disciples for two generations after Christ's death. It seems fair to assume that the well-known text in the New Testament which forbids further alteration, was inserted by the Fathers, who met in general council at Laodicea. The fact that there is such an apparently unnecessary inhibition of that kind, warrants the conclusion that the text had been too often tampered with, as the sacred books passed from hand to hand.

Now, then, doesn't your common sense convince you that at this early period, when frequent alterations were being made in the New Testament by the early Fathers of the Catholic church, they would have inserted something about the primacy of Peter and his being the base upon which the Christian church rested if, in fact, there had been in existence at that time any such claims for Peter's pre-eminence and infallibility as were put forward at a much later day? Would they not at least have suppressed such portions of the Bible as prove conclusively that Peter was neither pre-eminent nor infallible? Would they have allowed to remain in the sacred text those verses which show that Peter never claimed anything more than an equality with the other disciples? and that if any of the original workers seemed to regard himself as more important than the others, it was Paul.

At a later day, when popery had been established, and when it became important to have evidence in its favor, *the New Testament books had become too widely known to be tampered with.* Therefore the forgery took the shape of the famous Decretals, which we will examine hereafter.

Bear in mind that the Fathers of the Catholic church gave the New Testament its present form about 363 years after Christ—the four gospels having been perfected about 180 years prior to that time. You are bound to admit that if Peter, who could not possibly have been alive later than seventy years after Christ, was pope of Rome for twenty-five years before his death, that stupendously important fact would have been known to the other apostles. According to the Catholic position, the papal chair had been established by Peter and occupied by him for more than a quarter of a century before the first of the gospels—Matthew—was put in writing. How can you explain the failure of the authors of those four gospels to mention the fact—if it had been a fact—of the papacy which Peter had established in Rome?

If it should be argued that such a statement had no proper place in the four gospels, let us ask why we find no mention of it in the Acts of the Apostles? Amid the mass of unessential and apparently personal and trivial detail contained in that narrative, how does it happen that we are not informed of the tremendous work done by Peter in the Eternal City? Why is it that the very book which describes the travels, the achievements, the very conversations and personal visits of those consecrated missionaries

should leave out the most important thing that had been done? Why should we be told of Paul's visit to Peter's house in Jerusalem, and be left in ignorance of Peter's prodigious work and prolonged primacy in Rome? Why do the very records which tell us that Peter's wife was sick, fail to mention that Peter was Pope? These questions are unanswerable.

But there are other internal evidences that Peter was not the chief of the apostles, that he made no such pretensions, and that he did not establish a papacy at Rome, or elsewhere.

(1.) The church at Jerusalem ordered him about from place to place and from field to field, just as it did the other apostles; and he obeyed, without questioning the church's authority.

(2.) He was specially commissioned to work among the Jews, just as Paul was among the Gentiles.

(3.) The fact that Christ did not intend to make any distinction among His disciples is proven by His words of rebuke on that very subject, by and His express command, that no such title as seemed to imply superiority should be given; and that none should be called "Father" on this earth excepting our Heavenly Father.

(4.) If Peter had understood that he was made the chief of the apostles and the foundation stone of the church of Christ, there would be some evidence of it in his life or his work or his epistles. You will not find it in the record of his life, and you find overwhelming evidence *against it* in his work and his epistles. His life was that of a co-equal apostle; his work was that of a servant of the church; and in his letter to the Romans he expressly calls himself one of the twelve apostles.

(5.) Had he been the pope of a universal church at Rome, he would not have addressed his epistle to the Jews, the strangers scattered throughout the countries he named: nor would it have failed to contain some internal evidence that he was the primate of the Christians, the personal representative of Christ on earth.

(6.) The contention of the Catholics would make Peter the pope at the time Paul was there for two years, preaching the gospel and living in his own hired house. The papacy and the work of Peter would have been in existence there fourteen or fifteen years. So eager were the handful of Christians at Rome to welcome Paul that they advanced forty-one miles on the Appian Way to meet him. The two apostles were such friends that Paul had spent fifteen days with Peter at the latter's home in Jerusalem: yet we are not told that, during the two years that Paul was in Rome, the two friends and co-workers met, either in public or in private.

There is another thing to consider: when Paul had been in Rome a few days, he summoned a meeting of the most prominent Jews of the City, and while together they asked him eagerly to give them information concerning the new sect (the Christians) indicating by their question that they had heard nothing definite and nothing favorable of a people whose faith was novel, and unpopular. If Peter, a Jew, had been preaching among the Jews

of Rome for so many years and had established himself there as a pope, is it not inconceivable that the facts would not have been generally known among the Children of Israel who lived in the Eternal City?

(7.) When Paul went to Jerusalem, the original disciples refused to admit him to their ranks as an equal. With manly courage and independence, he protested. That was the first effort to establish exclusiveness and authority; and it was made, not by Peter alone, but by all the original disciples. Paul stood for equality, and won. How is his victory to be reconciled with the primacy and overlordship claimed by Peter?—and what was Peter doing *on the floor,* with James presiding over the council and announcing decisions during that first general conference of the disciples?

(8.) It would be doing violence to our conception of Christ to believe that He could put one of His disciples over the others, unless the apostle so favored was endowed by nature with qualities which justified his selection. Do you find anything in Holy Writ tending to prove that Peter deserved such a distinction? He appears to have been a warm-blooded man, kind of heart, choleric of temper, full of good intentions and zeal, but fickle. Quick to clip that Centurion's ear with his sword, he was equally hasty in denying his Lord after his passion had cooled and he realized his deadly peril. When the disciples scattered, he was one of the fugitives; and he was also one of the sleepy-headed, unsympathetic trio who couldn't keep awake, although piteously prayed to do so, when their Master was sweating blood in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The Bible tells us that Peter had been thrown in prison by Herod, in Judœa, at the very time when the Catholics say he was in the papal chair at Rome. Which will you believe,—the Bible or the Catholics?

(10.) During the alleged pontificate of Peter, all the Jews were ordered out of Rome by the Emperor Claudius. This would put upon the Catholics the necessity of explaining how so prominent a Jew, as Pope Peter must have been, secured an exemption from the imperial decree. His being a Christian would have been an aggravation, for at that time the hatred felt for the new sect was intensifying into the deadly virulence that led to the ghastly persecutions, not long afterwards.

(11.) The Apostle John distinctly avers in Revelations that the church of Christ is founded on the twelve apostles. That the other original disciples were of the same opinion, is shown by two significant things: their election of a successor to Judas, and their attempt to exclude Paul. They evidently thought that Christ meant this when He chose twelve instead of one, and when He always expounded His creed to them collectively instead of separately.

The Bible contains other evidence against the one-man power claimed by Rome, but these instances must suffice.

* * * * *

After Constantine had effected the union of Church and State, and the Emperor Julian had made his futile effort to restore paganism, it became the burning ambition of the Bishops of Rome to acquire for themselves the monopoly of riches, power, and prestige which the Roman pontiffs had lost. No historical

trace can be discovered to prove that such a design had ever been harbored by a Christian bishop anterior to the compact with Constantine and the abolition of the pagan pontificate. In every general council of the Catholic church prior to that time, the Bishops of Rome had neither summoned, nor presided over, those conferences. Absolute equality reigned among the bishops, excepting that greater respect and admiration which it was natural to pay to those prelates who enjoyed a greater reputation for piety, oratory, or scholarship. So late as A. D. 533 we find the Fifth General Council, held in Constantinople, presided over by Menna, the Patriarch of that city. In fact, we do not find the Bishop of Rome presiding at all, until after the seventh century.

As to the title of Pope, we find it expressly repudiated by a Bishop of Rome nearly six hundred years after Christ.

In answer to a letter which he had received from Eulogius of Alexandria, who had called Gregory of Rome "a universal bishop," Gregory replied: "I have said that neither to me nor to any one else ought you to write anything of the kind. And lo! in the preface of your letter you apply to me, who prohibited it, the proud title of 'universal pope'; which thing I beg your most sweet holiness to do no more, because what is given to others beyond what reason requires is subtracted from you. I do not esteem that an honor by which I know that my brethren lose their honor. I am then truly honored when all and each are allowed the honor that is due them. For if your holiness calls me universal pope, you deny yourself to be that which you call universal (that is, your own self to be no pope). But no more of this; away with words which inflate pride and wound charity." He even objects to the expression: "as thou hast commanded," which occurred in his correspondent's letter. "Which word 'commanded' I pray you to let me hear no more; for I know what I am and what you are; in position you are my brethren, in manners you are my father. I did not, therefore, command, but desired only to indicate what seemed to be inexpedient."

This was 590 years after Christ!

Priestly pride and arrogance were not confined to Rome: the Patriarch of Constantinople had his ambition and aspirations also. In fact, the supreme head of the Greek church in Russia owes his pre-eminence, historically speaking, to the pretensions originally put forth by the Patriarch of the Capital City of the Eastern Empire.

Gregory the Great, who was Bishop of Rome at that time, vehemently protested against the usurpation of his Eastern brother, scornfully repudiated the idea that there could be a universal bishop.

In the year 609 after Christ we find Pope Boniface, according to Matthew Paris, petitioning the Emperor Phocus for the very title which the Patriarch of Constantinople had arrogated to himself. This Emperor Phocus was one of the most despicable creatures who ever wore the royal purple. He was utterly without learning, piety, or principle. The degraded creature

probably got a handsome bribe for the imperial concession.

Instead of its being true that the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff was recognized by the early church, it is a fact well known to scholars that the Catholics of Europe did not acknowledge the infallibility and the supreme power of the Pope until 1870. Even now the Catholic world is split into two great divisions,—the Greek and the Roman.

It must be perfectly clear to your mind that unless the Catholic hierarchy can establish an unbroken succession to Peter, their foundation falls to pieces. The next time you meet a priest you might ask him how the Pope can claim title through a predecessor who emphatically disowned it, as Gregory did.

The papal contention is, that they possess an indestructible chain, reaching back, link by link, to Peter: if you will search the Scriptures and the best unbiased historical authorities, you will verify every position taken in this chapter, and will discover that popery is a comparatively modern invention. Macauley was pleased to almost give it immortality, backwards and forwards; but, as a matter of fact, there are many houses belonging to the European nobility that are much more ancient—especially is this true of the aristocracy of Venice. If you will go to the tents of the Arabs you will find ivory tablets which trace back the pedigree of horses very much farther than any papal scholar can trace back the succession of the popes.

The Ship Subsidy

IN his message to Congress the President says: "I especially commend to your immediate attention the encouragement of our merchant marine by appropriate legislation."

Does Mr. Taft, like the late Senator Hanna, favor the Ship Subsidy? Is the government going to hire merchants to go to sea? Are we to have hothouse commerce, sustained at the expense of the taxpayers?

* * * * *

What ails our merchant marine? Why cannot American merchants compete with British and German merchants on the ocean?

Simply because our own laws will not allow it. Our navigation acts have destroyed the American merchant marine.

How?

By denying registry and the protection of the flag to any ship not built in one of our own shipyards. We are not allowed to buy vessels from England, Scotland, or Germany without losing the protection of our government. We must build them at home. Our precious tariff increases the cost of all shipbuilding material, while in Great Britain vessels are built under free trade conditions. Hence it costs us more to build any sort of sea-going vessel than it costs Great Britain. If we were allowed to buy ships abroad we could get them on equal terms

with Britisl merchants. Consequently we could compete with them for the carrying trade. We would get our share. The American merchant marine would once more flourish as it did prior to the Civil War. The Tariff compels the merchant to pay more for an American ship than the Englishman pays for an English ship, and our navigation laws compel the American merchant to use the American ship or none.

Result: The Englishman gets the business.

* * * * *

It was just this kind of legislation which provoked the preliminary troubles between Great Britain and the American Colonies. Our forefathers hated the British navigation acts; the sons copied them. Great Britain grew wise, swung to Free Trade, and took the seas away from us. Our navigation acts represent the most violent type of the Protective madness. To deny the merchant the right to buy his vessel where he can get it cheapest, is mere lunacy. The cheapest and best ships will inevitably get the cargoes; and where the law denies to the American the chance to get the cheapest and best vessel, it simply puts him out of the combat.

Our navigation acts have done that identical thing.

* * * * *

What is the remedy? Senator Hanna wanted "ship subsidies." In other words, the merchant was to be encouraged to enter into the shipping business by the assurance that the Government would go down into the pockets of the taxpayers and pull out enough money to make good the difference between the costly ships of America and the cheaper, better ships of Great Britain.

To escape the effects of one bad law, Senator Hanna proposed that Congress should pass another. The Tariff, which plunders the many to enrich the few, has killed the merchant marine; therefore the merchant marine must be restored to life, not at the expense of the enriched few, but of the plundered many.

* * * * *

The merchant marine has been destroyed by the system which is "the mother of the Trusts," by the system which sells to foreign consumers at a lower price than to home consumers.

Why not encourage our merchant marine by allowing our merchants *to buy their vessels in those foreign markets where our Protected manufacturers sell their wares so much cheaper than they sell them to us at home?*

* * * * *

Would it not be the most shameless kind of class legislation to take the tax money of the unprivileged masses of our people (who pay practically all the taxes), and build up fortunes for another class of privileged shipowners?

The beneficiaries of protection are the few; its victims are the many.

Thus the favored few get all the benefits of protection and escape all its evils; while the unprivileged many bear all of its evils and reap none of its benefits.

* * * * *

We are told that Great Britain and Germany subsidize their merchant marine and that therefore our government must do it. The

argument would be contemptible even if the facts supported it, but that is not the case. Great Britain does not subsidize her merchant marine, nor does Germany do so. Great Britain pays certain lines for specific mail service and colonial service; nothing more. Germany does likewise. Neither country *hires* merchants to go to sea about their own business.

There is no more statesmanship in hiring a mariner to engage in private business between New York and Liverpool than there would be in hiring John Wanamaker to establish another branch of his mercantile business in San Francisco or Terra del Fuego. Such legislation as that is *Privilege run mad.*

* * * * *

When Napoleon encouraged the beet sugar industry in France by bounties, he may have done a wise thing. France was under his despotic control; commerce with the world was cut off; internal development became the law of self-preservation.

But no imperial sceptre rules the ocean. There can be no monopoly of the use of her myriad highways. Amid her vast areas, natural law mocks the puny contrivances of men. Competition is free. The ocean race is to the swift; the battle to the strong. Whoever can do the work, do it quickest, cheapest, surest, best, will do it—American bounties to the contrary notwithstanding.

Take off the rusty fetters which bind the limbs of the American seaman and he will need no bounty. Give him a fair start, an open course, and he will outrun the world. Keep the chains on him—and he will never win!

Suppose you give bounties to the shipper, then what? To the extent of the bounty he will do business—no further. And you will soon find that you have attracted mercenary corporations who do business for the bounty, the whole bounty, and nothing but the bounty.

We tried the ship subsidy business once before—from 1867 to 1877. What was the result? Scandals and failure. Congress took more than six and a half million dollars of the people's money, gave it to greedy corporations, and got nothing in return save a fit of disappointment and disgust which lasted the country until the advent of Hanna.

We earnestly hope that President Taft will look into the record of the former subsidy experiment before he ever signs a bill of like character.

* * * * *

In 1856 a little more than three-fourths of all our exports and imports were carried in American bottoms. In 1881 seventy-two million bushels of grain were shipped from New York to Europe, and not one bushel of it went in American ships.

Less than one-sixth of our marine freight was handled by ourselves in 1881, and the amount has gone on dwindling.

Great Britain improved her methods of building ships; built cheaper and better vessels than ours. The law did not permit us to buy from her, but did permit her to bring her ships into our waters and capture our trade; and so she captured it.

We are the only people in the world who are not allowed to buy ships wherever we can buy them cheapest. We are the only serfs alive who are chained hand and foot to obsolete navigation laws. And to escape the logical consequences of our folly we do not propose to repeal the monstrous laws which led us into the difficulty, but we do propose to compel the taxpayers to make good, by subsidies, the difference between the costly American ship and the cheaper, better European ship!

When statesmanship gets down to that low ebb, its morality is gone.

In the Name of Jehovah, is This Kind of Missionary Work Sane and Scriptural?

THE Christian *Herald,* of New York, is one of the great religious papers, whose circulation gives it an immense audience. Few periodicals excel it in zeal for the modern system of doing foreign missionary work. It was the *Herald* that published the picture of that African girl, "our dear little Dora," and called for contributions toward her redemption from her sable kin-people. Whether the money necessary to pay the price her folks put upon her, was raised, I do not know; but the *Herald* stated editorially that the missionaries had been "redeeming" negro orphans "all over Africa."

Consequently, you yourself may have innocently and unwittingly become a party to this renewal of the traffic in human flesh, provided you have been making your contributions to foreign missions through one of the regular organizations.

How bitterly these Northern people have denounced the sale of one human being by another, whenever the subject of the discussion was the patriarchal slave-system of the Old South!

Yet here they are, misappropriating the money collected from our churches, *in the purchase of African boys and girls!*

To secure the blessed privilege of feeding, clothing and educating these little negroes in a commodious, comfortable orphanage, the foreign missionaries pay a big price for it!

As if we could not fill ten thousand orphanges in our own country, with boys and girls of our race and color, without having to do more than throw open the door and say, "*Come! Come,* ye ragged and hungry, fatherless, motherless, and friendless little ones!"

In the *Herald's* issue of Nov. 16, 1910, you may find this appeal for the orphans of India: it is on the Editorial page:

Will You Help India's Orphans?

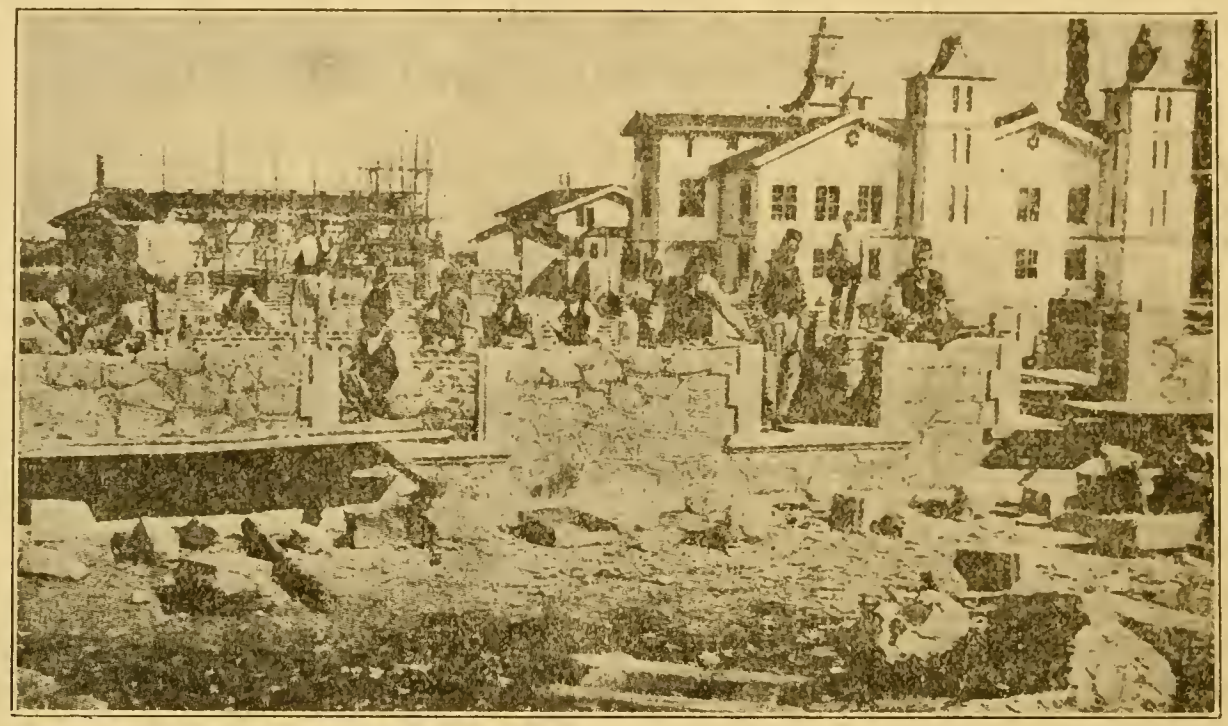
Several hundred little orphan boys and girls of India, now in care of the missionaries in that country, are without support, the kind friends who have been their patrons in recent years having either died or been compelled, for some reason, to discontinue their patronage. The missionaries are praying that the great heart of Christian America may take them up.

There is probably no Christian or hu-

manitarian work in the whole world that has been attended by so much blessing and satisfaction to all concerned as this India orphan work of The Christian Herald. Some of our foremost missionaries have declared it to be "the greatest missionary work of a century," and surely a blessing has been on it ever since the day when Dr. Klopsch established it. We want you to have a share in this great work and in order that you may do so in a manner that cannot fail to be entirely satisfactory and agreeable, we have prepared the following pledge-card. Please observe that **it places you under no legal obligation of any sort** and that you can send as God has prospered you and as your heart dictates, and **stop when you please.** Cut this out, fill in the blank spaces, sign it and forward it to The Christian Herald with your offering:

This affords an opportunity for all, no matter what their station in life, to have a share in this blessed work of child-training and soul-winning, and to give for such support according to their means and as their hearts may prompt. Do not turn a deaf ear to the cry of India's little orphan children. Give what you can and while you can. You will never feel the poorer, but many, many times the richer for it.

Should you wish any pledge cards to send to friends, drop us a postal, and we will mail you any number you may want.



"Will you help India's orphans" build some more buildings like these?

India Orphan Support.

I will give toward the support of the India Orphan work of The Christian Herald, the sum of $....., monthly (or quarterly), should circumstances permit. This promise is to impose no legal obligation upon me, and is to terminate whenever I may so desire.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

Date.....1910.

Did you ever know fanaticism and mis-applied philanthropy to go to such an extreme as that?

In God's name, who made us morally responsible for the maintenance of the orphan children of a different race, in a different part of the world? Where will such a task lead us? Where will we reach the end of it? Where is the Scripture for it?

That editorial was penned and published in the very midst of as huge a welter of human misery, vice, crime and heathenism as can be found anywhere on earth. With-

in a few steps of the *Herald* office are white boys and girls who must either beg, starve, or sink into the underworld from whose pits of perdition the road leads straight to hell.

Yet the editors of the *Herald,* whose keen eyes can see, whose attentive ears can hear, the rags and the wails of the orphans of India—thousands of miles away — can neither see nor hear the orphan that moans and dies at his own door.

After reading the *Herald's* appeal for the Hindoo children, it occurred to me to look in the papers, of about the same date, to see how it was with the children of the poor in these United States.

Here are some of the items:

CHILDREN FOUND STARVING.

Taken From Home That Lacked Both Food and Fire.

Starving and nearly frozen, the three children of Daniel Simmons were taken from his home on New Hampshire street, Newtown, N. J., yesterday to the almshouse. The children are Jane, eight years; Alice, six, and Daniel, four. The house is in a filthy condition. There was nothing to eat in the place, and not even a match with which to light a fire.

Simmons formerly was employed by a coal company. He says he has been unable lately to find work.

STEALS TO FEED STARVING BABES.

Court Attaches Take Up Collection for Family of Man Held for Snatching Purse.

Rendered desperate by the sufferings of his cold and hungry children and wife, William Clark, a teamster, of 211 Adams street, Brooklyn, who lost his place during the strike, snatched a purse from a woman on the street today, was captured, and held in $500 bail by Magistrate Harris of the Adams street police court on a charge of vagrancy.

The man told such a pitiful story in court that the magistrate sent a court attendant to investigate. This man found the young wife and two children, John, aged two and one-half years, and Anna, aged 18 months, in a cold, carpetless room, containing but one chair. The only food in the room was a crust of dry bread. The children were barefooted and obviously suffering from cold and hunger.

When the court attendant returned to the Adams Street Court and reported what he had seen Magistrate Harris, Assistant District Attorney White, and a number of others took up a collection that netted $10.

This was sent to Clark's house, with a promise that more would be forthcoming.

Mrs. Jennie Deneller, of 215 West 121st street, Manhattan, whose purse was snatched by Clark as she was passing the corner of Myrtle avenue and Duffield street, did not appear to press the charge, and Magistrate Harris put the case over till tomorrow. If she does not appear tomorrow Clark will probably be released and a job procured for him.

WITHOUT FOOD OR HEAT.

White Family Found Near River Bridge in Destitute Circumstances.

Without a bite of food to eat, without a piece of wood to build a fire, without a bed to sleep on, and with the husband and father slowly dying with consumption, a white family living in the little house near the river bridge on the Alabama side was found this morning by E. S. Marshall.

Mr. Marshall was out collecting when he ran across this family in such destitute circumstances. So touched was he at their condition that he ordered some wood and had a fire built. He reported the family's condition to another good citizen, who is endeavoring to get up a list of provisions. —Eufaula Times (Dec., 1910.)

IN BITING WIND, CHICAGO'S BREAD LINE HELD 1,000

Tenth Night of Malcolm McDowell's Coffee Wagon—Hogan's "Flop" had 1,300 Guests.

Chicago.—Despite the fact that the big retail stores report that more money is being spent this year for holiday goods than in any previous year, 1,000 men stood in line last night in a biting wind to obtain a tin cup of coffee anl a roll each. It was the tenth night that Malcolm McDowell has had his coffee wagon out to feed the hungry unemployed.

The results have shown that this charity

is almost as badly needed as in the hard "panic" winter of 1907-08.

The municipal lodging house had over four hundred lodgers last night, a number far in excess of the number of beds and in excess of the number accofmodated at this time in the winter after the panic three years ago.

Hogan's "Flop," a four-story building where men may sleep on the bare floor for a nickel a night, had more than 1,300 guests last night.

There are heart-rending stories of the same kind, to be found in every part of our native land.

Consider this clipping, from *The Ledger-Dispatch,* of old Virginia:

Find Mother To Be Insane.

Suffolk, Va., December 6.—A commission of lunacy composed of Drs. Harrel and Hart and Mayor Norfleet, have declared Mrs. Ella Byrum to be insane and as soon as possible she will be sent to Williamsburg.

The case is pitiful in the extreme. The family, which consists of the mother and three children, are in destitute circumstances and at present are being cared for by the King's Daughters.

The gentleman who sends me the clipping comments on it himself. This is what he writes:

Suffolk, Va., December 6, 1910.

My Dear Sir: Enclosed clipping from Ledger-Dispatch. One Methodist church here this year built a thousand-dollar church in Korea and raised thirteen thousand for a building site for a new church in Suffolk, Va. Yours truly, ————

How much longer will it take the Christian ministry to see that they are doing enormous harm to the cause of religion, *in this country,* by the extravagance of their gratuities to the needy of foreign nations?

Bitterly sarcastic criticism is being levelled at the church by thousands of intelligent men who feel profoundly the frightful discrimination which is practised against our own people. On all sides, as the hitherto unknown facts gain publicity, there is growing intense indignation against those who have been imposing upon the people and loading them down with such a tremendous burden as that of feeding, clothing, and educating and physicking the heathen—to say nothing of teaching them industrial arts and keeping their rotten teeth plugged with American gold.

To raise money to "redeem our dear little Dora" from a fate no worse than life among her own uncles, aunts, cousins, etc., it was easy to interest the great *Christian Herald;* and what is true of the *Herald* is true of practically every denominational paper.

But when the effort is made to interest the churches in the rescue of poor white girls, whose deplorable condition compels them to work in the cotton fields with negro men, no response follows. White women, right here at us, don't appeal to our imagination: they are commonplace, unromantic: let them fall victims to poverty, neglect, disease, bestial lust, nobody cares.

But paint to us the tortures of a rich girl in China, whose feet are being squeezed to the fashionable smallness; or plead with us to pay for "our dear little Dora" in Africa; or bring to our notice the orphan children of Hindostan—and at once the helping hand is outstretched and the rivers of gold begin to flow.

In a certain Georgia town, and not long ago—a town which gave $2,600 to Foreign Missions last year—an old white woman perished in squalor; and then the question of her burial expenses arose. To

whom do you suppose they went for the money?

To the non-resident drummers who were at the hotel!

A correspondent who signs himself "Student" writes to a South Carolina newspaper:

To the Editor of The State: Anent the recent murder in Hampton county of a prominent white man supposedly by the negro, Richard Williams, let me here refer to the connecting story of the neglect of and poverty and final disgrace permitted to exist in the unfortunate family of Harris, white, consisting of five girl children, whose mother is dead and father an imbecile or worse; whose habitation, a poor hut with cracks large enough for the birds to fly through; living in misery, the children toil for bread in the fields with an alien race, while exiled and ignored by neighbors of culture, refinement and comfort and left to the ravages of the wolves of hell, to exist and die in poverty, ignorance and shame—and all this right at the doors of a "Christian village" located in a so-called Christian land whose people profess to follow the teachings of the "Friend of sinners" who admonished them to "love thy neighbor as thyself" and pronounced sweet charity the greatest of all virtues.

May I ask, just here, what is the matter with Christianity in communities where such conditions are allowed to exist? Is it a failure? Is the church there a farce? . . . Men and women of all sections, races, beliefs or politics, may it not be in order just now for us to look about us everywhere in our own respective communities and take such steps as may be necessary to assuage the wrath of a living Father of all for our careless neglect of His unfortunate children?

"White women, right here, don't appeal to our imagination"

The Editor's comment, in part, is:

Several years ago The State plead with the makers of public sentiment in South Carolina to create sentiment against white girls and negro men working together in the fields. Crime after crime was cited as the logical fruit of such association. One of the very few responses to that appeal was a covert but bitter denunciation of The State by a Laurens county paper for an alleged desire to impose burdens upon the poor white farmer!

Here in Hampton county is direct evidence of the shocking fruits of association on terms of equality and familiarity of the poor white girl and the negro man.

How many other Harris families are there in South Carolina? How many other white women are forced by labor-equality into positions of social equality with negro men?

It is highly probable that some of the very churches who neglect those degraded white girls of South Carolina, contribute to the funds which purchase orphan children in Africa and India. It is very probable that some of the money which clothed the African boys you see in one of

Maybe South Carolina paid for this football equipment

the accompanying illustrations, and which paid the cost of constructing that magnificent Library and Gymnasium *in Africa,* was collected in South Carolina.

* * *

Mark it, please: I am not opposed to Foreign Missions. On the contrary, I favor them, heartily.

The divine command, "Go ye and preach the gospel to every living creature," admits of no doubt. There is nothing to debate, so far as *the principle* is concerned.

When, again, Christ says, "Go and teach *those things which I have taught you,*" there is no room for discussion of *the principle.*

But when it comes to the *modus operandi,* the human methods of carrying out Christ's command, you have as much right to your opinion as my lord Bishop has to his.

And when my lord Bishop arrogantly says that *his* notion about *how* to do the work is God's notion, he is guilty of sacrilege.

We Protestants haven't the slightest idea of conceding infallibity to *our* priests. We don't intend to surrender our consciences to any haugthy Bishop, or any impostor who intrigues his slimy way to a papal supremacy.

We Protestants glory in our independence, our individual freedom; and we haven't the faintest inclination to become the cowardly, superstitious slaves of any "church."

Members of a church we are happy to be: live wires for good works therein, we ought to be; but docile serfs and blind tools thereof, we will never be.

Let Catholics get on their bellies to the papa, and wear priestly chains, if they will: we can't help that: but so long as there is true manhood and womanhood left on this earth there will be some descendants of the heroes of civil and religious liberty who are worthy of Knox and Calvin and Wycliffe and Luther.

When a Bishop of the Methodist church—or any other—insolently assumes that *his* plan of teaching

the heathen how to play on the fiddle and the piano and the organ *is God's plan,* he is fostering the germ of episcopal pride.

When a Bishop of the Methodist church—or any other—coarsely denounces those who oppose the use of mission funds for hiring of nearly 100,000 "native workers" to call themselves "Christians," he is butting his swollen head against a truth which will hereafter be his undoing.

When a supercilious Bishop of the Methodist church — or any other—takes it upon himself to bulldoze Southern congregations in behalf of school-children in Korea and China. he is adopting an unnatural, unscriptural policy which will breed a rankling hatred of his very name, in the hearts of the uneducated children of his own country.

It's a sin and a shame, the way our Bishops and salaried clergymen are shrieking for the destitute heathen of foreign lands, and ignoring the terrible distress which prevails in America.

It's a sin and a shame, the way our religious papers are eternally clamoring for more money for food, clothing, medicine and school teachers for China, Japan, Korea, Mexico and India.

It's a sin and a shame to leave so many thousands of the preachers of our own land to struggle along on a mere pittance, when to the foreign missionaries are given salaries which enable them to live in luxury, and to lay up riches.

It's a sin and a shame, that so much of the money collected for "the saving of lost souls" in heathendom, should be pocketed by members of the American "boards," by the editors of American papers, and by the dentists, doctors, trained nurses, music teachers, and experts in gymnastics and technology.

* * *

The foreign field should support the missionary.

Christ Himself so ordered it. Paul himself so practised it. The church followed the Gospel plan *for 1,800 years after the Crucifixion.*

Some of the "Bishop's plan of salvation"

Then, this modern system of offering tempting inducements to win "converts" was adopted; and the "converts" are now costing the European churches *one thousand dollars apiece!*

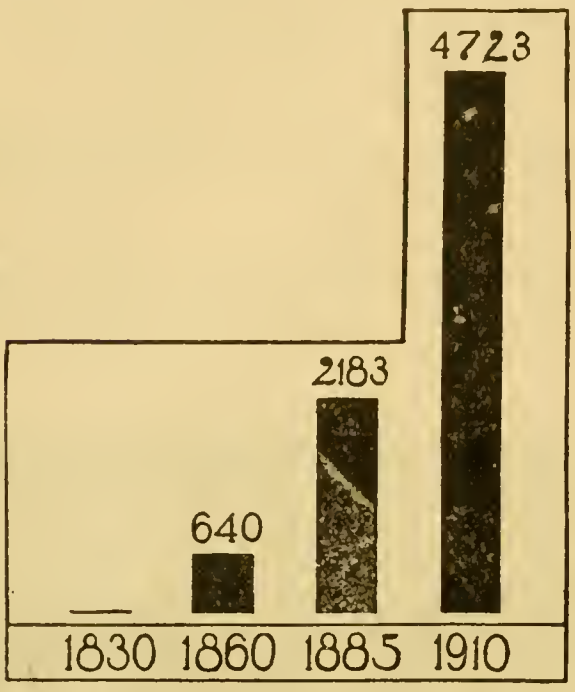
And the unnatural, unscriptural system is kept up because the missionaries, the editors and the "boards" are getting such a golden harvest out of it.

* * *

Has there even been a single Chinaman converted to Christ? I doubt it, capitally.

Has any Jap ever been truly Christianized? I do not believe it.

Was there ever, in Africa, a negro who was made to really com-



How the "converts" have increased

prehend and accept the Gospel plan of salvation?

Listen:

English missionaries "converted" a lot of Africans, built them a church, and left them to finish the journey to Paradise. Some years later, the missionaries went back there, to see how the niggers were getting along. To the amazement of the English, they discovered that the Africans had substituted the worship of the Devil for that of God!

The simple blacks explained to the whites how they came to "flop." Said the negroes to the English:

"You told us that your God would watch over us, and not let any harm come to us. You said that the Devil was the author of all wickedness and calamity. But a storm came upon us and destroyed our church. We had to build another. Since your God allowed the Devil to do us so much damage, we decided to worship the Devil in the hope of warding off any further misfortune."

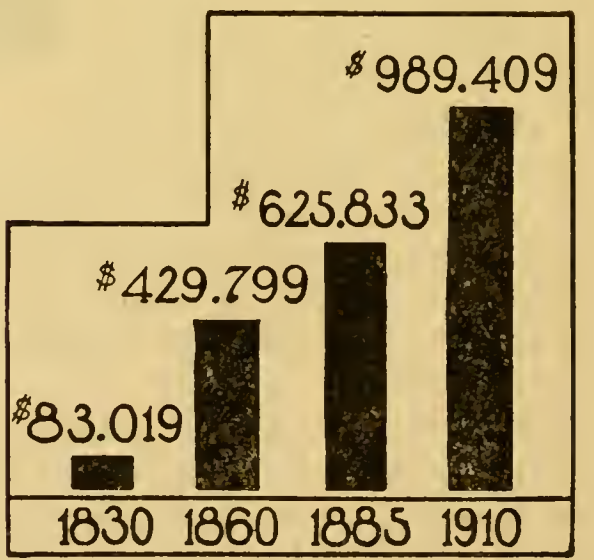
The incident is related in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus Hare.

Really, there is nothing strange about it, for wherever the negroes are left to themselves they relapse into their original barbarism and worship of evil-spirits.

So it would be with China, Japan, Korea and India, were the "rations" cut out.

In fact, the foreign missionaries themselves are so mercenary that they would abandon the work in a hurry were their salaries curtailed. Think of paying $1,750 a year to a married missionary in China—if he has five children—where it costs less to live than anywhere else in the world!

Think of the injustice of virtually forcing the poorly paid preachers of this country to become the collecting agents for these pampered missionaries, who keep a house-ful of



And the cost of the "converts" has increased also

servants and fare sumptuously every day, and who rest from their labors *on full pay,* three months every year!

It is simply outrageous. There isn't a lot of office-holders anywhere who have a softer "snap" than these spoiled darlings of the American churches—the men and the women who are on the pay-roll of the Foreign Mission Boards.

So punctually do these pampered pets have to be paid, that one—just one—of the costly "Boards" had to misappropriate over $10,000 to pay interest on money borrowed to pay the salaries of their savers of souls in the Orient!

That one Board, in Richmond, Virginia, costs the Baptists $31,000 per year; and so imperative is the demand of the soul-savers for regularity in the remittance of their money that the Board had to hustle around and float loans of more than $100,000!

Apparently, the Board was afraid that it would have a strike on its hands, if those consecrated soul-winners were not kept well supplied with ready cash,

The Rev. C. C. Cary, of Georgia, is quoted as saying that the ministers of Atlanta did not have credit for as much as $10. He ought to know: he is one of them.

It would seem that a similar situation prevails abroad. By paying such a large sum for interest annually, our Baptist Board advertises one of three things:

(1.) That the foreign missionaries spend it as fast as they get it; or

(2.) That they have no credit; or

(3.) That they would throw up their jobs, if they were asked to wait for their money until it could be collected.

That the Christian *Herald,* of New York, might find occupation for its holy zeal, without going to India, is indicated by the following clipping from the *Christian Work and Evangelist,* published in the same city:

"Last New Year's Eve the reporters of the daily papers, who see many sordid and bestial things, got disgusted at the sordidness and obscenity they saw. The event has become a byword all through the nation. It is a stench in the nostrils to all decent people. Notice is in all the papers that only champagne will be served. People once thought decent and respectable engage tables weeks ahead, and on New Year's Eve these public dining rooms are crowded. In some of them a perfect orgy of drinking goes on. Men and women who never met before sit down together. Wine flows in rivers. Shouting and revelry ensue, and in some places it becomes a saturnalia. A guest at one hotel saw woman after woman carried to carriages. All this in a city of churches. Of course, all the people who thus spend New Year's Eve do not go to this extremity. But that they can sit and have part in it is horrible. For at the large restaurants you can not have a table unless you order wines. And thousands were there last year. It has been rebuked, blt it goes on. It is a disgrace to our city, and all decent people should frown upon it."

Before condemning my estimate of the *spiritual* success of Foreign Missions, read carefully the opinion of Hiram Maxim, given below:

HIRAM MAXIM MAKES STIR BY HIS CHARGES

"No Chinaman Convert to Christianity," Says Diplomat to Writer.

London, Nov. 12.—A stir has been caused in missionary circles by Sir Hiram Maxim's article, "Wanted, an Anti-Missionary Society" in the P. A. Annual for 1911. The writer makes very serious charges against missionary work in China, and instances numerous authorities to support them.

Sir Hiram quotes the late Sir William Desvoeux, a former Governor of Hong Kong, to the effect that missionary propaganda in China was a total failure, and Colonel Carr, formerly of the American Legation in China, to the effect that the whole thing (missionary propaganda) was a fraud of the first water.

"I asked Li Hung Chang," Sir Maxim goes on, "on one occasion if he had ever known an honest Chinaman to become a convert to Christianity. He said, 'No, never; not one.' "

With regard to the war on Pekin by the Allies, Sir Hiram says:

"There is nothing in history that will compare in wickedness with this crusade against the innocent Chinese. * * * * Thousands of Chinese women committed suicide to avoid the barbarous Christian soldiers."

He goes on to say that there is already too much superstition in China among the poorer classes.

"But there is nothing quite so absurd as the superstitions that our missionaries are trying to introduce, happily without success. Our religion is essentially a devil religion. Today the official name of Christianity in China is 'The Devil Religion.' In fact, our religion so bristles with devils that they could not have logically called it by any other name."

Sir Hiram criticises the selection of missionaries in the following terms:

"Many of the missionaries sent out to convert the Chinese are females, some of whom are not more than nineteen years old. The home society selects a girl who knows considerably less than nothing about religion, puts her through a course of training, which intensifies her ignorance, and then sends her out to China to convert a highly intelligent and philosophical people, the majority of whom know a thousand times as much about religion as the missionary. What would we think of a nineteen-year-old Chinese girl, who had never seen a steam engine in her life, coming to England to teach steam engineering to the engine builders of this country?

"The missionaries do not stand a ghost of a chance of making any headway in China, but as they have done an infinite amount of harm in that country there is still danger, and there will be danger until China, like Japan, becomes a strong and well-armed country. Then the missionary will cease to bother, and like the Arab, will 'Fold his tent and silently steal away.'"

The Song of the Bar=room

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!

ALIVE, let us live. Where is Yesterday? Lost forever. Where's Tomorrow? It may never come. Today is *here.* Within its fleeting hours runs the only certainty that you'll ever know. Come! eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die!

The chains of Self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of Duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of Responsibility is crushing—let another bear it!

Live for *yourself:* live for the *Now:* live for the *lust of living.*

Drink! and forget dull Care. Drink! and ease the heart-ache. Drink! and drown the passion for the unattainable.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome: I am never too hot or too cold. Mirrored Vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease in my Free-for-all Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to *them* the ugliness of your haggard home, and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and the gloom and the squalor—yours the warmth and glow and social joy.

Clink your glasses, men! Drink again. *"Here's hoping."* 'Tis well to toast her here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter: relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of life-blood, the groans of dying men?

Oh well, it might have happened

anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers, I wrench with pain: the souls of wives, I darken in woe. I smite the mansion, and there are wounds that gold cannot salve: the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow and I till and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial in vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare, or a burst of scornful mirth, men who listen to the death-rattle of any victim of their greed or their lusts without a sign of pity.

And the women, too! How can I fitly sing of the Woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes—those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samson-like, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down, in irremediable ruin—while I escape. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and to the palace gate. No respector of persons, I gloat over richly-garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The Church—I empty it: the Jail, I fill it: the Gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights, run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread-lines, to the mad-house, to the Potter's Field.

I undo the work of the School. I cut the ground from under Law and Order. I'm the seed-bed of Poverty, Vice and Crime. I'm the Leper who buys toleration, and who has not to cry "Unclean"! I'm the Licensed ally-of-Sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price, they give me the power to nullify the work of lawmakers, magistrates and rulers. For a handful of gold, I am granted letters of marque to sail every human sea and prey upon its life-boats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of Dreadnaughts line the coasts—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful little purse; and, in return, they issue to me the lawful rights to unmask *my* batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night, of every year. And were my Destroyers spread out upon the Sea, they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman *I* threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and *they who took my money knew that I would do it.*

To the lips of that desolate child, *I* brought the wail of the orphan—

but I bought the right to do it; and *they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.*

Yes! I inflamed the murderer: I maddened the suicide: I made a brute of the husband: I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl: I made a criminal out of the once promising boy: I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame *ME: blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.*

No Roman Emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels, on the day of his Triumph, such multitudes of captives as grace my train. Tamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Cæsars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advents mean death and destruction, for a season: *but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.*

Of civilization's ocean, I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down: of its citadel, I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in: of its progress, I'm the fetter and the clog: of its heaven, I'm the hell.

The Insurgent of the West is Reaping Where the Populist Sowed

THEY are garnering with ease, the harvest whose seeding caused us to be beaten with many stripes.

We were cheated or bludgeoned into defeat and disbandment; but we neither recanted nor surrendered.

In the *People's Party Paper* of the Nineties, I fought for the Common People against Special Privilege. The Fusion Movement and the Spanish War killed my paper, and scattered or disheartened our heroic Old Guard.

But our time is at hand, at last. We are going to "Come back."

For four years "THE JEFFS" have battled for the unprivileged—the great mass of merchants, farmers, laboring men, and men of the professions, who are the victims of Trusts and Monopolies.

These cormorants, corporations—foul offspring of bad laws and of wicked men in office—can be destroyed by removing the source of existence.

We must have juster legislation. We must have better men in office.

Both we can have if the people will only act in unison and with energy.

To help in that great work is the mission of THE JEFFERSONIANS.

To that high and inspiring object I am consecrating the remaining years of my life.

But we need co-operation.

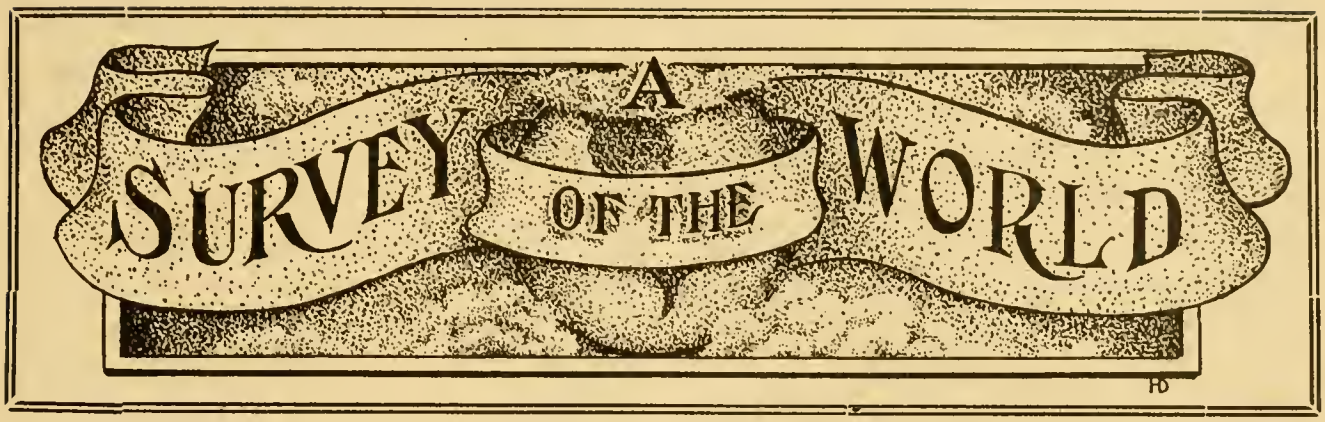
How deep is *your* interest?

How much will *you* do?

Every man must do his duty.

Let us come together, in a great stock company, and secure for our sacred cause the irresistible and indispensable strength of Union and Co-operation!

May Almighty God move our minds and hearts and souls to do our full duty!



By THE EDITOR

THE elevation of Associate Justice White to the Chief Justiceship of the greatest court in the world has caused a far more universal discontent than has found expression through the press. In the first place, White did not make a good senator. Known and elected as a Democrat, his votes were about as satisfactory to the Republicans as were those of the late Senator McEnery from the same state (Louisiana). Furthermore, he used his position to vote the people's money into his own pockets, just as Taliaferro, Aldrich, Guggenheim, *et al.* did. Holding an appointment to the Supreme Court, he retained his seat in the Senate until he could give his vote to the Sugar Bounty. Inasmuch as he was a wealthy sugar planter, the unpatriotic selfishness of his conduct deserved the severe criticism which was leveled at him at the time.

The legal profession does not regard White as an able lawyer; certainly not the superior of Harlan, of Kentucky, who has been on the bench a much longer time. Why, then, was the weaker, and younger man in service and experience, jumped over the head of his senior in service and his superior in ability? Is it because White is a Roman Catholic? Is it because he is that type of man who falls upon his knees at a public function and kisses the ring on the finger of an Italian archbishop?

* * * * *

The newspapers announce that President Taft declared that he made the appointment of White with great reluctance—that he did not want to promote White, but "yielded to great pressure." It is most unfortunate for any country that these Italian priests should have, in the conduct of their business, such an invaluable asset, a "pressure" to which our Presidents always yield.

Mr. Cleveland yielded in the matter of receiving Falconio, whom neither France nor England would have received.

Mr. Roosevelt yielded in the matter of those millions of dollars, virtually stolen by the priests from the Western Indians.

As to Mr. Taft, Falconio and Cardinal Gibbons seem to have no difficulty whatever in bending him to their will. In the Phillippine Islands, on the Isthmus of Panama, and in the White House the papal *intrigants* have their own way with the easy-going Taft.

THE Japanese war scare and the watch-word "Economy," give promise of producing the usual results. Not only are huge appropriations demanded by the heads of departments, but new fields of expenditure are being opened up. The proposed fortification of the Panama Canal would not only cost an immense sum of money for the forts and equipment, but it would prove a constant and perpetual drain upon our National Treasury. Of course the neutralization of this water-way would answer every purpose of the proposed fortification far better than the fortification would; but, with the Federal Administration, whenever it is a question of spending or not spending the people's money, the unwritten law and unbroken precedent require that it be spent.

THE President and his advisers have agreed upon the sum of $20,000,000 to be spent in reclaiming desert land by irrigation. At suitable places along the watercourses of the West, great dams will be constructed for holding back in vast storage basins the water of the creeks and rivers. From these central basins canals and ditches will convey abundant supplies of water to the parched land which needs nothing but moisture and good cultivation to produce crops so abundantly that the annual output of the irrigated farm, acre for acre, exceeds that of the ordinary farm anywhere from four times as much to eight and ten.

Whose money is to be spent creating this irrigated farm, which gets water whenever it wants it? It is the money of the farmers who have to grow their crops on lands which depend upon the clouds for the rain and which always get too much moisture or not enough.

* * * * *

The report of the Secretary of the Interior discloses the fact that, after all the depredations on our public domain, we still hold 712,000,000 acres subject to homestead settlement. Besides this there are, in the Southern States, as great an area of untilled land as we are now cultivating. I do not allude entirely to swamps and other overflowed territory, easily capable of drainage: my reference includes the deserted farm, which has become so common in Dixie. The irresistible forces which are drawing population toward towns and cities, have had the same effect in the South as in the North. Vacant land, by the thousands of acres, is to be seen in every Southern state. In Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, farms can be purchased for less than the value of the improvements.

* * * * *

This being true, it is a maddening injustice to burden the owner of the cloud-watered farm with the expense of creating, by expensive irrigation, a competitive farm which will take his own money and cheapen his own products with it. In other words, the owners of the ordinary wheat, hay, tobacco, and cotton farms are compelled to maintain, at their own expense, a more dangerous competition than they have ever had before.

THE fanatics of militarism are clamoring for a standing army of half a million men. The railroad

lawyer who, for some occult reason, was selected by Mr. Taft for Secretary of War, declares that our comtry is totally unprepared to defend itself from foreign invasion. Our naval establishment must be feeling Mr. Dickinson's implied contempt for it quite keenly. What are all those battleships for, if not to intercept an invading army on the high seas, and *thus* protect our coasts? If our navy is such a negligible quantity as Mr. Dickinson would have the world believe, its deterioration since the Spanish War must have been quite rapid. After all, Mr. Dickinson's opinion on a question of corporation law is probably worth more than any military suggestion he could make.

THE hell-brew of New York politics is approaching the boiling-over point. Tammany has several fights on the inside and several more on the outside. Mayor Gaynor has never recovered the rugged, aggressive strength of character that he had before Gallagher shot him. He no longer fights anything: and is, therefore, no longer a factor of any importance.

The notorious Bill Sheehan, known of old as one of Ryan's jackals, has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate; and in doing so has scraped together a lot of the most soul-soothing verbiage that ever graced a political pronunciamento.

As to Hearst, he is still consecrated to the holy service of the Harriman railroad system, the Diaz despotism in Mexico, the Japanese war scare, and the "you-tickle-me—I-tickle-you" combination with John R. Walsh, of the Washington *Post*.

As to Roosevelt, he is apparently doing his level best to digest and assimilate the unprecedented quantity of cold shoulder which he was made to swallow in the November elections.

* * * * *

The most peculiar phase about the present political situation is the placidity and quietude which have followed so closely upon the election of so many Democrats to office. The fierce winds ceased to blow, and the mountainous waves to roll almost immediately after those Democrats got their commissions. Seldom has such a calm followed such a storm.

To our amazement, we discover that the high cost of living is not torturing the overburdened people as it did last fall and summer. The wickedness of Mr. Taft, his Cabinet, and his Congress, is not quite so flagrant as it was a few months ago. The extravagance of the Federal government is not viewed with the alarm that found such constant and violent expression prior to the election.

The passionate ardor with which certain Democratic politicians pleaded the cause of Old Man Peepul during the campaign has been superseded by a serene philosophy which reconciles itself to the inevitable and leaves Mr. Peepul to paddle his own canoe. While he was running for office last year, the average Democrat spoke and acted like a man who was just determined to invade the Jungle and slaughter wild animals. He was not only going to do this with all his might, but he was going to do it with all possible celerity.

Now, how changed it all is! He sees things in a different light. The commission and the salary are convincing him that conditions are not as desperate as they were when the opposing candidate was in the field. He suspects that the burdens of the people have been the subject of exaggeration. His general attitude is one of composure, circumspection, patriotic, statesmanly self-restraint. He cannot afford to do anything in a hurry. He publishes reassuring declarations of his intention to go slow. He will not do anything to disturb business. Rashness is not to be thought of. Conservatism—the hateful word of last summer—is not so offensive as it was when the Republicans used it.

To put it another way, the Democrats are simply giving evidence of the fact that the Special Interests have merely swapped horses again.

Resurgam!

J. T. Hudson

There is a touch of winter in the air;
Its icy tokens vibrate everywhere,
And vernal glories whisper a farewell
On mead and moore—o'er dale and dell;
The days grow short—the year grown old—
The emerald hues change into gold,
And, robed in her gorgeous witchery,
Nature proclaims her valedictory—
Not in the murky, sombre hues of night,
But in the garniture of light,
Prophetic of another, brighter dawn—
Frail emblems of another Easter morn!

May it be thus when to me shall come
Life's sunset and the summons, "home"!
May my last days be brightest and display
Their sunnier links e'er grim decay
Shall claim me, when on Nature's breast,
Alike the leaf, I sink to rest!
And may I know beyond life's bourne
There is, thank God, the resurrection morn!

Stonewall Jackson

A Strange Incident in a Remarkable Career—How a Northern Rifleman Tried to Slay the Confederate Hero—The Bullet Misses Its Mark—A Guardian Angel

(From "Rifle Shots and Bugle Notes")

THAT was an awful day when the Confederate lion, Stonewall Jackson, crept upon Hooker, hidden in the Wilderness. Lee on one side, Jackson on the other, and the woods around Chancellorsville shook and trembled, and were almost swept from the face of the earth by the whirring round shot, the hissing shell and the screaming grapeshot. Men were struck stone dead as the battle line advanced or retreated. White face recruits and bronze face veterans were torn to fragments and hurled against the living. Wounded men fell in their tracks to be crushed in the earth by the great limbs cut from the trees by shot and shell. The roar of guns, the crackle of musketry, the fierce shots and awful groans made such a hell upon earth of that battle-field as was seldom seen, before or after.

Fighting Joe Hooker was in a box, but not a man in his great army dreamed that it was so until the long gray line of Stonewall Jackson came creeping through the quiet forest at three o'clock on that ever-to-be-remembered 2d of May, 1863. The light earthworks had been thrown up to face another way,—toward Lee. All lines faced Lee; all men were looking for Lee when three divisions of Confederates, moving with soft step, took Hooker's army in the rear, and drove one brigade pell-mell into and over another, until veteran soldiers were without strength or presence of mind.

That awful night, when the wounded were buried alive in the woods, and the dead were thicker than the leaves just broadening into full life, a report ran through the reorganized ranks that the great Stonewall Jackson had been killed. Thousands believed it, but three of us, lying side by side in the new battle line born after night came down, put no faith in the rumor. Why we did not is what I started to write about.

Stuart's cavalry had been following up Hooker's army, but it was like a rat following the footsteps of a horse. Lee was so far away and coming up so slowly that Hooker had time to throw up light earthworks, seize the best ground, fell trees to protect his flanks, and make ready to shatter and hurl back the expected attack. On the 2d day of May his soldiers, hidden in the woods or lying in the fields, washed their clothing, wrote letters home, made comfortable beds for themselves, and were not in the least troubled about what another week would bring forth. As a deep river suddenly bends to avoid a bluff, so did that great army of Lee's bend to avoid the Wilderness. It split in two, to attack at a given hour on both sides, and Joe Hooker sat in his tent and congratulated himself

on the impregnable position—considered impregnable by him—where two great highways ran along the rear of half of his army. So universal was the feeling of security that soon after noon three infantrymen started out to beg, buy, or forage food.

Siegel's corps was on Hooker's west flank, and commanded that day by Howard. Part of this corps faced the old turnpike and plank road, part faced the other way. Most of the men were hidden in the woods and behind ridges; and up the broad highway, which should have been first looked to, Stuart was pushing his cavalrymen as skirmishers. We three men were beyond Siegel's corps, and on the point of entering a farm-house, from which everybody had fled, when, less than a rifle shot away, we caught sight of the Confederate advance. The cavalrymen were advancing slowly, evidently expecting to find a heavy guard at some point, but at the time we imagined that less than a regiment of Stuart's men were feeling along to pick up stragglers. We at least did not fear them, and the proposition to enter the house and secure a better view of the roads speedily conveyed us to a chamber window. We could see but little more from that post, but we did see, soon after reaching it, that same Stonewall Jackson ride from shelter out upon the turnpike in full view, attended only by three or four officers. He had come out there to make observations. Like a cat before she destroys the mouse, he was wondering at what point he should strike to disable his victim soonest.

Grim-minded and sour-tempered was the third man of us, and war's horrors delighted him. When he had taken the second look at the little party sitting on their horses in the open road a wicked smile crossed his face and he whispered:

"By the hundred gods of the heavens, but that chap on the left there is Stonewall Jackson, and I'm going to drop him."

Old Pete, our sour-tempered companion, had a first-class Minie rifle. He had carried it for several months, in some way escaping the attention of the inspector, and in some way always secured ammunition for it. I saw him in at least a half dozen instances shoot down videttes and skirmishers who seemed to be half a mile away, and he was known throughout the regiment as a dead shot.

There was considerable firing around us from foragers, stragglers, and men cleaning their guns, and a shot from the window might not attract particular attention. Resting the heavy gun across the window-sill, and having as steady rest as hunter ever asked for, "Old Pete" was ready to keep his word.

I could almost count the buttons on Jackson's coat, and there seemed no escape for him. I was watching him when the rifle cracked. He had a field glass to his eye, and the only movement we could see was a quick motion of the head, as if the bullet had cut close to his ear. The glass was not even lowered. "Old Pete" swore a terrible long string of oaths as he realized his failure, but in a minute was ready again.

"I hope never to draw another breath if I don't kill him stone dead!" he muttered, as he knelt down. Jackson did not face us as before, yet he was a good mark

even for a musket. We watched him as before, and this time the bullet must have swept past his face, as he dodged backward. The field glass went down then, but he raised it in an instant and went on with the survey.

"Have I got to be a fool, or have I grown blind"? howled out Pete, as he looked down upon his unharmed victim. "I'll kill him this time or shoot myself in this chamber."

It was dangerous to remain there longer, as the cavalry had crept nearer, and Jackson's aids seemed to have got the idea that a sharpshooter was posted near by. Yet "Old Pete" would have tried a third shot if the Confederates had been in the house. The target was as before. He took more careful aim, and yet when he fired he saw the splinters fly from a railroad over beyond the General. The cavalry were then close upon us, and our two muskets were lost in the hurried flight from the house. Half an hour after that Jackson was driving our brigades and divisions as he willed.

"I'll measure off the same distance, shoot off-hand, and bet my life I can shoot a soldier's cap nine times out of ten," growled "Pete," as he hurried forward, and suddenly overcome by indignation and chagrin, he battered his cherished gun against a tree and destroyed it.

As if seeking personal revenge, Jackson's legions passed right by us. The nearest brigade of Siegel's corps was picked up and dashed to pieces as a strong man would lift and hurl a child. Running along with the amazed and frightened men, but bearing off toward our own division, we picked up other muskets to defend our lost ones. Reaching a knoll from which we had another view of the turnpike, we halted for a last look. Over the heads of the frightened, fleeing soldiers—over the ground, strewn with arms and accoutrements—over the blue smoke, just beginning to rise, we saw Jackson again.

He was far away, but it was Jackson.

"Curse him, but he has got a guardian angel!" howled Old Pete, as he shook his fist toward the turnpike.

No other man ever had a rifle drawn on him at such fair range and escaped three cool, carefully-aimed bullets. His escape sent a thrill of superstition through each mind, and from that hour to the moment when the news of Jackson's death reached us, "Old Pete" never spoke a word. Soon a soldier, hurrying along, shouted, "We are all right! Stonewall Jackson has been killed up the road there!"

"Old Pete" leaped up, whirled around to face the bearer of the news, savagely shouted back:

"You lie! you lie! you lie! Stonewall Jackson can't be hurt by shell or killed by bullet!"

But it was so. Lying in the arms of those who loved him, so near us that the cries of our wounded must have reached his ears, was the mortally wounded General whose skill and strength had no match. While the white-faced dead looked up to the torn and shattered forest trees, while the wounded crawled here and there in their awful agony, while the living looked into each other's anxious faces and wondered if another night would find any of us

there, the legions of Jackson were strangely silent. Now and then came the sudden boom of some great gun, sounding like a deep groan of despair; but there was nothing more to break the silence. While men rested in line of battle, having the awful horrors of war on every side, there was one who gave up his life as he whispered:

"Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Making History With Air-Ships

Alice Louise Lytle

THE twentieth century will be classed in history as the one in which man dared most with unfamiliar powers. From the balloon, uncertain and too clumsy for any sort of practical use, patient development has slowly but surely resulted in a new species of air-vessel and almost a new race of men to manage it.

Excepting that both are able to overcome the force or attractions of gravity, there is no other relationship between the balloon of our great-grandfathers' days and the air-ship of today.

Man's longing for air-flight dates back as far as history almost; while the classical writers refer seldom to it, there are two fables handed down, dealing with the matter. One is that relating to Daedalus and his son, Icarus; for the murder of his nephew Daedalus was forced to flee from Athens to Crete. Having later offended the King of Crete, Daedalus was again forced to flee, and escaped from prison by making "wings of feathers, cemented with wax, for himself and his son." After cautioning Icarus to follow him closely, not flying too high nor too low, Daedalus made for the sea, but Icarus became frightened and flew too high, the sun melted the wax which held his feathers, and he was drowned in the sea near Samos. Daedalus was saved and we are indebted to Ovid for this, the first history of the first "man-bird."

Archytas of Tarentum is spoken of by Horace as a noted geometer and astronomer; he also was ambitious to create a flying toy and his pigeon was a success. We are told it was "a model of a dove, made in wood and so contrived by mechanical arts of weights and wheels, put in motion by hidden air, as to fly."

After these two attempts of the ancients to overcome the force of gravity, the matter of flying or aeronautics lay in abeyance for many years. In the middle ages, seers and necromancers pretended to have overcome the powers of air, and from them to the days of the Witches of Salem in our own dearly beloved Massachusetts, "flying through the air" was supposed to be only within reach of those allied to the Devil.

Early in the sixteenth century an Italian alchemist visited Scotland as the guest of James IV; he claimed to be able to fly and had constructed a pair of wings with which to prove his claim. After adjusting the cumbersome wings he took flight from the wall of Stirling Castle but met with inglorious defeat, and suffered broken bones.

In the sixteenth century more determined effort seems to have been made by man to emulate the birds, but none were successful.

To Albert of Saxony seems to have come first the idea of what was needed to overcome the air, and he reasoned that as heat floated above the atmos-

phere, if heat could be enclosed in a light, closed vessel, the vessel would float. Little was demonstrated along this line until 1670, when Francis Lana, a Jesuit monk, conceived the idea of floating a basket by means of four immense copper balls from which the air had been drawn, and which were to be of exceeding thin copper; the action of the sun was to supply the heat necessary for their expansion and they would (in theory) float the basket. This might be said to be the first idea of the balloon.

The real inventors of the balloon, as we know it, were Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier, sons of a paper maker at Annonay, France. Their observations of the action and substance of clouds filled them with the idea of enclosing in a bag or sack, the substance of which the clouds were composed. By constructing a huge bag of thin paper, they built a fire beneath it and as the smoke filled the bag, it ascended.

On the fifth day of June, 1783, they gave a public exhibition of the first balloon flight. An enormous bag, composed of linen of a fine, strong texture was filled with smoke from burning straw; the bag rose to an estimated height of one and a half miles, and descended after the air (or smoke, as the brothers thought) had become chilled.

The news of the successful experiment spread over France and the scientists were immensely interested. The next demonstration was made by the brothers Robert, and there were a number of improvements in the second attempt. Hydrogen gas was used, and the bag was composed of fine silk, varnished lightly to close the pores. From this time to November 21, 1783, the experiments were kept up, and on the latter date the first humans to embark on an "air-ship" were the Marquis d'Arlandes, who was a passenger in the balloon of Pilatre de Rozier, who had been an ardent investigator and demonstrator.

France seems to have enjoyed a monopoly of the "sport of flying" for many years; there are no records to show that the English or any other nationality were as interested as the French, and the United States ranks next in point of early interest. In 1783 two Philadelphia men, Rittenhouse and Hopkins, members of a scientific society, had been experimenting almost along the identical lines of the brothers Montgolfier. The first ascent in America was made by a carpenter, James Wilcox, who was induced (by means of money argument) to become a passenger in a freed balloon. A small car or basket was attached to a cluster of small balloons which had been inflated with hydrogen, and the carpenter was in the air ten minutes—descending only after he had made incisions in the balloons.

From balloons to air-ships as we know them today is a long, tedious journey. For many years it seemed impossible for the investigators and experimenters to get away from the cumbersome balloon, clumsy, unmanageable and uncertain. It remained for the twentieth century to produce the first air-ship along entirely new lines and displacing for all time the gas bag.

This article will not deal with a description of the scientific construction of the various air-planes, but it will draw attention to the wondrous strides made in air navigation. Scarcely a magazine or a daily paper has neglected to exploit to the fullest, every detail of construction and a record of flights made.

From the table compiled by the *Review of Reviews*, we learn of a recent flight of one thousand one hundred miles: of a round trip made by Wynmalen, Paris-Brussels, in less than twenty-eight hours; of a dirigible balloon, carrying seven passengers, making the trip from Paris to London in less than six hours; of Welch remain-

ing in the air for more than three hours.

Besides these tests for distance and altitude, other sensational flights have been made, notably that in which an aeroplane carried a man from Albany, New York, to New York City.

It would seem now the science of aeronautics had reached almost the limit of its development, yet those interested declare it has but begun.

As to the value of the flying machine or the balloon in warfare, opinions also differ. No sooner does the bird-man accomplish feats of daring in the dropping of bombs and the destruction of mock fortifications, when the earth-man immediately invents guns and mortars to carry destruction to incredible heights in the sky.

The toll of death has been heavy in the development of the science, but the inquisitiveness of man is insatiable, and he will probably continue to experiment, develop and risk until there is nothing new in shape, cut nor design to accelerate the speed of the future air-ship. And it is a fascinating study—with nothing to soften nor lessen the danger which comes from failure or mistake.

As nerve, judgment and poise enter so absolutely into the make-up of the successful aeronaut, who knows but humanity may be benefitted largely by the new race of bird-men?

Surely the attributes needed for success bespeak clean living and sobriety, and these are worth developing even among so small a part of humanity as the bird-men represent.

Lend Me Your Eyes

Ralph M. Thomson

Lend me your eyes, and let them light for me
The hidden pitfalls in life's treacherous way;
I am so blind I fear I cannot see—
I need their star-shine lest I go astray.

Take my rough hand, and lead me, dear, along—
Keep yet more close, that you may hear my call;
For I am weak, but you are brave and strong,
And I may stumble, and, in stumbling, fall.

Be mine, your heart, and let it ever sing
Eternal trustfulness the journey through;
What wealth of comfort it shall daily bring,
The while it trills a melody of you!

Is it too much, that I may reach the goal,
To ask for more than heart and hand and eyes?—
Give me the kinship of your spotless soul,
And mine shall rise triumphant to the skies!

The Story of Some Great Senators

Oliver Dyer

VII. The Free-soil National Convention At Buffalo.

BUTLER had reason for believing that although Van Buren would not demean himself by leading a mere faction fight in the state of New York, he would not refuse to place himself at the head of a great national movement, and a great national movement had been determined upon. A call was issued for a National Convention of all those who were opposed to the extension of slavery into the new Territories, to meet at Buffalo, on the 9th day of August. All the States were invited to send delegates to the Convention, to nominate Free soil candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. This movement received the enthusiastic support of the disaffected anti-slavery men in both parties, and also of the old line abolitionists. The Convention was attended by all the anti-slavery magnates (except those who belonged to the extreme Garrisonian wing) and by thousands of the rank and file. There was a sprinkling of delegates from Delaware, Maryland and Virginia; and one of the Virginia delegates electrified the Convention by announcing that he was "from the south of Mason's and *Dickenson's* line." I was in attendance to report the proceedings of the Convention for publication in pamphlet form.

When the Convention got under way, it was discovered that the preference for John P. Hale as the candidate of the party was strongly predominant and seemingly irresistable. To make matters worse, Van Buren coquetted with the Convention, and sent his friends a letter, in which he reminded them of his refusal to accept the nomination which was tendered to him at Utica in June, and strongly hinted that it would not be agreeable for him to be compelled to refuse another nomination. He put it delicately, and also adroitly, in these words:

"You know, from my letter to the Utica convention, and the confidence you repose in my sincerity, how greatly the proceedings of that body, in relation to myself, were opposed to my earnest wishes."

This letter was received as conclusive by the friends of John P. Hale. They considered his nomination as good as made; and in their blind confidence, they made the same mistake which the friends of Clay had made two months before at Philadelphia. They hurrahed, made speeches—fiery, eloquent, excellent speeches—and seemed to be having everything their own way. Meanwhile, Seward, Weed and Butler, who read Van Buren's letter with a native sagaqity of perception which their own long practice in writing similar letters had sharpened to an almost preternatural keenness, were effectively working to head off Hale and bring Van Buren to the front. Seward and Weed, of course, worked secretly; Butler openly. They knew that the proceedings of "that body"—the Utica convention, which represented only a section of a party in a single State, was quite a different thing, in Van Buren's estimation, from the proceedings of a great National Convention under the control of some of the most conspicuous and influential men in the country.

It being certain that if the Convention should come to an early vote, Hale would be nominated, a good deal of preliminary business was introduced, and opportunity was given to every ardent orator to orate as long as he pleased. When the names of candidates were proposed, Hon. Henry

Dodge, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, who was a highly respected Free-soiler, was put forward as the opponent of Hale. Dodge was very popular in the West, and his name was greeted with such enthusiasm, it seemed as though he would carry off the prize. Charles Francis Adams was also named as a candidate for the presidency, and his name was received with such hearty cheers that the Hale men were bewildered. A message soon came from Senator Dodge, requesting his friends to withdrow his name, and assigning ill health as a reason why it would be impossible for him to accept the burdens of the candidacy. It was then proposed—the idea being started by the secret friends of Van Buren—that Hale should be nominated for the Presidency and Dodge for the Vice-Presidency. This proposition was opposed by the friends of Adams. It was also opposed by the avowed friends of Van Buren, who were seeking to gain time, perplex counsel, weary patience, and get the Convention into such a frame of mind as would lead to the adoption of their plan when it should be presented. After a while, another communication was received from Senator Dodge, refusing to allow his name to be presented to the Convention for any purpose whatever. This was a set back to the friends of Hale and helped to complicate still more the already confused state of things.

And now, when everything seemed to be at cross-purposes, the friends of Van Buren played their winning card. It was proposed, in order to simplify matters, and maintain that harmony which should characterize the deliberations of freemen met to carry out a great and holy cause, that a committee on nominations should be appointed, who could consult calmly and quietly upon the situation, come to definite conclusions, and report the same to the Convention, for its approval or rejection, as the case might be. This proposition was adopted, and the committee on nominations was appointed.

What the views of a majority of that committee were, it is easy to imagine, when it is remembered that Butler and his helpers knew just exactly what they were about, and that the friends of Hale were taken unawares of the proposition. The committee went into secret session. Butler was a member of it, and so was Salmon P. Chase, the President of the Convention, who up to that time had been a Van Buren Democrat, and who didn't like Hale nearly as well as he liked Chase.

Butler soon took the lead in the committee. He had made elaborate and profound preparation for this very crisis, and his management was so consummately able that it would have excited the admiration of Van Buren himself, could he have witnessed it. He first convinced the committee that Van Buren would accept the nomination, if it were unanimously tendered to him. Then he set at work to persuade them that Van Buren was nothing less than a providential candidate. Here was a man who for more than a generation had enjoyed the confidence of his countrymen; who had filled every official position, from a State legislator to President of the United States, with conspicuous ability and integerity; whose name was known and honored throughout the civilized world—this great and good and renowned man they could now have for their standard bearer in the desperate contest in which they were about to engage for the cause which was so dear to their hearts. His appeal was successful. The committee began to be satisfied that it would give them national *prestige* to have Van Buren for their candidate. Butler then discoursed upon Van Buren's admirable personal character, and in winning words set forth the purity and virtues of his private life. He gave an animated and picturesque description of a visit he had recently made him, at his home in Kinderhook. As he was describing the almost boyish activity with which Van Buren went over his

farm, and the pride he took in his fields of grain and cabbages and turnips, a tall, gaunt delegate from Ohio, named Brinkerhoff, slowly and spirally elevating himself like a jackscrew, shrieked out, in shrill, piercing tones:

"Damn his cabbages and turnips! What does he say about the abolition of slavery in the Deestrick of Columby!"

This was a thunder clap. Silence reigned, but not long. The committee spontaneously burst into a roar of mingled laughter and cheers.

To understand the terrific impact of that question, it should be remembered that only eleven years before (March 4, 1837), in his inaugural address, Van Buren, quoting from his letter accepting the nomination to the Presidency, had said:

"I must go into the Presidential chair the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of every attempt on the part of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia against the wishes of the slaveholding States."

The explosition of such an interrogative bombshell as Brinkerhoff hurled at Van Buren's eulogist would have utterly disconcerted an ordinary speaker. But the veteran Butler was equal to the occasion, and turned what might have been disaster into a means of triumph. Thanking his "friend from Ohio" for thus bringing forward the important subject of abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, he would answer, from personal knowledge of the views and convitions of Mr. Van Buren on that subject, that if he should be elected President of the United States, and if a bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, should be passed by Congress, it would receive the President's signature. This assurance occasioned great enthusiasm and was received with prolonged applause and cheers. The feeling thus excited decided the contest in the committee. It was unanimously resolved to recommend Martin Van Buren to the Convention as the Free-soil candidate for the Presidency, and Charles Francis Adams for the Vice-President. A platform of principles was also prepared, which was so extreme in its expression of Free-soil and anti-slavery views that it could not fail to satisfy the most uncompromising members of the party. The Convention adopted the report of the committee entire, both as to candidate and platform, and Van Buren and Adams were nominated with enthusiasm.

One of the mottoes put forth in the platform as a party cry, was: "No more slave States; no more slave territories." Soon after this adoption, Salmon P. Chase arose and said that it was thought best to amend the platform in one respect, namely: Instead of having it read "No more slave States; no more slave Territories," it was proposed to strike out the word "more" in the last, so the motto would be: "No *more* slave States; no slave Territories." Nothing which occurred during the sitting of the Convention occasioned more intense enthusiasm than did this proposed amendment. For some reason it seemed to touch the inmost heart of the delegates and the spectators, and it was adopted with prolonged cheering.

Van Buren and Adams at once accepted their nominations, and the Free-soilers, joyously throwing their banner to the breeze, went into the campaign with wild hurrahs, shouting their motto, "No *more* slave States; *No* slave Territories."

VIII. The Triangular Fight for the Presidency—Public Feeling in Washington.

The ensuing triangular contest for the Presidency was an exceedingly embittered one. The spectacle of Martin Van Buren—"New York's favorite son"—leading the anti-slavery hosts to battle was inexpressibly maddening to the Democrats, especially to those of

the South, and they fairly thirsted for the blood of the Free-soilers. The friends of Henry Clay could not forgive his alleged betrayal. The Candidacy of General Taylor did not evoke any party enthusiasm. Daniel Webster said that his nomination was one not fit to be made. Horace Greeley held aloof week after week, and as it was becoming apparent that the vote of New York State would probably decide the contest, his action caused great consternation. In this emergency it was reported and believed that the gallant Clay, although he would not take an active part in the campaign, earnestly desired the triumph of the Whig cause. This conciliated many of Clay's friends. Webster, not that he disliked Taylor less, but that he hated Cass and Van Buren more, was induced to address a mass meeting at Marshfield, in support of the Whig cause.

His speech was a masterly one. He analyzed the situation to the very bottom, and exhibited the practical issue at stake in the election in the clearest light. No address could possibly have been better adapted to persuade disaffected Whigs to return to the party ranks and vote the regular ticket. It was widely published, and produced a profound effect throughout the Northern States. Greeley so hated the Democratic party that he could not keep out of the fight. He was nominated for a short term in Congress, and threw himself and the *Tribune* into the campaign with his accustomed ardor and energy. Everything began to work, especially in New York, which was the pivotal State, as Seward and Weed had foreseen. As the contest went on, and the deeper feelings of the partisans were stirred, the anti-slavery Whigs of the Empire State discovered that they could not play into the hands of the Barnburners by voting for Martin Van Buren. Thousands of them returned to their party allegiance, and cast their votes for Taylor and Fillmore. This decided the contest. Aside from the vote of New York, Taylor had 128 and Cass 127 electoral votes. The vote of New York then— as so often before and since—determined on which banner victory should perch; and, owing to the vast Democratic bolt in favor of Van Buren, Taylor got the vote of the Empire State, by a small plurality, which gave him 37 majority in the Whig party again, and for the last time, into Federal power.

It was only a month after this bitter contest was ended that the session of Congress began, and the animosities and heartburnings which had been engendered by the fight were carried to Washington. On the fifth day of the ensuing March—the fourth coming on Sunday—General Taylor was to be inaugurated, and a Whig administration, with an anti-slavery Vice-President to preside over the Senate, was to come into power. It was understood that William H. Seward, of New York, and SalmonP. Chase, of Ohio, were to be elected United States Senators from their respective States. Seward and Chase were detested by the South, and the idea that they were to come into the Senate was intolerable to some of the Southern Senators. In addition to all these irritating influences, an exasperating rumor was circulated that Seward had won the confidence of General Taylor—who spoke of him as "the great Mr. Seward of New York" —and would be influential in shaping his administration. All these things helped to increase the excitement with regard to slavery and abolition, which already ran so high that it had occasioned mobs in Boston, in New York, and in Philadelphia. Anti-slavery meetings were often interrupted by mobs in New York. I was present, as a reporter, at several such interruptions, and on one occasion had my hand trodden upon by a ruffian who leaped upon the table at which I was writing. Sometimes the tables would be overturned and the legs torn out for bludgeons. As we reporters were young and

enthusiastic in our profession, and were endowed with a fair talent for table leg, we sometimes got in a little good, concussive work on the *crania* of the disturbers of our peace and our notes.

In Washington, moderate anti-slavery men were socially ostracised in slave holding circles, an abolitionist's life was sometimes believed to be in danger, and personal collisions were perpetually imminent. It was rumored that the Southern leaders had concerted a scheme for the introduction of slavery into the new Territories. This greatly excited the opponents of slavery extension, and they determined to oppose and defeat the alleged scheme at all hazards; and it was in the collision which it was expected would occur in the strife upon this subject, that the statesmen of that day apprehended danger to the country.

Such was the political and social situation at Washington, on the opening of the second session of the Thirtieth Congress, on December 4th,1848.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From Shore to Shore

In the Steerage Cabin

Helen:Gray

YEARS ago, in the eighties, a student stood on the deck of a then trans-Atlantic "palace", anchored at Queenstown, and watched a wave of emigrants pour over the gangway into the steerage quarters below. A solemn-faced herd of humanity was taking passage for the new world.

There were so many of them. The agent was obliged to hustle them down the gangway as if they were hustling cattle. The women wore shawls over their heads, and hugged bundles and babies, and the men hugged babies and bundles, too. In fact babies and bundles are a conspicuous element in the steerage.

Indifferently, even woodenly, the student gazed down upon the scene. What connection had they—these human inferiors, with the first class passengers of a trans-Atlantic line?

The scene was destined to hold a first place in the art-gallery of the student's soul; and years after, when sociological problems had been pondered upon, and the picture had become a painting, she would sometimes stand before it in her mind's eye, and recali that Father Ryan the beloved "Poet of the Confederacy", was the child of Irish emigrants; and that "Margaret", the illiterate, the first woman to whom the new world was to erect a monument, was once a baby emigrant.

A few weeks ago on a sunny morning, the writer found herself at the White Star Line dock, in New York, where lay the huge steamer "Adriatic", 726 feet long, 25,000 gross tonnage. Before, when she had crossed the Atlantic, it had been on a steamer of the Inman line, 441 feet long, 4,625 gross tonnage. Size and safety are the factors in the shipbuilding world of today. Until three years ago, the "Adriatic" held the championship for size of the world.

Somewhat wiser than she was on her first trans-Atlantic voyage, this lay student of sociological subjects, halted at the gang-way, over which hung a sign-board which read, "Third Class". This is the new name for steerage pas-

sengers. Little groups of nationalities stood here and there; and every conceivable language was agitating the air, hands and eyes and tongues alike, appearing to converse. There was a continuous stream of fresh arrivals.

A small wooden box suggested an observation post. Near it stood a group of Italians in which two young men figured as principals. Every minute or two the elder would place his hands on the younger man's shoulders and kiss him on either cheek, while both shed copious tears. In another group a young woman with a bunch of red blossoms was bidding adieu to an adorer. Women and children squatted about among boxes and bundles, and fathers promenaded with crying infants in their arms, the man parent seeming to have as much the care of the children as the woman.

Bundles and people had nearly vanished up the gang-way, when a young "Exile of Erin", en passant, suggested that "our class" had "most all gone aboard"; which remark prompted the lay student to gather together her traps, and to proceed to do likewise. Way down on the other end of the dock, a full block way, the de-lux cabin passengers were heading up a gangway, and half way between showed the second cabin trail. But the sociological inquirer experienced no unworthy pangs of envy. She was actually charmed with the situation as it was.

It is a far cry to the time when the steerage class passengers were huddled together "like cattle" on a ship. In the "Adriatic" the first class passengers are berthed amidship and forward; the second class just abaft midship, and "Our-class" aft. There were only 280 of us, and we had a splendid stretch of deck at the stern from whence a phosphorescent sea was observable at night, and the beautiful trail of the ship by day. A few trips previous, travelling West, there were eighteen hundred on our deck, when it could not have been agreeable, to say the least.

Some of the state-rooms prepared for our class were very good. Indeed they could pass for first-class on many sea and river steam boats; but there were some that were so far down in the hold that their portholes must have showed just above the plimsoll mark on the ship, and when days are "dark and dreary", these port-holes have to be kept closed. These rooms receive air, for the most part, through ventilating shafts. The mattresses in these rooms are not very soft, and they are manufactured especially for this class, and never used but for one voyage, being burned when the ship reaches its destination. The rooms, too are fumigated every voyage. Caution, the right rule at sea, being strictly observed here.

It seemed only a little while after the ship had pushed off (and let me remark here that the people forward, in the first and second cabins, didn't have near the crowd to see them off that we did), when the gong for dinner sounded.

In 1820, when the emigration movement started, we would have to get in line, when victual time came, each with a tin plate in his hands, and march to the steward to have them filled, or perhaps half-filled, with victuals. Father Ryan's parents, and Margaret's, had to do that way. But progress has changed all that. Our dinning-room was large, with plenty of tables, and there was a waiter for each table.

Finlanders, Poles, Greeks, Americans, Russian Jews, Germans, Danes, Italians, every nationality was represented. But I noticed that the steward had discriminated, and that the women who wore their heads tied up in handkerchiefs, were placed way down at the other end of the room.

There was a menu, let me tell you, with a picture of the ship on it, and we had vegetable soup, fresh bread, cabin biscuits, boiled mutton with caper sauce, turnips, potatoes, and ceraline pudding. For tea that evening, we had pork and beans, fresh bread and butter,

stewed apples and rice and tea and coffee. The steward told me that there were eight bakers and one confectioner on this ship, and that the bread for the third class is made out of the same flour, and by the same bakers, as that for the first class. He said that they had to have a special cook for the Hebrews.

I was a little doubtful as to whether I cared to use the same knives and forks, and eat out of the same plates, that those Armenians, and like class, at the other end of the room, did; and I communicated my anxiety to the steward who told me that the dishes at every table were washed separately, by the waiter of the table.

Opposite me at the table sat a number of miners, who were enroute to Africa and Australia. One of them reminded me of the "drain man" in "The Servant of The House". The "Exile of Erin" sat next but one to me. He had been out in Montana for nine years, and was going to Africa to trap animals for museums and menageries, and take care of sick animals. There was a black-smith whose health was not good in America; and his wife who had formerly worked in a factory in Birmingham. There was a very pretty young English woman with a baby who had a face like Napoleon's. She had had a tiff with her husband, and when she had reminded him that she "could go home to Mother", he had snipishly replied, "Well, go home to Mother". Whereupon, on the sly, she picked up Napoleon, and was now on her way "home to Mother". She seemed to enjoy the joke hugely, that when he returned home that night, he would find that she had "gone home to Mother."

The man next me on the right was a mechanic. I shall remember him particularly, for at breakfast the following morning, the waiter asked me what I thought of the storm.

"Storm! I didn't know we had a storm. We didn't hear it down in the hold".

"Oh yes. We 'ad quite a 'storm, thunder and lightning; didn't you 'ear it"?

"I'm afraid of storms at sea, aren't you?" I remarked to the mechanic who sat next to me.

"No, lady", he answered emphatically. "When I goes to sea, I places my life in the 'ands of God, and thinks no more of it."

The rebuke was remembered, for that evening when squally weather arrived again, I was without fear.

There was but one American at the table. He was from Massachusetts. When the subject of improvement in the steerage accomodation came up, he said "Yes, there is continuous improvement, and it started from the time slavery was abolished." Whereupon the lay student, whose grandfather owned slaves, and liberated some of them, gave him a little piece of her mind. He gave her a little piece of his, too. The mechanic said that the negro of slavery time was a better creature than the negro of to-day, and the "Exile of Erin" agreed with him.

On the third day out we ran into fair weather, but in foul as in fair, our vessel rode the waves steadily.

Although our class was berthed at the stern, where the twin screws do their work, scarcely any motion was perceptible. To a very considerable extent superiority in size and speed, make for steadiness.

Do we moderns realize the advances we enjoy over our grand-parents, in the inventions and devices which make for safety and comfort at sea?

Steam carries us across the deep in one-half the time that sail power did; twin-screws afford immunity from break-down—practically. The substitution of steel and iron for wood, lessen the danger from fire and collision; the most progressive Atlantic steamers are fitted with double bottoms when needed, subdivided into separate compartments by water-tight bulkheads- having- self-acting- water-tight

doors. It is possible for a vessel to steam on her way in safety even if one or more of these sections has been in collision.

Add to this, these great Atlantic vessels are fitted with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. In case of danger, the Adriatic could send a message to anyone of many vessels within a radius of 250 miles of her. As the European—American vessels follow more or less the same trail, it would be surprising if her signal was not answered.

The steerage is a beneficiary of these "progresses" as well as those not so near the poverty line.

What is to be said, too, on the side of luxury? Bearing in mind that the appointments are the best, the Adriatic is fitted with a Turkish bath, a plunge bath, a gymnasium, a library, a laundry, electric bells, telephones and lifts. She has a dark room for photography, and she runs a newspaper. She can accomodate three thousand souls—this floating city.

This company's prodigious vessels, the "Olympia" and "Titanic" (now building) will be nine hundred feet in length, and boast a tonnoge of forty-five thousand tons, which is a kingly jump from the frst littel steamer (three hundred tons) to cross the big sea. It is claimed that these two vessels will be a revelation to ocean travellers They are being fitted with triple screws —a combination of turbine and reciprocating machinery; and will have a speed of twenty-one knots an hour. Among other innovations these vessels will each have a palm garden and a tennis court. The model of the Olympia, which is now at the Japan-Exhibition in London, cost fifteen thousand dollars.

But I have disgressed. The lavatory arrangements in our department were excellent, and the deck space ample, at least for the number of passengers carried on this trip; but there was an element of foreigners (familiar tc settlement workers of the East side in New York), who were anything but tidy in their habits, and they kept the deck-hands forever sweeping and scrubbing down. These people would squat about on the deck floor with their children, the men sometimes forming little circles and playing cards. Sometimes the deck would be strewn with little companies taking their "siestas".

An accordion was occasionally to be heard, and quoits, bull board and other games played.

I believe that these people get as much enjoyment out of life as those possessing more of this world's goods. The only disturbed countenances I saw were those of three deported passengers, and even they waxed cheerful sometimes.

Some of our people had seen considerable of the world. Indeed, taking them in a body, I shouldn't wonder if they had seen much more of this earth's surface than the second-cabin passengers had.

One had been in Liberia. "The Liberians", said he, "have a navy, which consists of one boat, green with weeds and barnacles. The president of Liberia wrote to the King of England previous to the Boer war, and informed him that in the event of war between England and that country, the Liberians would remain neutral."

An Hungarian told me that he had saved two thousand dollars in the States, and was going home to Hungary where that amount would be equivalent to twice as much.

There were several servant-maids, Norwegians, Swedes, and French women, who were going home to visit their people. With their new young men friends they would sometimes gather together and sing hyms, the young men with their arms about the waists of the young women, and the heads of the young women occasionally lighting upon the young men's shoulders.

There was one woman who said that her husband painted pictures.

On the seventh day out we came in sight of the Scilly Isles. Several light houses were passed, (the most famous being the Eddystone), before we rode in to Plymouth Harbor from whence in 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for the new world. The next day we reached Southampton.

"Our-class" is a little world of its own; a world in which no artificial conventionality prevents each individual from acting his real self. The people of this world are an emotional people. If they feel abused, they will shake a fore-finger in your face. One woman acted this little role with the steward. If they are sorry, they will cry. They are not altogether reasonable. They are communicative and courteous. on the whole, if you show yourself friendly.

A week on the mighty deep in the steerage cabin adds materially to the economical and sociological knowledge of the student of these questions. Economics and sociology are twin-studies which should be pursued by every creature that has the spark of divinity in him, inasmuch as more than any other branches of knowledge, they have to do with human welfare. Each individual is personally responsible for the sufferings of humanity.

Social Australia

Archibald Forbes

I CAN picture a good many English readers smile with a supercilious humor of incredulity at the notion of "Society" in Australia. Among our many interesting traits, there is probably no smugness in the world comparable to the complacent smugness of our insular ignorance in regard to people and things as they obtain the Australasian colonies. It is not very long ago that I heard an Anglo-Indian lady, embarking at Suez on a mail-steamer that had come from Australia, call in shrll accnts to her ayah: "Take my children immediately out from among those wretched convictbrats!" When Sir Henry Parks, then Premier of New South Wales, came among us three years ago, the belief was generally that that he was the Sir Harry Parks of China fame, simply because a few of us had ever heard of any other person of the name.

I saw an envelope the other day, addressed by the editor of a well-known London illustrated paper to his special artist: "Sydney Exhibition, New Zealand." *Mea culpa!* I can claim to have been no less ignorant than my neighbors. For months after I had grown familiar with the geography of Australia by dint of the experience of travel in that continent, every mail brought me recurrent shame and confusion of face, because of an envelope, the legend on which copied from the address I had left behind me on leaving home, ran thus: "Care of *Argus* Office, Melbourne, *South Australia.*" The genial scoffer at the notion of the existence of "Society" in Australia has never been there; superciliousness cannot be the attitude of the traveller who has enjoyed the graceful cordiality of Australian hospitality, who has had the honor of familiar acquaintance with Austraian ladies in their own beautiful homes, who can reckon Australian gentlemen among the most valued of his friends.

The key-notes of the various pitches of home society are well defined; each of the many pivots on which it turns

are discernible to any one who takes moderate pains to investigate its phenomena. There is the social eddy of which Marlborough House is the centre. If the institution known as the "political salon" is not to-day in so great force as when as yet Cambridge House had not been converted into a club, it still is found in a degree in Arlington Street, in Grosvenor Place, under the roof of the Foreign Office, and beneath the facade of the Admiral, as well as, in a modified sense, in some of the great country mansions with which the shires are studded. We have our old nobility and our *nouveaux riches;* and the social phase wherein a gradual blending between these elements is in progress, with curious under-contrasts of reluctance and eagerness. We have our "county families," our clerical coteries, our legal circles. Of such definite centres society in the Australian colonies in all but wholly destitute. True, each colony has its governor, who is the personal representative of the sovereign. But the colonial governor in an infinitesimal factor in colonial society. Nominally he is its official figure-head. But while his personal circle may be quite narrow and casual, his official circle has a radius of all but indiscriminate scope. It may roughly be said to include, or at all events to be potentially inclusive of, all the colonial world that is out of jail. I have known no colony to the society of whose capital its governor could be regarded as imparting any light or any shadow of its tone. When Lord and Lady Dufferin made the salons of Rideau Hall at once gay and graceful, they were the acclaimed arbiters of Canadian society; but this influence was unique phenomenon, so far as my experience goes. I have known Colonial Government Houses the social influence of which, in the little area over which the ripple of that influence spread, was hurtful and deteriorating, because of the element of petty intrigue and sour narrow cabalting with which it was surcharged. But neither Ottawa nor Cape Town is in Australia; of whose Government Houses I simply record my impression that their society influences, if not their social influence, is of scarcely any significance.

Politics, again, in a society sense, are as much at a discount in Australia as in America itself. In that sense few Australian politicians are held "presentable." The trade is regarded as rather a dirty one. "Its handicraftsmen may be very decent kind of people in their kind of way," so says society in effect, "only their way is not quite our way. We have heard that they are not enthusiastically addicted to the use of soap and water; a large proportion of them, as we may have auricular evidence when we please, are dubious as to the use of the letter *h*. Their wives—well, we don't care to pursue this branch of the subject. Their boots —well, let us be equally reticent as to their boots. In effect, we don't care, except in the way of business, of course, to know those oratorical gentlemen, who have so glib a turn for personalities that make the parliamentary reports often very nasty reading." Of course there are exceptions. There are brave men who, being gentlemen, nevertheless have thought it their duty to enter the arena of colonial politics. That arena, it must be said, is fairly wholesome and clean-toned in South Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania; and in New South Wales and Victoria there are venerable political persons still extant whose political conduct has never compromised their social standing. But, for example, in the membership of the Melbourne Club there are not six persons who sit in the Lower House of the Victorian Parliament; and these are members certainly not in virtue of their political position, but, I had almost said, in spite of it. As for Australian bishops, no doubt they wear on occasion lawn sleeves and purple aprons, if such be the episcopal insignia; but they exercise little soc-

ial influence in virtue of their ecclesiastical position. As a dignitary the Australian bishop has no prestige. His comparatively meagre revenue comes out of a fund formed originally by subscription; he has no endowment; he is "my lord" but by courtesy. If he chooses to call his house "the palace" he may, because it is a free country; but no halo surrounds it or him. Just before leaving Australia I had some pleasant intercourses with a bishop. I met him casually in Bowen, a decaying coast-town of Queensland. Assisted by a grinning black gin, he was carrying his trunk out of the bar of a public-house in which—I do not mean in the bar—he had spent the night. The gin's amusement was apparently caused by the episcopal gaiters. When his lordship and the lady had toted the trunk on to a cart, he remunerated the latter with a threepenny-piece, and taking a friendly farewell of the publican's wife whose tone I thought rather patronizing, he walked down to the jetty and took a passage on the steamer, on whose deck, as she wended her way northward, I had much interesting converse with him. His diocese is about the size of England. He makes his progresses through it on horseback, the nags being found by the scattered settlers. At first they used, in pure fun, to furnish him extensively with buckjumpers, and lie in wait to see the catastrophe; but when they found he sat a buckjumper as if the animal symbolized the arch-fiend himself, they took him to their hearts. I may add that he works harder than a bush hand, and that he lives on his private income, refusing to draw his official stipend from the Episcopal Fund.

Family, then, or money, surely these have social weight in Australia? Incidentally, yes; but not imperatively. Good birth tells, doubtless, because good birth may be a *prima faci* voucher for desirable qualities; but certainly not in instances where that voucher stands discredited. And this outcome is cruelly common. For so long have the Australian colonies been used by the mother-country as a sort of shoot for its well-born rubbish, and regarded as regions whence, because of their remoteness, there are comfortable obstacles to the embarrassing return of the ne'er-do-well scion of good family who has at least exhausted the patience of his realitives at home, that good family pure and simple has become something of a drug, not to say a by-word, in Australian communities. I could fill an article with examples of well-born emigrants whose ineradicable propensities or whose purposeless shiftlessness has reduced them to the most sordid Australian avocations. It was but the other day that I shook hands with a peer's son who is earning his "tucker" as a station cook in New Zealand. A Chinaman, aspiring to better things, had vacated the billet in his favor. Poor fellow! the rough station hands, he told me, used to "curse his head off" because of his culinary deficiencies; and when he tendered me his hand, he made a humble apology for the greasiness of it. There is another reason for the feeble recognition accorded to family pretentions *per se*. Genealogies in Australia are by no means a universally favorite study. This is not difficult of comprehension in respect of communities that are comparatively new, yet that, spite of their newness, have had antecedents. The social *mot d'ordre* in Australia is, that a man is what he may make himself. *Only*, he must make himself, not alone wealthy, not only powerful—indeed, he may not make himself either; but he must make himself individually pleasant and meritorious, in a social sense, or rather, to speak more categorically, in some one or more details of the abstract social eligibility.

The truth is that society in Australia is founded and maintained on rational principles. It presents the curious yet intelligible paradox of being close and

yet open. That is, anybody may aspire to it, anybody may cross its threshold experimentally, but only people who hove social meritorious attributes can remain in it and of it. The ineligible aspirants are sifted out by an all but imperceptible yet an effectual process. You can make a social position of a kind here in England, personally devoid howsoever of meritorious social attributes, by sheer dint of lavish expenditure, and by the judicious procurement of influential sponsors. You can be dry-nursed here, if you are willing to expend freely, into at least the vestibule of society, and a sorry dirt-eating and all-around humiliating process it is, reflecting credit neither on the aspirant nor on the sponsors, nor on what of society may degrade itself by becoming a party to the ignoble transaction. In Australis lavishness will help the aspirant but poorly. Sponsors will avail him so far as the *debut* is concerned, only that these must not allow themselves to forget the responsibility which they owe to the society to which they are members. But the *debut* made, sponsors will no whit avail to bear the neophythe up lest he strike his foot against a stone.

Socially, money will do very much in America; judiciously expended, I think it will do even more in England; in the sheer purchase of social recognition it will do curiously little in Australia. There was, indeed, a time there when, in a social sense, the moneyed man was regarded with actual suspicion. And for this there were some grounds. The original moneyed man might have had unpleasant antecedents, of which time had not yet effaced the memory. *Non olet* is not true of *pecunia* in Australia, although it is safe to predict that with the laps of years *non olebit*. But now there are a vast number of moneyed men in Australia, and the means whereby their wealth has come to them are known as reasonably savory. They have therefore ceased to be regarded with suspicion. I do not think people at home have any idea how large fortunes are in Australia, and how many of those large fortunes there are. Once in South Australia I had occasion to speak of a friend who had come from the colony and taken up his residence in London. I spoke of him as a very rich man. "Oh no," was the answer, "he is very well off, but we don't rekon him a very rich man." "Why," said I, "I understood him to be worth a quarter of a million!" "Well, I hope he is a little better than that," said my interlocutor, "but still we don't rekon him here as very rich!" I am not going to compile a roll of Australian millionaires, because, for one thing, it would take up too much space. But this I may affirm, that two thirds of them are not in society nor nourish any hope of ever being admitted within that pale. If you find one of them inside of it, he has not crossed the palisade on the golden ladder; he entered by the gate in virtue of his social attributes. If these are unsatisfactory, you will find him out side among the nettles; or again, it may be far away in the bush, a man content with himself, and caring for none of these things. For it must be said that in Australia there is no universal aspiration after the flower-garden of society. But the moneyed aspirant will not find that his wealth gives him social prestige. There are Australians now in England who have entertained Royalty and whose guest-lists have filled colums of the *Morning Post*, yet who in their native land have never, with all their efforts, got further than the outlying fringes of Australian socity.

I imagine that the reason why, in comparison with what obtains in England, money can give so trivial social preponderance in Australia is mainly this, that in Australia much money is really of so little practical applicability for social uses. The life of the well-off people is graceful, pretty, daintly-ordered, hospitable; but it has a simplicity which incidentally makes it

comparatively economical. There is no meanness, there is just the simple consuetude of the modest establishment. I will not say that the rich Australian does not know how to spend his income; I had rather put it that each individual wealthy Australian, not from parsimony, but from fear of feeling himself a snob, is reluctant to take the daring initiative in a social revolution. It will not be his hand that will fire the train for an explosion, the only consequence of which he can definitely foresee is his own discomfort, in the disorganization of the pleasant modest *menage* that he has not failed to find amply sufficient unto him and his.

In a searching retrospect of my Australian experiences I can remember very few private houses where the *menage* expenses gave evidence of exceeding £5000 a year. Of course I exclude expenditure in the gratification of special tastes. I do not reckon in the menage a passion for rare wines at any cost, a taste for bric-a-brac or for pictures, a mania for gambling, or the maintenance of a large racing-stable. But I include in my estimate all things legitimately and normally domestic—hospitality of the usual Australian freehandedness, equipages, education, and dress. I would exempt, of course, purchases of jewelery, and such unwonted expenditures as the cost of a great ball given to all the social world on the coming out of a daughter. There are many ways in which the Australian, like the rest of us, can skittle down his money. He may take poor Sir William Don's plan, and use £10 notes instead of the ham in sandwiches. He can get rid of it more surely still by taking shares in gold-mines. He can pile his year's income on the wrong horse in the Melbourne Cup. He can lose £10,000 in a night at cards in the little room not far from the Melbourne Treasury Office. He can buy an overstocked sheep-station just a year before a year of drought. He can attest with his purse his belief in a bogus lord. But if he would preserve the decorum of the conventional happy mean, he cannot easily spend much more than £6,000 or £7000 a year on his pure domesticities.

There is one exception, perhaps, to this domestic thrift of the Australians. They crave for fine houses, and do not count the cost to get housed to their mind. Nor is it handsomeness and roominess merely in the structure that they desiderate; they will have elbow-room about it as well, even when they have to buy the land at a crazy figure by the foot. Thus it is that the suburbs of the capitals stretch away for miles outside the focus of streets, and that there are separate outlying municipalities in which there are not perhaps two dozen houses which do not stand inside their own pretty verdant and floral grounds. There is no expanse of water in the world whose shores are studded with so many picturesque and picturesquely situated mansions as are the beautiful broken edges of Sydney Harbor. And the Australian makes a point of owning his house; so that he pays no rent, and that, therefore, is not an item in the expenditure I have allotted to him. Nor does it include the wages of indoor men-servants, for the simple reason that the Australian does not employ indoor men-servants. There may be three or four private houses in Victoria where "a man is kept,"there is but one such house in all South Australia. I do not believe that there are more houses in New South Wales than in Victoria, if so many; there is not an indoor man-servant in Queensland outside Government House, if we except the Kanaka boys whom the sugar-planters import for agricultural purposes, and make house-servants of them in the fact of the Act of Parliament. Now this is not, as some Australians will tell you, that the indoor-servants are not to be had. Money will procure men-servants as it will other

luxuries, and the colonial governors, who are not reckless spendthrifts, can always supply themselves. The truth is that the Australian does not like men-servants. Having himself a full consciousness of manhood, it gives him discomfort to be domestically waited on by one who in the act seems to him to be resigning something of his manhood. It is because of this spirit, as I imagine, that no Australian gentleman to my knowledge has descended to the use of a valet.

But pretty houses are expensive luxuries in the Australian capitals, because of the high price of land and the cost of labor and of building materials. From this cause and others, if there are no high pinnacles in colonial social expenditure, it must be said that the mean of that expenditure is rather a tax on the resources of the weaker brethren—of people, for instance, with fixed salaries. It used to be said of households in Chowringhee, the Anglo-Indian quarter of Calcutta, that there was but one scale of expenditure, and that at the rate of £3000 a year. It resulted that the people whose incomes did not reach this figure had to run into debt, the liquidation of which absorbed their surplus for years after their incomes exceeded it. There is more elasticity in the Australian scale, and the social requirements are far less exacting. Yet to live in an Australian capital abreast of their fellows, to maintain a position that shall bring home the force of no mortifying contrasts, is a feat not to be undertaken by a family of narrow income. For the poor gentleman with encumbrances, for the half-way married officer with little private fortune, for the family bent on retrenchment, I really know no region of the Australian colonies having any social attributes that are to be recommended. It is all very well for the single man, on whom no reciprocity is incumbent. A young friend of mine in Melbourne, who, as a single man, had been wont to have a very joyous time on a precarious £600 a year, perpetrated matrimony just before I left on an assured £1500 a year. But he realized with something like awe how warily the altered household would have to be guided. Now I need not point out how fair a competence is £1500 a year anywhere at home, except in the metropolis, and how far it will go even there when judiciously dealt with.

A weakness of the Australian character is the hunger after titles and decorations. Toward the close of the Servian war, so cheap did the Russian officers hold the Servian decoration of the "Takovo" Cross," that they used to tie the bauble round their dogs' necks, and have the animals trot behind them thus adorned. The "C. M. G." seems to me about as cheap a piece of trumpery as the Russian officers regarded the "Takovo Cross." But the Australian, though while he is without it he affects to sneer at the "C. M. G.," and links the initials to a derogatory legend, grasps it and wears it when the Colonial office throws it to him. He would intrigue for it yet more eagerly than he does, if only his wife could be a "C. M. G. " as well as himself. But as in heaven there are many mansions, so there are successive grades in the titular Elysium of the Australian. The "C. M. G." is recognized as but the first rug of the ladder. Its utopian apex is a baronetcy, but that distinction is very rare of attainment. A knighthood or the K. C. M. G. is, however, within reach. The latter is the reward of the politician who has held office sufficiently long to have matured by courtesy into a statesman. For the knighthood there is an understood tariff. It comes as the result of a gift of £20,000—a large sum will make the thing a greater certainty—for the behoof of some meritorious public object. The surest mark for such a donation is the Colonial University; a shot of equal charge at a working man's college or a picture gallery has been known to miss fire. But it is worthy of note that those much-co-

veted distinctions carry with them little intrinsic weight. Sir this and Lady That may be in society, but not because of the handle to their names; if they are not within the pale on their merits no title will open the wicket, any more than money will.

Social Australia has been reproached for its lavish love for a real live lord. The admission must be made that it does nourish this sentiment. At first sight the predilection looks like sheer snobbery, and I am not prepared to deny that it has in it a taint of this atrocity. But it is far from being all snobbery, as I venture to think. The Australans have a tender affection for the "old country." They glory in the hoar age of Britain, its solidity—perhaps even its stolidity—the fixed order of things that obtains in the country of their origin. The peerage they abstractly worship as a shining exemplar of all those time-encrusted institutions. When a lord comes among them they take delight in him as a symbol, just as when they come to England they make haste to visit the Tower and Westminister Abby. He may be yesterday's mushroom, but if they set him down as the head of an historic house, come of a race that is among the pillars of the old State. In this there is, rather than snobbery, a simplicity in which I recognize something touching. But is must be frankly said that this feeling, which is not ignoble, too often degenerates into another, which is ignoble without redeeming features. Thus, the victims to it render themselves liable to be imposed on by spurious lords. They have been known to invent a lord, in the teeth of the poor creature's feeble remonstrances; with the natural result that they have suffered for the over-zeal of their ingenuity. All that I have to say in mitigation is simply this, that everywhere new communities have their fatasticalities.

The well-accredited visitor to Australia may lay in his account with having what the Americans call "a lovely time." His hosts—and all the colonies will be his hosts—will strain every nerve to make him enjoy himself. Australian hospitality is proverbial the world over, and it has in it a cordial freshness that imparts to it a special charm. If he be a true man, he will leave no colony without realizing that he is leaving behind him in it many warm and genuine friends. He need not be a very susceptible person to find that, with the friendship he has left, he may have left his heart as well. Australian ladies have a characteristic bright airy piquancy. They sparkle as perhaps not even the American lady sparkles. Their "manner"—one finds one asking one's self bewilderedly how or whence they get it; for you will find the damsel of a remote bush township as graceful, frank, debonair, and winsome as is the Melbourne girl who may have spent half a dozen years in European residence and travel. One of the finest ladies I have ever met, in every shade of infection of that term, was never outside the colony of Victoria in her life, except for a short visit to New Zeland. Australian ladies read. I fancy Gordon and Gotch could supply some startling statistics in regard to the number of high-class reviews and periodicals they export to the Antipodes. I am happy to say that I never met a blue-stockng in Australia; but I have had the honor of converse with many Australian women of high culture and deep thought on subjects superficial thought on which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. But you do not find yourself oppressed by untimeous volunteered franknesses of this sort; you have to seek that you may find. To sum up with a curtness and rough generalization for which apology is due —Australian ladies are fairly accomplished; in modern languages they are somewhat weak; in music very good, occasionally exceptionally so. They all sing, and many sing well. The most expusite flower-painter I know lives under the Southern Cross, and her gift

is real genius. Victoria can boast of an amateur actress in whom also I venture to recognize something of the sacred fire. In physique they are taller, slighter, and more lithe, shapelier, than their congeners at home; their color, save in Tasmania, is seldom brilliant. The expression is full of vivacity; the eyes nearly always good, and the head and feet shapely, although not, as are those of Amberican ladies, exceptionally small. They dance divinely.

Australian gentlemen are manly, cordial fellows; more pronounced and less reserved than are our people at home. The tone is a trifle more brusque, but it has the genuine ring in it. I think, perhaps, that they have even more prejudices than we have—I do not mean personal prejudice; and they are certainly free-spoken in the enunciaton of them. They are wholly wthout one attribute that is a discredit to so many Englishmen—the affectation of being idlers because of an absence of necessity for being workers. "Have you a leisure class?" asked an Englishman of an American. "What is that, anyhow?" interrogated the citizen of the union. "A class who can afffford to have no avocation," explained the Briton. "Why, certainly," responded the American with alacrity, "*we call them tramps.*" It is much the same in Australia. The only people who let themselves afford to have no specific object in life are the "sundowners," as they are colonially called; the loafers who saunter from station to station in the interior, secure of a nightly ration and a bunk. Bar the "sundowner," every Australian man has his avocation, and would think shame of himself to ape a sorry pride of not being industrious in it. He works like a man, and he plays like a man—sometimes like a boy. He is more speculative than is the business man who is his home correlative; and he therefor may experience greater vicissitudes of fortune. But he has an elasticity and a versatility that are more American than English; and so copious are the opportunities of Australia, that if fortune frowns to-day she may smile tomorrow from car to car. In all Australian life there remains still a large out-of-door element comprising occasional hard exercise, the recoil from which has a tendency to make men burly, if not portly. Theirs is a ruddier, sturdier manhood than is ours, even in the towns. In culture, in refinement, in manner, the Australian women are the superiors for the most part of the Australian men; but I think this is so in all communities of which the civization has not attained to an exceptional degree of finished organization.

Australian social life is simpler all around than is the same life with us. Early rising is almost universal; and that pronounces against habitual late hours. In Australia there is nowhere any such institution as "Afternoon Park," far less "Morning Park." Nowhere is there any out-of-doors society resort like "the Row." A principle street in each town is affected as a promenade by the women of a secondary social position—a ceremonial which is currently styled "doing the block;" but ladies are not addicted to "doing the block." Afternoon receptions are infrequent, and the men cannot find time for much afternoon calling. Ladies, however, have their "days," and afternoon tea is as much an institution in Australia as at home. Lawn-tennis is perhaps even more so. There is a great deal of dinner-giving; and in the season—which in Australia begins with the winter, culminates about the Melbourne Cup epoch in the end of October, and wanes as the hot weather approaches in late November—there is much dancing. Many of the big suburan houses have regular ball-rooms; and it is a common practice among ladies who have not, and who do not care to disorganize their own drawing-rooms, to give their ball at public rooms hired for the occasion. Even in the

height of the season there is no "going on" from one house to another as with us. It is not often that there are two *funcions* on the same night in the same set; such clashing, which in a society compartively small would hurt both, is avoided by arrangement. When Australia people go to a ball, they go with the intention of remaining at it till it is time to go home. There is a good deal of theatre-going; although theatre parties, which are so pleasant a phase of American social life, are only as yet in the first stage of inception. And there is a great deal of marrying. The Australian marries young—much younger than theEnglishman who is wise. This is partly because the former finds himself in a position to do so earlier than does the latter. And again, the conventionalities in Australia do not define what one may style the marrying platform with so stern rigor as do those which exercise sway at home.

The decorum of social life in Australia is marked and beautiful. There are very few domestic scandals; and still fewer exposures. Domesticity is a virtue of which neither men nor women are ashamed. Society savors wholesomely and sweetly. One finds in Australia no ladies having a reputation for reckless utterances, no elaborately fictitious *ingenues;* no men who have a celebrity for their dexterity in innuendo and for the nasty subtility of their *doubles entendres.* There may be those who will aver that the clean, wholesome flavor of Australian social life is but superficial. I have heard men adventure such insinuations, and have had my own opinion concerning them. Personally I am not one who cares to plumb the depths in such matters, if there be any depths; but this is obvious to all, that the tone of conventional decency is rigidly accentuated, and even if this were all, it is surely something. But as an honest witness, and as a man who holds dear many who live within the seas that wash Australian shores, I record my deepest conviction that this is not all. I imagine one may answer for the female element being as pure as it is sweet and gracious. A man who has lived for some years in the world acquires, I think, the intuition to discern good women, and to detect, or at all events to suspect, the others, if there should be any. As for the gentlemen, for aught I know some of them may have private affairs of a loose description, but if so they must keep those strictly private if they care to remain within the social pale. No man in Australia who would keep his place in society could dare flout social public opinion by flaunting a Lais in the face of day on the box-seat of his mail-phaeton, or on the lower cushion of his dog-cart; nor be seen at the theatre in the box of such a one. That drawing-rooms should be feverish with the story of the elopement of a man's mistress with that man's friend; that ladies should be conversant with the ill-flavored details, and profess their sympathy with the poor bereaved one, are casual traits of a social condition of the existance of which anywhere I do not believe it would be possible to convince those poor primitive, untutored outsiders away in the Antipodes. You have, of course, a natural pity for their simplicty of innocence; you smile, no doubt, at a community still in these latter days susceptible to the obsolete emotion of incredulity about anything bad; and yet somehow there may pierce faintly through the thick atmosphere of your cynicism a feeble sunbeam of surprised respect for a community which cannot bring itself to believe that such things are.

I Heard the Wild Goose Cry

James Tandy Ellis

I heard a wild goose cry o'er head,
And saw the misty veil arise
Above the river's pebbled bed,—
Gray tones of sullen wintry skies
Were mingling with the saffron red;
I heard a wild goose cry o'er head.

The valley sleeps in wistful dream
'Neath russet-brown of coverlid;
The willows, bending to the stream,
Stand trembling, as a guest unbid,—
The last green bough, since summer fled;
I heard a wild goose cry o'er head.

I heard a wild goose cry o'er head;
I thought of groves and fragrant pines,
Of foliage rare and roses red,
Of bursting bloom and dewy vines;
Oh tireless wing that southward flies
To rest amid this paradise.

O'er rugged hills and winding vales,
O'er meadows waiting for the spring,
O'er crooning brooks and shadow'd dales,
Where lacey lichens lightly cling,
Where burnish'd leaves lay deep and dead,
I heard a wild goose cry o'er head.

I heard a wild goose cry o'er head,
And something in that trumpet cry
Awakened memories; and the tread
Of phantom footsteps rustled by,
And happy voices floating near,
And songs of many a vanished year.

I heard a wild goose cry o'er head,
And something whispered "sweetest hours,
Alike some fancies that have shed
Their beauty as the withered flowers;
And youth and time and tender glow,
Elysium dreams of long ago."

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 Veteran 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.]

An Open Letter From One Old Confed. to Another Old Confed.

Dear Comrade: Just a line or so to the remnant of Lee's army: What editor, South or North, has opened the editorial doors and columns to the old soldiers and said: "Come on and write, without money and without price?" The Hon. T. E. Watson, of Thomson, Ga., editor of THE JEFFERSONIAN and magazine has done this for us. We should teach our children to always love and respect Thomas E. Watson.

When we woke up on the morning of May 24, 1864, it was to find that General Grant had again been foiled, balked, whipped and outdone at Spottsylvania Court House, Va. We soon found his army trying to sweep around our right flank in the direction of Cold Harbor, but General Lee soon put a stop to this by letting a portion of the Army of Northern Virginia meet him on the banks of Northanier river, at a very notable ford called Jericho. The battle began about 4 o'clock a. m., and raged until night spread her dark curtains over both armies. Here you were wounded in the left arm and taken from the field of battle. This engagement was very small; Thomas and Lane's brigades on the Confederate side and General Hulac's corp on the Union side. Next morning (May 24th) both armies continued their march in the direction of Cold Harbor.

I greatly enjoy reading Col. G. N. Saussy's articles on General Jeb Stuart, our great cavalry leader.

Scott, Ga. J. E. MEADOWS.

A Plucky Old Vet.

My leg is doing just as the doctors told me it would do. Says they, the nerve is ruined and it would hurt me more as I got older. It hurts me powerful, but I am still a-picking cotton and a-fetching in pine knots, and you may bet your bottom dollar I ain't a-drawing of a pension. But I fall sometimes; you see, I'm in my eighty-seventh year. I got the wound at Savage Station, Drury's Bluff, Va. The ball struck me in the left thigh and then ran down the leader of my leg to my knee. After I fell I went on firing at the Yankees until they were whipped away from the field. When some of my comrades came to me they says, "Why don't you get up?" Says I, "I can't; I got no use of my leg." They carried me to the hospital. The ball stayed in my leg seven or eight weeks. Dr. Palmer came in one day and says, "I'm going to take his leg off." Says I, "No you ain't; I expect to die with both legs on unless the Yankees shoot them off in battle." He and his assistants began to pull the blankets down off me to begin to do the cutting. I just jerked from under my pillow my pistol and put it in six inches of his head and pulled the trigger, but it didn't go off. The doctor got out of there in a double quick and never came back, swearing he would never enter that ward again even if every one in it died. The next day Dr. Henry, of Selma, Ala., a very fine and wealthy man, came. He was a fine surgeon, and he probed for the ball but could not find it

until I said, "Here it is, doctor," and I put my finger on it. The doctor said that when I got stronger he would take it out and could save the leg. They treated me for two or three weeks, when the doctor probed again for the ball and pulled it out, with great trouble, not daring to cut where it was for fear of my bleeding to death. He had to probe deep and pull it up. I sat up, holding to each side of my bunk, and told the doctor to cut ahead and not be all day about it. An assistant offered to hold me but I refused to let him touch me, but held myself during the entire operation. The doctor said the operation lasted fifteen minutes by the watch. After the operation, I rested for two or three hours and when able I returned to service and served until the end of the war. That grand old doctor nursed me like a baby, he and his young nurse, Jim Dunkins, as good a boy as ever lived, only sixteen, and was ever doing for the soldiers. The doctor said I was the toughest piece of flesh he ever stuck a knife in and the best grit. I had to laugh at the doctor, though it hurt me powerful to laugh. He told me he had practiced forty-six years and had performed three hundred and more surgical operations. He came to me both night and day until he dismissed me. He was as good to me as my own daddy.

JOHN H. PINSON.

Cross Hill, S. C.

A Hard Place to Hold

I was a member of Company A, 26th Georgia regiment. On the day that we routed Milroy out of Winchester and before making any attack on him, the command to which I belonged was in a cut, or wagon road, behind a hill when the captain of the company called on me (I being the Orderly Sergeant) for a detail of two men to go to the front as videttes; I called for volunteers; one man volunteered and rather than detail another I went myself. On turning over the top of the hill I found myself in a field of wheat that was just ripening, with the Federal soldiers at the bottom of the hill in good rifle range. Sitting down among the wheat, I took a deliberate aim and fired into them. This brought a return fire from quite a large force. I was then placed in the most suggestive and nerve-trying position of my whole experience during the war. Sitting there all alone (Barrett, the volunteer from the company, being about one hundred yards to my right) with the bullets from the Federal rifles clipping the wheat heads off all around me with their zit-zit-zit, as they clipped the heads off, and that was the hardest piece of ground to stick to that I have ever tried. I did not fire many shots, as I soon became convinced from the way the wheat heads were falling that I was likely to do more harm to myself than to the enemy.

Brunswick, Ga. J. J. SPEARS.

The Chaplain's Retreat

Many famous retreats as well as battles have been recorded, but none equal the retreat of the Chaplain of the Eighteenth Michigan Infantry during our late unpleasantness.

The regiment was largely recruited in Southeastern Michigan. The Chaplain, as well as "Uncle Jonnie Miller," as he was familiarly called, enlisted from the little village of Petersburg.

How "Uncle Jonnie" succeeded in passing muster was a conundrum, unless upon the assumption that they were getting hard up for recruits and let him slip in. He was under size; even his feet would not track, and as to carrying a gun, that would have been a dangerous experiment, for he would have been as likely to mow down his comrades or shoot himself as to use it effectively against the enemy.

After the close of the war, "Uncle Jonnie" and the Chaplain lived in the home town, though never on friendly

terms. "Uncle Jonnie" having succeeded in securing a pension sufficient to keep him comfortable, retired from active labor and delighted in sitting down in my office with a comrade or two, and hold a camp-fire. Of course, after they had held a few I was readily convinced that but for the Eighteenth, the South would have been successful.

One day after "Uncle Jonnie" had been detailing the bravery of one of his comrades, knowing the coldness existing between he and the ex-Chaplain, I remarked that the Rev. ——— must have been a brave man. "Uncle Jonnie" was on his feet like a shot, with one hand raised in the air and a comical squint on his face, he answered: "Breecher ——— vos a Tam Coward, I tol you dot, ven ve was at Decatar, Alabama, un der Repples vas coming after us, ve vas ortered out on duty, den Breecher ———, he cum down und he bray and sphpeke mit ter boys. He say, 'God bless you boys, good by', den he vent avay, and I neffer see him again until I see him in Petersburg."

I have never learned whether the Chaplain on that memorable retreat, rode horseback, muleback or gum-shoed it to his destination, but in any event, he made certain of being far enough away from the scene of hostilities to be absolutely safe and beyond long rifle range.

John O. Zahl.

Toledo, Ohio.

The Tale of Six Brothers Who Served

The Langley brothers were all raised upon the farm in Tallapoosa county, Alabama. Their parents were only well-to-do, domestic people, taught their children honesty and faithful submission to just authority.

The first two that volunteered were the third and fourth in line of age—George W. and James M. Langley, respectively 24 and 22 years of age. They joined Captain Dave Thrasher's company, all of Tallapoosa county, in October, 1861. Both were content to serve in the capacity of high privates. This company was ordered to Memphis, Tenn., and went in to the organization of the 38th Tennessee Regiment, at Camp Abington, with Colonel Looney in command, attached to Wright's Brigade, Cheatham's division. After considerable marching with hard service, they were first initiated in the battle of Shiloah, April, 1862, to Corinth and Tupelo, Miss. From that point they were railroaded by Mobile, Ala., to Chattanooga, Tenn., then into Kentucky. At Perryville they had another engagement; their captain, Ferguson, was killed, and to Mumford, Ky. They were unceasingly on the march, reconnoitering and fighting, until the command reached Knoxville, Tenn., and to Cumberland Gap, then to Chattanooga. All these engagements were transpiring in the summer and fall of '62, and in the spring of '63, up to the Chicamauga battle, in the fall of '63.

Notwithstanding the horrors of the battlefield and tiresome marching, the soldier's life had its humorous camp rests, and all life was renewed. Once on this wearisome, soul-trying campaign rations had given out, and when the command had halted and there were no rations forthcoming and some grub must be had.

So it was up to Company K, that being the letter named for their company when the regiment was organized, to look out for rations. Some of the company had spied a potato patch not far off and it was mentioned, but the Langley boys didn't meddle enough to pilfer. Their captain, J. W. Slaughter, who succeeded Captain Ferguson (lost at Perryville, Ky.), was the one to lay off his coat and cap with stripes and don a private's coat and cap, and with another soldier went for the potato patch, haversacks in hand. It was a duty, observed by the generals in command, to place guards out for the protection of private property. After dark they filled their sacks, then the guard

took charge of the soldiers and as they marched up to the officer's tent Slaughter discovered a thick bunch of weeds on the route and slyly they threw their sacks of potatoes into the weeds. The officer in command questioned the soldiers, who had no potatoes on or about their persons, but plead earnestly for number one. So the general ordered the guard to escort them back to camp. But the haversacks were still in the weeds, however. After all had quieted down, the daring captain was not to be outdone. He quietly and noiselessly took advantage of the guard on all-fours, feeling his way in darkness and searched some time for the sacks and potatoes. Finally they were found and quietly carried to Company K's campfire—then a general treat for the boys, Langleys and all. This was one way that commissioned officers had of getting the love and obedience of their men. This was not the only time that Company K was tight up for rations. It was like all other marching and flanking commands, often where commissary wagons dare not go. On another occasion, during their soul-trying campaigns, after wearied marching, suffering with hunger and no rations forthcoming, the command was halted for a day or so and the inner man urged the head and hand to feed the body. A lonely cowbell was heard over the way and out the boys flanked to learn that the said bell was carried by old Brindley, enough for a hungry soldier, and they procured some nice beef for the company. In due time some was broiled on the shank and slipped off, but the ready and brave Jeff Baker got down on all-fours to mimic the dog, placing the bone on a stump and proceeded to growl like a canine. Just at this juncture the officer of the guard passed along, giving Jeff a grum look, but Jeff growled and snarled at him and continued to feast. The officer said not a word but went his way with a smiling countenance.

In March, '62, two more Langley brothers volunteered and went into camp at Loachapoka, Ala., with M. J. Bulger for captain.

Alabama. E. B. Langley.

Manning the Old Sub-Marine

A letter I read in your issue of December 1st recalls an incident of the Civil War that had been forgotten entirely. The 47th Georgia regiment, to which I belonged, was in the Georgia campaign until some time in the summer of 1864. We were about twenty miles north of Atlanta when we got orders to go to Charleston. About the second night after leaving the Georgia front the regiment was on John's Island, only a short distance from Charleston, and at an early hour the next day attacked the entrenched enemy, completely routing them. In a short time all demonstrations on the part of the enemy ceased and the 47th took up camp on James Island. During the early fall the company to which I belonged had been largely recruited, and among the recruits was a man named Goza, a stranger to all of us. After we had camped there perhaps a month or six weeks, there came an order from headquarters for Goza to report at some point, now forgotten. When he returned he said he was detailed to help man a little boat that was to run almost entirely under the water. He took his equippage and went to his post and, in the course of a few weeks, came back to see us and told about it as best he could. As I remember, the little craft was somewhat like a large steam boiler. He said nearly all the body of the boat ran under the water—so little of the top being above the surface that it could not be seen at any great distance. There was a long beam attached to its front to which a torpedo was to be fastened for ramming when an attack was made. Some weeks later he was back again and reported that they had attacked a gunboat and thought that it

was sunk. He said it was a very hazardous undertaking and it was with difficulty they got out after the explosion. They had been promised a big reward in case they succeeded in sinking the gunboat, but he was not sure whether they sunk it or not, and did not know whether they would get the reward or not. Soon after that we were ordered down the railroad towards Coosawhatchie to prevent the railroad from being cut, then in a short while were on the retreat through South Carolina, and I never heard anything more of Goza or the submarine.

Ashford, Ala. HORACE HICKS.

Despotism in Methodism

Orman T. Headley

APPROPOS to seeing an article several months ago on the despotism of some of the methods of the Baptist church, I expected a like essay on the methods of some other, knowing as I did that they mere not wholly without guilt. I suggest that since Watson's is the only magazine in the South that has the courage to attack evil and Pharisaical hypocrisy in high places, that there be organized a department thereof devoted to reform in religious organizations.

Mr. Watson's articles on Foreign Missions I nearly accept entirely as they have laid bare the evils existing therein; we who are nearer the organization for the home work, in the ecclesiastical body itself, are clearly conscious of evils as great, if not greater, than ones that exist in the foreign fields, at least so in the one to which I have the honor to belong.

Now, in the Methodist fold when minister or laymen complain of anything in the church, the authorities usually pass the complaint over by simply saying he is sour or disgruntled for some purely personal reason, so they pursue the even course of their way satisfied, pacified and even gratified that they can so peacefully ignore a complaint, be it honest or otherwise. I have no personal complaint here whatever, so what I say cannot be construed to mean that I am sour or disgruntled in any way; but I am conscious of glaring wrongs and have made up my mind to speak openly of them, realizing, too, what may be the result, since I am still at this time a member in good standing (at least, have not heard otherwise) of the Conference, and hold an assignment to a charge near the city of Chattanooga, Tenn.

I cannot make it plainer, I think, in beginning than to say that in the Methodist church today there is the reactionary, or stand-pat element, and on the other hand the insurging or progressive element. What I mean by that statement is this: some in the church are so loyal to the orthodox beliefs of the fathers that their minds are blinded to such an extent that they cannot actually see when the old belief has been disproved. The progressive element, on the other hand, simply hold the truth in mind that the fathers might have been mistaken in some things, and count it not unloyal to them or disrespectful to say so.

This at first seems a slight difference, but when the two elements have closely followed the original principle for a long time they find themselves wholly out of accord with each other.

Much like the progressive, or standpat element of both parties in Con-

gress. What is now the stand-pat element was once highly useful, but failing to see the trend of times, tried to hold progress back, and so was repulsed, with this essential difference, however, that in things political the rank and file of the people are always progressive or radical, while in things ecclesiastical, extreme conservatism always prevails and predominates. Progress and reformation in religious and ecclesiastical bodies has never come to the whole body, but to some single individual, who then was regarded an heretic or infidel, hence had to be cast out. 'Tis true of every reformation known in our race, hence has come the proverb that "Ecclesiastical bodies move slowly." We often censure China for cherishing a non-progressive religion. Yet in the Methodist churches, at least, what is old is reverenced for its age's sake and those in authority, who are always conservative or reactionary, discriminate against any man in its ministry who gets out of the old-time ruts. There is where the nick of war arises—the discrimination of stand-pat, non-progressive leaders against men, young men especially, that are progressive. We here overstep the fine-spun modesty which says use no personal reference. Old Joe Cannon and Boss Aldrich would have applauded the country for exulting over the principles of representative government and against the principles of bossism, so long as the country failed to mention them in particular. Just so with this: Leave out individual references, talk of fundamental principles simply. 'Tis true, 'twould make better reading but will not be so effective in curing the evil.

Rev. John C. Granberry, Ph. D., a leading preacher and writer on theological subjects, a real thinker and in every sense of the word a true man has been discriminated against and almost driven from the church by leading stand-pats who cannot progress, and Dr. H. S. Bradley, the big Georgia preacher, one of the greatest preachers of all Methodism, one of the most liberal men, progressive, sanest and a credit to the denomination, was literally driven into another church by a brother Georgia preacher, who was not one-half so great, yet one who happened to be in the saddle of power—the Bishopric. This self-same Bishop is a most notorious heresy hunter. His abomination of anything that smacks of heresy is of such a character that he goes to the other extreme—that of a reactionary of the very worst type. No mention would be made of it here were he not in power in a great church and enforcing those ideas of the dark, middle ages against real live, thinking, working, active men of the twentieth century. Before passing, we might note two other incidents that happened recently in a Conference where this selfsame heresy-hunter was presiding as Bishop—not on the line of heresy, but the incidents show something of the character of the heresy-hunter—the notorious stand-pat. A brother minister, a presiding elder, in Conference rose on the floor to commend a few words of a young man of the Conference, who had paid all his expenses, yet had received less than $200 from his church in one year and on it had supported a wife and three children. Bishop Candler merely observed that in the first year of his ministry he had received only $115, but he wasn't eulogized for it. Didn't do that that day. The Bishop took no notice of the fact that he was a single man when he received $115, and the young man having a wife and three children. Also he took no account of the difference of the cost of living twenty-five years ago and today. The young man deserved commendation. The Bishop reproved

the Elder for mentioning him. Another instance was when a poor old minister in this same Conference, after having worked for the church thirty-three years of his life, found he was receiving less than $300 per year and could not support his family on that amount. He was explaining to the Conference in no complaining way why he would have to retire, and mentioned his small income as one reason, when this Georgia heresy-hunter inadvertently called him down and reminded him that the Conference had other business to attend to. This Bishop was receiving the pittance of $4,500 per year for his "services," which all told amounts to holding Conferences, about one a month or so in the year, and meeting a few committees at intervals during the year. True, there was no use for him to waste any sympathy on any man who was receiving less than $300 per year. Few have been the instance in time when an aristocrat could or would sympathize with a poor man. And yet this is one of the characteristics of the Georgia heresy-hunter who is in authority in a great church. Along with him might be mentioned one Henry C. Morrison, who is also a Bishop and has much the same characteristics. There may be others also. These are instances of despotism as practiced in the Methodist church—some of the evils. Bishops having so great power they soon come to think the church belongs to them, to retain, to exclude whosoever they will. We readily admit that an absolute monarchy is the best form of government if the monarch is a good man, kind and sympathetic. But such men cannot always be found for Methodist Bishops, or at least, are not. The office is considered a big one and pays well, but little men are often found in it.

The dominant controlling characteristic of the Bishops is much akin to the bigotry and narrow-minded intolerance practiced by the Roman Catholic Episcopacy, from which all Episcopacy came. Yet for all we do not accuse them of any crime, or of being in any wise bad men, but simply out of accord with progress and oppose it. The light of day is breaking as never before and no two generations will be the same. Orthodoxy is one of the worst evils of any age since no man can judge it, since it binds the mind of man to unreasonable limits, and for its record has in ages past caused more human blood to be spilled than for any other one cause whatever. Orthodoxy is simply a name for a monstrous egotism, since it says to every man, "You shall believe as I believe and no other way." We have had only one orthodox age in the world and that was the dark age. Light came with the Italian Renaisance, or with the advent of men who at the time were regarded as heretics. The steps of progress of the human race have all carved on them the names of heretics—and Jesus Christ is chiefest among them. Being good or great depends on neither being orthodox with this age or any other, but in accepting the truth as we see it, whatever it may be and letting every man do the same.

The Methodist church has been a great power for good in the world. Let it not be controlled by reactionary forces, enemies of the light, or it will require the advent of a great heretic to redeem it. Such is the fight waged against men who are keeping step with the advance and discoveries of the time.

A Hundred and One Nick-Names and Familiar Terms

H. A. Terrell

[Few countries are as prone to give "nick-names," or "names of affection," to those who accomplish deeds of valor, as the Americans. This most interesting article gives the origin of a number of these "nick-names.—The Editor.]

"The Father of Virginia."—Captain John Smith, courageous and resourceful, but a cheerful prevaricator. He probably filched the story of his rescue by Pocahontas from the Spanish narrative of the adventures of Juan Ortiz in Florida.

"The Father of New France."—Samuel Champlain, founded Quebec one year after Jamestown and laid the foundations of the permanent friendship between the Indians and the French colonists.

"The Prince of Explorers."—Robert de La Salle, led an expedition from Canada, down the Mississippi. Finally ambushed and killed by one of his own mutinous followers, Duhault.

"The Apostle to the Indians."—Rev. John Eliot, a Puritan minister, who made a rather unskillful translation of the Bible into the language of the New England Indians.

"The Tyrant of New England."—Sir Edmund Andros, sent over by King James II. to claim jurisdiction over all the New England colonies, besides New York and the Jerseys. The "Charter Oak" incident grew out of his suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in the Connecticut colony.

"Old Silver Leg"—Peter Stuyvesant, last Dutch governor of New Netherlands. So called from the fact that he had lost a leg in battle, and the tip of his crutch was ornamented with a silver ferule.

"Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."—Members of the expedition led by Alexander Spotswood, in 1716, to explore the Shenandoah Valley; "Euphrates" was the name he gave to the Shenandoah. Upon the return of the party to Williamsburg they were presented with souvenirs, golden horseshoes set with jewels, by their leader, the "Tubal Cain of America."

"Blackbeard."—The notorious pirate, John Teach or Theach, captured and killed at Ocracoke Inlet by Lieutenant Maynard, in the service of Governor Spotswood.

"The Prophet of the Revolution."—Patrick Henry, member of Virginia House of Burgesses, organizer of the Committee of Correspondence, member of First Continental Congress, delivered "Liberty or Death" speech in 1775, governor of Virginia during and after the Revolution, opposed adoption of the Federal Constitution because of his devotion to the principles of States' Rights.

"The Pen of the Revolution."—Thomas Jefferson, member of Virginia House of Burgesses, drafted Declaration of Independence, minister plenipotentiary to France, first Secretary of State, author of the "Kentucky Resolutions," chairman of the committee which reported the Ordinance of 1787, suggested the carving of seventeen states out of the Northwest Territory, with such high-sounding classical names as Sylvania, Pelisipia, Assenisipia, Metropotamia and Polypotamia; governor of Virgiania, vice president, president, father of the Democratic-Republican party, founder of the University of Virginia.

"The Thunderbolt of the Revolution."—Daniel Morgan of Virginia, veteran of French and Indian wars, led

cyclonic charge at Saratoga, brigadier general of Revolutionary forces in the South, victor at Cowpens, congressman from Virginia.

"The Chevalier Bayard of the Revolution."—John Laurens of South Carolina, Washington's favorite aide-de-camp. Fought through the Revolution, but killed in a skirmish near Charleston, at the age of twenty-seven.

"The Rear-guard of the Revolution."—The hunters and backwoodsmen, led by John and Elijah Clark, Sevier, Shelby, McDowell, Winston, Cleveland, Campbell and others, who guarded the passes of the Alleghanies against the British, and kept their Indian allies and the Tories from depredations. The victory of King's Mountain is justly credited to them.

"The Sage of Monticello."—Jefferson.

"The American Socrates."—Benjamin Franklin. Also called "Poor Richard" and "The Printers' Patron Saint."

"The Cincinnatus of the West."—George Washington.

Byron's ode to Napoleon—

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty Glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one, the first—the last, the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one."

"The Game-cock of the Carolinas."—Thomas Sumter, whose operations against the British were in the nature of guerilla warfare along the Catawba river.

"The Swamp-fox of the Carolinas."—Francis Marion, as homely as he was daring.

"Mad Anthony."—Anthony Wayne. Commanded at Ticonderoga, stormed Stony Point, won the last Revolutionary battle fought in Georgia, near Ogeechee Ferry, where he defeated the British and Indians under Col. Brown. Appointed by Washington to break the power of the Indian tribes of the Northwest Territory, and this he accomplished at the battle of Vincennes, 1793.

"Light Horse Harry."—Henry Lee, cavalry leader under Washington, hero of the battle of Paulus Hook; said of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." After the Revolution, imprisoned for debt; died of consumption at Dungeness, Cumberland Island, Georgia; father of Robert E. Lee.

"Captain Molly."—Molly Pitcher, wife of Patriot cannoneer, who manned her wounded husband's gun at Monmouth. Brevetted by Washington for her bravery.

"Aunt Nancy."—Nancy Hart, tall, raw-boned, cross-eyed Georgia Revolutionary heroine. Kinswoman of Henry Clay and Thomas Hart Benton. Georgia county named for her.

"The Nation's Guest."—Marquis de La Fayette. Revisited the U. S. in 1824.

"The Father of the Constitution."—James Madison, champion of religious liberty in Virginia. Member of most important Revolutionary conventions and committees. Member of congress. Author of the Virginia resolutions; contributor to *The Federalist*, Secretary of State, President.

"The Conqueror."—Alexander Hamilton. One of Washington's staff officers. Led the final charge at Yorktown. Chief writer for *The Federalist*. Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, and founded the national financial system; advocate of strong centralized government, and idol of the Federalist party.

"The Colossus of Independence."—John Adams, Revolutionary orator and agitator.

"The Father of American Literature."—Washington Irving.

"The American Wordsworth."—William Cullen Bryant.

"The Poet of the Common-place."—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"The Poet of Freedom." "The Quaker Poet."—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"The Poet of the Confederacy."—Father Abram Joseph Ryan.

"The Great Senatoriol Trio"—Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster.

"The Great Peace-maker."—Henry Clay—not altogether appropriately named.

"The Great Nullifier."—John C. Calhoun.

"The Defender of the Constitution." Daniel Webster.

"The Mill-boy of the Slashes."—Clay.

"Old Bullion."—Thomas H. Benton, Senator from Missouri; worthy of rank with the "Great Senatorial Trio." Favored Jackson's financial policies.

"The Conqueror of the Conquerors of Napoleon."—Andrew Jackson. Also called "Old Hickory." He was known to the Creek Indians as "Sharp Knife." Sometimes spoken of as the "Hero of New Orleans" and the "Sage of the Hermitage."

"The Pathfinder of the Rockies."—John C. Fremont; seized California for the U. S. during the Mexican War. Eloped with Jessie, daughter of Thomas H. Benton.

"Old Tippecanoe."—William Henry Harrison. Broke the power of the Shawnees under Tecumseh and The Prophet, at the mouth of the Tippecanoe river in 1811.

"Old Rough and Ready."—Zachary Taylor. Defeated the Seminoles in the battle of Lake Okechobee, 1837, and the Mexicans at Buena Vista, ten years later.

"Old Chapultepec."—Winfield Scott. Saw service in the War of 1812 at Chippewah and Lundy's Lane; at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo and the City of Mexico in the Mexican War; fought against Black Hawk in Iowa, and the Seminoles in Florida. Defeated for the presidency by Franklin Pierce. Held highest command in U. S. army in 1861, but resigned rather than face Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Bragg and Beauregard and his other comrades in arms in the Mexican War.

"The Old Man Eloquent."—John Quincy Adams. Because of his vehement speeches in behalf of abolition.

"The Liberator."—William Lloyd Garrison, editor of an Abolitionist paper of that name.

"The Forty-Niners."—Fortune-hunters who rushed to the gold field of California in 1849.

"The Prophet of the Second Revolution"—William L. Yancey of Alabama. Advocated the Constitutional right to carry slaves into the territories; moving spirit of the Charleston convention of 1860. Defended Chief Justice Taney's decision in the Dred Scot case. The "Southern Demosthenes."

"The Nestor of the Confederacy."—Alexander H. Stephens, "Little Alex."

"The Little Giant."—Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, Lincoln's rival for the Senatorship.

"The Prince of Cavalry Leaders."—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; killed at Yellow Tavern, 1864.

"The Wizard of the Saddle."—Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest.

"The Rock of Chicamauga."—Gen. Geo. H. Thomas.

"The Chevalier Bayard of Lee's Army.'—Gen. John B. Gordon.

"Fighting Joe."—Gen. Joseph Hooker *before* the battle of Chancellorsville.

"Fighting Joe" and "Little Joe."—Gen. Joseph H. Wheeler, C. S. A.

"Little Mac."—Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.

"The Silent Man."—Gen. U. S. Grant. Sometimes, "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

"The Big Rebel."—Gen. Robert Toombs.

"The John Paul Jones of the Confederacy." "Old Beeswax."—Admiral

Semmes, commander of the Sumter and the Alabama.

"No. 290."—The Alabama while yet in the hands of the British shipbuilders.

"The Marion of Florida."—Capt. J. J. Dickinson.

"The Louisiana Tigers"—A battalion of zouaves commanded by Major Wheat.

"The Cradle of the Confederacy."—Montgomery, Ala.

"The Raccoon Roughs."—Gen. Gordon's first company, enlisted mainly from Tallapoosa county, Alabama.

"The Daughter of the Confederacy."—Winnie Davis, daughter of President Davis.

"The Foot Cavalry."—"Stonewall" Jackson's infantry. Won their title chasing the enemy up and down the Valley of Virginia.

"The Bloody Sixty-Ninth."—Irish Brigade U. S. A., almost annihilated at Fredericksburg in 1862.

"Copperheads."—Term applied in derision to those at the North who sympathized with secession.

"Jayhawkers"—Advocates of slavery in "Bleeding Kansas."

"Blue Lodges."—Political organizations of the abolitionists in Kansas.

"Lee's Old War-horse."—Gen. James Longstreet.

"The Conway Cabal."—Conspiracy to depose Washington from the commandership-in-chief. Among the conspirators were probably Thomas Conway, Horatio Yates, Charles Lee and the Adamses.

"The Kitchen Cabinet."—Jackson's intimate personal friends and advisers, sportively so-called; among them were Amos Kendall, Francis P. Blair and Duff Greene.

"Fulton's Folly."—The first steamboat, the Clermont.

"Seward's Folly."—The purchase of Alaska, 1867, for $7,200,000. W. H. Seward was Secretary of State at the time.

"The Little Magician."—Martin Van Buren, on account of his small stature and political shrewdness.

"The Pathfinder of the Seas."—America's greatest geographer, Matthew F. Maury, of Virginia.

"Young Hickory."—James K. Polk.

"Black Jack."—Gen. John A. Logan. Called by his enemies, the "Illinois Baboon."

"The Latter-Day Saints."—Another name for the Mormons, founded by Joseph Smith about 1830.

"Old Rory" — Col. Roderick McIntosh, a Florida Revolutionary Tory.

"The Hero of Olustee."—Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt.

"The Stalwarts."—Radicals or extremists of the Republican party in the 80's, led by Conkling.

"The Plumed Knight."—Pseudonym given James G. Blaine by Col. Robert G. Ingersol, in nominating Blaine for the Presidency.

"Knights of the White Camellia."—The Klu Klux Klan. Also the "Knights of the Invisible Empire" and the "Pale Faces."

"The Texan Thermopylae." — The Alamo, a Spanish Mission at San Antonio, transformed into a fortress, and defended by 188 Texans against about 5,000 Mexicans. Travis, Bowie, Bonham, and Davy Crockett were among the martyred.

"And Fame shall tell their deeds who fell,
Till all the years be run;
Thermopylae left one alive—
The Alamo left none."

"Little Phil."—Gen. Phil H. Sheridan, Federal hero of the battle of Winchester.

"Geoffrey Crayon." "Diedrich Knickerbocker."—Washington Irving.

"The Autocrat." — Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"The Know Nothings."—Secret anti-slavery political organization formed about 1852. Later known as the American party.

"The Wagoner Boy."—Thomas Corwin, statesman and orator from Okla-

homa. In his youth he had been a teamster in the commissary department of Gen. Harrison's army.

"Old Ironsides."—The U. S. frigate, Constitution. The pride of the American navy in the war with Tripoli and the War of 1812. (Read Holmes' poem.)

"The Hoosier Poet."—James Whitcomb Riley.

"The Poet of the Sierras."—Joaquin Miller.

"Uncle Remus."—Joel Chandler Harris.

"Mark Twain."—Samuel L. Clemens.

"The Lame Lion of Lynchburg."—Senator John W. Daniel.

"The Hero of Manila."—Admiral George Dewey.

"The Men of the Merrimac."—Richmond P. Hobson, Osborn Deignan, Geo. F. Phillips, John Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague, J. C. Murphy and Randolph Clausen.

"The Wizard of Menlo Park."—Thomas A. Edison.

"The Big Ditch." — The Panama Canal.

"The Bachelor President."—James Buchanan.

The Sunny Side of Things

Alice Louise Lytle

The Industry of Founding a Religious Sect

A FACETIOUS Englishman once remarked that there never was a really poor American, because, when a man was hard up, all he had to do in America was to start either a pill factory or a new religion.

Of pills, we will take no note, the billboards, signs in the street cars and newspaper ads sufficiently spreading their healing gospel and miraculous cures.

Of the "religions" founded in the United States of America since the landing of the famous Mayflower, a large story in many volumes might be written.

It is a fact worthy of note that, as New England was settled by a band of "Pilgrims" from England who wanted to say their prayers in a fashion of their own, so has this portion of the country been the parent of many and divers freaks of religious zeal which have ultimately developed into sects.

Of these, the Mormons are the strongest, richest in money power and oldest in age. The history of the Mormon church began in 1823, when the illiterate son of a New England couple began having "visions." So strongly was he able to interpret these "visions" that he gathered a following who were too glad to bestow all their earthly possessions on the church, for the privilege of having more than one wife.

Many a stern, flinty-hearted old man, who wouldn't look at another woman than his own wife, realized suddenly that the salvation of his shrimpy little soul depended on his having two or more wives, and straightway he became converted (at the regular rates, which included all he could raise a mortgage on), and hied himself to the New Jerusalem.

Of late years, the wife question debarred some of the latter-day Mormons from affiliating with lesser sinners in the United States Senate, and it would appear that, by some process known only to themselves, a Mormon may enter

Heaven if he is otherwise in good standing with the Mormon church.

From Mormonism to Christian Science is a long jump, but according to this latter cult, nothing is that is and everything is possible.

This creed also emanated from New England, and proves the theory that land which is too poor to produce crops, may be made to produce fathers and mothers of new religions.

According to recent biographies, the cult of Christian Science was revealed or evolved by a lady who had suffered a great deal in her life; opinions as to her being the originator of it differ, many giving the parentage to an old man who had been a "doctor of faith."

Anyway, the lady put one over the old man and clinched all the prizes with a strangle-hold when she wrote a book (so much per at all book dealers), and the first step toward becoming a member in good standing in this creed was to buy a book, (the lady receiving all returns). The next step toward salvation was to become a member of one of the churches, with assessments going to the Mother-Church (presided over by the lady). In this manner it is easy to see where the ten or twelve million dollars which the lady disposed of by will, came from.

The methods of the Mormons and Christian Scientists are a rebuke to the orthodox sects. Have you ever heard of the two named begging for funds, or asking aid to build a church? Nay, rather you might have heard of the two named declaring dividends and investing heavily in real estate.

Not quite so classy as a founder of religion was "Elijah" Dowie. His beginning is shrouded in mystery, but history says he was en route to New Zealand or somewhere when he, too, had a vision.

Thus is another great change in a man's life laid to sea-sickness. We have all learned of men who went on the water wagon forever, after a sea trip, but few have been so violently ill as to found a new religion.

Nevertheless, "Elijah" Dowie did. Equipped by nature with elaborate whiskers, a sympathetic voice and a persuasive manner, he succeeded in separating a large number of people from their coin and established a colony near Chicago.

Everything was going to belong to everybody, in this religio-commercial place, and the consequence was the sheriff got everything. Poor old "Elijah" died, surrounded with handsome white robes and in an atmosphere of law-suits; many of the faithful awaited his re-appearance, which he promised would be in advance of Gabriel, but up to date he has failed to keep his word.

There are many other "sects"—some of them being the Holy Rollers, (and they'd be the despair of the dry goods trust, as they wear no clothes), and the Spiritualists.

In only one thing do all these resemble each other, and that is their annexing all the available coin of the "converts."

The Englishman was right—pills and new religions pay, in the U. S. A.—that is, if you can get in on the ground floor as patentee or founder.

Short Biographies of Some Southern Cities—New Orleans, La.

New Orleans has many bids for fame, all of more or less duration and with such lasting qualities as make them a joy to the hotel keeper, the real estate agent and the dealer in souvenir post cards.

Many years ago New Orleans' strongest bids for fame were the annual outbreak of yellow fever—and "the canal." Just what relation one held to the other would be hard for the average mind to grasp until it is known that with the abolition of the "canal" as a public drain, the yellow fever has disappeared.

One always thinks of Mardi Gras,

Creoles and drip coffee, when one thinks of New Orleans, as the fame of these have been established for many years.

New Orleans is the most romantic, the most picturesque and the slowest in taking advantage of her natural resources, of any city in the United States.

Architecturally the city is the delight and the despair of artists; French and Spanish are mixed with what has become typically "American architecture" —this latter being a pot pourri of everything possible in a combination of tile, stucco, cement and bricks of every known color, with pillars of the Pharoah's period upholding buildings of the Queen Anne school.

The social life of New Orleans is a joy to the heart and the eye of the tourists who flock there in carload lots each year just before the Lenten season. A deeply religious air is given the city by the enormous number of Roman Catholic churches, and preceding the period when the church decrees abstaining from the lures of the world, the flesh and the devil, the native New Orlean throws himself into a mad whirl of dancing, feasting, confetti throwing and visiting, which is warranted to make a period of forty day's rest a joy to contemplate. Unfortunately, the spirit of commercialism has largely entered into the festivities of late years, and they are not so typical of the old New Orleans spirit, as they once were.

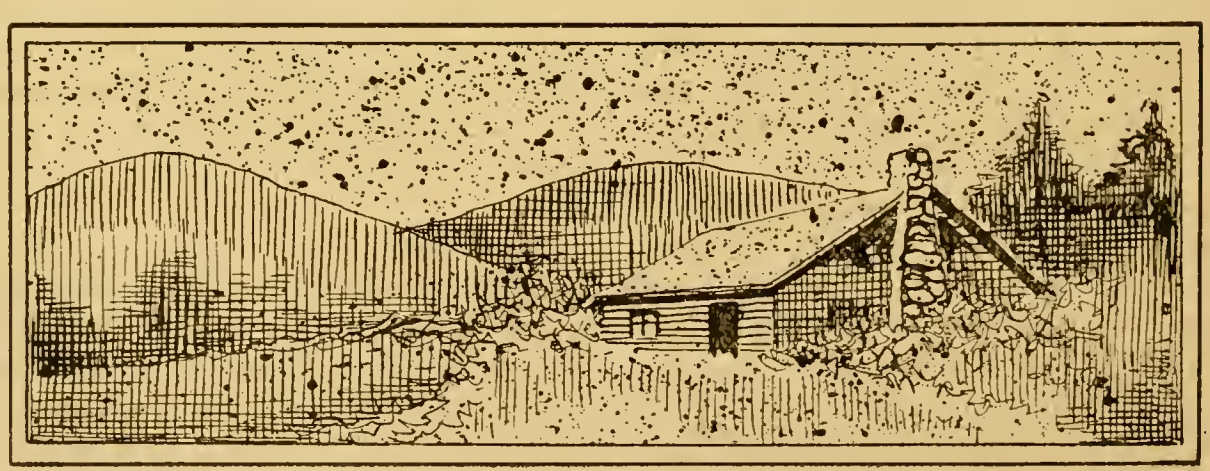
There are dozens of points of interest for the casual visitor, but of the real, inner home life of the New Orleans people, few know until they have been found worthy the signal honor of introduction to the home circle.

The French Market has now lost much of its old glory, and the ubiquitous Greek merchant makes most of the "French drip coffee" now sold there.

One of the old rules for the haut monde to be so considered was their total ignorance of the region "below Canal Street," never to have passed over to the other side of this thoroughfare was to be placed in the Blue Book.

In late years the commerce of the city has been developed with a keener eye to possibilities than ever before, and with the splendid health conditions now operative, New Orleans bids fair to regain much of its old glory and to take its place again among the richer and busier cities of the country.

While the natives will always cling to many of their old customs and manners, inter-marriage with the people of the North and West will soon remove even the traces of these peculiar, picturesque phases, but New Orleans will always stand for much that is quaint and beautiful to the people of the United States.



Stories of Gods and Heroes

(From Bulfinch's Mythology)

Chapter V.

PHAETHON.

PHAETHON was the son of Apollo and the nymph Clymene. One day a schoolfellow laughed at the idea of his being the son of the god, and Phaethon went in rage and shame and reported it to his mother. "If," said he, "I am indeed of heavenly birth, give me, mother, some proof of it, and establish my claim to the honor." Clymene stretched forth her hands toward the skies, and said: "I call to witness the Sun which looks down upon us, that I have told you the truth. If I speak falsely, let this be the last time I behold the light. But it needs not much labor to go and inquire for yourself; the land whence the Sun rises lies next to ours. Go and demand of him whether he will own you as a son." Phaethon heard with delight. He travelled to India, which lies directly in the regions of sunrise; and, full of hope and pride, approached the goal whence his parent begins his course.

The palace of the Sun stood reared aloft on columns, glittering with gold and precious stones, while polished ivory formed the ceilings and silver the doors. The workmanship surpassed the material; for upon the walls Vulcan had represented earth, sea, and skies, with their inhabitants. In the sea were the nymphs, some sporting in the waves, some riding on the backs of fishes, while others sat upon the rocks and dried their sea-green hair. Their faces were not all alike, nor yet unlike —but such as sisters' ought to be. The earth had its towns and forests and rustic divinities. Over all was carved the likeness of the glorious heaven, and on the silver doors the twelve signs of the zodiac, six on each side.

Clymene's son advanced up the steep ascent and entered the halls of his disputed father. He approached the paternal presence, but stopped at a distance, for the light was more than he could bear. Phoebus, arrayed in a purple vesture, sat on a throne which glittered as with diamonds. On his right hand and his left stood the Day, the Month, and the Year, and, at regular intervals, the Hours. Spring stood with her head crownel with flowers, and Summer, with garment cast aside, and a garland formed of spears of ripened grain, and Autumn, with his feet stained with grape-juice, and icy Winter, with his hair stiffened with hoar frost. Surrounded by these attendants the Sun, with the eye that sees everything, beheld the youth dazzled with the novelty and splendor of the scene, and inquired the purpose of his errand. The youth replied: "O, light of the boundless world, Phoebus, my father—if you permit me to use that name—give me some proof, I beseech you, by which I may be known as yours." He ceased; and his father, laying aside the beams that shone all around his head, bade him approach, and, embracing him, said: "My son, you deserve not to be disowned, and I confirm what your mother has told you. To put an end to your doubts, ask what you will, the gift shall be yours. I call to witness that dreadful lake, which I never saw, but which we gods swear by in our most solemn engagements." Phaethon immediately asked to be permitted for one day to drive the chariot of the sun. The father repented of his promise; thrice and four times he shook his radiant head in warning. "I have spoken rashly," said he; "this only request I would fain deny. I beg you to withdraw it. It is not a safe boon,

nor one, my Phaethon, suited to your youth and strength. Your lot is mortal and you ask what is beyond a mortal's power. In your ignorance you aspire to do that which not even the gods themselves may do. None but myself may drive the flaming car of day. Not even Jupiter, whose terrible right arm hurls the thunderbolts. The first part of the way is steep, and such as the horses when fresh in the morning can hardly climb; the middle is high up in the heavens, whence I myself can scarcely, without alarm, look down and behold the earth and sea stretched beneath me. The last part of the road descends rapidly, and requires most careful driving. Tethys, who is waiting to receive me, often trembles for me lest I should fall headlong. Add to all this, the heaven is all the time turning round and carrying the stars with it. I have to be perpetually on my guard lest that movement, which sweeps everything else along, should hurry me also away. Suppose I should lend you the chariot, what would you do? Could you keep your course while the sphere was revolving under you? Perhaps you think that there are forests and cities, the bodes of gods, and palaces and temples on the way. On the contrary, the road is through the midst of frightful monsters. You pass by the horns of the Bull, in front of the Archer, and near the Lion's jaw, and where the Scropion stretches its arm in one direction and the Crab in another. Nor will you find it easy to guide those horses, with their breasts full of fire that they breathe forth from their mouths and nostrils. I can scarcely govern them myself when they are unruly and resist the reins. Beware, my son, lest I be the donor of a fatal gift; recall your request while yet you may. Do you ask me for a proof that you are sprung from my blood? I give you a proof in my fears for you. Look at my face—I would that you could look into my breast; you would there see all a father's anxiety. Finally," he continued, "look around the world and choose whatever you will of what earth or sea contains most precious—ask it and fear no refusal. This only I pray you not to urge. It is not honor, but destruction you seek. Why do you hang around my neck and still entreat me? You shall have it if you persist—the oath is sworn and must be kept—but I beg you to choose more wisely."

He ended; but the youth rejected all admonition and held to his demand. So, having resisted as long as he could, Phoebus at last led the way to where stood the lofty chariot.

It was of gold, the gift of Vulcan; the axle was of gold, the pole and wheels of gold, the spokes of silver. Along the seat were rows of chrysolites and diamonds, which reflected all around the brightness of the sun. While the daring youth gazed in admiration, the early Dawn threw open the purple doors of the east, and showed the pathway strewn with roses. The stars withdrew, marshalled by the Daystar, which last of all retired also. The father, when the saw the earth beginning to glow, and the Moon preparing to retire, ordered the Hours to harness up the horses. They obeyed, and led forth from the lofty stalls the steeds full fed with ambrosia, and attached the reins. Then the father bathed the face of his son with a powerful unguent and made him capable of enduring the brightness of the flame. He set the rays on his head, and, with a foreboding sigh, said: "If, my son, you will in this at least heed my advice, spare the whip and hold tight the reins. They go fast enough of their own accord; the labor is to hold them in. You are not to take the straight road directly between the five circles, but turn off to the left. Keep within the limit of the middle zone, and avoid the northern and southern alike. You will see the marks of the wheels, and they will serve to guide you. And, that the

skies and the earth may each receive their due share of heat, go not too high, or you will burn the heavenly dwellings, nor too low, or you will set the earth on fire; the middle course is safest and best. And now I leave you to your chance, which I hope will plan better for you than you have done for yourself. Night is passing out of the western gates, and we can delay no longer. Take the reins; but if at last your heart fails you, and you will benefit by my advice, stay where you are in safety and suffer me to light and warm the earth." The agile youth sprang into the chariot, stood erect, and grasped the reins with delight, pouring out thanks to his reluctant parent.

Meanwhile the horses fill the air with their snortings and fiery breath, and stamp the ground impatient. Now the bars are let lown, and the boundless plain of the universe lies open before them. They dart forward and cleave the opposing clouds, and outrun the morning breezes which started from the same eastern goal. The steeds soon perceived that the load they drew was lighter than usual; and as a ship without ballast is tossed hither anl thither on the sea, so the chariot, without its accustomed weight, was dashed about as if empty. They rush headlong and leave the travelled road. He is alarmed, and knows not how to guide them; nor, if he knew, has he the power. Then, for the first time, the Great and Little Bear was scorched with heat, and would fain, if it were possible, have plunged into the water; and the Serpent, which lies coiled up around the North Pole, torpid and harmless, grew warm, and with warmth felt its rage revive. Bootes, they say, fled away though encumbered with his plough, and all unused to rapid motion.

When hapless Phaethon looked down upon the earth, now spreading its vast extent beneath him, he grew pale and his knees shook with terror. In spite of the glare all around him, the sight of his eye grew dim. He wished he had never touched his father's horses, never learned his parentage, never prevailed in his request. He is borne along like a vessel that flies before a tempest, when the pilot can do no more and betakes himself to his prayers. What shall he do? Much of the heavenly road is left behind, but more remains before. He turns his eyes from one direction to the other; now to the goal whence he began his course, now to the realms of sunset which he is not destined to reach. He loses his self-command, and knows not what to do—whether to draw tight the reins or throw them loose; he forgets the names of the horses. He sees with terror the monstrous forms scattered over the surface of heaven. Here the Scorpion extended his two great arms, with his tail and crooked claws stretching over two signs of the zodiac. When the boy beheld him, reeking with poison and menacing with his fangs, his courage failed, and the reins fell from his hands. The horses, when they felt them loose on their backs, dashed headlong, and, unrestrained, went off into the unknown regions of the sky, in among the stars, hurling the chariot over pathless places, now up in high heaven, now down almost to the earth. The moon saw with astonishment her brother's chariot running beneath her own. The clouds begin to smoke, and the mountain tops take fire; the fields are parched with heat, the plants wither, the trees with their leafy branches burn, the harvest is ablaze! But these are small things. Great cities perished, with their walls and towers: whole nations with their people were consumed to ashes! The forest-clad mountains burned. Athos and Taurus and Tmolus and Oeta; Ida, once celebrated for fountains, but now all dry; the Muses' mountain Helicon, and Haemus; Oetna, with fires within and without, and Parnassus, with his two peaks, and Rhodope, forced at last to part with his snowy crown. Her cold cli-

mate was no protection to Scythia, Caucasus burned, and Ossa and Pindus, and, greater than both, Olympus; the Alps high in air, and the Apennines crowned with clouds.

Then Phaethon beheld the world on fire, and felt the heat intolerable. The air he breathed was like the air of a furnace, and full of burning ashes, and the smoke was of a pitchy darkness. He dashed forward, he knew not whither. Then, it is believed, the people of Aethiopia became black by the blood being forced so suddenly to the surface, and the Libyan desert was dried up to the condition in which it remains to this day. The Nymphs of the fountains, with dishevelled hair, mourned their waters, nor were the rivers safe beneath their banks: Tanais smoked, and Caicus, Xanthus, and Meander. Babylonian Euphrates and Ganges, Tagus with golden sands, and Cayster, where the swans resort. Nile fled away and hid his head in the desert, and there it still remains concealed. Where he used to discharge his waters through seven mouths into the sea, there seven dry channels alone remained. The earth cracked open, and through the chinks the light broke into Tartarus and frightened the king of shadows and his queen. The sea shrank up. Where before was water it became a dry plain, and the mountains that lie beneath the waves lifted up their heads and became islands. The fishes sought the lowest depths, and the dolphins no longer ventured as usual to sport on the surface. Even Nereus and his wife Doris, with the Nereides, their daughters, sought the deepest caves for refuge. Thrice Neptune assayed to raise his head above the surface, and thrice was driven back by the heat. Earth, surrounded as she was by waters, yet with head and shoulders bare, screening her eyes with her hand, looked up to heaven, and with a husky voice called on Jupiter.

"O, ruler of the gods, if I have deserved this treatment, and it is your will that I perish with fire, why withhold your thunderbolts? Let me at least fall by your hand. Is this the reward of my fertility, of my obedient service? Is it for this that I have supplied herbage for cattle, and fruits for men, and frankincense for your altars? But if I am unworthy of regard, what has my brother Ocean done to deserve such a fate? If neither of us can excite your pity, think, I pray you, of your own heaven, and behold how both the poles are smoking which sustain your palace, which must fall if they be destroyed. Atlas faints, and scarce holds up his burden. If sea, earth, and heaven perish, we fall into ancient Chaos. Save what yet remains to us from the devouring flame. O, take thought for our deliverance in this awful moment!"

Thus spoke Earth, and, overcome with heat and thirst, could say no more. Then Jupiter omnipotent, calling to witness all the gods, including him who had lent the chariot, and showing them that all was lost unless some speedy remedy were applied, mounted the lofty tower from whence he diffuses clouds over the earth and hurls the forked lightnings. But at that time not a cloud was to be found to interpose for a screen to earth, nor was a shower remaining unexhausted. He thundered, and brandishing a lightning bolt in his right hand launched it against the charioteer, and struck him in the same moment from his seat and from existence! Phaethon, with his hair on fire, fell headlong, like a shooting star which marks the heavens with its brightness as it falls, and Eridanus, the great river, received him and cooled his burning frame. These Italian Naiades reared a tomb for him, and inscribed these words upon the stone:

"Driver of Phoebus' chariot, Phaethon,
Struck by Jove's thunder, rests beneath this stone.
He could not rule his father's car of fire,
Yet was it much so nobly to aspire."

His sisters, the Heliades, as they la-

mented his fate, were turned into poplar trees, on the banks of the river, and their tears, which continued to flow, became amber as they dropped into the stream.

Various are the explanations given of this theory. If we look at it simply as a parable, we are compelled to blame the heedless youth and folly of Phaethon, which would not listen to the wise and prudent counsels given by his father; but at the same time we are bound to admire the spirit and determination which prompted him to endeavor to accomplish a great undertaking and essay an act that never yet had been attempted by a mortal.

The material explanation is that of Plutarch, which is confirmed by Lucian, to the effect that Phaethon was a great student of astronomy, and that he predicted a very destructive season of drought and heat, but that he died young and did not complete his calculations, and thence gave rise to the idea that he did not know how to drive the chariot of the Sun. For other explanations see Bangert, *De Fabula Phaethontea* (Halle, 1885). It must be confessed that the allegorical explanation is the most satisfactory, and carries with it a moral that would easily suggest itself to the mind of a poet.

The sisters of Phaethon were three in number—Lampetis, Phaethusa, and Phoebe—and represent the Naiades of Italy, who dwell on the banks of the Eridanus or Po.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Loneliness

Elizabeth Dargan Forrester

The sigh of the wind through long-leaf pines,
The hoot of an owl in the night,
A bell-buoy ringing far out o'er the waves
With naught but the sea in sight;
A stormy sky o'erhanging the deep,
An unkept grave where willows weep,
And the depth of night without sleep;
This is loneliness, this is fear.

The cry of a wolf in far nothern wilds,
The silence of desert noon,
Vultures circling over battle-fields,
Where life was yielded too soon, too soon;
The howl of winds where tall pines sway,
The cry of a soul that has lost its way—
Groping, and calling night and day:
This is loneliness, this is despair.

A "Jeff Baby Show"

FOR a long time The Jeffs have been receiving photographs of babies from all parts of the earth, and they are all "Jeff" babies. Some of them have grand-daddies who have been "Jeff" supporters for years; and some of them have young or middle-aged daddies who are also on the right line politically; so we are going to have a baby show in the magazine!

It's going to be a bit different from any other baby show you ever heard of; the prizes (and every well regulated baby show has prizes) are going to be a little more worth while than any other baby-show prize has ever been, because they will be useful and valuable.

There are not going to be a lot of conditions which parents and uncles and aunts of the finest baby on earth will find it difficult to comply with—and that's going to be another point which will make it different from other baby shows.

Now, we'll tell you all about it: Any baby under three years, girl or boy, is eligible; the baby show will open with the March number of Watson's Magazine, and will close with the May number.

Photographs only will be used, of course, and the artistic beauty of these and the posing of the baby will count as points in the contest.

The only condition for entry is: each baby entered must have a year's subscription to the magazine accompany the photograph.

The prizes will be: First prize for the girl baby, a handsome sewing machine; second prize, a beautiful gold locket and chain. The first prize for the boy baby will be an Edison phonograph; the second prize, a gold watch.

These are worth working for, are they not? The girl will appreciate the sewing machine when she is old enough to realize its value, and the mother will appreciate it in the meantime.

And the whole family may enjoy the boy's phonograph; the second prizes speak for themselves.

Get busy now—have your baby's picture taken and send it in, with a dollar for a year's subscription to Watson's Magazine. The sooner the photograph is in, the better the Baby Show Editor will like it.

Watson's Magazine will, in 1911, take rank with any magazine published in the United States. Since securing control of the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*, Watson's occupies the Southern field alone, and is a magazine worth while to every member of the family.

The contest will close the last week in May and no more photographs will be consideerd after that date.

Address photographs to The Jeff's Baby Show Editor, Thomson, Ga.

Some Side-Lights on Political Methods

[It does not require a great amount of discernment to note the awakening of the American people to the political conditions by which they are handicapped.

This new department has grown very popular, and separate and distinct phases are ably handled by different writers. Each month we hope to publish a number of communications of this sort, from the people directly interested.—**The Editor.**]

HOW THE BANKS AID IN THE HIGHER COST OF LIVING.

In continuance of our article on the high cost of living in your magazine for November, we will continue our comment to the power and practice of banks. In 1873 we had 3,150 banks, with a capital stock of $552,900,000; assets of $2,731,000,000, deposits of $1 434,100,000; loans, discounts, stocks bonds etc., of$2,-153,100,000, and a banking ower of $2-435,000,000. In 1890 we had 7,999 banks, with a capital stock of $968,700,- of 4,094,000,000, loans, stocks, bonds, etc. of $5,000,000,000, and a banking power of $5,150,000,000. In 1909 we had 22,-491 banks, with a capital stock of $1,800,-000,000, assets of $21,095,000,000, loans discounts, stocks, bonds, etc., of $15 ,87,-600,000, deposits of $14,105,900,000, and a banking power of $18,850,500,000. The banking power of foreign countries was estimated by the comptroller of the currency to be $10,835,000,000 in 1890, and at $19,158,900,000 in 1905, an increase of 5.12 per cent by the year. The banking power of the United States increased from 1873 to 1909, 669 per cent, or 18.5 per cent per annum. We have no estimate of the banking power of foreign countries for 1910, but presume there has been the same increase from 1905, there was from 1890 to 1905. It appears that the wealth of the United States increased from 1900 to 1910 about 3.6 per cent by the year, but our statistics fail to show any increase in the wealth of foreign countries during that period.

It appears that the banking power is growing by leaps and bounds, while the wealth is increasing slowly. It may be asked what is this banking power? We think it the power to loan money and invest in various kinds of property. To illustrate: our banks' loans and investments in 1909 weer near sixteen billion of dollars, when their capital stock was only 1.8 billions, or near $8.80 for every dollar of their capital stock. But they didn't go to their limit. They could have loaned $2, 850,000,000 every dollar of their capital stock.

Owing to the habits and customs of our people, what the banker pays out with one hand he takes in with the other—the more they loan the more they have in their vaults—they can loan theirs, or the people's money eight to ten times and still be in possession of it. In the usual course of business the money that the banks pay out comes right back, or other money comes in to replace it. If a private individual has $100,000 and loans it he can loan no more, but it is different witn a bank—with $100,000 it can loan a million and up. The total money of the world—gold. silver and paper— is estimated at $14,848,000,000, of which the United States has about $3,113,000,000. Assuming that the banking power of foreign countries has increased at the rate heretofore mentioned, they have a banking power of about 23 billions and the banking and the banking power of the world is about 42 billions, and estimating the loans of banks in foreign countries to be as much proportionally to their powers as the American banks, the total loans of the banks of the world is over 35 billions. This is about $5 for every dollar of the estimated gold in the world. If we take the comptroller's estimate of the gold in the banks and treasuries of the world in 1904; i. e., 3,664 millions, as a basis, they loan and invest near $10 for every dollar in gold.

If we adopt the theory that money is a medium of exchange and every thing that performs that office, whether gold, paper or credit, is to be counted as money and that an increase in the money without a corresponding increase in the saleable commodities, causes a rise in prices, it inevitably follows that the high cost of living is due to our monetary system. But there is a complication of causes. The tariff, the trusts, monopolies, engrossers and forestallers—all have an influence. The tariff raises the price of foreign goods and acts as an embargo in some instances. Monopolies and trusts have their origin in the tariff and the banking power—the engrosser is enabled to purchase and hold the whole or the greater part of a product of the banks to furnish the money. The for a rise in price, by reason of the power forestaller can purchase provisions on their way to market and hold for a rise, by reason of the banks—their readiness to loan. They can loan wind and get interest and they desire to make their percent. "The value of money is its use," and when we give a few thousand men the use of our money, multiplied by six, we make them our masters.

Ashland, Wis. JOHN JEFFERSON.

KENTUCKY TO FIGHT GEORGIA PROHIBITION.

My Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith a letter, a proposed agreement and an alleged "solution of the liquor problem," which I have just received from The National Model License League, of Louisville, Ky.

I send their letter and enclosure to you (1) because I know your sentiments on prohibition, (2) because your absolute fearlessness and peculiar forcefulnes in exposing the under-ground scheme of politicians, and (3) because I see in this matter a well organized and deep-laid plan to cause an uprising of "patriots" in Georgia—patriots at so much per speech—against the prohibition law of this state.

The leaguers declare their intention to procure at least one local speaker for their scheme in each county in the state, and they offer to pay a price for the service which will easily enable them to procure the "talking patriot" Their scheme should be exposed in advance, so that when the "patriots" uprise, at so much per O. M. Peepul may know the definite cause of the uprising.

It may be that they are also subsidizing country newspapers where they can and are preparing for an onslaught all along the line as soon as their preparations are complete. If so, their organizations will be only that much more formidable.

One thing is certain: It can do the prohibition causes no harm to expose their subtile scheme and **do it now.** But unless The Jeffersonian will do the job, I fear it will remain undone.

Sylvester, Ga. C. E. HAYS.

Louisville, Ky. Nov. 2, 1910.

Mr. C. E. Hay, Sylvester, Ga.

Dear Sir:—The Executive Committee of the National Model License League has discussed entering the fight in your state against prohibitory legislation, and on account of our need for speakers located in all parts of Georgia, we are endeavoring to secure one attorney in every county to represent the League in the manner described in the enclosed agreement.

As you will readily see, the only obligations under this agreement to which you will be committed, will be to read carefully the literature with which we will supply you and to furnish us with such information concerning events transpiring in your county as would be of interest to us in the work which we are doing.

For all active services, such as the making of speeches, we will pay our regular fee for speakers, which ranges from twenty-five to fifty dollars per day, according to the nature of the work and the extent of the services rendered.

You can be assured that we will use every effort to make this relationship pay you. If there is an opportunity to make a speech in your county along the lines embraced by our platform, you can be certain that we will call upon you.

If any of our members should require the services of an attorney in your county, we will not only recommend, but will urge the employment of you. It is further our aim and intention to send the collections of our members to the attorneys who represent us as soon as we can get your state well organized.

We are also enclosing a pamphlet which will give you a slight idea of our principles and hope you will read it carefully before deciding upon this proposition.

Hoping that you will favor us with an answer at your earliest convenience and that if you do not find it possible to sign this agreement you will assist us by suggesting the name of some attorney in your county who might be interested, we beg to remain, Very truly yours,

National Model License League.

By T. M. Gilmore, President.

SOLUTION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

To Our Fellow Citizens:

Obedience to the law is essential to the continuation of our institutions and no fact in our history, as recorded day by day, is more lamentable than the failure on the part of states and municipalities to enforce the edicts of society as expressed on our statute books.

We shall not undertake to show what causes are responsible for this state of affairs, but shall go directly to the point we have in view, and say that the failure on the part of society to enforce its laws for the regulation of the retail liquor trade has brought that trade into disrepute, has driven from its ranks many of the self-respecting element, and is responsible for a crusade against the entire traffic, wide-spread, fanatical and destructive to property-rights, to revenues and to individual liberty of action.

As citizens we deplore the non-observance of law, and as distillers, brewers, wine makers, wholesale liquor dealers, and reputable saloon keepers, we protest against a status so destructive to our best interests, financial, social, and otherwise.

In a word, we insist that saloon keepers shall obey all laws or else be retired from this business, and to assist in bringing these things to pass we have organized The Model License League.

Of course the saloon keeper is not the only man who violates the law, for if this were true a very large percentage of our rich men would now be clerks or mechanics, but some saloon keepers do violate law and with marked persistency.

The saloon keeper, like any other man, gravitates instinctively, unconsciously and in obedience to the immutable laws of trade, toward that line of conduct

"The Clear Track"

Two men a thousand miles apart talk to each other by telephone without leaving their desks.

Two wires of copper form the track over which the talk travels from point to point throughout a continent.

Moving along one railroad track t the same time are scores of trains carrying thousands of passengers. The telephone track must be clear from end to end to carry the voice of one customer.

The Bell system has more than ten million miles of wire and reaches over five million telephones. This system is operated by a force of one hundred thousand people and makes seven billion connections a year—twenty million "clear tracks" a day for the local and long distance communication of the American people.

The efficiency of the Bell system depends upon "One System, One Policy, Universal Service."

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

which seems to promise the most substantial rewards, and like other men, he is oftimes persuaded, because of the force of competition or in obedience to the law of self-preservation, to do things which he condems at heart, and which do hurt to the opinions, and perchance to the rights of others.

In doing many things that the laws forbid, the saloon keeper finds profit, and this because he finds protection from the officers of the law.

These things are bad of themselves, but they are proving destructive to our trade in a thousand ways and self-preservation demands that we take a hand in putting a stop to them.

To accomplish this our license must provide an attractive reward to those saloon keepers who observe laws, and a drastic penalty for those who violate it.

We have given this matter years of close study, and we submit as a result of same, The Model License Law, which we trust you will consider, and criticise and if it is lacking in any respect, offer us your suggestion.

We submit these suggestions with confidence to society, because we believe that they contain the solution of a problem before which this country has stood puzzled for so many years.

First. All licenses now outstanding to continue in force unless cancelled by a majority vote.

These licenses should be transferable from one to another, as any other property is transferred, or left, as a part of an estate, as the good will of any other business may be left. This form of license is similar to that enjoyed by all other lines of trade, and if granted to the retail liquor dealers it will, in our opinion, remove them at once from active participation in politics. Under the present system the saloon keeper is at the mercy of the political boss, and of the authorities elected or appointed for the purpose of issuing licenses each year, and as long as this continues he must of necessity remain an active factor in all political fights.

Second. No license should be issued in the future until the proportion become not more than one for each 500 of population, and thereafter they should be issued in such proportion as society or convenience demanded.

Third. A license yields a good annual return to government, but it should not be excessive for several reasons; principally because it encourages, and in some cases almost compels the handling of inferior goods, the sale of alcoholic beverages to intoxicated men and to minors, and the violation of laws in regard to closing at certain hours,etc.

If society imposes upon the saloon keeper, the saloon keeper will impose upon society.

Fourth. All licenses to retail liquors should be clear, unambiguous contracts, between the state and the individual, and they should provide that conviction (first offense) of the violation of law, should carry with it thirty days suspension of the business of the licensee, and the second conviction should work immediate cancellation, and furthermore that the holder could never be licensed again to retail liquors in that state.

Fifth. A penalty should be provided in all states governing the retail liquor trade against any minor over eighteen who represents himself to be of age in order to procure intoxicants.

The idea that is paramount in these suggestions is to give as great value and security to a license as possible, so as to encourage the utmost obedience to the will of society as expressed in the laws on the statute books, to remove the liquor dealer from politics by making his right to will and act; and to provide the immediate and inevitable cancellation of license upon conviction of the violation of law.

If these convictions are embodied into law, they will not interfere with any provisions that a state or a municipality may choose to adopt for the regulation of the liquor traffic, but they will insure the inforcement of these provisions by an automatic process.

The saloon keeper will enforce the provisions, because it will pay him so much better to obey law than to violate it. To preserve so valuable a license as we have suggested, from cancellation, the saloon keeper will be, of all men, most anxious to run an orderly place, to refuse to sell to minors or inebriates, and to close at the hour named by society.

National Model License League.
Commercial Building, Louisville, Ky.

AN ANSWER TO A QUESTION OF NATIONAL CURRENCY LAW.

Dear Sir: I am surprised that you have had so little to say about the national currency law, and the president's message speaks of investigating the subject of the currency. McVeigh says we have a panic-breeding system, as if no new currency law had been passed. I am in the dark about it and would have more light. Can you explain why there is so little being said about this matter? Nothing was said on the stump in the late election, so far as I know. Yours truly,

SAMUEL A. BLACKSTONE.

Chester, N. H.

ANSWER.

The public is, after all, very much like a horse whose head never holds but one idea at a time. When the effort is made to emphasize too many questions simultaneously, the force of the attack is weakened all along the line.

Now that the people are aroused on the subject of the tariff and the high cost of living. it would be a great blunder to distract their attention by an agitation of the money question. At present there is no prospect whatever of making any material change in our financial system; whereas the concerted action of the Insurgent Republicans and Progressive Democrats seems likely to bring about a reduction of the tariff.

In my opinion, there is a tacit agreement among the chieftains of both the old parties to keep silent on the money question. This is due to the fact that the Money Trust controls both organizations. Every Wall Street bank, every great railroad, every great insurance company, every rapacious trust, is composed partly of Democrats and partly of Republicans, who favor the same governmental policies. The campaign funds of the Democrats come from practically the same sources as those which supply the Republicans. Between such Democrats as James Smith, of New Jersey, or August Belmont, of New York, and Chauncey Depew or J. P. Morgan, Republicans, there is no difference in principle.

Consequently, the controlling element in each of the old parties supports a system which resigns to the national bankers the sovereign power to create money—a prerogative which was inseparable from sovereignty until the goldsmiths of London bribed the mistress of the most dissolute of English kings to wheedle her royal lover into granting them that tremendous power.

Every national bank of today is exploiting for private gain a function which is, by right, one of the chief attributes of government. Each one of these banks is a beneficiary of the immorality of Barbara Villiers. T. E. W.

AS TO THE TORRENS SYSTEM OF RECORDING LAND DEEDS.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly explain for the benefit of your readers, through the educational department of your magazine, the Torrens system of recording land deeds? Are there any objections to the adoption of such a system? Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am,

Very truly yours,

RICHARD H. SESSIONS.

Conway, S. C.

ANSWER.

In brief, the Torrens system provides that the state shall make a thorough investigation of the title of Smith or Jones or Brown, to his land; shall then enter his name on the Court House records as the true owner; and shall issue to him an official certificate to that effect. He can then sell the land, with no other formality than the transfer of this certificate to the purchaser.

In effect, the state would become the warrantor of all titles to land. The authorities would, no doubt, sometimes make a mistake, which would have to be rectified at public expense; but this loss would be a mere bagatelle compared to the saving. The vast sums now paid out for the examination of titles, the making and recording of conveyances, and the cost of law-suits over disputed titles would no longer burden the people.

The Torrens system would lessen immensely the annual toll taken by the lawyers. Consequently, as a class they oppose it stubbornly. Inasmuch as the aver-

age citizen curses the lawyer every day in the year, excepting election day, and then votes for him without exacting any pledges or keeping an eye on the record he makes afterwards in the legislature, the Torrens system makes slow headway in this country.

Yes, I am heartily in favor of it and always have been.

It is in practise in New York and Massachusetts. T. E. W.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A POLITICIAN AND A STATESMAN.

1. What is the difference in a politician and a statesman? Can a person be both at the same time? Which was Andrew Jackson, or was he both?

2. What are the principal agents for the distribution of wealth?

3. Have you seen and read K. Lamity's Harpoon Magazine, of Austin, Texas? If so, what is your opinion of it?

Yours truly, IRA V. MAXWELL.

Lake Arthur, La.

ANSWER.

(1.) A politician may be defined as a man whose sole purpose is to scheme for an office and to keep it after he gets it. If he quits it voluntarily, it is to get something better. He has no regard for the general welfare of the country: he cares nothing for suffering humanity: he intrigues and traffics in votes, for the sole purpose of keeping himself in place and power: he has no convictions that will ride out a storm of unpopularity; sometimes he is on one side of the fence, and sometimes on the other,—and then again, he sometimes straddles it. If he ever gets with the minority, it's a mistake on his part, and he repairs it at the earliest possible moment. He will abandon any friend, or any position if he thinks he can gain by it. He is essentially a false-hearted man and a two-faced hypocrite.

The typical politician usually outlives his hopes, his popularity, and his reputation.

A statesman is one whose ideas are more elevated. His mind dwells upon questions of great public importance. His thoughts follow the policies of the rulers, and of lawmaking bodies; he studies the effect of legislation upon people: he endeavors to master the principles of political economy, and to learn what kind of laws will be best for the greatest number of the people.

If he holds an office, he regards it as a trusteeship. He feels that great responsibilities rest upon him, and that he must discharge them to the best of his capacity. The greater the office, the greater the duty. His aim is not personal aggrandizement, but the public welfare.

There have been great politicians who were also great statesmen; just as there have been great statesmen who were not politicians. Washington and Hamilton belonged to this latter class: so did John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster.

Thomas Jefferson was a consummate politician, as well as a statesman of the highest type. Andrew Jackson was more of a politician than a statesman, although he had some of the qualities of both.

(2.) Wealth is distributed in the payment of salaries, wages, pensions, charities, divisions among heirs-at-law, taxes, freight and passenger rates, legislative and congressional appropriations, loans which are never repaid, accounts that are never collected, funds which are embezzled, money that is stolen, and estates that are devoured by the sharks of the State and Federal Courts.

One perpetual source of distribution of wealth is the cheating and swindling of one Christian by another. The sharper and his victim are such familiar figures to the stage of human life that they are considered indispensable characters in the human comedy.

It has always seemed strange to me that in treatises on social conditions and the inequalities of property ownership, no allowance has been made for those loans which are never repaid, rents which are never collected, and property obtained by those who are unwilling or unable to pay the purchase money.

As to security debts, they are a constant source of ruin to the good-natured people who indorse for others.

(3.) This question does not come within the scope of our educational department. T. E. W.

MR. WATSON APPRECIATED IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dear Sir: We had a three-cornered race this year in the Fifth district for Congress. Hon. D. E. Finley, the present incumbent, was opposed by our solicitor, Hon. J. K. Henry, and Hon. T. B. Butler, of Gaffney. Mr. Finley is the ranking Democrat on the committee of postoffices and seems to claim much credit for the extension of the free delivery of mail. T. B. Butler is a nephew of the late General M. C. Butler, who for many years was a distinguished member of the United States senate. During the speaking last summer at a Congressional campaign meeting, Mr. Butler twitted Representative Finley for

NEW YORK

¶ It is the business of this organization to develop new American Industries and to extend such of those already well-established as need only additional capital to care for a business greater than that for which the enterprise was originally organized.

¶ The Sterling Debenture Corporation is a medium through which the individual investor may participate in the profit and share in the ownership of American Industrial enterprises *upon the same proportionate basis as that enjoyed by every other owner.* The method employed permits neither the absorption of profits nor the manipulation of control at the hands of a financial syndicate.

¶ Each enterprise is subjected to a thorough and exhaustive investigation. Where the industry is based upon inventions, the claims for such inventions must have been successfully demonstrated in *actual practice* and must be represented by U. S. patents in support of ownership. We present no enterprise to our clientele until we are satisfied that every possible safeguard is afforded the investor.

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claiming too much credit for the rural delivery of the mail. He said Thomas E. Watson of Georgia was the author of the system, and he also said Mr. Watson did more for the people during his two years in congress than Mr. Finley has done in twelve years. Pretty broad assertion, but nevertheless true. Just the other day a man of some intelligence came to my house to borrow several of Watson's Magazines, and I urged him to read every one of the editorials, especially your reply to Booker Washington and Andrew Carnegie. I have just read your piece in the June, 1907, number, headed "Some Aftermath of the Civil War."

Your contributions on the great men of Georgia gives me a higher appreciation of the superior gifts of those remarkable men. There is no doubt in my mind that had Toombs and Stevens been living in 1891 they would have given you their hearty cooperation in the third party movement. Writing this recalls to my mind an article I wrote for the magazine, in August, 1909, and asked why Georgia has not erected a monument to Toombs? I suggested the advisibility of organizing a Toombs Memorial Society for the purpose of collecting funds to erect a statue to perpetuate the fame of that great orator and statesman. I also wrote a letter of inquiry last February and asked the same questions. In your answer to my questions in the February number you state that the answers to the questions in reference to Toombs had been answered. I think you are mistaken. I have every copy of your magazine for the last three years and I cannot find my letter of inquiry and your answers in reference to Toombs. Perhaps you wrote the answers to the questions and sent them to the manager at Atlanta, and they were unintentionally left out. I also asked where I could obtain a life-size picture of Robert Toombs as he appeared in 1858.

Iwrote another letter of inquiry last August and asked you to explain in what particular Senator Tillman did wrong in trying to buy those lands in the west after he claimed to have voted in the senate to preserve them for the future generations of our country. Please explain fully Tillman's connection in the land business. Roosevelt seemed to have cornered Tillman when he put a detective on this track and run him down. I have no special admiration for either Roosevelt nor Tillman and I do not think Tillman's defense in the Senate reflected much credit on him. But the South Carolina legislature came to his rescue, by passing a resolution exonerating him after he had been caught with the goods. I had an occasion last summer to write to a member of our Legislature, and I disapproved of their action in trying to whitewash our senior Senator. I told this particular member I thought they ought to have passed a resolution to give Roosevelt a silver loving cup for having caught up with Tillman in his acts of political perfidy.

Some of Tillman's admirers say he is very popular at Washington and has more influence than any man we ever sent there. Now, Mr. Watson, I am going to give my idea about this popularity business among Southern Democrats at W ashington. I think Tillman did well during his first term in the Senate; he seemed to be thoroughly identified with the people's demands and we know that he was not popular with the representatives of special interests from the North and East. It seems to me that some of this popularity has been attained by co-operating with the Northern and Eastern senators in passing bills beneficial to their section, and they evidently rewarded the recreant Democrat by giving him a few crumbs in the way of appropriations for public improvements. Then again, ask some of them to vote for certain schedules in a tariff bill in order to replenish the treasury, which has been depleted by Republican extravagance and some of the Democrats do as Tillman did in voting for a tariff on iron ore, tea and dressed lumber, play right into the hands of the trust to the amount of millions and millions of dollars. I think we have some good men in Congress and in the Senate from the South, but we also have some others who ought to be at home. And I think our senior Senator is among the number that would greatly benefit his constituents by retiring to the shades of private life, where he could brood over lost opportunities for good. No man that has ever represented South Carolina, even in the days of reconstruction, has played more completely into the hands of special privilege than Tillman did in co-operating with the Republicans on some important measures. And I defy him to deny it. Every man from the South should assert publicly that he is there to represent his people on honor and not there to thrust their hands into the treasury up to their armpits. Oh, for men like Calhoun and Hayne and McDuffie and Toombs and Stevens and Hill of Georgia, and, I might well say, Hampton and Butler of South Carolina. No one who is posted on the records of public men and who is familiar with economic questions believes that Ben Tillman would have defeated that knightly M. C. Butler, the hero of many battles, if he had stated publicly in his race against Butler, that he intended to vote in the Senate at some future time in favor of the trusts to the amount of over one hundred million dollars. But a large per cent of the voters of our state were aroused, as they have never been, by Tillman's appeals to the one-gallus and wool-hat fellows and also his appeals to the new business man who had accumulated property since the war, and he told them frankly they had

A SHOWING OF

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According to Bradstreet's

Says the *Western Underwriter:*

FROM THE "WESTERN UNDERWRITER" SEPTEMBER 10, 1908.

During the past ten years, according to Bradstreet's, there have been over one hundred thousand commercial failures, with liabilities of over $1,500,000,000.

During the past ten years six hundred banks and trust companies have closed their doors, with liabilities of over $380,000,000.

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It is the Most Aggressive. It writes a Triple Option Policy. It operates under the Insurance Laws of Missouri. They are the Best. It gives more Insurance for the Dollar than any Company.

Write our General Agents at NASHVILLE OR OTHER STATES

GET INFORMATION

Provide for Old Age NOW. Protect Your Family.

been ostracised by an oligarchy of lawyers and an aristocracy of wealth that had dominated our state since the ante-bellum days.

Such was really not the case, but it served Tillman's selfish purpose most excellently. As a matter of fact, Tillman has never made a fair race against any man. He insinuated that General Butler's campaign expenses in 1894 were paid by some of the millionaire senators. His insinuations did not cast any reproach on Butler and Hampton. Both Hampton and Butler turned the escutcheon of office over to their successors with as clean a record for honesty as any men that ever represented South Carolina. Butler was mistaken in advocating national banks of issue, as he did in his debate with you at Batesburg in 1891, but he got right and voted against the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law.

Both Hampton and Butler were men of the old school, with honest convictions, with a sense of honor that was above price. Take them for what they were—truly great men—and the people of South Carolina will perhaps never look upon their like again. In erecting an equestrian statue to Hampton, the people of this state have reflected great credit on themselves. Let him ride on, superbly mounted, that future generations may see the great general as he appeared in the early sixties, when he fought for principles that will never die. Yours truly,

ROBERT R. JEFFARES.

Shelton, S. C.

ANSWER.

(1.) I do not suppose that there is any life-size picture of Toombs, excepting the painting in the State House in Atlanta.

(2.) The best monument to the memory of General Toombs would be a biography worthy of him, and a judicious selection from his best speeches.

(3.) Senator Tillman did very wrong indeed when he tried to secure, at a nominal price, lots of extremely valuable public land in Montana—one for himself, one for each member of his family, and one for his scretary—on the pretence that he and his family meant to become actual settlers on those lands. Had not his scheme been exposed and frustrated, it would have been a fraud upon the Government and the people, for those lands are reserved for actual settlers only. T. E. W.

HOW TARIFF-TAX COULD CEASE.

Sir: With free privilege to all and with special favors to none, could a tariff tax exist? I say it could not. What do you say? Yours, S. K. MINTZ.

Millranch, N. C.

ANSWER.

No: any custom-house duty, collected on any foreign commodity causes a corresponding increase in the cost of the domestic product, unless this product is an export, like wheat or cotton, the value of which is fixed by the price that rules in the foreign market. T. E. W.

Ellett's Outline of U. S. History. By Prof. A. H. Ellet, Principal of the Blue Mountain Female College, Blue Mountain, Miss.

This is decidedly the shortest cut to the greatest number of historical facts relating to this country that I have ever known. There is no narrative, discussion, dissertation, or preachment. The great subject is shredded, and the fibers grouped in admirable order, so that the reader can see at a glance who did things worth while, what was done, and the date and manner of doing it. Thus nearly every page of Professor Ellett's most original outline presents a greater amount of interesting and valuable detail, than you could wearily dig out of an ordinary chapter of dry-as-dust historians.

The little volume costs only twenty-five cents, and I hope that it will find its way into the hands of tens of thousands of school-children and other young people.

As an illustration of his method and the great value of his researches, we present his chapter on slavery:

SLAVERY.

1. Introduction—Jamestown, 1619, by the Dutch—20 negroes sold.

2. First home-built Slave Ship, 1636.

(a) Built at Marblehead, Mass.

(b) Named "The Desire."

3. Indian Slaves—1637-1676.

The official records of Massachusetts show 593 Indian slaves sold into the West Indies between the above dates.

4. First statute Establishing Slavery—1641.

(a) Where—Massachusetts.

(b) By what—"Code of Fundamentals."

5. Status of the Slave.

(a) Some Boston newspaper advertisements from "The Continental Journal," March 1, 1780:

"A lkely negro wench about 19 years old, with a child six months of age; to be sold together or apart."

From the "Independent Chronicle," December, 28, 1780:

"A negro child soon expected, of good breed, may be owned by any person inclining to take it, and money with it."

(Note—There are many more of like tenor.)

2. Some Contemporaneous Testimony.

(a) Dr. Jeremy Belknap says: "Negro children in New England, when weaned, were given away like puppies."

(b) Judge Sewell, in his diary, June 22, 1716, says: "I essayed to prevent Indians and negroes from being rated with horses and hogs (in New England), but could not prevail."

(c) Slave Laws in the South.

Murder of a slave was a capital crime.

Selling mothers and children apart was against the law in some of the Southern States.

Religious privileges were secured to the slaves by law.

(d) In Church—In 1860 there were 466,000 slaves members of the white churches of the South. They heard the same preaching and partook of the same sacraments as the whites.

6. Ocean Trade, 1636-1808 (by law).

(a) Carried on by Northern States exclusively.

(b) Prohibited by Virginia, 1778.

(c) Prohibited by Massachusetts, 1788.

(Note—Along with this law, Massachusetts passed another, forbidding freed slaves to remain in the State for a longer time than two months. The penalty for violating this was:

First offense—Hard labor in the "House of Correction."

Second offense—"Whipped not exceeding ten stripes."

Thereafter—"The same punishment inflicted," and so "toties quoties.")

This law was not repealed until 1834.

(d) Ships.

In 1770 Rhode Island had 150 ships in the slave trade.

In 1800, Congress passed a law to prohibit the ocean trade. The law to take effect 1808.

(Note—A Southern man introduced the bill and a Southern President signed it.)

Importation of Slaves, 1805 to 1808.

Bristol, R. I., received 3,914.

Newport, R. I., received 3,487.

Providence, R. I., received 500.

Boston, Mass., received 1,000.

Importation in Defiance of Law.

In 1857 seventy slave ships sailed from Northern ports.

In 1859-60, eighty-five Northern ships brought to Brazil 60,000 slaves.

(Note—This was the year Lincoln was elected.)

7. In Northwest Territory.

(a) Virginia gave the territory to the United States.

(b) The ordinance of 1787 was written for its government.

(c) The sixth article of this ordinance forbade slavery in the territory.

(d) Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, wrote the ordinance.

(e) Indiana sent four successive petitions to Congress to remove the prohibition so as to allow it to have slaves. They were presented in the years 1803, 1804, 1805 and 1807.

8. In the Constitution, 1787.

(a) Article 1, Section 2, Clause 3—Federal Ratio, 3 to 5.

(b) Article 1, Section 9. Clause 1—Importation, 1808.

(c) Article 4, Section 2, Clause 3—Fugitives, "Claim."

(d) Article 5, Section 1, Clause 1—Proviso, No Amendment.

(Note—The vote was taken in the Constitutional Convention, "Shall the slave trade be continued twenty years?" The "yeas" won, 7 to 4, the Northern States voting in the affirmative. Had they voted against the trade, the vote would have stood 7 to 4 in the negative.)

9. Franklin's Anti-Slavery Petition, 1790.

(a) First anti-slavery petition in Congress.

(b) Answer of Congress, "No power to interfere."

10. Missouri Compromise, 1820.

(a) Occasion—Admission of Missouri.

(b) Author of amendment that passed—Thomas.

(c) Line of division—36 degrees 30 minutes, except Missouri.

(d) Was unconstitutional (see Dred Scott decision).

11. Nat Turner's Insurrection, 1831.

(a) Southampton county, Virginia.

(b) Sixty whites massacred.

(d) Turner and other leaders hanged.

(Note—Similar uprising in other parts of the South were attributed to the influence of the Abolitionists.)

The People's Law, or Popular Participation in Law-making. By Charles Sumner Lobingier, Judge of the Court of First Instance, P. I. Formerly Professor of Law in the University of Nebraska. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. $4.00 net.

One cannot praise too highly this extremely valuable work. As you would infer from the title, it gives a history of direct legislation by the people from the ancient and informal, out-of-doors assemblage of the tribes in Germany down to the referendum of our own day.

The author quotes a very striking observation made by Rousseau, which we can verify with melancholy ease by studying our own political situation.

"So soon as the service of the state ceases to be the principal business of the citizens," he says, "and they prefer to render aid with their purses rather than their persons, the state is already on the brink of ruin. If it is necessary to march to battle, they pay troops and remain at home; is it necessary to go to the council, they elect deputies and remain at home. As a result of indolence and wealth, they at length have soldiers to enslave their country and representatives to sell it. . . . The decline of patriotism and active pursuit of private interests, the vast size of states, conquests and abuses of government, have suggested the plan of deputies or representatives of the people in the assmblies of the nation."

After giving full significance to the early reform movements in Switzerland, especially that at Geneva, Dr. Lobingier takes up each one of the original colonial establishments and gives the history of popular ratification of legislation in this country. He cites the fact, not generally known, that the first constitution of the state of Georgia provided for the initiative as well as the referendum. This was the first appearance of initiative in any written constitution. The submission to the various states which voted to adopt the new constitution of 1787 is given separately and at some length.

The present status of direct legislation, not only in this country, but in other parts of the world, is explained.

From the voluminous bibliography, published in the appendix, and the table of cases cited, one can see that the book has been prepared with minute care and exhaustive research.

GEORGIA. Issued by Samuel C. Dunlap, Commissioner Georgia Bureau of Industries and Immigration, Atlanta, Ga.

In this booklet of 47 pages there is more to be learned of the industrial conditions and natural wealth of the Empire State of the South than can be found in any other publication. Commissioner Dunlap gives to his assistant, Mr. Ed M. Hafer, the credit for arranging the text matter and the illustrations—for the pamphlet is not only a typographical gem, but beautifully and profusely illustrated. Not until the best posted native Georgian has gone through this rich and varied compendium of facts relating to his state can he have an adequate idea of just how blest we are in natural advantages.

The circulation of Georgia is the very

best advertisement the state could have. Mr. Dunlap says:

"An edition of twenty thousand of the books was exhausted at the Ohio Valley Exposition during the fall of 1910, and nearly fifty thousand of the minature Georgia flags were distributed among the thousands of visitors to the Georgia exhibit, the material for which was gathered, installed and attended during the exposition by myself and Mr. Hafer.

"The Georgia Bureau of Industries and Immigration is the only organized effort of its character advertising the state and working for its material advancement. The Alabama transportation lines had a similar bureau under the direction of Mr. Ross Smith, established at the same time, June, 1905, with headquarters at Birmingham, and it is a remarkable fact that Georgia and Alabama are the only two strictly Southeastern states which gain an additional congressman under the 1910 census apportionment. Georgia made, numerically, the largest gain of the group, and on a percentage basis exceeded Alabama nearly one per cent."

THE SOCIAL BUCCANEER. Frederic Isham. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

This is the story of a modern Robin Hood, who, like the merry outlaw of Sherwood Forest, takes from the rich to give to the needy. Instead of the rough and ready methods of a highwayman, however, Mr. Isham's hero practices the modern and more complicated art of opening safe deposit boxes. Scrupulously denying himself the use of a penny of his mysteriously acquired fortune, he passes among his friends and acquaintances as a somewhat eccentric young philanthropist. The reader is ingeniously kept in doubt whether or not to aceept him at this valuation until near the end of the story.

The complications that center about the loss of the gold and pearls are not very satisfactorily cleared up. Evidently the author disdains the minute explanations of an Anna Katharine Green and prefers to leave something to the imagination of his readers. The main thing is, of course, that the hero, after restoring his unlawful gained property is forgiven by the heroine the hero, after restoring his unlawfully for offenses that are never treated with great seriousness. It is evidently the writer's whimsical intention to set this debonair thief who robs the rich, in tacit contrast with the Big Business despoiler of the poor. HAZEL BARTLETT.

A COPY OF "WATERLOO" SENT TO GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

New York Office: Broadway, Fifth Ave. and 23rd St. Fuller (Flatiron) Building.

Washington: 431 Eleventh Street.

New York, December 28, 1910.

Honorable Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I gladly send a copy of your book to the German emperor and to Max Hardin, transmitting the emperor's copy to him through our ambassador to his court, and sending Hardin's copy to him to his address in Berlin. I write to the ambassador, telling him about the book. your position with respect to the victory at Waterloo being won by the Germans, and suggesting that he read the book before he delivers it to His Majesty.

By the way, the newspapers are saying all sorts of nice things about your book and about you, and so are the magazines. A great many reviews already have appeared. as I suppose you know, probably being a subscriber to one of the clipping bureaus. I hope that the sale next year will exceed, as I think that it will, a thousand copies. The book is fine. But so, I believe, I have said to you before.

The Germans nearly all read English these days. I shall get the book on some of the more prominent stalls in Germany while looking about for a translator. I shall also write to a few German publishers, asking if they wish to take over the German rights, which is likely. However, I can handle a German edition about as well from New York as I could from Berlin, and I bear in mind that there are Germans enough here that ought to be interested in your account of the battle that they won. I shall send the book to all the leading German newspapers of America.

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WALTER NEALE.

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WATSON'S MAGAZINE (monthly) and THE JEFFERSONIAN (weekly) are four years old. They are firmly established.

The subscription lists, news-stand sales and advertising patronage have had a steady growth.

The last year has shown a greater increase than any preceding year. Circulation and advertising revenue have doubled.

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The stockholders will be amply protected by the assets of the Company. In addition to this will be the insurance of $100,000 on Mr. Watson's life—said Insurance being payable to our publishing company, in trust for the stockholders.

The minimum working capital of $100,000, which is the amount of stock we are now offering for sale, is to be devoted to the expansion of our business along lines that we know by four years' test to be profitable.

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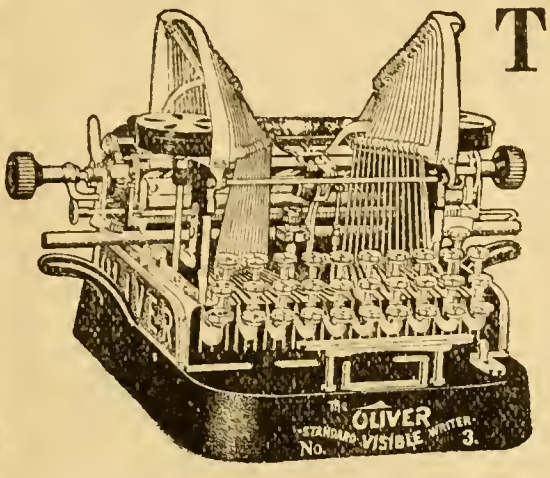

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ORDER IT ON TRIAL—You are welcome to use this splendid machine for five days without paying any deposit, or obligating yourself in any way; no salesman or agent will call upon you, and you will be the sole judge.

All you have to do is to send your shipping instructions on the attached coupon blank. If you are not established in business just name a couple of references. All we want to know is that you are responsible.

A pencil will do to fill out the coupon. Mail it today.

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Address, ...

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