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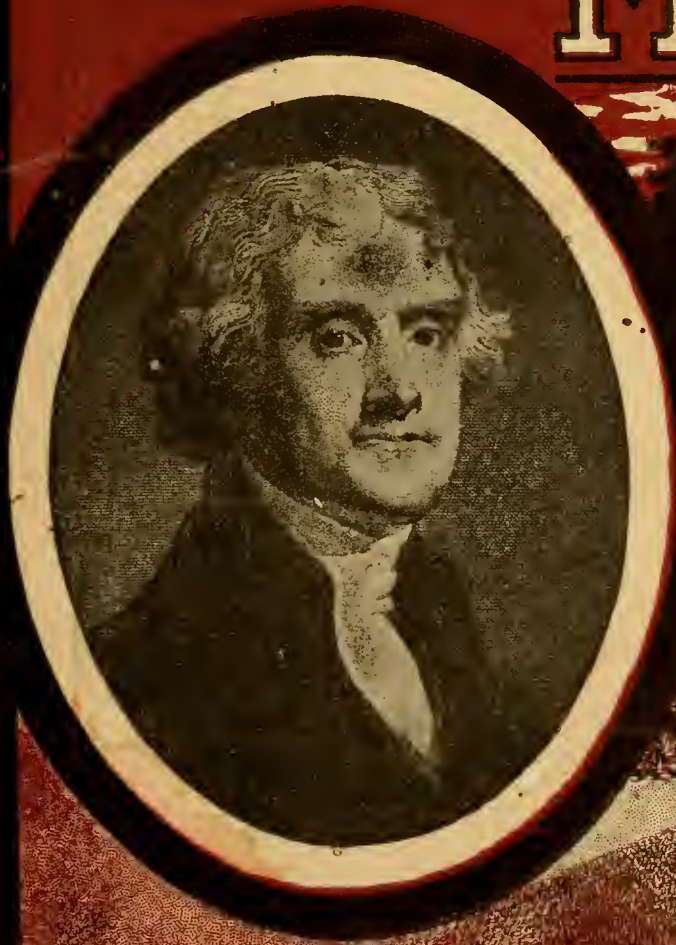
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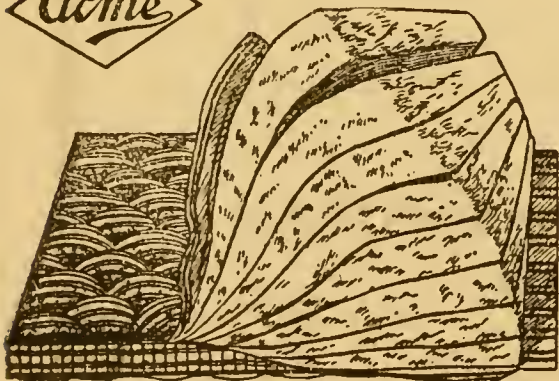
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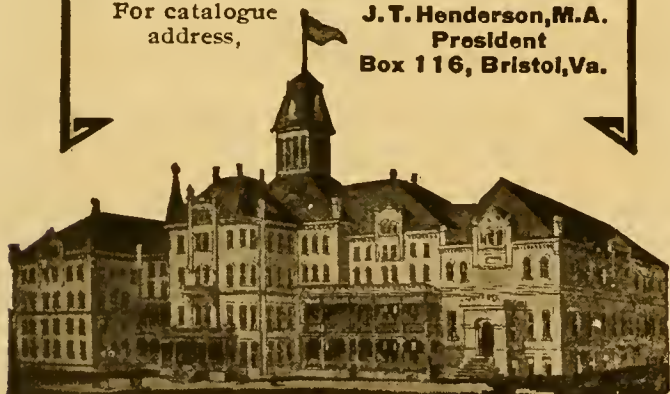
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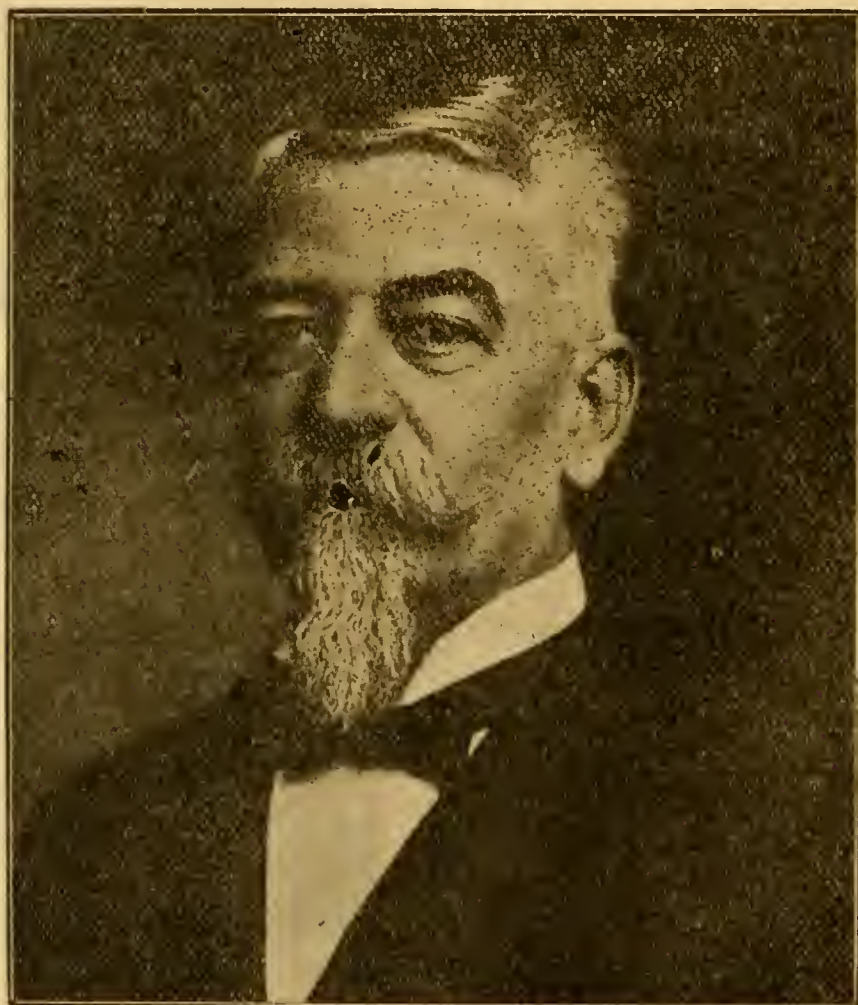
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A FLORIDA BELLE—MISS BESSIE MAY WATSON



EDITORIALS



By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

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CHAPTER IV.

THE alleged partiality of Jehovah toward Italians, is an Archimedean lever in world history, which historians have unanimously and mysteriously ignored. Strange! For that mighty fact has controlled national currents and destinies, ever since the Emperor Constantine formed his copartnership with the Christian priesthood.

Consider the Dark Ages, wherein men groped about in mental and spiritual gloom, haunted by all kinds of monstrous fears, possessed by all sorts of fantastic superstitions—a time in which no man dared to harbor an idea that was not in conformity to the edicts of Rome: who, then, was God on earth? The Italian.

Was he the wisest of men? No. Was he the best of men? No. Was he the strongest of men? No. Why, then, did the Lord God Omnipotent *always* choose the Italian to represent Him on earth, to bear the keys, to bind and loose, to dispense heavenly mercies, to impose heavenly penalties, to give away crowns and kingdoms, to say who should go to heaven and who should go to hell? *No one dared to ask the question.*

In Medieval Ages, the divine partiality to the Latin race was

equally manifest. The Italian was surpassed by the Celt and the Teuton in every other capacity, save as to representing the Almighty. On the battle-field, the Italian was no match for the Norman; in literature, he was easily outclassed by other races of men: in all that made up *a Man*, the Celt and the Teuton towered above the effeminate, tortuous, licentious, dissimulating Italian: yet God invariably selected this inferior type of man, as His personal mouth-piece and substitute—to speak and act for Him, here below. Strange, wasn't it?

Incidentally, I may remark that God's persevering partiality for the weaker, lower type has come on down to our own day. The Italian is nowhere, in political power; is nowhere, on the battle-field (even the niggers of Abyssinia whipped him completely, a few years ago,) and is nowhere, in robust, progressive, world-march, as compared to the indefatigable, indomitable, unconquerable *White-faced man*—yet God is unwilling to be personally represented, in mundane affairs, by any other person than a member of a decadent, hybrid, immoral race! *Very strange, isn't it?*

* * *

He who would understand the story of mankind, must study *the relations of priesthoods to dynasties*. (On that subject is yet to be written the greatest of profane books.)

And to arrive at the true significance of the successive episodes of *American history*, it is indispensable that the student should be acquainted with the religious wars which the Italian Vice-gerents of God precipitated upon Europe—devastating some of her fairest provinces, razing some of her noblest cities, drenching her soil with rivers of innocent blood; slaughtering in the name of the merciful Christ a greater number of men, women and children than ever fell before the ruthless swords of the fanatical hosts of Mahomet.

“Believe in Allah and his Prophet, or die!” shouted the Saracen: “Believe in *me*, the Pope, or die!” cried the Italian impostor. The difference was, that the Mohammedan dealt the swift blow which gave quick death; while the papal demoniacs were never satisfied until with rack, and club, and iron pinchers, and slow fires, they had subjected their victims to the utmost possible limits of endurable torture.

This historic fact explains much of American history. Why were Europeans who were accustomed to the comforts of home-life, in Europe; and who were amply endowed with worldly goods, so willing to risk the perilous voyage across the ocean, and to brave the terrors of the American wilderness? There is only one explanation. To remain at home meant the abject surrender of all that a Man holds dear; or the

certainty of horrible persecution and death.

Bear in mind that the Spaniards, the Catholics, did not mean to make *their home* in America. The Spanish soldier came, to rob the native of his gold: the Spanish priest, to convert him to the Roman creed. The soldier was on a temporary expedition: the priest, on a mission.

Columbus, Pizarro, Cortez, Ponce de Leon, DeSoto—none of them dreamed of becoming permanent settlers in the New World. To get rich quickly, without regard to means and methods, was the purpose of each of these inhuman monsters. In the case of Ponce de Leon, indeed, we have this difference: the years were climbing up on the old cavalier, and he hearkened unto a fabulous story of a Fountain of Perpetual Youth. Certain of his sins, and doubtful of his salvation, he preferred, as many good Christians inconsistently do, to remain in this Vale of Tears, rather than hie him to his apartment in the mansion in the skies. Therefore, Ponce *did* concentrate his energies on trying to find the waters that would turn hoary Winter into verdant Spring, intending to live his life over again, not in America, but in his native land.

The truth of history demands that I draw a distinction between DeSoto and such characters as Columbus, Pizarro, Cortez, Cabaza.

Of all the Spanish adventurers who came to the New World seeking gold, DeSoto is the most attractive. In some respects he was a gallant Knight-errant. Brave as his sword, he was capable of tender and constant devotion to a lady-love. Scornfully rejected by the Marquis De

Avila, when he sued for the hand of Avila's daughter, he waited for her *sixteen years*, during five of which not a letter or a message passed between the lovers. At length, after the series of perfidious stratagems which overturned the Peruvian Empire, DeSoto returned to Spain, laden with spoil; and he married the beautiful Isabella, who had been as loyal as himself. Then for two years, he is happy with her, and is the favorite at the Spanish court. His lavish expenditures having greatly reduced his wealth, he must needs equip a fleet, at his own cost, and return to America for more loot. In vain, his devoted wife pleads with him to be content, and to live in domestic bliss with her: he turns a deaf ear to sane counsels, and sets sail expecting to find in Florida another Peru to pillage.

Nothing in the annals of the human race surpasses the record made by that proud, intrepid, inflexible adventurer. Knowing, as I do, the character of the swamps, the bogs, the tangled undergrowth of the lower South, my amazement increases at every march made by DeSoto, as he leads his little army from the Gulf Coast, to the interior of Georgia, and thence toward the Mississippi, *and far beyond!*

The atrocious cruelty with which his predecessors had treated the Indians, made his own progress the more difficult; and his five-years of journeying was almost a continuous running-fight.

The passion for gold, and the bitterness bred of repeated disappointment appear to have brutalized the once chivalrous cavalier; for the perfidious barbarity which he visited upon Tuscaloosa, the Alabama

Indian chief, equalled any atrocity of Columbus, Cortez or Pizarro.

The fact is, that the Florida Indians told him the exact truth about the gold region. He was assured that the yellow metal which they possessed, and which the original chroniclers name "red copper," came from the North, a six-days' journey. A day's march for an Indian would be, easily, 50 or 60 miles, for they usually went, single file, in a brisk trot. Therefore, had DeSoto believed the story told him, and persistently kept on, Northward, he would have penetrated the gold region of Georgia.

His infernal cruelty to the natives caused him to miss the object of all his toils. His guide, an Indian youth of North Georgia, was taking him along the well-worn trail that led into the Cherokee region; but, on reaching what is now Washington county, this Indian guide pretended to have a fit, and to see an apparition which forbade him to go farther, in that direction.

This Indian was shrewd: he immediately embraced the Catholic faith, and the priests baptized him. Consequently, DeSoto could not, without scandal, put him to the torture, or kill him, out of hand. But it is exceedingly strange that neither De Soto, nor any of his gold-hungry companions, suspected the artifice and *continued to pursue the same trail*. Instead, they allowed themselves to be decoyed off into the trackless wilds of what are now Alabama, Arkansas and Mississippi.

They actually discovered the Hot Springs; which, after all, may have been the Fountain whose wonderful cures, exaggerated as they passed

from mouth to mouth, gave rise to the fable which inspired the quest of Ponce de Leon. And, very probably, *his* Indian guides, misled him, round and round—not wishing that he should occupy their country, at the Hot Springs, intruding upon their hunting grounds, and making a permanence of the brutal Spanish soldier, who outraged their women, and committed other intolerable deviltries.

De Soto paid no particular attention to the Hot Springs, nor to the mighty river which he “discovered.” The Mississippi was, to him, nothing else than an obstacle in his way to the gold-fields, beyond. For, by this, time, he had been told of the mineral wealth of the West; and, tireless man! he meant to press on. In vain, the fond, heart-hungry wife reaches him by letter, entreating him to come home—expressing a grave, anxious, concern as to those atrocities practised upon the poor Indians. The letter fills him with melancholy, but does not relax his resolution.

What happened to him, beyond the Mississippi, is not clear. He pushed far into the West; and, *again*, was headed in the right direction for the gold veins; but it would seem that some invincible Indian tribe (the Comanches?) barred his way; and his remnant band, footsore and disheartened, refused to go farther.

At least, that is my inference. The Spanish chroniclers confess the Indian resistance, and the Spanish retreat: my conception of DeSoto's character suggests the explanation that his men mutinied and refused to go farther away from the great river, *by which they knew they could return to Cuba.*

The intense dissatisfaction which prevailed in DeSoto's little band; the known fact that some of his officers bore him deadly enmity; and the conflicting accounts of his sudden, mysterious death—coupled with night burial, in the Mississippi, warrant the suspicion that he was poisoned.

One sad detail, and I hurry on:

After five years of the loneliest suspense, the anxious wife, Isabella, hears the story of her lover-husband's death. A survivor of the expedition brought it to Cuba, to which she had accompanied DeSoto. On hearing the piteous tale, which but confirmed her fears and her warning, she never doubts it for a moment: she believes it, and in three days she is dead.

* * *

Coligny, had he lived in the days when cardinal virtues were deified; and when men put themselves to death, rather than live dishonored, would have had a place in “Plutarch's Lives.” Aristides was not more just than was Gaspard de Coligny; nor was Epananondas a truer patriot; nor was Scipio a better soldier; nor Lycergus, an abler statesman. Had he been of baser metal, Coligny might readily have won the temporary triumph which the Guises enjoyed; and instead of now occupying the position of a beacon-light of history, might be a forgotten nobody, like the two ignoble brothers, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine. *They* were victorious, then; he, now: *they* saw nothing but the Present, as so many commonplace people do: *he* saw The Future, and lived and died for it, as the few do, who feel called from on high to pass on to other men and to other ages the sacred

torch, without which the world were dark indeed.

In the year 1561, Coligny determined to plant a colony of Protestants in Florida. He was too powerful to fear Catholic persecution himself, but he sympathized so deeply with those who were the helpless sufferers from religious intolerance that he wished to provide a haven of refuge for them. This he could not hope to do in the Old World: consequently, his eyes turned to the New. At his own expense, he equipped two vessels which set sail from Havre, in February, 1562. The company consisted of sailors, town-workmen, and "a few gentlemen." Jean Ribault, was in command. Why, in the name of common sense! did the great Admiral, Coligny fail to include in the expedition, some peasant, skilled in the planting of seed and the cultivation of crops? It was one of those fatal mistakes, as to practical detail, which great men so often make.

In two months, the vessels sighted the coast of Florida, near what is now St. Augustine.

Ribault landed, followed the coast Northward to the great river; (St. Johns) and, on one of its islands, he determined to build a fort. He found the natives friendly and helpful, *as all the early navigators and "discoverers" did.*

He selected certain of his company to constitute this settlement, after which he sailed away, returning to France, which he found in the throes of the worst of all wars, a *religious* civil-war.

The little colony passed the summer in peace and plenty, subsisting on the abundant game, wild fruits, and the grain given to them by the

Indians. Although the colony was planted in a climate which matures a crop of vegetables or of grain in a few weeks, *not a seed was put in the ground.* No thought of the future disturbed these impractical Frenchmen. That seasons and conditions would change, and the food supply fail, did not apparently occur to them at all.

The season *did* change, and the food-supply *did* fail; and, although the Indians were willing, they were not able, to feed the colony through the winter.

So, a "starving time" came; and the Frenchmen had to live on acorns, roots, chance catches of fish, and an occasional deer.

To make their plight the more miserable, the Captain of the colonists, Albert de la Pierra, was a tyrant. With his own hands, he hanged one of the men; and he banished another to an islet, three leagues away from the fort—to die of hunger, *sans miracle.*

As might have been expected, the colony mutinied, and put their Captain to death.

Dreading a second winter and not even yet thinking of the soil and its tillage, as a source of food-supply, the colonists decided to return to France.

By the help of the Indians, and with almost incredible labor, they built a sea-going vessel, which they refused to load with more provisions than were necessary for the quickest possible voyage. They would not admit the probability of encountering a calm—that terror of the seas which steam annihilated!

So, away they went, on their voyage to home and loved ones; and, of course, they were becalmed, in

mid-ocean. They consumed all their provisions; and then devoured the poor wretch whom their Captain had banished. They had rescued him from starvation, only to plunge him into a more hideous fate.

Sir Walter Besant, in his "Coligny," states that the crew of the vessel cast lots, to decide which of them should be the sacrifice. But I have carefully read the original narrative of Laudonniere, (who was with Ribault) and I do not find anything about casting lots. It would seem, rather, that the fatal choice fell on Lachere, the banished man, upon the theory that, inasmuch as he had already been practically sentenced to death, and would have been dead had he not been rescued, *he*, and not his rescuers, was the man who should be sacrificed.

All the others reached England, having been picked up, off the British Coast by a British vessel.

In 1564, Coligny renewed his attempt to colonize Florida with Protestants. He provided three ships, which were filled with soldiers, sailors, town-workmen, and "gentlemen." For the second time, the mistake of not sending a few tillers of the soil was made.

In June of the same year, these Protestants landed on the East coast of Florida. They built "Fort Caroline" on a triangular island in Riviere de May; (St. Johns), and proceeded to let history repeat itself. They used all of their provisions, devoured what the Indians could give or sell; and did not plant a seed!

These Frenchmen, living on a stream which literally teemed with edible fish of various kinds, were actually too proud to catch fish for

their own needs. They paid the Indians extravagant prices for fish, which they themselves could have taken from the waters, in exhaustless quantities.

Driven to desperation by their condition, they determined to return to France, in a ship given them by the famous respectable pirate, Sir John Hawkins—sometime slave-trade partner of "Good Queen Bess."

But on the very eve of their departure, the colonists were relieved by seven vessels sent by Coligny. In command, was the fearless and capable Ribault. There were 600 soldiers, and the fleet had brought an ample store of food, arms, and ammunition.

But there was a saturnine potentate, who, from the lofty eyrie of the Escorial, in Spain, watched the progress of this Protestant colonization. This was Philip II., a monarch, who, in the name of Christ, destroyed more innocent human beings than died during all the persecutions of the Roman emperors. To maintain intact the Catholic paganism, Philip exhausted the strength and undermined the future of the vastest empire that was ever held together under the same sceptre.

As to this Coligny enterprise, only one policy was to be considered: it was to be destroyed. Had not Christ, in the person of Pope Alexander VI. (poisoning Borzia, of execrable memory) made a division of the New World between Spain and Portugal? And was not Florida (all of the present Lower South) fallen to the share of Spain? And should a dog of a heretic, such as Coligny, be permitted to colonize it with other dogs of heretics? Cer-

tainly not. These detestable free-thinkers must be extirpated. France will not defend them, nor avenge them—for two reasons:

(1) France is ruled from Rome by an Italian queen, and her Italian confidantes;

(2) France is weaker than Spain; and is rent in twain by internal dissension.

Accordingly, the Christian King, Philip II., sent forth an army of 2,600 men, under command of Menendez, to overwhelm and exterminate the Protestant colony. For what crime? Even from Philip's point of view, they were guilty of nothing more heinous than trespassing.

To compel them to leave America, would have been the extreme of just punishment, for such an offense. To slaughter them, could be excused on one ground, only, viz. it was justifiable to kill a Protestant *for being one*.

And that was the Roman Catholic view, as Coligny, and every other victim of St. Bartholomew's Day was soon to learn.

Menendez crossed the ocean, and landed in Florida. He was no soldier; and his management was so wretched that his expedition would have ended in disastrous failure, had not the Protestant chiefs wrangled over the plans of resistance.

Ribault, most unwisely, went out with his small ships to offer naval battle. A gale arose, and wrecked his vessels. He and his men lost their arms and ammunition, escaping with their bare lives.

Laudonniere, in command at Fort

Caroline, with 150 men (40 of whom were on the sick list) awaited the attack of the Spaniards.

The wet season was on, and the troops of Menendez were wading about in the swamps, trying to find their way to the fort. They were so discontented and so discouraged that an attack, by French and Indians, would have caused a collapse of the Spanish design.

Unhappily, the French were divided; and had no plan. And the rain was so violent that the sentries, cold and bedrenched, begged to be excused from further exposure on the ramparts of the fort. The prospect for an attack from the Spaniards, in such fearful weather, was so unlikely, that the officers in charge actually excused the sentinels from duty.

At that very time, the disheartened Spaniards suddenly descried the fort, plucked up courage, thereat, and rushed to the attack. Almost no defense was made. The entire garrison were captured, *and massacred*—excepting some of the women, and the children *under* fifteen years of age—and excepting Laudonniere and nineteen other men.

About 50 miles from the fort was the band of Ribault, the unarmed, ship-wrecked miserales, who did not know of the fall of Fort Caroline, and who were laboriously trying to get back to it through tangled underbrush and overflowed marsh. Within five miles of the fort, they were halted, by the information of the scout sent in advance, that the flag of Spain was flying over the fort.

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

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[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 IX.

SUPPOSE that you should make a careful, conscientious study of ancient paganism, its rites, ceremonies, and pretensions; and suppose that you should find that an accurate description of the beliefs, the customs, the vestments and the practices of paganism correspond almost exactly with those of the Roman Catholic priesthood, what would you think about it?

There is nothing new under the sun. The nursery tales that we tell our children are as old as the known records of the human race. Mother Goose enchanted the tots of Chaldea, Cinderella and her slipper are more venerable than Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The jests that circulate among the men of today, brought laughter to lips that were dust before Pericles and Aspasia loved and ruled. The futile, despairing knock at the door of the Unknown is heard as far back as literature reaches. The impenetrable mystery of the star-sown firmament arouses no profound but baffling train of thought that was not the haunting puzzle of the shepherds of Shinar.

It rings weirdly like a wail throughout the hoary Past—this eternal cry, "Give me something to

BELIEVE: I cannot KNOW anything."

And so it came to pass that men, groping in the dark, child-like, were full of fears, were tremulously timid, were terrified by every enigma. The eclipse scattered armies, and ended wars. The tempest was the anger of the gods. Sickness and death were the visitations of evil spirits. To ward off misfortune, to placate invisible powers at whose mercy he lived, the poor human creature, unable to help himself, was quick to believe that some one else, more richly endowed with talent or merit, could interpose in his behalf, and rescue him from his affliction.

First, came the "Medicine Man." He was wiser than the average tribesman: he had more common sense: he used his eyes to good purpose: he experimented with herbs, roots, leaves, bark, minerals, and the fruits that grew about him. He learned how to extract an aching tooth; how to set a broken bone; how to move a torpid liver; how to bleed and blister.

In this way, the Medicine Man created for himself a position of marked superiority in the tribe. He was revered, as one who possessed

mysterious power. The ailing and suffering sought relief at his hands.

What a short step it was for the Medicine Man to pretend that he was in touch with the Supernatural; and that he alone, could appease the wrath of the evil spirits. By the natural law of evolution, the doctor became the priest: the Medicine Man ministered to the soul, as he did to the body.

And it was literally so. Among the American Indians, at the time our ancestors peopled the New World, they found the Medicine Man in full blast—acting dually as physician and as priest.

Among the negroes of Africa, this has always been so; and it is so, today. Even in Cuba and Hayti, where, left to themselves, the blacks have reverted to type, the witch-doctor is an object of dread and of worship.

The Indian chief found it necessary to stand well with the Medicine Man: the African chief acts in concert with the Witch-doctor. Thus, in its most primitive form do we see the temporal power uniting with the spiritual, to rule the tribe. Here we have the earliest union of church and State. (There is nothing new, under the sun!)

Some worshipped the sun: others, fire; others, gods who typified the cardinal virtues. Others, still, were so profoundly reverent of the mystic phenomena of sexual reproduction, that they paid adoration to the organs of generation. This Phallic worship was at one time practically universal. There are survivals of it in the Old Testament. It is sculptured on the ruins, and in rock-tombs of the East. It is to be seen here and there, in Europe, in the

monolith, and in the statue on which virgins and barren women hang garlands.

Even the Etruscan tomb yields up its long-hidden secrets; and we see the Phallic cross which links the religion of these ante-Roman people to those of the far Orient.

* * * * *

As mankind advanced in wealth, power and luxury, the palace and the temple increased in splendor. No habitation was too sumptuous and magnificent for the King: none too costly or ornate for the priest. And as the temporal power strove to augment the dominion of the dynasty, the spiritual arm constantly enhanced the privileges, the prerogatives and the revenues of its order.

Originally, the religion of the Romans had been simple and inexpensive. But Numa pretended to have been taken into the confidence and counsels of Divinity; and he managed to impose a system of his own upon his credulous, and perhaps indifferent, countrymen.

He instituted a priesthood which, as he intended, was most useful to the temporal power. *He established a Pope, and a Sacred College of cardinals.* There were lower priests, called augurs. There was a Nunnery of Vestal Virgins.

As the Empire extended its frontiers, absorbing one conquest after another, Roman life underwent a complete transformation. The stern brevity and simplicity of speech gave way to Oriental pomposity and hyperbole—the florid verbiage of courtiers and superficial thinkers. Democracy disappeared. Class distinction, sharply drawn, separated the rich from the poor. Spartan

contempt for epicurianism was displaced by an insatiable craving for enervating luxuries. The town-house and the sea-side villa must be a dream in stone. In the marble-paved court, fountains must plash. In the furnishings of the dwelling, regal ornamentation must be had. On the festal board, the rarest, costliest viands must be spread; and hours, each day, must be devoted to the pleasures of the table. In wearing apparel, a corresponding love of display must be manifest. And the Roman of old—who held the plow-handles, one day, and the helm of State, the next—had left the stage forever. His descendant scorned every kind of manual labor, prided himself on the number, the fine appearance, and the varied accomplishments of his slaves.

Apace with the alteration in the manners, morals and ideals of the Roman people went the modifications of the religious system. When a priest of the sun, Eliogabalus—Eastern born, Eastern reared, Eastern robed—could hold his place as Emperor of the Roman Empire, is further proof necessary to reveal the degradation of the Romans, lay and cleric?

In fact, all kinds of sects had flocked to the Imperial City. From the Euphrates came the superstitions of Babylon and Assyria: from the Nile came the triune deities of Egypt. Such a medley of mythology, of idolatry, of Phallic worship, of Zoroastrianism, of Numatism, of Baalism, of crass paganism was never seen before.

Roman philosophers looked on, and smiled: Roman priests performed their genuflexions in public and, meeting each other afterwards,

in private, smiled. But Roman rulers considered all kinds of religion useful, and used each for purposes of government.

* * * * *

Walter Pater, in "Marius, the Epicurean," delves to the very bottom of the question, "Why did Christianity win its way so rapidly over Paganism?" Vastly erudite, this scholarly author, either with mordant humor, or unconsciously, demonstrates that Roman Catholicism made itself acceptable to the pagan world, *by adopting the pagan usages and sentiments and superstitions.*

Hard by the path, in the Italy of today, stands the little shrine, with its wooden image, within; and the offering of the faithful, without: so stood the pagan shrine, the pagan image and the pagan offering in the Rome of Tibullus—more than a hundred years before Christ.

Just as the individual Catholic of the present time invokes the good offices of some favorite "Saint," so did the Roman pagans from the remotest times down to the advent of Christianity. Vatican, the lesser god who caused the babe to utter its first cry: Fabulinus, who prompted the infant's first word: Cuba, who kept him quiet in his cradle: Domiduca, who watches over the traveller and sees him safely back to his home: these were of the Household deities of the Romans. Besides, there were the godlets of the harvest, of the vintage, of the mariner, of the shepherd, etc., etc.—in fact, a mob of lesser divinities who had influence with the Omnipotent.

Under the Cæsars, Rome was called "the most religious city in the world." Every home, even the

humblest, had a shrine, with its image, before which burned lamp or candle! There were numerous religious organizations which celebrated anniversaries, by processions through the streets, preceded by sacred banners, the parade ending with the offer of sacrifice before some famous image, to which incense had been so often burned and lamps so often lighted that the holy idol was blackened by the devotional smoke. But who could chide the Romans for holding these begrimed old idols in reverent adoration?

Had not the images testified, unmistakably, their profound interest in human affairs? Wood and stone though they were, had not Divinity made itself manifest, miraculously, through *them*?

All the Roman world knew that the statue of Fortuna Muliebris had spoken more than once; for the priests so declared, and they had reduced her words to writing. To doubt, were sacrilege. Had not the image of Apollo, at Comæ, wept three days and nights? To be sure: the miracle was solemnly attested. Had not the images in the temple of Juno broken out into a profuse perspiration? Yea, verily. Not only that, but the idols in the sacred grove of Fortuna had sweated blood!

Is there anything in these pagan miracles that differs from those of Roman Catholicism? Even the miraculous healing of Lourdes, and other such places had their prototypes in Pagan Rome. Absolutely, the papal system originated nothing: after departing from the severe simplicity and inexpensiveness of the early Church, it plucked plume after plume from the gorge-

ously feathered paganism of the Orient; and a priest of the ancient pagan temple, if brought back to life, would find himself perfectly at home amid the ceremonial of a Roman Catholic street-procession, anniversary celebration, or elaborate church performance.

In his "Marius," Walter Pater describes conditions, as they were under the philosophic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Rome is in her decline. Her frontiers have not receded, but her vigor has waned. Mercenary troops fight her battles: lewdness prevails even in the royal households: the daughter of Augustus, and the wife of Antoninus Pius have left names that will be bywords to the end of time: after awhile, the Pretorian Guards will sell the Purple to the highest bidder; and Night will come down on the world.

The thoughts of the idle rich are subjective. Men and women discover strange ailments in themselves. They revel in the fact that they have "nerves." They undergo horrible tortures, in the hope of escaping pain. They pine away without visible cause; and they blossom back into buxom strength, by reason of occult ministration. They eat something, and get sick: they drink something, and get well. It is the heyday of the charlatan, the faith-curer, the magician, those who prey upon valetudinarians. Fads rioted: fancies spawned: freaks luxuriated: men strove to be lady-like: women struggled to be mannish. Flourishing like a grove of green bay-trees, were the colleges of Æsculapius. These medicine-men were likewise priests. Around the healing art, the faith-cure and

religious rites were entwined. The temples of this Grecian demi-god were laden with the votive offerings of grateful worshippers whose sufferings had been relieved by the precious secrets of the college: the organization of the disciples of Æsculapius was almost identical with that of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

And just as the modern priest *speaks Latin*, while officiating, so the Roman priests *spoke Greek*. The purpose, in each case being the same, viz. to overawe the uninitiated, by using a tongue which they do not understand.

In reading of the journey of a sick Roman to a "holy" well of paganism, one is startled to realize how precisely the narrative corresponds to a Catholic pilgrimage to Lourdes. (There is nothing new under the sun.)

Marius reaches the holy well, and enters the temple which has been built about it. The walls are covered with thankful acknowledgements of those who have been cured. A lurking fragrance of incense is in the air. Ceremonial lights burn, here and there. "A singular expression of sacred order, a surprising cleanliness and simplicity" prevail. "Certain priests, men whose countenances bore a deep impression of cultivated mind, each with his little group of assistants, were gliding round silently, to perform the morning salutation to the god" (Apollo,) "*raising the closed thumb and finger of the right hand with a kiss in the air, as they came and went on their sacred business, bearing their frankincense and lustral water*"—"holy" water.

Full of faith, the ailing pagan,

Marius, speedily was made whole; and he returned home "brown with health." Selah.

The Roman emperors, returning to the Imperial City to celebrate some victorious campaign, were wont to bend their haughty heads to a couple of observances meant to teach humility. In the chariot with the Conqueror, rode a common person whose duty it was to remark, at regular intervals during the triumphal procession—"Remember that you are mortal." This caution was highly necessary, for the emperors were made gods (Saints?) after their death; and there was always the danger of their becoming gods—in their own eyes—before they departed from this vale of tears.

The other custom was, that the Emperor should go down upon his knees; and, in this painful fashion, *go up a long flight of marble stairs*. Even the enlightened Marcus Aurelius humored the pagan populace by observing this ancient and absurd custom: he made his way up the *via sacra*, on his knees, after having put down the rebellion of Cassius.

If you will go to Rome, (Italy,) the guide will point out to you a flight of marble steps, called the *via sacra*; and you will see a parcel of human donkeys (male and female) making their way up these steps, *on their knees*.

They don't any more know that they are imitating a pagan performance, in doing this, than they know that the entire papal establishment—excepting sermon, song, prayer and baptism—are pagan, from the shaven crown, to the beads on which prayers are "told."

Falconio got a firm clinch on his

risibles, some months ago, and told the Washington correspondents of the metropolitan press that the *via sacra* had been the stair-case of Pontius Pilate's station, at Jerusalem; and that it is now a width from a half-step, when god a half, and its ex-man; and that about fifteen hundred

described by an early
t saber slash in the
" Notwithstanding
the second largest
that natural
any in

the stair-case to the city of Rome. Such is the papal legend. Whether the same angel carried Mary's hut to Spoleto, and a lock of her hair to Milan, and a drop of her ma-

In milk to the Eternal City, I night, cannot say. Perhaps, Fal-ably linknows.

Just at the
the table lay
ley, and the cold
the big rocks, in the
cap rock of the
town, named
ranch and

To A Violet

J. T. Hudson

*Bloom, fairest flower that decks the sod
In sylvan haunts by elfins trod!*

*Thy changeless hue
Of heavenly blue*

E'er lifts my thoughts away to God!

*Bloom on! Bloom on! Brief is thy stay—
Ephemeral—doomed to decay!*

*In passing by,
The zephyrs sigh*

That thou so soon must pass away!

*Bloom on! Bloom on! Sweet violet,
Let no vain chiding nor regret*

*Of days to be
Come over thee!*

Bloom on! Bloom on! All else forget!

The Palo Duro Canon—A Natural National Park

Cecil H. ... al C

the some victorious

went to bend their h which may be seen a couple of observan, while the deso- teach humility. In ith the white bones the Conqueror, rodless emigrants who son whose duty ; the attempt to cross regul a interv, America. But instead um) a barren, cess, waste there is an em- t) re rising as u o) magic on these once fru itless plains. Railroads are being hur- idly built; magnificent automo- biles t) v over the level prairies at a rate of sixty unies per hour; cities are rising to the music of progress; some said that God made the plains for the cattle, but now the large ranches are being cut up into farms, the cowboy is giving place to the farmer, who turns the wide, flat acres with great steam plows; the earth is being made to furnish water that the heavens have denied, and bountiful harvests are produced; there are churches, schools, and other public enterprises; and, withal, there is a healthy spirit of push and progress that must, in a few years, attract the attention of the whole coun- try. Opportunities there are calling and beckoning to the young men and women of the crowded communities of the North and East.

The second reason, that our peo- ple not not sufficiently appreciate the park idea, is also undergoing a logical change. The older our na- tion becomes the more attention will be paid to the esthetic side of our national life, to early landmarks, to places of historical interest, to our natural scen- ery, to the preservation of the monu- ments of the past, and the creation of new ones, and to the creation of those things that may add to the beauty, at- tractiveness, and pleasantness of Ameri- can life.

And with this change of opinion it is

S INCE the introduction of Æs- in Congress, a few year al with appropriate one hundrec priest- dollars for the purpose o the Palo Duro Can the modern priest park, considerable le officiating, so manifested in this u, voke Greek. The tively unknown place being the grandeur and beauty. 1, uniniti- provided for the purchase of the buf- falo ranch of Colonel Charles Good- night, on which ranges the largest herd of buffalo in the United States. Mr. Goodnight's ranch is on a branch of the main Palo Duro Canon and ad- jacent to it.

The bill was unsuccessful; first, be- cause this canon is so unfamiliar; sec- ond, because our people do not suffi- ciently appreciate the park idea; and, lastly, because many of the members of Congress believe that the Federal gov- ernment has no right or power to es- tablish parks of any kind. But in a very different spirit the Canadian gov- ernment has purchased and moved into the Dominion every buffalo that could be secured in the Dakotas. This action was approved and commended by the British government.

The first of the above reasons is rapidly disappearing, because the plains country, or Panhandle of Texas, where the canon is situated, is now the most rapidly developing part of the country. So phenomenal has been the growth of this section that to well informed peo- ple the West is still wild and wooly, an unbroken, untrodden expanse, where the cowboys hold domain over their herds, and the Indians chase the buffalo over bare and trackless prairies. There are geographies and histories still used as text books in which the plains of Texas are pictured as a vast and un-

impossible that the Palo Duro Canon will be entirely overlooked. The canon extends from near the line of New Mexico, about one hundred miles in a southeasterly direction across the Panhandle. It varies in width from a half-mile to a mile and a half, and its extreme depth is about fifteen hundred feet. It has been described by an early writer as "a great saber slash in the heart of the plains." Notwithstanding the fact that this is the second largest canon in the world, that the natural scenery there rivals any to be found in Colorado, that it was the last great battle ground of the pioneers, the most stubbornly disputed Indian strongholds and the most typical part of the West, it has remained practically unnoticed until recent years.

The history of previous expeditions into this region may be written in a short paragraph. George Wilkins Kendall, in his "Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition" (New York, 1844), merely makes mention of crossing Palo Duro creek. The report published in 1854, of Lieut. R. B. Marcy, 5th Infantry, U. S. A., of an exploration of Red river two years prior, gives a short account of the Palo Duro Canon. Gen. George B. McClellan, then a captain, acted as astronomical observer for the expedition. In 1899 Mr. W. L. Black, of the Geological Survey of Texas, made a small collection of fauna in the Panhandle country, but did not enter the canon. Professor Cope, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, made a similar but more extensive trip two years later. In 1908 members of the United States Biological Survey, collected specimens north of the Palo Duro.

But last summer an expedition much more elaborate and extended than previous ones, fitted out under the auspices of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, was conducted by Mr. John K. Strecker, naturalist. The principal objects of the enterprise were to make a

scientific exploration of the canon, map it, obtain photographs of its scenery, note the minerals, and make a collection of its fauna and other museum specimens.

In June our party arrived at Goodnight, Texas, whose history is inseparably linked with that of the canon. Just at the foot of the plains, where the table land drops down into the valley, and the cold water runs through the big rocks, in the very shadow of the cap rock of the "baldies," is this little town, named in honor of the veteran ranch and cattleman of the West, Col. Charles Goodnight. Before the war, when the fierce Comanches and buffalo held possession of the beautiful plains, he selected the Palo Duro canon and the adjacent territory as the best adapted place in all the West, every mile of which he had traversed, as the ideal place for a great stock and cattle ranch. The natural scenery and picturesqueness of the country lent charm to the land in the eyes of this cultured man in an uncultured country.

Mr. Goodnight still lives on a small ranch which extends up to the Fort Worth and Denver railroad, and upon which grazes the herd of buffalo, and, including the government herd in the Grand Canon, comprises the remnant of the great herds that once roamed at will over the prairies of the Dakotas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas. It required much labor, patience and skill to bring within stated limits these fierce, powerful animals. Now, however, they are fairly well domesticated, so that one may ride or drive among them in safety. But these proud beasts still maintain the reserve and bearing of freedom; they were never meant to be tamed. Since this is the native home of the buffalo, as fine specimens as ever tempted the arrows of the fierce Comanches may be found on Mr. Goodnight's ranch. He slaughters one occasionally, sells a few here and there, and now and then makes some of his

many Indian friends happy by giving them one to roast for a dance. There is a constant stream of visitors to see these wonderful animals, and, to the thoughtful, they afford more than passing interest. Only three score years ago they were numberless. They were so numerous as to actually obstruct the passage of trains that went through this country in the early days, and in some instances, it is said, they actually locked horns with the small locomotives. Colonel Goodnight is considered to be a very reliable man. I have never heard his word discounted. He told me about a herd of buffalo that he saw en route to their winter grazing ground from the Dakota country. The figures were not given by thousands or hundreds of thousands, which, at best, would only be an estimate. I give the exact figures as he gave them to me. He said that he saw a herd of them twenty-five miles wide and one hundred and twenty-five miles long, making three thousand one hundred and twenty-five square miles of buffalo. They left the ground behind them as bare as a floor, and incidentally drank dry several small streams. This story was hard to believe, even in the presence of the formidable looking narrator. But I did not dispute his word—I will leave that for some one who lives farther from him and knows less of him than I do. We can hardly believe that this great nation of animals is so soon nearly extinct. During the four years, from 1875 to 1879, five thousand men made buffalo hunting a business, making a great slaughter pen of Northwest Texas. They were killed mainly for their hides, which brought the pitiful sum of one dollar each, whereas, now a fine buffalo robe is worth one hundred times that amount. Their bones were utilized as fertilizer. At present a large, full-blooded buffalo, including head and feet mounted, is worth about five hundred dollars. No doubt buffalo hunting, for sport alone,

was attended by all the exciting influences of the chase. Even the royalty of Europe chased these quadrupeds over the plains and pronounced it fine sport. Many of these animals have thus fall victims to the sportsman's rifle. However, in many respects the extermination of the buffalo has been a blessing to Northwest Texas. The buffalo was the Indian's commissary, and as long as they grazed on the open prairie, the hostile Indians depredated on the white settler. Also, the demise of the buffalo opened up a vast grazing district to the stockmen, and thousands of head of cattle were fattened every year where once the buffalo alone held possession. The civilizing influences of the white man have been too much for the buffalo and the wild Indian, and both have almost passed into history. But should we destroy the buffalo utterly? Who wishes to see him pass forever from the American stage? Ought we not to provide a sufficient national reservation for the buffalo? With the passing of Mr. Goodnight his ranch is likely to be broken up, pass into less appreciative hands, and soon this herd will be but a memory to remind us of this great nation of animals. Besides being the native habitat of this animal, the Palo Duro Canon is one of the most lovely and fascinating bits of country in the whole United States. Here, not only may the buffalo be preserved in his natural state, but a typical section of the country, that would represent the early history of this great and growing empire, may be set apart for the future millions.

Mulberry Canon, an arroyo of the Palo Duro, which the present buffalo ranch includes, forms by its perpendicular cliffs an impassable barrier to the plains beyond. For the purpose of getting an extended view of this panorama of flowers, hedges, trees, leaping waterfalls, deep chasms and rolling hills, bathed in the mellow shades of the late afternoon, I clambered to the

top of a rocky eminence and watched, delighted, till the shadows in the canon began to fade into the darkness. Looking far to the west I noted a lone buffalo, standing high and immovable on a cliff, both outlined against the red and gold of the sky. The old patriarch was looking toward the sunset and the plains, the once open dominion of his ancestors. He seemed like the spirit of the past. He and I were alone in the wild, open West. I felt that he was the rightful ruler of this realm, though now only a relic of that once powerful reign.

From the buffalo ranch the exploration party travelled thirty-five miles across the plains to a point where it was proposed to enter the main canon. Ascending the cap rock, the plains stretched out before us. The only obstruction to the view was our circumscribed organs of vision. Someone has said of the plains that you could see farther and see less than in any other country in the world. It is true that you can see where the pale blue screen of the horizon obscures the objects beyond, yet he who sees little here would see nothing were he to travel around the world. The person who is afflicted with littleness ought to spend his vacations on the plains. The largeness of the country is contagious.

In journeying across the plains the optical illusion termed mirage is very evident. Images follow each other with such rapidity and with so many variations that an imaginative traveller may easily fancy himself in an enchanted land. Delusion is everywhere. What seems to be one mile is many. The mirage plays from nine o'clock in the forenoon to four o'clock in the afternoon. By it the grassy plains are converted into beautiful, shimmering lakes. Mantled in a low wisp of cloud, blue, floating, mysterious, a lake at her feet, the ethereal enchantress of the plains casts enraptured spells over all things—whether houses, land, cattle, or men.

I saw her joyful cloud train pass a herd of cattle that were feeding. The cows were caught up in her arms, and submitting to the mysterious spell, were painted in all their coats of many colors on the pale blue curtain of the sky. Motionless, they stood, delighting the eye of the enchanting queen till she had passed. A great steam plow was steadily moving along when, with an imperious wave of her wand, it suddenly became a majestically floating man-of-war. Impossible of description was a town that I saw in the midst of one of the sorceress' happiest charms. It was six miles away. The houses were great, grand, majestic castles, painted in all the mellow hues of the rainbow, and steeped in silver and gold. At the base of the city appeared a broad, peaceful sea, athwart which the fairy palaces cast their long, dark shadows, and on its bosom rode majestically beautiful, white-winged ocean vessels. It seemed like a city not made with hands.

About sundown we arrived at the ranch house of Mr. C. M. Luttrell, a typical plainsman. By this term I mean a pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon, an open hearted, hospitable, honest, hard-working man. It is claimed by good authority that the purest Anglo-Saxon population on the globe is to be found in the Panhandle of Texas. The same hospitality that never turned even an enemy from the door in the time of old Cedric, the Saxon, is still to be found in the ranch homes of the West. The stranger is welcome to stop, eat, sleep, and make himself at home until ready to go on his way rejoicing. If a neighbor happens in when nobody is at home he thinks nothing of going in, preparing meals, and going to bed just as if he were at home, and nothing less is expected of him. The old free range, common herding, and mutual interests in such a great open country have served to join this race of men into a common brotherhood.

But hospitality is not the only virtue

of the plainsman; he is an economic success. Twenty years ago Mr. Luttrell and wife, then young and newly married, came to the plains. Then he had nothing; now he is worth one hundred thousand dollars. He has not made this by fraud or speculation, but by industry, thrift, and perseverance; by being frugal and putting honest labor in a good place and receiving God's reward and increase. He conducted the expedition into the canon, and spent several days in camp, though this, he said, was the first holiday he had taken in twenty years. He and his wife have not always had an easy time; nor have they had many of the so-called pleasures or advantages of life; but they have had health, happiness, pure air and water, sound sleep, plenty to eat, and clear consciences. Every week this man's hack goes to market some twenty miles away, loaded with chickens, eggs, and fruits, though he could buy ten times over many men who drive handsome cars. His wife told me that she had over one thousand frying chickens and over five hundred hens, the market price for chickens being fifty-five cents each and eggs twenty-two cents per dozen. I noticed that she collected a large tub full of eggs daily. I point to this man as a success. All men cannot be what the world calls great; we must have producers, men who are content to remain underground in the great building of our nation. He may be unknown to the world, but he is well and favorably known to his neighbors; he may be unlettered, though he is rich in experience, has learned much from nature, and knows instinctively a real man; he may not understand the financial manipulations of Wall Street, but he has been able to make a living and amass a small fortune besides; he has not worshipped God in costly churches or elegant temples, but when he comes to bid good-by to this vain world he will be ready to go, will stand a good chance of getting to heaven, and will feel at home when he gets there.

From Mr. Luttrell's a half-day's journey brought us to the Adair ranch, commonly known as the "J. A. Ranch," consisting of more than a million acres, the largest now in Texas. This immense body of land includes the greater part of the canon. A real cowboy conducted us to a point where we might descend into it. The hero of the plains is the cowboy, and let me say just a word in his behalf. Although ordinarily known by his sombrero, boots, spurs, and pistols, he has a kind heart and noble generosity hidden beneath these rough exteriors. A woman is far safer on a million-acre ranch, among hundreds of these so-called desperadoes, than she would be walking down the street of a metropolis. The insult of not a single woman is on record to stain the honor of the cowboy. The old time cowboy, the "long rope and wide loop" kind, often came from a home of culture in the East to make his fortune in this wild country, and often for more desperate reasons, and while pilloving his head on his saddle and covering his body with his blanket, having nothing but the stars above him, he would dream of fair eyes and soft hands—far, far away.

Our guide recalled to our minds that the Palo Duro Canon was the original home of the great Comanche Indian nation; along its borders are their ancient burial grounds as yet undisturbed by the rude hand of civilized man, and within its walls are the ashes of many winter camp fires, among which lie hidden the charred bones of more than one unfortunate frontiersman. From the Comanches the canon received its name, Palo Duro, meaning "hard wood," a certain kind of which was found growing in abundance there and used by them in starting fires by friction. This place was an ideal home for the Indians, affording protection from the blizzards of winter, while the adjacent plains were covered with buffalo, deer, and antelope for their food. On the wild Llano Estacado roamed great

herds of wild horses, said to be the descendants of those wonderful Arabian blooded steeds brought over by Cortez with his expedition to conquer Mexico, and furnishing those fleet ponies on which the Comanches raced across the plains with the speed of the wind. Contrary to the usual Indian method of fighting, no doubt influenced by the topography of the country, the Comanches invariably fought on horseback and in the open, riding around their foe and shooting under their ponies while hanging on the opposite side for protection. Tall, lithe, and active, these famous red-skinned warriors attained to feats of horsemanship that have never been equalled.

Possibly with no less grace and ease than one of those Comanches, our guide sat on his capering cowpony as he reconnoitered the way. I approached on foot to the edge of the canon with hesitation and excitement. I heard of two men who went to the Grand Canon of the Colorado and sat down on its margin. After looking a few moments at the overaweing scene, one of them began crying; the other stammered slowly, "Well, I am damned." Finally I stood on the very rim of this abyss, fifteen hundred feet in depth, and was tempted to exclaim with the cowboy who for the first time looked into its depths, "Hurrah for God!" The solitude of the scene was oppressive, overmastering; you feel that you are looking into eternity itself. For miles and miles on every side there was nothing but empty space; it almost crushed me. I looked downward and it almost drove me mad, and I wanted to make the wild leap. Nature in her untouched state reigned over this profusion in silence, and I stood long in mute accord. Suddenly I was startled by the scream of an eagle. A thousand feet below on a dizzy crag of rock two of those magnificent birds were protecting and feeding their young. What an environment! Here their kingly off-

spring would be early tempted by the alluring space to spread their new-fledged pinions, and sail away into the uncharted realms of the sky and be happy. That most perfect little poem of Tennyson's came into my mind—

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

We pitched our tent under a large cedar tree some one hundred feet down the edge of the north canon wall. At our very feet an icy stream of clear, pure water gushed from the rocks into spray hundreds of feet below. In marked contrast to the plains above, we found the inside of this great fissure lined with luxuriant growth and thickly populated with animal life. With a pair of binoculars we saw here and there herds of deer and antelope feeding on the grassy knolls; one of the party was startled by coming in contact with a little black bear which curled itself into a ball and rolled precipitately down the canon side; at supper time the wolves gathered about our camp and howled hungrily.

After supper the party fell to discussing the cause of this great crack in the earth, which is a matter of much uncertainty. Several theories, however, were advanced. Whether or not the fact has ever been noticed or mentioned I do not know, but it is true that the beds of this canon, the Grand Canon of the Colorado, and the smaller canons of New Mexico and Arizona are on approximately the same level. Considered in the light that these fissures are in no sense a tributary system, we have a striking phenomenon, and one that may shed some light on the cause of these canons. Ordinarily geologists claim that they are due to the erosion of water, and since they do not line in the volcanic belt, this seems to be the

only plausible geological reason. Mr. Goodnight, whose opinions are based upon scientific knowledge, and after years of study and meditation, says that it is impossible that erosion could have caused the Palo Duro Canon. On being asked for his theory, he replied:

"Well, my theory is that the world cracked open; why, I do not know."

At a casual glance appearances are in his favor; and a careful study does not confirm the erosion theory.

The cowboy told us of an old Indian legend, which I have heard corroborated since by Indians themselves, that curiously accounts for this great gorge. It is an old, old story that has now almost ceased to be repeated from father to son in the wigwams and around the campfires of the Indians that once inhabited this region. The story tellers point with pride to a time, beyond which the memory of man runneth not, when the Southwest was densely populated and filled with great cities. In New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Northwest Texas there are unmistakable signs of an ancient civilization, probably coeval with the enlightened age of the ancient Toltecs, which confirm this legend. In the brakes of the Canadian river valley a solitary well digger unearthed a rock chimney which bore curious inscriptions and carvings, and in several other instances, especially in New Mexico and Arizona, unmistakable evidences of buried habitations may be found. But, so the story goes, there occurred a terrible meteoric shower, in which masses of burning, molten stone and iron rained like hail and burned up the cities and the people, all the vegetation, and dried up the streams. The small remnant of this great people who were so fortunate as to escape, were scorched and baked to a reddish brown, similar to the hues of the Indians and Mexicans at the present day. And so intense was the heat during the rain of fire that this great crack in the earth was caused.

During the ten days out many interesting things were observed. Mr. Strecker averred that he found several pieces of substance that could easily have been some of the material that had rained down as fire on the pre-histories. On one of our excursions a spinal vertebra was picked up. Its dimensions, being thirteen inches in width, excited interest. After careful investigation it was classed as belonging to the pre-historic dinosaur, a three-toed animal that progressed on its hind feet, and approached a height of seventy feet. Footprints, judged to be of this same animal were found near Glen Rose, Somerville county, Texas, in 1908. The great geologist, Winchell, thus speaks of footprints made by this enormous beast which were discovered many years ago in the sandstone of the Connecticut valley: "It is a solemn and impressive thought that the footprints of these dumb and senseless creatures have been preserved in all their perfections for thousands of ages, while so many of the works of man which date but a century back have been obliterated from the record of time. Kings and conquerors have marched at the heads of armies across continents, and have piled up aggregates of human suffering to the skies, and all physical traces of their march have disappeared; but this solitary biped which stalked along the margin of a New England inlet before the human race was born, pressed footprints in the soft and shifting sand which the rising and sinking of the continent could not wipe out."

The fauna of the Palo Duro country was also found to be very interesting. Here the animals of the staked and mesquite plains are strangely intermingled with the species of the mountain region of Trans-Pecos Texas. Many of the animals collected on the trip furnish new records for Northwest Texas. The reptiles obtained numbered three hundred and forty-six specimens, representing thirty-six species.

A new water frog was one of the most interesting discoveries. The fishes in the collection represented both western and eastern types. Thirty-one species of birds were found breeding in the canon. Twenty-seven species of mammals were observed. Traces of the armadillo were discovered, carrying the range of this animal four hundred miles further north. Deer are common. The Mexican lion, Texas black bear, and Texan lynx, or bob-cat, are occasionally found.

The results of the expedition were very satisfactory. As we reluctantly pulled our tent stakes and looked back on this lovely place each member of the party expressed the opinion that the Palo Duro Canon is a natural national park. An altitude of four thousand feet makes it pleasant and healthful.

The scenery is delightful and typical of the West. Here may be preserved many animals that are indigenous to this part, that may otherwise soon become extinct. And now there is a growing sentiment in favor of converting this historic and picturesque place into a park, and the friends of this movement are more confident of success in the future. It is to be hoped that more and more attention will be paid to the esthetic side of our national life, and that more value will be placed on the dollars of the tourist, and greater efforts be made to have our people see home before going abroad. Our sister republic on the south, Mexico, puts us to shame with her parks and places of public interest. The western people are sending out a welcome to the world as broad as the great plains and as free as the breezes which sweep across them.



“*The Vale of Siddim, Which is the Salt Sea*”

(Gen., 14-3; Flavius Josephus Ant., Chap. XI, Sec. 4; Wars Book IV, Chap. VIII, Sec. 4.)

Jos. S. Barnwell

*In the mystical vale of Siddim,
Where lisping Palm trees rise,
Where the “Golden vine” and the Balsam,
Bloomed under the Orient skies.*

*The sylvan winds of the river
Sound an Aeolian strain,
Thro’ the star-lit valley of Jordan,
O’er “the Cities of the Plain.”*

*The sun was setting in Hebron,
The shepherd had folded his sheep,
Twilight was falling in Shaveth,
The dews were beginning to weep.*

*The moon rose up on Gomarrah,
And shed her phantom light,
A lonely swan on the Arnon
Was heard to sing in the night.*

*From the door of his tent at Mamre,
Old Abraham looked in the morning,
Toward all the land of the plains,
The vale of Siddim was burning!*

*From the falling fiery cities
The angels were flying with four,
And the sun had risen on Horeb!
When three were entering Zoar.*

*One saw five cities of fire!
For disobedience—she—
A pillared Gorgan stares in death,
On the cities in the sea!*

A Teacher's View of Moral Education in Our Schools

Alma E. Welker

OF all subjects connected with school work, the subject of "Moral Education" is perhaps among the most important. The work of the teacher depends much on what has been the training of the child in the home. If the seeds of morality have been sown, it is then the duty of the teacher to train and cultivate, but if the child has been surrounded by evil influences, and no foundation has been laid for its moral character, the work of the teacher is much greater, since the evils which have been planted must be uprooted and the soil prepared for the sowing of the good seed.

The home has the primary advantage in influence and power over the mind of the child. The moral culture of the home is therefore invaluable. The home comes first from the very nature of the case. From the parents, the child receives its earliest, most vivid, and most lasting impressions. They are its natural teachers. The influence of the home, be it moral or immoral, determines the character of the child more than all outside influences put together.

Those who best know the soil, and have the best opportunity of constant observation, are best calculated to sow good seed at the proper time. Those who have the best knowledge of the child's disposition and the strongest influence over it, are unquestionably its parents; and they cannot, therefore, afford to be negligent of their duty. Nothing can take the place of the teachings of the home. Nothing ever follows the child as he goes out into life like the lessons received at his mother's knee, or the prayers offered by his father at the family altar.

Let us consider for a moment the promise that is so familiar: "Train up

a child in the way he should go, and when he is old," etc. Now, you may subject that promise to the test of the severest analysis: you may examine it piecemeal, and trace the origin, and bring to light the meaning of every word, and you will find it in all respects and in all times literally true. But there is a condition associated with the promise, and that condition is just as much a part of the law, just as much a part of the necessity by which the fulfilment is made certain, as the promise itself. If, then, the child has been trained in a wrong way instead of a right one, the principle that underlies the promise will apply even there, and will insure a perpetuity of shame, just as inevitably, as in the other case, it will insure a perpetuity of honor.

There may be grave and radical mistakes in moral discipline, even where the character and intentions of the educator are in the main right: but often lack the wisdom and courage essential to the moral culture of the child. Such mistakes do not necessarily imply the want of piety in those who make them; but they do imply the want of that discernment of character in its various phases, which every one who assumes the responsibility should cultivate as an essential of self-training, in order to fit him for his duty. It is of vast importance that those who take upon themselves this work, by patience, purity, by holding up right standards and ideals of life, actually illustrate by their lives, the lives they would seek to have the child live. Their lives should be such that the child may see the concrete manifestations of the principles they teach, in order that, by an unconscious influence, the child's moral nature may be elevated and ennobled,

and the faculties of the heart and mind developed and strengthened.

There are often mistaken ideas of the laws and methods by which character is to be trained aright. There is undue severity of intercourse, or undue laxity of principle: while both mistakes are rendered more fatal by the entire neglect of moral inculcations.

There is often, by far, too little systematic, intelligent, prayerful, persevering effort to fortify the youthful mind against the assaults that will be made upon it from without by the worldly and corrupt by the fascinations of gilded vice and the enticements of fashionable sin. The young are thrown into the world unwarned and unarmed to take their chances of companionship; they are often placed deliberately in business associations that are in perpetual conflict with every principle of honesty and uprightness. Is it any wonder then that, appointed thus to minister in the avenues of trade at the very altar of Belial, and lured and won by his services, they become his sons.

Many think their own personal piety, alone, without any other influence sufficient. They do not train the child at all by any system adapted to an end. They treat it very much as a gardener would treat a vine, were he to plan it near a substantial framework, and then let it take its chances of climbing its own way up or trailing on the ground. As though, by some instinct, needing no direction and no help, the young affection will eagerly climb heavenward, only stimulated by the knowledge that its educators are professedly climbing that way.

But we must remember cause and effect. We would not say, "only believe and the harvest will wave in luxuriance whether the seed is sown or not." No, the child must be trained morally. Every tendril of his young affection must be bound to unchanging principles of honesty and uprightness. Then he will not depart from the circle of moral

influence, which is thus described around him. We should throw upon either side of his path intrenchments of moral principles: make him see and feel that all pursuits, all desires, all companionships are to be subservient to the interests of his higher nature. The principles of morality should be so grafted and rooted in the child that when he enters upon life's active duties, where sin in gilded colors displays herself, all her attempts at beguilement, however pleasingly and persistently presented will be in vain.

It is generally agreed that moral character is the fundamental aim of education. All do not agree as to the way it is to be accomplished: suffice to say, that much care should be taken as to the time and manner of imparting moral instruction. There are times when the heart is not prepared to receive such training. Most educators agree that it should not be given in a formal way. Let us take for granted that the home training has been properly done.

Some of the essentials in school life are—example of teacher, surroundings of school, care in selection of memory gems, rhetorical, etc. One of the objects of a recitation is to impart moral instruction, and almost every recitation affords opportunities for the suggestive mind of the teacher.

Another effective way of teaching morals is by "nature study." Truths taught by nature lessons, if the things of nature be linked with life experiences, are quickly discerned by the children, since the figurative language arrests the attention and pleases the mind and the lesson is firmly fixed in the memory. If the lesson be properly taught, the child will desire to imitate the attractive graces of nature in its character building. And seldom do we find a child which may not be led to motives purer and nobler by having instilled into his heart the refining, subduing influences of nature.

Another factor and one which has been most powerful in advancing the general harmony and elevating the general virtue, is music. Its power has been felt in all ages. Music tends to produce a sense of high moral feeling. It has a tendency to subdue and soften the soul. As a promoter of those virtues implanted in us by nature, music should be encouraged. Often does the fascination of music prevent the intrusion of destructive and more expensive pleasure. Teach a child to sing when it is young and keep it in the path and knowledge of music and when it arrives at mature years, it will have a smoother disposition, a more God-fearing spirit, and a greater desire to do what is right, and lead an upright and moral life than any other way in which it may be educated. Thibaut, the celebrated professor of law at Heidelberg, relates that a young man, his guest, who had listened to a composition of Lotti, exclaimed, when he left the house: "Oh, this night I could do no harm to my greatest enemy!" It is said that Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, when reproved by Faber, afterward bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said: "Thou dost not know, my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin, and other instruments. And if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition and the love of riches which possess thee would then quickly depart from thee."

Having considered the work of the teacher after the foundation of a moral character has been laid, let us look for a moment into the homes where conditions are opposite. In many homes, instead of finding the flames of love, concord and harmony glowing, we find parents treated with indifference and disrespect: we see evils practiced openly and without reproof under the very eye of the parent. And these evils increase in magnitude as the child grows in years.

The fact is this—the youth of our land is beginning to realize that this is a free country—this, in their acceptance of the term, means they can do as they please without fear of punishment. In many cases they are permitted to go and come when and where they please—young boys on the streets late at night, loafing on the street corners, associating with gangs of worthless grown-ups, who take pride in teaching them evil habits and entertaining them with talk too vile to listen to. But the parent consoles himself with the thought that the boy will be all right "by and by." This is not the worst feature of the case, for if it would only extend to the few with which it began, it would be a comparatively small matter: but the example appears to be contagious, and other boys who have been better bred, wish to follow it; and parents who undoubtedly know better, fearing that their own sons will be looked upon as dull in this fast age give way and, contrary to their better judgment, suffer their sons to associate and walk in the footsteps of those whom they see passing on the broad road to destruction. And thus it goes on from bad to worse until many of the boys from nine and ten years up to the full-grown boy seem entirely beyond parental control.

Understand that this ungovernable spirit in children does not apply to any particular community, nor is it of a few weeks growth: but has been gradually increasing in stubbornness for years and is now developing in its true magnitude and all its hideous aspects, the unbridled passions of human nature.

The home discipline has so relaxed its severity that that once formidable barrier to youthful disobedience appears utterly demolished, and the youth of our land appear given up to their own licentious passions.

We follow it next to our public schools. It is here we see the rapid strides it has been making toward the

utter ruin and demoralization of our schools. And many teachers unable to grasp its gigantic dimensions, have given way to its force and been swept down by its fierce current; others, for one cause or another, seem to close their eyes to these evils and retain their popularity, while those who stand out fearlessly and boldly against immoral conduct are baffled and interfered with and are usually termed "cranks."

We come now to the duty of the school teacher with regard to checking this fearful evil, and thereby dispelling the dark clouds which appear to envelop our schools. Although this great evil did not originate in the school room, yet we, as teachers, have been criminally neglectful of our duty in suffering a thing to a great extent, which has been apparent to every teacher, to grow and flourish without using our utmost exertions to root it out.

Teachers, the trouble with us is this: Too many of us fear to brave public opinion. When we see the children upheld in what we know to be wrong, we, when those children come under our control, pass those same acts by unnoticed and unpunished, contrary to the dictates of conscience; and because the parent passed over those offences, we fear to visit on them the punishment they deserve lest perhaps the parent becomes offended and we become unpopular. This is not right. In taking upon ourselves the duty of training the youth of our country, we take upon ourselves not only a troublesome, but also a fearfully responsible one: troublesome from the opposition we must inevitably encoun-

ter from would-be critics and intermeddlers.

Fearfully responsible from the duty we have to perform in moulding the moral character, of instilling into them the principles of industry, honesty and uprightness of heart that they may perform the duties of this life to the glory of their Creator and with honor to themselves. We have willingly taken upon ourselves this duty and there is now no way of evading the responsibility. Some can console themselves with the idea that if the parent permits the child to do wrong, that he is not responsible for permitting the same conduct while in his charge.

This is a mistake. If the parent is responsible to the great Giver for the training of the child, are we not—we who stand in the place, and have taken upon ourselves the duties of parents—equally responsible for its conduct while in our charge? This burden of responsibility will and must rest upon us as teachers and we cannot evade it. There remains, therefore, but one course which we can pursue. Then, forward! is the word. No more faint courage; no more trembling of weak knees while marching on to duty. No more bribing conscience, or shutting the eyes to disobedience or immoral conduct for fear of being found fault with. Let us then go firmly forward in the discharge of our whole duty, and if what we feel and know to be our duty is opposed, let us trample down all opposition and do our duty with a benefit to the rising generation and the cause of humanity. And if we *should fail*, let it be with the proud recollection that we have conscientiously endeavored to do our best.



The International Unrest

Ernest C. Mobley

EVERY student of sociology conversant with international conditions must admit to certain revolutionary tendencies, as evidenced by the unmistakable dissatisfaction in several countries.

The tyranny under the Czardom of Russia is experiencing evolutionary processes of a radical revolutionary character, because of the transforming power of Count Tolstoi's writings.

This Christian iconoclast who has been the master literary stylist of the past two generations, devoted his superb talents to the amelioration of the downtrodden masses. The inspiring classics from his trenchant pen are bequeathed to unborn generations for the emancipation of the multiplied millions of the world's oppressed.

As Christ walked the Via Dolorosa in order to become the world's perfect Savior, Count Tolstoi voluntarily went the way of the unrecognized peasant that he might become Russia's practical emancipator. That greatest weapon known to man, the pen, has done more for the populace of Russia than all other agencies combined. Tolstoi eloquently championed the cause of Democracy and helped to precipitate measures fraught with incalculable worth to his country. Permanent revolutions travel the sure road of inevitable evolution. Tolstoi has wrought the inception of a far-reaching reformation. Russia is under the spell of a sweeping transition. The cryptic introduction before the preliminary Peace Conference by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, "The Douma is dead; long live the Douma," is pregnant with a profounder meaning than at first appears. The ruthless abolishing of the Douma was significant of the passing of the ancient order, but the dauntless

spirit of the Douma will march on forever.

Organized, entrenched state Socialism is thundering at the gates of the German Reichstag with increasing power. Germany's record of peace and prosperity under the reign of the Iron Duke was phenomenal. When Emperor William was a young Prince, Germany had 36,000,000 people; today, the Fatherland has a population of 65,000,000, and claims the world's trophy for peace. Notwithstanding the splendid intellectual, diplomatic and executive powers, and commanding personality of the Emperor, Germany is not in the masterly grasp of a Bismarck at this critical crisis. The Emperor and his suave nephew, Prince von Buelow, schemed to crush, at one fell swoop, the power of that detestable type of Socialism, by dissolving the Reichstag. The Emperor found himself in the dilemma of accepting a moderate form of constitutional government or accepting definitely prescribed limitations of power. The political Chesterfield, Chancellor von Buelow, experienced a sudden transition in favor of a delighted successor.

The London *Times* unearthed the correspondence between the Emperor and the highest official of the English navy. A young German editor pumped scathing criticisms into the Emperor's vulnerable castle until a mild retraction was issued, while Dame Rumor whispered, across seas, that the Emperor was laboring under a species of insanity.

The dominant type of German Socialism is known as State Socialism, and is heavy with the poison of destruction of the home, church, and state. This subtle influence spreads like a deadly menace over everything.

France, with \$117 per capita, and

11,000,000 families owning their homes out of a total of 12,000,000 families, seems thrifty, prosperous and contented. But France is seething in the throes of a national experiment by reason of the separation of church and state. The country is Catholic to the core, with 28,000,000 adherents. The wedge of Socialism entered and the leaders become tired of being ruled from Rome. M. Briand, the recently resigned Premier, was a pronounced Socialist.

Conservative, impregnable, impenetrable, unchanging old England is on the brink of a social revolution and is literally honey-combed with the perforating influences of Socialism.

Minimize as we may the apparent indications of internal revolution of an imperial character and external clash of far-reaching consequences, and still Great Britain is siding up to a situation that is destined, sooner or later, to break the bond of Empire and change the whole map of Europe. A seething volcano is smouldering beneath the citadel of the world's greatest empire. A combination of heterogeneous forces conspire to consummate the greatest imperial catastrophe of all history. Every nation grows its own seed of destruction. The empires of the past planned their own overthrow by an insatiate craving for expansion. In the whispering galleries of the centuries, the graphophone of history repeats itself with invariable accuracy. Definite causes are certain to produce definite effects.

Germany is overpopulated and must have territory for colonization purposes. The only way to acquire territory is to cross some English possession. When the German army marches across English territory, it will be to the tune of artillery that will shake all nations and reverberate around the world. Germany has the best drilled standing army on earth today, and the government has built up since 1848 a marvelous navy. They have followed the ways

of peace for more than a generation, but the Emperor seems to be itching to even old scores with the German blood that reigns on the English throne and rules the high seas.

The mongrel character of the population of the government on whose territory the sun never sets, superinduces unavoidable elements of palpable incompatibility. India, Egypt, Africa, and Canada would swing, under sufficient provocation, into the column of independent governments. Like rocks on the edge of a high boulder, when one starts all immediately follow.

Organized Socialism has put its representatives into the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, while militant suffragetism bombards the legislative and judicial departments with repeated onslaughts. The ancient regime is slipping from beneath their feet, leaving its advocates to reel under the intoxication of a tantalizing uncertainty.

I shudder to think of what the next ten years will write on the page of English history. The Hague may postpone matters by amicable arbitrary measures, but the ultimate consequences must eventually come.

A descendent of the old Hapsburg line startled the world with the point of his Spanish pen by signing a peculiar document concerning the church and state in the land of the Alhambra.

The almond-eyed statesmen of the Celestial Kingdom are twisting the tail of the sleeping giant by contending for a constitutional form of government.

The insurrectionists of the unspeakable Turkish tyranny wrought a marvelous part in the affairs of the mysterious Ottoman government. In their new Parliament they are driving the chariot of state directly to the goal of constitutional government.

Our Republic, the eighth wonder of the world, is drifting among the political shoals of a national upheaval. The ship of state has left its old moorings

and is out among the floating timbers without any sure place of anchorage. Confusion grows worse confounded. The party that has held power, practically for a half century by its solidarity, is now irreconcilably rent in twain. The brave insurgents have rolled up surprising victories and the battle has just begun. Stereotyped party lines are rapidly disappearing. An absolutely new alignment, possessing adaptability to conditions, seems inevitable. Democracy bids fair to rule in the halls of congress again. The door of hope stands ajar. The White House appears in the dreams of her majesty of the Southland. Her magic wand failed to bind the "Solid South" when apparently insurmountable barriers blocked the road to decency and principle. The Cromwellian spirit incarnated in the machine—conquering soul of Carmack—called the Democrats of

the old Volunteer State to join forces against an unscrupulous Governor who trampled their honor and good name beneath his unhallowed feet.

Socialism in this country is on trial in its administration of the municipal affairs of the cosmopolitan city of Milwaukee.

The hand of destiny on the dial of fate points to high noon. The hour has struck. The dogs of war have been turned loose. The army of toilers is marching to battle. "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," is the war cry of the tramping millions. There are but two roads by which a revolution travels. The one is by the ballot box. The other is by the cannon's mouth. The first is always preferable. The second sometimes becomes necessary. May the power of the untrammelled ballot prevail is the soul-cry of our glorious uncrowned queens.



Lilies of Love

Alonzo Rice

*In garden-depths fair flowers lift
The regal crowns they wear ;
The roses from the lattice drift
Sweet petals on the air ;
But from the dark and sluggish tide,
The lilies lean in garments white,
And they who wander there will bide
Awhile to view the sight.*

*So down my stream of life that glides,
Reflecting somber skies
(A cheerless prospect on all sides,
Except to thy fond eyes),
My own dear sweetheart, far above,
I know enraptured thou canst see
The fair, pure lilies of my love
Lift their white hands to thee !*

Imperialism—The American Crime

Stephen M. Young, Jr.

“COLONIES abroad,” “Expansion,” “World Power,” and expressions of similar ilk have a sort of magnificent suggestion to the ordinary man—the man who works and sweats and fights and tries to keep his rent up and to pay his debts. To him these and like expressions impart strength and wealth; imperialism to him is something to brag about. This I might call the Imperialistic Delusion, for it surely is a delusion, and one, I am sorry to say, that a great many of us entertain.

The American “benevolent assimilation” of the Philippines and Filipinos has not brought us strength. It has brought us weakness. It has not brought us wealth, but on the contrary has increased, and is increasing, our national deficit by millions. It is enriching Morgan and Carnegie and their associates, but I fail to see that it has taken any burden from our shoulders. I fail to see that it is helping US.

The United States Steel Corporation, that is, J. Pierpont Morgan and others of his stripe, believe in our being a “World Power.” It helps them to market the products of their various monopolies. They have to have foreign markets as our home market cannot absorb all of the manufactured products of this country, and if poor, simple old Uncle Samuel owns the foreign market, that makes it all the better—for Morgan. Why? Don’t you see why? It’s simple. If we did not have possessions abroad we would not have a big navy, and if we did not have a big navy our Morgans could not obtain trade advantages in the East. It takes a Big Stick to enforce the Open Door and secure trade advantages in the East and without the backing of a big navy our merchants would be left at the pole by those of Germany and England;

and Mr. Morgan—not we—would be left “waiting at the church.”

Mr. Morgan needs the big navy more than he needs anything else. Sixteen battleships carrying the stars and stripes around the world helps him, not us. We pay for the navy; he and other Wall Street pirates use it. We pay for the Philippines—in blood and money. We have been paying for them ever since that last night in April when Dewey steamed into Manila Bay, and we are still paying; but, the Morgans get the benefit. Those islands, ten thousand miles from our nearest coast, helps the Steel Trust and the Tobacco Trust to pay fine dividends on watered stock, but we pay more than ever before for steel, and a five-cent plug of tobacco is smaller now than it was twenty years ago.

In a moral sense, we have no right to the Philippine Islands. A republic cannot have colonies; it is contrary to fundamental principles. A republic rests upon the consent of the governed; a colonial government rests upon force. Once, under a man named Washington, we fought for the principle of a colonial possession, obtaining its inalienable right to a voice in the shaping of its own affairs. Is it right for us to deny that inalienable right, now? This same Washington, in his farewell address, the grandest address ever made to a people, warned us against foreign alliances and possessions. All of our glorious past, the monopoly-throat-cutting present, as well as the ominous future, warns us against colonial expansion, nevertheless we are a “World Power.”

Chief Justice Taney, in deciding the case of *Dred Scott vs. Sandford*, said: “There is certainly no power given by the Constitution to the Federal Government to establish or maintain colonies

bordering on the United States or at a distance, to be ruled and governed at its own pleasure; nor to enlarge its territorial limits in any way except by the admission of new states. * * * * A power in the general government to obtain and hold colonies and dependent territories, would be inconsistent with its own existence in its present form."

There are other warning voices from the past. Thomas Jefferson wrote, "If there can be one principle more deeply written in the mind of every American, it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest." Henry Clay said, "Of all the dangers and misfortunes which could befall this nation, I should regard that of its becoming a warlike and conquering power the most direful and fatal." The great Lincoln may be quoted time and again against imperialism, and Daniel Webster, the expounder of the Constitution, exclaimed, "Under our Constitution there can be no dependencies;" and it seems to me that a certain recent result, namely, a distinguished and well advertised gentleman getting it good and hard directly back of his Adam's apple, prove that there are many who still prefer "Old Constitutionalism" to this un-American "new nationalism."

Our present Chief Executive, that "good natured gentleman surrounded by determined men who know just what they want," calls our retention of the Philippine Islands "one of the most interesting experiments in national altruism ever undertaken," and he is, of course, heartily in favor of keeping them as a colonial possession; yet, notwithstanding this statement, anti-Imperialists may well use words from his own lips as an unanswerable argument to show the necessity of our allowing the Filipinos to govern themselves as an independent nation. Two years ago at Washington President Taft announced himself as opposed to a tax on tea and in favor of a tax on corporation dividends *in order to raise the money*

needed to recover the large imperialism deficit. It is hard to conceive him as turning right around and alleging that our Philippine policy costs only a small amount, six millions of dollars, annually. However, our Washington statemen(?) often make strange and unaccountable errors in arithmetic in defense of their friends of Wall Street.

The ominous future warns us against retaining the Philippine Islands. It seems to tell us that the American blood already spilled over there will be as a drop in a bucket to what will be spilled if we insist on continuing our present policy of domination and oppression. There are many who say our navy must be doubled in size so that we may better protect these islands in the Orient. They assert that Japan wants the Philippine Islands and wants them badly enough to fight for them. If that be true, it is the very reason we should make them an independent nation. Certainly, the Filipinos would be in a better position to defend themselves as an independent country than as a dependent colony. As an independent people they would have an army, guns and munitions and possibly a navy; as a benevolent assimilator engaged in an "altruistic experiment" we could not afford to allow them such things. Our government, too, would be in a much better position to defend the islands if they were independent. We, as a protector, could detail officers to train the Filipino soldiers, and when we consider how stubbornly they resisted the Spaniards and later, our own soldiers, we can appreciate the fight they will make when any other nation attempt to rob them of their independence. As allies, the Filipinos would be valuable aids to us in a war in the Far East; as subjects they would probably take advantage of our situation and strike for freedom. However, it is practically certain that if we would announce our definite policy to make the Filipinos independent, we could secure, by agreement with

the Powers, the neutralization of the islands, and thus relieve ourselves from any possible expense and loss of life, and at the same time reserve certain coaling stations to ourselves for naval and trade purposes.

Imperialism is the American crime, for the reason that our government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, and to impose upon the people of an alien and inferior race a government of force without their consent is tyranny. It is criminal for the reason that this country cannot long endure half republic and half empire, and for the reason that despotism abroad will lead quickly and inevitably to despotism at home. It is criminal because it has involved this nation in unnecessary war, entailing the sacrifice of thousands of lives, Americans and Filipinos, and because it has placed our country, previously known to the nations of the world as the champion of freedom, in the odious and un-American position of having crushed with military force and treachery* the efforts of a people to achieve liberty and self-government.

Of course it is a self-evident impossibility for Congress and our President to give the Filipinos their independence at once. It must be accomplished gradually and probably several years would be required to complete the transformation. However, honesty and good faith require that our government announces a definite policy regarding the Philippine Islands, and honesty, good faith and common sense require that the policy announced contemplates making them a free country within the period of a few years.

Our present very large regular army

Note *—The Filipino leader, Aguinaldo, was captured by Americans by means of treachery of the blackest sort. As far as the author could learn, he is still detained as a prisoner.

could be reduced about one-half if we made the Filipinos independent. This assertion is plainly borne out by the fact that our regular army was one-third of its present size at the time we began the conquest of the Philippines.

The Filipinos cannot become American citizens without endangering our civilization. They cannot become subjects without imperiling our form of government; and we should be most unwilling to surrender our civilization or to convert this pioneer republic of ours into an Empire for the sake of the subjugation of an alien and inferior race over 10,000 miles distant from our nearest coast. Therefore it is time that the United States Government, our government, washes its hands of this bloody iniquity, as Carl Shurtz said, and makes manifest its moral soundness to all the world by immediately granting the Filipinos a more stable form of government and then within the next two or three years giving them their independence, at the same time securing them from outside interference, as we did way back in President Monroe's time to the republics of South and Central America.

As a fitting close to an article against the Imperialistic policy adhered to by our three last national administrations, let me quote the following from the silver tongue of that distinguished champion of self-government, William J. Bryan:

"In commemoration of the fact that France was our ally in securing independence, the citizens of that nation joined with the citizens of the United States in placing in New York Harbor an heroic statue representing Liberty enlightening the world. What course shall our nation pursue? Send the statue of liberty back to France and borrow from England a statue of William the Conqueror. Or shall our nation so act as to enable the American people to join with the Filipinos in placing in the harbor of Manila a statue of Liberty enlightening the Orient?"

The Relation of Existing Registration Laws to Popular Referendum

(Address delivered by R. E. Byrd, at New Port News, Va.)

THE last Constitutional Convention, in dealing with the question of suffrage, confronted a difficult situation. It endeavored to confer the right of suffrage on all white men and to deny it to all except the most intelligent of the negroes. In their way stood the fifteenth amendment, and the consequent danger of interference by the Federal Courts. After much discussion, the convention provided for two registrations. The first registration was to be made in 1902-3, and those eligible for that registration were:

- (1) Veterans and sons of veterans.
- (2) Persons paying state taxes of at least a dollar a year.
- (3) Persons able to read or explain sections of the Constitution.

This registration became a permanent record and persons then enrolled are not required to register again.

The second registration law took effect in 1904, and is the permanent registration law of the state, as provided in section 20 of the Constitution.

Under this registration the requirements, after providing for the payment of a poll tax, are:

"Second. That unless physically unable, he make application to register in his own hand-writing, without aid, suggestion, or memorandum, in the presence of the registration officers, stating therein his name, age, date and place of birth, residence and occupation at the time and for the two years next preceding, and whether he has previously voted, and if so, the state, county and precinct in which he voted last; and,

"Third. That he answer on oath any and all questions affecting his qualifications as an elector, submitted to him by the officers of registration, which questions, and his answers thereto, shall be reduced to writing, certified by the said officers, and preserved as a part of their official records."

The actual registration is done by the various registrars of whom there are

1,350 in the counties, and 110 in the cities.

Section 25 of the Constitution requires the General Assembly to provide an appeal for any one denied registration, but is silent as to an appeal on the refusal of a registrar to strike off the list a person alleged to be illegally registered. The General Assembly of 1902-3-4 obeyed this mandate by enacting section 83-A of the Code, but at the same time it repealed the old law, which gave the right of appeal upon the refusal of a registrar to strike a name from the list.

The only provision for purging the books of illegal registrations is found in section 86 of the Code. This section provides that any five qualified voters of any election district may, fifteen days previous to either of the regular days for registration, post the names of persons claimed to be illegally registered. Whereupon, on the regular day of registration the registrar shall hear evidence for and against the right of the persons posted to register. If the registrar decides that a person should be stricken off, such person has an appeal to the courts.

If, on the other hand, the registrar refuses to strike off, there is no appeal and the act of the registrar cannot be questioned.

There are two regular registration days in the year—the third Tuesday in May and the day that is thirty days before the November election.

The difficulties in the way of purging the books of illegal voters are these:

- (1) The 1,460 registrars cannot be controlled in the matter of refusing to strike off a name and there is no way of compelling them, no matter how flagrant the defiance of law.

(2) There is no way at all of getting rid of the names improperly put on the registration books after fifteen days before the regular registration day in May, until the next regular registration day before the November election. Should any election occur between those dates there is no legal method of purging the list. There is no way of getting rid of the names put improperly on the books from fifteen days before the registration day before the November election, until the next regular registration day in the following May.

(3) An obstinate registrar can and has made it very difficult to see his books at all.

All these difficulties apply with great force to any attempt to purge the lists for any general election, but the breakdown of the law is much more flagrant in the case of a local option election, which cannot be held within thirty days of a regular election.

Suppose, for instance, a local option election is held in the early part of May, nobody put on the registration books since fifteen days before the last November regular registration day could be stricken off.

If the local option election was held in July or August, no names could be removed which were placed there fifteen days before the regular registration day in May. It follows that the electorate at any local option election may be debauched at the will of any unscrupulous registrar.

That the law has been violated in numerous instances, sometimes carelessly, sometimes designedly, cannot be doubted.

There is very grave danger that unless the General Assembly enacts remedial legislation, by virtue of which the voting lists can be purified and kept pure, the electorate will degenerate into a plight worse than before the new Constitution. Prior to the present Constitution, any elector could challenge the right of any person to registration, and

if the registrar decided against his challenge, he had the right of appeal.

Under the stress of local option elections, the number of negroes registered increased in Staunton from four to 72; in Berryville, from four to 52, in Harrisonburg, from 24 to 85; in Fredericksburg, from about 30 to 95; in Roanoke, from about 75 to 200.

Should, in the case of a state-wide referendum, a proportionate number of negroes be registered, the negro vote would hold the balance of power not only in such referendum, but in general elections. We must regard such a result as a calamity. Not only have negroes been placed in large numbers upon the registration books, but many white men have been illegally registered. It appears, as the result of a judicial investigation, that in Lynchburg 366 persons were illegally registered in one year.

Now that the attention of the people has been called to this menace, it will be the sacred duty of the next General Assembly to safeguard, by effective remedial legislation, the registration lists. The suffrage clauses of the new Constitution have been enacted in vain if the opportunity for fraud is only changed from the ballot box to the registration books.

I earnestly hope that the next General Assembly will enact statutes providing:

(1) Greater publicity for the registration lists and better facilities for examining them.

(2) An appeal from the decision of the registrar refusing to strike off a challenged name.

(3) Fix a time before every general and every referendum election at which challenges may be made and heard against illegal registrations and forbid further registrations between such time and the election.

(4) Punish registrars criminally for a wilful illegal registration and provide for their removal by the courts for carelessness or inefficiency.

A state-wide referendum without these necessary reforms in the law, would be a public calamity because, judging the future by the past, thousands of negroes would obtain franchise, the Constitution as to its franchise provisions would be set aside and a large, ignorant and venal vote would become a source of festering corruption in the body politics.

If statutes accomplishing the reforms which I have pointed out are not enacted by the General Assembly of 1912, then if any state-wide referendum bill is made a law, the bill itself should embody such provisions as are necessary to make it certain that the questions submitted to the people by the referendum shall be decided by a legal electorate.



A Woman's Nondescript Garden

Margaret Busbee Shipp

March 8, 1910.

THIS morning Louise telephoned that I should enjoy the account of a hardy garden in one of the March magazines.

Louise has a loftier mind and a prettier garden than I, for I didn't enjoy it. I writhed in a green jealousy over the vision of enough "gardeners to lift 10,000 asters", where I had to depend upon my two hands and a ten-cent trowel for transplanting. Casually to speak of "fertilizer" (sweetest word in the English tongue) by the "car load"! I felt gloomy over the inequality of things, and presently I went into the garden, pulled up a weed or two, disconsolately, and then noticed that the wire-grass was getting around my roses. I was down on my knees forthwith, digging away at the snaky roots of the invader. Two hours slipped by before I realized it, and when I went back into the house, I took up the magazine again.

"I must try delphiniums like these another year," I determined, as I went to the telephone to call up Miss Mattie.

"I have a garden article I want you to read. You'll enjoy it."

A gleam of self-recognition came to me, and I laughed at my own expense and bade my sullen soul remember:

"If we cannot choose the lives we would
It surely yet is good,
To look where those lives be." .

I am going to make this a Garden Mercy Book. Haven't you known people who have a "Mercy Box," in which they drop a penny every time they think of some little every-day blessing? Perhaps if I jot down the passing pleasures of my nondescript, raggedy garden, I shan't again feel so bitter about the fertilizer.

March 18.

A delightful girl is here for a day or two and I asked her to have a cup of tea with me this afternoon. When I went into the garden to cut the daffodils, they looked so golden and joyous that I could not chop off their heads to put them into vases. "Mary will have to come to them," I decided, though a March garden party in which we should have to keep on wraps and furs might be a degree unusual. The half a dozen congenial spirits chorused delightedly when they were led into the back yard instead of the living room. My goose plum tree, an exceptionally large one, was a mass of white blossoms. The myriad snowy flowers, the black branches against the bluest of spring skies, made so Japanese an effect that

one missed Fuji-Yama. The early peach tree was in bloom: it has poor fruit but such exquisite blossoms that is spared for the fortnight of spring time it gives.

We had a beautiful time under the trees, with appetites sharpened for sandwiches and tea-cakes, and an English cosy keeping the tea hot for our second cups. Gleefully we named over the mutual friends who would have loathed to be in our places. One dear little lady in particular we could fancy with her feet tucked up apprehensively under her skirts for fear of the damp ground, certain that she would "catch her death of cold," and wondering how soon it would be polite to say goodbye and hurry home to take a quinine pill.

March 20.

I have been wondering whether a person would ever feel at home in another person's garden? It seems to me that he who plants the garden has the best of it, for he glimpses the holy mystery of creation. One would not exchange the plot one has loved and tended for another, no matter how finished and alluring it might be. Your neighbor's daughter may be a golden-haired goddess, but you don't want to change the brown poll of your own small son.

Perhaps the beginning of my garden mercies is that it would be hard to imagine a drearier spot than the yard when I first bought my home six years ago. It should have been exhibited by Woman's Clubs as a frightful example of everything a yard should not be: a dismal otahete mulberry in the centre, a layer of coal ashes more than a foot deep on which the water stood for days after a rain, a path of planks leading to the garden proper, around which staggered a dilapidated fence. This garden had been used as a depository for rubbish and tin cans; there was neither bed nor path, and the only relic of any former tenant who had cared for it was the fine old plum tree and a

few peach trees. Before it could be plowed and harrowed, five wagon loads of weeds and trash had to be hauled away. So whatever gift or grace the place has now is my small contribution to William Morris' creed.

"'Tis we ourselves, each one of us, who must keep watch and ward over the fairness of the earth, and each with his own soul and hand do his due share therein, lest we deliver to our sons a lesser treasure than our fathers left to us."

March 23.

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd," . . . only mine are at the far end of the garden, yet making the whole spot fragrant. The garden has gone into light mourning: the purple and white lilacs, the bed of purple pansies (the yellow ones are in Chinese mourning) and a single purple magnolia. It grew from a slip from the big one in my great-grandmother's garden, where all my childish playdays were spent. Perhaps it is rather a stiff and graceless flower, but it is redolent with memories to me.

March 30.

Isn't it queer what things people find to bother about? I was talking to an especial friend today, and she was complaining about certain people who had not called. She didn't care a fig for them, but she was annoyed at their remissness—while I think of the formal call as something to be endured with due patience, because we are in a state of probation.

"Pining for the casual caller or wondering if she had slighted me intentionally would be the very last thought to occur to me."

"I hope your happy disposition affords you some pleasure; it is certainly very irritating to other people," stated my friend, resentfully. "You never bother about anything."

"I certainly do," I retorted, indignantly disproving it. "Why, right now

I can't get rid of the slugs around my yuccas."

"I should never have a care in the world," she scorned me in turn, "if I waited until I smeared my thoughts with snails."

So there seem to be two ways of reckoning "one's few poor gratitudes."

April 4.

The first rose, the common "pink daily." If it waited for its prettier companions it would not be noticed at all, so it triumphantly waves the first blossom. My dogwood trees are blooming rather scantily, so I went around to enjoy Louise's, which are indescribably exquisite. She planted her's wisely, because one can look through them into greenness beyond, while back of mine, a fence destroys all illusion of the woods. I shall move them another year and plant them nearer my red-buds (I cannot bear the name of Judas tree) which are a perfect delight now.

April 15.

On the 12th the Marechal Neil bloomed, and now, just three days later, the flood of sunshine has made the rose-bed rich in treasures of every shade and hue. But the prettiest thing in the garden is the long walk bordered with German iris. Last November more than a hundred clumps were set out, and today twice as many white fleur-de-lis are holding up their heads like standards of France. We call them birthday lilies, for they always are in bloom for my youngest's anniversary, and they have been on his birthday table as regularly as his candles.

April 20.

The charm of a small garden in which one knows every shrub and plant is that one establishes a sense of personal relationship. There's an intimacy with the bit of ground to which one tends one's own self. That waving frond of maiden-hair fern came from beside a stream in the Blue Ridge, and

was brought home in a scorching spell of June weather, followed by a long drought. I take as much pride in it as if it were a foundling I had nursed through its second summer. The white and green plant which borders that shaded bed started in a single one which I brought by hand from the Pennsylvania hills. The Pullman porter thinks cut flowers aristocratic, and offers to put one's violets in the refrigerator, but he scorns the plebian rooted plant. I had to change cars three times and bear the disdain of three successive porters to gain that addition to the garden.

The little lavender stock yonder may look sickly and uninteresting to the casual glance, but in reality it is an epitomized "Irish Emigrant's Lament." At Killarney Lake last summer I saw stocks growing in exquisite shades and bought some seed. This pallid, homesick flower feels out of place in my seed bed, and seems to pine for the purple shadow of Tore Mountain falling athwart the lake. But its seedlings will be naturalized, and I am expecting the second generation of Irish-American stock to be as fine in flower as it is in folk.

May 20.

I've just finished cutting a million sweet peas—not by actual count, but judging from the way my hands feel after using the clippers. They are planted in separate colors and the silvery-lavender Grisel Hamilton is a pastel dream. There's one that is especially fascinating. Sometimes the wavy flowers are as deeply pink as a debutante's blush, again as softly seashell as a baby's cheek, sometimes there's a hint of red—I must suspect her of artificiality then. And this pea, so changeful, so charming, the catalogue coldly dubs: "Lady Caroline Spencer, inclined to sport."

King Edward VII. is a glorious red pea which I have planted for three years in the same spot, because it seemed to thrive well there.

This year the seed packet marked with his name came from the same reliable seed house. No blossom chanced to open until the day after the King's death, and then it was pure white. Not a red pea has come where they have bloomed so gaily before; the trellis is covered with fluttering bits of snow. It can't be explained by the seedman's mistake. Let us leave it unexplained.

May 23.

Two years ago I had a shelter built on the edge of my garden. The rough bark was left on its posts and its peaked roof. From May until October we have our meals out of doors. Nasturtiums, trumpet vines, cypress, and translucent blue Pride of Pekin morning glory riot over the shelter and bloom in turn. Just at present the bed of larkspurs nearby is filled with spears of blue and white. The humming birds are very partial to it and every day they are darting in and out among its flowers. Yesterday, while we were at breakfast, a humming bird flashed right in between one of the boys and me, and sipped from a nasturtium. Now, nothing can add more charm to a meal than an informal call from a humming bird, and the musical accompaniment of a cat bird. This one has notes which rival the mocking bird's, and he quite earns his breakfast upon my raspberries.

May 30.

The garden is at its prettiest now. All the flowers that respond to the thrill of summer are awake. The spicy pink and white peonies are gone, and so has the flowering season of the privet hedge. But the humming birds' bed of larkspur is a feathery mass of blossoming, and the borders are blue and yellow (dear Cavalry colors which always grow somewhere together among my flowers) with corn flower and coreopsis. The nasturtiums are beginning, and the sweet alyssum, pansies and sweet peas keep on as if there was no stopping them. The marshalled lines of holly-

hocks delight the eye. Yellow, white, crimson and rose they are; a deep red that's almost black, again an odd shade of saffron. As they seed themselves, every year there are fresh surprises of color.

It seemed an auspicious time to have a garden party for a June bride of twenty summers. Just the bride-elect and her bridesmaids were here this afternoon, a dozen human flowers, in colors as soft and dainty as the sweet peas which she had chosen to be her wedding flower.

I loved their brimming happiness, their young laughter, their pretty faces. It was in that soft aftermath which follows a summer sunset that they told me goodbye. One slender slip of a girl said impulsively, "It has been lovely. To make it perfect, may each of us choose a flower to pick for herself?"

Wasn't it a pleasing thought? She did not know how she gratified me.

After they had gone I sat there for a long while, and from out of the background of the years "our set of girls" began to gather. Their voices seemed to mingle with the light-hearted laughter which had just echoed around me, and I thought of the days when we, too, were sweet—and—twenty, and wholly unafraid.

There is a deeper joy in the deepening years than girlhood can know, but how good a thing it is that there is always girlhood upon earth. God bless you, little glad bride! Goodnight, my garden.

June 11.

Yesterday I was introduced to a large, deep-voiced woman with a slight mustache. I am told she is much hen-pecked by her little Bantamy husband. "I understand you love flowers," she announced in impressive chest notes. I refused to admit it, though I felt like replying, "I am also fond of my children."

"I adore Nature, Beauty," she continued, in capitals. "My flowers under-

stand me. If I am ill, they droop in sympathy; the wee leaves hang their heads disconsolately. 'Then as soon as I am well they revive again.'

Obviously this lady waters her plants when she is well and forgets it when she is ill.

But the conversation has depressed me. Do I seem to anybody as sentimentally idiotic as she did to me? I have long since learned that when a woman says you are unconventional, it means that she suspects you are a poor housekeeper; and when a man says you are idealistic, he means that you wear unbecoming hats. As both of these ignominious adjectives have been directed against me recently, I decided to try to justify my garden to the most practical mind by making money out of it. I can't sell flowers, for there are never enough to fill the garden and the vases and to give to one's friends, so I wrote an article for the exchange column of a woman's magazine and gave directions for making a flower-bed under the kitchen window. I have one, gay with a succession of robust bloom, marigolds, scarlet sage, cut-and-come-again sunflower, and the cook has the privilege of cutting all the flowers she likes. It works like a charm in making her take pains to keep the back yard neat and not to throw things out of the window, and I can't see why it isn't as valuable a suggestion as "How to get the spots out of linoleum." But the Linoleum Lady got her dollar and I didn't, so I shall abandon my idea at a self-sustaining paradise.

June 20.

Dahlias and gladiolus fill in what would otherwise be a gap, but I don't care a great deal for either of them. The Texas lupine is in bloom, and it has that fascination which lies in a blue flower. I shall never forget the day when walking alone on Bella Tola I came for the first time upon that wee ultramarine star which is called Alpine

gentian. The quintessential soul of a July sky. . . .

July 2.

Dear little Duchesse de Brabant! I wonder who you were, gracious prototype of this rose! Perhaps you belonged to the *haute noblesse* who went guillotine-way with such high courage. I know your twinkling feet never faltered, nor the shell-pink of your cheeks whitened to a fear. So the namesake rose is fairest when the world is dry and sterile and the October frosts which chill your sister roses merely touch your petals to a deeper pink. In May I exhibited my Paul Neyrons and Kaiserins with tremendous boastfulness, but they have long since stopped blooming, while these languid mornings find you daintily decked in pink. You're so unexpected, so sweetly capricious, giving your best at a time when you might be expected to withhold; and again having teasing, pouting spells when you won't vouchsafe a bud. You're a flirt, little Duchess, but so gay and so loyal withal, and so royally disdainful of frost and caterpillars! You're the only flower I know with the Gallic temperament.

July 16.

Summer in the garden. The hardy phlox, in cherry and white, is at its best. I've at last managed to weed out the magenta. It's such a poor folks' color—and what's the use of being poor out-of-doors? Sweet lavender and mignonette lavish old-fashioned fragrance. A mauve centauria and the golden-orange African daisy prove successful experiments. Stokesia fails for the fifth year in succession. The huge blossoms of the Marvel Mallow caused a jolly little school girl to exclaim: "I'm just dippy over those red dinner plates!"

August 10.

The blazing heat has driven us to the northern coast, but I have a sense of abandoning my poor, parched garden: Today an acquaintance here was speak-

ing about flowers: "Some are highly cultivated, others have only a high school education, but zinnias are positively illiterate."

September 14.

Home! The blue spirea (I can't remember its long Latin name) is delighting the "bumble" bees, and the shelter is bright with innumerable red cypress blossoms. The bed of ageratum is a blur of color, and soon there will be a wilderness of white cosmos. There is something about it as simple and as Greek as its name. Do you know the quaint spider lily which shoots straight up out of the bare earth and blooms in coral daintiness?

September 20.

The Queen Charlotte anemone is as delicate as eglantine and the prettiest sight in the garden.

September 26.

We spent Sunday in the country at Pine Ridge farm, and in the afternoon we drove to a scuppernong arbor which was planted fifty years ago. Is there any aroma so deliciously woody as that of the scuppernong? Wilted in quart baskets it is the dreariest of grapes, but out of doors on a golden September afternoon, gathered fresh from the vine, it is food for Bacchus. (Most of the Olympian deities are enjoying a well-earned rest, but poor Bacchus still has to work overtime on similes.) I lamented to our host that my own vine had borne exactly six grapes this year—though of exceptional fine flavor.

"I congratulate you," he replied. "I had a vine on the pergola of my place in town, and small boys of both colors were stealing grapes from morning until night, trampling down flower beds and playing the mischief generally. I never did care to calculate how much those grapes cost me per quart."

That was a new point of view, so I chronicle in my Mercy Book as blessings in disguise: (1) That the pears did not ripen; (2) the scuppernong did not bear; (3) the June-bugs ate up my figs.

October 20.

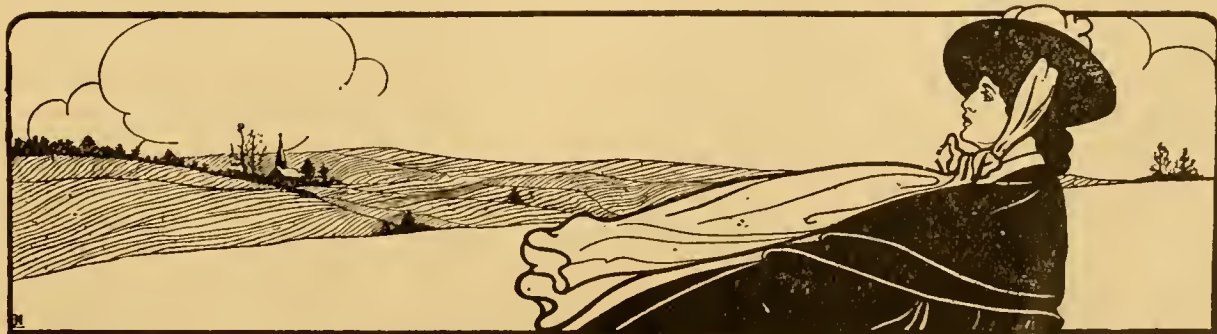
I've been planting greedy numbers of rows of sweet peas today, following the darkey's rule for sowing seed:

"One fer de cut-worm, one fer de crow,
One fer de fros', and one fer to grow."

In addition to jonquils and crocuses, I've set out another 100 chrysolora Spanish iris. It is the loveliest shade of canary, as dainty as an orchid. Now that the planting for next spring is beginning, I feel that this year is practically ended, though the chrysanthemums will defy a few more frosts. Last year I cut a bunch of Duchesse de Brabant roses on the 19th of November.

It's a nondescript garden, you see. Always there is so much to be done that I haven't time or means to do, always there is some corner in which the weeds are lurking.

But, oh, the weeds in my own soul which it helps me to pull up!



Life From Varied Viewpoints

The Theatrical Man's Story

THOUGH the storm had grown in fury, the little knot of travelers in a Southern hotel, whose plans had been altered because of it, were being so highly entertained they forgot to worry.

The tales of the housekeeper and the traveling man had put every one in a reminiscent mood, and it was the theatrical man's turn to provide a story.

"Of course, I've had a great many exciting things happen, like having the scenery and trunks miss connections and fail to arrive in time for the performance; and I have had the leading lady get mad or the leading man get sick when I had no understudy. Every theatrical manager expects that, but the worst thing that ever happened was about two years ago.

"I had a light opera troupe out on the road and we had been doing good business from the very first of the tour, up to Christmas week. We had one week stands booked right through, and nothing had happened so far, but I was too long in the business to feel safe for very long at a time.

"Christmas week found us in a little town in South Georgia; as a rule, we don't look for big business in holiday week, excepting for the matinees on Christmas and New Year's Day, but this year seemed to be the exception.

"The head of the show was a chap named Parker; he had been an actor, then a manager, and was now an actor—manager and owner of the light opera troupe. He was a hard-working fellow, good, sober and all that, but he had made an awful break by marrying one of his chorus, and she was strictly no good.

"The women of the company were pretty good, both as to character and ability, but Christmas Day seemed to

make all of them develop different natures.

"The town was a sociable place; all the principals were stopping at the leading hotel, and the usual young-men-about-town had become very friendly with the women in our company.

"The hotel was really more like a big boarding house, and all the unmarried society men who had no homes, lived there. The top floor had a wing devoted to them, and it was on the top floor that our people were roomed.

"We had chosen 'Giroffe-Giroffa' for the Christmas Day matinee, and as the company had sung it so often, I did not call a rehearsal for the morning: all the cast were to report by one o'clock at the theatre, and I was there about twelve-thirty, after a hasty lunch.

"All the principals, including Parker and his wife, were to be guests at a lunch tendered them by the young men who lived at the hotel—but I had felt no anxiety about it.

"The contralto was a big, fine looking brunette and I had never had much trouble with her—but when she showed up about one o'clock she was drunk—almost too drunk to get ready for the first act, but she managed it.

"The rest of the cast arrived at intervals, all but Parker, and when I asked where he was, I was told he had taken his wife to their room. He wasn't a drinking man, but I knew what his wife's fault was, and I was prepared to hear she would not be able to appear at the matinee.

"The house was sold out, the doors were open and I was ready to take the next train out of town. I never saw Parker so nearly all in. All he could say was, 'I couldn't help it—they started before I got there.'

"We did the best we could, and as the chorus was sober, we gagged the parts as well as we could till it was

time for Gioffe-Girofla's mother to appear; this was the contralto's part, and I was scared. She began her song as she entered, then stopped, lost her lines, turned around and fell on a couch that was in the scene.

"I rang the curtain down and there was a hot time behind the scenes for the next five minutes.

"Parker was dazed and I could get no help from him.

"Finally, I found there was one of the chorus who knew the role well enough to make a bluff at it, and I put her on.

"I don't know how we got through, but we did.

"Both the newspapers had good fellows at their heads, and we were not roasted as I thought we would be.

"We finished our engagement there, and when we were ready to leave Parker's wife was missing. We couldn't locate her anywhere, so we left her ticket with the local manager of the theatre and asked him to look her up.

"He found her the next day and she joined us two days later. Of course, I don't know what passed between her and her husband, but Parker began to change: he lost interest in the business and we disbanded the early part of February.

"He wouldn't let go his wife, though: said he knew what would happen to her if he did. He finally bought a little farm in a Northern state, and the last I heard of him he was raising chickens."

Perhaps no class of people is more misunderstood than the theatrical folk, and the manager's story was so simple, so ordinary, it was perhaps considered one of the most interesting. And as it was absolutely true, the interest was keener.

The detective didn't think he had much to tell of interest to others, but promised he would try to think of something amusing, and we'll tell you his story next month.



Chunk Honey Production as Compared to Comb Honey Production in Sections

J. J. Wilder

THE production of chunk honey is the easiest, simplest and most economical way comb honey can be produced. It is nearer nature's way and therefore most suited for the bees, as well as for the convenience of the bee-keeper.

The bee-keeper can give his bees a large amount of the proper storing room at one time, and go about his other work without much fear of swarming, or he can harvest a much larger amount of honey by caring for more bees.

While in comb honey production the

bees must occupy a smaller amount of storing room. It is against the nature or instinct of the honey bee to be thus crowded and forced or compelled to build comb and store their surplus honey in the delicate little blocks (one pound packages) and before they will do it they will, to some extent, loaf or idle around and swarm and reswarm, and by so doing cause the bee-keeper a lot of inconvenience on loss of time and greatly lessens the returns from his bees. Wherefore comes dissatisfaction.

It is no small task, even for an expert, to properly fix up a set of sec-

tions for his bees to store their surplus honey in and this has to be done each season, if not each honey flow, calling for more time and extra expense, buying more sections and foundations. While if any apiary is properly equipped for chunk honey (and the expense is much less, too, than for comb honey in sections) the expense is over for even a life time.

Then, too, if the sections are not removed promptly after each honey flow, the bees will smear them over with propolis, or bee glue, and ruin their appearance and glue them and the fixtures together so tight that it is almost impossible to remove them without tearing them to pieces, besides involving a lot of unpleasant work all during the season.

So the necessary work for producing comb honey in sections is too messy and tedious for the average bee-keeper, which is eliminated in chunk honey production.

I do not wish to compare the merits of raising chunk honey with that of producing extracted honey, because it is as profitable or satisfactory and requires no change of hives or arrangement, and later on if it is desired to produce extracted honey all that would be necessary is just to purchase an extractor.

The bees build their comb and store their honey in shallow frames, which in chunk honey production is cut out and packed in vessels and put on the market as comb honey.

While in the production of extracted honey the honey is removed from the comb without cutting it from the frames, by means of the extractor, and is saved and given back to the bees and they refill it, and the honey is drawn out in vessels and sold as honey in its liquid state. The two ways of producing honey makes a fine combination and the producer is able to fill the demand for both comb and extracted honey. But as a rule beginners never start off in

bee keeping with an outfit for producing extracted honey, and if bee keeping proves profitable and satisfactory, later on they naturally drift into it, while at first they will draw back on account of the extra expense of the extractor and some other little necessary conveniences that go along with it. In other words, they will invest just as little as possible until they see what results will follow. So to this class, which is by far the greatest, chunk honey production offers the greatest inducement. The merits are soon seen and better equipments are soon given the bees.

A honey extractor is not necessary in chunk honey production until equipment justifies it, or until a much larger amount of honey is produced and put on the market, than the beginner or average bee-keeper produces.

Each modern hive is constructed with two separate parts, one called the brood chamber, or bottom story, and the other called the super, or top story. The bottom story is for the bees' living quarters and the top story is where they store their surplus honey, which can be removed. (I mention this for the benefit of the beginner.)

Any regular 8 or 10-frame dovetail bottom stories, or 8 or 10-frame shallow extracting supers, as sent out by the bee supply manufacturers, are suited for chunk honey production, and no changes are necessary where comb honey in sections has been produced, except in the supers, and this is not necessary where they are $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches deep. The sections and separators can be removed and the shallow extracting frames prepared and set in, which are $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches deep. If the comb honey supers that may be in use are shallower than this they can be ferred up by nailing strips around on the bottom edge of the proper denominations, thus forming a rim around them, and shallow extracting frames purchased for them.

So the change from comb honey in one pound sections to chunk honey in

shallow extracting frames can be made with but little trouble or extra cost.

The hive is the regular 1½ story dovetail style, contains movable frames in the bottom story, in which the bees build their comb and rear their young and store enough honey to tide them over winter or times when there is no honey to gather.

These frames should be lifted out, or at least enough of them to note the condition of the bees every two or three weeks during the bees' busy season and their needs supplied. If a colony runs short of stores, as a rule there are always some colonies which have more honey than they need in every apiary and by exchanging empty frames of comb for frames of honey and in this way keep the honey equalized among the bees, no losses will be sustained by starvation.

If a colony is raising no bees, it may be queenless, and by giving them a frame of comb containing tiny bees every two or three weeks for a month or so, they will requeen themselves. Or if a colony has dwindled down, it can be built up by giving it frames of sealed bees from the strongest colonies and thus all colonies be saved from the depredation of the bee moth and large crops of honey be harvested annually and the amount of time expended will not amount to more than ten minutes every fifteen days. During the operation no live bees should be exchanged.

Now we have told you how to keep your bees rid of the moth and to keep each colony a life time and to reap large returns from them. I know this is coming in very close contact with bees, for nervous beginners, but it must be done or losses sustained and the task is small compared to the gain.

As soon as the honey in any of the frames is sealed or capped over it can be removed and put on the market, or it can be left in the top supers until convenient to remove it. But after it is capped over it should not be allowed to

remain in the super next to the brood nest, for it would most surely excite swarming during a honey flow. Besides, it would hinder the progress of the bees.

If no swarming is desired, the hive should be elevated from the bottom by means of two strips under each side, one-half or three-fourths inch thick. This will allow a free current of air to pass under the cluster, which is best ventilation.

I wish to give the manner of preparing supers for the bees under the manner of packing chunk honey, where the most of such work is done.

This subject is taken up mostly for the benefit of those who produce chunk honey in a wholesale way and have to resort to shipping honey in order to dispose of their honey crop. For those who only produce a small amount of honey for their own use, or for their home market, we will give some information under chunk honey for all classes of bee-keepers. In packing chunk honey for the market it is first necessary to have some strained or extracted honey.

As a rule, extensive chunk honey producers do not use queen excluders and by queens entering supers during the light of their egg-laying season, many of the combs are soiled and unfit to cut out and pack up as chunk honey, on account of young bees being reared in them.

The honey from such comb is extracted, or if there is no extractor, it can be cut out of the frames and thoroughly mashed up on a clean burlap sack, stretched tight over a tub or barrel. The honey will soon run through and be ready for use. Here is where the honey extractor is almost indispensable, for the comb can be saved and given back to the bees and they will refill them and they can be thus used from season to season, and save the bees the great task of rebuilding them.

For the lightest chunk and extracted

honey we have found quart Mason fruit jars the best vessels for receptacles. A small, neat label should be used bearing the name of the producer and his guarantee. This indeed makes an attractive package and will bring the top price of the market anywhere and sell readily.

For the darker grades of chunk and extracted honey, two and three-pound large mouth friction top cans, and five and ten pound large mouth friction top pails make the best packages and should also be neatly and attractively labeled, and a much larger label can be used.

The frames of honey should be placed on a smooth, clean board, about two feet long and 12 or 14 inches wide, then cut loose from the frame and the frame removed and the honey cut in blocks by running a knife through it as near as possible as long or as wide as the can, pail or jar it is intended for is deep, then cut in strips $1\frac{1}{4}$ or $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and placed in closely, endwise. If the honey is cut up and thrown in the vessel loosely, or if the strips are not as long as the vessel is deep, it will leave the bottom when the extracted honey is poured in to fill up, and will spoil its appearance to some extent. In filling up the pails it is best to cut the honey in chunks as near as possible their diameter and place it in from the bottom.

Now, after a number of jars, cans and pails have been filled, enough strained or extracted honey should be added from the tank or extractor to finish filling the vessels. Then sealed up, well labeled and set back in the crates, they are brought in and nailed and corded up well with strong twine from four sides, then it is ready for market.

The frames can be cleaned up immediately and given back to the bees, so they can refill them.

But a full sheet of foundation, or a starter, must be fastened in them first, which can best be done by placing it against the top bars and running melted

beeswax down on either side of it. The wax can be heated up on an oil stove or over a lamp, and should not be too warm, but just enough to run freely or it will melt the foundation too much.

Fruit jars can be purchased most anywhere and cans and pails can be obtained of most any bee supply dealer.

Chunk honey thus prepared for market should net the producer from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, depending of course on the grade. And it can be sold readily on any honey market, because it is in neat and attractive packages and its wholesomeness preserved in a way no other honey can excel.

Perhaps the largest class of bee-keepers are those who are endeavoring to have honey for their own table. Such bee-keepers should not have less than two or three chunk honey supers for each colony of bees and a queen excluder next to the bottom story, so as to confine the queen below in order to keep them amply supplied with the proper amount of storing room and just leave the honey on the hives in the care of the bees which will keep the temperature up on it and it will thus be kept liquified, fresh and nice and more wholesome than it can otherwise be kept. It is not best to keep honey about the house, for it often attracts insects, such as flies, bees, ants, etc. Besides, it is a messy job to keep it properly about the house, and often it will granulate or to some extent lose its wholesomeness. This is all overcome, if it be left in the care of the bees.

When honey is desired for a meal or two, just take a plate or dish from which it is to be served, light the smoker and smoke the bees just a little, remove the cover and lift out a frame of honey and cut out of it about as much as would be immediately used, leaving three-fourths of an inch of comb on the top bar so the bees will have a starter from which they will build the comb nice and straight in the frame again. Set the frame and the remainder

of the honey back in the super and the bees will soon clean up the broken edges.

As soon as more honey is wanted, remove it in the same way until all in the frame is removed; then start on another frame, leaving three-fourths of an inch of comb next to the top bar all the way to serve as a starter. And so on until all the honey in the super has been removed, then raise the next super below and invert the empty one between and use the honey from it as the first one, and so on through the apiary.

When the table can be supplied with nice, fresh warm honey in this way daily, it will be a luxury of the table all the year round.

During the winter the bees will go down in the bottom story and cluster and the honey can be removed without smoke. During the time of the honey flow the bees will keep building combs in the frames as fast as the honey is removed, therefore the bees should never want for storing room.

Now, it will be seen that all expenses are over when the hives are bought and no more work about them to do except examining the bees, as previously stated. So much for the larger class of bee-keepers. There is another class who would produce more honey than they consume. In which case they

can sell nice, fresh honey to their neighbors and take it from the supers as they would for their own use, or they can sell a frame full or more at a time or maybe a super. The honey can easily be correctly weighed. If the frames are to be returned, deduct one-half pound from each frame of honey. If the frames are not to be returned, let their weight go in and count as honey and thus they are paid for.

If it is desired to carry some to market, just smoke the bees down out of a few supers, lift them off and weigh each frame, counting the weight of each as honey, unless you are expecting the frames to be returned. Put the weight and price of each frame of honey on top bar and set them back in the supers and set the supers in the wagon or buggy, and when the market is reached all that will be necessary is to call out weight and price.

All frames returned of course, have no comb left on the top bar for a guide to the bees in refilling them, and a starter, or full sheet of foundation, should be attached to the top bars as described elsewhere.

There can be no better way to produce and market honey, for the host of bee-keepers who are depending on the returns from their bees for pin money.



John Milton

(Address on "John Milton," delivered by Prof. Wm. M. Coleman, before the Washington Secular League, Sunday, April 17, 1910)

SHAKESPEARE was still alive and rare old Ben Jonson was king at the Mermaid Tavern when Milton was a child. Puritanism had taken root but was not yet visible in growth.

It is fortunate for English literature, fortunate for Milton's genius, that his earliest impressions and tendencies were molded and shaped in the genial Elizabethian times and in the traditions of old and merrie England, and not under the influence of the hard and narrow opinions and habits which were so soon to follow.

The only event in his tenderer years worthy of note was the close friendship which he formed with his schoolmate, Diodati, an Anglo-Italian, from whom he imbibed his first love and longing for Italy, which he ever afterwards cherished.

His college life at Cambridge was irksome, and while there he got into some scrape from which he was rusticated. He spent his enforced vacation at London, from which place he wrote letters to his friend, Diodati, of his enjoyments in the parks and the theaters, with rapturous eulogies on the girls he met there; which goes to show that he was a sound and wholesome youngster. His beauty was remarkable and of the feminine type, like that of Shelley. His snow and pink-colored oval face, his flowing auburn locks and the delicacy of his morals and his manners, fixed on him from his college mates the nickname of "Lady of Christ." From Cambridge he wrote to his friend, Diodati, that the poet who would write great things must be pure in heart and his hand free from stain; he must make his life a true poem, for the bard is sacred to the gods. This was not common cant, for he was writing to Diodati. He ex-

emplified his purity during his whole career by his passionate love of truth, justice and freedom, and his life was a poem. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart." He left Cambridge and "its bad lot of readers" after a residence there of seven years, and returned in the morning of his manhood to live with his father in the charming little village of Horton. Here, amid rural sights and sounds, he passed five years, the happiest period of his life. There he studied Plato, Aristotle, and the Greek tragedians. Plato especially had a wonderful fascination for him, and he drank in the love of social justice from his "Republic." In the "Paradise Lost" Raphael says:

Love hath his seat in Reason and is judicious,
Is the scale by which to Heavenly Love thou mayest ascend.

In Milton's phraseology, judicious means the power to discriminate, and scale means a ladder, and the two lines taken together sum up the result of Plato's symposium. Milton was soaked in Greek thought and Greek philosophy, and if we would understand him we must first of all recognize and appreciate this fact. I shall always cherish as a sacred memory a conversation I once had with Walt Whitman. The crowd was surging up and down the avenue (Pennsylvania avenue in Washington) to read the election returns placarded in front of the newspaper offices. Whitman was not interested in the news, but in the crowd. He turned round to me full face and repeated from Milton's "Comus:"

How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

It is to the period of his residence at

Horton, that we owe "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," representing the two attitudes in which Man is related to Nature, the former as receptive enjoyment, the latter as thoughtful contemplation. In "L'Allegro" he writes:

Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And laughter holding both his sides,

and

Come and trip it is you go
On the light fantastic toe.

Here is the healthful joy of robust life. In "Il Penseroso" we have him in the cathedral with its "high embowed roof," its "studious cloister's pale," "the antique pillars massy-proof," and the "windows rightly dight, casting a dim religious light," and then the music which

May with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

This is not Catholic æstheticism which the poet experiences, but Platonic mysticism. To the most, in these days of such varied commercial activity, these words are mere jargon. To Milton they expressed a reality. To this period, too, we owe the "Comus," where the poet laments the unequal distribution of the good things of life, the "just man pining in want" and "lewdly pampered luxury heaping its stores with vast excess upon some few." The "Lycidas," too, belongs to this period, where he says of the common run of priests (not Catholic priests, alone):

Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feet.

Fifteen years later Milton was to become the intellectual giant of the party which smashed the windows richly dight, tore out the pealing organ's pipes, cut down the May poles around which happy youth tripped on the light fantastic toe, and closed up the well(?) stage. Milton sympathized with none of these things. But he remained silent. What was the use to protest? He knew

that fanaticism must run its course, and he put up with it, because underneath it all and the mainspring of all and profoundly embedded in it was the sacred love of liberty.

If we would understand Milton we must understand his times. There were two main currents of thought which gave him his direction. The one was from the renaissance of Greek literature coming to England from Italy which gave us Spenser, Sydney, and Shakespeare; the other coming from the German reformation by way of Geneva, which produced John Knox and Cromwell. The Italian influence we may easily understand; the Geneva influence we may understand if we reflect that the revolt against tyranny in England took the form of Presbyterianism. Both Italian trend and the spirit of revolt united in Milton. He was, as Carlyle says, the child of Shakespeare and John Knox.

At the age of thirty Milton left the sylvan scenes of Horton and made a journey to Italy, the poet's shrine, where Chaucer had caught the fresh intuitions, where Shelley was to meet an untimely death, and where Byron was to write verse which illuminated the dark night of the Holy Alliance and brought a new hope into the valley of the shadow of death.

In Italy he met the aged and blind Galileo, a prisoner of the inquisition—a significant meeting and a prophecy of the future yet to come, the union of science and human freedom, Galileo representing the one and Milton the other.

But he was not to remain long in the classic land of charm and story. Great events had taken place in England. Charles was determined to enforce his arbitrary will, and the people were equally determined not to submit. The war between the king and the Parliament was on. It was no time—

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair

Milton hastened home to take his part in the conflict.

On his return he entered the field as a pamphleteer and began with a tract against the Church of England and demanding the abolition of the prelacy. The vigor and ability of this paper at once put him at the head of the then extreme radical party of the opposition. He followed up this attack by another against the church law of divorce, which the state had incorporated in its code. In 1643 appeared his first famous pamphlet. In this pamphlet he maintained that the mutual incompatibility of any two married persons, from any unremovable cause whatever, ought to entitle either or both to divorce and to liberty to marry again. In 1644, he launched his immortal paper for freedom of the press, or for unlicensed printing, and addressed it to the Parliament. We may imagine the revolutionary character of this demand, if we reflect that one hundred and fifty years later, in 1789, the French revolutionists in the Assembly were not prepared to go to this extent.

These two pamphlets, on divorce and on the freedom of the press, opened up on Milton the flood gates of wrath from all the orthodox denominations, Protestant as well as Romish. But here we must take a review of the hostile religious parties ranged against each other, remembering that religious and political opinions exactly coincided and that every man's political views were certainly known from the religious party to which he belonged.

1. There was the Romanist party, now down and out, but waiting and hoping that the excesses of a revolution would create a reaction in their favor, and (following their usual treacherous policy) secretly intriguing to provoke revolution while clamoring vigorously for stable government.

2. Next came the Church of England, the party in power, a strictly aristocratic body in which the individual

members had no voice, but were governed by the prelates. This was the cavaliers party, the party of the divine right of kings.

3. Then came the Presbyterian, a representative democracy. The Presbyters, or elders, from whose number the pastor or minister was taken, were elected by each congregation, and a representation from the Presbyters of each congregation constituted the Presbytery, where was lodged the supreme authority of both faith and practice.

4. Finally came the Independents. This was the party to which Cromwell belonged. It was the party to which Milton attached himself after he discovered that the Presbyter was no whit different from the priest. The Independent repudiated the authority not only of popery and of prelacy, but also of the Presbyter, and made the individual members of each congregation the court of first and last resort. It was impossible to get or even imagine or conceive of a more thoroughgoing democratic plan than this. The democratic limit had been reached so far as organization was concerned when the individual group was autonomous and recognized no authority which did not emanate from themselves. But there was one step more which the individual member of the group could take, not as a member of the group, it is true, but as the absolute sovereign of his own thought and will as a moral, self-centered and intellectual being. The individual might declare himself absolutely free from all external restraint and subject only to the dictates of his own intelligence, his own conscience, and his own will. And this was the step Milton took.

Such was the doctrine of the Independents, and it is all summed up in the well-born and now meaningless maxim, the right to worship God according to the dictates of your own conscience. (And now let us repeat the warning I have already given—for

church history and dogma is not especially interesting to Secularists. But you are to remember, as before remarked, that at the period of which I am speaking the views which a man held about church government were the identical views which he held about civil government. And now to recur to my main theme.)

When the pamphlet on divorce appeared the Romanists chuckled in glee and said that this was but one of the examples of the evils which naturally followed the revolt from Rome. The Church of England agreed with the Romanists, except that they substituted their own authority for that of Rome. At this period of his career Milton was a Presbyterian and it was from the Presbyterians that the storm of denunciation and abuse beat upon his head with the greatest fury. Their pamphlets rained against him; their pulpits rang with maledictions giving him over to Satan and all his angels. This doctrine of free love, as they represented it, went far beyond a religious heresy; it was a moral and social leprosy which sapped the foundations of society. The Presbyterians, strong in their Westminster Assembly, were opposed to religious freedom, and they pointed to Milton as an example of what would follow from religious toleration. They accused him before Parliament; I think they wanted his head. There is no greater error than to suppose that the right to private judgment was one of the principles of the Reformation. Melancthon, the mildest of the reformers, approved of the burning of Servetus by Calvin. No, it is not to the Reformation, but to the fanatical Independents of England, with John Milton as their intellectual chief, that we owe what we have of the right of private judgment in religious and political opinion.

But if the pamphlet on divorce was horrible, the pamphlet advocating free, unlicensed printing was simply un-

speakable. What! allow infidels, atheists, and blasphemers to express their views and reasons publicly and in print! This was a pill from the pit of fire and brimstone. Human ingenuity and malice were not competent to devise such a scheme; the suggestion had come direct from the lord and king of all the devils, from great Beelzebub himself. Language broke down in their mouths and under their pens in characterizing this crowning diabolism of a free press.

Milton, from his calm tenement in Aldgate street, let the noise and racket pass unnoticed without any other reply than to let loose one after another three more pamphlets on divorce, in which he fortified with additional reasons the ground he had taken in his first paper. That philosophical individualism which informed every fibre of Milton's moral and intellectual nature breaks out in flame in these papers on divorce. Every man is to have power to bind and loose the marriage relation; no law shall have authority "to force a mixture of minds which cannot unite;" no law shall make irremediable "that melancholy despair which we see in many wedded persons." "If this tract was heeded," he says, "it would wipe away ten thousand tears out of the eyes of men." In the third of these four pamphlets which he wrote on divorce we may see what little respect, or rather what contempt he had for the law. In this tract he hints at marrying again and adds the significant words, "If the law makes not a timely provision, let the law, as reason is, bear the censure of the consequences."

These works of Milton on divorce have not received the consideration they merit; and this for very obvious reasons. Our library critics and tasters, from whom the so-called "cultivated" public take in their notions of the men and the events of the past, have belonged, with a few rare exceptions not known or read by the aforesaid "culti-

vated" public, to the conservative orthodox class, which class, either from natural disposition or from commercial consideration, would conserve and perpetuate the moral and social diseases which we have inherited from by-gone ages of ignorance and superstition, and which have become entrenched in vast and material interests. Who can expect any just view of the colossal figure of Milton from writers such as these, high as their title and proud as their fame may be in the temple of English literature? We do not have to guess at what Milton believed and said from dubious manuscripts, fragments, and palimpsests. His complete works are all before us in intelligible English. Whoever wants to know Milton as he is, let him study these. Perhaps the man may arise some day to rehabilitate Milton, as Carlyle rehabilitated Cromwell.

These tasters to whom I have made reference tell us that Milton's tracts on divorce were merely passionate outbursts of his personal grief in wedded life and should not be regarded as his soberer thought. Milton was unhappy in his married life, it is true, but what has his personal grief to do with an argument which is addressed to our reason? The argument must stand or fall on its merits, totally regardless of the personal equation. That it was not a passionate outburst is evident from the fact that he wrote four pamphlets on the subject and was two years in writing them. Furthermore, his views on divorce were in perfect harmony with all his other views, with his hatred of ecclesiastical restraint and to all secular laws which encroached on rational personal liberty. In a word, his views on divorce are a necessary inference and deduction from the basic principles of his individualistic philosophy. It is as false as it is silly and absurd to attribute these views to a petty resentment of a personal grief.

In 1649 Charles paid the penalty of his crimes on the scaffold. After this

act the revolutionary party stood on slippery ground. Royalty and loyalty had been an English tradition for a thousand years. There was danger that the English people would not stand for the final scene in the drama. The private and personal character of Charles was not unlovely, and there was danger that the hatred of the living king would melt into pity and sympathy for the dead man; there was danger of a reaction which would sweep the regicides to destruction. Already the powerful Presbyterian party was beginning to swing (away) from the revolution. This danger must be averted; the killing of the king must be justified to the English people. Milton stepped forth to do it, fearless of the consequences.

The title of the work in which he justified bringing Charles to the block is the most daring that has ever been prefixed to any book or publication in the English language, perhaps in any language. The title is a concise summary of the substance of the book; it is the result or conclusion which the argument of the book is directed to prove. When we understand the title we understand the whole book. The title is lengthy, as was the custom in those days, and is a statement of the thesis. The title reads thus:

Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.

Proving that it is lawful, and hath been so held through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant and a wicked king, and after due conviction, to depose and put him to death if the ordinary magistrates have neglected or denied to do it.

This was the reply of the revolution to the claim of divine right. And I want to say that Milton understood the English language and always says exactly what he means and without any ambiguity. It is here implied that the ordinary magistrate, that is, the lawfully constituted authorities, may put to death a tyrant and a wicked king. But suppose these fail to do so, what

then? Why, then, "any who have the power," may lawfully do so. "Any" means here those who have no formal legal authority, and the word is put in opposition to the "ordinary magistrate." And what is meant by "power?" Certainly not power under the laws of England, for under these laws, independent of the doctrine of divine right, the king can do no wrong and his person is sacred. The "power," then, must mean physical power and physical power alone.

It is not my purpose to approve or disapprove of any view which Milton entertained. My only object is to give you to the best of my knowledge what Milton thought, without obtruding any opinion of my own.

The king was executed on the 30th of January, 1649. On the 13th of February following, just two weeks later, appeared the memorable work of which I have just been speaking. Its value was so highly appreciated by the revolutionists, then in power, that Milton received in March following the high position of Latin Secretary of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. But I shall pass over this entire period without notice as being merely an official and ministerial activity and without any special significance to the present purpose.

In 1660 came the Restoration and Charles II. Milton was blind and a fugitive. How he escaped when the mob dug up the remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw and hanged them at old Tyburn, when his residence in London was well known, is not easily explained. It is still more difficult to explain how he escaped conviction and death for high treason. But he did escape with his treasonable books being burned by royal order of the public hangman.

Milton had now fallen on evil days. In addition to his blindness he was in dire poverty and afflicted with bodily pains. But it is to this period of his

miserly that we owe the two immortal books, "Samson Agonistes" and the "Paradise Lost."

Unlike Shakesbeare, who was the universal man and leaves no trace of his personality on his dramas, Milton was intensely self-conscious and his personality colors deeply all that he ever wrote. The "Samson Agonistes" is a picture of himself. It is a Greek tragedy written in English; the most perfect of all Greek dramas, says Goethe, since the old Greek tragic writers themselves. Samson had been the hero of the Israelites against the Philistines; Milton had been the intellectual giant of the revolution against divine right. Samson was physically blind, so was Milton. Samson had taken a wife from the Philistines, who betrayed him; Milton had married into a family of rioting cavaliers, and his wife had betrayed him in like manner. Milton's wife had come back to him and pleaded for a reconciliation; he makes Delilah do the same. Samson is fettered in the midst of his enemies; and so is Milton after the Restoration. Both call for retributive justice upon their enemies. Samson destroys them all and perishes with them; Milton would do the same if it were in his power. Samson's ideal was to vindicate the national God of Israel over the gods of the Philistines; Milton's idea had been to establish the free republic over the ruins of kingcraft and priesthood. And what possible picture could the imagination invent to illustrate the utter helplessness and wretchedness of the English people under the despotism of the Stuarts than blind Samson shorn of his strength and grinding in the treadmill?

The "Paradise Lost" is a poem. It is not a treatise of doctrine or theology or an expression of any personal belief on the part of the writer. Milton no more believed in a real garden of Eden, a flesh-and-blood Adam and Eve, and the talking snake than he believed in automobiles and war chariots speeding

through empty space in the distant heavens. But he selected a subject for his grand epic with which everybody was familiar, just as Homer selected the Trojan War and Dante the abodes of departed souls.

Here again Milton's personality is in evidence. The "Paradise Lost" is the lost republic. The hero of the poem is not the conquering Son, who is made a tame and spiritless figure and put to do the machine work of the epic. The true hero is the defeated Satan. The sympathies of the reader are always with Satan, and when Satan exclaims:

What, though the field be lost, all is not
lost,
Unconquerable will, eternal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,

we feel like patting him on the back and calling for three cheers for Satan. And Satan is primarily the defeated revolutionary party and in him Milton speaks.

That Milton did not believe that earthquakes and volcanoes were visitations of God's wrath on men for their sins appears from a contemporary anecdote. It is related that the Duke of York, brother of the king and afterwards James II., once asked Milton if he did not think Almighty God had struck him with blindness as a punishment for his sin of defending the regicides, and that Milton replied that if God punished men in proportion to their sins then the king was a greater sinner than he was, for whereas he had lost only his sight, the king had lost his head.

Milton was not a believer in the Christian religion as it was understood then, nor as it is understood now. I have never seen anything in his own works nor have I ever seen anything quoted from him to justify the commonly received opinion that he ever was a believer. Politically, he associated with the Independents, and he never attacked their religious views. This was natural and reasonable, and there

was no hypocrisy in his silence. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart." He had refused to enter the church when it was the path of the highest honors. In his correspondence, where he writes to dear friends of his affliction and his blindness, we find a calm resignation to his fate, but no allusion to a submission to the Divine will, nor any hint of such a will. One of the most intimate of these friends, Skinner, wrote Milton asking him what support and comfort he found in his blindness. Here, if ever, would have been the time for the expression of the Christian's hope. But we find nothing of the kind. He replies that his consolation is that he lost his eyes by overworking them in the sacred cause of liberty. Bishop Newton said that in the latter part of his life Milton belonged to no church, attended no church, nor used any religious rite or service in his own family. There was no edifying scene at his deathbed. The priest was conspicuous by his absence. The great Milton died as he had lived, quietly and unostentatiously, resigned to universal law, and without expressing any hope of a blessed immortality of continued life and memory. Genius is lonely and self-centered.

This, however, is merely negative evidence that Milton did not accept the Christian faith. But there is evidence, positive and direct and beyond all possible doubt, which proves that he did not accept it.

There was discovered in 1823 a manuscript written in Latin bearing the title "The Christian Doctrine Compiled from the Holy Scripture Alone." It was translated and published in 1825 by Charles R. Sumner, D. D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, of the Church of England. It was the work of John Milton; this is certain. Nobody has ever denied or even questioned its genuineness or authenticity. Milton had intrusted the manuscript to his friend Skinner to be published after his death. Skinner

offered the manuscript to the Elzevers, of Amsterdam, who refused to publish it on account of its irreligious doctrine. Skinner probably made other attempts to find a publisher, but failed. At all events, he deposited it in the archives of some public office, where it lay until discovered in 1823.

From the title of the work one might suppose at first sight that Milton accepted the Scriptures as inspired and authoritative. But he did not. He tells us that the plain meaning of these writings is to be rejected whenever it comes in conflict with reason. Reason is the superior and must always prevail. Reason is given us for our guidance, and he says nothing contrary to reason can come from God. He takes precisely the opposite ground to the orthodox, who belittle human reason as feeble, frail, erring, and corrupted by sin, and which must always submit to the authority of the inspired Word. In short, he accepts the written revelation just as he accepts any other book, believing what is in accordance with reason and rejecting what is not.

There was good cause for Milton's not wishing the book to be published in his lifetime. The Lord Bishop of Winchester, the editor of the work, says in his preface:

Some of the opinions will be seen to depart so far from received opinions that they could not have been promulgated at the period when they were written, consistently with the safety of the author. Some of his dogmas, too, are such as even in more settled times would have exposed the writer to possible danger.

Strong as is this statement from the learned bishop, it is not sufficiently strong to express the thoroughgoing, radical opposition to the accepted Christian religion, which the reader will find in this book if he reads it intelligently. I wish I had time to go into it in detail, but must confine myself to a few principal points.

1. He holds that not only the ceremonial law, but also the moral law, was

abrogated, and that love to God and your neighbor takes the place of the old commandments, and that every act and desire which springs from this source is pleasing to God. This means the modern religion of humanity. It means that Christ introduced the law of liberty, and that no external command from any source whatever which conflicts with this love to our neighbor has any moral authority; and of this conflict the individual, governed by the supreme law of reason, is to be the sole judge. The rankness of this heresy needs no elaboration.

2. Milton defines faith as a belief or a conviction of the reality and truth of what is seen in the light of reason. As reason is the supreme law and guide, so faith in reason which will be followed by corresponding conduct, is the supreme and all-embracing duty of man. He illustrates this principle as follows, and I quote his own words. He says:

If I observe the Sabbath in compliance with the Decalogue but contrary to the dictates of my own faith, conformity with the Decalogue, however exact, becomes in my case sin and a violation of the law.

It would not be possible to use a more striking illustration of the superiority of reason to the objective command. The highest law is the voice of God within us. Some of us can remember when this law "had a run," to use a vulgar phrase, in our country when slavery was declared a crime in spite of law, whether human or so-called divine. Mr. Seward called it the "higher law."

3. Milton agrees that the Scriptures teach the resurrection of the body, a day of judgment, and a state of future rewards and punishments. But, interpreting according to the law of reason, he says that death is not the separation of the soul from the body, but that the soul perishes at death along with the body. The acquisition of eternal life by the soul is here and now; but this immortality is not to be conceived as a

conscious personal immortality in endless succession, but a spiritual immortality, independent of and outside of time, the same immortality that is taught in the Upanshads, in Plato, and by the Gnostic Greek fathers of the church; the kind of immortality in which Spinoza, Schleiermacher, and Schopenhauer believed. It is not necessary to enlarge upon what havoc this doctrine makes with the accepted Christian faith.

4. Finally, Milton says that God is unknowable; not partly known, but absolutely unknown, and out of all relation to the human faculty of cognition. We are constrained to think God, he says, as omnipresent in space, omniscient as a personal, conscious being, possessed of intelligence, moral attributes, will and purpose. But, he says, no such being really exists; these are only the subjective forms of our thought. But, though God, as He is in Himself, is unknowable, yet we know His manifestations. And he manifests as material cause, as formal, as efficient cause, and as final cause. These are the famous four Aristotelean causes, and I need not tell you that Milton was as well versed in the philosophy of Aristotle as in that of Plato.

Milton then believed and taught that all the matter whatever that may be in the universe is God and all the force in the universe which produces motion and change of form in this matter is God; that all consciousness and mind is God; that the universe was not created, but consists of the very substance of God—in a word, that the universe is God and God is the universe. This is a pantheism pure and simple, and nowhere in the whole history of philosophy is there to be found a statement of pantheism more pronounced.

Milton had two great contemporaries, Bacon and Descartes, the one the father of modern science, the other the father of modern philosophy. But greater than both of these was Milton, for it was he who first proclaimed to the

modern world the evangel of human freedom and vindicated for man the inalienable right of the full development and exercise of every latent faculty and active power of the body, mind, soul, and will, which would contribute to his perfection and happiness. And the right of man to develop under the law of nature he did not limit to a ruling class, but declared to be the possession of every individual of the human race. And to accomplish this end he demanded the abolition and extirpation of what he called kingcraft and priestcraft in all their Protean forms, and the substitution in their places of the reign of reason and of natural law.

The world does not know Milton. That small class who shape and control our educational conditions and environment are lynx-eyed to see and swift as hawks to seize and appropriate to their own use and interest the great man whenever he appears. The people are not permitted to learn of the true character and teachings of the heroes of the past. The politics of Kant and Fichte have been relegated to obscurity. An American educator of great name and fame, has edited Rousseau's "Emille," cutting out all of its heart and life, and then telling us in the preface that his edition contains all of interest and value in Rousseau. When Bobbie Burns was alive—the revolutionary poet of democracy--respectable society shunned him, and if fashionable ladies chanced to meet him on the street they switched their skirts to avoid contact with such an undesirable citizen. But now diamonds and silk gowns flash and rustle at his anniversaries.

And some of the same set are claiming Ibsen and saying he was only after the rascals and was a sound conservative. Nor will Bernard Shaw escape the same lamentable fate when he passes to the other side. The Romish church, after burning the books of Aristotle as their deadliest foe, wherein they were right, afterwards took him

to their embrace and made his system the basis of their theology. In the same way Plato has been pronounced safe and sane; and the philosophy of Hamlet has been avoided by making him a lunatic. At Jefferson dinners, everything is talked except the true Jefferson, and if he could appear before them in the flesh it would freeze their blood as if they had seen the red specter. When Constantine saw that Christianity could not be conquered by force, he made friends with it, corrupted it, and made it the police scavenger of the empire.

Such are a few examples from history of how the enemies of the people have stolen and converted to their own use the friends of the people; and of these examples John Milton is not the least.

But this class no longer possess the monopoly of education and culture. Modern democracy is intellectual and inquiring. It is digging into the records of the past and recovering its stolen heroes. And among these John Milton will shine as the morning star in the firmament of free thought in English literature.



The Soul of the Country

James Tandy Ellis

*Oh, little girl, come press my hand,
Here at the close of day,
And sit beside me as the beams
Of sundown fade away;
We'll breathe the nectar from the fields,
And watch the shadows creep,
And I will croon a slumber song
To soothe your golden sleep.*

*Far, far away from din and strife—
Amid the blissful dream
Of olden ties, of sweet content,
The woodland and the stream—
The country's soul, the blest repose
For which the bosom yearns,
Where, ever thro' the fleeting years
The memory fondly turns.*

*Oh, little girl, come near to me,
Your heart is like the rose,
It's nurtured under sunny skies
And 'neath their sweetness grows;
Oh, hold your life in simple paths,
Where peace is showered down,
For "God sure made the country, dear,
And man has made the town."*

*Oh, give me fields and river, hills,
Where wild blooms sweetly tell
Their love dreams of the balmy hours,
Where chime of tinkling bell
At sundown comes upon the ear—
When birds come home to nest,
When skies are mellowing to gold,
And in the heart is rest.*

*Oh, love of home; oh, soothing thought
Of blissful quietude,
Where Nature in a warm embrace
Folds you to every mood,
And one blest consolation comes,
One which the heart can save—
The sweetest bloom that gilds the tomb
Is o'er a country grave.*

Campaigning With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

CHAPTER X.

Gettysburg

CHAPTER IX. left Stuart camping on the outskirts of Westminster, Md. His three brigades, after a month of strenuous campaigning and battle, had each been reduced to but little stronger than a full regiment.

In the capture of the wagon train, Stuart congratulated himself he would have a splendid gift to tender General Lee on his again placing himself in contact with the main army.

When Stuart received optional instructions from General Lee either to remain in touch with the right flank of the infantry, or if he elected, to try for Hooker's rear, then he was to leave two of his brigade to co-operate directly with that flank of the army.

Robertson and Jones were left on the eastern slope of the Blue Mountain, and Robertson, the senior officer, instructed to report both brigades promptly to General Lee. For some reason never satisfactorily explained, General Robertson delayed long enough for the infantry to get over the river and well on the march toward Pennsylvania before he moved.

Of this delay Stuart was wholly ignorant. After cutting loose from Lee, after his encounter with Hancock near New Baltimore, Stuart dispatched three couriers to apprise General Lee he had decided to try for Hooker's rear. Unfortunately, these couriers never reached General Lee, each presumably, captured in moving across the debatable territory vacated by Stuart's progress.

In the discretionary instructions, General Lee advised Stuart, if he elected to pass to the rear of the enemy, he must move rapidly and place himself on Ewell's right at or near York, Penn.

Bobby Burns admonishes us "the best laid plans of mice and men oft gang a-glee." Neither Stuart or General Lee anticipated Hooker's provoking plan of moving so as to keep his army between Stuart and the Army of Northern Virginia. Neither did Stuart know that, that captured wagon train would prove a decided drawback or impediment to his movement, and come near being his undoing.

Had he not been embarrassed with this big train, of course his march would have been much more rapid. He would possibly have been at Hanover the evening he bivouaced at Westminster.

Amongst the prisoners captured between the Potomac and Rockville, amounting to more than four hundred, were Major J. C. Duane and Captain Michler, the former afterwards chief engineer of the Potomac Army. At the urgent solicitation of these officers, Stuart stopped to parol the prisoners. Let the reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE remember at this stage of the fierce game of war, there existed between the governments of the Confederate States and the United States, a cartel for the parole of all prisoners; none to be detained longer than ten days; the men to be exchanged as rapidly as possible; the excess to remain *on parole* until the equivalent on the other side should offset such excess.

The delay in making out the paroles and releasing these prisoners under the existing agreement, was, in this case, "love's labor lost," for the Federal government refused to recognize these paroles and ordered the men to at once report to their several commands for duty.

Kilpatrick, commanding a division of

fresh cavalry, had started after Stuart. The night of the 30th Stuart's command, including the captured train, rested at Westminster. Kilpatrick had gone into camp the same evening at Littlestown. Being unincumbered and men and horses comparatively fresh, Kilpatrick arrived at Hanover ahead of Stuart and threw his command across Stuart's path. This caused a serious dilemma. It was difficult to tell what force had thus blocked the road.

The writer was a free lance that day, and as such, rode to the head of the column and found the Confederate advance engaged with the enemy. General Stuart was much excited. Part of the troops were parking the captured train, for Stuart determined to destroy it rather than permit its recapture. The Confederates in front were fighting under disadvantages. Stuart had placed a battery on a hill overlooking the valley, in which the town of Hanover was located. The gunners were serving spherical case to the enemy at the base of the hill, but the Yankees were having the best of the argument. The Confederates had been driven under the cover of their guns on the hill and were slow in reforming; while the enemy, three regiments, were firing upon the force at the foot of the hill.

Stuart, with but one remaining staff officer, was on the hill in the midst of the guns, when the writer rode up. Soon a small command, certainly not exceeding two squadrons in strength, charged the enemy at the foot of the hill and quickly put the three regiments to flight.

Stuart, in his excitement, did not seem to have witnessed the attack, and when he became aware of it, the small Confederate force had driven the enemy back to Hanover, and wisely drew rein there, deeming it problematical to follow the foe into the town. Just then Stuart discovered them (his small force) and turning to the artillery cap-

tain ordered, "Turn your guns on those men!" "They are our men," the writer promptly interferred. "No such thing!" hastily replied General Stuart. The writer rejoined: "You can see they are; the colors are easily apparent to the naked eye." "But they might have captured one of our colors," responded Stuart. "In that case, the swiftest horse in the command would be speeding to the rear with it," was the answer. Just then the staff officer, who was dismounted and with his binocular resting on the fence, was counting audibly the troops of Kilpatrick's division by their standards. I heard him count from one to thirteen. Hearing the colloquy between General Stuart and the writer, he diverted the glass from the foe to the troops in question, and plainly seeing that they were Confederate troops, forcibly said, "*They are our men!*" "Hold that fire! Hold that fire!" hastily ordered General Stuart, to his artillery commander. And not a moment too soon, as the gunners were ready to send shell in that part of the Second North Carolina which had made so splendid a charge. The writer does not recall a more heroic demonstration by the cavalry in his personal observation, for this detachment did not exceed in strength two full squadrons, yet it put to flight and drove into the town of Hanover, fully a mile distant, three regiments of the enemy. Kilpatrick still held the key to the situation, as he was directly across Stuart's path. Late that afternoon, Stuart was forced to again swing to his right. The writer was summoned to the front of the brigade, directed to assume the advance with a detail of eight troopers. He said he was totally ignorant of the country and how was he to direct the line of march without a guide?

He was directed to move in advance of the head of the column of the brigade, and after passing about one hundred and fifty yards, drop two of his

detail, then advance one hundred and fifty yards, drop two more, and again at the same interval, another pair, then retain the last two with him and just keep that main road.

A range of hills on our left concealed the movement from the enemy. All night, until 2:30 a. m., this weary march was pressed. At times the drivers of the captured teams would fall asleep and the teams stop to graze, as they were sadly in need of subsistence. At the hour above mentioned, the advance guard reached the little town of Jefferson. A courier came with an order to there halt, so that the command could close up. The writer discovered a spring house, in which were several crocks of delicious fresh milk, which had been preserved sweet by the elegant cold spring. He "borrowed" a crock from the owner, and lifting the two quart vessel to his thirsty, tired and hungry lips, drunk in the rich cream and delicious milk until he had well nigh emptied the vessel.

Returning to the crown of the hill, while the brigade was closing up, he threw himself upon the ground and almost instantly "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," enveloped him.

But time was too precious to indulge in sleep or rest, so in fifteen minutes he and his detachment were roused and ordered to mount and again proceed. Then all the following day these "tired troopers, weary marchers, grim and sturdy cannoneers" pressed forward. At dusk, at a big Pennsylvania farm, the command halted. That day a large white horse was brought the writer, as his horse had contracted a galled back. Mindful of the necessity of caring for his mount, he entered the huge brick barn and secured an ample supply of forage for the horse. Securing two flat rails, he proceeded to make himself a *feather bed*. The preceding thirty-eight hours continuously in the saddle, together with the hard marching and fighting since leaving Salem, Va., had

drawn heavily upon the reserve vitality of a husky young trooper. Just as he was about to make his vesper devotions, "Now I lay me down to sleep," his attention was directed to a courier rapidly approaching, who was directed by one of the troopers to General Hampton, who was about one hundred yards away. Soon General Hampton signalled his bugler and the appalling blast of "boots and saddles" rang out upon the evening air.

There was no great alacrity displayed by those exhausted troopers, but as soon as they could saddle up were again in motion. Again all night the weary men and horses trudged along. Nature asserted her domination, at least in the instance of this over-tired trooper. Riding at the head of his command with the captain, he lost consciousness, but did not lose his gravity—went fast asleep riding upright in his saddle. Three times that night fatigue utterly overcame him and he went to sleep in his saddle.

At sun up the column halted beside a cool stream. Disrobing, into its pleasant water this weary lad wallowed for fifteen or twenty minutes. But, oh, was not the reaction delicious? Fortunately he had a fresh suit of underwear in his wallet and after a "rub-down"—"Richard is himself again."

A steady march all that day shortened the distance between Stuart and the Army of Northern Virginia. That evening at dusk we were again in touch with Lee's left flank. But the Federal cavalry were again in contact with us. A brief but tart engagement between the Cobb Legion and the enemy closed the incident of the second of July for Stuart.

We slept that night on our arms. With dawn the blue horsemen withdrew from our front and we moved slowly forward.

About midday, Hampton's brigade entered a body of timber on Lee's extreme left, waiting for our artillery.

The batteries of horse artillery that had accompanied the three brigades, had dangerously near exhausted their ammunition, and had sought the supply train for refilling the limber chests. In this timber we rested, waiting for the return of the batteries. In the meantime Griffin's battery was sent to us. The command was not long resting here when Alexander turned loose his dogs of war on Seminary Ridge—120 guns opened a rapid and terrific fire upon Cemetery Heights, where Hunt responded with 90 pieces from the blue line.

Well drilled field batterymen could load and fire their pieces four times a minute. Here were more than two hundred guns in action, each using shell, for the distance between the lines from Seminary Ridge to Cemetery Hill was about seven-eighths of a mile. There were therefore double explosions, those of the guns and those of the shells and the present-day reader can understand the occasion was somewhat noisy. From one o'clock, when the two signal guns literally ordered "fire," until three p. m., these "dogs of war" kept up a fierce barking, disturbing the country for miles around.

The timber in which the writer's command was resting, screened the view of this terrific cannonade. We could see some of the shells bursting over the Federal line, but could not see the Confederate battle line.

Retrospecting, this incident should have been mentioned in its proper place. While waiting beside the creek where this trooper took the refreshing bath, we could plainly hear the boom of artillery. Fitz Lee was throwing shell into Carlisle, where there was a U. S. Military barrack. A demand had been made upon Gen. Smith for the surrender of the post and its garrison, and upon refusal, Fitz used his artillery and the government buildings were destroyed.

Returning to the line of battle at the

third day at Gettysburg. Generals Hampton and Stuart proceeded through the heavy timber to inspect the ground to the right of the position occupied by the cavalry. Here they could see part of the infantry line and much of the artillery fire.

While Stuart and Hampton were to the right, Fitz Lee came along and enquiring what command was ours, was informed these troops were Hampton's brigade. He ordered part of them to dismount and passed these dismounted men well to our front and several hundred yards beyond the timber in which we had halted.

Before Hampton returned, the dismounted men Fitz Lee had advanced, attracted the attention of the enemy's cavalry and were charged by their mounted men. These dismounted men turned or repulsed several of these mounted charges, but ammunition giving out, they were overridden. When Stuart and Hampton returned the action was well under way. General Hampton was much annoyed that his brigade had been sent in while he was absent. Back and forth across the open country the contending troopers charged, cutting, thrusting and pistoling their opponents. General Hampton came near being caught between the two charging regiments. A blue trooper, noticing him isolated and well mounted, made for the gallant Carolinian and sabred him across the head, cutting almost through the skull, then dashed past him. Hampton drew his pistol and snapped it three times at his fleeing foe, each time the gun misfired. He then reversed the weapon and hurled it with excellent aim, striking his enemy on the back of the head, throwing him forward on his mount, but did not unhorse him. His foe's steed deflected through a gap in the fence and took his rider to the protection of his own troops.

Hampton then turned back to meet one of his regiments that had been or-

dered to the front, and in moving across the field came upon two troopers engaged in a sabre duel. He determined to aid his trooper, who seemed to be acting upon the defensive. As he drew near the Confederate trooper concluded to let his General have the whole show. Hampton made a cut at his adversary, but the blood of the first wound had gotten into his eye, causing him to miscalculate his distance. The Federal trooper also reined back and Hampton missed his mark.

The blue trooper countered upon the head of Hampton and drew blood. The General, however, was not unhorsed, and recovering his sabre and levying upon his good right arm for all its strength, dealt his adversary so terrible a blow, he cleft his head from the top to his chin. The writer has a personal, confidential letter from General Hampton confirming the above incident.

Soon after our command began the charge a shell burst just in front; this killed the gallant Connes, major of the Jeff Davis Legion, and shattered the right arm of the captain of Company "F" just below the shoulder. The writer saw the colors of his command fall three times in five minutes, either by hit of the color-bearer or his mount, but in each instance the flag was grasped by one of the color guard and caught before it reached the ground.

The cavalry engagement on the Confederate left resulted in a draw; that is, after considerable fighting each side retained the respective positions occupied by each when the conflict began. The losses on each side were quite severe.

We remained on the battle field that night and the next day. The writer recalls his personal discouragement on the failure of the cavalry to worst the enemy. But we fought under great disadvantages. The men and their mounts were much exhausted by their "strenuous and heroic ride with Stuart," from Upperville to Gettysburg. Later, we

learned when Picketts repulsed remnants staggered back to Seminary Ridge, General Lee consoled them with, "We cannot always expect to win victories. All good men must rally now. We will talk this over later on."

With the repulse of the Army of Northern Virginia on July 3, 1863, the fortunes of the Confederacy began its wane. When the remnant got back to Seminary Ridge, naturally the Confederate officers expected Meade to deliver a counter strike, and though the assaulting troops were badly shattered, preparation was at once made to repel any assault by the enemy.

There were some Federal officers also who believed this to be the rational sequence of Lee's repulse. One of them was General Pleasanton, commanding the Federal cavalry, and a fighter, too. He rode up to General Meade and said: "General Meade, I give you two hours to prove you are a general. Order your infantry to attack and I'll take my cavalry around Lee's rear and we will end this campaign in a week!"

Cautious and conservative as McClellan, Meade called a council of war of his corps commanders and laid General Pleasanton's proposition before them. One general approved it; the majority voted to *let well enough alone*.

Without serious molestation, the Army of Northern Virginia began its retrograde movement on the evening of the Fourth of July.

A singular casualty happened in this great battle to a gunner of the Fifth Maine Battery. A Confederate shell burst within four feet of him and wrenched an arm off, gouged one eye out, smashed three or four ribs, and punctured his corpus in forty-eight places. He lay as dead, and the burying detail dumped him in a cart to haul to the burying trench. As he was being dragged from the cart, the man handling the dead observed there was breath in that shattered body. He called a surgeon and asked his attention. The doc-

tor told him his mission just then was to help those in need, but this unfortunate was beyond the skill of the surgeon and would last but a little while at best.

For forty-eight hours this poor fellow, Chase, by name, lay without surgical relief. But a Confederate projectile was not his destiny. That Federal gunner is still living and has been

for years a resident of St. Petersburg, Fla., and wonderfully active, all things considered.

Surely he is entitled to the biggest pension the government grants. It is doubtful if there is a parallel to his case in the three and a half million of combatants in that fierce four years of strife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A Matter of Chance

J. W. Foley

Bud Hawkins jist sold out his onions, by gum!

Fer six hundred dollars an acre, I vum;
He planted 'em careful an' thinned 'em by hand

An' paid with one crop fer nigh half of his land.

An' Jem Willets heerd it an' said that las' spring

He made up his mind that he'd grow some, by jing!

An' was jist about to go at it—an' then
He got plumb knocked out by lumbago again.

Bud Hawkins jist cut his alfalfy an' says
He's got nigh four tons to th' acre, he guess;

His sheep's rollin' fat an' he turned off some lambs,

An' his hogs brung ten cents t' make special fine hams.

An' Jim Willets heerd it an' said he had thought

Of plantin' alfalfy an' picked out th' spot,
An' jist on th' day he had picked out, las' spring,

To plant it, she rained—an' he couldn't by jing!

Bud Hawkins turned over a forty of land
An' made a cold thousand 'thout turnin' a hand;

It jist went abeggin' till Bud bought th' slice

From Homer Gray's widow an' paid her own price.

An' Jem Willets heerd it—said he had his eye

On that very piece an' was goin' t' buy
It himself; an' was goin' t' see Widder Gray—

But his old mare took lamie an' he couldn't that day.

Bud Hawkins' turkeys dressed heavy as lead

An' brung him nigh on to three dollars a head;

An' Elmer Dow bought 'em fer cash at his store—

So True Perkins tol' me—an' wished he had more.

An' Jem Willets said he was goin' t' set
Some turkeys las' spring, but his hay was all wet

When he went t' make nests, an' he let it go by—

An' clean plumb forgot it when it come on dry!

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.]

"A Royal Feed" and Disbandment

Mr. Editor: I should have stated in my last that when Johnston's Army neared the beautiful little city of Hillsboro, N. C., we were halted and lined up in order, and as we entered the city each brigade at its turn was halted for fifteen minutes to be fed by the ladies of this place. Yes, God bless them, they had prepared for us. Everything you see nowadays at a basket picnic was there that April day, 1865. Also wines and dainties for the sick. I, as many others did, broke ranks and went out on the streets to the houses, and they were full, going in and out from the dining room. Each lady would plead for you to "go in and eat something" of hers. I was called into five or six places and "eat some;" they would "put something" in your haversack, too. When I left there my haversack looked like a stuffed Christmas stocking, and I looked like Santy Claus, for I was stuffed full. The North Carolinians generally were more hospitable and kinder to the soldiers than all others it was ever my pleasure to meet during the unpleasantness.

At Greensboro, as part of the consideration of surrender, we were allowed a pair of mules and wagon to each company, five stands of arms to each regiment or battalion and to be marched in order to our respective states and there be disbanded. No soldier was allowed to receive his parole until disbanded, without a good and sufficient excuse. During the armistice, from

some source, each man drew one silver Mexican dollar.

The boys amused themselves during the armistice in various ways. Trading with Yanks, chuck-u-luck with dice, poker and speculating, as it suited. In one part of the army, for instance, you could buy one of these silver dollars for \$500 Confederate money; in another part, you could sell the same for \$1,000. In this way I made two dollars and added to the one I drew made me \$3.00. I felt rich.

The order was issued to commence the homeward march. Just at this moment our regiment jumped a rabbit, and such a yell. This happening right at that time impressed the colonel of a South Carolina regiment, that they were rejoicing. He wanted an old army box and called his regiment around him. And such a patriotic speech he made. It was an appeal to his men not to rejoice; he was ready to fight on if necessary; he felt like he was at a funeral, etc. He cried like a child.

On the 5th of May we arrived at Salisbury. Here the U. S. government had supplies for us in plenty. Bacon, flour, hard-tack, sugar and old sure-enough coffee. Here myself, John H. Almand and two other comrades conceived the idea of making some excuse to get our paroles and shift for ourselves. I hobbled up to our major, told him my feet were blistered, could scarcely walk, and a train was running our direction for ten miles. I got the

parole but, Mr. Editor, at that time my feet were tough as whit leather. I don't know what tales the other boys told, but all of us got paroles, and after filling our haversacks with coffee to aid us en route, we hoisted sails and we four put out alone on our voyage. I herewith give you copy of my parole:

Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

In accordance with the terms of the Military Convention entered into on the 26th day of April, 1865, between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate Army, and Major General W. T. Sherman, commanding U. S. Army, in North Carolina, the bearer, Sergt. O. J. Cottle, Cobb Guards, Co. H, 22nd Georgia Battery, has given his solemn obligation not to take up arms against the Government of the U. S. until properly released from this obligation. He is therefore permitted to go to his home and there remain undisturbed so long as he observes this obligation and obeys the laws in force where he may reside.

M. J. McMULLEN,

Maj. Comdg. 22nd Ga. Bat.

HOBERT FORD,

Capt. and A. D. C., U. S. A.

Bridgeboro, Ga. O. J. COTTLE.

An Old Vet in Oklahoma Was a Good Fighter

I enlisted at Quitman, Miss., in the spring of 1861. Was in the 14th Mississippi regiment, Company D, Adams' brigade, Loring's division, Stuart's corps. My first service was in catching Jayhawkers around Knoxville. I helped in fortifying Bowling Green, Ky. From there we went to Hopkinsville, thence to Fort Donaldson. After one week of fighting we were forced to surrender. I was a prisoner at Camp Douglas from February until September, 1862. Joined the army again in North Mississippi. Was in service near Vicksburg during the winter of '62.

Was at the fight at Jackson; also at Resaca, Ga. Our hardest service was in 1864, while opposing Sherman on his memorable march through Georgia. Some deeds of gallantry of those trying times are still fresh in my memory. At the Dug Gap, in Georgia, Ector's brigade was holding the pass in the mountain. Loring's division, of which I was a member, was nine miles away. A courier came with orders for us to hurry to the Gap with all possible speed. When within about two miles of the Gap the firing ceased. We naturally supposed that we were not badly needed, and began to slacken our pace, then a second courier came, urging us to hurry on as fast as possible. When we reached the Gap we found Ector's men, like Titans, bravely holding their ground. Their ammunition was exhausted and they were rolling huge stones down the pass, and effectually blocking the way against the enemy.

At the battle of Franklin, after a company of Federals had surrendered, Jesse Sumrall was shot in the forehead by a Federal. This renewed the fight. The one who fired the fatal shot was instantly killed, and our enraged men were about to make short work of the captain, but our lieutenant, Alex Trotter, intervened and saved the life of the Federal officer. It was at this battle that we lost our gallant brigadier general, Adams. He and his horse were killed at the same time; he fell over the breastworks.

I was at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, in which General Polk was killed. I could relate many interesting incidents of those stirring times. I was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at the time of his surrender. The old boys who wore the gray are fast passing on to join the mighty throng of comrades that have gone before. The memories of the sixties are still dear, and there is not a true son of Dixie that will ever feel ashamed of the cause for which he

fought so bravely. We, as a matter of fate, had to accept the inevitable; but now, while living in peace in a restored union, the Southland is still most sacred to the Southern heart.

J. S. RHODES.

Guymon, Oklahoma.

A Talk About the Battle of Seven Pines

At the first battle of Manassas, when some of the Confederate army were giving way, some one asked: "Where is Jackson?" And one of our colonels, pointing to the left of the railroad, away in front, said, "Yonder he stands, like a stone wall."

After the battle was over and the doctors were dressing the wounds of this hero, Davis and Johnson rode up; he pushed the doctor away and said: "Give me ten thousand men and I will be in Washington tonight." Yes, he was right, and if Davis, Johnson and Beauregard had taken Jackson's advice, the war would have ended in sixty days from July 21, 1861.

There was no army in Washington to defend it; and we dropped our candy right there. Part of the army remained at Manassas Junction and the remainder was sent some ten miles north-east and in sight of Arlington Heights. There we slept, and it snowed and we threw snow balls eight months, and allowed Lincoln, Scott, McDowell and General George B. McLendon to muster an army of one hundred and thirty thousand. This host was landed by water as near Richmond as possible; the most of the army was landed at Yorktown, with Gen. George B. McClellan's headquarters, announced by himself to be in his saddle. Here he met Gen. John B. Magruder, with a small Confederate force that held them in check until Johnson's army could arrive. We broke up camp and marched by way of Fredericksburg to Yorktown; the battle began at Mechanics-

ville, seven miles west of Yorktown. Our brigade was attacked by Gen. Wade Hampton's Legion of South Carolina; this was the sum total of Gen. A. P. Hill's division. On the third morning of this battle, called Seven Pines, we heard the boom of cannons away off on our left, and some one said, "Stonewall and his army are here." There ran a thrill of joy and a shout that rent the air. By this time Jackson was driving McClellan's right wing like chaff before the storm. Gen. Johnson ordered the army to charge, driving McClellan and his army into the Chickohominy swamp. This swamp and his gun boats were all that saved him and all of his army that was not killed or captured from utter destruction. Here Gen. Joseph E. Johnson was wounded and General Robert E. Lee put in command.

J. E. MEADOWS.

Scott, Ga.

The Fourth and Last Chapter of the Six Langley Brothers

The third chapter closed with Sergeant D. A. Langley, the oldest, who was in command of his company (A), of the 47th Alabama, north of the James river, at Deep Bottom and vicinity. E. B. Langley had recovered from his wounds on 6th of May, and in August found his regiment in the trenches two or three miles north of the river, skirmishing regularly. Between the lines was a field of green corn, which served the men of both lines for roasting ears by slyly risking sharpshooters. This practice of green corn foraging had been very common with all the soldiers. On one occasion, at another time, an orchard field was in green corn. One of the 14th Alabama, whose name was Wm. H. Clemons, "Bill," as he was usually called, was on picket in the orchard field. He had found an apple and, sitting down by the tree to eat it, was in his jocular mood as usual, when the officer said to him, "Bill, if you don't look out a Minnie ball will

pop you directly." Bill responded, "Captain, you don't reckon they'd shoot a gentleman eating an apple?" So Bill proceeded with the skirmish and pressing the enemy. They fired a cannon charge of grapeshot at the Rebels in the corn field. A grape shot struck an ear of corn near Bill's face and head, jarring him considerably, the soft corn spattered his face and forehead over. He put his hand up to feel the damage; finding the white corn on his head and face was evidence that his brains were out sure enough. But Bill came out all right and lived in Tallapoosa county, Alabama, until the spring of 1910, and died within twelve miles of the writer.

Field's division of Longstreet's corps kept up a long line of works north of the James. The men were placed at intervals to cover the distance of six to eight miles, reaching to the Darleytown road. We had various attacks, hasty double-quick marches with fighting to hold the forts on our line. Thus we eked out the fall months with continual vigilance, hard picket duty, on light rations. Our winter quarters were near our line of works, where we served until the spring campaigns of '65 opened.

During this time our brothers of the 38th Tennessee Regiment, under Johnson, had been detached with General Hood in command. Cheatham's division was assigned to Hood's command; with it was the 38th Tennessee regiment. Then Hood made his famous march back through Georgia to Franklin, Tenn., where they had a severe battle. James M. Langley, with others of their company was captured. After this Hood went to Nashville, Tenn., and had another severe battle. James M. Langley had been sent with those captured to Camp Douglas. George W. Langley was still with his company, detailed as cook, being somewhat deaf. The Camp Douglas prisoners knew well of the picking of the beef bones, and

the Yankee guard, with his large pistol buckled on, often threatened the boys that he would shoot if they persisted in such.

In September, '64, M. J. Langley had partially recovered from his wounds at East Point, and returned to Johnston's command; was retained in hospital for the invalids, at Hamburg, S. C.

From Nashville Hood's command was transported around southward and back to co-operate with Gen. Johnston in the Carolinas.

In December, '64, Wm. T. Langley, the sixth of the boys, volunteered at the age of 16 years; joined Captain Vaughn's company of the Sixth Alabama Cavalry, Gen. Clanton's brigade. He reported to the command at Pensacola, Fla. Their first engagement was at Bluff Springs, Fla., where they clashed with Gen. Wilson's Federal Cavalry; also at Six Mile creek and at Lime creek, and Tuskegee, Ala. Afterwards, at Columbus, Ga., Clanton's command and service was mostly confined within the state of Alabama, but advanced as far as Newnan, Ga., where they were disbanded at the general surrender in April, '65.

The Virginia Army, under Longstreet, was in poor condition to enter the spring campaign, yet our lines demanded our service. The enemy was still menacing us. Our lines were so thinly manned that when at attack was made we were compelled to rally, by double quick time, to meet the assault. At Fort Gilmer one afternoon, a brigade of negro troops emerged from the woods, a quarter of a mile distant, and had an open old field before they could reach the Fort. They marched in battle line, brilliantly bedecked with war regalia, with bristling bayonets, they kept the step, arms at right shoulder-shift. Our boys behind the works held their fire patiently until the darkies got in good range. And just such a medley! A few tried to come nearer; some went to the woods, but some lay

down, not to get up. One big corpulent mulatto got within twenty yards before he lay down. Our boys held the fort and the colored gents never tried any further attempt.

As the winter months passed off, our duties became more exacting, until Gen. Lee was compelled to abandon his lines around Richmond and Petersburg during the last days of March and first of April, '65. Then came the inevitable, dreadful marching; some fighting; no rest, but little sleep, and empty haversacks, harrassed on every side by hosts of Federal soldiers. At Appomattox Court House, on the ninth of April, '65, we were surrendered by Gen. Lee.

His command for duty did not exceed 30,000. On the 12th of April, '65, we passed through the ordeal "like the burial of Sir John Moore."

We were at this place from the 9th until the 12th before our paroles were ready, but hunger called for rations. It was here that I scraped off the rough bark of sassafras bushes and eat the inner bark.

These chapters of the six Langley brothers have been written from our recollections, without a diary, and doubtless there are some errors as to dates and misconnections in places and changes. But after a lapse of forty-eight years, allowance will be in order for mistakes.

In July, '64, our father died, leaving our mother and two little boys, twelve and fourteen years of age, of which we will say more in the conclusion. The Langley brothers all returned home in May, '65, except James M. Langley, who at Camp Douglas, was later getting home. David A. Langley, the oldest, was doubtless the bravest of the six. He sometimes exposed himself un-

necessarily. All returned without the loss of a limb, whole, unmaimed, and able to do manual labor. D. A. Langley was in twenty-one engagements where there were casualties. He resumed his farming avocations for sixteen years, when he became afflicted and died in 1881.

The next oldest was E. B. Langley, who was in sixteen engagements, including some of Virginia's severest, and Chickamauga's battles; wounded once. Next in age, George W. Langley; was in ten engagements, was often excused on account of deafness; his first at Shiloh and on to Jonesboro, Ga.; captured once, but exchanged in a day or two.

James M. Langley was in nine engagements; captured at Franklin, Tenn. M. J. Langley was next in age—just eighteen years old; was in seven battles; wounded at Resaca, Ga., also at East Point, near Atlanta. Wm. T. Langley was only sixteen years of age; he was engaged in five encounters, with Wilson's Federal cavalry.

It will not be amiss to state here that neither one of the Langley brothers have applied for a pension, or is likely to do so. We have another brother, the seventh Confederate, Thomas J. Langley. When father died, in '64, he was only fourteen years old. He, with a little darkey 12 years old, looked after the home, obeying the injunctions of our old and feeble mother, by plowing and working the fields, attending the stock; thus he provided for our mother when there was no one else at home to fill his place. A soldier indeed, not to shed blood, but the sweat of his face. Of the soldier boys, none were ever arrested or absent from their commands without permission, and are now living within ten miles of the old homestead.

E. B. LANGLEY.





The Progressive Democrats and the Old Pops.

IN the old days of the People's Party, there were a great many who were utterly ignorant of the platform on which that party stood, on which they hoped to be elected, and on which they were defeated.

In these days of "stand-pat Democrats," and "Insurgent Republicans," there are attempts at the formation of a third party which has already begun to show signs of formulating a platform which appears strangely familiar to the old "Pops."

In the old days we did not attempt the impossible, nor seek the unattainable.

Our young men did not dream dreams, and our old men did not see visions. We were wedded to practical reforms which had been tried and had been vindicated by results.

We did not propose to re-create society, subvert law and order, confiscate property or substitute a new system of government for the old.

We did not want to tear down the house in order to repair it.

We believed that the government should be clothed with all the attributes of sovereignty, that the government should govern, and should not delegate to private citizens or corporations any part of its sovereign power.

The creation of a national currency has always been an attribute of sovereignty—of royalty.

In a system where the people rule, the people succeed to the power of the king; and that attribute of sovereignty which the king exercised and did not delegate should be exercised by the people and should not be delegated.

Therefore the Populists, successors to the old Greenbackers, always clung to it as an article of faith that the Federal Government should exercise its constitutional right to create a currency and should not delegate that power to national banks, private citizens or corporations.

The government should supply the country with a sufficient amount of national money, every dollar of which should be equal to any other; every dollar of which should be a full legal tender for all claims, public and private, and no dollar of which should be made redeemable by any other dollar.

We believed that those things which are essentially public in their nature and their use should belong to the public, and should be equally enjoyed by all.

Just as the navigable rivers are public to the beggar and the millionaire alike, just as the Bay and the Gulf and the Harbor and the navigable Lakes are the common property of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the black and the white, so we believed that the roads should be common ground

upon which every citizen should be free to pass upon terms of equality, and that the iron highways of today, which were taken from the people by the exercise of the right of Eminent Domain, a fair compensation having been paid, and the property operated for the benefit of the people.

So with the Telegraph, the Telephone and the Express companies.

In every city and town we believed that the municipality, which is a part of the State's sovereignty, should take over to itself those public utilities which in their very nature are monopolies, and, just compensation having been paid, that these utilities should be used for the benefit of the people, to whom they belong.

We believed that the government should be supported by a system of taxation in which each citizen will pay taxes *in proportion to his ability to pay*.

We believed in a Tax on the Franchises enjoyed by private corporations.

We believed that the Income Tax would be the fairest of all taxes, because it would take for the support of the government, not the property of the citizen, but a portion of the income which the citizen derives from that property, or from his individual exertions, and the tax would be proportioned to the income.

That property or that salary could not be enjoyed without the protection and the advantages which flow from government, and it is eminently fair, where the government has protected me, or where it affords me such opportunities, that I can receive a large income from any source whatever, I should pay

the government, in return for its protection and its advantages, a fair share of that which I could not have without that protection and those advantages.

Under our present system a man like John D. Rockefeller pays no more tariff tax when he buys a hat, than a doctor, lawyer, or preacher pays when he buys a hat. So with the shoes, the clothes, the crockery on the table, the furniture in the house. Many a citizen whose income does not amount to ten thousand dollars a year, pays fully as much Tariff tax in the purchasing of necessary articles of clothing, furniture and food as John D. Rockefeller pays, whose income is counted monthly by the millions of dollars.

The same thing is true of Carnegie, Morgan, Hill, Gould, Vanderbilt. Many a farmer whose income from his farm may not do more than give his family an actual support, after the operating expenses are paid, contributes annually a greater sum in Tariff tax to the Federal Government than is paid by the fabulously wealthy beneficiaries of class legislation.

It has been said that the People's Party dodged the Tariff issue. This was not true.

One of our earliest platforms, which has been repeatedly reindorsed, declares:

"We demand the removal of the Tariff Tax from the necessaries of life which the poor must have to live."

This is precisely the principle announced by Thomas Jefferson, who declared that the taxes should be so laid that the luxuries of life would bear the burden of the government, and that his ideal was a system in

which the poor would be entirely relieved from the crushing weight of taxation.

Furthermore, we said that legislation should not be so framed as to build up one business at the expense of another.

If the People's Party platform had been enacted into law, *there could be no such thing as a Trust in the United States.*

In order that the people should become the victims of such tyranny as that exercised by the Trusts, two things are necessary: *Foreign relief must be made impossible, and domestic relief made impracticable.*

The Tariff wall keeps the foreigner from interfering; the railroads and the national banks supporting the trusts make it impossible for domestic satisfaction to assert itself effectively.

If the people should put upon the free list those articles which are made the subject of the Trusts, the foreigner could at once invade the market, and destroy the monopoly upon which the Trust is based.

If the Populist principles of finance and of transportation had been carried into effect, the Government abolishing national banks and private ownership of transportation lines, *the rebate would be impossible, discriminations would cease, equality would prevail, and there would be no collusion between the national banks and the railroads, by which Trusts are made invincible, as they are now invincible.*

We believed in direct legislation—putting the power of making laws and choosing rulers back into the hands of those to whom it belongs—and the election of all officers by the people.

The people should not be made to

await the pleasure of congress. They should not be kept in ignorance of what the law is until legislative acts become known through the newspapers. There should be in every case the right to initiate those laws which they want, and to veto, through the Referendum, any law which they do not like.

When an officer whom they have elected shows by any vote or act that he is not the man they took him to be, they should not have to wait till the expiration of his term to get a better man. They should have the right to recall the officer the moment he betrays his trust.

We believed in the eight-hour day for labor in Government works, in factories, workshops and mines.

We believed in the regulation of child labor in factories, workshops and mines, to the end that children of tender age shall not be made to slave out their lives in order that corporations shall have cheap labor and large dividends.

Saturn, the old fable tells us, devoured his own children: Christian civilization does the same thing.

As long as we permit children of ten and twelve years to labor from eight to fourteen hours per day in our mills and workshops, modern civilization is another Saturn. *We are devouring our own children.*

We believed that the land, the common heritage of all the people, should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, or by alien ownership, but that legislation should be so shaped as to encourage to its full extent the right of every man born into this world to till the soil and make a living out of it.

And one of the principal reasons why we favored a graduated income tax, which increases by geometrical

progression as the income increases, is that it automatically keeps the wealth of the country in a constant sort of redistribution, and acts as a check upon that excessive accumulation which is recognized by all intelligent thinkers as one of the most serious perils and intolerable evils of our present era of class legislation.

These were the most important articles of our faith. It was for these principles that we struggled since 1891—with never a doubt that they were sound, that they would constantly gain converts, *that they would ultimately win.*

When I founded *The People's*

Party Paper, in Atlanta, Ga., in 1891 (which paper lived and toiled for these principles until the fusion movement of 1896 killed it, as it killed twelve hundred other Populist papers), I announced the same purpose which I announced in the prospectus of my New York magazine.

The reforms will be effected *because the country needs them.* It cannot stand much more of the present system. It will not accept Socialism. Occupying the middle ground of radical, but practical reform, Populism is inevitable, though it may come into effect under some other name.



The Highest Office

LET seasons come and go, let the sunlight and shadows fall where God's pleasure put them—do your duty as conscience and reason reveal to you. Let no other man measure your work or your responsibilities; let no artful sophistry, in favor of the expedient, veil from your steadfast eyes the summit of Right. Let parties rise and fall; let time-servers flop and flounder; let the heedless praise of the hour lay its withering garlands at the feet of him who will purchase them by bending to every passing breeze, every popular whim, every local prejudice.

Do thou look higher if joy and strength and peace and pride are to be thine. In this brief life (hardly worth the living) know this one thing: that a man's honor should be just as dear to him as a woman's

virtue is to her. Did not the Roman girls go gladly to the lions, to the bloody death in the arena, rather than to recant their Christian faith, or to accept a lawless lover? Did not the Armenian women, a few years ago, leap to death over the precipice rather than to apostatize or to be violated? And shall a man be less heroic than a woman? Is there nothing within us that cannot be bought? Is there no Holy of Holies of conviction and principle, into which the corruptor shall not enter? Is there nothing that we hold sacred as the citadel of proud, fearless, upright manhood?

Once upon a time a barbarous peasant worked his way upward and onward, until he wore the imperial Purple of Rome; and he said: "I have gained all the honors, and none of them have any value." Did not Cæsar, himself, grow sick at

heart of the eminence he had wickedly won, and say that he had lived long enough?

If we must bow to what is wrong, flatter what we despise, preach what we disbelieve, and deny what we feel to be true, is success thus won anything but a gilded dishonor?

To be a man, such a man as you know God would have you be—manly, truthful, honest—scorning meanness, hating lies, loathing deceit, meeting the plain duties of life and shirking none of its plain responsibilities—is not that the highest office you can fill?



It Seems to Me

Joel B. Fort

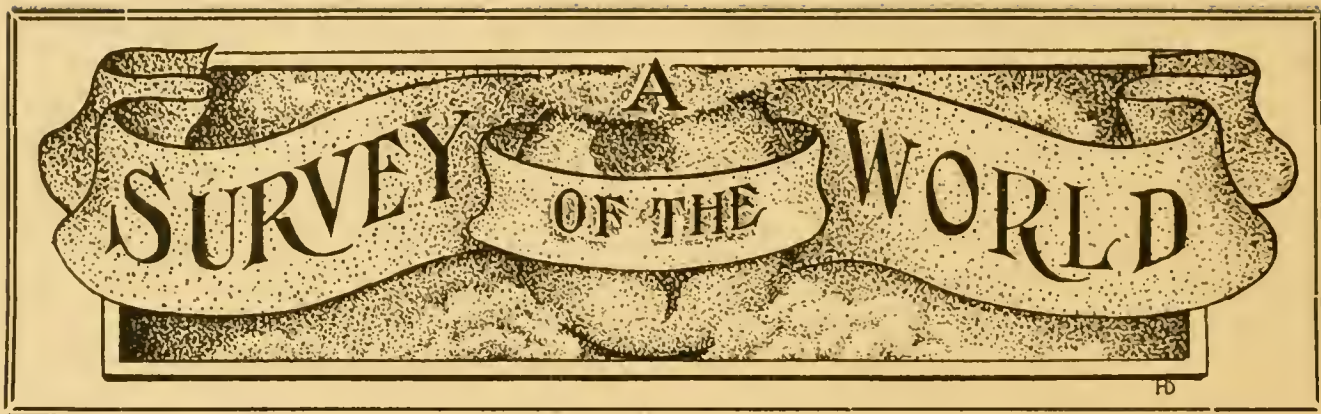
If I were ruler of this land,
And found gold placed above the man,
I'd start a school and teach,
I'd build a church and preach.
It seems to me.

If I could run all things my way,
I'd stop all fights, and wars, and say:
"The plow, the hoe and rake,
The world much happier make."
It seems to me,

I'd teach that man was made to love,
I'd preach of things that stand above
That sordid, greedy life
Of bitter, cruel strife.
It seems to me,

I'd let the mother heart take lead,
The wife with tender lessons feed,
The brave man and the youth,
With her eternal truth.
It seems to me.

Then Gold would lose his cruel sway,
And marshalled hosts would cease the fray
The higher life to live,
The greater good to give.
It seems to me.



By THE EDITOR

IN Wilmer's "Life of Ferdinand de Soto," we read of the interview between the Spanish adventurer and the Peruvian Inca. "Will not Pizarro admit me to ransom?" asked the luckless, simple-minded, ensnared Atahualpa. De Soto replied—"He might, if you could fill this room with gold, as high as I can reach with my sword."

The Inca accepted the terms gladly; and the room was, after some weeks, filled with gold. But how? The Peruvian nobles gave up their private hoards; the temples and the shrines were stripped; the public treasury of the Empire was exhausted. The Spaniards estimated the room-ful of gold to be worth fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars, and they straightway divided the spoil among themselves. After which, they burnt the Inca on the public square, being vehemently urged thereto by the priests, who accompanied and blessed the marauding expedition.

* * *

This historic episode was recalled to my mind by the reading of a description of the treasure-vault of John D. Rockefeller—who may end by becoming another St. John. Old J. D. is the wealthiest robber that ever lived; and if he had flourished in the days of Robin le Diable, he himself would probably have gone on a crusade to the Holy Land, and paid for absolution as liberally as any of those ancient cut-throats.

Inasmuch as he was born under the modern dispensation, old John D. is compelled to humor modern prejudices. One of his anchors-to-windward is, the regularity of his church-going. Another is, his liberality to the advertising departments of newspapers and magazines. He is unique, in this respect: whereas, he exports much of his oil, he imports much of his religion. That is to say, his pastor—his own personal and particular pastor—is, usually, an Englishman.

But his treasure-house is the subject I had in view:

The newspaper report is that old J. D. keeps his stocks and bonds under a bewildering lot of safeguards against burglars; and that the space occupied by these securities is nine feet broad, nine feet high and fifteen feet long. The value of the hoard is variously estimated at from \$400,000,000, to \$1,000,000,000!

All the temples, and all the rich men of Peru were able to scrape together \$15,500,000 for an Inca's ransom: in our own country, the system of production and distribution is so contrived that *one man*, for his own selfish purposes, can depredate upon the common estate until one-tenth of the wealth of 90,000,000 people belongs *to him*, and is locked away from general use, in his private, steel, pad-locked vaults!

What an appalling fact!

* * *

To say nothing of Carnegie, Gould,

Vanderbilt, Astor, Morgan and Guggenheim, *the quarterly dividends* which John D. Rockefeller wrings from the helpless wealth-producers of this republic, amount to nearly twice as much as the fabulous ransom which the robbers of Spain wrung from the Peruvian Inca!

THE massing of the U. S. troops along the Mexican frontier is not generally approved. The fact that it followed so soon upon the mysterious visit of J. P. Morgan to Washington City, has not escaped public attention. There is an uneasy, resentful feeling that the Federal Government is the pliant tool of predatory capitalists, like the Guggenheims, the Standard Oil Company, and the Morgan Syndicates.

There is no pretense that American interests in Mexico are jeopardized. There is, of course, no fear of an invasion by the Insurgents. Why, then, should our Government waste \$2,000,000, to mass soldiers apparently *against* Mexico?

If the Mexican people are tired of Diaz and his concessions to foreign capitalists, what business is it of ours? We have no right to interfere, directly or indirectly. The truth is, that although our Union had its birth in rebellion, the Federal Government has been hostile to all popular uprisings against tyranny, ever since it violated fundamental principles by driving the Southern States back into the Union. Our Government was *against* the Boers, and actively aided the British to crush the South African Republics: it was *against* the Spanish and Portuguese Republicans who are seeking freedom from royal and papal despotism: it was *against* the French, when they were divorcing church from State: and, of course, it was against the Boxers, whose cry was, "China for the Chinese."

In other words, having become *imperial*, with colonial dependencies, we see things from a different point of

view than that of our ancestors, when *they* were provincials of an Empire.

THERE comes from the Administration a tardy acknowledgement that the Federal army was massed on the Mexican frontier, *because* it was feared by our Government that "widespread revolution and anarchy might prevail in Mexico."

Why, then, were so many glib falsehoods told about it? Why the official declaration that our troops were sent to Texas for no other purpose than the holding of the annual maneuvers? How can men high in office expect to enjoy the respect and confidence of the people when they so seldom tell the truth, until *after* the people have discovered for themselves what the truth is? As long as deceit will serve, deceit is practised. The mask is worn, until we know that it *is* a mask.

Roosevelt's cynical statement that he "took" Panama, without awaiting the sanction of Congress, is a shocking and demoralizing confession that his official Messages and public utterances, *at the time Panama was taken*, were wilful, deliberate and impeachable falsehoods. Mr. Taft's statements concerning the movement of our army, against the Insurgents of Mexico, are of the same reprehensible type.

HAVE you studied the Congressional situation, in Washington City? It looks like a puzzle, but it isn't. The old familiar features of the old familiar game—only that and nothing more. The Democrats of the House will thresh around and do about, as though they meant to kill bears: but it is all for effect. They know perfectly well that there are a sufficient number of Democratic-Republicans to act with the Republican-Republicans to hinder the passage of any real reform legislation. In the Senate, you will find Democrats who will vote Aldrichism, whenever it is necessary to save Ald-

richism. Only the blind fail to comprehend the game. It will be 1892-3 over again.

THE machinations of the reactionaries and the clericals in Spain disgusted and disheartened Canalejas, who has resigned. The entire Cabinet retires with him. It is reported that General Weyler, the Butcher, is to be at the head of the new ministry. Everybody knows what *that* would mean. Therefore, we are not surprised to learn that an insurrection has broken out; and that a Republic has been proclaimed. In consequence, it is probable that Spain will be the scene of the horrors inseparable from civil war. But the effort to turn the modern world back into Medievalism, monkery and mummery will be a total failure. The "Divine Right" of Kings and the Supernatural powers of priests cannot exist under the withering logic of modern intelligence.

(Later: The reactionaries, unable to gain any strength in their opposition to Premier Canalejas, have lost out. King Alphonse has re-instated the Premier and has ordered him to form an entirely new Cabinet.)

THE dear ladies are still battling for their Rights. I have the highest respect for those heroic souls, but little or none for their husbands. Whenever I see a married woman rushing about to committee meetings, haranguing conventions, and leading street parades, I take up the notion that her Johnny is not, somehow, up to specifications.

In New York, the dear ladies—Suffragettes, I mean—struck a snag. It was the eternal nigger-question. In enthusiasm for "the Cause," the ladies determined to obliterate racial distinctions—including the smell—and to treat every black person just as though he or she were white.

But, in an evil hour, the enthusiasts

decided to give a ball. All who believed in "the Cause" were invited. And, of course, all the negroes jubilantly resolved to accept. There wasn't one of the black-bucks who did not yearn to dance with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, and other fashionable adherents of "the Cause."

When the white women learned that the negroes were going to swarm, unanimously and odoriferously, to the ball, they weakened. The idea of waltzing with a husky black man, almost cheek to cheek, and breast to breast, was too much, even for fanaticism. So, after a flutter of hesitation, and a twitter of dismay, they decided not to have the ball. Thus does Nature assert *her* eternal "Rights."

WHEN the Boers repulsed the Jameson raid, the Emperor of Germany flashed to Oom Paul Kruger a telegram of congratulations. Later, when fortune was frowning on the Boers, and Oom Paul was in Europe seeking support for the South African Republics, the Kaiser snubbed him cruelly. Although Kruger was in Berlin, the Emperor refused to hold any communication with him.

This yellow-dog streak in Wilhelm's make-up has again been placed on exhibition. Italy is celebrating, joyously, the 50th anniversary of her Unity, and her escape from the indescribable degradation of priestly rule. To this celebration, the nations of the civilized world had been cordially invited to send representatives. The Pope, who still hopes to regain the Temporal Sovereignty that was lost half-a-century ago, caused it to be made known that any King, Emperor, Prince, etc., visiting the King of Italy during the Semi-Centennial would incur the "displeasure" of this meekest of Christ's vice-regents. Awed and intimidated by this veiled threat, the Emperor of Germany announces that he will not visit Rome, during the celebration, although

he had given his royal word to do so.

There are many ways of "going to Canossa."

THE decision of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, in the famous case of the Danbury Hatters, is nobody's final victory. Not a single principle of law, touching the issues raised, has been adjudicated. The verdict for \$225,000 damages, against the Union Labor men, has been set aside, because it was virtually rendered by Judge Lacombe, of the lower Court, instead of by the jury. As so often happens in the Federal Courts, the Judge usurped the functions of the jury. Judge Lacombe held that the Hatters had made out their case; and that the only question for the jury to pass on was, the amount of the damages. As the learned Judge had settled in his own mind every other issue of fact, I do not understand why he did not also assess the damages.

The Court of Appeals, in effect, instructs Judge Lacombe to kindly permit a jury to perform its legal function, and decide whether or not the Hatters have a case against the defendants.

The case began in 1902; it is young, yet.

IN whatever direction we look, we find our national treasures and armaments doing yoemen service for the Sugar Trust. The conquest of Cuba, spells Sugar Trust. The "benevolent assimilation" of the Philippines, spells Sugar Trust. And now comes the official report of Commissioner Keefe, who demonstrates with terrific conclusiveness that our absorption of the Hawaiian Islands likewise spells Sugar Trust.

For all practical purposes, peonage has been systematized in that Garden-spot of the Pacific; and the peon has no better chance to escape the thrall-

dom than the peon of Honduras. With wages only half as good as those paid for the same work in the United States, the necessaries of life must be bought, from the Company Store, at prices twice as high. Result: perpetual bondage and unrelieved privation.

* * *

Do you remember the beginning of this exploitation of the Hawaiians, by Americans and Europeans? Do you happen to know who the white men were who first permanently settled among the simple natives?

They were Foreign Missionaries. The descendants of these Messengers of "Peace-on-Earth and Good-will-to-Men" fixed an attentive, covetous eye upon the soil of the Islands; for they recognized its wondrous fertility. Acre by acre, the whites encroached upon the untutored, simple-minded Islanders. The diseases of the white man infected the natives—more particularly those ailments of the disgraceful sort. The Islanders diminished in numbers: the alien races multiplied. After a little, the white man seized control; and then appealed to the United States for support. It was a sorry business, but it prevailed. At present, the Islands are neither Christianized nor Americanized. They are Dollar-ized and Peonized, and Paganized.

The population of native Hawaiians has shrunk to 27,000. There are 79,000 Japanese, 211,000 Chinese and 22,000 Portuguese!

And the Sugar Trust press and Sugar Trust officials are demanding that our Government go to enormous expense to "fortify" the Islands.

If President Taft's brother has ceased to be Counsel for the Sugar Trust, the people would no doubt be rejoiced to know it. If Attorney-General Wickersham has severed his copartnership relations with *that* brother of the President, the public would hear the news gladly.

LEST the Presidential lightning should forget where to strike, Colonel - Doctor - Reverend William Jennings Bryan is putting up signals of his *locus in quo*. Between preaching, lecturing, globe-trotting, farming and running for office, W. J. B. has no time to devote to raising another crop of hair on his pate. If Bryan would engage a seat on the same rear bench occupied—willy, nilly—by “I-took-it” Roosevelt, he would just about gauge the weather.

SENATOR La FOLLETTE deserves a unanimous and rising vote of thanks for his renewal of the fight on the shameless Lorimer. Nobody doubts that the 53 Democrats of the Illinois legislature were paid to vote for this professed Republican. *Only 48 Republican members of the legislature voted for him.* He owed his election to members of the opposite party—several of whom have confessed that they sold their votes; and one of whom is dead, of the shame of it.

In the contest before the U. S. Senate, it was, *again*, the Democratic vote that saved Lorimer, the Republican.

How is it to be accounted for? Money was notoriously used for Lorimer, in the Illinois legislature; was money used for him, in the U. S. Senate, as well? There is a growing belief that there *was*.

WE are glad to know that Senator La Follette has taken up the fight on Lorimer. This means that the foul deal which gave Lorimer the support of so many Democrats in the Illinois legislature and in the U. S. Senate, will be sifted to the bottom. Responsible men have declared that they knew of the wholesale bribery in the Legislature. The exact sum is stated—\$100,000. We have the confessions of some of the legislators—Democrats—who were bribed to vote for the Republican candidate, Lorimer. We

have ample evidence of the paying off of the Lee O'Neill Browne legislative squad, in St. Louis. But how much did it cost the Interests which wanted Lorimer in the Senate *to buy the Democratic support* which kept that body from expelling him?

Nobody doubts that these powerful Interests bribed the legislature of Illinois—the Democratic part of it, at least: who can feel sure that those Democratic *U. S. Senators* who voted for Lorimer, after a full knowledge of the damning facts, were not influenced, improperly?

THERE was a fire in a many-storeyed building, at Washington place, New York City; and 146 human beings are *known* to have been burned to death. They were at work, on the eighth floor, for the Triangle Shirtwaist Company. The flames burst forth suddenly, and spread almost instantaneously to the length and breadth of the work room. This rat-hole had practically no emergency outlet for the bread-winners.

There was one spacious door and stairway, leading to the street, but the workers were not allowed to use it. *The bosses* kept the door locked, when they were not using the stairway; and it *was* locked at the time the fire broke out. There was *one* fire-escape, but not opening on to the street. It emptied into *the inner-court*, of the same building.

There was a third exit from the eighth floor; but a partition had been so built, obstructing it, that only one person could pass at a time. The excuse for narrowing the passage was, that each girl employed in the room must be examined as she left her work, to make sure that she was not carrying away some of the material belonging to the Company.

So, for fear one or more of the workers might be thieves, the whole number were so penned up that in case

an emergency arose for a sudden exit, *there was certain to be a tragedy.*

For the time, there is intense sympathy for the victims, and the hottest indignation at those dollar-grippers and the official grafters who caused the

wholesale and horrible murder of the 146 young men and girls; but, most unfortunately, we do not systematize and perpetuate our life-saving efforts, as they do in Germany, and other parts of Europe.



A Lesson from the New York Aquarium

Theodore Dreiser

WHEN you are at the New York Aquarium, if you will watch the glass swimming tanks containing the stork minnows, the hermit crabs or the shark suckers, you will be able to gather a few interesting facts concerning life which may help to illuminate your daily career for you. In the first of these cases are small, brilliantly colored fishes whose lines show a striking pattern of purple and blue, with here and there a touch of salmon, as they turn swiftly in the light. They look as if they were only swimming about and enjoying themselves, nosing each other in hide and seek. In fact, they are engaged in a very serious business of life and death. If you will examine closely you will see four or more on guard over nests in the bottom of the tank. The others are trying to rob them of their possessions. The watchmen do not have a moment's rest. Hundreds of their brethren are hovering and crowding round them, constantly slipping into their domain. As they dart, open-mouthed, at one offender, another and many others, will shoot in from the side, where the weeds are, or from the top, where no one is watching, and begin to rummage among the pebbles for the eggs.

These fish band together in a kind of offensive and defensive alliance. Each guard has but one side from which attack can come. The other sides are protected by the operations of his three

companions. The other guards, since they are in the same peril, can be trusted implicitly. You will never see one guard attack another, though they sometimes collide in the pursuit of interlopers, and always overreach into each other's territory. They never molest or violate one another's nests, and in the excitement of the struggle, when scores of maurauders are swooping down at once, and they are dashing in all directions among them, nipping to the right and the left, they never mistake an ally for an enemy.

Their duty is to guard the development of the new life intrusted to them, and in the prosecution of this labor they even drive the mothers away, which would hint that the latter would eat their own eggs. Needless to say they are in no great danger from the intruding crowd, for the latter have been, or may expect to be, guards themselves some day. They wish only to eat, and in the gratification of this desire they exhibit a degree of good nature, or cavalier indifference, which is amusing. If a guard is on the lookout, they will not disturb him. If not, they will eat his eggs. Even the guards themselves share this desire, for once they are off duty—that is, when the eggs are hatched—they give a defiant flip of their tails and look about for their neighbor's nests. Their rôles as guardians of public morality are for the time discontinued.

The case of the hermit crab offers an even more interesting example of how the game of life is fought. These soft, spidery creatures, not having been furnished by Nature with any protection of their own are forced, by the craving other creatures have to eat them, to find some protection for themselves. As soon as he is hatched he hustles around on the bottom of the sea and, finding a very small snail, weaker than himself, pounces upon it and drags it summarily forth. Then he crawls into its shell and is protected.

However, this is not for long. He grows, the shell becomes too small for him. It is then necessary for him to make another sortie; and you may frequently see in this tank the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, that makes our world so grim. One will come scrambling along the bottom of the tank, carrying his ill-fitting house on his back, in quest of food and a more suitable shell. If he cannot find a snail to oust, he will sometimes seize a fellow-crab, whose shell is of a suitable size, and him he will worry and torment until, by a process of poking and scratching, he finally succeeds in causing the crab to put his head and shoulders out in self-defense. He clutches the weaker brother and the struggle causes him to drop his shell. The victor drops his own shell, grabs that of his defeated kinsman and scuttles off. The brandishing of claws and the grimaces that accompany the contest are very amusing.

Now the vanquished hermit must get a new home. He takes hold of the shell which the other has abandoned. Finding it too small, he hurries on, peeping frantically into this shell, poking eagerly at that, hoping to find one untenanted or with an occupant too feeble to defend himself. In the latter event he practices the same annoying tactics that were used on him. If he succeeds, his trouble is passed on to the next one.

If he loses, heaven defend him. Even now a monster has spied him, or, it may be, he has poked his claw into the wrong shell. It closes. He is grasped by a strong arm. A short, furious struggle ensues. He is pulled irresistibly in and devoured, a victim of what is sometimes called benevolent assimilation.

In the last tank, that of the shark-sucker, you find an example of the true parasite—the child of fortune who knows just enough to realize that he is weak, and who is willing to attach himself to any one more powerful than he, in order that he may have some of the good things left after his master has eaten. This curious creature fastens itself to the belly of a shark, and lives on the morsels that falls from its mouth. It is about a foot long, and remotely resembles a three-pound pickerel on its back. Its belly is slightly curved upward, and comes to an edge like the keel of a boat. Its back is flat and on it is an oblong, saucer-like sucker, which enables it to fasten itself to the shark. When it is quite young its habitat is fixed by the location of its parents. It is born in the company of sharks and it dies in the company of them. The fact that it might be able to do something for itself never seems to occur to it.

Do not these examples furnish excellent illustrations of our own physical and social conditions? What set of capitalists, or captains of industry, think you, controlling a fine privilege or franchise, which they wish to hatch into a large fortune would not envy the stork minnows their skill in driving enemies away? What sharper prowling about and viewing another's comfortable home, or his excellent business, or the beauty of his wife, if the desire seized him, would not seize upon one or all of these, and by a process of mental gymnastics, or physical force, not unlike that of the hermit crab, endeavor to secure for himself the desirable shell? What weakling, seeing the world was

against him, and that he was not fitted to cope with it, would not attach himself, sucker-wise, to any magnate, trust, political or social (we will not call them sharks), and content himself with what fell from their table?

Bless us—how closely these lesser

creatures do imitate us in action—or how curiously we copy them! The very air we breathe seems to correspond with their sea, and as for the tragedy of it—but we will not talk of the tragedy of it. Let us leave the Aquarium.



The Jeff's Baby Show

IF any one has told anybody that babies were not "in style" any more, they may have proof to the contrary by coming to THE JEFFS' office and taking a peep at the photographs which have come in since the last month's magazine.

there were only two pigs to begin with, but they and their offspring heeded the Bible injunction to "increase and multi-



PERRY ROGER MALLORY,
(Five months). Omega, Ga.



FITZHUGH WATSON LEE,
Atlanta, Ga.

Ellis Parker Butler wrote a story once called "Pigs is Pigs," and told how a consignment of Guinea pigs almost tied up the express business of a town;

ply"—hence the panic in express traffic. Well, it's been most as bad as that in THE JEFFS' editorial rooms; at first there were only one or two pictures in the mail each day; then half a dozen or so; then a couple of dozen—now it's simply in "stacks" that the pictures are counted.

We will have to beg those who are entering pictures to remember the simple rules: Each photograph to be entered must be accompanied by one



ALIEN WATSON SMITH,
(18 months). Wrightsville, Ga.

dollar for a year's subscription to the magazine.

A large number of photographs have come from people who have subscribed several months ago, asking that the photographs be entered on the strength of the old subscription. This, of course, would not be fair to the entries who have abided by the rule laid down, and cannot be complied with.

It will be best to enclose the photograph between two pieces of strong card-board, tie in stout paper and mail as second class matter. If the name, age and residence of the baby is written on the back of each photograph, this will be of great and valued assistance to those in charge of the Baby Show.

Photographs will be received until the last week in May, but the photo-

graphs will be run until all have been entered.

The contest is attracting so much attention and has grown so far beyond the idea of those who planned it, it will be impossible to extend the time for entries.

Well developed, clear, post-card pictures give excellent results from the engraver's point of view; it is not necessary to have expensive photographs made. Snap-shots are very unsatisfactory—as are also the "stamp-size" photographs.

As a number of entries have been made of twin babies, it has been decided to offer a special prize for them; a silver knife, fork, spoon and cup will go to the prize twins, and as all so far



M. MODELLE GORDON,
(Two years, 11 months). Monroe, Ga.

entered are the most amiable looking pairs of children, it isn't to be thought they will ever quarrel as to which is whose.

The other prizes are: First prize for the boy, a graphophone; second prize, a gold watch.

For each entry in the contest there will be a set of picture post-cards, showing THE JEFFS' new home, the home of Mr. Watson, and the members of THE JEFF staff and executive department.

The batch of babies for this month



WILLIE FRANCIS SYKES,
Glenville, Ga.



LITTLE MISS SHADIX,
(Three months). Winston, Ga.

speak for themselves, and each one is a jewel beyond price to the lucky family which owns it.

Where stamps accompany a photograph, it will be returned to the sender as soon as the plate has been made for the illustration.

First prize for the girl, a handsome sewing machine; second prize, a gold locket and chain.



JOSYE MAE WILLIFORD,
(Four months). Hamlin, Texas.



CARL GLENN STORY,
(18 months). Ellabell, Ga.



LOIS EVELYN HALE,
(Two years, 10 months). Elk Creek, Va.



RUTH EMMA GUNN,
(14 months). Jacksonville, Fla.



ANNIE LAURIE ZEIGLER,
(Four months). Zeigler, Ga.



HOW THE SOUTH GOT HER NICK-NAME.

Dear Sir: To settle a dispute, will you tell me, through the Educational Department, why the South is called Dixie?

Liberty, Mo. FROM MISSOURI.

Answer.

"A term applied to the Southern States. Its derivation is obscure. It is said to have originated in New York, where a certain 'Dixie' owned a large number of slaves. The latter, when obliged to migrate to the South, grew to look upon their home as a sort of Paradise, which they celebrated in their songs. In time the term Dixie's Land was transferred to their new homes, and so became a name for the South among the whites as well as the negroes. The term is also popularly connected with Mason and Dixon's line—the line of diversion between the free and the slave states—and is said to have been first used of Texas when that State joined the Union."—The New International Encyclopedia.

T. E. W.

SOME VIEWS FROM A POPULIST.

Dear Sir: I am an old Populist and as such I am familiar with your work and recognize you as the only man in the country in the public eye who is abreast of the time.

The basis of government at all times has been religion which teaches ignorance, that is "faith" or belief instead of knowledge. Its purpose is to make tyrants of rulers and slaves of the people. Reason is democracy and teaches liberty.

Your estimation of the Roman Catholic church is right, but the contention against it must extend to its various offspring, and all be condemned together.

We are certainly facing a crucial period in the life and affairs of this nation. The Roman Catholic church rules America and Protestants do not protest.

Then there is the money question, as the basis of economics. From our national banking system all our trusts have originated—all unconstitutional, special privilege, class legislation and, of course, this includes all corporation franchises.

There is no remedy for these things but confiscation of all this stolen corporate wealth and turn it over to the government

to be administered for the benefit of the whole people, letting personal property continue to be such.

Let the government establish warehouses and markets for all staple products, fix the values thereof, as it does weights and measures, and use a government bill of exchange, as United States treasury note, as money.

The producer would put his product into the government market and take his government bill of exchange and buy with it whatever he wanted out of the government market. No interest.

This would be doing business on the basis that the banks are doing it now—very little money used, only bills of exchange.

This ought to catch the whole of the Southern people. The South has but few large capitalists, and they have been robbed for the last forty years by Northern capitalists and bankers. Now is their chance to make the score even.

The old parties are without any defined purpose and are equally discredited. The Socialists never did have any practical purpose, and the more intelligent among them are recognizing that fact but have nowhere to turn and are fast ripening for service in a real radical, revolutionary and practical movement.

The old Populists, and there are a good many of them yet, are loath to turn Socialist, but they have got to do something soon.

Is there not a demand for a new party—a radical, secularist party, repudiating all religious influence in governmental affairs, or shall the old Populist party be rejuvenated on a platform that will set forth such a definite and sensible remedy for all the evils complained of, in such way as to absorb the Socialist and labor element and the farmers also, and fuse them into one gigantic movement that will sweep the country in 1912?

You are the man to lead in this movement; let those who will, follow. It does not take so many to start the movement. I have already succeeded in gaining the attention of a good many Socialists and Single Taxers right here in Chicago. The Socialists are full of discontent, as they advance to the point of seeing the futility of the Socialist theory. I do not think it best to attempt a rupture of the Socialist party, but rather to start a movement that

will absorb them, which it will do if it is sufficiently revolutionary.

There never was a time when this country was as ripe for revolution as it is today. Revolution is the word—revolution by the ballot. When properly organized it will sweep the Democratic party off its feet, absorb all the malcontents and might carry the election in 1912.

See what was done by the Omaha Convention. In Nebraska, we first organized the People's Party off from the Farmer's Alliance in July and elected John Powers, governor in the following November, but the Republicans and Democrats joined together and beat him out of the office.

The negro question must be allowed to settle itself in the localities where it exists. Asiatic immigration should be excluded. Prohibition is a matter of local interest and has no place in national politics.

The real issue is to recover the democratic liberties of the people that the church and state oligarchy has stolen from them. I have written you once or twice before, sometime ago, but have never received any reply. I trust I shall hear from you this time, as I know you are the man of the hour.

Respectfully,

LUCIEN STEBBINS.

North Platte, Neb. (Temporarily, 3690 Evanston Ave., Chicago.)

Comment: Glad to receive this; and have answered it. Do not remember having had the other letters referred to by Mr. Stebbins.

T. E. W.

A SPIRITED LETTER FROM A "CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST."

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your book, *Socialists and Socialism*, and have perused the same with much interest and curiosity, for I recognize in it, and in all the utterances of yours which I have seen, the voice of sincerity and truth—the tone of one who, however erroneous may be any of his conclusions, formed from a partial, or wrongly obtained knowledge, is yet passionately desirous to be true to the truth as he sees it. Perhaps the way in which this work of yours impresses me would not be entirely without interest to you, so I venture to tell you, briefly, as times presses with me, what the main points are in which I think you have failed.

First, let me say that my strongest impression was the way in which the whole book revealed—yes, fairly breathes your own personality—the characteristics of the self-made Southerner, with the Southern background of inheritance and environment of the sort best calculated to produce an independence of spirit not incompatible with considerable mental slavery to prejudice. Do not be offended. I am a warm admirer of the many great and noble traits of character developed in such perfection under just the conditions which

have produced yourself and your sectional compatriots. I am a Northern woman (married to a Southern man), but I am by nature more of a Southerner (according to my meaning of the word) than many a Southerner born. My father was a physician who took his degree in the University of Louisville, and when the war broke out, not being able to side with the South, went to Boston. There he found himself persona grata because he maintained the Constitutional right of the South to secede, and was a Democrat. I was born the year the war ended, and reared in a State where it was hardly respectable to be a Democrat, which made me a much more devoted one than I could otherwise have been. (I find that to be raised a Democrat in Vermont was a fairly good preparation for being a Socialist in Virginia). But I did not intend to deal in personalities. Your own personality has so reached out and gripped me through your book, that I have been beguiled into it.

You commence your book with every natural and inherited prejudice well to the fore—yet very effectively for the accomplishment of your object; that is, in the manner best calculated to arouse the bitterness and antagonism and prejudice of all your Southern readers, against the bugaboo you are trying to convince them Socialism is. But in this beginning you reveal your unfitness to undertake the task you have set yourself later in the book, to reason calmly and logically and convincingly in opposition to Marx's economic determinism and the "iron law of wages." Anything you quote from Robert Hunter has about as much bearing for or against Socialism, as the references you make to slavery bear to the principle of human brotherhood. As to John Brown, the South is as much unfit to estimate him justly as the North is to coolly analyze Jefferson Davis. It is not possible for either to strike "the Golden Mean," when their natural passions and prejudices are so strongly aroused. Brown was undoubtedly a fanatic, and a sinner with like weaknesses to those of other men of his stamp. But he was a brave man who took his life in his hand and courted certain death for what he believed to be an eternal principle, however absurd and uncouth he may have been. If all that you say against him is true (of course you have been taught from childhood to believe it; but many good men have had as terrible a case made out against them by their enemies with more to go upon) it does not touch that fact.

As I said in my former letter, all Socialists of my "brand" are as strongly opposed to all that savors of "free love" as you can be, so in reference to that part of your book, allow me only to call your attention to one fact. When our Lord was here in the flesh, there were just two forms of evil which He unsparingly condemned.

These were hypocrisy and self-righteousness. This was because they are the ONLY two deadly spiritual evils. Where do you find them today, in their full fruition and perfection? Where, but in the churches which call themselves Christian—which try to hide their rottenness under the robe of His righteousness? Churches with the Name, but not the character of Christ! Yet—is God mocked? Is He deceived? Is He not able, in spite of this, to seek and find His own? Do not His sheep still hear His voice, and do they not still, in His Word, go “in and out and find pasture?” Now, consider. Are there not, in all parties, and in the churches, those who practice free love, under the cloak of secrecy and with hypocritical pretensions to virtues of which they know only the names? You know that there are. Now, is it not better that the faults of men come out in daylight, where they can be seen and guarded against—where their nature and results may be plain to all? If I read you well, you will assent to this. “Either make the tree good and its fruits good, or evil and its fruit evil; for the tree is known by its fruit.” At least the Socialists who have been beguiled by this old serpent have not been hypocrites. They have had the courage of their convictions, and if we could know all the circumstances of each individual, we might find that they were for the most part men with strong love of truth and genuineness, who had been unfortunately repelled by those in the churches whose mission should be to teach and to lead in the way of life, but who do not so—and had thus lost their ability to believe in the truth of and receive the blessings of the gospel. Perhaps the battle which they have had, to convince themselves of the righteousness of their rejection of religion and Christian marriage, has led them to try to identify their beliefs in this regard with other beliefs of which they had not the slightest doubt. Ergo, you have less proof against Socialism in the fact of their sins, than you have against Christianity in the hypocrisy of its professed followers.

But this letter grows intolerably long. You say many true and good things in your book, but you do not touch the crux of the matter. If you really wish to learn what Socialism is—the only kind which has any chance of success—allow the Christian Socialists to tell you what it is that they believe and stand for. If it is of God, it shall stand, and if of men, it shall fail. Never fear otherwise. Fraternaly,

M. KATHRYN SPIERS.

Richmond, Va.

Comment: Some of these days, I fear that it will become tiresome to be told for the billionth time, that I don't know what Socialism is. Who does, I wonder? Every time you twist a Socialist up into a corner where he hasn't room to pant or grunt, he

invariably takes refuge in the hackneyed phrase—“You don't understand what Socialism is.”

Anything so mysterious can hardly be practicable.

It will be noticed that Mrs. Spiers does not attempt to dispute a statement, or answer an argument in my book against Socialism.

T. E. W.

READING MATTER FOR THE CHILD AT HOME.

Dear Sir: I wish to ask your opinion as to the best reading for children in the home. I attended the Teachers' Institute at Wheatland and after the papers were read by the different teachers, the question arose as to whether it is right to teach fables, or as to what is the best reading in the home. All that had anything to say on the subject were in favor of fables, both in the school and home, with the exception of myself and I stood in a helpless minority. My contention was that a magazine or a paper that treats on government, religious work, or missionary work, would be the better reading for the home, and there was a party that ridiculed my contention as nonsensical. Of course I could not come back at a person like that, for it would cause discord, where nothing but harmony should prevail. I am no scholar, but there is none more aware of that fact than myself, and I believe that a scholar, if he be a gentleman, will treat a person with respect even if they do differ in opinion. When I made my remarks as to the kind of reading I thought would be best for the home I was not referring to the primary class, neither did I have in mind children that are not of school age, as any person capable of a second thought would readily understand.

Please answer through the Educational Department of your monthly magazine. I beg to remain, Yours for advancement,
Wheatland, Pa. T. A. McJUNKIN.

(Answer.)

It all depends upon the age and intelligence of the child; and the **manner** of the teaching.

The fables of Æsop would be wasted on tots; but they are food for those who are old enough to digest them. In like manner, young people seldom learn anything from proverbs, adages, maxims, and wise “sayings.” These are the result of experience; and one who is too young to have had the experience, cannot comprehend their meaning. Intellectually, they understand, of course; but not in such a way as the burnt child does, after its hand has been in the fire.

A little girl, or boy, is much more apt to learn and remember the lesson of a

fairy story, than that of a fable. In the one, the persons and the incidents appeal to the child's strongest faculty, the **imagination**: in the other, the address is to **reason**, the child's weakest faculty.

I quite agree with Mr. McJunkin, that if more of the actual and the practical were introduced into our educational system, the benefit to the children would be incalculable.

T. E. W.

AS TO MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH.

Dear Sir: I notice in your book, "Waterloo," that you do not believe Ney escaped death. Probably you have never seen "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney," by Weston, and published by Thos. Whittaker, New York, about 1894. This book is now out of print and copies cannot be gotten at anything like the price it first sold for. It is a rare book. Peter Stuart Ney came to this country in 1815, landing at Charleston, S. C., and lived upwards of thirty years in South and North Carolina. The first four years were passed in obscurity and then he made his way into Marlboro county and taught school near Brownsville for three or more years, and then went to North Carolina and finally died in Rowan county, that State. The people with whom he came in contact thought him none other than the famous Marshal Ney of France. He said so only to his most intimate friends. I knew several men, fifteen years or more ago, who went to school to him. Peter Stuart Ney, while in the school room in this country in 1821, was handed a paper with the news of Napoleon's death and he was so overcome with grief that he dismissed the school for that day. He had an idea when Napoleon II. came to the throne he could then go back to France and when Napoleon II. died Ney said he was poisoned and he gave up all hopes of ever seeing France again. There are many incidents to show that he was the famous Marshal and on his death-bed, in Rowan county, North Carolina, he told his friends (when they told him the doctor said he could live but a few hours) that he was Marshal Ney of France. His recognition by a Frenchman when attending a tournament in Columbia, S. C., and his acknowledged "expertness" with the saber in a sham fight with a French instructor in saber tactics and the Frenchman telling him there were only two persons in all France that this Frenchman was not able to put out of battle with the sword, and they were Prince — and Marshal Ney, the Frenchman telling Peter Ney that he was either one of these two men. The body of Ney was taken up in Paris and also that of Peter Ney in North Carolina, and the one in France did not compare to Ney at all, while the one in North Carolina did. There was something about the

skull that showed the North Carolina body like Ney of France.

Of course, some would read Weston's book and say there is nothing in it, but people can testify here in Marlboro county to many incidents connected with the life of this strange man, a man who would draw the eye of any man anywhere, and one of the most superb riders ever seen. His horsemanship was perfect. It is thought that Ney of France was uneducated, but Mr. Weston went to France and got all the information about Ney's life and it is now known that he could even talk English very fluently and that he was an educated man. I could tell you several more incidents relative to this man, but I have no doubt you know about Weston's book, and I most assuredly believe that this wonderful man was none other than

Very truly yours,

H. H. NEWTON, Jr.

Bennettsville, Marlboro Co., S. C.

(Answer.)

One of the most peculiar traits of the human race is, the reluctance to believe that one who is claimed to be dead, is dead.

There are people who believe, to this day, that John Wilkes Booth was not killed in the barn, and buried at Washington; but that he escaped, and lived many years in peaceful obscurity.

Many others are confident that the young Bourbon prince, who would have been Louis XVII. had he lived, escaped from imprisonment, and died a natural death many years after his supposed decease in the prison in Paris.

Many of Napoleon's old soldiers refused to accept the statement that he died in 1821. They continued to believe that he would "come again."

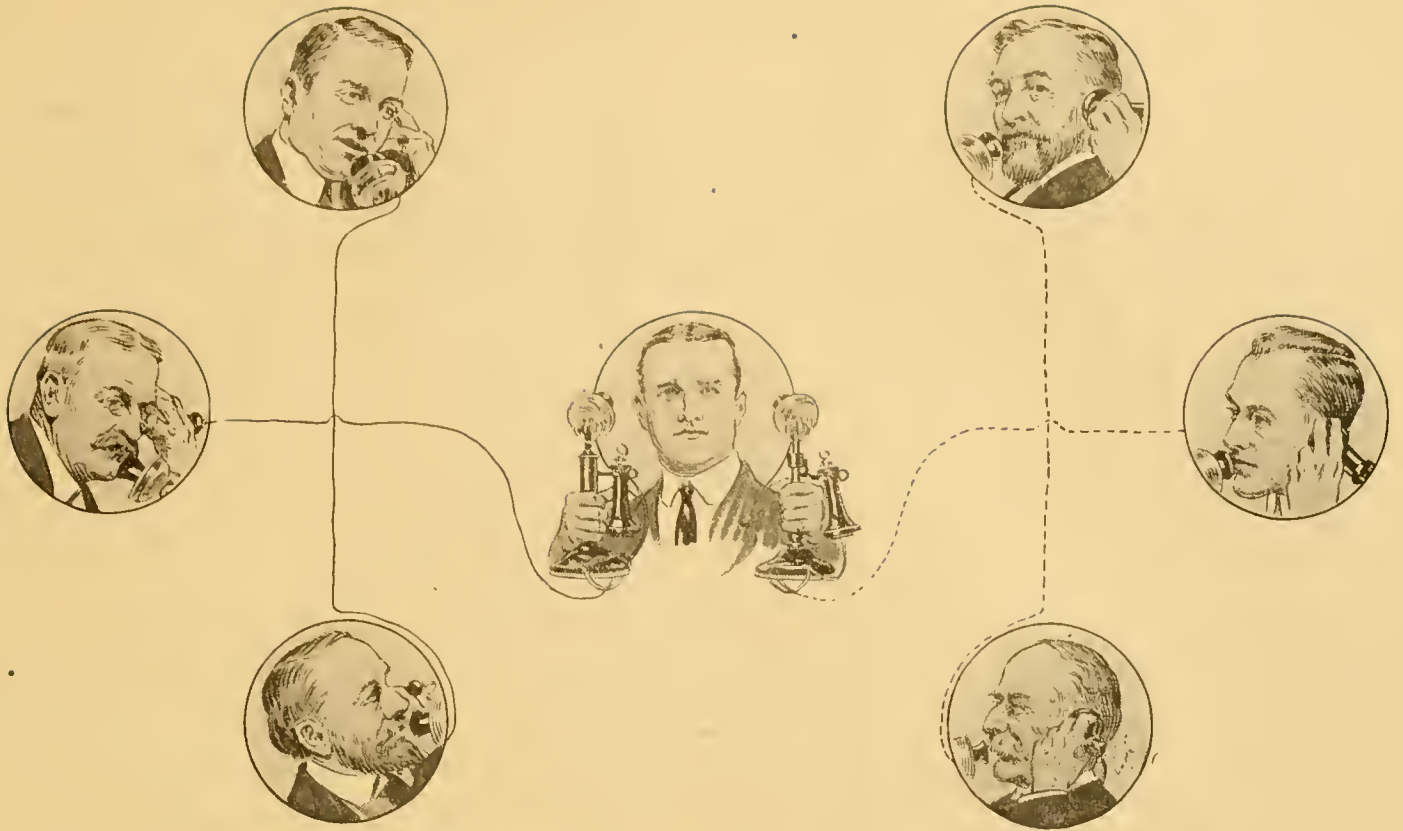
Therefore, it is not phenomenal that many intelligent people should feel certain that the South Carolina school-teacher, who claimed to be Ney, was Ney.

But the undisputed facts of history explode the theory that this American Ney was Napoleon's marshal.

(1) Napoleon III. exalted the Ney family; and the Prince of Moskowa, Marshal Ney's son, was high in favor at the imperial court.

Why, during all the years of the reign of this Napoleon, did not the alleged Marshal Ney, of North Carolina, return to France, where he would have been ecstatically welcomed, royally feted, and rewarded with unbounded liberality? The question admits of but one answer:

The North Carolina man was **not** the Ney who was the hero of the Retreat from Moscow; not the Ney of Waterloo; not the Ney who was the **brave des braves**.



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(2) Ney, the Marshal, would not have wept at Napoleon's death. At bottom, he cherished no affection for his old Commander.

It was Ney who threatened Napoleon, at Fontaineblau; brutally intimating he would resort to personal violence, if Napoleon did not sign the act of abdication.

He was furiously angry with Napoleon, during the Waterloo campaign; and left the field cursing him—and slandering him.

(3) His family would have been in the secret, had he escaped to America. His son, and all the other members of the Ney family, knew he had been executed; and they hated Wellington, and Wellington's family, on that account.

(4) Were there anything in the story, the French government would have taken notice of it; and the remains of her illustrious soldier would have been carried back to his native land, just as Napoleon's own body was claimed, and magnificently entombed, and just as we, ourselves, brought home, tardily enough, the supposed body of John Paul Jones.

(5) Not only did the Bourbons take, without question, the odium attached to the murder of Ney, but Wellington did, likewise.

(6) Marshal Michael Ney would not have changed his given name to "Peter Stuart," leaving his surname unchanged.

(7) Had Ney escaped, by the connivance of those who had charge of his execution, his family would have been most eager to establish that fact. The Neys have never taken the slightest interest in the North Carolina man.

(8) So far as I can recall at this time, the greater part of the Weston book rests on hearsay evidence. I would be glad to learn upon what authority rests the statement that Ney's family consented to the exhumation of his body in Paris. I confess myself skeptical on that detail.

T. E. W.

I HAVE BEEN PROTESTING AUDIBLY BOTH IN THE WEEKLY AND THE MAGAZINE.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I presume that the ethics of your profession prevent you from making any audible remarks concerning the recent appointment by Taft of White to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court. The public press reports that the appointment was made on high church endorsement. I do not doubt it, but it was an act of treason to the American people and ought to arouse the indignation and resentment of Protestants everywhere. As a piece of

audacity, it is only equalled by Ireland's call to the faithful to get into Congress, assuring them that there were no prejudices against them "in high places." After considering the appointment of a Jesuit to the "high place" of Chief Justice, I shall be compelled to admit that Ireland's candidates will not encounter much prejudice at Washington. With a president elected through the influence of Ireland, Gibbons, et al., a vice president pushed in by the same influence, and now a Chief Justice, I not only admit there are no prejudices but feel like admitting that temporal power for the Pope is getting pretty strongly established in this land of liberty. France, Spain and Portugal striking for freedom from church rule and the United States welcoming it.

A branch of Jesuits, driven out of Portugal, were given the glad hand in San Francisco a short time since. And the announcement is now made by a church organ that its adherents, the products of cut-and-dried colonization are pouring into this country at the rate of 500,000 yearly. Certainly we are going some and are very likely to arrive. If Ireland's call is not a rally of forces for temporal power, what is it? If it is, then it is treason.

It seems to me that the Protestants need a new Martin Luther to nail a defi on the capitol doors. There has got to be some mighty plain talk soon. I think I can see it coming. It is the proud boast of the church that it never changes. What it was yesterday it is today and will be while it cumpers the earth. We have only to read our histories to find out what is in store for this country unless this church rebellion is checked. The beast has not changed—it never will change till it is wiped out of existence. I respect any religion for all the good there is in it, but tolerance to intolerance I have no use for, nor do I believe that the people of this country are going to quietly submit to an intolerant ecclesiasticism in the United States.

Yours very truly,
Fruitvale, Cal. H. R. CONGDON.

PROTESTANTS ARE BECOMING IN- TERESTED.

Dear Sir: Being a reader of the American Citizen and a member of the A. P. L., I see that your shots at the Romish church, the mother of harlots, have taken effect and that they are now throwing stones at you. Bully! Accept my hearty congratulations. "A bee that doesn't sting, makes no honey." Keep on! Don't be discouraged. Look for your readers among the Protestants. You cannot expose these Jesuits too much. And you cannot use language harsher and viler than what they use in their wicked oaths and in their condemnation of all Protestants.

Yours for a free country,
Nopomis, Ill. W. HARMON.

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Flagg's Flats; by Jared Flagg. Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York City.

The story of Flagg's Flats is the story of an idea. It gives the evolution of a business from nothing to prosperity, based only on one man's thought. Then comes the offer of police protection; the offer refused; the molestation of the property in order to bring him to terms; the petty spite displayed; the long course of intimidation; the steadfast refusal of the man to pay for what he had a right to expect—protection of the property on which he paid taxes to the city government by the salaried officers of that government. Then the enmity of the police; destruction of his business; actual demolition of furniture and houses; property rights disregarded; the slander on his good name; the determination of the police to put him out of the business forever—how they accomplished this with the help of the newspapers—it is all there.

Then come days of poverty, months of depression; then another idea and a new business started and built up through six years of continued hard work and earnest effort. Undaunted by former misfortune, he goes from privation to affluence again.

The story is a most convincing one, told in the clearest, strongest way and goes right to the heart and grips itself there. It is a story of a fight—for principle, for the "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," for simple justice, which he did not get—and from cover to cover the sympathy of the reader is with the man who is doing the fighting. It is a story of a fight by a man who does not want to fight; a man who desires only to be able to make the world give him what it owes him—the clean, honest wage that is due him for good work well done—the royalty owed him for ideas exclusively his own.

The other side of the picture is the story of the graft-loving metropolitan police officers, the men who are out for the money no matter how it is made, and the story of their bitterly partisan fight is almost unbelievable. We read of the property destroyed and business ruined and we say, "How can such things be? We do not have such happenings in the South and

West. In Georgia, in Iowa, in Texas, we take our Winchesters and go gunning and things happen quickly."

The illumination of the methods of the Tammany Hall politicians and their appointees in the police department, in the office of the license commissioner, and throughout the city government, makes a picture of civic misgovernment that the students of sociology and thoughtful citizens of the country, as well as of the cities, would do well to ponder. Not only can such things be in the city of New York, but it is certain that in many other cities such warfare is being waged and the people of the republic owe Jared Flagg a debt of gratitude for the publication of this book.

It required courage and endurance of no mean order to make the fight he did, but it took more than that to write the book. His story is well told and it rings true—were it not true the three editions through which it has run would have been marked by suits for criminal libel against him by the men whose names are not printed in small letters, but decorate the pages throughout the book.

JULIA LESTER DILLON.

Southern Field Crops; J. F. Duggar. The McMillan Company, New York. \$1.75 net.

The amateur gardener has had to stand for a lot of gibes from the humorists, and the impractical farmer has had the same burden of ridicule to bear. The errors of each were, of course, due to ignorance, and there really seemed a lack of text books which take it for granted that instruction, literally "from the ground up" is what is needed.

The Southern planters have had, perhaps, less attention paid them in this matter, than the planter of any other section. The result is shown in the length of time it has taken to make a farmer of diversified crops thrive, where the cotton planter once had his successful being.

"Southern Field Crops," by J. F. Duggar, comes as near being an ideal book for the Southern farmer, as it has been my good fortune to see. The book is not adapted to the theoretical farmer, but it

will be found of intense value and interest to the farmer who wants to know how to gain the best results. There is a refreshing lack of scientific terms and phrases; the language is simple, the statements clear and concise, the illustrations plentiful, and the make-up of the book good.

The chapters dealing with corn cultivation should be of greatest value to the Southern planter, as this crop has become a most formidable rival of cotton in the Southern states.

A splendid chapter on the cultivation of peanuts will be of more than passing interest to farmers who have never thought of the possibilities of this popular nut. The vines make good hay, there is always a good market for the nuts, and the surplus is a splendid feed for horses and hogs.

Altogether "Southern Field Crops" is an intensely interesting book and should become a familiar one to the Southern planter who wants the best results from his land at the smallest possible loss.

A. L. L.

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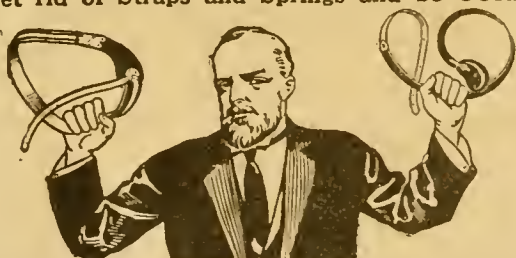
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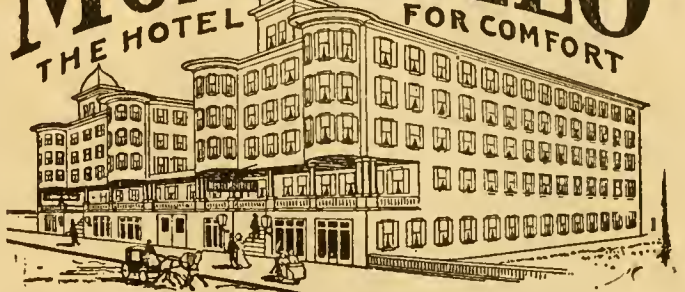
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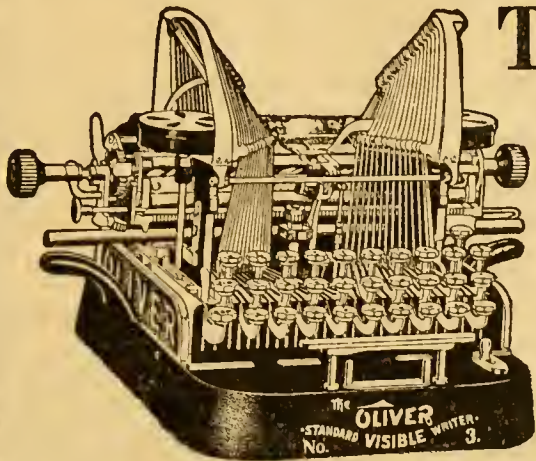
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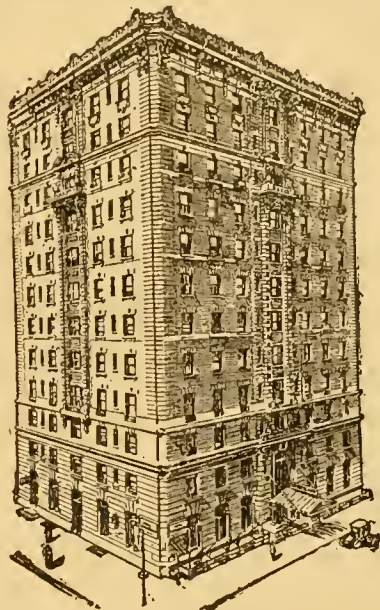
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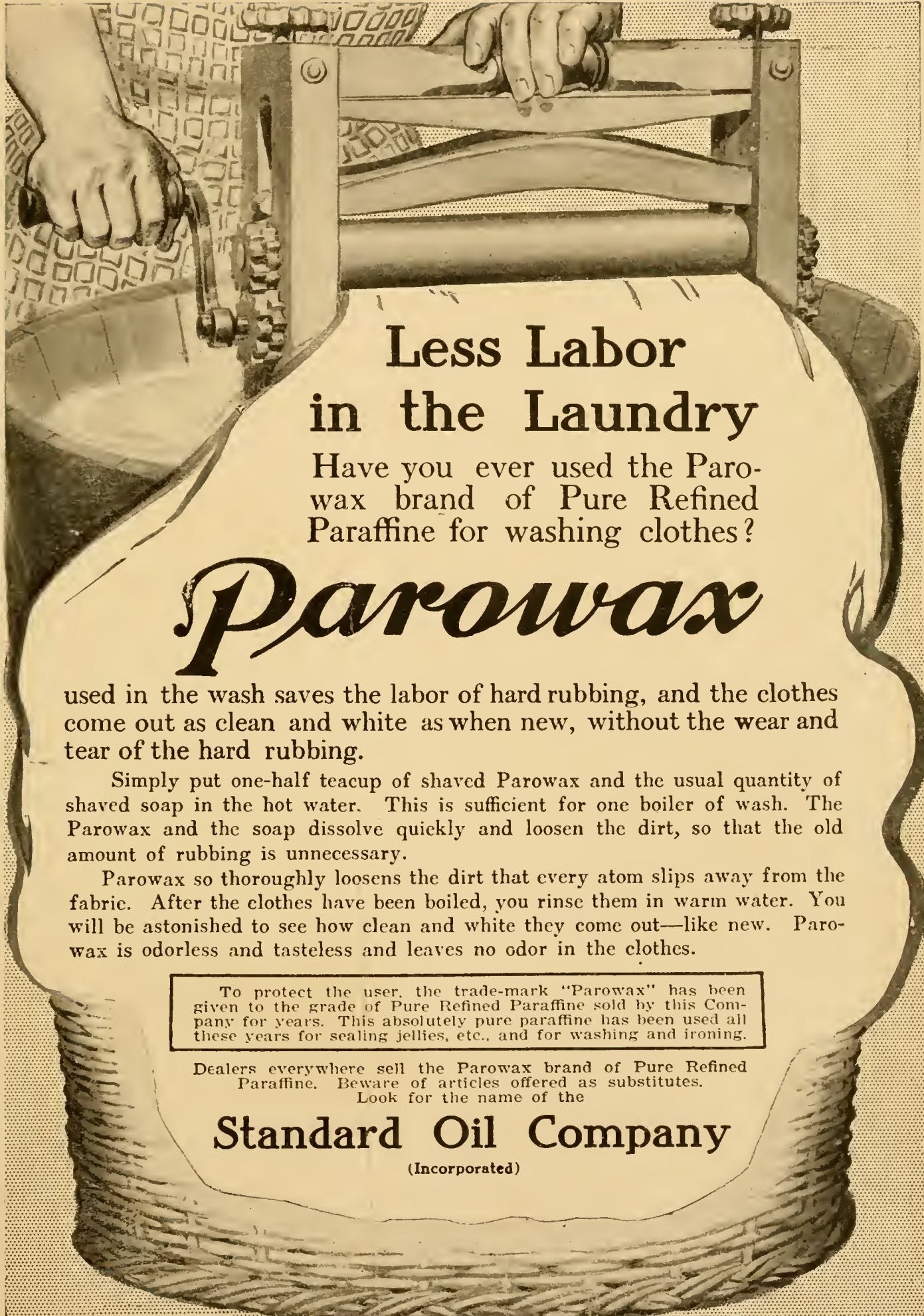
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