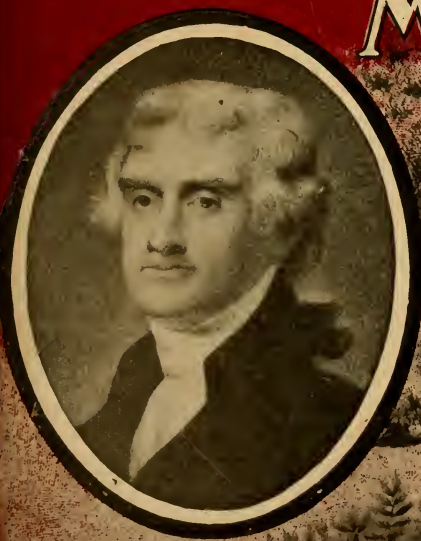


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JULY, 1909

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.



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THE JEFFERSONIANS, Thomson, Ga.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Volume III.

July, 1909

Number 7

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Foreign Missions, Continued



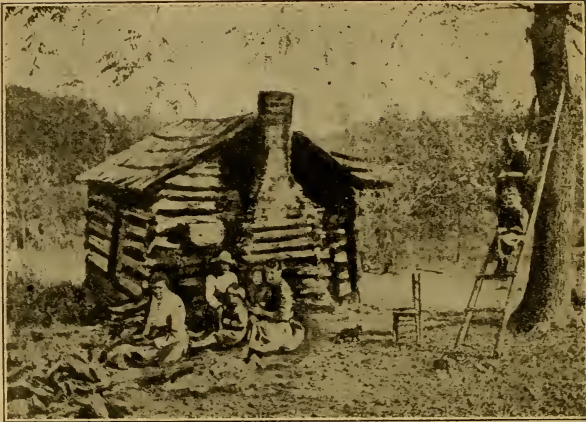
American Miner's Cabin.

is honorable but not romantic. Now and then the ploughman may be a Burns and see the poetry in the upturned clod, moralize over the ruined home of the field mouse, and bewail the cruel fate of the mountain daisy crushed by the ruthless coulter, but oftener the conductor who pulls the bell-line over Mike is not sentimental: he finds that life at the tail-end of a mortgaged mule is strictly prosaic.

But to run away and join the army! To slip off some night and go to sea! *There's* novelty for you, and romance and adventure. The imagination kindles at the thought, fancy paints such a career in colors of uniform brightness, and there they go, the Peter Simples and Barry Lyndons and all their intermediate types,—to learn in due time that it might have answered quite as well to have stayed at home.

Something of the same feeling tempts men and women into Foreign Missions. The Orient, especially, appeals to the imagination. The East,—the venerable, mysterious, poet-sung East,—revives recollections of the cradle of the race, the dead civilizations of a remote past, the legends of Patriarchs and Apostles, the traditions of conquerors and empire-builders, the fabulous stories of boundless wealth, ancient rivers whose names are interwoven with the mightiest events of time, hoary cities and monuments and ruins that reach back into the twilight of history; and languages, customs, manners, beliefs that link one to the very beginnings of things. *These* create a profound interest in the human heart, cast a spell over the mind, and attract us to the East with that nameless charm which has fascinated men of all classes since

WHY do boys run off from home to join the army, or to go to sea? Because it appeals to their imagination. To put the plow-gear on old Mike, the mule, and go to the field where the steady feet must walk one monotonous furrow after another, with loose soil getting into the shoes and the hot sun baking the head,



A MOUNTAIN HOME NEAR TALLULAH FALLS, GEORGIA.

the time of Alexander the Great. The soldier, the mariner, the merchant, the scholar, the naturalist, the scientist, the tourist, the poet, the law-giver, the historian, all have been captives to the Orient,—the East from whose womb have issued the peoples, the ideas, the religions and the laws, the arts and the sciences which have dominated the world.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Western churches should fall under the witchery of the East? Is it any wonder that the enthusiastic young evangelist should burn and glow at the very thought of planting the banner of Christ on the walls of Teheran, of Soochow, of Tokio, of Benares? By no means. On the contrary, he would be a dullard indeed if his imagination were not fired by the prospect.

To toil among the miserably poor and ignorant whites of Arkansas, or Kentucky or Tennessee or Georgia is not romantic. There is nothing poetic about *their* rags, *their* dirt, *their* mental and *physical stuntedness*. Living, as so many of them do, in wretched cabins, in direst poverty, neglected of man and aliens from God, their surroundings are not only filthy, but repulsive. Missionaries are loath to take hold and have a general cleaning up. But with the Orientals, how different it is! Somehow, *their* dirt and comprehensive nastiness does not repel. Our delicate women work on those foul Orientals, and clean them up, as though each reeking heathen hag and vagabond were a rare antique vase which it is a pleasure to wash.

READ THIS ENTHUSIASTIC DESCRIPTION.

“And what a scene was that when nearly twenty-five hundred sat down to eat together the Lord’s Supper, and what a gathering! The old, the decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the

paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; *those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or their parent's former lusts, with features distorted and figures the most depraved and loathsome*; and these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends; and among this throng the hoary priests of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims, together with *the thief, the adulterer, the sodomite, the sorcerer, the robber, the murderer, and the mother—no, the monster—whose hands had reeked in the blood of her own children*. These all met before the Cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." The missionary who exhibits these trophies, these cleaned-up barbarians, appears to have been prouder of his harvest than if he had invaded the tenderloin of some American city and rescued Caucasian slave girls from a fate that is worse than death.

In the book, "Mission Economics," by Rev. C. H. Carpenter, some very valuable information is to be found.

On page 105, we are told that one out of every eight or ten of the heathen "converts" is hired to preach to his own countrymen; and that in Maulmain the missionaries maintained a boarding-school for boys and girls, and a theological seminary, in which *the heathen pupils were furnished with food, clothing, beds, books, stationery, lights, etc.*, in addition to the teachers and the buildings. Page 119: "We were told in China that some missions were accustomed to pay parents for the time their children spent in the mission school." Page 177: Speaking of the students in the preparatory school at Ongole, India, the lady teacher said concerning ninety-one out of the one hundred and twenty-seven scholars: "*They receive food, clothes, and books from the mission.*" As to the High-school, Dr. Clough reports: "*Most of the boys are unable to supply their own clothes or to pay board or tuition.*"

Further, Mr. Carpenter says:

"The pupils have mostly to come from a distance, where the prices of provisions of all kinds are extraordinarily high, and where the native churches can not or will not aid with a single basket of paddy, or a stick of fuel, without receiving city prices."

The reference here was to the school at Maulmain, where the natives would furnish nothing and where *everything*,—house, furniture, beds and bedding, food and clothing, light and fuel, books and tuition—had to be drummed up among the Baptist congregations of our own country.

Says Brother Carpenter:

"To assist in the education of a native ministry, and to give some aid to converts who are striving, as to the extent of their means, to educate their children, is one thing. To go beyond this, and make expensive provision for the education of children and youth, the large

majority of whom are from *heathen families whose parents will not accept Christianity* for themselves, and are presumably opposed to having their children accept it; *to buy land, erect buildings, provide costly American teachers and native assistants, FURNISH FOOD AND ALL THE APPLIANCES OF A NATIVE BOARDING-DEPARTMENT*, and then receive back from some of the pupils *a tuition of ten, twenty, or forty cents a month*, and from some others *a dollar or two a month, towards the cost of the food which they eat*.—to expend so many thousands of dollars in this way, I say,



BOYS' SCHOOL, PERNAMBUCO.

that we are unable to send out the men who are needed to enter open doors for preaching the Gospel in the regions beyond, may not be absolute waste, but it cannot be the highest form of obedience to the last command of our Lord."

Reader, what think you of an intemperate, choleric parson who would publish me as a liar for saying *that conditions were as above described, when the official reports of the churches, and the books written by missionaries themselves, reveal such unscriptural methods?*

Naturally wishing to know how it is *now*, with the educational system of the Baptist Foreign Missionaries, I examined the Annual Report, for 1908, of the Southern Baptist Convention. To my disappointment, I find no detailed information which enables me to say to what extent we are still furnishing food, clothing, books, etc., to the heathen children. Application was made to our esteemed friend, Rev. Dr. Lansing Burrows, Secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention; but he writes that he can only refer us to the Report. It is "the only source of information." That's a pity. The Baptists of the South, and elsewhere, have the right to know whether they are *now*, as heretofore, being taxed to lodge, feed, clothe and educate the black, brown and yellow children of heathendom, while so many millions of white children of our home-land are *not* well lodged, *not* well fed, clothed and educated, and *not* given the precious benefit of refined, Christian training.

We hope that some Baptist delegate to the next Convention will have the spunk to demand *more light*. Let them give *us the details*—or quit pulling us for money.

Glancing through the reports sent in from the foreign field, one can manage to glean a fact, now and then. Remember that in writing to the Home Church, the missionary is personally interested in making the best possible showing. If he could not "report progress," he might get his head chopped off,—or have his salary stopped, which is about as bad. Therefore, when you settle down to peruse these Reports from the foreign field, put the salt cellar within reach.

Page 173. Report to Southern Baptist Convention on Cheng Chow Station, China: "At the boarding-school started last fall by the Mission *the girls paid a part of their board.*" Don't you think they might have told how much it costs to lodge and feed these little yellow girls, and what part of the expense their parents paid?



These are breaker-boys, all supposed to be over fourteen. They work in the Johnston breaker at Olyphant, the building that towers behind them. There they sit on narrow boards laid across the coal-chutes, enveloped in gloom, grime and clouds of stifling black dust, eight or nine hours a day, bending over the streams of coal that rush between their little feet to pick, with bleeding fingers, the useless slate and rock from the precious anthracite that may keep you warm next winter. Fourteen at least the breaker boys are supposed to be. Often, however, they begin their drudgery when no more than nine or ten years of age.

Particularly, as we Baptists in the home-land are taxed to give these heathen girls free books, free tuition and a good school-house.

At the end of the report on this Cheng Chow Mission is a list of the "needs" of the missionaries which home Baptists are expected to supply.

Cheng Chow needs: Two unmarried ladies in addition to those they already have; also a doctor and wife to help with the medical work; also \$2,500 in cash to buy land and a house for Mr. and Mrs. Sallee, who have surrendered the house which the church built for them to Mr. Herring and his family. They also need \$1,000 for buying land for hospital, girls' and boys' schools. Also \$3,000 for the girls' school; likewise \$2,500 for the hospital.

For one station, that would seem to be a robust list of immediate needs, especially when we consider that Cheng Chow is a small city for China, having only about 20,000 inhabitants.

The medical work of the Southern China Mission is summarized as follows:

Out patients treated during the year -----	7,543
Out calls -----	131
In patients -----	207
Major operations -----	51
Minor operations -----	320
Receipts from fees -----	\$1,552.11

According to this showing, the Baptists of the Home Church supplied medicines, medical service, surgical operations, and surgical instruments necessary for use therein at the nominal rate of *20 cents for each Chinaman who was treated.*

Of course, this medical work is done upon the theory that it aids the missionaries in the evangelization of these pagans. The report, however, claims only twenty-one Chinamen baptised as a direct result of the hospital work. Conceding that each one of these twenty-one converts became a true Christian because of the medical work, it would seem that the year's harvest bears a very discouraging proportion to the work and money expended. The same investment might have yielded very much better results had it been made in the slums of one of our great cities, or in one of our backward rural communities.

From "The Uplift of China," by Arthur H. Smith, this extract is taken from page 175:

"Asylums or villages for lepers have been established in five different provinces, where excellent work has been done. There are eight orphanages (one of them in Hongkong, but conducted by missionaries to the Chinese) caring for a great number of children—mostly girls. Eleven schools or asylums for the blind—the best

known being that of Mr. Murray in Peking—are working what the Chinese justly regard as daily miracles, rescuing from uselessness and worse a class hitherto quite hopeless. A school for deaf-mutes, conducted by Mrs. Mills, in Chefoo, is an object-lesson in what may be done in that wide field. An asylum for the insane begun under great difficulties by the late Dr. J. G. Kerr, at Canton, is likewise a pioneer in caring for a numerous but hitherto neglected class.”

The list of needs is appended, as usual, at the end of the report, and it appears that in the Southern China Mission they need pretty much the same that they do at Cheng Chow: More teachers, more doctors, more money for building missionary residences, more money for schools-houses and for chapels.

If I understand the statistical table which appears on page 20 of the Report of the Southern Baptist Convention, we are maintaining in the foreign field:

- 98 male missionaries.
- 124 female missionaries.
- 85 ordained native preachers.
- 198 un-ordained native male workers.
- 51 native female workers.
- 139 churches.
- 226 Sunday schools, with 7,526 children in attendance.
- 128 day schools, with 3,194 scholars.



MISSIONARY RESIDENCES, SHANGHAI, CHINA, BAPTIST COLLEGE AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

To the support of all these, foreign countries contribute somewhat less than \$3,500. To say nothing of maintaining the expensive home machinery of administering these mission funds and directing the mission work, we actually spend in the field, *among the heathen*, about ten times more than they themselves can be prevailed upon to contribute.

Reporting to the Mission Board of the M. E. Church, South, on Education in Korea, Rev. G. W. Cram says:

"It was thought wise to make the students pay the nominal monthly tuition of ten sen, (five cents) which most of the schools in Songdo charge their pupils. The parents of some of the boys contributed yen 98 in the beginning of the fall term to get benches, desks, coal, stove, etc., for the school. During the spring term the tuition collected amounted to only yen 20.60, (\$10) owing to the fact that many of the boys were unable to pay, while some were unwilling to pay, even that modest sum. We decided to use the twenty yen as remuneration for the service of the two student tutors." (A yen is, in our coin, about 49 cents: 1 sen is, therefore, about half-a-cent.)

There were more than a hundred boys in the school, and the teachers were Mr. Cram, Mrs. Wasson, Mr. Wasson, three Korean teachers, and two student tutors. Not only did the Home Church of America have to pay the salaries of these six regular teachers, and supply the books, etc., but Mr. Cram reports that *eight of these Korean students had to be furnished with BOARD, in whole or in part.*

Page 53: Referring to the Union Intermediate School, Mr. C. G. Hounshell reports ninety students, of whom eleven are *boarded* at the expense of the Methodist Church.

Page 71: Palmore Institute: Number of students enrolled about 500. The Principal of the school says that "very few of the great number of pupils that come to us are Christians." The receipts are given as \$706, whereas the total expense of the school foots up \$2,000.

In fact, it elsewhere appears in the Report that the Japs contribute only \$3,927, to help the Methodists sustain fifteen school buildings, thirteen church buildings, six parsonages, twenty-three missionaries, fourteen native workers, twenty-four local preachers, sixty-two Sunday schools, three boarding schools, seven day schools, forty-eight teachers, and one thousand, eight hundred and twelve pupils.

Let us take the Laurens Institute, one of the schools in the Mexican field. Prof. F. C. Campbell, Director, reports the recent completion of an enlargement of the building at a cost of \$24,390. The home-land furnished the money. The professor says, "While holding rigidly to our policy *not* to exclude any worthy pupil on account of *INABILITY TO PAY*, we have put forth every effort to make the school more nearly self-supporting *THAN HERTOFORE.*" Curious to

know how close they came to making the Laurens Institute self-supporting, after they had "put forth every effort" to that end, we looked it up in the Report, and we find that \$2,750 was the amount which "the Board of Missions" appropriated to this Mexican college for the year 1908-09. If it hits the brethren for that amount when it is more nearly self-supporting than heretofore, what an elephant it must formerly have been!

Reporting on the Granbery College, Brazil, President J. W. Tarboux demands of the Home Church \$25,000 for an extension of the present building; \$10,000 for additional furniture and scientific apparatus; \$40,000 for a chapel, literary society and Y. M. C. A. halls;



"Breaker" boys and other tiny miners, in Pennsylvania. Many under 14 years, although the law forbids employment of children under this age in mines.

\$35,000 for a Pharmacy and Dental school; and \$30,000 for more land to build on and for the students to play on.

Says Bro. Tarboux: "The (home) Church ought to drive down her stakes for \$150,000 for the Granbery within the next five years."

A Protestant missionary in Mexico (not a Baptist) writes as follows:

" * * I am disposed to help in putting the set in the hands of every Protestant missionary in Mexico. . . In _____, _____, _____, and _____ we were saddened by much that we saw: native preachers receiving seventy-five and eighty dollars per month, while their congregations contributed *nothing* to their support; boarding-schools or orphanages, in which the girls received *everything*; theological training-schools, in which boys and young men received hats,



A BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN HOME.
COURTESY BERE A (KY.) COLLEGE

shoes, clothing, stationery, postage-stamps, money for bath and hair-cutting, and a small monthly present in cash, besides board and tuition. One lady teacher, weighed down with business details, etc., remarked that she was really doing more *missionary work* when she lived at home in the United States."

This letter appears in the book, "Mission Economics," by the Missionary, Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

In studying the Mexican Missions, we find that our Baptist missionaries are establishing free literary schools and free doctor-shops. For instance, on page 133 of the Southern Baptist Convention Report, we find a letter from the Toluca Field. Brother Lacey says, "Foundation work is being done at these places and we may expect baptisms later."

Now, what *is* this "foundation work" which is being done *antecedent to conversions*? It is a *complete system of literary education, furnished free to the Mexican children.*

Brother F. N. Sanders, from the same field, writes: "*I taught mathematics, ENGLISH, some science, GYMNASTICS, and gave a few of the boys MUSIC.*"

And this is foreign missions, is it? That's what Christ told us to do, eh? We go about among the congregations of the South begging for money for the heathen, and when we get it, we hike off down to Mexico to teach English to people who are perfectly satisfied with their Spanish language; and we not only spend this mission money teaching the boys how to skin-the-cat on the gymnastic pole, but we solemnly teach them to bang the piano, toot the flute, and tweedle-dee on the fiddle!

To soften the tale, Brother G. H. Lacey assures us that in this "foundation-work" schools, there "were considerable numbers of pay girls, which was a great help in the matter of expenses."

What was the number of these "pay girls?" The report fails to state. How much did that free education of Mexicans cost us? We are not told. We have no native Baptist workers in that field, but in the hopes of getting a few, "bymeby," we shell out cash to furnish the Mexican children with a literary, gymnastic and musical education,—and it would seem that we board and lodge them while teaching them.

They tell us that the Bible is authority for that kind of thing! Can you draw a mental picture of Paul and Peter putting up a gymnastic pole, at Phillipi or Antioch, as an antecedent to evangelistic

work? Can you imagine Barnabas and Timothy carrying a fiddle-case around, as a part of the apostolic outfit?

What's the matter with us Baptists, anyway? Have we gone crazy, or have we just simply been hypnotized by the unscriptural methods of other churches?

The Rev. John Hobbs has recently been run out of Mexico. He was engaged in missionary work for the Seventh Day Adventists who, as it seems to me, have just as much right to free speech and a fair chance as any other denomination. Speaking of the hardships to which he was subjected in Mexico because of his evangelical efforts, Brother Hobbs says:

"In Mexico even Protestant missionaries persecuted us. The American missionary receiving \$100 to \$150 in gold each month, pays his native helper, who does most of the work, only \$25 a month and then expects him to support a family. Our faith is most widely received by the Mexicans of all the other religious beliefs being taught there by missionaries.

"Three years ago I left Winnipeg, Canada, for Mexico, as all members of our church have to spend three years in some kind of missionary work, and that, too, without support from the denomination except from the individual church to which they belong in case of dire need, such as sickness.

"We differ in our belief from the Baptists in that we believe in feet washing before communion and in close communion always, as well as in faith healing.

"If the Protestant missionaries' lives were more worthy of emulation, the Mexicans would flock to their religion the more quickly."

Take Africa, as an illustration. We know what we are paying toward the education of our negroes in the South, but what are we doing for the negroes in Africa?

As yet, we have but made a beginning. But don't fret: just give us time. After awhile we will be stuck on the job of making a scholar and a gentleman out of every nigger boy in Africa, just as we are doing over here. In Africa, we Baptists have already planted our schools, and we are giving our brother in black a free education over there, just as we are doing over here. What are we teaching the negroes in Africa? I quote from the Southern Baptist Convention Report, page 147: "Subjects taught are reading and spelling, in both English and Goruba, writing, arithmetic, geometry and grammar." On page 148: "Industrial work. This is the most



Dispensary at Choon Chun, Korea.

recent department of our mission work and consists in combining with other branches of mission work *the teaching of certain trades such as carpenter-work, blacksmithing, FARMING, and especially modern methods of farming.*

So we Baptists have allowed our foreign missionaries to saddle and bridle us with Industrial Schools, in addition to literary education. We are supporting missionaries who are not only teaching negro boys and girls in Africa how to speak, read and write in English, and how to express themselves grammatically, and how to do sums and solve problems in lower, intermediate and higher mathematics, but our preachers are training the African mind in the mysteries of the jack-plane, the turning-lathe, the merry forge, the sulky plow, and the grain-drill. *That is all well enough as a matter of broad philanthropy, but how does it work itself into the expense account of Foreign Missions?* Does it anywhere appear that Christ commanded us to go into all the world and teach the heathen how to plant potatoes, sow wheat and raise cotton? Are we Baptists to be burdened with the expense of educational and industrial training of the negroes in both the worlds, the New and the Old?

In Africa, as elsewhere, the Doctor-shop cuts a wide swathe. Sick people loved to be cured, and American medicines and methods are so much better than those of the natives that even the Africans recognize their superiority. On page 146 of the Southern Baptist Convention Report one finds a statement of the Medical work. Three days of the week, the Doctor-shop opens for business. The ailing negroes come flocking, grunting, groaning, howling—some with one complaint and some with another, but all with “a misery,” somewhere.

The “free cure” empties the woods, and crowds the Doctor-shop. Says the Report, “From March till December, 2,150 patients have received treatment. * * * During the latter part of the year *we began to think* that the people should be taught to help themselves to some degree, and that instead of treating all patients *absolutely free*, a small charge should be made for *medicines* and *surgical dressings*, and thus render the medical work *partly self-supporting.*”



Three little victims of our modern industrial system. These children, aged eight, ten and thirteen years, were employed in a Georgia cotton mill. The eldest has been at work for five years.

Now, weigh those facts. The free Doctor-shop was established and operated

until more than 2,000 negroes had been given free treatment, free medicines, and free surgical dressings. Then a small charge was demanded, to meet *in part* the actual cost of medicines and surgical dressings. But it is not even proposed to charge a cent *for the medical service*.

These beneficiaries of our bounty are not converts. The Report does not claim that a single patient embraced Christianity. We sent them good medicines, good doctors and good surgeons: the



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE WORKERS.
Soudan Mission Christian and Missionary Alliance. John Nicol, Bros.
Rapp, Mim, Evans, Patterson and David Smart, Mrs. Graham, Mrs.
Evans and Miss Driscoll.

negroes accepted what we offered. A brief religious service preceded the work of the Medical Missionary, but that part of his labor seems to have been barren of results.

From the book "What Hath God Wrought?" we take a picture of a group of missionaries at work in the Congo Free State, Africa. Study the group. The most prominent figure in the photograph is that of a well-made negro, who looks like he might easily split five hundred rails a day. He is dressed elegantly in white linen or duck. He appears to be posing on a footing of social equality with the white ladies and gentlemen of the group,—as does the coon who stands on the other side. How much does it cost us to dress up these Africans and put them to the work which the negro so dearly loves,—that of preaching? The report fails to state.

"Go Forward" is the name of a paper established by the M. E. Church, South, at Nashville, Tenn. It seems to have no other

reason for existence than to continuously beat the drum for foreign missions. Every copy of it is crammed with letters from the workers who are wrestling with the heathen in various parts of the world. According to the Report of the Conference, "*Go Forward*" cost the brethren the sum of \$2600 last year. In other words, our Southern Methodists are subsidizing a periodical whose sole aim is to pull money out of their pockets for foreign missions.

The letters which are published in "*Go Forward*" are written with no other object in view than to stimulate contributions to the cause. Therefore, all of those communications are colored as highly as possible. If "*Go Forward*" gives space to any statement which tends to make the present system lose favor, such a result was not contemplated by the missionary who wrote the letter or the editor who published it.

Bearing this in mind, let us browse around among some back numbers of the paper and note what the foreign workers are saying for themselves. Let us see what they have done and are doing. Let us see what they are proposing for the future and what they are asking of us home-folks.

First of all, consider the point of view of the fanatics who are proposing to cleanse, cure, educate and Christianize the teeming millions of heathendom. This point of view has never been more boldly stated than by Dr. J. S. French,—a very able, eloquent and popular Methodist minister. In his fine sermon before the South Atlantic Missionary Conference in 1905, Dr. French takes the position that a member of the church has no private and personal property at all. What such member works for and seems to accumulate is a mere trust fund which the Christian holds as Trustee. The estate does not belong to the industrious and fortunate member; it belongs to God. This estate must be administered as a trust fund for the Almighty. The Christian who appears to own it, but does not, must apply it to religious work. And who will tell him the proper uses of this trust fund? Why, the Church, of course. And who voices the will of the Church? Why, the preacher,—who else?

All the property we church members appear to have earned and made ours must be held as God's, and the ministers of the Gospel will tell us what God wants us to do with it. The priest, you know, is authorized to speak for God in all matters and at all times,—particularly in money matters. Dr. French scouts the idea that the Church must be content with Tithes. One-tenth isn't enough. Says the Doctor, "Whatever may be in our possession is only held in trust for our Lord. It is His, to be used whenever and wherever necessity demands. I do not believe in setting apart one-tenth or one-fourth as God's part of our income, and counting that the balance belongs to us. There isn't any of it ours."

For good, stalwart, thorough-going clericalism,—can you beat *that*?

Elsewhere in his remarkable sermon, Dr. French alludes to the

property of Christians as a loan which God has made "on call," and which must not be withheld when the loan is called in. Does Jehovah tell us when the time is up on these call loans? Yes—through the preachers. They, it would seem, are the authorized brokers who can always be relied on to know exactly what God wants, in all cases—particularly in money matters.

This being the point of view of those who establish and support such one-sided papers as "*Go Forward*," we can not marvel when we read its editorial demand for \$75,000,000 per year for the distant heathen.

"More money! more money!" is the cry all along the line. They must have grand churches which in splendor will rival heathen temples: magnificent school-buildings which will compete with the govern-



THE COLES MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH INDIA.

ment schools of foreign kingdoms; boarding establishments for pauper pupils, harbors of refuge for lepers; asylums for the orphans, the deaf, the blind, the insane; kindergartens for the tots; girls' schools where the young women are lodged until they can marry; free medicines, free surgical operations, free treatment for tens of thousands of the sick; free industrial training and, very commonly, free provisions and clothing; and, for the heathen convert who will pretend to enter evangelistic work among his own people, liberal pay in hard cash.

You who assemble yourselves together in a plain wooden meeting-house to hearken to the "Missionary Sermon" might do well to ponder upon such items as this in "*Go Forward*":

"The most pressing demand of our Japan Mission in the way of buildings are a church in West Osaka, a church in Kyoto, a chapel at the Kwansei Gakuin in Kobe, and a large, central house of worship in Hiroshima. *It will take at least \$5,000 for each of these enterprises. We cannot hope to intrench Methodism in these great centers by renting halls on back streets and alleys, as we have been doing.*"

Five thousand dollars apiece for churches in Japan, or no chance for Methodism!

I wonder whether John Wesley ever dreamed that *his* Church would come to such a point of view as *that*? No fine church,—no converted Jap! We come upon the same situation in China, in Hindustan, in continental Europe, in Mexico, and in South



LUCY CUNINGGIM SCHOOL, WONSAN, KOREA.

America. The sum and substance of the missionary demand is "beautiful and costly buildings, or we can't do business."

Usually, the missionary is lucky enough to know to a dollar what the Lord wants at that particular station; and usually the missionary makes a written demand for the money,—accompanying the requisition with the warning that great harm will happen to the cause if the spondulix are not immediately forthcoming.

The vigor and habituality with which the missionary digs this spur into the quickening flanks of the Home-church is as noticeable as the optimism with which the missionary promises glorious results if the filthy lucre is expeditiously collected and remitted.

For instance, there was the letter of Sister T. W. B. Demaree:

"The eyes of the world are on Japan. The Lord is at work on the hearts of these people. * * There is not a moment to lose.

Today is the day of salvation in Japan. Not a Christian but can help in this great work. We want your money."

The same issue of "*Go Forward*" that contained Sister Demaree's letter published one from China in which \$20,000 was demanded for a new Dormitory; also money to erect new residences for teachers. Practically every number of "*Go Forward*" contains an urgent call for some expensive structure in some foreign country,—the money, of course, to be drummed up among the Methodists of the South. Just how many millions of dollars have already been sent abroad for this purpose it would be hard to say, and the demands for larger outlays are growing wonderfully.

While this article was being prepared, the following item appeared in the press dispatches:

"Tokio, May 19.—A dispatch from Seoul states that S. A. Moon, the American Consul-General there, yesterday laid the cornerstone of the Holton Institute for Girls at Songdo. The institute, which was built at a cost of \$15,000, is the gift of the women of the Methodist Church, South, of America."



A BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.

No statement of mine has provoked more wrathful denials than that heathen converts often lose their zeal when the missionaries cut off the subsidies. The names of the missionaries who had said things to that effect were demanded. These ministers are

yet living, actively engaged in church work, and it might prove embarrassing to them to disclose their identity. But I have at hand evidence of the same nature, furnished by workers in the mission field who became so disgusted with the system which I am assailing that they published the facts and their criticisms of the system.

Rev. N. Sites (Methodist) writing of Foochow:

"'No foreign dollars, no work for Jesus', is the motto of some. In Foochow the first Methodist class-leader refused to hold office longer, when he learned that there was to be no pay."

The missionary, Dr. Carpenter, distinctly states that the subsidizing of the native converts demoralizes them and retards the progress of genuine evangelical work. *He cites instances and gives names*, sustaining the truth of what I have said in regard to the slackening of the zeal of the "converts" when they are dropped from the pay-roll (See page 94 et seq. of "*Mission Economics*.")

Says Rev. R. G. Wilder:

"In our life-work in India, we became so deeply impressed with the serious hindrance to the progress of vital Christianity, resulting

from the too free use of money in mission work, that we have been led to much and frequent thought, and to a careful study of the subject in all its bearings. We have seen a mission, after making fair progress till its converts were reckoned by hundreds, and *more than twenty per cent. of them in mission pay*, then remain almost stationary for years, scarcely enough being added to make up the loss. We have also seen these native helpers and preachers bring to their missionaries frequent



HIROSHIMA MISSION GIRLS' "SUNSHINE SOCIETY."

and *importunate petitions for higher salaries; and, when refused, showing disaffection and wrong feeling enough to more than negative any good results of their formal preaching and service; some became quite heartless.* We have noticed in such mission, that when a private Christian, not in mission pay, is reminded of his or her duty and privilege to speak to neighbors or friends, and try to win them to Christ, the ready reply has been, '*Why should I do that? What pay does the mission give me?*' **SHOWING THE MERCENARY CHARACTER OF THE WHOLE WORK IN THE VIEW OF SUCH NATIVE CHRISTIANS.**"

Rev. T. P. Crawford writes:

"So long as missionaries do everything for the natives or *pay for what they do*, so long will they have churches of parasites; and so long will the better, or more honorable classes, stand aloof from them. Those members of such churches who are really born again, are, as Dr. Gulick said of the Italian converts, 'born paralyzed.'"

Dr. M. T. Yates testifies:

"I have, after patient and prayerful consideration of the whole subject, come to the conclusion that the free use of foreign money in connection with mission work—such as, in the employment of native agents, in schemes for the education of heathen young men and women in the English, the sciences and the Chinese classical literature in order that they may be better prepared for such agency if they become Christians while in school—is *the bane, yea, the dry rot, of modern missions.*"

Rev. A. McKenna says:

"One main reason why the native churches do not become self-supporting is, that *our missionaries have been afraid to allow them to become so.* Transition might be followed by commotion, *and that, perhaps, by decrease.* Our present paid preachingsh stands dead in the way of the independence of our Bengal churches. *I have long ceased to entertain hope of the churches ever becoming self-sustaining while the present system continues.* They could not possibly afford to pay their pastors anything like the salaries paid by the societies to their preachers."

Consider the opinion of Rev. C. H. Carpenter:

"Of the ten million dollars and over raised annually by the Protestant churches of Europe and America for Foreign Missions, not less than four millions, probably, are expended on the support of native agents (such as preachers, pastors, teachers, catechists, colporters, deacons, medical assistants, chapel-keepers, Bible-women, &c.,) on Bibles and other books, on the erection, repair and rent of church, school and dormitory buildings, hospitals and dispensaries, for the use and benefit of the natives. *Fifty years ago these expenditures were insignificant in amount but they have grown like the ban-yan tree.* That which was an occasional practice has become a great system, which, octopus-like, clutches the whole mission organization in its tentacles. At the present rate of increase, *young people now living may expect confidently to see the day when fifty million dollars a year will be required to pay these subsidies to the rapidly increasing communities of 'converts' in pagan lands.* It is already a serious question how the funds are to be gathered; and, when one in ten of the thousand millions are *thus* converted, two hundred million dollars yearly will be required for subsidies alone, to say nothing about the support of missionaries. It is a system unrecognized, and apparently unanticipated, in the New Testament; *a gigantic evil which threatens the native churches with either corruption and worldliness,* while imposing upon the churches of Christian lands a burden already amounting to millions annually."

Rev. J. S. Beacher writes:

"Had you been with us in the Karen Jungle this season to see what we saw of the evil influence of the *hireling system* upon native preachers and churches, it would satisfy you of the correctness of our apprehension respecting donations (for their support)."

While it is far from satisfactory to read of the manner in which the poor people of heathen countries are brought within the pale of Christian Churches, and kept there with money or with other material benefits which appeal to their cupidity, we consider the facts contained in the 1908 Report of the Southern Baptist Convention on the Italian mission to be about the most dismal reading that we have ever encountered.

Rev. D. G. Whittinghill writes from Rome, Italy. On page 116 of the report he says:

"The numerous scandals in convents and monasteries brought to light during the summer by newspapers and governmental authorities, and the continual propaganda carried on by the social or anti-clerical organizations have almost destroyed faith in the Roman Catholic Church, and especially the clergy. This is a not unmixed evil. The nation is turning in great numbers to infidelity or skepticism, and unless God intervenes by his saving power, Italy will go from bad to worse. May God save her from moral ruin."

Yet Italy has been a Christian land almost from the time of Peter and Paul. The gospel has been preached here about as long as it has been heard anywhere. From what conception of duty, or of divine command, are we asked to take upon our shoulders the regular annual expenses of supporting missionary work among these Italians?

We Baptists have a Theological Seminary in Rome. We shouldn't wonder if it is the joke of Europe. We have a faculty of five high-priced Professors, and a few years ago the total attendance of students was four. I note that they now have eleven Italian youths being brought up in this expensive Theological Seminary. Two students to each professor! Recently our Baptist periodicals have been publishing a photograph of the human contents of our Rome Theological Seminary, and the Faculty had to stand up with the students in order to make the picture look realistic and plausible.

Taking up the report of the work in detail: I hardly know whether we ought to laugh or to weep. Perhaps we ought to do both.

Here are a few extracts:

"Avellino has been in charge of Signor Ciambellotti, an ex-student of our Theological Seminary, for two years. He has doubled the Sunday School numbers and has baptized *the wife and daughter of an English merchant*. The colporteur of the place was baptized at the same time. There is great need of a larger and better located hall." (Why?)

"Bari is needing a younger and more energetic pastor. Signor Volpi is too old for this field. Of late, the work has been made more difficult by scandals in another evangelical church of the place. Catholics are easily offended at any irregularities among us, but the boldest sins and most outrageous customs among themselves seem to be taken as a matter of course. Strange to say, this church has numerous hearers, but none have been converted and baptized for two years.

"Bolleti is evangelized every two weeks by Signor Volpi, but pros-

pects of increase are few, as four Christians have lately died and two others have removed elsewhere."

"Bassaccia for two years was a very promising field, but an imprudent and suspected pastor arrested its growth for a season. He was promptly removed elsewhere."

"Cagliarri. This church has been severed by schismatics last year, and has not yet recovered."

"Iglesse. Senor Pintis, the pastor, has been greatly afflicted by false brethren during the year. Two of them have gone elsewhere, and one has died, so there is more prospect of peace than formerly."

In Rome itself, our mission work has been organized ever since 1872. We now have forty-eight members. Last year we baptized two. In Florence, we have a membership of thirty-four, and we baptized three last year, but the church undertook to revise the membership rolls and for that reason we lost twenty-four names. (I would like very much to know *why*, but the report doesn't state.)

In Carpi, organized in 1855, we have a membership of eighteen. Last year we baptized another one. To quote from the record: "The church seems to be unable to rise above the ill effects of scandals in connection with two of its former ministers some years ago."

"Ferrara. Not organized. Four Baptists. No baptisms. A beautiful and centrally located hall was procured and fitted up.

"Consadolo. Organized in 1904. Membership ten. No baptisms last year."

Pordenone. Organized in 1904. Membership eighteen. No baptisms last year. The report says, "The work progresses slowly on account of the two organizations in town. I made strenuous efforts to effect a union of the two bodies but failed, owing to the pastor of the other body demanding too much money. The outlook is not promising."

"Milan. Membership thirty. Two baptisms last year." Church was organized twenty years ago. The report says, "We have here a very beautiful and expensive hall."

"Novari. Membership twelve. No baptisms last year." With unconscious irony the report uses this language, "We hope more lasting good is being done than appears on the surface." Amen!

Summing up the whole matter, the report concludes:

"The year 1907 has been for the missionaries a year of disappointment, of hope deferred, of sorrow and anxiety, of joy and consecration, and finally regret at feeling it our duty to rest for a season that full health might return. Some things, however, were done. A full and complete system of keeping books of the mission was adopted, new and beautiful halls were procured for Florence, Ferrara and San Remo."

Well, if any kind of missionary work would make a man sick, it is the up-hill work of Italian missions. No converts to speak of, but a new system of book-keeping adopted and three more fine churches bought with American money! Hence our satisfaction!

On page 91 of Rev. J. A. Scarboro's book "The Bible, Baptists and Board System", I find the following paragraph:

"Take one field, Italy. There were only four missionaries from the Home Church in that field, and fourteen native preachers. The four missionaries at \$600 each would get \$2400, but the Board reports the expenditures for European missions at \$16,950.67. This is the Italian missions, for the Board has no other in Europe. So there was \$2400 spent on missionaries from the home land, and the balance of the \$16,950.67 on native preachers and other things not stated in the report. Put the fourteen native preachers at \$300 each, big wages for an Italian, and we have \$4,300, making \$6,600 for preaching, including the natives, and \$12,750.67 for other purposes."



Slaves in Pennsylvania coal mines. Smaller boy not 10 years and weighed less than 65 pounds.

We Baptists should never forget the Italian priest who was carried around and put on exhibition as one of the trophies, some years ago. As long as we kept him on the pay-roll, he was a good Baptist: The moment we shut off the monthly salary, he relapsed into Papa's arms, becoming a stronger and louder Catholic than ever.

Mr. Scarboro very pertinently asks, "*Is it the duty of the Church to support such a system as that? Is it obeying the Lord of missions?*" On pages 93-94, Mr. Scarboro collates some facts from the minutes of the Convention of 1903. At the Rio Church, Brazil, sixty-five members out of the two hundred and thirty were dropped. At Nichtheroi the house was closed and the work given up. At Paciencia the church dissolved. From Guanda the missionary wrote plaintively, "I have nothing encouraging to write of this church." Teng Chow, "a most active young preacher, well educated, zealous and beloved has fallen into the sin of adultery, and we have had to dismiss him. A few of our members have been guilty of drinking liquor, smoking opium and even of lying and stealing." Hawangheim. "We have had variance among the brethren and some gross sins on the part of some." Chin Kiang. "Some tares among the wheat. One of the greatest mistakes of mission work in China is the receiving into the church those who have not been born again."

After citing other instances of similar character, Brother Scarboro is moved to say:

"Thus corrupt natives are hired with mission money to preach, some of whom prove to be adulterers, some who use their office for gain, with a result that these mission churches are corrupted in ministry and membership and remain mere hangers-on for profit.

"These evils have been pointed out time and again, to the boards North and South by faithful missionaries like Carpenter and Crawford, the boards know and admit it is a great evil, and dismiss and humiliate the missionaries for their honest and truthful pains.

"What Baptist feels like giving money for such work as this?"

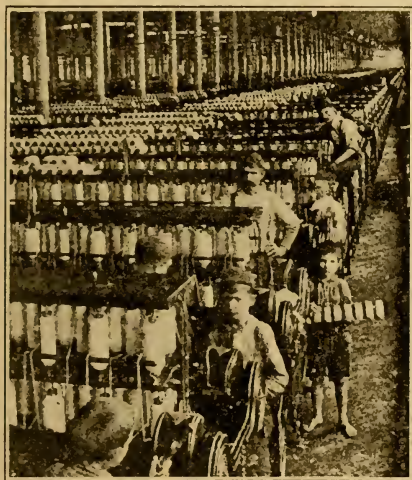
"The Foreign Board says in its report:

"The churches in foreign lands must be taught independence and self-support."

"But still they hold on to the hireling system."

The first question which suggests itself when we find American missionaries at work in France, Italy and Austria is, "What are you doing *THERE?*"

Protestantism had its birth in Germany and France. Powerful Protestant churches have always existed in Continental Europe. Why,



Interior of a Southern cotton mill. Here children of a tender age are compelled to labor many hours each day amid nerve-racking noise of machinery, and flying dust.

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then, should not we American Protestants leave the European Protestants to tackle the European Catholics? Why should we go so far afield to fight Roman Catholicism, when Roman Catholicism is driving Protestantism out of so many American cities? Why take up a heavy load which French and German Protestants are so much abler to bear? Upon what theory do *we* demand of Protestant congregations in the United States the money for the support of Foreign Missions in Catholic countries where Protestants, by the million, have been at work for centuries? The Protestants of Germany have been on solid ground ever since they have weathered the storm of the Thirty Years' War, and dominant ever since Frederick the Great gave Austria her first setback. The Protestants of Holland made good their stand against the Catholics of France, of Germany and of Spain, and today they are rich and strong. The Protestants of France have been the victims of many a barbarous and bloody persecution, but their numbers have maintained about the same proportion to the Catholics that they bore when they rushed into battle, led by the white plume of Navarre. How strange it is that American Protestants should go to Europe to do the work which these European Protestants are so much more able to do!

(To be continued. In the next article will be considered missionary countries and the shameful neglect of the needs—moral, material, educational and spiritual,—of our own people.)

On the Fourth of July

Peal, O peal, your notes of gladness,
Send the clarions to the sky,
Cheer the hosts where'er you find them
With the name The Fourth of July.

Millions groping long in darkness
Gazed in wonder toward the West,
Heard the boom of far-off cannon,
Saw the gleam of Freedom's crest.

Hoist our flag above the mountains,
That the gods may rev'rence give,
Triumphing over land and ocean,—
There, Old Glory, ever live.

Hear, O hear the mighty chorus,
Echoes from the long gone past,
Children, aged, tribes and nations,—
Gentle zephyr, mighty blast.

High above the millions' voices,
Soft as Summer's sighing breeze.
Deep as thunders hoarse resounding,
Thro' the gorges, o'er the leas,

Comes a voice from out the boundless—
'Tis the voice of the To Be—
"Glory, honor for my people
While they honor liberty."

—*H. Broadus Jones* 3

A CRITICAL MOMENT

By DANIEL J. SULLY

AT THIS, a critical, important and probably a triumphant epoch in the history of the South's development and prosperity, it is wise for every man to ask himself what he can do to further the general advance, and by furthering it share in its success.

It is not necessary to exhibit statistics to prove that the South is a significant and leading part of America. Its growth has been, as everyone knows, one of the phenomenal evidences of our uncalculated resources and our boundless energy. Cities are transacting great business activities at centres which a few years ago were little more than side tracks. Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, New Orleans, Norfolk and similar cities are conspicuous examples of the enterprise and prosperity that should be shared by all.

The South is not lacking in loyalty. The Senator in the play "The Gentleman from Mississippi" on visiting New York was asked what he thought of America's metropolis. "New York is a great city," said he. "It is the Vicksburg of the North."

The South has splendid railroads and they are annually extending and increasing their lines. The South has coal mines, coal mines enough and water power enough to operate the industries of the United States.

Northern mills are going to the



South for the timber on its mountains.

Deposits in the banks of the South show an increase which cannot be duplicated in the rate of growth in any other section in America. Altogether the volume of Southern prosperity is a mighty factor in the solvency and notable advance of this country.

But not a single phase of the Southern prosperity, which I have mentioned, has been achieved without complete up-to-date organization. There is no such thing as a one man railroad, one man city, or one man industry of any important sort.

The only things that languish in the South are the interests that remain unorganized. And the greatest of all these interests—the one upon which America most vitally depends, and from which the whole world derives its commercial and industrial prosperity—is in the greatest need of being organized for the benefit of the vast army of honest and hard working farmers who make the cotton harvest possible.

The prosperity of the big Southern cities could be duplicated throughout the area of Southern farms if the men who make up the population of the fields would combine to work for their common good.

The man in the country does not have it borne in upon him,

as the man in the city does, that he must unite with his fellows to produce any important results. It was said of the farmers of the South African Republic that whenever one of those sturdy Boers could see the smoke from his neighboring farmer's chimney he felt that it was time to move. He wanted more freedom. He wanted to live his life alone.

Men living far from the common centres find it difficult to believe that they are a part of the one great system which binds modern mankind into a common union.

Whether we wish it to be or not, we are members of an industrial fraternity. If we are active members we share its benefits. If we fail to take interest in its great movements, we suffer as the result of our lack of attention. If we get away from the influence of this vast organization, which through the interlacing telegraph and cable wires that connect the consuming millions of the most remote nations with the centres that manufacture cotton and other commodities for them, we lose by that isolation.

Thus every man in the South is a citizen in the world's Cotton Kingdom. It depends upon himself, or rather, it depends on the millions or more of those citizens to determine what benefits they wish to derive from the privilege of that citizenship.

If every man of a million men had a single dollar, that dollar unallied to every other dollar would have little influence. It would be soon spent. But if combined those separate dollars would be a great power.

If the great movement now on for the regeneration of the South was calling for contribution from farmers they might well hesitate. But nothing is asked of them. I say to the farmers of the South: organize. Let every farmer ally himself with the unions already pledged to his betterment. These organizations are equipped to co-operate with him. When the South has perfected its system of unions for the common purpose, it can declare its mind and take important action along lines that mean salvation for the cotton industry, and through its salvation the prosperity of the whole land.

I say to you what your nearest friends and leaders are saying—unite.

This is the great secret of all success not only in our own cities and our own Southern railroads and other great industrial organizations, but also the secret of advance of all modern nations.

One of the most interesting examples of this is the union of the thirty or more German states into an empire. Up to Bismarck's time these kingdoms and principalities were more or less in a state of competition and warfare.

For a great many centuries the Teutonic people had hoped to form a union for their interests. They realized, just as the farmers of the South realize today, that they had within themselves the elements of power. But the principal that was to bind them together had not yet been developed. The telegraph made it possible, not only possible but necessary, for these people sharing in reality a common interest to speak as one voice. They were affected,

as the people throughout the South are affected, by the same changes in commercial centres. The plots and counter-plots of the Kings of Finance made it necessary for the Kings and people of the many German states to combine. And at the right time destiny raised up Bismarck to make that combination possible.

There were free cities along the coast which from days long passed had lived a life apart from the movements that were organizing the interests of the Continent. There were never braver cities than the old Hansa towns, and it seemed a departure from their highest ideals of freedom to join any form of a union. They wanted to live their lives as they had lived them before, independent. Bismarck realizing the strong spirit that dominated them, did not force them into the organization. He showed them, just as the leaders of the South today are showing the farmers that are still standing out, the importance to all and primarily the importance to themselves in sharing in the confederation of German states.

For a time these Hansa towns held out. But they saw other centres, enjoying the benefits of the German organization, advancing in prosperity, which was a part of a success which these outside cities realized they could also share. They saw the secret of common success, just as many of the farmers of the South see that their triumphal future depends upon their joining issues in a common cause. And so these coast cities, like Hamburg and Bremen, sent in the applications for ad-

mission into the German Empire. They became not only a part of that great national union, but the most important part, participating significantly in the Empire's prosperity. Similarly the farmers of America's South will become the leading factors in this nation's success, with all that that means in prosperity for themselves, when they take their place of leadership and power in the great Cotton confederation.

These unions are at your door. The opportunities to take the first step out of agricultural bondage are at hand.

I have spoken of Germany's success through organization. This, as you know, is of recent history. It dates from 1870. The same thing is true of Italy. It was a country of independent and struggling kingdoms, but with the advent of the telegraph and other inventions, perfecting the means of communication, the day for uniting Italy arrived. Combined, these kingdoms whose chief asset had been their boast and their liberty, became powerful and together all enjoyed a greater measure of freedom and security than any had enjoyed alone. The same thing will be true of the farmers of the South. In joining your unions and all your organizations, whose members are alike interested in matters that are vital to all, you do not abandon your liberty. Instead of losing you gain in strength. The farmers' market is far from furrow, and he is today interested in the great affairs of the world and importantly affected by them.

Just as Italy has combined its states, and just as Germany has

combined its kingdoms, so the Dominion of Canada within the same period has merged the interests of its various provinces. None of them has suffered as a result of that national union. And during these same years America has reunited its interests. Japan, too, has organized its national strength, abandoning forever its old feudal-like conditions. There were just as brave men in Japan in the days when each Samurai carried his individual sword, as in the days of its recent wars when a million men went to the front with a single purpose. But in that day of individual swordsmen, Japan was at the mercy of the nations. It had no standing in the courts of the world. Everyone said that Japan was picturesque, just as the farmer in the South has been characterized picturesque, but Japan was not prosperous. The one thing that was lacking there is the one that the South lacks—Organization.

What organization has done for Japan is one of the impressive chapters in history. It has given that country a great commerce. It has made it the leading power on the western shores of the Pacific, just as unity of effort along industrial lines has made America a greater nation on the eastern side of that sea.

The impressive thing in all this world spectacle of success is that combinations have come with the mechanical triumphs which have made these unions possible. It is impossible, as I have indicated, for men in this age not to combine. The instruments of progress placed at our hands require the co-operation of intelligent

masses of men. If a farmer gets a steel plow delivered to his farm it represents in part the activities of a thousand men who have labored in the mining of the ore, a thousand men employed in the operation of the railroad that transported that implement and an uncountable number reaching into the intense centres of finance, developing the manifold phases of the social, industrial and financial order, which makes possible the carrying out of great enterprises.

Not only the farmer, but all America in a sense, is back of the handles of that plow. If we abandoned our present day organization and attempted to restore primitive simplicity a terrible confusion and poverty would overtake America. We are living in a new age, and we must meet its conditions.

The people of the South not only organize but they must, of course, intelligently organize. Every farmer should study the conditions that surround him and the conditions of the country that affect him. He cannot, as I have pointed out, escape from the influences that affect us all. And, the more he studies the situation the sooner he becomes the master of his affairs.

Every day my mail from the South brings me communications showing that the farmers throughout the cotton region are deeply interested and are seriously determined to learn the details of the great movement which means for them a new liberty and a new prosperity. And leaders from the South, farmers, merchants, financiers, who call here, convince me, as

I am perfecting the plans which we all hope will insure the new success of the South and its people, that the interest taken in this great cause is not a factional or a special interest, but one vital to the entire South—one that repre-

sents without exception every class of its citizenship.

I rejoice in the many and multiplying evidences of a community of spirit that promises for cotton a reign of prosperity such as that staple has never known.



A Spider

Grim blot! On silver swinging in the air,
 Where roses shine or glows the purple grape,
 Or crouched—swart hunchback—in thy dead-white lair
 (Thou tiger-soul, compressed in tiny shape)
 Beneath a musically murderous leaf,
 Which tempts the innocent to thee and grief—
 Earth's symbol, Thou,
 Of Death and dark Despair!

—*Frank E. Anderson.*



Retta Ashton's Fourth of July

By Minnie E. Hicks

RETТА ASHTON was tired. To her the "glorious Fourth" had brought only a succession of unpleasant episodes, beginning with the upsetting of the coffee-pot at breakfast and reaching a climax in the fall which had cost Mrs. Ashton a sprained ankle.

But it was not of this day that Retta was thinking as she sank wearily into one of the rocking-chairs on the wide porch: she was thinking of another July day, six years before, when she had sat on the porch and watched the sun setting, just as she was doing now. Then a man had walked up the road in the rosy afterglow, and the two had strolled slowly up and down beneath the elms, while the stars peeped curiously out from the darkening sky. No eyes save theirs saw Retta as, an hour later, she stood with outstretched arms, her heart crying out for the man who had disappeared in the shadowy distance, dismissed by the angry words which she would gladly have recalled as soon as spoken, but which her lips were too proud to unsay. Two days later it was rumored in the neighborhood that Chester Dale had "gone off to California, or somewhere," and that was all.

"Aunt Retta, I do want to see the fireworks tonight."

The wistful little voice brought Retta back to the present with a start.

"I wish you could, Harold," she said, with ready sympathy: it seemed hard that disappointments and heartaches must begin so soon in life.

"Couldn't we go?" he pleaded, getting up from where he sat on the edge of the porch, and leaning against Retta's chair.

"You wouldn't want me to leave poor Grandma all alone, dear," she said, putting her arm around him, "and there isn't anyone else to go with you."

"They're going to have Roman candles, and sky-rockets and everything," Harold said, with a sigh.

"I must go in to Grandma now," Retta said, rising, "and I'll fix you a nice nest of pillows in the Morris chair and give you a big apple that I found today; won't you like that?"

Harold assented, and, with the ready forgetfulness of childhood, was more than half way to dreamland with the big striped apple hugged close in his arms by the time Retta reached the adjoining room where Mrs. Ashton lay on the couch.

A few minutes later, however,

he was suddenly awakened by a commotion in the next room.

"I'm glad it's not more serious, Mrs. Ashton," said the voice which had aroused him; "I heard you had a fall this morning, and thought I would stop in on my way back to town to see if there is anything I can do."

"I certainly appreciate your kindness, Mr. Dean," said Mrs. Ashton, "but we are getting along very well, and I think I shall be able to walk again in a day or two."

Sitting up among his cushions, Harold could see the horses and wagon at the gate. He knew they were going straight to town, and his heart throbbed with a mighty longing. Then the temptation came, and, without stopping to reason or question, he slipped to the floor and went noiselessly out of the house. Fortune smiled upon him, as she so often seems to smile upon her erring sons, for he found the wagon loosely filled with hay, probably the finishing up of the day's hauling, and he scrambled in and nestled down in the fragrant depths, his heart beating with the excitement of the adventure. He had just gotten fairly settled when the owner of the wagon came out of the house, climbed in, and drove rapidly off towards the town, all unconscious that he was lending his aid to a little runaway.

The half-mile of road was soon covered, and the wagon came to a halt in a barnyard just on the outskirts of the town. The driver went into the stable, and Harold clambered down from his hiding-place, and ran eagerly towards the scene of the celebration,

guided by the lusty shouts of young America.

He was soon in the midst of the throng, a delighted, silent spectator. When the evening train pulled in, a few persons loitered off to the station near by, but these soon returned in company with some who had just arrived on the train, and the festivities were continued with renewed energy.

Among the later arrivals was a man of, perhaps, twenty-eight years, who stood on the edge of the crowd, and who seemed much more interested in the people themselves than in the fireworks. His glance wandered from face to face, sometimes indifferently, and again with evident recognition, though he spoke to no one.

The last one of the fireworks was sent off, and as it spread out its flaming colors high in air, the stranger heard a breathless "O my!" close beside him, and, looking around, saw, standing on a bench where he had climbed for a better view, a very excited little boy, with shining eyes and numerous wisps of hay sticking out from among his brown curls.

As the crowd gradually dispersed, a realization of his situation began slowly to dawn upon Harold, and he sat down on the bench, looking helplessly around him and trying bravely to keep back the tears that smarted under his lashes.

"Hello, old man," said the gentleman who had been watching him, "what's the trouble?"

"I runned away," Harold admitted frankly, "and it's so dark I'm 'fraid to go home."

"Well, you are in a bad way,"

said his new acquaintance, "but maybe I can help you. What is your name?"

"Harold Ashton Lee. What's yours?"

The man laughed outright. "Chester Merton Dale," he replied, recovering his gravity. "Now, Harold Ashton Lee, where do you live?"

"In Baltimore."

"Baltimore?" echoed his questioner; "I must say, you have had a right long run."

"Oh, I didn't run from there," Harold explained. "Mamma and Papa have gone to—to some place where it's cool when it's hot, and I'm staying with Grandma Ashton and Aunt Retta. I runned away from there in Mr. Dean's hay-wagon."

"Does—does Aunt Retta live in a big yellow house, just a little way down the road?" Chester Dale asked eagerly.

Harold nodded.

"Well, I know where that is well enough, and I was going there tomorrow anyway. Your folks will be worrying about you, so come along."

The boy jumped down and slipped his hand confidingly into Chester's. They left the lights of the town behind them and walked along the road in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. Presently the child's steps became slower, and the man stooped and lifted him gently in his arms. "Do you think Aunt Retta will scold?" he asked.

"No," Harold answered; "she don't scold; but I wish I hadn't."

Chester whispered something into Harold's ear, and the boy

lifted his head in surprise. "Did you run away, too?" he asked.

"Yes; a long time ago," was the reply, "and I hope your Aunt Retta will be kind to both of us."

"Did you go in a hay-wagon," Harold asked, with interest, "and did you have a good time?"

"No," Chester answered, smiling, "and I didn't have a good time: people who do what they know they ought not seldom do, little chap. There is your home light now."

A few minutes later they stood before the door of the big yellow house. Retta came in response to the ring of the door-bell, and Harold sprang into her arms, nestling his head against her cheek.

"Aunt Retta, I runned away to see the fireworks, and I'm awful sorry," he exclaimed contritely.

Retta looked bewildered. "Why, Harold," she said, "I thought you were sound asleep. Thank you for bringing him home," she continued, turning to the man who stood in the shadow of the doorway.

"It's Mr. Chester—I can't 'member it all, and he says he hopes you will be good to him, too, 'cause he runned away like me, and he's sorry," explained Harold, all in a breath.

"Yes, Retta," Chester said, stepping out into the light, "I was a foolish, hot-tempered boy, and I have come all the way back here to tell you so and to ask you to forgive me."

"I was the one most at fault, Chester," Retta said, with a little tremor in her voice. "I knew it five minutes after you left, but I thought maybe you didn't care, after all."

"Kiss me, Aunt Retta," Harold

said, sleepily; "I won't ever run away again."

Retta bent and kissed him, and he went back to his nest in the Morris chair.

"Neither will I, darling," said Chester, taking both of Retta's hands and looking down into her glowing face. And both run-aways were forgiven.

The Vase

Ralph M. Thomson

*Man is no more than just a piece of clay,
Which forms the upper stratum of the earth;
'Tis for some potter, passing on life's way,
To shape the mass into a thing of worth.*

*If thou wouldst mold the virgin lump at hand
Into a vessel that shall tell thy art,
Make me that vase which, dreaming thou hast planned
To hold the sweetest posies of thy heart!*





A Survey of the World

By Tom Dolan

The Startling English Tax Budget

THE agitation for establishing a protective tariff in England was not long ago very definitely crystallized in the remark of Lord Cromer that: "What Mr. Lloyd George has to show is how he can meet the heavy liabilities he has incurred and yet preserve intact the system of free trade." It had not penetrated his stupidly British intellect that a great financial deficit could be met other than by heavily taxing impoverished masses. But Mr. Lloyd George seems to be a gentleman of most debonair and engaging versatility. His budget, just passed by the House of Commons and now nominally before the Lords, has shown a way to raise revenues by "robbing hen roosts" heretofore deemed sacred. The budget just presented to the astonished gaze of Great Britain has almost caused apoplexy among the aristocracy who seem to have just strength enough to gasp; "Socialism and Confiscation!" In fact, nothing so radical would be dreamed of in America. The tax on *unearned* incomes is increased from 5 to 6 per cent.; earned incomes 3 to 5 per cent.; on all incomes of over \$25,000 a year a supertax of 6 pence to the pound on *unearned* incomes exceeding \$25,000 a year. The income tax will be at the rate of about 8 per cent.

and on earned income about 7 per cent. This tax is far greater than the money would bring in interest if conservatively invested as from 3 to 4 or 6 per cent. would be about all that could be expected.

Taxes are increased on tobacco and spirits, on gasoline, on automobiles; and heavier stamp duties are imposed on stock transactions and corporations must bear a larger share of taxation; on a 6 horse-power motor car a tax of \$10.00 is levied, up to \$200.00 for a 60 horse-power machine, doctors to pay only half rate.

Inheritance taxes, or as known in England, "death duties" are to be increased, and a tax of 20 per cent. on *future increases in the value of lands due to the enterprise of the community* is to be laid.

Naturally enough, the budget is denounced by many factions, but that it is almost certain to be untouched by the House of Lords is conceded. Under the Constitutional bounds the House of Lords must not tinker with the appropriations of Parliament, their province being held to embrace only measures purely political. Mr. Lloyd George will see that the bill looks, on its face, to be merely one for raising revenue, and although the Conservatives may writhe, they will be practically hands-tied as to actually combatting the budget in the House of Lords. Of course, Mr. Lloyd George realizes that the

fight has just begun, and that no effort will be spared to defeat his party at the next elections, but that, forsooth, is on the knees of the gods. The cry that "capital will be driven out of England" has been raised with all its traditional bathos, but the chances are that capital will pay its little taxes and remain. It is quite significant, however, that since the budget hove in sight of the terrified Britishers, they have been far less panic-stricken over a threatened German invasion. They who had the wealth, they who had most to lose in event of war, had evidently never considered that upon greedy and cowardly property should fall the burden of building the *Dreadnaughts* for their protection. The Budget puts a different light on the matter. The poor of England had so little to lose they probably cared very little about a German invasion, since hundreds of thousands are in continuously starving condition, wherein life itself has no value, and property is a joke.

How strange it is to mark the contrast between English and American legislation at the present date; *there* they are actually equalizing taxation in a manner frank and open. *Here* there is nothing but spoilation masked by arrant hypocrisy: *there* the unwritten Constitution is expected to bind a body of men whose inclinations are all against a measure they are Constitutionally under obligations to pass. *Here* when there is any "swag" coming the way of our high officials, they merely say: "What is the constitution between friends?"

Federal Judges to be Impeached

SOMETHING decidedly new was sprung in Congress when Mr. Murphy, "the gentleman from Missouri," offered a resolution calling for the impeachment of Judges McPherson and Phillips, of the Western District of Missouri, for conduct which may be briefly described as showing "undue friendliness for the railroads." Mr. Frank Hagerman, corporation lawyer for the railroads favored, immediately undertook their defense, so far as public opinion may be concerned, by rushing to the press with the heated statement that such charges were the groundless assertions of persons who didn't have any idea what they were talking about, or something of the same tenor and effect. Mr. Hagerman's volcanic explosion was entirely valueless, except as advertising himself in a manner which ethics could not censure and it is probable Mr. Murphy's effort to have impeachment proceedings is quite as light of weight. However, the incident demonstrates quite vividly the friction that exists as a result of legislative effort in the various States to curb what are generally felt to be corporate abuses of common right. This has grown to the point that the railroads are vaguely looked upon as public enemies and, as such, friendship for them constitutes little short of recreancy to trust, if not positive treason. And this is but the logical result of the attempt to "control" a utility of such character by what, in the absence of ownership or direct interest, really consti-



That Senatorial Merger

—New York American

tutes "outside parties." Those advocating government ownership have been the consistent and conservative friends of all concerned, save only those who reap enormous fortunes through various processes known as capitalization, reorganization, etc., but which could be grouped under the plain term of fraud.

Judge McPherson has recently delivered himself of additional opinions relative to the rate questions which he decided in favor of the railroads, which do not smack so much of dishonesty on his part as of childish incapacity to grasp the situation. He seems to have been melted by the plea of certain roads that they can not earn enough to profitably continue business upon lower rates and believes in these cases a rate of even four cents per mile for passengers, and higher charges for freight should be sanctioned, while perhaps some of the richer roads could worry along with less. He cites the need of the employes for adequate salary and of the stockholders for satisfactory dividends. But what he does not know, or refuses to understand, is that the stock bears no proportion to the actual investment, that the bonds issued are a tax upon unborn generations for from fifty to 100 and even in one instance 500 years; that the heads of the iniquitous scheme are piling up colossal fortunes from the pockets of the public, and that the railroad employee has been and now is, miserably underpaid considering the character of the work demanded, whether it be clerical or manual.

To operate these railroads for

the benefit of all the people, railroad employes as well as patrons, is a work of construction, not of enmity or destruction, a work of class love, not hatred.

Of course, the Supreme Court has upheld the right of the States to regulate railroad rates too lately to leave room for fear of inferior Federal Judges such as McPherson and Phillips, but that in nowise will settle the vexed question of what regulations are fair to all parties, or lessen the attempt of such railroad kings as Harriman to contest every measure, State or Federal, which stands in the way of any pet project. When Mr. Harriman issues instructions, as he has done lately, to his counsel to find a way to merge the New York Central, West Shore, Lake Shore and Michigan, Southern, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, Pittsburg and Lake Erie, Lake Erie and Western and the Canadian Central into one vast \$1,000,000,000 property and when he hopes to nullify the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law applying to railroads, it is idle to think that the problem of abolishing the abuses of railroads has been solved.

It is nobody's business whether a Federal judge dines, or fishes or hobnobs with a railroad director or a scavenger. His social diversions should never be dragged into any impeachment proceedings, or threatenings thereof. It would be of tremendous importance, however, if true, for the public to know whether anything akin to bribery had been offered by a corporation to any man upon the bench. This, however, would be exceedingly difficult of proof and

therefore Mr. Murphy's charges are apt to go up in thin smoke. The significance of the resolution offered in Congress is simply as a demonstration of the hopelessness of the present means of legislative control of common carriers. In settling the matter, no "hostility to railroads" as such can be possible. It is a case of breaking a good horse to service, or letting him trample us down; of owning the railroads, or having their magnates own the country.

IT is hard to believe Judge McPherson more than a blunderer, guilty of fat-headedness. But it would undoubtedly be of much satisfaction to the United States at large to see Judge Anderson actually impeached for what has been but all too obvious a guilty bias. His conduct of the retrial of the Standard Oil case, progress of which was reported in the May JEFFERSONIAN, was so shameful as to leave no room for giving him the benefit of a doubt. It remains but to record that his final direction was to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," which brings to ignominious defeat the governmental prosecution of this infamous rebate case, and ends the \$29,000,000 fine sought to be imposed upon the offending corporation by Judge K. M. Landis.

The Waters-Pierce Payment

THAT Texas compelled the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, a branch of the Standard Oil Trust, to pay a fine of \$1,808,483 at about the same moment the mother-monopoly escaped justice is a crumb of comfort, albeit a very small

one, comparatively speaking. Still, it promises much where the law is firmly enforced. Texas passed some anti-trust laws. The Waters-Pierce Company violated them, or possibly didn't take the trouble to consider whether the State had any or not, so accustomed are the henchmen of Mr. Rockefeller to view the efforts of legislatures as puerile or inane. It was a great surprise, therefore, that the penalty was actually imposed. In order that there might be no doubt raised as to its authentic collection, a flash-light photograph was taken of the actual passage from culprit to Court of the genuine greenbacks.

This fine will be used in making a reduction to 1 per cent. on the \$100 valuation of the State ad valorem tax rate.

New Phases of Old Perplexities

FLORIDA is showing a disposition to grapple with the negro problem without gloves. The bill for the disfranchisement of the blacks was the frankest attempt to remove suffrage permanently from the dangerous element of the population yet tried in the South. In brief, it broadly proclaimed the 15th amendment to the Constitution invalid and inoperative. The bill failed of passage at the present session of the legislature, but the abandonment of educational qualification subterfuges, the meeting squarely of an issue without pretense or hypocrisy was bold to recklessness. Strangely enough, this bill did not occasion any particular frothing at the mouth of the Northern

press, although general rabies would doubtless have resulted in the event the bill had actually been enacted into law.

More recently the Senate of the State struck out a \$25,000 appropriation for the Negro Agricultural and Mechanical College. The reason for this was forcibly stated by Senator Cone, who demanded that the agricultural college *be* agricultural and the industrial teaching inculcate a little industry. Among other things he said:

"Take these brass buttons and chevrons away from these negro boys and make them plow the fields. Think of it, men, negroes wearing uniforms and walking around the streets of our capital city. Why, Mr. President, I have even seen them sitting up here in the Senate—negro captains, yes, captains. We'd better be making farmers out of them. Patent leather shoes, red neckties, brass buttons and chevrons are breeding in the breast of every negro out there the ambition to be a Booker T. Washington and eat at some white man's table.

"It is not right to appropriate to them all of this money to be used in that way. Why, they even have tennis courts out there. Why not make them plow these courts up and plant something in them? It's called an agricultural school, not a military college. Let's make them wear homespun shirts, jean breeches and get in the fields and plow. We will cut this appropriation down and say to our State Board of Control, 'You take these uniforms from these negroes or we will ask the Governor to remove you.'

"We have got to stop them or we will have trouble with them pretty soon."

Race hatred? Narrowness? Unjust discrimination? No! There is not a train which traverses the cotton belt right now but that does not pass white woman after white woman hoeing cotton. When noble, devoted women of the South, from sheer inability on the part of their husbands to get agricultural labor, must go into the hot fields and do heavy, manual, *man's work*, while the cities and towns of the South are full of vagrant, worthless black men who won't work and who feed from the stealings of the negro cooks and servants, it is time to call a halt to educational pampering whether it masquerades in the guise of an industrial school or what not.

The best tilled plantations the South ever had was when the negro hands were taught to *work* in a *practical way* under the eye of intelligent overseers. The white farmers of the South are burdened with taxation enough, without having the bread (earned in the sweat of the faces of white women and little children) literally taken out of their mouths in order to provide higher education and gaudy uniforms for "agricultural students" who have "plowed their last furrow."

The Georgia Strike

ANOTHER notable incident in which the racial issue took precedence over all other alleged issues, was the strike on the Georgia Railroad during the last two weeks of May and which was set-

tled, temporarily at least, by an agreement to try to agree. This failing the case is now formally before a board of arbitration.

If the negro is *persona non grata* in any capacity it must be as a railway employee. Congenitally unfit for responsibility, the idea of allowing negroes to be firemen is a flagrant disregard of human life, for the sake of paying a slightly lower wage. The fireman should be an apprentice-engineer, capable in emergency of taking the engineer's place, and at all times sharing the engineer's responsibility. Where negroes are employed as firemen, the engineer must watch both sides of the cab, doubling his burden. He must, no matter how overworked or how little he has slept, bear in mind the most complicated schedules and properly fulfill duties which are mental and not manual. Common justice and humanity to him, to say nothing of the rights of the passengers and crew to have all sources of danger eliminated as far as possible, imperatively demand the *white brain in charge of a train*. Besides, so far as social equality goes, it is simply revolting to think of a white and a black man tied together in such intimately personal association as the work necessitates, quite regardless of the negro's subordinate position; and the wonder is that the white firemen and engineers have not rebelled long before.

The best part of an engineer's life is spent on his engine, and to have no company except an ignorant, perspiring, and,—although we must reluctantly state it,—stinking negro, is utterly dis-

gusting.

Of course, a great many thoughtless or prejudiced minds view this strike as imperiling the negro's right to *work*, but even these would hardly risk their lives with a *negro engineer* or *conductor* and any railroad man knows that the fireman's position is but slightly less in importance. While subject to the engineer's orders, as is the lieutenant to the captain, he should be the same dependable aid that the minor officer is to the major.

As for the insane demand for the militia or the government troops to uphold the railroad's unjust attitude toward a public wholly in sympathy with the cause of the strikers, the mildest thing to say is that it was well and wise that no such demand was heeded.

It is a very queer thing to observe the dear railroad companies, anyhow, and their sympathizers. When everything is going their way; when they are violating the rights of the public; when they are refusing to bear their share of the general taxation; when they are piling up enormous profits through stock juggling and watering, how they do howl if government ownership is suggested! How they get black in the face over the socialism and populism that would try in any way to control them! But how quick are they to send telegrams demanding troops and insisting that the government come to their aid and *take charge of their affairs* whenever outraged employees or public make other than a verbal protest!

Verbal protests are so much

breath wasted, and they treat with flagrant contempt any remonstrance, or any appeal for remedial legislation. When the vexations get to the point of a strike, which causes the company a loss, *then* they are ready for *government ownership* for the time being; and as soon as they feel safe again they slap that government in the face.

The Sugar Trust Again

THE American Sugar Trust acted the Good Samaritan toward a Pennsylvania Refining Company, lending it considerably more than one million dollars. As security for the loan, the benevolent trust took such an amount of the stock and such a power of attorney as enabled it to exercise full control over the borrower. Thereupon, the lender immediately seized possession, under forms of law, and shut down the plant of its rival, thus effectually making competition from that source an impossibility. In other words, by treacherously pretending to make a loan to the Pennsylvania Company, the New York Sugar Trust secured control of it, and used the loan as the means of destroying its competitor.

But it so happened that when the Pennsylvania Company went down and a Receiver was appointed for it, the man named for the place was John H. Earle, an able and courageous person. Mr. Earle, upon investigation of the affairs of the wrecked Company, was so indignant at the evidence of the Sugar Trust's perfidy which came into his hands, that he gathered up the documents and straight-

way betook himself to our great national trust buster, President Roosevelt; but Mr. Roosevelt refused to listen to Mr. Earle, and neither the President nor his dummy-Attorney General, Bonaparte, would even look at the evidence which proved the guilt of the Sugar Trust. Consequently, these malefactors of great wealth went scot free.

But Mr. Earle pushed forward upon his own hook with his suit for damages against the Sugar Trust, claiming thirty million dollars. After the case had proceeded far enough for the New York defendant to realize that they were about to be cast in the suit and would probably have to face indictments for their crimes as well as a verdict for the full amount of the damages sued for, they submitted to the inevitable and paid upwards of ten million dollars to have the matter settled.

Here is a confession of crime, just as there was a confession of crime in their payment of two million dollars when they were caught stealing from the government in that matter of false weights at the New York custom house; but inasmuch as the Sugar Trust was sufficiently influential to have one of their attorneys made Attorney General of the United States under Mr. Taft, it is not probable that Mr. Wickersham will do much more than Mr. Bonaparte did in bringing these malefactors of great wealth to justice.

In this land of the free and home of the brave, it is a notorious fact that we have one law for the poor and another for the rich.



Dead Men Tell No Tales—A Shameful Defense

—New York American

A Third Intervention ?

WHILE we do not anticipate orders to Cuba in the near future, we have everything in readiness, and there is an unanimity of opinion that we will be in Camp Columbia, near Havana, before many months.'

The above seems to voice the consensus of opinion among the military powers that be. Why, is painfully opaque to the plain-clothes citizen. True, there is a little lisp on the air that hints of a deficit in the treasury under the Gomez administration. Now, a deficit is naturally something at which the rest of the world holds up its hands in horror and dismay. The United States Treasury is shy many millions and Great Britain and Germany and Russia and the rest face something that, in the commercial world, would threaten early receivership; but this is all a very different matter from the finances of Cuba. If, after going it alone for a month or so, it looks as though there might be a lack of a few thousands coming on to be met, there is clearly a need for intervention. The mighty intellects that control this country should not be estopped from bringing their God-given genius to bear upon the government of Cuba. Without investigation, there is no hesitancy in stating positively that Cuba has not and never will have such brains and integrity and perfect statesmanship in her national councils as represented by our own Payne and Aldrich and Dalzell, our Messrs. Lodge, Hoar, et al. This is said, because we realize that the world has pro-

duced but a given number of such transcendent creatures, and we have a monopoly of them.

Little Cuba may as well name the day of union, or expect to be kidnapped. The Sugar Trust is powerful sweet on her.

* * * * *

IN order to meet the threatened deficit, the Cuban government has hit upon the unique plan of establishing a national lottery, which is to be operated very much as was the old Louisiana lottery scheme, and which is expected to bring in from one to two millions revenue annually.

Of course, Cuba knows that most of this will come from her patronizing neighbor, who has much sporting blood. Her own people will not contribute a great deal to the national prosperity under the plan.—not because they won't take an ardent interest in it, for they will, but because it will attract the lovers of chance in the United States. It is a rather clever plan to get outside help, and, while the strict morality of such a gambling device may be questioned, it will be about as honest, and certainly fairer, than the issuance of bonds to burden unborn generations.

Other Colonial Problems

MR. TAFT is much peeved at Porto Rico. Indeed, so vexed has he been at the "ingratitude" of this much favored "daughter" of Uncle Sam as to leave his golf links long enough to send quite a lengthy message to Congress, declaring in effect that instead of too little self-government, the Porto Ricans have been permitted too much, wherefore all the fric-

tion, and that the obvious remedy lies in taking away from them some of the power they now enjoy.

Mr. Taft is too thoroughly saturated with the wretched Colonial policy which has been inaugurated by our government to be able to comprehend that the little countries, with their mixed and generally saddle-colored inhabitants are simply a useless worry, and whether or not they are fit for self-government ought not to disturb the United States, which, while having broadly demonstrated the success of a political democracy, is yet so far from wisdom in many respects.

The situation is one that could not but result in many a deadlock. With a House of Delegates composed of natives and an "Executive Council" dominated by Americans, harmony of idea would be the exception, rather than the rule. The Porto Ricans, through their natural representatives, desire to secure certain legislation modifying the Foraker Act, which legislation is opposed by the Executive Council. The power of appropriation resting with the Delegates, they have decided to hold up the funds if they can't get the measures they desire. Porto Rico is therefore in rather a muddle.

Mr. Taft is not displaying quite the attitude toward the situation that would smooth matters. It may be quite as he says, that the people are unmindful of benefits received, and left to themselves wouldn't manage their affairs with conspicuous success. Nevertheless, there is no nation which wouldn't rather be mismanaged

by its own people than skilfully run by aliens, and this form of plain old human nature can not be set aside by logic, nor smothered with gifts. It may be crushed out by brutal oppression, which will be the *dernier resort* of any powerful government which hectors itself and victimizes others by an imperial policy.

Outgrowing Charters

WHILE the commission plan of municipal government is not new, a revival of interest therein has been spreading throughout American cities for the past few years until now a number of the larger places are claiming that their charters are in serious need of revision. Incompetence, indifference, corruption, have been the three things with which citizens have had more or less disastrous experience, in varying degrees, until the idea that some simpler, more direct plan of managing the civic affairs would bring about three most happily opposing forces—ability, interest, honesty in municipal government.

Galveston and Houston, Texas, are lauding their commission plan to the skies, while Des Moines claims to have had her fill of it. Boston and Atlanta are each busily engaged in formulating some plan with which to go before the legislature and ask for more efficient charters.

With the prevailing form of city government, everyone is thoroughly familiar, and the commission form has been in vogue in the counties, where it must be confessed it seems to have worked pretty well. Briefly, the

A. D. 1909.



—New York American

idea is to reduce the number of city fathers to as few as practicable, elect them by the whole city, (thus eliminating many of the objectionable features of ward politics) and give into their hands general power to appoint the heads of all municipal departments. With modifications appropriate to the locality, the plan is usually received rather gladly,—on the principle, perhaps, that so far as the average town is concerned, things can't be made any worse. However, it is much to be doubted that the commission plan will meet the ultimate approval of the public, and it would be unfortunate if it did so. So far as fixation of responsibility is concerned, that could be done readily enough without any material change in the methods now employed. It is true that the common council, everywhere, is generally too large a body, but this is mere detail. And unless the citizens provide for the imperative mandate, the initiative, referendum and the recall, the commission plan would seem only to exchange the possibility of a large and rather wobbly machine for one small and compact. In either event, the personnel of the body—either as at present composed, or as suggested under the commission plan, would determine the character of their work—whether it would be for the city, or for their own pockets. And in neither event is it decently independent for a mass of citizens to wait, helplessly, the expiration of terms of office, while revenues are wasted, time lost in the bickerings and quarrels between jealous

heads of departments, and things generally awry.

Great dread is frequently expressed by the fearful ones that "good men would not be willing to serve their cities if they thought they would not be allowed time in which to accomplish reforms to which they were pledged, but might be recalled by the caprice of a moment," etc. These people do not realize that there is no private citizen who doesn't live under the eternal necessity of "making good" with his employers, his clients, his patients and his patrons, or lose his job, his prestige or his income. Why, then, should our officials be entirely free from control for years at a time?

"*That's* the way to get it!" proudly boasted one of Pittsburg's grafters, exhibiting a wad of bills to an admiring and awed friend. Such men don't care, very often, whether they could have a second term or not. If they have an opportune time to feather their own nests, they will seize it and trust to public forgetfulness, to personal popularity, to the turn of the political tide in their favor, for the career to follow.

There is no way to get good government, anywhere, until every adult man and woman makes it a part of his business—and not the least part, either—to get the right men in the right places and to exercise eternal vigilance. There's no danger of an American public going wrong in ousting a good official on the spur of the moment—the danger to this republic is its tolerance of the Tweeds, the Crokers, the Quays, et al., for decades.



A Companion!

Pittsburg has realized the necessity for cleaning up, and has actually convicted and sentenced a number of the ring leaders of the grafters who made that city a byword for municipal corruption. In the list of those guilty of felony, it is both astounding and depressing to see the names of many who had passed as citizens of the highest type of integrity, such as W. W. Ramsey, former national bank president, convicted of bribery, together with A. A. Vilsack, cashier, and others.

Seven or eight of these men have been sentenced to from six months to a year in jail, with fines to pay ranging from \$500 to \$1,000. The Voters' League has clearly shown the way by which to *stop* such corrupt practices, and it is safe to predict that Pittsburg will have as clean a government as it may demand, hereafter, commission or no commission plan.

Los Angeles, by putting into operation the recall, has also shown the effectiveness of this measure in ridding itself of unworthy officials.

Altogether, there is much hope for a betterment in the next decade or so, for, after all, it is now what kind of plan is employed as the aroused interest of the citizens, that will count.

The "Sweat-Box"

THERE is now running in New York a play which has attracted wide and shuddering attention. It is called "The Third Degree" and deals with the infamous "sweat-box" methods of the police in extorting confessions from

those accused of crime. Such a drama is worth while, no matter how horrifying to witness, if it will arouse the public to a consciousness of an inquisitorial system that is rapidly growing up in free America that parallels those in vogue in lands of barbarism.

That he or she "broke down and confessed" is so familiar a line in the report of any case, we have grown quite accustomed to viewing our prisoners as apparently anxious to seal their own fate. But how, under the "sweat-box" method of exhausting a suspect by such intimidation, nagging, bullying and insult as can be devised by husky detectives or policemen, anxious to prove their case, can any value be attached to the "confession?"

It is perhaps *THE* fundamental precept in our jurisprudence that the burden of proof lies upon the State. Dependence upon self-incrimination of prisoners should have gone out along with the red hot pincers, the rack and wheel. Apparently, however, there is to be, if the police practices are not promptly and severely checked, a complete revival of all the cruelties, refined and unrefined, known to the bloody past.

Not long ago *The Public* reported an actual "sweat-box" established in the jail at Rockford, Ill. This is described as "a dungeon cell, so completely covered with sheet iron that light and air are kept far within the limits of what one might call excess. It is a true dungeon, * * * and physically unbearable to prisoners thrust into it." But the sheriff of Rockford is neither afflicted with the humane microbe, nor expect-

ant of a physical experience personally in his own dungeon cell. Upon his ears, therefore, an appeal to remove the sheet-iron covering has made no other impression than to excite him to an enthusiastic defense of his little imitation of the black hole of Calcutta.

One offender against discipline, whom he had put into this dungeon for only a brief time, so he explained to the board of supervisors with an approach to eloquence, came out completely jail broke,—willing to do anything he might be ordered to. Two other prisoners whom the sheriff had put into this dungeon for fifteen hours, wallowed in the darkness and swapped respirations until they became model prisoners. It wasn't really much to brag about. A "boot" of the Inquisition, or a dance with bare feet upon a judiciously overheated floor, would doubtless have produced as good results in a shorter time. But the sheriff's grim eloquence persuaded the board of supervisors. So Rockford, Illinois, may still boast far and wide—those of her citizens who wish to,—of the excellent disciplinary effects of the dense darkness and foul air of her dungeon cell."

It is obviously considered fair

to use any means to "discipline" a prisoner or to make a suspect incriminate himself. Nor is this all: the recent example afforded by the deputy sheriffs who hung the innocent and unoffending son of the Indian, Crazy Snake, up by his thumbs until the agony forced him to betray his own father proves that the spirit of Torquemada is neither dead nor sleeping. And the people are strangely indifferent! No suggestion has been made of punishing the deputy sheriffs for the revolting outrage. The law provides that even the proven guilty shall not be subjected to "cruel or unusual punishment," and yet a handful of cowardly brutes are allowed to mistreat helpless men and women who are oftentimes absolutely innocent of the crime charged, or even for the further unspeakable purpose of getting them to betray their own loved ones! Inhumanity could go no farther. The sublime callousness of the American people to every form of diabolism in our own land, together with the keen anxiety to "intervene" in every other quarter of the globe which transgresses the amenities, is one of those things which makes a whole public stupidity, stolidly, stubbornly dull, conceited and provincial.



Beloved Ghosts

Dear silent ghosts of sounds that come no more,
 The dying footfalls on the echoing floor,
 Dear shadowy people ever gliding through
 Deserted halls and fading from our view;
 They wander in and out, finger on lip,
 Dim forms inscrutable, that cannot slip
 One little word, only a longing gaze,
 For all remembrance of earth's tender ways
 They dwelt among, those other happy years;
 A tremulous sigh, thin gleam of pearly tears,
 Light sorrow 'mid their joy that past all reach
 Are human love, soft tones of human speech:
 Then on through distance gray, through wavering wall,
 They fade, like olden song with dying fall.

Fair spacious chambers stand in loneliness
 Where sweet bells faintly tolled lure from duress
 Those evanescent shades of filmy air
 That crowd in weaving shimmering throngs, most rare
 Presentment of the forms held safe apart
 Within the close shut petals of the heart,
 Where we may keep the holiest and the best,
 Those who have ceased from struggle and found rest.
 Yet still they strive with tender wistful arms,
 And longing look and quivering alarms,
 To reach us, fold us in beloved embrace,
 As we fold them and find but hollow space.

Far sounds of ancient harp, and, long-time mute,
 The voice of spinet and of silver flute,
 The song of maiden slumbering by the stream
 Whose gentlest flow may not disturb her dream,
 The sacred lullaby from mother-heart
 Of heaven-born child in manger laid apart,
 Fragments of prayer first said by mother's knee,
 The little dreams, falling from dreamland-tree,
 These lightly floating, trembling through the air,
 Without, within, beyond and everywhere,
 Are lost in night with fading forms so dear;—
 Only frail cobwebs, empty doorways here,
 Cold watery shafts of moonlight through the panes,
 Dear footfalls vanishing like spring-time rains.

—MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

The Lady and the Title

By A. M. Davis

CHAPTER II.

JACK sat silent for some time; his head leaned on his hand; his gaze bent on the fire. He had known he must meet this, or something about like it, he thought with some disturbance. He wondered to himself, why knowing what he did, he persisted. He had kept his secret so many years, simply because he had not shared it—not even with his beloved son. Now, he was deliberately courting a situation wherein he could not escape making, of several people, confidants with whom he could, in truth, feel very certain his secret was safe. Yet he could never again have that security concerning it as when it was locked in his own bosom. He could not explain to himself why he went on, still.

“Will you have Eleanor come in?” he asked without altering his attitude or lifting his eyes. He threw up his head, and greeted Eleanor with a brilliant smile, however, as she entered. Rising, he placed her in his chair, going himself to stand by the fire; his elbow on the mantle. They waited for him to speak.

Presently he lifted his head, and, including them all in his glance, said:

“I will tell you as much of my history and station in life as I may; more than I have ever told to any one. For, since I aban-

doned my home and title, my lips have never one time opened over the facts—not even to Lionel. Should my confidence, its character or amount, be unsatisfactory to you,” turning to Mr. Adams, “I ask you to give me your earnest promise that never while you live will the slightest reference to it pass your lips,” and he held out his hand.

Mr. Adams grasped it with fervor. “Undoubtedly, undoubtedly,” he said heartily, “if I can be assured of my daughter’s happiness, and the honor of my name, I am satisfied.”

Jack turned to Mrs. Adams. “I regard this as a solemn compact,” he said, as held her hand, “even if my confidence, necessarily incomplete, should yet be satisfactory to you, I ask you never to discuss it between yourselves. You will understand how much this means to me when I tell you that Lionel has no idea of anything different from the life he knows. I have put it all entirely out of my life; I never even allow my thoughts to dwell on it.”

He turned to Eleanor, who had risen. She laid both hands in his, saying, as he clasped them:

“Remember, Jack, that, as far as I am concerned, I am content with your positive assurance that there is nothing whatever that can

come between us, nor anything that may cast even the lightest shadow upon our union."

Jack drew her nearer, looking with steady, honest eyes into hers.

"That I can do without fear or reservation," he said. "I promise you, indeed, that nothing in my past can give you one moment's pain or heartache, if I marry you, and no future word or deed of mine ever shall."

"It is not that I fear afflictions, those that are the inevitable portion of mankind, but I do fear disgrace. Married to a man, I would be his comfort and support through every sorrow that might be his, but I should fail him if his conduct invited punishment or disgrace."

"Surely man could ask no better than that," murmured Jack as he drew her close, and bent his lips to the shining head on his breast, "a lifetime of devotion could earn no more."

They had forgotten their auditors, apparently, but presently Jack returned to life, and, still holding one arm about Eleanor's waist, the other hand pressing her hand against his shoulder, he looked over the bright head, and met her parents' look with calm eyes.

"I am the heir, the only child," he said, "of an English duke; my estates are vast, and altogether unencumbered; my house is old, and my title absolute; as far as I have learned, my progenitors, when not illustrious, have been simple, upright country gentlemen, of good repute, singularly free from the entanglements and showy follies of the fast 'smart' set."

He paused, but the silence, although friendly and responsive, was unbroken.

"In the line of succession, I would have been the tenth," he added presently.

"'Would have been?'" Mr. Adams' voice was perfectly amicable, but he directed a searching glance on Jack's face, and the remark was a decided interrogation.

"Am," corrected Jack, smiling a little, "only for my will not to be. There is no impediment, however slight, legal or otherwise, between me and full and free possession of my inheritance—only my will. It waits for me there, my beautiful English home." His look left their faces, and sought the broad windows. There, in place of a spacious American lawn, was a fair English landscape smiling under sunny English skies, awaiting its apostate lord. His heart swelled, and into his fine eyes came a look of unutterable anguish and longing.

"It is well that I have not permitted my thoughts to turn to it," he said slowly, "it tempts me so. I would be welcomed as the prodigal returned," he said with passionate yearning, "but," unsteadily, "there is no sympathy between us—none. We would never understand each other. I am estranged from my own; I have relinquished my inheritance; I am an alien by—my parents—curse, my—parents—curse."

His voice died; his arms fell to his side; his heart, under Eleanor's ear, gave one great throb, and then seemed to stop, as though something had snapped, and, as she pressed against him, a wave of flame swept over him, and he

swayed and bent as a storm swept oak.

Eleanor, her arms released, clasped them about him, and tried to support him. Mrs. Adams brought a glass of water, and Mr. Adams, putting a hand under his arm, with Eleanor, made as though to put him into a chair. Jack resisted them, saying brokenly:

"Thank you, I am—better. It was only a passing—"

The sudden emotion that had swept over him had receded, leaving him drenched in perspiration and trembling. He made strenuous efforts to pull himself together, but for a little his struggles to speak were vain. He tenderly possessed himself of Eleanor's hands as she attempted to loosen his collar and tie.

"Support and comforter," he murmured weakly. "God love her, the dear woman," he added with a faint smile.

Eleanor freed herself, returning in a moment with a glass of wine. Revived somewhat by this, Jack attempted to resume his story.

"I did not think," he said, "it could try me so. It is better that I never—"

"Not now," interposed Eleanor, "don't refer again—"

"No," said Mr. Adams, "another time will do."

But by this time Jack had himself pretty well in hand, and said with much decision:

"There is no 'another time'; I never will open the matter again, and I wish you never to refer to it. You are on your honor, you know. When I abandoned my ancestral home, driven out by my parents' rage, I had contracted a

marriage with the fifth child of an earl, which, my father and mother felt, was about the limit of my transgressions. They were all the more incensed that there would be a child. This mesalliance was not at all my crowning sin, according to their gauging, but was the final straw on a stack of worse deeds."

He paused a moment in gloomy retrospection. "The poles are not farther apart than are my parents and myself; we are antagonistic in thought, feeling and purpose. How can it be when I was born of them?" he mused sadly. "I am most liberal; they are narrow as devotion to iron-bound conventionalities can make them: I claimed that mankind were brothers; they admitted the kinship only of duke to duke, commoner to commoner: through my life swept ever a mumbling undercurrent of grief for the hideous wrongs, and pathetic endurance of my less fortunate brothers; they, seeing no farther than the rectitude of their own lives, and bound by the prejudices of their order, and the practices of generations of upright ancestors, recognized no wrongs to redress, and administered injustice with a righteous hand. Blood of their blood and love of their love, how can it be thus between them and me?" And, lost in painful musing, he sat looking into the glowing coals until Mrs. Adams recalled him by asking gently:

"Are they living, your parents?"

"My father, yes," answered Jack, promptly rousing himself, "the duchess died two years ago."

Mr. Adams had been sitting quietly thinking for some moments; now he asked:

"In what way did your parents

effect, so completely, this separation between themselves and you?"

"In no way," answered Jack composedly, "I accomplished our separation myself, by simply leaving in the dead of night; securing my private fortune, a legacy from my maternal grandmother, and burying myself on the continent." In answer to their looks of inquiry, he went on:

"My reason for thus abruptly, and secretly, severing all communication with my former life was that, in the course of a frightful scene we had earlier that evening, because of my marriage, my father threatened to immure me in an insane asylum."

Exclamations alike of horror and incredulity broke from his hearers.

"Yes," he continued, and, thinking it over, I could see he would have no difficulty securing abundant proof of my unsoundness of mind, besides those he himself could advance. 'Quixotic,' 'imbecile,' 'irrational,' were some of the mildest terms applied to me and my acts: I interested myself in slum work; believed that all men had an equal right to share earth's abundance; was too greatly concerned about the welfare of my fellows; had too little wit to see that prevailing methods had worked out satisfactorily, and to let well enough alone; I did all things intolerable to my order and would have none of its ways; I was too dense to see that I was working right against my own interests, and so on. Yes, my best friend, and I hadn't many, would have to admit my 'vagaries,' while those of my rank, indignant at the 'discredit' brought by an obstreperous

member upon their order, would gladly assist in putting him out of commission."

"They could not, of course—," began Mr. Adams.

"Certainly not," said Jack, anticipating his query.

"The person does not live, the law is not in force, that can deprive me of my heritage, could prevent my entering upon, and holding, my possessions to the last farthing—except as I have indicated to you. And, indeed," he went on with great serenity, "as the years pass, and a broader humanity obtains, even that way would be increasingly difficult; with the reputation and esteem I have earned in the past seventeen or eighteen years, it is, by now, quite impossible in my particular case."

"And you are still resolved to relinquish such a noble inheritance?" queried Mr. Adams, it might be a trifle incredulously.

Jack shot him a keen look. "No," he said tersely, "I did renounce it eighteen years ago. I cannot see," with considerable warmth, "that it is more astonishing in me to resign rank, and wealth, and precedence than it was for your ancestors to decline them."

This was forcing the battle right on to the enemy's hearthstone, as you might say. Jack could not resist a covert glance at Eleanor, while she, in turn, took a discreet peep at her father. Put so neatly on the defensive, and aware of this by-play, that gentleman struggled vainly to extricate himself. Eleanor leading off in merry laughter in which all joined.

"Not badly put," averred Mr.

Adams, when the merriment had subsided somewhat.

"You must realize," Jack gravely addressed himself to Eleanor, "that my renunciation is complete, absolute. My mind was fully made up eighteen years ago."

Eleanor laid her hand on his as it rested on the arm of her chair. "I am contented," she said simply, "I have told you."

"There is but one consideration," said Jack, "that could tempt me to alter my decision—Lionel. I am not quite sure," he continued thoughtfully, "just how far I may conscientiously decide for him. At times, I rack myself trying to get right on this. But it is better we accept it that I will never assume my rightful station then, whatever transpires, there will be no disappointment."

So matters were arranged on this basis.

Later, in the drawing room, Eleanor uttered an exclamation as an item in the evening paper, lying on the table, attracted her attention. Jack turned to learn the cause, and she handed him the paper, indicating a paragraph. He read:

Chicago, December 22.—The Inter-Ocean today says:

"It has been discovered that Nicolai de Raylan, who died here yesterday, was a woman. De Raylan was for a number of years confidential secretary of Baron Von Schlippenbach, Russian consul in Chicago. He was married twice, being divorced from his first 'wife.' He was said to be a spy for the Russian government."

"There," he said when he had finished, his eyes meeting hers with a relieved expression, "I

could not have dreamed a case, dissimilar, on certain points to mine, that would yet exemplify it so well. De Raylan's secret was vitally important to him, and to him only; mine is just that. His was perfectly innocent; so also is mine. His harmed nobody; nor could mine. Can not you imagine a case similar on such points, yet unlike as to certain others?"

Eleanor regarded him with thoughtful eyes.

"I don't think I can," she said slowly, "at least not all in a minute. I might dig it out."

Jack laughed. "Don't do it," he said, "my secret is yours without reservation as soon as we are married. But what puzzles me is that de Raylan's divorced 'wife' did not tell on him." He was not looking at her when he said it but he awaited her reply with evident disquiet.

"That's because you hold the accepted opinion as to a woman's ability to keep a secret," retorted Eleanor with considerable spirit. "I think that opinion hateful. For my part, I cannot see why she should have told it; she was not at all harmed, and exposure would have meant such disaster to him, and accomplished nothing for her."

Jack's face lit up; he strode swiftly to her, and took her in a close embrace. "That is a fair view," he said with obvious satisfaction, "and I ask you to promise me that if, when we are married, you are unwilling to remain my wife, you will not make known your reason but quietly arrange to separate, and keep my secret inviolate?"

Strange words; strange request from a lover; strange earnestness in voice and manner. Eleanor could not answer. A mist swam before her eyes; her breath came in little gasps; her mind groped helplessly.

What mystery was this?

Jack did not release her, indeed, if that could be possible, he held her yet closer, watching in silence the swiftly changing expression of the face on his shoulder. When, at last, she lifted her eyes, it was to look directly into Jack's bent tenderly upon her.

"Do not," he said, "torture yourself with useless conjectures. It grieves me to see you grieve, and it is so unnecessary."

"I am not grieving," she smiled wanly, "but I think I was a little frightened."

Jack laughed outright. "It is truly unwise," he said, "the one small confidence I am withholding is of minor import, and will in no wise color the facts I have given you. It is so trifling that it is amusing."

"Oh, I am not alarmed; but it just seems so strange."

"That it is," assented Jack, "but I am sure you will regard it more laughable than otherwise. Be reassured, I would not risk marrying an American girl with a guilty secret on my conscience, and depend on winning her forgiveness afterwards by telling her I loved her so I couldn't help it. You cannot feed them that sort of taffy; they are too far-seeing, and care too little for separation."

"Well, not this American girl, at least," and Eleanor laughed gaily.

"I'll make a clean breast of

everything," promised Jack in affected consternation.

"When will you tell me?" she asked promptly.

Jack laughed as he bent to kiss the red bow of her lips. "If, on our wedding day, you feel you cannot bear the suspense any longer I will tell you in one short sentence, the first minute I can get a private word with you. Is that satisfactory?"

It was.

* * * * *

Between their private apartments, they had fitted up a cozy den. It was about twenty feet square and was exquisitely furnished in yellows and golden browns. It had no outlet into the corridor, only an entrance from each of their rooms. The entire end was a deep bow; the windows reaching to the broad, low seat that ran around it. Here, shut off from the world, had their deepest confidences been exchanged; here they came to talk freely of Jack's past; as he presently found it easier to do once he had broken his iron reserve. Here were spent many of the happiest hours of Eleanor's life, a life increasingly happy and content, as the years went on, and here, one morning about three years after their marriage, she found Jack; sitting by the reading table; his arms thrown across it; his face buried in them; his nerveless hand catching an English paper.

Realizing that the crisis they had so often discussed was come, Eleanor ran to the outer door of first one room, and then the other, and locked them securely. This

done, she applied herself to reviving her unconscious husband. Using all her small strength, she succeeded in dragging him from the chair to the floor; putting a pillow under his head, she bathed his forehead and lips with a reviving lotion, slapping his hands, and massaging him meanwhile. All her efforts were unavailing, however, until bethinking herself, she fetched some brandy, and forced it between his white lips.

The set expression of his face relaxed; a faint color came into it, and presently, his eyes painfully conscious, opened and looked into hers. The lids fell again, and he turned his face into his pillow, with a groan: "Now what?"

Eleanor made no answer, but continued her ministrations. Presently he raised himself, and with the aid of her hand, got to his feet.

"Did you see?" he asked unsteadily, as he sank into a chair.

"Not yet; but of course I know."

Jack handed her the paper, and she read:

"The venerable Duke of Illington was stricken with paralysis at his country seat last night. This is the second stroke the duke has sustained, and his physicians are apprehensive of another, which must necessarily be fatal. Excepting for servants, his grace is alone; the duchess having died five or six years ago. A singularly pathetic feature of the duke's life and present sickness, almost certainly his last, is the doubt concerning the whereabouts of his only child, a daughter, heir to the title and vast estate. This daughter was a heart-break to her par-

ents always. In her views of life; her rule of conduct; her choice of associates, she seemed hardly sane. Twenty years ago, after a stormy scene with her parents, she disappeared, and all trace of her was lost. As her private fortune disappeared with her, it was known she was not dead. It is said that since she passed out of their lives, her parents never, by word or look, referred to their wayward child. The duchess died broken hearted, but silent still, about five years ago.

"Since then the duke has lived more and more within himself, the corroding disappointment of his life preying upon his mind, until now he lies at the point of death calling vainly on the name of the unnatural child who opposed and abandoned him, and who, if she yet lives, must know that he is dying alone with only servants' hands to smooth his last pillow.

Then followed a cutting editorial arraignment the "unnatural offspring" who, "before she would give up low ideas, and renounce lower associations, would sacrifice her parents, and stifle every natural impulse." Denouncing as "unsexed," the daughter who "would repudiate her natural duties, and affect to respond to a higher call."

Eleanor dropped the paper, and they looked at each other in silence.

"Well, now what?" repeated Jack.

Eleanor did not at once reply. She sat with her elbows on the arms of her chair, striving as she had many times before, to loosen this tangle of tragic circumstances. One vital point stood out sharply:

"There is no question about one

thing," she said without looking up, "your father must not be left alone."

"That, of course." He turned his eyes from her face, and watched the coals as though he would wrest, from their glowing depths, the solution of these difficult problems.

"That will mean all things else," he mused.

Eleanor looked at him quickly. "Not necessarily," she said.

"Inevitably, I should say," after a moment's thought.

For a little Eleanor too studied the coals.

"Inevitably," repeated her companion, without looking at her, "nothing may be reserved; all must be open, unassailable. The years must be accounted for—every one."

"I see," assented Eleanor, "I at first thought only of the commotion here."

"Oh, that," exclaimed the other, then, "are you sorry?" he asked quickly.

"Not a bit," lightly, "there is nothing of disgrace or dishonor, only gabble.

"Then there is only my inclination in the way, and that is dead against resigning my present mode of life—as to certain points, that is."

Eleanor looked at him inquiringly; he met her gaze serenely.

"Yes, as to certain points only," he said quietly, "on certain others—well, I believe I am—cured. Which would be most gratifying to those of my former life."

"Cured?"

"Yes—or just about. And my cure is the result of my experience, and observation, in America, the

land of the wholly free and home of "fraternity and absolute justice," and, to save his life, Jack could not resist a slightly mocking tone.

"Why—," Eleanor hesitated.

"Go on," said Jack, "matters are no different between us, you know, and I have not yet decided what I shall do."

"I—I did not dream you thought like this—underneath," faltered Eleanor.

"No more did I, at first. I brought to America fine ideals of the kinship of mankind; of happiness and abundance as a universal birthright, feeling, at the same time, that they were but a wavering image of the lofty ideals I should find here. I confidently expected to be even enlightened on the wrongs of 'class,' the crime of 'privilege,' but, while all preached from these texts, it has seemed to me, they elucidate principles that no one either practices or believes."

Eleanor continued to regard him in amazed silence. "Really," she said after a little, "this hardly seems like the Jack I know."

"Because I have not spoken the convictions growing up within me," he answered, "I have never faced them myself; I never dared acknowledge to my own heart that my estimate of American principles, American practices, was too high."

"Jack," said Eleanor, more and more bewildered, "what ever has come over you? I—don't seem to understand; this is so unlike you."

"I am not quite certain I can make it clear farther than this: That notice has showed me plainly that I have been guilty of mon-

strous folly, and I am sore over being sold."

"Sold?"

"Yes, badly sold, and one naturally has a grievance against the country proving to him that, when his friends pronounced him an egregious ass, they were telling the truth."

"You seem a stranger," murmured Eleanor, looking at him helplessly.

"I think I am—to everything on earth," he returned bitterly. "I was alien to those of my birth; I am foreign to the people of my adoption. I must be radically wrong somewhere, and," miserably, "God knows I am not happy in this estrangement from my kind."

"It is not you," protested Eleanor, "you have done only good; look over what you have accomplished here. Why, it is common talk that the whole atmosphere of our city is changed, that all public efforts make for higher moral conditions, because of you." She strove to divert his gloomy retrospection. But no:

"Have I done anything more than simple right?"

"N-n-o, but—,"

"Then I have done nothing especially praiseworthy; I should be most censurable had I done otherwise. It is no credit to the eagle to seek the heights; he was not created to grunt and wallow in a sty."

"Ye-e-es," slowly, "but," she insisted, "do not ignore the good, the great good, you certainly have accomplished. Your principles and example have been so purifying and uplifting that, as the whole community acknowledges,

were your influence to be removed, the benefit of your service would not be lost for years—if, indeed, it ever would."

"It never should," said Jack sententiously, "no man should need another to keep him straight; he should do good for goodness own sake. Who is coaxed to do right by a promise of heaven, or frightened into it by a threat of hell, is altogether vile. Men, being men, should do right because they are too proud to do wrong—I am," and he gave her a magnificent look. "Naturally one looks for such sentiments and practices in the land of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson."

"I believe you expected Utopia," said Eleanor smiling.

"Not exactly. Neither did I expect to find the great municipalities of the country in the clutch of 'Bath House Johns,' District Bosses, Sam Parks, and 'Peerless Leaders' of various stripes. It was a revelation, indeed, that the industries and natural products of the country were in the iron grip of corporations that had been 'merged,' 'consolidated,' and 'merged' again until they were well nigh invulnerable. Each resorting to every device, legal and otherwise, to increase its arbitrary power; each with its 'Yellow Dog' fund to prostitute legislators, debauch courts, and purchase officials. I fled from an aristocracy and discovered myself with a greedy, aping plutocracy. No, I certainly did not expect that."

"I understand," assented Eleanor, "but, letting that all go, now; for you are in no mood to see the good that has really been born of your experience, the immediate

question is: "What will you do about it?"

"Oh, my experience," said Jack, unable to control his gloomy mood, "has much to do with my decision. It has reminded me that, in the proposal to disarm, each European state realizes that, should a single country disarm, it immediately becomes legitimate prey, a martyr to the cupidity of the rest. Well, same case here; and I am not pining for martyrdom," with a short laugh. "Such movements, if voluntary, must be ecumenical, otherwise they can be accomplished only by the slow process of years. Therefore am I cured."

"Well, with boundless wealth, you can accomplish much good in a different way."

"There it is," testily, "we all want to do good by giving money. Something big and showy. Fifty million dollars worth of libraries, or colleges, or church altars. The better way for each of us to do good is to be good; all the rest will follow."

Eleanor laughed. "Evidently there is no hope of soothing you," she said.

"No," he returned, looking at her with grave and miserable eyes, "because I am facing a life's disappointment, a world, my world, of broken ideals."

"Jack," said Eleanor firmly, "don't allow yourself to give way to this morbid reasoning. Your life is not vainly lived. Public conditions here, while disappointing to you, are not hopeless; it is only that good men have, in a measure, withdrawn—"

"There," interposed Jack, "that is just it; the key to all the misery

of my disappointment. Upright men refusing to participate in governmental affairs, proclaim themselves unworthy the right to exercise those high functions; prove popular government a failure. If the 'shades of the fathers' could, indeed, return, and voice their opinions of existing conditions, what do you think they would say? That the ideals they had established for the Republic had been exemplified or vitiated?"

Eleanor had no answer to this demand.

"And to think," Jack went on, his lips shaking, his eyes dim with the sudden accession of feeling, "that for this, I consummated such an unheard-of sacrifice, and wrecked my parents' lives. I, their only child, was a thorn in their side," dropping his face in his hands, "I was a firebrand in my home; a drag upon my parents' love. Oh—I—was—"

"Jack," said Eleanor in a practical tone; she knew how to meet this, "you must see that this will not do; you have this ordeal to meet, and you must compose yourself. See, your hands are burning hot, and your head is throbbing. Let me bathe it. Come lie down," and she attempted to draw him to the couch.

But he did not seem to hear; he looked at her with unseeing eyes. "And, putting all this aside; there is the other. It is very dear to me—this freedom; freedom of thought, action, raiment. The freedom to expand; to live up to the highest demands of our nature; it is a deep joy, an unalloyed happiness. By my own life, I have disproved every argument advanced against my sex in public

life, and my success, and the esteem in which I am held, afford ample proof of the wisdom and justice of such a movement. Yet, had my sex been suspected, would I have been permitted—'permitted,' mind you—to reach my present distinction? And should it now become known, would not every official down to the very last puisne placeman, recreant to his public trust, and eager here to make a record for himself, be keen to aid in the exposure and punishment of one who had done the country of her adoption only good, whose 'high crime' was to disregard a fool conventionality which should never have existed? Say, would not all this be true?"

Eleanor answered this generally, "Of course," she said, leading him to the couch, "but you will be really ill if you do not control yourself. Here, take this, and she held a soothing potion to his lips. She pressed his head upon the pillow, and laid a cool compress on his hot brow, talking, meanwhile, in matter-of-fact tones.

"Lionel must know; he is of the age to decide such a question for himself. We must try to make the

next steamer; we can arrange details on the way over. Fortunately those marriage records were secure, after all; so everything will be easy there."

"To resign freedom, and voluntarily submit myself to customs that I disapprove; to conventionalities that bind me like iron, and lash me like whips of steel. Oh, God!" groaned the other, turning a hot face into the pillow.

Eleanor made no answer, and by and by, thinking the opiate had done its work, she quietly slipped out to find Lionel. The door had hardly latched behind her, however, until "Jack" was wildly pacing the room crying, in fitful irritation:

"Oh, I am torn a thousand ways; all my inclination cries 'stay,' all duty commands 'go.' Yet, why stay? The success I have attained is most insecure; a breath, and it is gone, and I have made the great renunciation, and have nothing, and am nothing. What shall I do? Whatever can I do?"

Yes, what will "Jack" do?

What would the reader do?

The End.





The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson



BOOK II.—CHAPTER VI.

BESIDES the great men of the political world noticed in the preceding chapter, there were John Quincy Adams, James Monroe, William H. Crawford, John Forsyth, William B. Giles, William Pinkney, James Buchanan, Sergeant S. Prentiss, Sam Houston, Felix Grundy, John McPherson Berrien, Edward Livingston, Martin Van Buren and many others less prominent. As our story proceeds we will try to make each of the positive personal factors of the period well known to our readers. The narrative will soon carry us into those vital and burning issues out of which sprang sectional strife and civil war,—therefore it may be well to take a look backward.

Many of the pregnant facts of our early history have been purposely omitted from the books: the origins of things have been misrepresented: the very compromises and principles upon which our complex Government was built have been so wilfully suppressed and blotted from the record that the generation now crowding toward the open fields of busy life know little of the real truth of the political strategy which transformed a league of sovereign states into a consolidated republic.

Perhaps our readers will appreciate a simple review of the record.

On May 10, 1775, the thirteen North American colonies, acting through their delegates in a Convention which sat in Philadelphia, agreed upon *the first Union* of all the colonies. There had been previous confederations of some of the colonies, mainly for the purpose of making war upon the Indians, but there had never been a union which embraced them all. The revolt against King George was a common cause, and even the most confident rebel realized the necessity of gathering up the thirteen sticks into one bundle, as the only hope of preventing England from breaking each separate stick.

“Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union” were consequently adopted, and a Union formed which lasted a little more than three years. The following extracts will show the nature and purpose of the league:—

“ARTICLE 1. The name of this Confederacy shall be the United Colonies of North America. (On July 2, 1776, the word ‘colonies’ was changed to ‘states’ by Act of Congress, upon which day was assumed the title, ‘United States of America’. On the 4th of the same month was issued the formal Declaration of Independence. It was under the operation of this Government that George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Confederation.)

“ARTICLE 2. The United Colonies hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other, binding on themselves and

their posterity, for their common defence against their enemies, for the securities of their liberties and properties, and their mutual and general welfare.

“ARTICLE 3. Each colony shall enjoy and ‘retain as much as it may think fit of its own present laws, customs, rights, privileges, and peculiar jurisdiction within its own limits.’”

On July 27, 1778, Congress abolished the first Union and adopted *a second*, under the same words, “Articles of Confederation and *Perpetual Union*.” The following extracts are worth reproduction:—

“ARTICLE 1. The style of this Confederacy shall be ‘*The United States of America*.’”

“ARTICLE 2. Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by their confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled.

“ARTICLE 3. The said States hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other for their common defense, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare.

“ARTICLE 13. * * * The articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual: nor shall any alteration be made in any of them, unless such alteration be agreed to in a Congress of the United States, *and afterwards confirmed by the Legislature of every State.*”

On December 17, 1787, *the third Government of the United States* was formed. One after another, nine of the states *seceded from the “perpetual Union”*, and set up a new one. The politicians who favored a strong nationality, instead of a loose league of independent states, adroitly manipulated a movement for a commercial convention until they had got the states committed to a *constitutional* convention. The declared object of this body was the amendment of the “Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union”. The people had no suspicion of what was on foot. The strategy of the nationalist wire-pullers was so infernally clever, that the states-rights men were completely hoodwinked. The Convention which had been instructed to prepare amendments to the “Articles of Confederation”, giving to the “Perpetual Union” those powers which the nationalists claimed that it lacked, deliberated and worked behind closed doors. The secret of what they were doing was jealously guarded. Not only were their proceedings not published, but each delegate was solemnly bound to silence. Not until the Madison Papers were given to the world in 1842 did the people know the inside history of the famous Convention of 1787.

Remember this: *Perpetual Union the first* was broken up by general consent of all the parties thereto, but *Perpetual Union the second* was dissolved by the action of ten of the states which sent delegates to the Constitutional Convention and the further action of the nine states

which seceded from *Perpetual Union number two*, and formed *Union number three*. At the time the Government under which we now live was organized and went to work, with George Washington as President, *the other three states were still members of Perpetual Union the second*. New York soon followed the nine seceding states, and North Carolina came along not much later, but Rhode Island remained outside the new Union until a bill was passed by the United States Senate and sent to the House "to prevent bringing goods, wares and merchandise from the State of Rhode Island into the United States, and to authorize a demand of money from the said State", etc., etc.

This was in May, 1790, three years after the present Government had been organized. When "right little tight little Rhody" saw that Uncle Sam was about to put up a tariff fence between herself and the twelve erring sisters whom she had suffered to depart in peace, she came across, got on the sunny side of the inclosure, and began to wax marvelously fat on those tariff taxes which the obliging and generous foreigner is said to pay.

Why mention details like these? Because current histories omit them, and because it is impossible to comprehend the states-rights school of politics unless you are made to know the facts just as they were.

You are taught to believe that the New England conspirators did a wicked thing when they intrigued with the British for a separate peace during the War of 1812, and convened the Hartford Convention, threatened secession, and frightened poor little pedagogic James Madison into a state of blue funk. But before you make up your mind as to the enormity of New England's offense, you must remember that there was universal acceptance, *then*, of the principle that "*all government rests on the consent of the governed*." To accede to a new league, meant secession from its predecessor; and the right of a state to do that was not questioned by a people who had so recently witnessed the dissolution of one "Perpetual Union" and the formation of another.

It is true that the conduct of New England in holding secession meetings, threatening disunion, furnishing the enemy with supplies, and maintaining confidential relations with him smelled pungently of treason to Old Glory and Uncle Sam, but still one must strive to bear in mind that the War of 1812 seriously affected the Puritan pocket-book, and that the relations between the Puritan conscience and wallet have invariably been twin-like in tenderness and strength.

* * * * *

We will soon come to the great battle over the doctrine of Nullification, and we will be unable to understand the position of such statesmen as John C. Calhoun, unless we spend some time in acquainting ourselves with conditions which preceded the Constitution of 1787, and with the opinions current among "the Fathers" themselves as to the character of the new Government which they had made.

Is it worth nothing to us as historical students to know what such a nationalist as James Madison thought of the inherent, sovereign right

of a state to negative an Act of Congress? In the Alien and Sedition laws, passed during the administration of the elder Adams, our forefathers saw an infringement of the reserved rights of the citizen. The Federal Government asserted its authority in a way which overlapped the sovereign powers of the State. The laws in question would have enabled the United States to banish political offenders and to muzzle the opposition press. Both Jefferson and Madison were intensely alive to the importance of resisting this beginning of federal encroachment, and they smote the Adams administration with the celebrated state-papers known as the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The gist of the doctrine therein set forth is, that a state may ignore and refuse to obey an Act of Congress which is unsupported by constitutional authority, and that each state may judge for itself whether any given law is violative of her reserved rights.

While this doctrine met with condemnation in the New England states, at that time, it must have been approved by the balance of the Union, for Adams was heavily beaten at the next election. Neither Jefferson nor Madison ever receded from the stand taken in the famous Resolutions and both served two terms as President.

In that day, nobody contended that the Supreme Court of the United States was the final arbiter in disputes of this kind. To give to the judiciary the last and controlling word as to the binding power of laws, *is to make the Federal Judges the supreme legislators*,—and even the nationalists who framed the new Constitution had no idea of confusing the legislative and the judicial functions in a manner so anomalous and unprecedented. When it was definitely proposed in the Convention of 1787 to give the Supreme Court of the United States jurisdiction over the Acts of Congress, the proposition was overwhelmingly voted down—not once, but several times!

It need not surprise us, then, to find Mr. Madison, “the father of the Constitution”, writing into a state-paper the doctrine of Nullification. In his breast were locked the secrets of the great Convention: he was in honor bound not to divulge them: he could not tell John Adams and the world generally that the Supreme Court was without jurisdiction over the Alien and Sedition laws and that, therefore, each state must protect itself from Federal invasion of its reserved rights.

Equally significant is the attitude of Edmund Randolph, another influential nationalist, upon whom fell the brunt of the battle when Patrick Henry was making his great fight in the Virginia Convention against the new Constitution,—and prophesying like one inspired how it would draw all power to the Central Government, afflict the states and the people with the abuses which have since oppressed them. Mr. Randolph was second to none but Madison in the making of the Constitution of 1787, and never once did he say that the Federal Judiciary could set aside unconstitutional legislation. His contention was that the states, acting through their legislatures, would nullify such Acts of Congress, and thus bring them to nought.

Another thing is indispensable to the American student who would understand the history of his country, and who would intelligently follow the movements of men and parties during the political career of Andrew Jackson: he must learn that the antagonism between the two sections, the North and the South, did not grow out of Nullification, nor out of slavery, nor out of secession: he must learn that it grew out of the nature of things, the difference of race and creed, the rivalry of opposing interests, the clash of irreconcilable plans.

It is the fashion to make a kind of Mount Sinai out of Plymouth Rock, and to represent the Pilgrim Fathers as new and improved editions of Moses, Solon, Socrates and Numa. We are told that these Puritans were cruelly persecuted in England and that, on account of this harsh treatment, they came to this country in order that they might enjoy in peace the blessed privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. This story is beautiful and heroic, but not true. It is somewhat late to deny what has been so universally published and believed, and I have no sanguine expectations of changing anybody's opinion on the subject, but, just as a relief to my own mind, I must enter a protest against that New England idyl.

As a matter of fact, the Puritans were not happy in England. Their manners and their religion were so much of a caricature upon the established Christian faith, and their disposition to push their own beliefs upon others was so persistent and irritating that they naturally provoked retaliation. Something in their narrow, bigoted, dismal creed made them hate sunlight, laughter, merry music and cheerful games. They probably had the most loving ways to cause people to hate them that ever were seen on this troubled globe. They not only did not have any fun themselves, but they didn't want anyone else to have any. All kinds of innocent pastimes, dear to the people and bound up with thousands of recollections of Old Times, were sourly condemned by the pharasaical Puritan, who appeared to believe that God had specially commissioned him to blot joy out of the world.

Garbed in absurd clothing, affecting a sanctimonious gait, speaking through his nose, walling his eyes heavenward at the smallest provocation, talking self-righteous jargon new to the ears of mankind, this Puritan made relentless war upon harmless amusements, all but proscribed the fine arts, forbade the use of the organ, put the ban on such books as the Fairy Queen; and made it a sin to drink a friend's health, to hang garlands on a May-pole, to play chess, to starch a ruff, and to touch the virginals—the primitive piano. So far did these fanatics eventually go in their theocratic legislation that they made it a crime for a mother to kiss her own babe on the Sabbath day! (See Appendix.)

That a sect like this should persecute and be persecuted, was inevitable in England, where the Cavalier-spirit was dominant and where some millions of sane people hated monastic gloom, nasal preachments, kill-joy countenances, lank-haired bigotry and censorious intermeddling with everybody's business.

Consequently, *our* Pilgrim Fathers shook English dirt and dust off

their godly pedestals, and betook themselves to Holland. The Dutch gave them hospitable welcome, in their own phlegmatic way, and then left them to themselves. For ten years the Pilgrims had nobody whom they could torment, or provoke into persecution. This was unbearable. It was absolutely needful to the bodily and spiritual comfort of the typical Puritan that he should torment or be tormented. One or the other he *must* have, or be wretched. Now, in Holland he could not keep in practice. The Dutch were not a persecuting folk, and the Puritans were not strong enough to do the things to the Dutch that they would have dearly loved to do. For ten years, the Pilgrims languished in this negative, inoffensive state, and then they could bear it no longer. They resolved to resume their travels. They gave two reasons for leaving the Dutch. One was that they spoke a different language, and the other was that they had been unable to bring the Dutch to a proper observance of the Lord's day, or to reform "any other thing amiss among them."

In other words, they could not endure life among a people whose habits differed from theirs and whom they could not persuade to change, and whom they were too weak to coerce!

So, our Pilgrim Fathers abandoned a home in which they were not persecuted and could not persecute, and came to New England where they could enjoy their cheerless religion in a thoroughly uncomfortable way, and recoup their own loss of happiness by making others miserable. With a holy zeal and awful joy they turned New England Sundays into days of wrath and tribulation, banishing smiles and caresses, outlawing physical and mental rest, and stretching both mind and body on the rack,—filling the hearts of young and old, innocent and guilty, with a paralyzing fear of death and hell, and depicting this hell of pulpit anathema with a dreadful realism that cast a spell of horror upon the bright face of Nature herself.

Sometimes, in mentally picturing what the old Puritan Sabbath in New England was like, I could almost believe that it resembled the weird, uncanny condition of things, in medieval Europe, when the Pope had stretched forth his omnipotent hand and laid a kingdom under the dreaded Interdict. A shadow fell, and a great silence, and men walked about voiceless as shadows, and women crouched and prayed, and in the streets no music of children's merriment was heard, and from the fields came no anthem of plough-man or sower: joy was dead, and Christians were prostrate and afraid, for the Holy Father had laid the shadow of his frown upon the land. So, the New England Sunday. I wonder if the profane sun danced upon the house-tops, and the irreverent hill-streams dared to laugh as they ran to the bosom of the dells: I wonder if the amorous bees sipped the voluptuous flowers, and if the lover bird was bold enough to woo his mate with song: and I wonder if the human mothers, on that dismal Sabbath, *obeyed the law, and resisted*, hour after hour,—during all that terrible, blighted day,—the dimpling cheeks and rose-leaf lips and longing eyes *of the babe which missed its mother's kiss!*

Dealing rigorously with himself and his own household, the Puritan was a terror to the heathen,—and the heathen, in his eyes, was the fellow-creature who either did not worship God at all, or did not do it in the Puritan way. For these heathen, the Pilgrim Fathers had no tolerance. Upon these heathen, our Pilgrim Fathers laid their hands heavily. The scourge, the branding iron, the dungeon, the gibbet were the instrumentalities used against these heathen by the godly men who came over to this country to escape persecution and enjoy religious freedom. Yes: *they* escaped persecution but, after they landed in America, nobody else did. *They* came over to enjoy religious freedom, but they were piously determined that nobody else should. Quakers, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Catholics were criminals in the eyes of our Pilgrim Fathers, and very hard indeed was the lot of such heathen when they chanced to fall into the hands of the rigidly righteous of New England.

The South was sprinkled with Puritan and Presbyterian and Calvinist elements, but the controlling influence was Cavalier. Consequently, the antagonism between the Eastern and the Southern States may be said to have been brought from the old country. They had hated and fought each other in England: they hated and were to fight each other in North America. During the Revolutionary War the antagonism of the two sections was constantly in evidence, both in the army and in Congress. Soldiers drawn from the East disliked their compatriots from the South, and the Southern rebel detested the fellow-patriot who hailed from New England. The two types differed radically—differed in creed, in blood, in the way of looking at things, in standards, and in manners. While each spoke the English language, they differed so widely in pronunciation and intonation that each excited in the other a certain amount of ridicule and contempt. This is true of the Yankee and the Southerner of today, and it has always been so. We see the dislike of the Cavalier for the Puritan cropping out in the correspondence of General Washington. In his letters, the Commander-in-chief expressed his indignant contempt for the New Englanders who put their selfish pecuniary interests above everything else, and who were lacking in the noble spirit of patriotic generosity.

The first great quarrel of the antagonistic sections broke out on the question of opening the Mississippi River to navigation. The South naturally wanted the use of this magnificent water-way: it was necessary to her growth and her extension into the Southwest. To her intense surprise and indignation, the North opposed her, and sided with Spain. In defiance of the angry protests of the Southern States, John Jay agreed upon a treaty with the Spanish negotiator in which New England got what she demanded and the Mississippi was closed to us for thirty-five years. However, the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was about to convene, and the North, conscious of the unwisdom of precipitating a storm at that time, quietly withdrew Jay's powers to treat, and his proposed surrender to Spain never took effect.

It is the accepted belief that the main stumbling-block to the crea-

tion of the new Union, was the clash of interest between the large and small states. The truth is, that the real difficulty which confronted "the Fathers" was the mutual jealousy of the North and South. It was to the interest of the nationalists to conceal this ominous fact, and they did it. The vow to secrecy, made at the commencement of the Convention, was faithfully kept; and, when the new Constitution was under discussion, the pledge to secrecy was tantamount to a conspiracy of silence. Not only did James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and Edmund Randolph not disclose the facts, but, in the case of Madison at least, there was a deliberate misrepresentation of those facts. In one of the papers in the "Federalist", he dwells upon the providential peace and harmony which prevailed in the secret Convention, when the truth is that violent storms raged therein, and at times the continued existence of the Convention hung upon a thread. And the cause of the trouble was ever the same,—the hatred and jealousy with which North and South regarded each other.

The Union could not have been formed at all had not the South yielded to the North the preponderance of power both in the Senate and in the House. Such Eastern leaders as Gouverneur Morris and Rufus King declared explicitly and emphatically that it would never do to allow the Southern States to have a majority in Congress. The North took that position as a matter of course, and maintained it throughout the Convention. Yet, at that time, the South surpassed the North in wealth, in population and in territory. By every known principle of representation, the Southern States were rightfully entitled to a majority in the new government. But, strange to say, the Southern delegates did not even put forth a claim for the full measure of Southern rights. They surrendered control of the Senate, thus conceding to a small State like Delaware a power equal to such an empire as Texas or Ohio. This concession is justifiable only upon the theory that the sovereign, equal right of each state should be preserved in the Union. But the surrender to the North of control of the House of Representatives was utterly indefensible. *There was the fountain head of all our woes.* By a full count of population, the South would have had a slight majority in the House; but with blindness, hard to comprehend or excuse, the Southern leaders allowed the North to base its representation on *all* the whites, *all* the blacks, *all* the sane and insane, *all* the men, women and children, while Southern representation was limited by the counting of *five* negroes as *three*. By accepting this monstrosity of compromise, *the South put her neck in the yoke of the North, and she never could get it out.* If the negroes were human beings,—*persons*,—they should have been counted just as other *persons* were counted. If they were not human beings, they should not have been taken into consideration at all. To count *five* of them as *three*, was mere nonsense. Why was that peculiar clause, which has puzzled so many students, put into the Constitution? Because the Northern delegates to the Convention flatly refused to let the South have the majority which would have been hers, had *all persons* been counted in the South, as in the North. The

speeches made in the Convention prove that the Southern leaders believed that the tide of population was setting Southward, and that the Southern States would soon control the House: this fact serves to partially explain their terrible mistake. But, at best, they were surrendering the bird in the hand for the bird in the bush, and the subsequent history of Northern tyranny and Southern helplessness is the ghastly monument to their folly.

Some of the Southern delegates took alarm, and proposed that a two-thirds vote should be required in Congress to pass an Act regulating commerce. The purpose was to prevent the North from having everything her own way. As commerce affects all sections, it seemed dangerous to give full control to the majority vote of the North. But the Southern leaders were generous and trustful, as usual. Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, declared that he was conscious of the gravity of the concession the South was making: "he considered the interests of these (the Southern States) and the Eastern States to be *as different as the interests of Russia and Turkey*. Being, notwithstanding, desirous of *conciliating the affections of the Eastern States*, he should vote against requiring two-thirds instead of a majority."

Gallant Mr. Butler! "*Desirous of conciliating the affections of the Eastern States!*"

Unsuspecting, unwary, big-hearted and magnanimous, the Southern leaders fashioned the chains for the limbs of their posterity, and we wear them *now*, even as our fathers did. As already stated, these secrets of the Convention of 1787 were not revealed until the publication of the Madison papers by the Government, in 1842. Therefore, when South Carolina was making her desperate stand against New England, in 1833, she could not have known that it was her own delegate, in the Convention of 1787, who had urged that the East be given the power to oppress and despoil the South,—doing it with full knowledge of the risk, but overmastered by the desire to "*conciliate the affections of the Eastern States.*"

When one remembers the especial hatred of New England for South Carolina, and the barbaric lust with which Sherman's army wreaked its vengeance on the Palmetto State, one could fancy that there was sardonic and derisive applause in hell when the South Carolina delegate made that fatuous speech in the Constitutional Convention.

APPENDIX

Early American Manifestation of Fanatical Intolerance that Made It a Crime to Sing, Walk, Laugh, Cook, Kiss or Shave on Sunday

BLUE LAWS are no joke, though often an object of irony or derision. They were drawn up by Puritan pioneers—a race of stern and inflexible men, who, in their excess of religious enthusiasm, adopted such sanctimonious names as Stand-Fast-on-High Stringer, Kill-Sin Pimple, More-Fruit Fowler, Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White, and If-Christ-Had-Not-Died-for-You-You-Had-Been-Damned Barebones—the latter commonly shortened to Damned Barebones. For the benefit of the present generation it may be as well to say here that each one of the names just

cited was actually given to and borne by a man, and that many other names of the same sort are to be found in the records of New England.

These men went straight to the old Mosaic law of Holy Writ for their code. In fact, each section of the capital laws has its Bible text appended—a gruesome combination of sermon and death-warrant.

The original Blue laws were those of the New Haven (Connecticut) Colony, at first more or less unwritten, or at least unprinted, but systematized and printed by Gov. Eaton in 1656. They were enveloped in blue-colored paper, whence the popular (and subsequently unpopular) name.

The Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies also had their Blue laws, calculated to send a chill through every human vein. Even New York, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina—in fact, all the English colonial settlements in seventeenth century America, had laws, orders, and resolutions of more or less pronounced indigo tinge.

But the True Blue code was that which terrorized early Connecticut.

The first batch of Blue laws, known as the "Capital laws" of Connecticut, and purporting to punish, according to the penalties prescribed in the Old Testament, those offenses forbidden therein, was enacted in April, 1642. The texts of Scripture on which they were based were added to each law, as dicta probantia, showing the divine authority by which they were defended. They are singular specimens of jurisprudence.

For instance, witchcraft is one of the first offenses taken up. It is enacted that "if a man or woman be a witch, or hath consulted with a familiar spirit, they shall be put to death." (Exodus xxii., 18. Leviticus xx., 22.) And "if any man steal a man or mankind, or selleth him, or he be found in his hand, he shall be put to death." (Exodus xxi., 16.)

Yet the good colonists made slaves of the Pequot Indians, as the regulation punishment for breaking these same Blue laws!

The Puritan legislators, having disposed of the ordinary, everyday crimes, went on in due course to enact the more minute laws, covering every conceivable misdemeanor, from sneezing in church to crossing a stream otherwise than by the licensed ferry.

It reminds one of De Quincey's ironical observation, to the effect that the habit of murder, if persisted in, may lead insensibly to procrastination and Sabbath-breaking.

The following examples, transcribed literally from the best authorities on American Colonial history, relate mostly to the heinous crime of Sabbath-breaking:

CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

(Quoted from Hinman, Peters, Barber and Other Authorities.)

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

"The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

"If any man shall kiss his wife or wife kiss her husband on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the Court of Magistrates."

(Tradition says a gentleman of New Haven, after an absence of some months, reached home on the Sabbath, and, meeting his wife at his door, kissed her with an appetite, and for his temerity in violating this law the next day was arraigned before the court, and fined, for so palpable a breach of the law on the Lord's day.)

"No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate."

There was an ancient law in Massachusetts that ladies' dresses should be made so long as to hide their shoe buckles.

The tradition that beer was forbidden to be made on Saturday, to prevent the commission of sin by its working on the Sabbath, upon the penalty of flogging the barrel, the historian Hinman quotes, but is unable to verify.

Smokers may light their pipes with this choice extract from the early laws of the colony of New Plymouth (Mass.), 1669:

"It is enacted by the court, that any p'son or p'sons that shalbe found smoaking Tobacco on the Lord's day, going too or coming from the meetings, within two miles of the meeting house, shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the collonie's use."

Among the "Capital laws of the Colony of New Plymouth, revised and published by order of the General Court, in June, 1671," this pleasant little paragraph is found:

DEATH FOR SUNDAY OFFENDERS.

"This court taking notice of great abuse, and many misdemeanors committed by divers persons in these many wayes, profaneing the Sabbath or Lord's day, to the great dishonour of God, reproach of Religion, and grief of the spirits of God's people, Do, therefore order, that whosoever shall profane the Lord's day, by doing unnecessary servile work, by unnecessary traveling or, by sports and recreations, he or they that so transgress, shall forfeit for every such default forty shillings, or be publicly whipt; but if it clearly appear that sin was proudly, presumptuously, and with a high hand committed, against the known command and authority of the blessed God, such a person therein despising and reproaching the Lord, shall be put to Death, or grievously punished at the judgment of the Court.—Numbers, 15: from 30 to 36 verse."

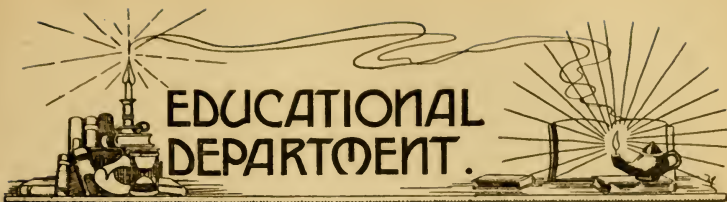
It ought to be apparent from the foregoing that there is even more logic than chance in the dubbing of these statutes, "Blue laws." The term "blue" was specifically applied to the upright, downright, uncompromising old Scotch Covenanters in contradistinction to the royal red.

"Blue—dismal, depressed, despondent, hypochondriacal," is an up-to-date dictionary definition.

Even so conservative a commentator as Dr. Samuel M. Smucker in the preface to his collection of the "Earliest Statutes and Judicial Proceedings of the Colony of Connecticut," while paying tribute to the New England Puritans as "the same class of men who overturned the ancient monarchy of Britain," declares that these Blue laws "exceed in the minuteness of their detail and in the severity of their penalties the enactments which were adopted by the rest of the American colonies; nor are they equalled in those respects by the statutes and judicial decisions of any other community with which we are acquainted."—*New York World*.

BEGINNING OF "BLOODY LAWS"

It is said by Peters in his History of Connecticut that these laws were the laws made by the people of New Haven, previous to their incorporation with Saybrook and Hartford colonies, and, as he says, were very properly termed blue laws—i. e. bloody laws; for says he, they were all sanctified with excommunication; confiscation, fines, banishment, whipping, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue and death.—Hinnman's "Blue Laws of Connecticut."



He Suggests a Plan

SWAINSBORO, GA., May 12, 1909.

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

DEAR SIR:—Believing that you are standing honestly for principle and for reform in politics, I beg that you give me your answer in the JEFFERSONIAN to the following questions:

1. Do you think it is a wise plan to attempt to unite the reform parties for the next presidential campaign?

2. What plan would you suggest for uniting the reform parties?

3. Are you willing to work in harmony with Hearst and Debs to unite the reformers?

4. What is your opinion of the following plan: Let Watson, Hearst and Debs each choose three men from their respective parties, and let all twelve of them meet at St. Louis, Mo., July 4, 1909, and agree upon a plan for the campaign of 1912?

Let them agree upon as broad a platform as possible, but let them be sure to organize and consolidate the reform forces so that the reformers will be able to wage a more effectual warfare upon plutocracy and special privilege. Agree if it is upon only one reform plank. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," so as long as our reform leaders fight each other we shall not be very successful. A large number of the common people are bewildered over the situation of reformer fighting reformer, and they believe they are throwing away their votes to cast them for either of the reform parties so long as there are so many in the field, so they choose what they consider the lesser evil of the two old parties.

Unite the forces, get to work, and minor matters will settle themselves. Don't kill time wrangling over frivolous matters like party names. Let the name be natural, including all parties concerned at first—People's Independent So-

cialist party. Later its name will naturally evolve out of its spirit or its works, whether "Do Nothing", "Do Something", "Reform Party."

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your admirer,

G. W. THRELKEL.

—
ANSWER.

(1) Emphatically, I *do*.

(2) An informal conference at some central point—to be followed by *organization and WORK*.

(3) **YES!!!** If Satan himself should come up here to offer his services in putting an end to the detestable reign of Special Privilege,—I would give him the glad hand. Yes, Sirree! I'd work with *anybody* to overthrow the scoundrels who are running our Government in the interest of their pockets.

(4) The plan is good. We can all unite on the broad platform of *Direct Legislation*. With the *Initiative*, the *Referendum* and the *Recall*, we can put the reins of power back into the hands of the people,—and the people can be trusted to do the rest. Once we *overcome the inertia* of the masses themselves, we can clean out that gang of plunderers in Washington City, and rededicate the temple to the service of the people.

Both Mistaken

DEAR SIR:—I see a statement in the JEFFERSONIAN of April 15th to the effect that the first National Convention of the People's party was held at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1892. It seems to me that some one is mistaken. I enlisted under the People's party banner in 1876, sixteen years prior, I believe, to the Omaha convention.

I virtually severed my connection with that rotten old hull of a thing called the Democratic party in 1872 when they abandoned the last shadow of Democ-

racy and took to the woods generally, crawled in bed with the Republicans and run that famous old Republican, Horace Greely, for President. That year, one other man and myself in the county where I lived voted for Charles O'Conner as Independent candidate for President. Thirty-eight years after that, one other man, a good Populist, and myself voted for Thomas E. Watson for President.

As a private in the ranks, I faithfully served the People's party. It was organized in 1876 to oppose the re-chartering of National Banks and the issuing of Government Bonds and to stop the destroying of the Greenbacks, or the people's money. At times it looked like we were snowed under, and many good men spent what they had in the conflict and had to retire for the time being. As a party, we were badly demoralized, but we are not dead by a good deal. Thousands of good men are on the firing line chuck full of fight as ever.

R. E. PICKENS.

(ED. NOTE:—Both the brethren are in error. There was no organization of the People's party until 1891. But the St. Louis Convention of 1891 was our first National Convention.)

Church and State

MARSHAL CO., ALA., May 8, 1909.

DEAR SIR:—You will find inclosed a clipping. I want information on it. I am taking The JEFFERSONIAN and I heartily endorse it. I want to know if these things that this clipping asserts are facts. I want to know if the Prohibition party is working in the interest of the Catholics? What does the B. Y. P. U.: Y. P. S. C. E. mean? I don't understand it. Please let me know through the JEFFERSONIAN.

With best wishes for the JEFFERSONIAN,

Respectfully,

MR. S. W. WILLIS.

Boaz, Ala., Route 5, Box 27.

(1) Answering the last question first, we suppose that Y. P. S. C. E. are the initials of the order known as "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."

The initials B. Y. P. U. would seem to

stand for "Baptist Young People's Union."

(2) We have been aware of the fact that certain good people have lived in more or less misery because the word "God" is not in our Constitution. We heard them raise such a racket over the dropping of the words "In God We Trust," from our coins that Teddy & Co. had to take to the tall timber.

But whether the Prohibition party has made a coalition with the disciples of Papa at Rome, we cannot say. But we hardly think they have. All of our big cities are governed and corrupted by a combination of the bar-keepers and the Catholic hierarchy, and we don't see how the priests could use both sides of the whiskey question to their advantage. Still they may.

But when *anybody* alleges that any Baptist organization is scheming for a union of Church and State, we halt immediately and demand the proof. The charge is too much at variance with the historic attitude of the Baptist denomination to be even considered without a production of evidence.

Usury or Robbery

Much has been said about hard times and the panic, and I want to ask if the banks are not responsible for a large portion of it? They have control of the channel which gives circulation to the money, and their custom of usury is so great that it is impossible to use it in a legitimate business. Now, for instance, Mr. A. wants one hundred dollars. He gives his note with personal security. They have quit taking collateral of property, either personal or real,—the best collateral on earth—but you see, under their custom, they can make the masses more dependent. Now, to Mr. A.: he gets \$87.50 for his note, they tell him it is their custom to take out twelve and a half per cent. for interest in advance. This amounts to fourteen and one-fourth per cent. annually, and their loans to the people do not exceed six months. That doubles the fourteen and one-fourth per cent., which makes twenty-eight and a half. That enables them to turn over their capital six times. Now, multiply twenty-eight and a half by six, and we have about what is wrung

from the masses annually by the banks. You can call it usury or robbery.

Now, Mr. Editor, does the law legalize this usury? If so, can we not get some of our Representatives to introduce a bill that will put a stop to it, or make the obligation void? Unless something is done, we will be pretty soon like the fellow that was at the fishing party when he caught the terrapin and stuck his finger in its mouth to loosen the hook and the terrapin shut down on it. He began to holler, and when some one of the party called out to know what he had, he said he didn't have anything, the damned thing had him.

Unless something is done besides holler, we will soon have nothing, but the damned banks will have us.

J. M. MOORE,
Summertown, Ga.

(They already have us, Brother Moore.)

ASPEN HILL, TENN., April 25, 1909.

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

1. Please name a good history of the world. Which is the better, Ridpath's or Library of Universal History?

2. Name a good history of England. Which is the best, Macaulay's, Hume's or Green's?

3. Name an impartial history of the United States. How is Prof. Ellis's, or the Macmillan-Elson?

4. What are your views on the Single Tax?

5. Do you believe the earth was created in six days, as described in Genesis, or do you accept the nebular hypothesis?

6. Do you believe Adam, the first man, was made of dust, or do you accept the Darwin theory of descent?

Yours respectfully,

ANDREW HARDY.

1. Ridpath's.

2. Green's.

3. Elson's is partisan. Ellis' we have read. We know *Bruce's* to be fair and accurate.

4. It is an unsound doctrine that could only have originated with a man who was ignorant of life, except as he saw it in big cities.

5. We prefer to back off from the other two questions. The weather is growing warm, and we already have a number of parsons on our hands.

DAMASCUS, ARK.

DEAR SIR:—Will you please give your views, through the magazine, as to the best way to utilize the convict labor in the Southern States?

Respectfully yours,

J. M. CHASTAIN.

Perfect a system of public roads and bridges, and relieve our people of the vexatious and burdensome road duty and tax.



THE JUNIOR JEFFS

By DADDY JIM

THE Conglomerate Society of the Junior Jeffs is fairly started, and we have enough letters this month to keep it going, but we are shy on pictures. Won't some of you mail Daddy Jim pictures of yourselves? We will have them printed, and will return the original pictures to you.

We want some letters telling us how you are spending your vacation, and how you would like to spend it, if you had the chance. What would you like to do better than anything else in the world? Write a nice long letter, telling us all about it. Would you like to travel and see the world? Would you rather stay at home and read books? Do the woods and the streams, fishing and hunting, appeal to you more strongly than the great city, with its rush and roar? Little girl, which is the best—playing with your dolls and making believe, or real work, like sewing and helping mother about the house?

How many of you can kodak? Tell us about your experiences. The object of a club is to get better acquainted, and as few of us will ever meet face to face, we must write to each other and try to make friends in that way.

Here are the letters we have received:

What a Boy Should Do

He should go to church, and obey his mother and father, and love his parents and sisters and brothers, and love other people as well as himself, and be good to dumb animals. A boy ought not to



THOMAS WATSON BUTLER
Barnesville, Ga.

go to saloons and get drunk, and come home, kicking over chairs and tables and everything else that is in the way.—Mabel Bradshaw, Gladewater, Texas.

Likes the Jeffersonian

I like to read the editorials in *Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine*, and as children's letters are being put in it, I will have more to read. I go to school. I am in the sixth grade. School is out

now, and I am so glad; but after I have rested I will be ready to go back. I also like to read the *Weekly Jeffersonian*. Love to all the children. Your friend, Robert Clarke Sherman, aged 10, Lumpkin, Ga.

The Cat Came Back

The old adage that a cat has two lives has been thoroughly demonstrated to me. I had a pet that I dearly loved. He was one of my daily playmates; but, sad to say, he ate some rat poison and died. Then it was I thought my earthly friend had forsaken me. But there is a light for every shadow. Old Tab resurrected, and he and I are playmates once again.—Alline Holbrook, aged 13, Rte. 2, Ashland, Ga.

(My dear child, this is nothing remarkable. The old adage is that a cat has nine lives, and many of them are practicably indestructible by ordinary means. The cat used to be a symbol of immortality in old Egypt a few thousand years ago. A dear, old lady whom I know at Paris, Tenn., is greatly an-

noyed by stray cats, and she has often given a negro boy a quarter to drown some objectionable feline. The boy would tie the cat in a sack, with some old irons, brick and other weights, and throw him in the water. Then he would return and swear upon a stack of Bibles that the cat was dead. There is no doubt that these cats that were drowned in this way died, just the same as your Tab died, Miss Alline. And in many cases, to my certain knowledge, and to the dear old lady's great disgust, they came back, as hungry and as musical as if they had never passed away.)

A Story from Tennessee

I am a little girl nine years old. My papa takes the Jeffersonian and Magazine, and thinks he could not do without them. I read the letters in both of them, and think they are very fine. I have a little joke to relate. There was once a little boy down on his knees, saying his prayers, when his little sister spied his naked foot, and mischievously began to tickle it. The little boy stopped and said: "Just wait a minute, God, until I kick the stuffing out of sister." I hope this will be printed, and if so, will write again some time soon.—Anna Rose Jones, Atwood, Tenn.

Another Namesake

We have a good school here, and the town is growing fast. Boys come from all parts of the state to attend the Gordon Institute. Prof. J. D. Smith is president. There is also an agricultural college here; it was founded about two years ago. The town has one of the best schools in the state. There are three banks, three buggy factories, three knitting mills, and a great many stores here. I am in the sixth grade; am thirteen years old, and hope I will get promoted to the seventh grade. I will try to get some more subscribers to your Jeffersonians. I am sending you my picture today by mail.—Thos. Watson Butler, Barnesville, Ga.

Way Up in Old Mizzourah

I am a little freckled-faced girl that lives way up here in Missouri. My papa

takes the Jeffersonian Magazine and lots of other papers, but I like the weekly Jeffersonian best of any. I wonder if Daddy Jim is an old man. Mamma subscribed for the weekly Jeffersonian the first of last April. She got another subscriber, and received a knife with Tom Watson's picture in the handle. She thinks it so nice, she wont let me use it at all. I have a big sister named Tom Watson. We call her Tom. I will not send my picture, for I have freckles, and you might think me ugly; but Mamma says I am pretty. Why don't you put your picture in the paper, Daddy Jim? Have you got freckles?—Imogene Boyle, R. F. D. 3, Centralia, Mo.

(Please send your photograph and your big sister's. Never mind about the freckles. We are inclined to think that your mother is right.)

A Young Lady Namesake

(The following letter is addressed to Mr. Watson, and we publish it here so that Miss Davis may read what our little Missouri girl friend has to say about her big sister named Tom Watson. We would like very much to hear from any other young ladies who are namesakes of our editor.)

My papa is a Tom Watson man. He takes the Jeffersonian and I like to read it. I am your namesake. My name is Thomas E. Watson Davis. I heard you speak in Elberton last October. Your speech was fine. Papa made me acquainted with you, as I was named after you. I am 18 years old. I live in the country, 11 miles from town. My father is a farmer. Mr. Watson, I don't know of any other lady named Thomas E. Watson but myself.—Miss Thomas E. Watson Davis., Elberton, Ga.

Wants the Knife

Enclosed find one dollar, for which send me the magazine for one year and your knife, as per offer in the Weekly Jeffersonian. I am a boy 15 years old. Hope to see you President some day.—Dan H. Cheeves, Pelham, Ga.

(This letter was also addressed to Mr. Watson, and was nicely typewritten. Dan seems to be a businesslike boy. Hope he will send us more subscriptions.

Boys and girls can make some good money during the holidays by working for the Jeffersonians.)

Write Again

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in the country, eight miles from LaGrange. I go to school at Big Springs. We have a large school. I am ready for the fourth grade. My teachers' names are Miss Nell and Miss Mattie Pope Stripling. Papa takes both of your papers. If I see this in print, I will write again.—Maude Elizabeth Jones, R. F. D. 1, La Grange, Ga.

A Hard Working Boy

My father owns a fine horse farm. I work every day in the field, and every night come home and get in wood. Our school was out last week. They had a supper out there and a great exhibition the last day of the school. I am in the

sixth grade. We have a nice time in the school ground. We have a place which we call the park. My father takes the Weekly Jeffersonian and the Magazine and my brother takes the Magazine. My name is Eugene Heald, Thomasville, Ga.

Tell Us the Jokes

I am a little girl nine years old. My papa takes your paper and the magazine. I like to read them very much. I go to school at Summit, but our school is out now. I like to go to school very much. I like my teacher. We had to board at Graymont to go to school. My papa gets lots of jokes on me. He has lots of jokes on me now, and he likes to tell them on me. Just about every time I come home from my boarding place he gets a joke on me.—Grace Anderson, Summit, Ga.

(Write again, Grace, and tell us some of the jokes. We want to laugh, too.)

A Vision

*I stood on Freedom's margin and, behold,
 Across the turbulent flood, from shore to shore,
 As if to lull the murmur and the roar,
 Xerxean pride had stretched a chain of gold.
 The billows rose, the waves grew mad and bold,
 The angel of eternal Right flew o'er,
 Troubling the turgid waters till they tore
 That cable from its moorings. As of old,
 When Christ, upon the Gallilean sea,
 Spake to the winds, the ocean was at rest:
 Tumult was followed by tranquility;
 Pacific ripples played upon its breast;
 And Greed's deep-cankerd links, by heaven's decree
 In unreturnable depths of slime were prest.*

James W. Phillips.



Communications



THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

ST. LOUIS, March 31, 1909.

To the JEFFERSONIAN.

DEAR FRIEND:—I enclose clipping that may be of use in your life of Jackson. In 1848 I met an old man, James Cowan, in Franklin County, Tennessee, who served under Jackson in the Creek War. He told me that just as he was leaving home to go to the army his grandmother gave him a small sack of parched cornmeal, about a gallon, and said, "Jimmy, keep this till you come to the last extremity for food." Jackson started in pursuit of the Indians, taking along a herd of beef cattle for his army. When they stopped at night as many beeves were slaughtered as necessary for the army and the hides were thrown over limbs of trees and left there. The Indians retreating before Jackson destroyed their corn fields and all sources of food as far as possible. Finally Jackson, on account of this complete exhaustion of his food supplies, beat a retreat. The soldiers were reduced to such extremity that as they came back to their old encampments, they made a rush for the hides which had been left on the limbs of trees, cut them in strips about an inch wide, singed the hair off, and chewed the singed strips to appease their hunger. Then it was the parched cornmeal came in. Mr. Cowan said he marched two weeks on three heaping spoonfuls of the parched meal per day, stirred in a cup of water, without other food, and maintained his normal strength. He idolized Jackson and would fight in a minute if any one spoke disrespectfully of Jackson. Mr. Cowan was highly respected in the community and esteemed as a man of unquestionable veracity.

Make such use of this incident as you please in your life of Jackson, if you think it worth mentioning.

Yours truly,

MINOB MERIWETHER.

Union Reform Party

FLOVILLA, GA.

DEAR JEFFERSONIAN:—I see many suggestions as to reorganization, consolidation, etc.

If the reform forces can be united, why not use the name the union would imply?

If they can not be united, the time to make the fight is not yet.

"THE LOST CAUSE."

I went down in the lost cause under that matchless leader, R. E. Lee.

I went down in the lost cause under that matchless leader, Thos. E. Watson.

It hurt me no worse when the Confederate army went down under the overwhelming force of numbers, than it did when the Populist army went down under the overwhelming force of fusion.

I have voted with Populism from its birth to date.

I had as soon try to re-organize the Confederate army as to try to re-organize the Populist party.

My first meeting with Mr. Watson was after our grand young organization was betrayed into fusion and ruin.

He was returning from LaGrange, where he had been to defend young Douglass Cooper, in the courts, for killing young Duncan.

We met on the streets of Atlanta, in front of Jacobs' Pharmacy.

I said: "Mr. Watson, will we Populists ever get together again, after that fearful mistake of fusion?"

He said: "No, the people are not ready to be reformed yet. They will have to suffer more. Our children and their children will have the final struggle."

I can never forget the expression on his face, nor the feeling of sadness that came to me. I felt as if I stood in the

presence of one inspired.

I have met two men in life whom I idolize, R. E. Lee and T. E. Watson.

When Mr. Watson bade me adieu in Atlanta that day, I felt just as I did when I received my parole to go home from the war.

His manner and expression was much like that of General Lee to his overpowered veterans.

He said to me, "Make the best of it you can; live our principles, act our principles, talk our principles and vote for our principles whenever opportunity affords, and our children and their children will yet restore this Government to the people, and save the Republic. The growing, grasping insolence of the money monopoly will drive them to it."

And so it is, and so it will be. When the ungodly scramble for money has pressed enough of the people to the wall, to make them willing to unite in one grand reform party, our principles will prevail, and not until then.

Why not take some of the best there is in all the reform parties and put into a platform, and make the "*paramount issue*" the ungodly extravagance of our Government?

It makes me want to vomit, when I think of how our people will take up a man like Hobson, who never did anything more heroic than every soldier that did his duty in the War Between the States did, and send him to Congress, just to hear him rave, and rant, in an effort to spend the people's money for great warships.

He never did a thing for the people in his life, and is not making one particle of effort now. I can think of nothing more disgusting than such hero worship.

He went out and sank an old tub of a ship, just what any man in the Confederate army would have done if called on, and for this he must be sent to Congress, and there misrepresent his people by a continual howl for spending more of their money, and this is a fair illustration of how our Government is being run.

If the reform forces can never be united, the Republic is doomed, and all talk about victory in 1912 is all bosh.

Neither of the reform parties that had

a ticket in the field last election will ever succeed alone, and just so long as we continue that policy the old twins will continue to hold us in contempt and ridicule.

I will contribute to a union reform party without regard to name.

W. F. SMITH.

A Sensible Socialist

OXFORD, FLA., April 16, 1909.

To the JEFFERSONIAN.

DEAR SIR:—Your editorial, "Conservative Socialism," was good. Of course, I do not mean that other of your editorials are not good; but, rather, that "Conservative Socialism" points out how all radicals can get on common ground. Some Socialists admit that the entrance of Populism into Socialism with you as its leader would be a wonderful accession to their ranks. Why should they not concede the points asked so as to make such great gains? Why could not all radicals get together on the "Initiative and Referendum" and win success on this one point? When the people get the power directly in their own hands, then what the people saw fit to do in the matter of banks, trusts, tariffs, public ownership, etc., could be done.

I believe that with a little concession on the part of all success might sooner or later be attained. If Socialism had more men of the Col. Dick Maple type I think we could get with them.

Mr. Watson, I hope you will try to secure a combination of the forces of Populism and Socialism. The Socialists are already organized and by going to them we would save the time and expense of organizing a great national party. Besides, our efforts at organization might fail. Many would fail to enlist because failure seems so imminent.

If the Socialists will only receive us upon terms which we could agree to, I, for one, would be more than glad to go to them.

With best wishes for yourself and the cause, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

C. P. WARNOCK.



"ROBERT Y. HAYNE AND HIS TIMES," by Theodore E. Jervcy. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers. (Price, \$3.00 net.)

To most people, nowadays, the name of Hayne is nothing more than one of the historic pegs upon which hangs the fame of Daniel Webster. Repetition is a great force, and wise selection is another: the nationalists have been repeating for nearly a century that Webster "demolished" Hayne,—selecting that contest as "the Great Debate", rather than the discussion, three years later, in which Calhoun demolished Webster.

Ask the average citizen how John C. Calhoun came out, in his celebrated struggle with Andrew Jackson, and the answer will either be, "I don't know and I don't care", or "Jackson threatened to hang Calhoun for treason, and Calhoun backed down and begged Henry Clay to get him out of the scrape by the Compromise tariff act of 1833."

I feel quite sure that such "historians" as Woodrow Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge could describe Jackson's rage and Calhoun's terror in a way that would mortify the States' rights disciples exceedingly.

The truth is, that neither Jackson nor Calhoun backed down. Jackson issued his proclamation threatening to coerce South Carolina, and Governor Hayne issued his proclamation defying the President, and both sides "began to prepare to pucker". A grim, stern man was Jackson; but Calhoun's blood was Scotch-Irish also, and there was not a braver man in the public life of that day. There was *one* shifty politician whose ambition to be President had led him to court Northern support with tariff duties un-

til, in the Act of 1828, he had overdone the thing. I mean Henry Clay, of course. A brilliant, magnetic, eloquent and courageous man, *Clay did the South more harm than all the Northern statesmen bunched together.* His influence over the Southern and Western states was so great and lasted so long that he was enabled to do more for the North than the North could ever have done for itself. His influence divided the South and West on the tariff, and kept them divided. But for Henry Clay, such Southern leaders as Benton, McDuffie, Forsyth, Hayne and Calhoun could have united the South and West in opposition to the fiscal system, which under the pretense of raising revenue for the Government, has plundered the agricultural South and West for more than a century, and to the extent of billions of dollars. Bleak New England has literally been surfeited with the wealth produced in the grain fields of the West and the cotton fields of the South.

George McDuffie, Robert Y. Hayne and John C. Calhoun understood thoroughly the manner in which the North robbed the South under the legal form of tariff legislation.

The evil had steadily grown worse since the first tariff law of the first Congress. For the beneficiaries of the system, there was never such a thing as "Enough". The eternal pressure and clamor was for "More". In his consuming eagerness to be President, Henry Clay fed this growing appetite of the North, sacrificing his own people with the recklessness of a man gambling for high stakes.

South Carolina statesmen, despairing of reaching the Northern conscience and

desperate at the aggressiveness of the oppressors, determined to make a stand, —determined to resist the robbers, with guns in their hands.

Most unfortunately, Southern leaders were all split up with rivalries, jealousies, and bitter quarrels. Benton hated Calhoun; John Forsyth, of Georgia, did not like Calhoun; William H. Crawford, of Georgia, detested Calhoun; and a sharp little New York politician, Martin Van Buren, was adroit enough to so manipulate Forsyth and Crawford and Jackson as to cause Jackson to become furiously hostile to Calhoun.

Thus South Carolina was at a great disadvantage at her most serious crisis. The influence of Crawford and Forsyth deprived her of the support of Georgia. Clay and Benton dominated Kentucky, Missouri and Mississippi. Jackson's power in Tennessee left the nullifiers no hope there, and with the exception of Virginia, none of the Southern states appeared likely to go into the fight by the side of South Carolina.

Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, Calhoun and his lieutenants did not waver. They were as resolute as Jackson himself. The one man to whom a bloody clash over the tariff meant irreparable ruin was Henry Clay. He was bound to know that, on the home-spun principle that blood is thicker than water, if Federal troops were sent against South Carolina, the smouldering hatred of the sections would make it a war between the North and South.

As a Southern man, who would necessarily be compelled to go with his section, or lose all power therein, Clay was bound to exert himself to avert a civil war. Hence his Compromise act, *which was a complete surrender of the Protective principle*. Calhoun and South Carolina did not back down: Clay and the Federal Government did that.

At the very time that the nationalist historians represent Mr. Calhoun as shivering in fear of the gallows, we find him writing a private letter to a kinsman in the following terms:

"Our cause is doing well. Let our people go on; be firm and prudent; give no pretext for force, and I feel content of a peaceable and glorious triumph for our cause and State. The prospect is

good for a satisfactory adjustment. It begins to be felt that we must succeed. The scheme of coercion is abandoned for the present at least." The date of this letter is January 10th, 1833.

Those who believe that Calhoun showed any weakness, much less cowardice, cannot have read his defiant, heroic speech in the Senate, made at the very time when his danger was greatest. (1833.)

Speaking on the "Force Bill" of Mr. Webster, Calhoun said: "* * * It has been said that the bill declares war on South Carolina. No. It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage—a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage warfare*—as an attempt to take away life under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the Constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination!

"It has been said by the Senator from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy) to be a measure of peace! Yes; such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb, the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community. It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted, at every hazard—even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity: there are others still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared

cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the State, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become a necessity! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity, when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly.

"I consider the bill as far worse, and more dangerous to liberty, than the tariff. It has been most wantonly passed, when its avowed object no longer justified it. I consider it as chains forged and fitted to the limbs of the States, and hung up to be used when occasion may require. We are told in order to justify the passage of this fatal measure, that it was necessary to present the olive branch with one hand and the sword with the other. We scorn the alternative. You have no right to present the sword. The Constitution never put the instrument in your hands to be employed against a State; and as to the olive branch, whether we receive it or not will not depend on your menace but on our own estimate of what is due to ourselves and the rest of the community in reference to the difficult subject on which we have taken issue."

Mr. Jervy's volume thoroughly rehabilitates Mr. Hayne and reveals him as a practical legislator whose earnest work in his own state and in the broader arena of national legislation were most beneficial to his country, whose administration of the office of Governor was thoroughly successful, and whose ardent leadership in the building of railroads and in the development of natural resources entitled him to an honorable place among the builders of our modern system of commerce.

One cannot lay down "The Life and Times of Robert Y. Hayne," after having carefully read it, without feeling that the subject of his study was a perfectly honest, patriotic, industrious and unselfish patriot, a man of fine intellect, of varied accomplishments, great force of character and the noblest ideals.

"THE MISSION, HISTORY AND TIMES OF THE FARMERS' UNION," by Chas. S. Barrett. Marshall & Bruce Co., Publishers, Nashville, Tenn.

The most pathetic figure in American

history is the farmer. His brawn has created the nation's wealth, and his blood paid the price of her independence and expansion; his sons built the cities and his daughters rocked the cradles of the men who have wrought most gloriously in every field of endeavor; yet he is the pack-horse of our system, the outcast from governmental consideration, the victim of stupendous exploitation, the everlasting dupe of place-hunting politicians, the patiently submissive serf of complicated and heartless class-legislation.

Theoretically, the farmer has no enemies; practically, he has no friends. Everybody loves the farmer, so far as professions go: the editor, the politician, the legislator, those in power love the farmer with loud-voiced devotion; but this affection ends when it has vociferously declared itself and *got what it wanted from the farmer*.

The friends of the farmer never seem to be able to do anything for him. This is doubtless due to the fact that he doesn't need anything. The friends of the railroads are always doing things that help the poor, down-trodden corporations: the friends of the national banks are indefatigable and successful in getting favors for *them*: the Sugar Trust, caught stealing millions, can move right along, by the aid of good Congressional friends, and get a renewal of its license-to-rob: the Manufacturers' Association is blessed with friends who can even kill a Kasson Treaty when it threatens to lower the sixty-five per cent. net profits of a New England hosiery mill, but the farmer, who has more friends than anybody and no enemies at all, never can get anything done that will pull off a single horse-leech that is sucking his life-blood.

A pathetic figure truly is the American farmer. Despoiled by the Trusts, humbugged by the politicians, plundered by the Government, the blind dupe of entrenched capitalism which controls both the great political parties, the farmer is the worst treated man in the Union. He can't "hold up" the consumers, as the Trusts do: he cannot go on strike as the city laborers do. On the contrary, he is "held up" at both ends of the line,—when he buys and when he sells. If he is a purchaser, the other fellow tells him

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