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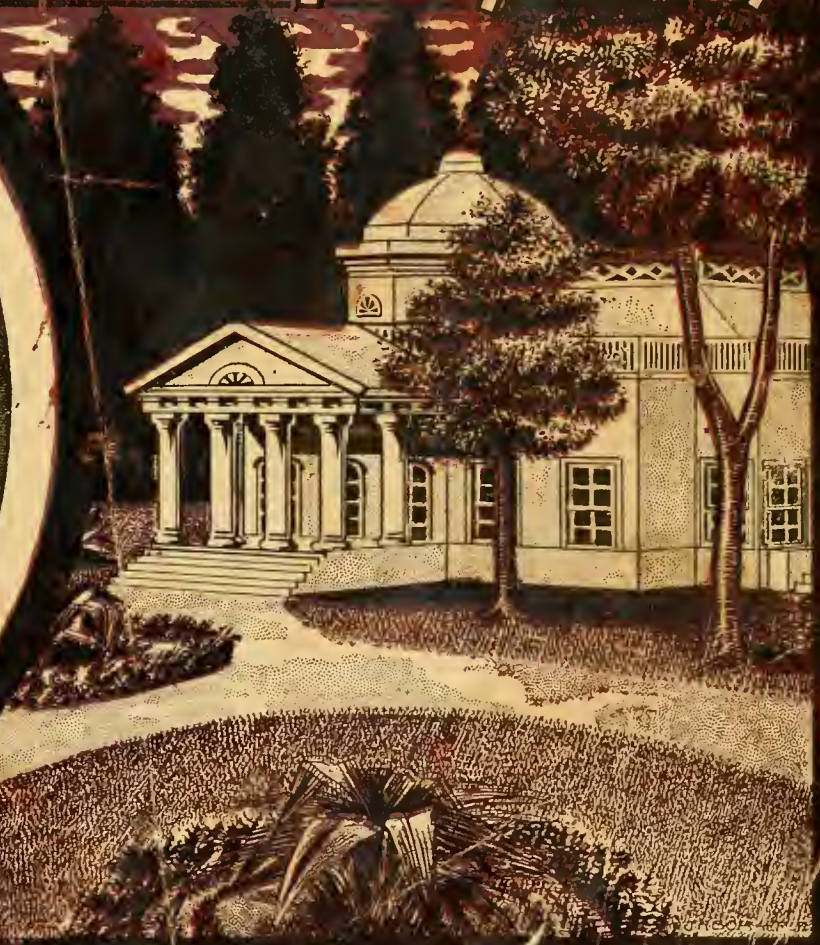
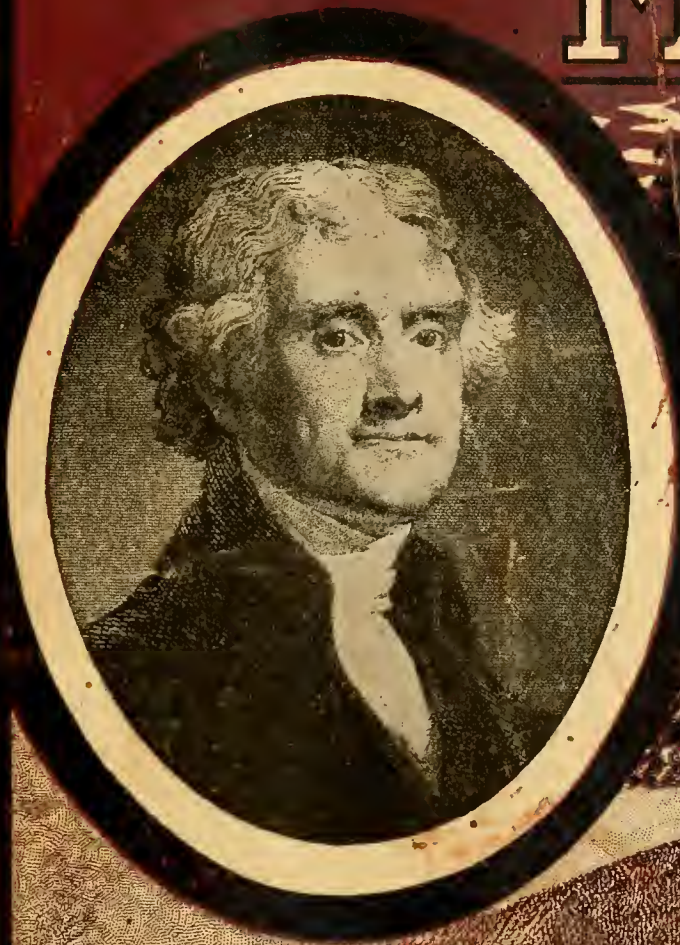
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No. 6

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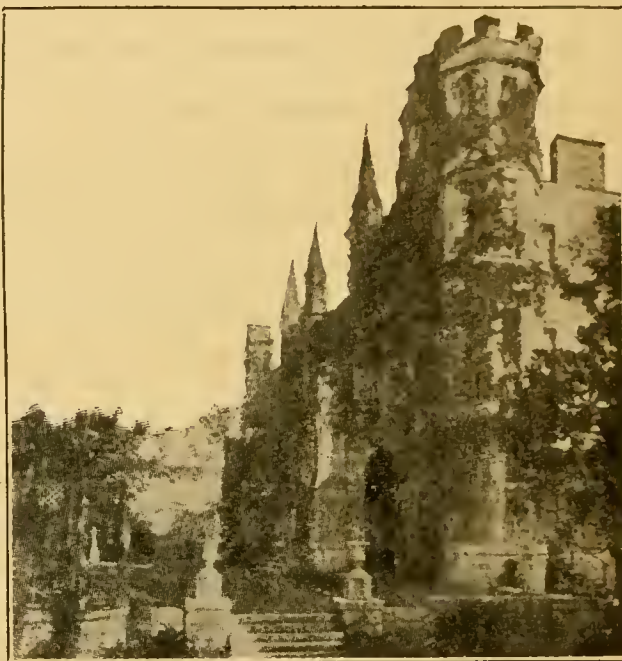
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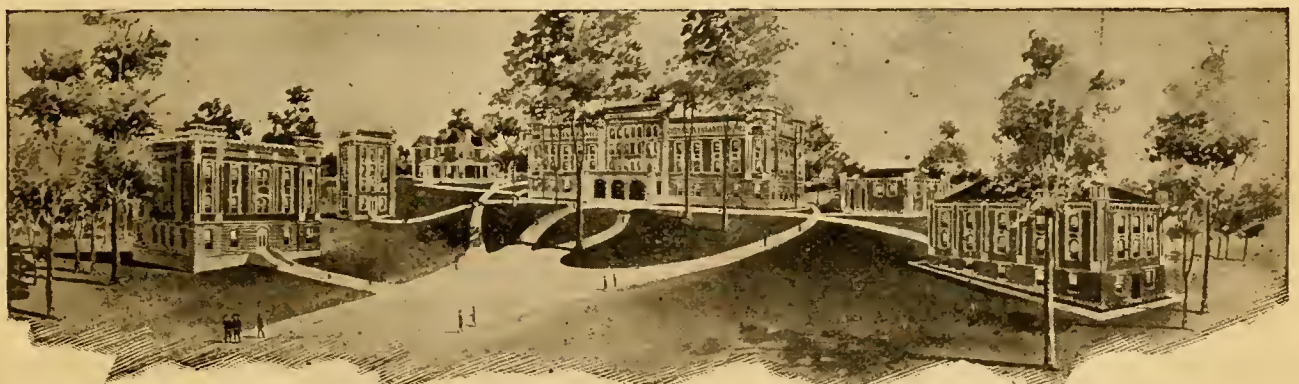
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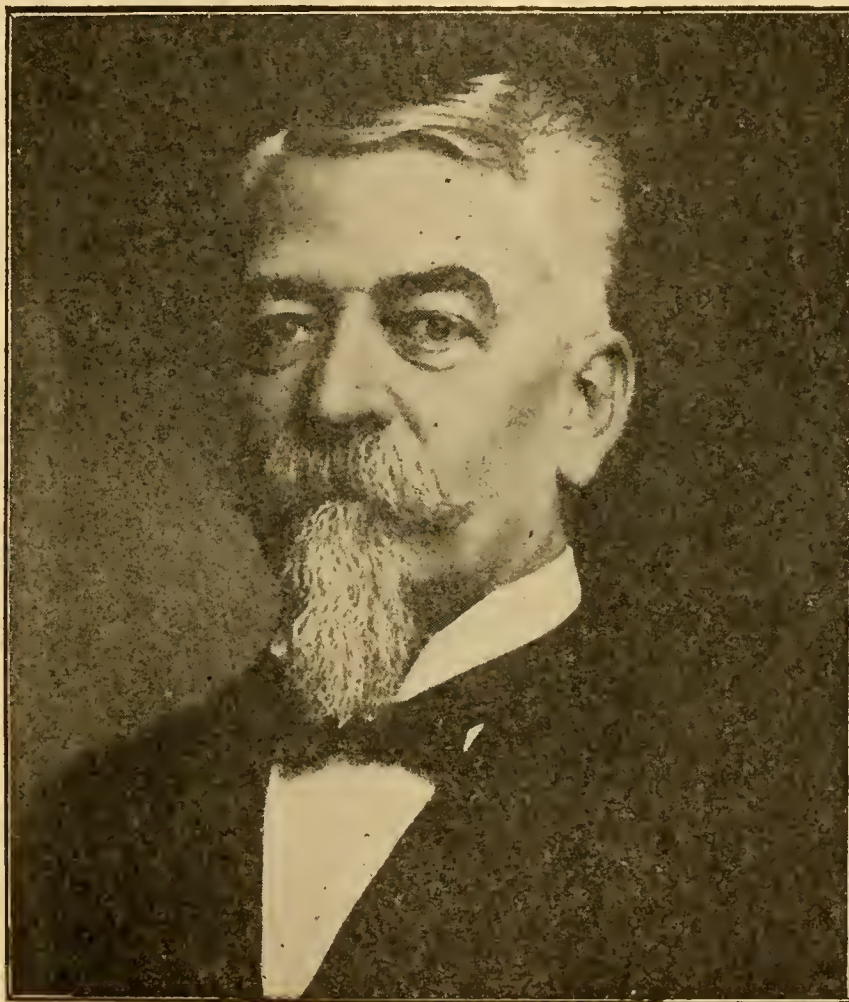
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EDITORIALS



By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

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CHAPTER IX.

MAY I devote another chapter to the Red Men? They deserve it. A more fascinating subject would be difficult to find. Thomas Jefferson came under the spell of it, as did Fenimore Cooper. John Esten Cooke, Sam Houston and hundreds of other Caucasian statesmen and authors.

Was there ever a robust American schoolboy who did not long for a bow-and-arrow? We used to run the three words into one, you remember, and speak of the "bow-narrer."

Was there ever a full-sexed lad who did not "thrill" over stories of Indian fights? Lord! how much genuine pleasure we used to get out of the dime-novels that told us of the blood-curdling adventures of the white hunters and trappers of the West. We became intimately acquainted with "Prairie Pete," "Pawnee Bill," Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, and Big-Foot Wallace. We followed "The Pathfinder," and pried with "The Last of the Mohicans." Our sympathies were strongly with these Children of the Forest, who kept the original white settlers from starving; and whose kindness was repaid by such cruel ingratitude. We felt intensely

ashamed of the barbarous treatment of such Indian chiefs as Massasoit, King Philip, Red Jacket, Logan, Osceola, and Corn Tassel. We couldn't help admiring Tecumseh and Big Warrior and Pontiac. They were great men, great soldiers; and they were fighting for wife and child and native land. Deep down in our hearts, we believe that our dealings with this native race has been one long record of broken faith, ruthless disregard of natural rights, and murder prompted by sordid motives. The Indians have seldom violated a treaty; our Government has seldom observed one. The perfidious and shameless rape that was committed on Columbia, when we robbed her of the Panama Canal Zone, is an excellent illustration of how we have wronged the Red Tribes.

* * *

More than 200 years ago, Mr. Jefferson published his *Notes on Virginia*, a work of which the world took little notice then, and of which slight notice is taken now. Nevertheless, it is much more valuable than those collected "Letters" which fill so many volumes. In the "Notes," he devotes much space to the Virginia Indians; and after de-

scribing their customs, characteristics, and form of government, he gives a list of the tribes which were not extinct at the time he was writing the book. (1786.)

Of the *Mattaponies*, he said that only three or four men were left, and that even these had "more negro than Indian blood in them." He adds this surprising detail: "*They have lost their language.*" They had sold off their land until they had only 50 acres left.

"The *Pamunkies* are reduced to about 10 or 12 men, tolerably pure from mixture with other colors. The older ones among them preserve their language, in a small degree, which are the last vestiges on earth, so far as we know, of the Powhatan language."

He proceeds to describe their location as being about 300 acres of land, on Pamunkey river, very fertile, and "so encompassed by water that a gate shuts in the whole." This means, of course, that they owned a bend in the river, which was so narrow, at the land outlet, that a gate could close the gap—the river almost running back into itself. (There are 800 acres in the bend, instead of 300.)

With pleasure you will learn that the *Pamunkies* still exist; and that their home is on the same river-bend which Mr. Jefferson described, in 1786. They now number about 125 men, women and children, of pure Indian blood. They live in comfortable, modern cottages; the women and children make beautiful crops, on the same soil that their ancestors were cultivating when our forefathers first landed.

The men of the tribe are the best

hunters and fishermen on the Atlantic coast. They hire negroes for what work their women cannot do; and they never allow a negro to remain on the reservation at night. They reject with scorn the proposal of black men to intermarry into the tribe; and they rarely permit one of their women to wed a white man. Their laws are few and simple; public profanity is forbidden; and slander is severely punished.

They have lost their language, and speak English. There is a school-house, where a white teacher gives every boy and girl an English education.

(Poor things! I wonder why they don't have some Solomon Samson teach 'em Latin and Greek, and physiology and geometry and astronomy and algebra and other useful, practical, indispensable knowledge.)

My dear friends, the Socialists, will yell for joy when I state the fact that the *Pamunkies* still adhere to the communal ownership of land. Their fathers before them had it, they have it, and their children will have it. Apparently, the system works as satisfactorily today as it did in the time of Powhatan and Pocahontas. Each man's farm is allotted to him by the head men of the tribe; but the produce grown on it, is his own property.

Only the land is held in common; personalty, of all kinds, belongs to the individual.

Each male, 18 years old, and upwards, pays a dollar a year, toward defraying the cost of government. Twenty-five dollars a year is all it costs. Let us hope none of our town and city grafters will ever intrude upon that idyllic situation!

Until recently, the chief held his office by inheritance; but, for some reason, the tribe changed this, and he is now elected by ballot. Two candidates are put up, numbered "1" and "2." Number 1 is voted for with grains of corn; number 2, with beans. The highest vote decides. They have not yet learned how to stuff the ballot-box, or to physic the returns.

The land is held under a state grant; but the State very seldom has to meddle with the tribe. They keep the peace, maintain good order, and bother nobody. Annually, they present to the Governor of Virginia a brace of duck, a wild turkey, or a deer. This is done regularly and ceremoniously—much as the yearly banner, or peppercorn, is presented to the King of England by some Duke whose title reaches back to feudal times, and feudal fiefs.

Because slave traders stole some of their children, to sell to Southern planters, the Pamunkies took sides with the North during the Civil War; and, as scouts, must have been of great service to the Union army.

It is said that there has been many a bloody fight, at the gate across the outlet, when lawless white men sought to enter the reservation. With desperate courage, the Indians resisted the would-be robbers; and, in each instance, the Red Men drove the marauders away. By the bye, it is a historic fact that the typical savage of North America, the Pequods, the Iroquois, the Huron the Comanche, the Sioux, the Creek and the Seminole—was a splendid fighting man. Generally, they whipped the whites, when con-

ditions and numbers were anywhere near equal.

Their language lost, their ancient style of dress abandoned, their tepees supplemented by the white man's cottage, the Pamunkies yet preserve their traditions. At least one of them, they celebrate every year—the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. As the Passion play of the Danube illustrates the crucifixion of Christ, so the pantomime on the Pamunkey exhibits the old emperor, Powhatan; the warriors with their clubs; the captive prone upon the ground, with his head on the stone, and the Indian maiden who is the angel of deliverance.

If I could tell you *when* this annual commemoration of the Smith-Pocahontas story was first begun, you would have a clearer conception of its value to history. Unfortunately, it is not in my power to give you the information.

This may be as good place as any, to discuss the story itself, for everyone is familiar with it, and few have rejected it. At the time chapters 8 and 9 of this series were written, the narrative of Captain John Smith was not in my possession. The historians seem to be unanimously of the opinion that the incident happened; but the very reasoning which John Fiske and John Esten Cooke used in support of the tradition, aroused my doubts. This being so the original narrative of Smith himself became indispensable. Judge of my utter astonishment at learning from *this highest and best evidence* that Smith's life was in no peril when he went before Powhatan; that he was received as

an honored, welcome guest; that the old Emperor was exceedingly kind to him; that he was assured he would be liberated in four days; that he was sumptuously feasted; that the wives of Powhatan washed his hands in the royal basin and wiped them on the royal feathers! According to Captain John Smith he and the Emperor were, from the very first, as chummy as possible, and regaled each other by exchanging knowledge and experience. *Pocahontas is not mentioned at all.*

It is not a case of *omitting* an incident; it is a case of *contradiction*. If Smith's narrative of 1608 isn't a tissue of falsehoods there was no occasion for Pocahontas to save him from death.

Some years previous to the landing of the Jamestown colony, a party of white men had gone into the Pamunkey region—from a ship, necessarily—and had killed a chief and carried off twenty odd Indians. Now, when Captain John Smith and his men rowed up the Chickahominy, the Indians feared another raid. Because of this, they killed one of the men Smith left in the boat; and captured Smith himself. They treated him well, and he himself states that the only attempt on his life was made by the father of one of the warriors whom he had shot in the swamp. The guards prevented the grief-stricken vengeful old man from killing the Captain. As Smith was careful to relate this incident, how can any one believe that he would have failed to picture the more dramatic scene alleged to have occurred in Powhatan's "palace?"

As soon as Opecanough—

chief in that region—was told, by those who had seen the leader of the kidnapping band, *that Smith was not the man*, he was treated with generous hospitality. So urgently was he pressed to eat more and more of their rich and varied food, that he became suspicious. Thought they wanted to fatten him up so that *he* would be good eating for *them*.

Opecanough took Captain Smith to his brother, Powhatan, who was then at Werowocomoco. After having been cordially greeted, and handsomely entertained, the valiant Captain was given an escort to Jamestown.

Not only does Captain Smith express lively appreciation of the manner in which Powhatan received him, lavished attentions upon him, and sent him away laden with food; not only is nothing whatever said of Pocahontas and the alleged narrow escape from death; not only does Smith positively assert that his captors (even before their suspicions that he was the kidnapper had been removed) protected his life from the Indian who wanted to revenge the killing of his son; but the narrative of one of these original colonists (F. Studley), written in 1608 is equally inconsistent with the alleged rescue of Smith by the Indian princess. Studley's narrative mentions such incidents as that the preacher got very sick; and that they stopped for water in the Canary Islands. He refers to Captain Smith's venture on the Chickahominy, but says nothing of Pocahontas.

The story first appears, so far as I can discover, in the narrative of Anas Todkill, which was written in

1612. It was Todkill, apparently, who invented the story that Captain Smith was "saved" twice, on that one trip. He was saved the first time by exhibiting a mariner's compass, supplemented by a lecture on astronomy. How it was that Smith and these Indians could so readily hold lengthy conversations, is nowhere explained.

Having delivered his hero from death, while he was in the power of Opecanough, the worthy Anas thought it necessary to save him again, when he came into the power of Powhatan. Why the compass had lost its talismanic virtue, we are not told.

By 1612, Anas Todkill knew Pocahontas well as the old Emperor's favorite child; by 1612, the worthy Anas had learned the Indian custom of giving a prisoner to any woman that wanted him. Throughout his narrative, Anas invents lengthy speeches—Smith to the Indians, and the Indians to Smith—which he pretends to have heard and to have reproduced, word for word, *years after they were made*.

Being of that inventive turn, Anas may have created the Smith-Pocahontas fable.

At all events, the narrative of Captain Smith, if true, absolutely explodes the story. Read carefully what he himself wrote at the time. I have put his words in modern spelling but have not changed a syllable.

"But within a quarter of an hour I heard a loud cry, and a halloaing of Indians, but no warning peace. Supposing them surprised, and that the Indians had betrayed us, pres-

ently I seized him and bound his arm fast to my hand in a garter, with my pistol ready bent to be revenged on him; he advised me to fly, and seemed ignorant of what was done.

But as we went discoursing, I was struck with an arrow on the right thigh, but without harm; upon this occasion I espied two Indians drawing their bows, which I prevented in discharging a French pistol.

By that I had charged again, three or four more did the like; for the first fell down and fled; at my discharge, they did the like. My hinde (Indian) I made my barricade, who offered not to strike. Twenty or thirty arrows were shot at me but short. Three or four times I had discharged my pistol ere the king of Pamaunck called Opeckanough with 200 men, environed me, each drawing their bow; which done they laid themselves upon the ground, but without shooting.

My hinde treated betwixt me and them of conditions of peace; he discovered me to be the Captain; my request was to retire to the boat; they demanded my arms, the rest they said were slain, only me they they would reserve.

The Indian importuned me not to shoot. In retiring being in the midst of a low quagmire, and minding them more than my steps, I stepped fast into the quagmire, and also the Indian in drawing me forth.

Thus surprised, I resolved to try their mercies; my arms I cast from me, till which none durst approach me.

Being seized on me, they drew me out and led me to the king. I presented him with a compass dial, de-

scribing by my best means the use thereof; whereat he so amazedly admired, as he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the roundness of the earth, the course of the sun, moon, stars and planets.

With kind speeches and bread he requited me, conducting me where the canoe lay and John Robinson slain, with twenty or thirty arrows in him. Emry I saw not.

The Captain conducting me to his lodging, a quarter of venison and some ten pound of bread I had for supper; what I left was reserved for me, and sent with me to my lodging.

Each morning three women presented me with great platters of fine bread, more venison than ten men could devour I had; my gown, points and garters, my compass and my tablet they gave me again. Though eight ordinarily guarded me, I wanted not what they could devise to content me; and still our longer acquaintance increased our better affection.

I desired he would send a messenger to Paspahegh (the district in which Jamestown was situated), with a letter I would write, by which they should understand how kindly they used me, and that I was well, lest they should revenge my death. This he granted and sent three men, in such weather as in reason were impossible by any naked to be endured. Their cruel minds towards the fort I had deserted, in describing the ordinance and the mines in the fields, and also the revenge Captain Newport would take of them at his return. Their intent, I incited the fort, (as also of) the people of Ocanahonum and the back

sea; this report they after found divers Indians that confirmed.

The next day after my letter, came a savage to my lodging (still at Rasawrack), with his sword, to have slain me; but being by my guard intercepted, with a bow and arrow he offered to have effected his purpose; the cause I knew not, till the King understanding thereof came and told me of a man dying, wounded with my pistol; he told me of another I had slain, yet they must conceal that they had any hurt. This was the father of him I had slain, whose fury to prevent, the King presently conducted me to another kingdom, upon the top of the next northerly river, called Youghtanan.

The next day another king of that nation, called Kekataugh, having received some kindness of me at the Fort, kindly invited me to feast at his house. The people from all places flocked to see me, each showing to content me.

From thence, this kind king conducted me to a place called Tepahannock, a kingdom upon another river northward. The cause of this was, that the year before, a ship had been in the river of Pamaunke, who having been kindly entertained by Powhatan their Emperor, they returned thence and discovered the river of Topahanocke; where being received with like kindness, yet he slew the king, and took off his people, and they supposed I were he. But the people reported him to be a great tall man that was the Captain, and using me kindly, the next day we departed.

Arriving at Weramocomoco (on or about 5 January, 1608) their Em-

peror proudly laying upon a bedstead a foot high, upon ten or twelve mats, richly hung with great chains of many pearls about his neck, and covered with a great covering of *rahaugheums*. (Raccoon skins.) At his head sat a woman, at his feet another; on each side sitting upon a mat upon the ground, were ranged his chief men on each side of the fire, ten in a rank, and behind them as many young women, each with a great chaine of white beads over their shoulders, their heads painted in red; and Powhatan with such a grave and majestic countenance, as drew me into admiration to see such state in a naked savage.

He kindly welcomed me with good words, and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me his friendship, and my liberty within four days. He much delighted in Opechan Conoughs relation of what I had described to him, and oft examined me upon the same. He desired me to forsake Paspahagh (i. e. James Town) and to live with him upon his river, a country called *Capa Howasicke*. He promised to give me corn, venison, or what I wanted to feed us; hatchets and copper we should make him, and none should disturb us.

This request I promised to perform; and thus, having with all the kindness he could devise, sought to content me, he sent me home, with four men; one that usually carried my gown and knapsack after me, two other loaded with bread, and one to accompany me."

I have not omitted anything which bears upon the mooted subject. To save space, the dialogue

between Smith and Powhatan, about Europe and America, was left out.

Note three important points:

(1) While Smith relates that he showed Opecannough the compass, he as plainly lets it be seen that he is in no immediate danger of death, is not tied to a tree, nor fettered in any way.

(2) Fearing that his friends at Jamestown might revenge themselves for his supposed death, he sends them a letter to let them know that he is being kindly treated.

(3) Powhatan receives Captain Smith ceremoniously, in state, as kings have always received strangers of distinction. In modern parlance, we would say that King Opecannough "presented" Captain Smith at the court of the Emperor. That's practically what took place. At that time, Captain Smith had his pistols on his person, one discharge of which would have emptied that "palace" in just about two seconds. In fact, the first time Powhatan heard a pistol-shot, he ran howling into the woods!

Instead of being bound with cords, and then thrown to the ground, with a rock for a pillow, Captain Smith was as unshackled as Powhatan; and was soon filling the inner man with "great platters of sundrei victuals." The head men present were the councillors, not warriors.

How on earth can anyone believe in the Pocahontas story, and, at the same time, believe Captain John Smith?

But there is cumulative evidence:

In Smith's last reference to Pocahontas in the narrative of 1608 he

writes of her as "a child of ten years old," who therefore was but nine years old, at the time he first appeared before Powhatan. He describes her (all the colonists did) as the brightest, prettiest of the savage girls; but he gives not the faintest hint of her having saved his life, the year before. He gave her trinkets, *on this occasion*, and released some prisoners, in accordance with a message which Smith says had been taught her by Powhatan. Afterwards, the little maiden did save the Captain's life twice, once by warning, and again, by concealing him.

If, before the girl was sent to Jamestown to plead for the prisoners, she had risked her life to save Captain Smith's, would not Powhatan, or Pocahontas, or Smith himself, have made some allusion to the fact? Would not the petition of the old Emperor and his daughter have been made upon *that* ground?

The plea was based upon the Powhatan's kindness in sending his favorite child to visit Smith. And Smith states that he granted the release of the prisoners, "*in regard for her father's kindness in sending her.*"

The prisoners were fed, and were given "their bows, arrows, or what else they had, and then sent packing."

"Pocahontas also we requited with such trifles as contented her." Not a word from either Captain Smith or Pocahontas about her enormous service to him *the year before!* Not a word about the unpayable debt that Smith owed her! He speaks of her as he would of any other intellingent, beautiful little

girl; and he makes her happy—with glass beads, probably—as he would gratify any other maiden of the forest, sent to him by the Powhatan. If she had, *before that*, saved him from an awful death, would he not have written of her differently?

It is far more natural to surmise that the little girl was grateful to the handsome white chief who had given her the first presents she had ever received—gifts altogether different from anything within her previous knowledge—and that, on this account, she admired and loved the brave Captain. Because of this, and because of her innate tenderness of heart, she saved his life twice, *after* her first visit to Jamestown.

Read what Captain Smith wrote, in 1608, and draw your own conclusions:

"Powhatan understanding we detained certain savages, sent (i. e. in May, 1608) his daughter, a child of ten years old; which, not only for feature, countenance, and proportion, much exceeded any of the rest of his people; but for wit, and spirit, the only Nonpariel of his country. This he sent by his most trusty messenger, called Rawhunt, as much exceeding in deformity of person; but of a subtle will and crafty understanding.

He, with a long circumstance, told me, how well Powhatan loved and respected me; and in that I should not doubt any way of his kindness, he had sent his child, which he most esteemed, to see me; a deer and bread besides, for a present; desiring me that the boy (Thomas Salvage) might come again, which he

loved exceedingly. His little daughter he had taught this lesson also, not taking notice at all of the Indians that had been prisoners three days, till that morning that she saw their fathers and friends come quietly, and in good terms to entreat their liberty.

Opechankanough sent also unto us, that for his sake, we would release two that were his friends; and for a token, sent me his shooting glove and bracer, which the day our men was taken upon, separating himself from the rest a long time, interested to speak with me, where intoken of peace, he had preferred me the same. Now all of them having found their peremptory conditions but to increase our malice;

which they seeing us began to threaten to destroy them, as familiarly as before, without suspicion or fear, came amongst us, to beg liberty for their men.

In the afternoon, they being gone, we guarded them as before to the church; and after prayer, gave them to Pocahuntas, the king's daughter, in regard for her father's kindness in sending her. After having well fed them, as all the time of their imprisonment, we gave them their bows, arrows, or what else they had; and with (their) much content, sent them packing. Pocahuntas also we requited with such trifles as contented her, to tell that we had used the Paspahayans very kindly in so releasing them."

A Sonnet

T. E. W.

James W. Phillips

*He walks erect, nor stumbles at the tide
 Of broken shafts that gather at his feet.
 Gibraltar does not mind the feathery sheet
 Of arrows leveled at its rugged side.
 The target that a thousand bows have tried
 Stands like a wall, and does not dream retreat;
 Sharded with truth, he every foe will meet,
 And deal the death that other traitors died.
 He dares, amid the danger, to insist
 That wrong is wrong, and right forever right;
 He cuts in twain the bloated alchemist
 As he turns blood to gold; then turns his might
 Upon the mills where devils bag the grist
 Of human forms that disappear from sight.*

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

IT is doubtful whether Europe ever produced a scholar who surpassed Erasmus. Montaigne had read as widely, perhaps; but much learning had made of the Frenchman a selfish, good-humored cynic. He wrote a great deal, but without any definite purpose, and without any regard for the up-lift of mankind. He studied and wrote in desultory fashion, as the humor possessed him; and his motive was not more elevated than that of a man who keeps a diary for his own amusement and glorification. Montaigne's Preface to the first edition of his "Essays" is so quaint and candid, that I copy it for your benefit, the date being June 12th, 1580:

"This, reader, is a book without guile. It tells thee, at the very outset, that I had no other end in putting it together but what was domestic and private. I had no regard therein *either to thy service or to my glory*; my powers are equal to no such design. It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may here find some traces of my quality and humour, and may thereby nourish a

more entire and lively recollection of me. * * *

Thus, reader, thou perceivest that I am myself the subject of my book; 'tis not worth thy while to take up thy time longer with such a frivolous matter; so fare thee well."

A whimsical preface, truly! Montaigne was an old bachelor, living in a granite chateau, remote from cities; a firm Catholic, a loyal courtier, but a free-thinker and a confirmed, immovable, non-combatant. Religious wars raged around him; the frenzy of fanaticism was drenching his country with blood; but he refused to be drawn into the storm. At his modest castle, he lived among his books, writing and dictating from time to time; and, without apparently meaning to do it, produced a voluminous mass of "Essays" which have done the Roman Catholics almost as much harm, as did the frankly hostile books of Voltaire.

Around the great Dutchman, Erasmus, will forever cling a greater human interest, than around any other scholar whomsoever. His father—a handsome, gallant, ambitious young man—loved a beautiful, noble girl of Sevenbergen; and a mar-

riage contract was the result. The too ardent lover and the too trustful mistress went the old, old way of error that leads to so much sorrow; and the consequence was, an illegitimate child. The father of it had gone away to Rome, to escape the importunities of his people, who wanted him to become a priest. While in Rome, his people wrote him that his Margaret was dead. She did not know where he was; his letters to her had been intercepted by his relatives. Overwhelmed with grief, and not suspecting deception, the broken-hearted Gerard entered the priesthood. Later he learned the truth—that his Margaret was living and had borne him a son, in Rotterdam. Not being sufficiently bold to throw off the Papal yoke as Luther did, Gerard spent a brief life of utter misery in the service of the hierarchy. Margaret rejected all suitors, and remained true to her first love. Carried off by a plague in the bloom of her life, Gerard soon followed her to the grave.

Their son was Erasmus. Around his parents Charles Reade framed the greatest novel that was ever written — *The Cloister and the Hearth*. (There is more truth, more history, more opulent imagination, more genuine humor, more probable incident, and more eternally-valuable teaching in this one book of Charles Reade than there is in all of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer combined.)

Erasmus, like his father, was persecuted into "holy orders." He struggled against it, as his father had done; he weakly yielded, as his father had done. Neither father

nor son had the robust quality of John Knox, or Martin Luther. Both were wretched in the Roman church; and both died in their chains. Both saw the "religiou" from the inside; and both were shocked, by what they saw. The father died prematurely—the saddest man in Europe. The son lived to old age; and spent much of his time denouncing the corruption and the superstition which had taken possession of his church.

Doubtless Erasmus hoped to have his church reform itself *from within*. He should have remembered that no organization ever has done that. No caste or class ever does it. The pressure has to be applied, *from without*. Those who, like Savonarola, tried to purge the priesthood, while remaining in the power of the Pope, were put to death. If Luther had remained a monk, he would have been tortured into recantation or been sent to the stake.

It would have gone hard with Erasmus, had not his Papa at that time, been so pre-occupied by Luther and Henry VIII. Baited in Germany, baited in England and threatened by revolt in France, the Papa was in no condition to murder the most eminent scholar in Europe. But for his Papa's other troubles, the great Dutchman would have met the doom of Huss, Jerome, Bruno, Galileo and Savonarola.

In my preceeding chapters, you may have suspected that there was exaggeration. You may have thought me extreme. Knowing that I am a Baptist, you may have discounted some of my statements, attributing them to inherited hatred of a so-called "church" that butch-

ered so many thousands of Baptists in the Old World.

To remove the impression, and to convince you that I have not overdrawn the picture of Roman Catholic paganism, corruption, fraud, imposture and superstition, I will quote at length what the most accomplished of Roman Catholic scholars wrote and published, about his own church, *more than 400 years ago*. The extracts will be taken from *The Praise of Folly*, one of his best known works.

As an example of his extreme care for accuracy, Erasmus chides Paul, the Apostle, for not having correctly quoted the inscription "to the Unknown God," which the Apostle saw at Athens. The statue was dedicated, "To the Gods of Europe, Asia and Africa, and to all foreign Unknown Gods." Paul, hastily translating, or not remembering, gave to the inscription a significance never intended by the tolerant, indifferent, irreligious Greeks.

Now let us see what the famous Roman Catholic, Erasmus, had to say about the do-funny carryings-on among his brethren; and as you read, ask yourself whether the priests have discontinued the practices which *one of their own order* so unsparingly condemned.

From page 149, *Praise of Folly*:

"The next to be placed among the regiment of fools are such as make a trade of telling or inquiring after incredible stories of miracles and prodigies; never doubting that a lie will choke them, they will muster up a thousand several strange relations of spirits, ghosts, apparitions, raising of the devil, and such like

bugbears of superstition, which the farther they are from being probably true, the more greedily they are swallowed, and the more devoutly believed. And these absurdities do not only bring an empty pleasure, and cheap divertisement, but they procure a comfortable income to such priests and friars as by this craft get their gain. To these again are nearly related such others as attribute strange virtues to the shrines and images of saints and martyrs, and so would make their credulous proselytes believe, that if they pay their devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, they shall be guarded and secured the day following from all dangers and misfortunes; if soldiers, when they first take arms, shall come and mumble over such a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara, they shall return safe from all engagements; or if any pray to Erasmus on such particular holidays, with the ceremony of wax candles, and other fopperies, he shall in a short time be rewarded with a plentiful increase of wealth and riches. The Christians have now their gigantic St. George, as well as the Pagans had their Hercules; they paint the saint on horseback, and picture the horse in splendid trappings, very gloriously accoutred, they scarce refrain in a literal sense from worshipping the very beast.

What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? that by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance, according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry par-

dons, and saleable exemptions? Or what can be said bad enough of others, who pretend that by the force of such magical charms, or by the fumbling over their beads in the rehearsal of such and such petitions (which some religious imposters invented, either for diversion, or what is more likely, for advantage), they shall procure riches, honor, pleasure, health, long life, a lusty old age, nay, after death a sitting at the right hand of our Saviour in His kingdom; though as to this last part of their happiness, they care not how long it be deferred, having scarce any appetite toward a tasting the joys of heaven, till they are surfeited, glutted with, and can no longer relish their enjoyments on earth.

By this easy way of purchasing pardons, any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, or any bribe-taking judge, shall disburse some part of their unjust gains, and so think all their grossest impieties sufficiently atoned for; so many perjuries, lusts, drunkenness, quarrels, bloodsheds, cheats, treacheries, and all sorts of debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a bargain for, and such a contract made, as if they had paid off all arrears, and might now begin upon a new score.

And what can be more ridiculous, than for some others to be confident of going to heaven by repeating daily those seven verses out of the Psalms, which the devil taught St. Bernard, thinking thereby to have put a trick upon him, but that he was over-reached in his cunning.

Several of these fooleries, which are so gross and absurd, as I myself am even ashamed to own, are practised and admired, not only by the

vulgar, but by such proficient in religion as one might well expect would have more wit.

The custom of each country challenging their particular guardian-saint, proceeds from the same principles of folly; nay, each saint has his distinct office allotted to him, and is accordingly addressed to upon the respective occasions; as one for the tooth-ache, a second to grant an easy delivery in child-birth, a third to recover lost goods, another to protect seamen in a long voyage, a fifth to guard the farmer's cows and sheep, and so on; for to rehearse all instances would be extremely tedious.

There are some more Catholic saints petitioned to upon all occasions, as more especially the Virgin Mary, whose blind devotees think it manners now to place the mother before the son.

And of all the prayers and intercessions that are made to these respective saints, the substance of them is no more than downright folly.

Among all the trophies that for tokens of gratitude are hung upon the walls and ceilings of churches, you shall find no relics presented as a memorandum of any that were ever cured of Folly, or had been made one dram the wiser. One perhaps after shipwreck got safe to shore; another recovered when he had been run through by an enemy; one, when all his fellow-soldiers were killed upon the spot, as cunningly perhaps as cowardly, made his escape from the field; another, while he was hanging, the rope broke, and so he saved his neck, and renewed his license for practising his old trade of thieving; another

broke jail, and got loose; a patient (against his physician's will) recovered of a dangerous fever; another drank poison, which putting him into a violent looseness, did his body more good than harm, to the great grief of his wife, who hoped upon this occasion to have become a joyful widow; another had his wagon overturned, and yet none of the horses lamed; another had caught a grievous fall, and yet recovered from the bruise; another had been tampering with his neighbor's wife, and escaped very narrowly from being caught by the enraged cuckold in the very act. After all these acknowledgements of escapes from singular dangers, there is none (as I have before intimated) that returns thanks for being freed from Folly; Folly being so sweet and luscious, that it is rather sued for as a happiness, than deprecated as a punishment. But why should I launch out into so wide a sea of superstitions?

Had I as many tongues as Argus
 eyes,
 Briareus hands, they would not suffice
 Folly in all her shapes t' epitomize.

Almost all Christians being wretchedly enslaved to blindness and ignorance, which the priests are so far from preventing or removing, that the blacken the darkness, and promote the delusion; wisely foreseeing that the people (like cows, which never give down their milk so well as when they are gently stroked), would part with less if they knew more, their bounty proceeding only from a mistake of charity. Now if any grave, wise

man should stand up, and unseasonably speak the truth, telling every one that a pious life is the only way of securing a happy death; that the best title to a pardon of our sins is purchased by a hearty abhorrence of our guilt, and sincere resolutions of amendment; that the best devotion which can be paid to any saints is to imitate them in their exemplary life; if he should proceed thus to inform them of their several mistakes, there would be quite another estimate put upon tears, watchings, masses, fastings, and other severities, which before were so much prized, as persons will now be vexed to lose that satisfaction they formerly found in them.

In the same predicament of fools are to be ranked such, as while they are yet living, and in good health, take so great care how they shall be buried when they die, that they solemnly appoint how many torches, how many escutcheons, how many gloves to be given, and how many mourners they will have at their funeral; as if they thought they themselves in their coffins could be sensible of what respect was paid to their corpse; or as if they doubted they should rest a whit less quiet in the grave if they were with less state and pomp interred.

The divines present themselves next; but it may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not to touch upon so harsh a string as this subject would afford. Besides, the undertaking may be very hazardous, for they are a sort of men generally very hot and passionate; and should I provoke them, I doubt not would set upon me with a full cry, and force me with shame to recant, which if I stubbornly refused to do,

they would presently brand me for a heretic, and thunder out an excommunication, which is their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them.

It is true, no men own a less dependence on Folly, yet have they reason to confess themselves indebted for no small obligations. For it is by one of my properties, self-love, that they fancy themselves, with their elder brother Paul, caught up into the third heaven, from whence, like shepherds indeed, they look down upon their flocks, (the laity), grazing as it were, in the vales of the world below. They fence themselves in with so many surrounders of magisterial definitions, conclusions, corrolaries, propositions explicit and implicit, that there is no falling in with them; if they do chance to be urged to a seeming non-plus, yet they find out so many evasions, that all the art of man can never bind them so fast, but that an easy distinction shall give them a starting-hole to escape the scandal of being baffled.

They will cut asunder the toughest argument with as much ease as Alexander did the Gordian knot; they will thunder out so many rattling terms as shall affright an adversary into conviction. They are exquisitely dexterous in unfolding the most intricate mysteries; they will tell you to a tittle all the successive proceedings of omnipotence in the creation of the universe; they will explain the precise manner of original sin being derived from our first parents; they will satisfy you in what manner, by what degrees, and in how long a time, our Saviour was conceived in the Virgin's womb, and demonstrate in the consecrated

wafer how accidents may subsist without a subject. Nay, these are accounted trivial, easy questions; they have yet far greater difficulties behind, which, notwithstanding, they salve with as much expedition as the former; namely, whether supernatural generation requires any instant of time for its acting? whether Christ, as a son, bears a double and specifically distinct relation to God the Father, and His Virgin mother? whether this proposition is possible to be true, that the first person of the Trinity hated the second? whether God who took our nature upon him in the form of a man, could as well have become a woman, a devil a beast, an herb, or a stone? and if it were possible that if the Godhead had appeared in any shape of an inanimate substance, how He should then have preached His Gospel? or how have been nailed to the cross? whether if St. Peter had celebrated the eucharist at the same time our Saviour was hanging on the cross, the consecrated bread would have been transubstantiated into the same body that remained on the tree? whether in Christ's corporal presence in the sacramental wafer, His humanity be not extracted from His Godhead? whether after the resurrection we shall carnally eat and drink as we do in this life?

There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, hæcceities, and such like absurdities, as one would think no one could pry into, except he had not only such cat's eyes as to see best in the dark, but even such a piercing faculty as to see through an inch-board, and spy out what really never existed.

Add to these some of their tenets and beliefs, which are so absurd and extravagant, that the wildest fancies of the Stoics, which they so much disdain and decry as paradoxes, seem in comparison just and rational; as their maintaining, that it is a less aggravating fault to kill a hundred men, than for a poor cobbler to set a stitch on the Sabbath-day; or, that it is more justifiable to do the greatest injury imaginable to others, than to tell the least lie ourselves.

And these subtleties are alchemized to a more refined sublimate by the abstracting brains of their several schoolmen; the Realists, the Nominalists, the Thomists, the Albertists, the Occamists, the Scotists; and these are not all, but the rehearsal of a few only, as a specimen of their divided sects; in each of which there is so much of deep learning, so much of unfathomable difficulty, that I believe the Apostles themselves would stand in need of a new illuminating spirit, if they were to engage in any controversy with these new divines.

St. Paul, without question, had a full measure of faith, yet when he lays down faith to be the substance of things not seen, these men carp at it for an imperfect definition, and would undertake to teach their apostles better logic. Thus, the same holy author wanted for nothing of the grace of charity, yet, say they, he describes and defines it but very inaccurately when he treats of it in the thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The primitive disciples were very frequent in administering the holy sacrament, breaking bread from house to house; yet should they be

asked of the *Terminus a quo* and the *Terminus ad quem*, the nature of transubstantiation? the possibility of one body being in several different places at the same time? the difference betwixt the several attributes of Christ in heaven, on the cross, and in the consecrated bread? what time is required for the transubstantiating of the bread into flesh? how it can be done by a short sentence pronounced by the priest, which sentence is a species of discreet quantity, that has no permanent *punctum*?

Were they asked (I say), these and several other confused queries, I do not believe they could answer so readily as our mincing schoolmen now-a-days take a pride in doing.

They were well acquainted with the Virgin Mary, yet none of them undertook to prove that she was preserved immaculate from original sin, as some of our divines now very hotly contend for.

They worshipped in the spirit, following their Master's injunction, "God is a spirit, and they which worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" yet it does not appear that it was ever revealed to them how divine adoration should be paid at the same time to our blessed Saviour in heaven, and to his picture here below on a wall, drawn with arm extended, two fingers held out, a bald crown, and a circle round his head.

Now as to the Popes of Rome, who pretend themselves Christ's vicars, if they would but imitate His exemplary life, in the being employed in an unintermitted course of preaching; in the being attended with poverty, nakedness, hunger,

and a contempt of this world; if they did but consider the import of the word Pope, which signifies a father; if they did but practice their surname of most holy, what order or degrees of men would be in a worse condition?

There would be then no such vigorous making of parties and buying of votes in the Conclave, upon a vacancy of that See; and those who by bribery, or other indirect courses, should get themselves elected, would never secure their sitting firm in the chair by pistol, poison, force, and violence.

How much of their pleasure would be abated if they were but endowed with one dram of wisdom? Wisdom, did I say? Nay, with one grain of that salt which our Saviour bade them not to lose the savor of.

All their riches, all their honors, their jurisdictions, their Peter's patrimony, their offices, their dispensations, their licenses, their indulgences, their long train of attendants (see in how short a compass I have abbreviated all their marketing of religion); in a word, all their perquisites would be forfeited and lost; and in their room would succeed watchings, fastings, tears, prayers, sermons, hard studies, repenting sighs, and a thousand such like severe penalties; nay, what's more deplorable, it would then follow, that all their clerks amenuenses, notaries, advocates, proctors, secretaries, the offices of grooms, ostlers, serving-men, pimps, (and somewhat else, which for modesty's sake I shall not mention); in short, all these troops of attendants, which depend on his holiness, would all lose their several employments. This indeed would be hard, but what

yet remains would be more dreadful: the very Head of the Church, the spiritual prince, would then be brought from all his splendor to the poor equipage of a scrip and staff.

But all this is upon the supposition that they understood the circumstances they are placed in; whereas now, by a wholesome neglect of thinking, they live as well as heart can wish.

Whatever of toil and drudgery belongs to their office, that they assign over to St. Peter or St. Paul, who have time enough to mind it; but if there be anything of pleasure and grandeur, that they assume to themselves, as being "hereunto called;" so that by my influence no sort of people live more to their own ease and comfort.

They think to satisfy that Master they pretend to serve, our Lord and Saviour, with their great state and magnificence, with the ceremonies of installments, with the titles of reverence and holiness, and with exercising their episcopal function only in blessing and cursing.

The working of miracles is old and out-dated; to teach the people is too laborious; to interpret Scripture is to invade the prerogative of the school-men; to pray is too idle; to shed tears is cowardly and unmanly; to fast is too mean and sordid; to be easy and familiar is beneath the grandeur of him, who, without being sued to and intreated, will scarce give princes the honor of kissing his toe; finally, to die for religions is too self-denying; and to be crucified as their Lord of Life, is base and ignominious.

Their only weapons ought to be those of the Spirit; and of these in-

deed they are mighty liberal, as of their interdicts, their suspensions, their denunciations, their aggravations, their greater and lesser excommunication, and their roaring bulls, that fright whomsoever they are thundered against; and these most holy fathers never issue them out more frequently than against those, who, at the instigation of the devil, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, do feloniously and maliciously attempt to lessen and impair St. Peter's patrimony; and though that apostle tells our Saviour in the gospel, in the name of all the other disciples, we have left all and followed You, yet they challenge as His inheritance, fields, towns, treasures, and large domin-

ions; for the defending whereof, inflamed with a holy zeal, they fight with fire and sword, to the great loss and effusion of Christian blood, thinking they are apostolical maintainers of Christ's spouse, the church, when they have murdered all such as they call her enemies; though indeed the church has no enemies more bloody and tyrannical than such impious popes, who give dispensations for the not preaching of Christ; evacuate the main effect and design of our redemption by their pecuniary bribes and sales; adulterate the Gospel by their forced interpretations and undermining traditions; and lastly, by their lusts and wickedness grieve the Holy Spirit, and make their Saviour's wounds bleed anew."

A Sample of the Style and Spirit of a Roman Catholic Controversalist

IN our July number, allusion was made to a magazine which called itself *The Marian*, published in Opelika, Ala. Without naming *Watson's*—for fear of advertising it—the *Marian* made a furious assault upon it.

By the way, what *is* a Marian? Those who worship Christ, call themselves Christians. Those who worship Buddha, call themselves Buddhists. Those who worship Mohammed, call themselves Mohammedans.

To call one's self a Marian, means, necessarily, *that one is a worshipper of Mary*. Which Mary? The Hindoo goddess? *She* was named Mary—that is, her Indian

name admits of no other Hebraic form than Mary.

This Hindoo Mary was called "The Virgin Mother," "Queen of the Heavens," "Our Lady," and "The Mother of God." If the editor of the Opelika publication is a Buddhist, the name of his magazine is well chosen.

But if he named it after Mary, the wife of the Nazarene carpenter and the mother of Jesus Christ, he has done a blasphemous thing.

He has put a human being above Jehovah and His Son.

Mary was a good woman, and a prolific wife. She bore to Joseph a houseful of children. Nobody paid her any especial honor in her life-

time. Christ repeatedly said by word or deed, that she was no better or more exalted than any other worshipper of God. Nobody knows when and where and how she died. Nobody knows where she was buried. The ridiculous fable that she was "assumed" bodily, up into heaven, was not even invented until many centuries after she went the way of all flesh.

Why, then, should any pious Roman Catholic dub himself and his magazine a *Marian*?

Is there any such religion? If so, on what portion of the Bible does it rest?

But enough of preliminary; let me lay before you the attempted refutation of *Watson's* by *The Marian*:

“THE SLIMY LIE.

From the mire of a Southern magazine, which we wish not to advertise by naming, we with a long-handled fork pitch up some of the slimy lies. These are the least nauseating ones, the vicious obscenity of the others would rot the handle, and plague the hand. In noticing them, we beg to apologize; for no educated man would believe them, no educated man does believe them. But we have found many of the ill-educated in little towns and through the woods who actually and honestly thought them true. 'Tis there these lies find their sales, not amid the busy marts of the cities. With apologies to our friends, Catholic and Protestant:

“The Pope owns \$500,000,000 worth of property in the United States.” He does not own a cent's worth. The property is owned by American Catholics.

“Some people claim that the priests do nothing more than remit the temporal punishment due to sin.” Who? Protestants do not admit it; Catholics do not claim it. The Catholic believes that the priests have the power to remit sin itself from the repentant sinner. Jesus said to the first priests, “Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven.” The writer is not familiar with the Catholic doctrine; he means “indulgences” do not remit sin, but only the punishment due to sin.

“The orthodox Catholic doctrine is a triune God with as many equals on earth as there are priests.” If he had consulted the penny catechism which the six-year-old Catholic child is taught, he would have found the following answer to the question, “Why can there be but one God?” “Because God being supreme and infinite cannot have an equal.”

“They transplanted from Roman and Oriental priesthoods the forgiveness of sins.” St. John, one of the twelve first priests, says in the twentieth chapter of his Gospel, that Jesus said to the first priests, “Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven.”

“They took purgatory from the doctrines of Zoroaster.” In chapter XII of the second book of the Machabees it will be seen that the ancient Jews believed in purgatory—a place where the prayers of the living may reach and help the dead.

“The confessional was never known till 1215.” St. John Chrysostom who lived in the middle of the fourth century writes: “If a sinner, as becomes him would use the aid of his conscience and hasten to con-

fess his crimes and disclose his ulcers to his physician who may heal and not reproach, and receive remedies from him; if he would speak to him alone without the knowledge of anyone, and with care lay all before him, easily would he amend his failings; for the confession of sins is the absolution of crimes."

"Every question put by the priest must be answered under pain of eternal damnation." An irrelevant question does not have to be answered at all.

"In Spain there used to be confessors who pretended to be deaf, and who after the confession would hand the penitent a certificate freeing him from the penalties of the Church for a year." A historical lie.

"The Pope has invariably been an Italian." Another historical lie. See any Church history for its refutation.

"It is justifiable to kill a Protestant for being one." Ask any honest American, irrespective of creed, if this be true. The writer lieth too much to be believed by the Hottentot. He defeats his own purpose.

"The Catholics throughout the world worship images." The six year old Catholic child would answer, "It is not allowed to pray to the crucifix or images of the saints, for they have no life, nor power to hear us, nor sence to know us." (Penny Catechism.) We do not pray to the statue of General Lee when we doff our hats in passing it. We do not pray to the "Conquered Banner" when we give it the place of honor in our halls, or when we salute it in the streets. We do not pray to the photograph of our mother, although it has the place of honor

on our parlor walls. If the Catholic can honor the heroes of the country, and the flag and the photograph, is hean idolator if he honors, but does not adore, the cross of the Hero of Calvary, the images of the soldier-saints that fought under His banner or the picture of His mother that gave Him to us?

"These statues have done miraculous things." Sometimes they have, but not of themselves. If God is Almighty, then He can work wonders through things that He has made. That He has done so at various times rests altogether upon the evidence adduced. The Church is very slow to give credence to reports of miracles. It takes more time to weigh the evidence than it takes even an American jury to send a man to the gallows.

"Baptismal fonts are from the Persian." Even in Apostolic days baptism was sometimes given within doors. (Acts 9-18.) The font was used simply as convenient to keep the water blessed for the purpose.

"The signing of the child's head with the sign of the cross is Persian." Says Tertullian of the second century: "In all our travels and movements, in all our coming in and going out . . . whatever employment occupies our mind we mark our forehead with the sign of the cross. For these and such like rules, if thou requirest a law in Scripture, thou shalt find none; tradition will be pleaded to thee as originating, custom as confirming, and faith as observing them."

"The custom of throwing earth into the grave and saying 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,' is taken

from the Egyptians." It is taken from what God said to Adam, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." (Genesis III-19.)

"The use of holy water is pagan." The "Apostolic Constitutions," a treatise written in the fourth century, and a work of great historical value, attributes to St. Matthew the precept of using holy water."

First, as to the property owned by *Mary Ann's* Papa:

The editor knows, or should know, that the bishop takes the title to the property to himself, as a corporation sole. That is, a corporation with only one member. And the bishop holds for the Papa. *The Church*, not the bishops, are the real owners, and the Pope, as head of the church and vice-gerent of Christ is the ultimate proprietor.

Doesn't the Roman Catholic priesthood claim that the Pope can dispose of all kingdoms, dukedoms, marquisates, &c? Did not a Pope sell Ireland to the Norman robbers? Did not a Pope give away the New World to Spain and Portugal?

Yet, here we have a Roman Catholic editor denying that his Papa can dispose of Roman Catholic church property.

I am almost ashamed to waste time on such an ignoramus.

Secondly, *The Marian* contends that the priests do forgive sins.

Because Jesus gave the power to His disciples, it is now claimed by priests who cannot, to save their lives, show any connection between themselves and the Twelve. And even if they could, they cannot bring an iota of evidence to prove

that such a power was meant to be transmitted to priestly Chinamen, Hundus, Japs, Iggorotos, and the negro priests of the *United States*.

The idea of those negro priests exercising the functions of God Almighty, equal to Christ in the Confessional, and praying people out of Purgatory! It is almost enough to make one lose faith in human reason. However, it is not surprising that a sect which believes that a human being can become *infallible*, by intrigueing or bribing his way to the papal throne, should likewise believe that a priest can make a God out of a nigger.

Thirdly, as to the Penny Catechism, which teaches that there is only one God:

If that is their doctrine, why don't they teach it to the priests? If the six-year-old Catholic child is taught that no one can be God's equal, they forget the lesson when they become priests. On several occasions, recently, Roman prelates, of high rank, have preached upon this very subject; and in each instance they claimed that the priests, while officiating in the confessional, forgiving sins, *were equals to Christ*. That was why I said that the orthodox Catholic faith is, a Triune God, with as many equals as there are priests—including, of course, the nigger priests.

Fourthly, as to Purgatory:

The Marian very correctly traced the doctrine to the Jews. He should have been more candid, and admitted that the Jews borrowed the doctrine from the ancient Pagans. In fact, Moses, Ezra, Joseph, &c., transplanted many Oriental ideas from the Euphrates and the Nile, to the Jordan. Scholars so inclined,

could easily astonish *The Marian* very much, indeed, on that theme.

Fifthly, the Confessional:

A mere quotation from John Chrysostom does not prove that the confessional, proper, was then in operation. Between a *confession* and a *confessional*, there is a world of difference. All Christians believe in confession of sins; only the Roman Catholics and some High Church Episcopalians believe in the confessional.

The next two paragraphs of the *Marain* article, following that on Purgatory, are not mine. I have never made any such statements.

As to the Popes being Italians, I meant, of course, in modern times. In earlier ages, one priest of English extraction became a pope; and he it was who sold Catholic Ireland to the Norman marauders. A Spaniard or so was Pontiff, away back yonder. If *The Marian* wished to impart truth to its readers, it should have told them how many popes there have been; and how many were *not* Italian.

In some future number, will *The Marian* explain why a majority of the cardinals are now, and always have been, Italians?

In the whole world, there are 47 living Cardinals; of these, the little Peninsula called Italy has 28. There are fewer Catholics in that small country than there are in Ireland, yet Ireland has only one Cardinal. They claim 14,000,000 Catholics in these United States, but only one American wears the red hat. The fact that 28 Italians are in the college, and that the Pope is always an Italian, shows clearly enough where the power and control are.

“Justifiable to kill Protestants,”

The Marian denies that the Roman Church holds that doctrine.

Why, then, did the Pope and all his sacred retinue rejoice so exultantly when they heard of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew? Why was a solemn *Te Deum* sung? Why did Pope and Cardinals parade the streets of Rome? Why did the Holy Father have a medal struck to commemorate the glorious event?

Heavens above! That any sane man, at this late day, should deny that the priests teach that it is justifiable to kill heretics!

Why were the Huguenots massacred in France? Why were the Dutch Protestants slain by tens of thousands? Why was the Inquisition set up, to torture Protestants to death? Why the Albigensian crusade? Why the slaughter of the Waldenses—a slaughter which went on and on, until Cromwell told Louis XIV that it must stop?

Right now, the Roman church holds that it is a righteous thing to kill heretics—and all Baptists and Protestants are, in Roman eyes, heretics.

“The worship of images.” It is absurd to compare the doffing of hats to Gen. Lee’s statue, with the prostrations before Catholic images, the kissing of their feet, the votive offerings and the prayers offered to them. See what Erasmus said on the subject, 400 years ago; and read again the September number of this magazine.

Can *The Marian* explain why “The Mission Book” of the Roman church mangles the second commandment and omits the prohibition of image worship?

“These statues,” &c.

See what Erasmus, the renowned

Catholic scholar, says on this subject, as quoted in the chapter on the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Erasmus had, 400 years ago, employed much the same language used by me, and controverted by *The Marian*.

“Baptismal fonts.” *The Marian* does not even try to disprove my assertion, that they were borrowed from the Persians.

“Signing the child’s head with the cross.” I said it was a custom of Persian religion. *The Marian* does not deny this. It lamely quotes Tertullian, *who admits that there is no Scripture for it*. Tertullian was ignorant of the fact that the custom was of *heathen* origin.

“The custom of throwing earth into the grave.”

The Marian declares that it came from what God said to Adam. How then, did the phrase “ashes to ashes” originate?

The Egyptians used the formula “ashes to ashes and dust to dust.” God did not say anything to Adam about ashes. He said, “dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.”

“The use of holy water is pagan.” Does *The Marian* disprove my assertion? Not at all. The best it can do is to quote the Apostolic Constitutions, of the 4th century after Christ, in which the heathen practice is attributed to a “precept” of Matthew. Where is the “precept?” Who saw it, and when? What became of it? Why was it not included in the Gospel of Matthew?

All the reason and common sense have to be educated out of man before he can pin his faith to such absurdities as *The Marian* dotes on.

The Marian claims that I did not tell the truth as to how “Holy Water” is made.

In Kirwan’s “Letters to Chief Justice Taney,” he describes how he himself saw “Holy Water” made in Rome, Italy. I quoted from memory, but now give his own words:

“The bishop read a little—then all sang, and chanted. Thrice, at intervals, the bishop, with his hand, made the sign of the cross in the water, making quite a ruffle on the surface as he drew his hand through it; thrice, at intervals, he breathed into the water, commanding it at each time to receive the Holy Ghost. Then, from a vessel like a coffee-pot, he poured oil into it in the form of a cross; and from another similar vessel, at a brief interval, he poured some other liquid into the tub, again in the figure of a cross. At another interval he took both vessels by the handles in his right hand, and bringing their spouts near together, he poured into the tub a little stream in the form of a cross, formed by the liquids from both vessels uniting. A powder, something like fine salt, was also cast into it. Then, after mixing all up together, he washed his hands in the compound, which were most reverently wiped by his attendants. Before putting them in the water, his hands were divested of their gloves and rings, and were most devoutly kissed; as was his crook when taken by his attendants. Thus common water was changed into holy water by one of the most silly and blasphemous ceremonies it was ever my lot to witness.”

APPENDIX.

THE OATH WHICH EVERY PRIEST MUST
TAKE.

If the oath that Catholic priests must take was taken up by any secret order in America its members would be arrested for treason, but still the American people sit idly by and allow their worst enemies to come right among them and build institutions that are a shame to civilization, and permit these institutions to be run by an oathbound set of men who both secretly and openly swear against our Free American institutions, and brand our public schools as "Nurseries of Hell." If every pure American will read and re-read the following oath that each Catholic priest must take, then they will have some idea of their crime when they cast a vote for a Catholic to fill any office within the gift of the American people:

THE JESUITICAL OATH.

I, ———, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles, St. Peter and Paul, and all the saints, sacred hosts of heaven, and to You my Ghostly Father, the superior general of the society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatus Loyola, in the pontification of Paul the Third, and continued to the present, do, by the womb of the Virgin, the matrix of God, and the rod of Jesus Christ, declare and swear that His Holiness, the Pope, is Christ's vicegerent, and is the true and only head of the Catholic or universal church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and

loosing given to his holiness by my Saviour, Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his holiness' right and custom against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially the Lutheran Church of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the now pretended authority and churches of England and Scotland, and the branches of the same now established in Ireland, and on the continent of America and elsewhere, and all adherents in regard that they be usurped and heretical opposing the sacred mother church of Rome.

I do now denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state, named protestant or liberals, or obedience to any of their laws, magistrates or officers.

I do further declare that the doctrine of the churches of England and Scotland of the Calvinists, Huguenots and others of the name of Protestants or Liberals, to be damnable, and they themselves to be damned who will not forsake the same.

I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his holiness' agents, in any place where I shall be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or liberal doctrines, and

to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' councils from time to time, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances whatever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my Ghostly Father, of this sacred convent.

I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own, or any mental reservation whatsoever, even as a corpse or cadaver (*perinde ac cadaver*), but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the pope and of Jesus Christ.

That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, to the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or to the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barbarous savages of America, without murmuring or repining, and will be submissive in all things whatsoever communicated to me.

I do furthermore promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war secretly or openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Liberals, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, strangle, and bury alive these infamous her-

etics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same can not be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulating cord, the steel of the poinard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the person or persons, whatever their position or conditions of life, either public or in private, as I at any time may be directed to do so, by any agent of the Pope, or superior of the brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, my soul, and all corporeal powers, and with the dagger which I now receive I will subscribe my name, written in my blood, in testimony thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination, may my brethren and fellow soldiers of the militia of the Pope cut off my hands and feet and my throat from ear to ear, my belly opened and sulphur burned therein with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth and my soul to be tortured by demons in an eternal hell forever.

All of which I, —, do swear by the Blessed Trinity and Blessed Sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep this, my oath.

In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the eucharist, and witness the same further, with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal in the face of this holy sacrament.

An English Industry in California

E. H. Rydale

COMMERCIALLY, the English are a failure in California. While English money is supplied to many of the great mining, citric fruit and irrigation projects, and the English dot the landscape all the way from San Diego to Mount Shasta, compared with the other nations of the world, representatives of which thrive numerous in California, the English are failures. Of the few hundred millionaires who have acquired immense riches in this south land one only, a large department store proprietor, is an Englishman and can be classed among them; and he is a Canadian, fighting once for the Queen in the Riel Rebellion. All the other millionaires of California, be they Gentile or Hebrew, had no particular interest in the coronation of England's king. The intelligent class of English residents in California are known as "remittance men"; those who toil not, neither do they spin, but are maintained in all their fragrance and beauty by remittances periodically sent from trustees of English estates, the original devisors now mouldering beneath the mossy grave stones in the quiet church yards of old England. Removed from the incentive of industrial occupation or invention these bask in the eternal sunshine of California or mingle in superior social happenings that to some extent remind them of the glorious occasions of festivity once familiar to them in their home land. A leading English attorney of Los Angeles in a post-prandial speech some time ago advised all his countrymen to shed all the mannerisms and noticeable habits of the English and adopt as much as possible, chameleon-like, the color of the rock upon which they reposed. The English, however, are a benefaction to the State. It is well known that the

little school marm of New England, trained by Puritanical ancestors, has settled all over the United States and elevated the moral and religious tone of communities. So with the English; their rugged honesty and delightful manners have civilized California and prepared the way for that immense population constantly arriving by every train that is to make San Francisco the Paris of this continent and Los Angeles its London.

While as a class, the "remittance men" meet the condemnation and criticism of all thinking men in California, it is to the remittance men that California owes the establishment of its great ostrich feather industry. Some of these remittance men have enjoyed higher objects than social prestige and chronic idleness and have improved the face of the district with their care and capital. One of them came here thirty years ago filled with a desire to endow the American republic with the African ostrich and thus save money to the American people. For thirteen years he struggled on, feeding his family and ostriches with remittances and awaiting patiently, apparently in vain, for the appreciation by the American republic of the American ostrich feather. Ten years ago his efforts began to be rewarded and the American women, tourists and residents, began to fall over each other in their attempts to obtain the famed American ostrich feather.

Within a few years another Anglo-Californian millionaire had been created, *a rara avis*, and, after the manner of other wealthy in other foreign lands, he has spread his sails and flown home to the land of his fathers, endowed with a private opinion that England is the only place in the world where a gentleman ought to live. A stock com-

pany survives him and carries on the immense business so well begun by this brilliant scion of one of England's nobles commercial families. The company has made a profit of over half a million dollars within the last four years; it is capitalized for \$300,000 and is so adjusted that most of the important employees of the company share in the profits, a co-operative plan of the first class, insuring the best and most faithful services of several hundred people.

Not long after the establishment of this phenomenal success a procession of imitators began to appear and the land became deluged with the prospectii of ostrich feather companies; thousands in California do not look now with the old time interest and admiration on the perambulating long-legged ostrich; they own ostrich company stock subject to assessments. The standard English companies, however, pay well, one of them having declared a dividend annually for the last few years of thirty-five per cent. While the greatest activity in the way of feather selling and exhibits remains in California, yet there are five times as many ostriches in Arizona as in California. All these creatures are increasing at the rate of thirty per cent. per annum, so that the American-Anglo ostrich feather trade will soon be a thing of the past; two or three million dollars find their way across the Atlantic in exchange for ostrich feathers; just as soon as the American ostrich population shall have

multiplied in sufficient number to supply the American demand the demit is given to this lucrative trade. The consolation for the English in this matter is the fact that most of the California ostrich feather profits will be remitted to London, for the English ostrich farmers now resident in California will doubtless follow the example of their illustrious pioneer and predecessor, that is, as soon as their fortunes are made vending finery to the American women they will seek the classic precincts of their native land, after the manner of other world conquerors from India, Ceylon and elsewhere.

Doubtless in a few years, when the Panama canal will induce many of the English to locate in this American Egypt, an English commercial song can be sung that will be more cheerful and encouraging. The advancing hosts of Americans from the frigid and torrid regions of the East are filling up the land; the city of Los Angeles has acquired a quarter of a million of these in the last ten years. The multiplication of women and ostriches mean unlimited supply and demand; in this industry the English control, and to them it will afford peculiar opportunities for monetary acquisition. An industry similar to that of Africa will soon be flourishing within our borders and doubtless the bear that ornaments the escutcheon of California will be removed and its place taken by an engraving of the peculiar and profitable ostrich that is to make countless fortunes for Anglo-American investors of the near future.



The Negligible Quantity

Agnes Louise Provost

THE directors' meeting was over. Larrabee shoved back his chair with the briskness of a man to whom time is money and money god. His fellow directors leaned back comfortably in theirs, which marked the social line between them. Lingering for perhaps twenty minutes, they had the appearance of settling down to indefinite idleness; the contractor, staying as long, was like an alert hawk with wings half spread for flight.

"Today's Record prints an ugly story about the wreck on the K., L. & Q."

Atwood said it to President Gordon, the veteran director, and Gordon raised questioning brows as he lighted a fresh cigar. Atwood explained:

"It seems that when the bridge was inspected, two weeks ago, the flexion test showed that it was weakening, but they were badly rushed and decided that it would hold for another month. In two weeks the Knight Templar special went through. It sounds bad."

"It sounds criminal," said that President sententiously. "The way they kill people in America, is getting to be a by-word, and it is not a pretty one for an American to hear. We are so busy getting ahead of some one else that we bid fair to outstrip the amiable weakness of regarding the other man's safety."

"Never while he holds us liable in cash," murmured Wilmot from the other side of Larrabee. He was a brevet official in a street railway corporation whose dividends had been appreciably diminished by heavy damage suits.

Larrabee listened, his sharp little brown eyes whisking from one to another. Like most men whose education has been of their own picking up, he was avidly curious of current affairs,

and his opinions on them were yea and nay. He broke in now bluntly:

"I know blamed well I'd bring action if I were in a smash like that. When a man buys a railroad ticket he buys reasonable protection to the end of his journey, and he's entitled to his money's worth."

"Very true, Mr. Larrabee." It was President Gordon's earnest voice. "Every producer, broadly, speaking, bears a certain responsibility toward the consumer, but it is the tendency of the day to forget that. It reminds me of a talk I had with an enthusiastic friend the other day. He contended that nowhere is safety held so lightly, against dollars and cents, as in our own country. Gain, he said, is the pre-requisite; human life the negligible quantity. He cited the adulteration of foods and medicines, either actively poisoning them or robbing them of their nourishing and curative values, and he reminded me of the diphtheria epidemic last year, when so many children in the public schools sickened and died, until it was found that the antitoxin was adulterated. He says that it is cheaper to put more arsenic in dyes than the law specifies is safe, and that in consequence clothing and wall-papers exhale their own share of poison. But it saves a few cents on the yard or piece. He went into details about some of the more noticeable and sickening disasters of recent years, and said that all the attendant casualties resolved themselves into one primary cause—ultimate profit."

"He may be right to a certain extent." Wilmot leaned forward and punctuated each point with two up-raised fingers. "I don't deny his facts, but his deductions are too sweeping. These things adjust themselves. It is not a clear-sighted business policy for

producer or carrier to go beyond a certain mark, and to that extent he is bound to give protection. Sometimes he overreaches himself, but it carries its own cure. Waiving the ethics of the matter, you know that no responsible business man goes into a scheme which he knows is going to kill people. He understands the reaction."

"Which was just my friend's point." The president smiled genially as he arose. "No business scheme actually contemplates the taking of human life; it simply overlooks it entirely. It doesn't enter, so to speak, into the specifications. Well, gentlemen, my sermon is finished. I am now going to risk my personal safety on one of Wilmot's cars, and if I lose a leg or two, I shall prove this argument in court."

Larrabee left them—he was always the first out—and as the president turned to follow, Wilmot looked over at him with twinkling eyes.

"Have you seen this afternoon's *Times*?"

"No. What's in it?"

"Well, I didn't think you had, when you began your exposition on negligible quantities. You know Larrabee is in the City Hall Ring, and the *Times* lines up with the opposition. It comes out with a column article about a new scraper he is putting up for Morrison on Forty-second, next to the Berwick, and it more than hints that he has inched on the specifications until it doesn't come up to legal requirements for safety. Then it raps the Berwick and calls it 'a rotted eight-story fire-trap.' The Berwick belongs to Larrabee, you know."

"No, I did not know," The old director frowned a little.

"I thought the Berwick was a pretty decent hotel," Atwood ventured curiously.

"Oh, it looks all right, and it commands good prices; but I guess it was pretty old when Larrabee bought it, dirt cheap, about ten years ago. He has

painted and frescoed and gilded and upholstered it until it's quite showy; but I shouldn't care to live there myself. It's too bad about Morrison's building."

"Hasn't the city a building inspector to look after these things?"

"Oh, Rankin!" Wilmot laughed a little. "Larrabee got him his appointment," he volunteered. "However, it's no business of mine."

Larrabee had not seen the afternoon's *Times*, but he bought one as he went out into the chill dusk. He always bought the opposition papers; they kept him posted on what his enemies were up to.

It was late, but he would go down to his dingy little office before going home. He squeezed on the rear platform of a cross-town car, braced his legs for corners with ease of long habit and took out his paper. He was enjoying himself now. In the directors' room of the Cornhill Bank he felt smothered; but here he was elbowing his own kind.

Two or three columns he skimmed over quickly in the dimming light; then his jaw settled into hardness, his bright little eyes narrowed into two sharply peering slits. The fighter in Larrabee was coming out. Presently he dropped off the car as it slowed down, and went into a shabby office building.

Five stories up was the office of "John P. Larrabee, Contractor and Builder." As Larrabee entered it his clerk, just ready to leave, hesitated expectantly, but the contractor shook his head.

"No, I don't want you."

He sat down by his desk, waited until the clerk had gone and pulled the telephone toward him. When he got his number he gave a little internal grunt of satisfaction. Building Inspector Rankin was in.

"Hello! That you, Rankin? This is Larrabee. Seen the *Times*? . . . Say, I want to talk to you tonight.

Better come up to my house. Don't talk until you see me. . . . Good bye."

A grim little smile twitched at his mouth as he hung up. His skies were clearing. This was action, and action was meat and strong drink to him. He stayed at his desk nearly an hour longer, deep in a wilderness of figures.

He ate alone that night. His boy Frank was home from college for the Easter holiday, but he was out somewhere for supper—no, dinner. Plain supper had always been good enough for Larrabee, but the boy's friends seemed to do things differently. Down somewhere in his tough little knotted muscle of a heart Larrabee nursed a queer vanity over the "swellness" of his boy's college friends. Frank should have the things in life which he himself had been denied. His wife had died some years before, but he still kept his house, with all its speaking ugliness of misspent wealth, for the boy's sake. It was for the same untimate end, unformulated but insistent, that he had taken an expensive pew in an expensive church and sat stolidly through the service each Sunday morning, and for the same reason he lingered after the directors' meeting of the Cornhill Bank, listening to conversation which he did not always understand. In some obscure way these things seemed to be a title of respectability to hand on to the boy.

Larrabee was no fool. He knew where he stood—that with all his money and strength he could not get beyond a certain plane. He knew that while men like Atwood and Gordon would meet him genially on a business level, they would as soon think of inviting an East River tugboat to sit at their tables. For himself he could snap his fingers at it; but they should not despise his son. Frank should be all that he was and all that he could not hope to be, and thus far the boy had justified his ambition.

When Rankin came Larrabee carried him off to what he always called the "sittin'-room," and shut the door. For ten minutes the strong murmur of his voice rose and fell.

"Now," finished Larrabee, "I want you to go over to the Berwick and the new building. Make a regular official inspection, and report. Pay special attention to the new building. That's the way to shut those fellows up. As soon as you're through I'll go to the *Times* people and cram it down their throats."

The Building Inspector cleared his own throat and hesitated. He had been in politics long enough to know what he owed his backers.

"I took a run up there after I got your 'phone, but it was so dark I couldn't see much. Maybe a little bracing here and there might show up well. They've been blasting a couple of squares down, and that might have weakened it. If Morrison should get nervous—"

"Fiddlesticks!" The contractor snapped it out contemptuously. "I'll be responsible to Morrison. Now see here, Rankin, I'm not running any risk of losing money on buildings that I put up. If that place isn't safe I'll go to work and make it safe. That's business, and you're the man to put me wise about it. But I say it is safe. I've been all over the plans again tonight. Guess you've heard somebody talk."

He narrowed his sharp eyes at Rankin, not ill-naturedly. The Inspector knew as well as he that Larrabee had "inched" on the specifications in quantity and quality as far as he dared, and justified himself in it. That, as he would have said, was business. Rankin also knew that what Larrabee said was true—that he was not the man to lose money by going too far if he knew it.

"I questioned the foreman a bit," he admitted, "and he said that the masons have been grumbling lately. They have

a notion that she's going to lean before the walls are up. Perhaps that's where the *Times* got it."

"Damn their notions!" said Larrabee shortly. "Now Rankin, put that through tomorrow, and we won't forget you. If you think there's trouble ahead, come to me first and say so. I'm not doing anything foolish if I know it, but I think she's all right."

Larrabee was still up when his son returned. At the sound of the key in the latch he laid down the trade journal he had been reading.

"Hello, dad; you up?"

"M'm, been busy."

The young man threw his hat and coat at one chair, stretched himself in another, and took the cigar his father shoved toward him. He was a well set up youngster, with pleasant gray eyes which came from his mother's side, and a strong chin which marked him the son of his father. That was the only resemblance that outsiders ever noticed between Larrabee and his son. It might develop later, but the advantages which Larrabee's money had bought for the boy had given him something that the father could never buy for himself. When Larrabee wore a "dress suit" it looked hired; it struck him that the boy looked as though he had grown into his.

"Dad, do you mind if I desert you for a few days?"

"Do as you please," Larrabee grunted briefly. "I want you to have a good time."

"It's a wedding," the boy explained. "Billy Cummings—he's Gordon's cousin, you know, and graduated last year—Billy's engaged to a girl out in Chicago, and the wedding comes off Thursday. I hadn't intended going, but the boys got at me tonight, and I promised. There will be quite a party of us going from here, and we'll have a big time."

Larrabee swelled with that silent pride as he listened. Old Gordon's boy

was his boy's classmate; the other names he mentioned were of the same social altitude, and they were begging Frank to go with them. His boy was as good as any of 'em, and better. He could buy 'em all out some day, body and soul.

The son talked on contentedly. It seemed odd to him that his father should enjoy these details of his doings, but since he did, there was no harm in telling them. Perhaps some day Larrabee's boy would be ashamed of his father, or—college democracy past—would be dropped by these friends of another life and come to live contentedly enough on the father's plane, but just at present he was simply a healthy, good-looking youngster with a likable way about him and only the normal amount of iniquity in his system, and he was content to take the good things that the world offered without asking why.

"The Gordons gave a dinner tonight to Billy and all the men of our class who are in town for the holiday. That's where I was. Stag? No, mixed. I met Tom's sister; she's awfully fine." He arose and slowly gathered up his belongings. "She's going with the party tomorrow, and Mrs. Gordon chaperons it. Tom has a splendid mother, and she's mighty kind to all his friends. Well, good-night. See you tomorrow morning. We take the 2:20, and I'll get back in time for another day home before vacation ends."

His father was fumbling in his pockets.

"You'll need money," he suggested. "I left my check-book at the office, but let me know what you want and I'll leave it there for you. I may be gone when you get down."

It was his way of expressing approval. For a long time after Frank left him he sat there and smoked, deliberating the boy's future. Next year he would take him into the business, or start him out on a venture of his own. And in a few years more—

It happened about two o'clock the next day, one of those windy, violent days when winter grudgingly gives way to spring, fighting to the last inch for supremacy. Larrabee's clerk answered the telephone call which announced it, and his eyes rounded in dismay. No, Mr. Larrabee was out of town. He had an appointment with an architect over in Jersey—no, he hadn't said where, but he would be back by four.

The clerk hung up and began to fidget around the room. He looked worried. Then he hunted up a time table, looked it over and fidgeted again. Twice he started to put on his overcoat, and took it off. He dared not leave the office now—Larrabee might come in. He went to the telephone and called again for news. It was bad. He ventured to say what was troubling him. No, they knew nothing about it, but they should not be surprised.

It was nearly four when Larrabee came. He had secured his contract, and he was brisk and contented. At the sight of the clerk's perturbed face and the overcoat lying in a heap on the desk his brows went up.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, Mr. Larrabee, it's bad news, but I hope—"

"Well, well, out with it! —Lord, man, it won't get any better by keeping!"

"The new building—Morrison's—it collapsed about two o'clock."

"Hell!"

Larrabee's wrath exploded in one word. His brows went together, his lips tightened. He jerked his head for the man to go on.

"I got it over the 'phone. She fell to the left and crushed that side of the Berwick, and the hotel took fire. It's under control now, but—Mr. Larrabee!"

Larrabee was going for the door, and he looked impatiently over his shoulder.

"Hurry up!" he snapped. What was the fool stuttering about?

"Your son came in for the letter you left. I'm afraid—at least, he said he must hurry, for he had to catch a train and was to stop for a friend who was staying at the Berwick. That was twenty minutes of two, and—"

Larrabee glared at him from the doorway. He clenched his fist, half raised it.

"You lie," he said thickly.

The fire was out when Larrabee arrived. The Berwick was two ragged walls above ground and a steaming chaos below. Morrison's new "scraper," a tall steel skeleton the day before, was now a twisted, bewildering heap of scrap. Men were working on the ruins already, where they could. An engine was playing on the hot embers of the hotel, and firemen were venturing wherever a beam would hold, but most of the injured—or dead—were down in that smouldering pit and might not yet be reached.

The danger zone was roped off, policemen guarding it, and ambulances stood lined up in readiness. Around the place on three sides the crowd surged and pressed, held back only by a single line of rope and bulky statues in blue. Now and then a cry went up as some one guessed at a friend or kindred in the ruins and struggled to get nearer. Larrabee went inside the inclosure; Building Inspector Rankin had just been admitted.

"Hello—you here!"

The satellite smiled deprecatingly. He was uneasy, but Larrabee could help him out if he wished.

"Well, I thought I might get a line on something. It's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Sure!" Larrabee grunted impatiently—he did not like people to waste words over the obvious. "Some of these trouble-hunters would like to scare me,"

he added harshly, scowling at the smoking debris. "I've had two or three fools tell me my boy was in the Berwick, but he wasn't. He took the 2:20 for Chicago."

He said it again, five minutes later, to one of the policemen holding back the crowd. He caught furtive looks from those who knew his face, and it rasped him to dull irritation.

The crowd surged, craned its neck and went into an expectant hush. A group of workers had concentrated suddenly in one spot and were delving fast, yet with delicate care. They brought up something limp and red stained, with hung arms and dragging legs, and a stretcher from the nearest ambulance was raced over the precarious footing of fallen masonry and twisted steel. It was one of the workmen, alive, for he groaned faintly as they brought him down. The ropes parted to let him out, closed again, and the diminishing clang of the ambulance pounded into Larrabee's brain.

"I've sent a telegram after my boy," he said in Rankin's ear, "but he won't get it before tomorrow."

"That's a good idea." Rankin nodded and moved off uneasily. He wanted to get away from the restless crowd and Larrabee's parrot repetition about his son, and he ducked under the rope and went home. Tomorrow would have its own reckoning, but Larrabee could see him through.

At the edge of the crowd an old woman, gray-haired and frowzed in her strident grief, leveled a thin finger at the contractor.

"That's him! That's Larrabee!" she shrilled across the inclosure. "Where's my Johnny, him as worked for ye? Ye sent him in that hole to work, didn't ye? Now bring him out again."

The accusing finger coiled into a threatening fist; she leaned far over and shrieked hideous revilement at him and his building; broke into sobs again, and went limp and gasping. The voice

of the crowd swelled into a hoarse murmur. They held him culpable, him, Larrabee! It was the damned intrusive folly of that paper—lies, lies, all lies! It was the blasting, the wind. Didn't he know how to put up buildings? He spoke to the officer nearest him, without moving his head.

"Keep tabs on the hospitals that take the workmen. That's up to me."

Another body came down, still another, this one a woman, a charred rag of humanity from the hotel. The murmur of the crowd surged after each one. Larrabee leaned against a post and waited. An extra was called through the street. He bought one, read its arraignment of himself with contemptuously out-thrust lip, and frowned at the paragraph which spoke of his son. It was a lie. Frank had to catch the train. Something that Gordon had said the day before marched and countermarched through his brain in stark procession: "No business scheme actually contemplates the taking of human life; it simply overlooks it entirely. It does not enter, so to speak, in the specifications." Pooh! Gordon was an old fool.

The crowd stopped counting as the bearers of still burdens came down into the inclosure. Some of these lived; more did not; all were horrible. Larrabee watched them with hard, keen eyes as they were carried past, especially the men. All New York seemed to his fretted nerves to be straining at those ropes to claim its dead. Strangled sobs came to him as stretchers went out with what was left of men and women; red eyes and unsteady lips blurred across his sharp vision. He took out a telegraph blank and sent another message after the boy.

Darkness came, and over the wreck of both buildings lanterns gleamed out, bobbing here and there. They could not do much more until morning. The mob thinned out, save for those who

waited for their dead, and the fluctuating crowd of the curious. Larrabee lingered, shivering, scowling. Tomorrow he would hear from the boy.

It was late the next day before they found him, far down where he had pitched into the basement of the Berwick. When they reached him life had been gone but a little while, and the rigidity of death was not yet on him. They might only conjecture how long he had kept the horror of consciousness, but the imprint of it lay plainly written in the twisted agony of his face. Death had come harshly to Larrabee's

boy. They brought him up gently, and one of them spread a handkerchief over the face with the mortal struggle frozen on it to blast the strong man's memory.

Larrabee saw them coming. All day he had watched the swarming workers, and this time they were bringing something to him. He moistened his lips nervously, and his twitching fingers nursed the gray unshaven stubble on his chin. At the jerk of his head they laid the stretcher before him and turned away. Larrabee raised the handkerchief slowly, and looked into the face of his boy.

Once!

J. T. Hudson

*What tender memories are entwined
Within that little word!*

*It tells of joys long left behind—
Of voices now unheard!*

*Those joys no longer now me thrill—
Those voices now are mute and still!*

*It tells of childhood's care-free days—
Too beautiful to last;*

*Of boyhood's songs and roundelays
Sung in the vanished past;*

*Those days forevermore have fled
The voice, the song, the joy—are dead.*

*It whispers, too, in accents hushed
Of Hope's most buoyant light;—*

*Of faded day-dreams, long since crushed
By Fate's untimely blight;*

*Bright hopes! Alike the faded leaf
With life as gladsome, and as brief!*

*It is of Friendship's ties the knell;
The grave where buried lie*

*The broken toys we loved too well!
We heave a pensive sigh*

*Whene'er we hear that knell's sad tone
Or stand beside that grave—alone!*

There let them sleep—till bye and bye

The spirit shall forsake

This frail tenement and lie

Until it shall awake

To claim and to forever own

The joys that seemingly have flown!

Campaigning With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

CHAPTER XV.

THE opening of the campaign of the fourth year of the great tragedy was about to begin. The Federal Government had tested six of that army's corp commanders as generals commanding, and had imported one other from the west, and under all these, *Failure* had been blazoned upon the banners of the Potomac army. McDowell, McClellan, Pope, McClellan (again), Burnside, Hooker and Meade had each in turn essayed the solution of that problem, "*On to Richmond!*" Back and forth across the scarred and torn bosom of the grand old Mother of States, both armies had strained in the tug of war. Yet that thin grey line tipped with bright steel, gaunt and veteran, defiantly stood in the path.

"*Dilenda est Cartago*" had been transformed to *Richmond est dilenda*. New combinations must now be created and one more mighty effort *to crush the rebellion* (?).

For the consummation of this plan, a new head was needed for the chief and most powerful Federal arm. In seeking for such a one, the Washington government summoned Major General Ulysses S. Grant from his successes in the West and promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-General and placed him in command of all the Federal armies in the field. Of course he could not be ubiquitous. To be personally with each army, scattered from Texas to Maryland, was manifestly a physical impossibility. The power to name and be responsible for the commanding officers of the several armies, were lodged with him. He elected for his personal operations the army of the Potomac.

General George G. Meade had retained command of that army since the

Battle of Gettysburg. Since then, he had failed to measure up to the expectation of both the people and the government. He failed to reap the benefits of Lee's repulse at Gettysburg, possibly through excess of caution. He allowed Lee to flank him out of his position before the Rapidan in October, then bluff him into a retreat before Mine Run.

Yet Lieutenant-General Grant permitted him to remain ostensibly in command of the Potomac army.

The new head of the Federal armies in the field, after being called to Washington, devoted some time to the study of campaigns. He analyzed those of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and Meade. General Dick Taylor states he was reliably informed by officers in Washington, after a careful survey of all these former efforts to reach Richmond, the new Lieutenant-General approved the plan of McClellan—The Peninsular Route—because the York and James rivers would become flanking positions and means of transportation combined. Gunboats in either river would secure his flanks and at the same time protect his transports bearing troops and supplies. Along the "Misty Rappahannock" and murky Rapidan lay that veteran gray line of famous "foot cavalry," trained by Stonewall and bequathed to "Marse Robert." For three years they had been a menace and dread to the Washington authorities; and when General Grant suggested the transfer of the Potomac army from its position facing Lee's lines, a forcible protest was entered by Mr. Lincoln and his War Secretary. Said they: "You don't know those men under Lee. Move this army to the Peninsula! In three days those racers will be in Washington!"

The refusal to accept Grant's plan then called forth from that commander, dictatorial power and unlimited means. He was informed that the blood, brawn and brain as well as the treasury of the country was at his feet.

With that assurance, he began to outline a most stupenduous campaign. The Potomac army was raised to a standard in numbers and equipment never before attained; Mr. Stanton reported to the first session of the thirty-ninth Congress, that army had enrolled under its banners 149,160 enlistments, 318 modern field guns and a wagon train of supplies stated by General Grant in his "Memoirs" as *sixty-five miles long*.

Swinton, the Potomac army's graphic historian, gives Lee *of all arms*, 52,626! and Fitz Lee adds, 224 cannon.

These figures as a preface to the new campaign opened at "The Wilderness," at midnight, May 3, 1864; the mighty struggle of that year's campaign started, when Grant began crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford.

But detail of the great Battle of the Wilderness is not the province of this paper—that action is laconically stated by President Davis as "*a battle of mind against matter*." That is a mighty sarcasm, yet a potent truth. This paper deals only with that part in the bloody drama performed by Jeb Stuart and his troops.

These troops were on picket at the various fords when the great blue column approached. In accordance with orders, they simply remained in observation and reported from time to time the progress and movements of Grant's army.

Stuart personally conducted A. P. Hill's column on the morning of the 5th until it became engaged with the blue infantry. Then he betook himself and his troopers to the right flank of the Confederate line. That same day Rosser was in collision with Torbett's division, commanded by Wesley Mer-

ritt, and roughly handled the Federal cavalry.

When, after the third day of battle, Grant found his sledge-hammer blows had failed to dent Lee's armor, or to beat down his guard, he shipped Torbett's troopers of Warren's Fifth Corps by his left flank to surprise and envelop the Confederate right and interpose between Lee and Richmond.

But the inspiration that guided the great Virginian all through that remarkable campaign prompted him to anticipate Grant's strategy. Fitz Lee's division of cavalry and Johnson's battery of horse artillery were on guard at the endangered key-point. Tenaciously they clung to this all-important position, while Longstreet's veterans under Dick Anderson were pressing along the road.

Stuart told his men to fix their teeth with a bull-dog's grip on that piece of landscape, and driving the spur into the flanks of his horse, raced up the road to urge Anderson forward, and brought them into a line behind a crest just as Warren's infantry was lifting Fitz's troops from the position.

Breathed directed Johnson to retire the left section of the guns, while he would continue with the right section, but finally agreed to retire gun by gun when absolutely necessary, and as the third gun was limbered up Johnson caught a bullet in and through the shoulder. Before any of the guns had been retired Warren's men were almost upon them and from all sides came "Surrender! Surrender!!" Major Breathed stood by the fourth and last piece. Before the gun could be moved, the drivers and horses of the lead and swing teams were killed or wounded and the driver of the wheel team had his arm shattered by a bullet.

Major Breathed swung himself from his horse, mounted the wheel horse and with the enemy almost upon the gun, brought the piece safely to the rear.

A Federal soldier, a Massachusetts man, told the writer that he witnessed that act of daring heroism. He said their hands were almost on the gun, as Breathed applied the spur and with cool effrontery, in answer to their demand for surrender, placed his thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers at them. By this time Dick Anderson's men were in position and had caught their second breath after quite a tramp at "double-quick!" and as Warren's men came on the crest, they delivered a volley at close range, mowing down the blue line.

Stuart remained with the left wing of Anderson's corps and so often exposed himself, the infantry line of officers chided him for it on the skirmish line. Major McClellan says: "Not even a courier was with him. I was the only member of his military family with him. He kept me busy carrying messages to General Anderson, and some of these seemed so unimportant, at last the thought occurred to me that he was endeavoring to shield me from the dangers he seemed to invoke. I said to him: 'General, my horse is weary; you are exposing yourself, and you are alone. Please let me remain with you.' He smiled and bade me go with another message to General Anderson."

And we are now nearing the last act in the bloody drama of "*Campaigning with Jeb Stuart*." On the 8th the Federal cavalry retired from their front and concentrated in rear of their battle line and moved for Fredericksburg. On the 9th General Sheridan started with twelve thousand cavalry and a large force of horse artillery. This imposing force, when marching in columns of fours, covered twelve miles of the road upon which it was moving. Massing behind the infantry, then moving to Fredericksburg, it placed Sheridan beyond the ken of Stuart's keen-eyed pickets. Thence striking out for Hamilton's crossing and across to the Telegraph Road, Sheridan got well on the

way to the objective point of his foray; before Stuart was aware he had swung loose from Grant's main army.

Stuart quickly divined the true intent of the expedition—a sudden swoop upon the outer defenses of Richmond and by a sudden *coup de main*, the capture of the Confederate capital. In two hours after Sheridan's march had been discovered, Wickham's brigade was after him and caught up with his rear guard at Massaponax church. At Jarrald's Mill, Wickham drove the Sixth Ohio—Sheridan's rear guard—in upon the main body. At Mitchell's Shop the First New Jersey cavalry stiffened their Ohio comrades, and made so determined a stand, two of Wickham's regiments recoiled from the charge. Wickham then called for Mathews' squadron of the Third Virginia, saying, "I know he will go through."

Mathews led his squadron in columns of fours and did go through, but not to turn. The enemy closed in upon them, killing five and wounding three others. Captain Mathews' horse was shot from under him, and while defending himself with his sabre, dismounted, was himself mortally wounded.

At this point, Stuart, with Fitz Lee, joined Wickham with Lomox's and Gordon's brigades—the three brigades a little exceeding four thousand troopers. Following Sheridan, Stuart again overtook him at Beaver Dam Station. Stuart's wife and children were visiting Colonel Edmond Fontaine in this immediate neighborhood and Stuart took a brief spell off to ascertain their welfare—fearing they might have been molested by the raiders. Finding them all right he hastened after his column. At Nigger Foot, Stuart again divided his column, sending Gordon on Sheridan's trail, while with Fitz Lee and the two other brigades he marched for Hanover Junction to intercept the head of the raiders. Reaching that point he found Fitz Lee's men and horses so

worn down he was compelled to halt for the night or until one o'clock next morning. Reaching Ashland, Stuart ascertained a part of the Second Virginia had encountered some of Sheridan's troops here and had driven them out with considerable loss. Thence Stuart cut across to head the raiders at Yellow Tavern—the intersection of Telegraph and Old Mountain roads—reaching that point about 10 a. m. Stuart found he had headed Sheridan's column here and had time to arrange to meet the raiders. General Bragg, as military advisor to President Davis, was also in command of Richmond and its immediate environments. In the hurry of the march to anticipate Sheridan, Stuart had not had time to post himself of General Bragg's resources for the defense of Richmond, and was uncertain whether to take position in front of the advancing raiders, or upon their flank. He elected the latter alternative. He sent Major McClellan to General Bragg's headquarters to ascertain the force he could collect to defend the city. General Bragg estimated the irregular troops in Richmond, including the details in the arsenals and other Government depots at about 4,000. He also stated three small brigades had been ordered from the Petersburg defenses and were hourly expected. With these, he felt he could maintain the defenses against Sheridan's attack.

On Major McClellan's return, about 2 p. m., Stuart informed him there had been severe fighting earlier in the day, the enemy assuming the offensive, attempting to drive him from the Telegraph road, but that he had succeeded in repulsing them after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict. In their engagement there had been heavy losses, including Colonel H. C. Pate of the gallant Fifth Virginia cavalry. Stuart spoke enthusiastically of Colonel Pate's personal gallantry in the combat. Wickham held the right and Lomax the left of the line Stuart had assumed at Yel-

low Tavern. Here it is well to give Major McClellan's recollection of the fight in the afternoon.

“About four o'clock the enemy suddenly threw a brigade of mounted cavalry upon our left, attacking our whole line at the same time. As he always did, the General hastened to the point where the greatest danger threatened—the point against which the enemy directed the mounted charge. My horse was so much exhausted by my severe ride of the morning that I could not keep pace with him, but Captain G. W. Dorsey, of Company “K” First Virginia cavalry, gave me the particulars that follow.

“The enemy's charge captured our battery on our left, and drove in almost the entire left—where Captain Dorsey was stationed—immediately on the Telegraph Road—about eighty men had collected and among these General Stuart threw himself, and by his personal example steadied them while the enemy charged entirely past their position. With these men he fired into their flank and rear as they passed him, in advancing and retreating, for they were met by a mounted charge of the First Virginia cavalry and driven back some distance. As they retired, a man who had been dismounted in the charge and was running out on foot, turned as he passed the General and discharged his pistol, inflicting the fatal wound.

“When Captain Dorsey discovered he was wounded, he came at once to his assistance and endeavored to lead him to the rear; but the General's horse became so restive and unmanageable that he insisted upon being taken down and allowed to rest against a tree. When this was done, Captain Dorsey sent for another horse. While waiting, the General requested him to leave him and return to his men and drive the enemy back. He said he feared he was mortally hit and could be of no more service.

“Captain Dorsey told him that he could not obey his order to leave him;

that he would rather sacrifice his life than to leave him until he had placed him out of danger. The situation was an exposed one. Our men were sadly scattered and there was hardly a handful of men between the little group and the advancing enemy.

"But the horse arrived in time; the General was lifted upon him and was led by Captain Dorsey to a safer place. There, by the General's orders, he gave him into the charge of Private Wheatley, of his company, and returned to rally his scattered men.

"Wheatley procured an ambulance and placed the General in it with the greatest care, and supporting him in his arms, he was driven to the rear. I was hastening forward to that part of the field, when I had heard that he was wounded, when I met the ambulance. The General had so often told me, that if he were wounded, I must not leave the field, but report to the officer next in rank, that I did not now presume to disregard his orders, and the more so, because I saw Dr. Fountain, Venable, Garnett, Hulliben and several of his couriers attending him. I remained with General Fitz Lee until the next morning, when he sent me to the city to see General Bragg, and I thus had an opportunity to spend an hour with my General."

As the ambulance was being driven to the rear, he noticed the disorganization of his men retreating and he called to them: "Go back! Go back!! and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe. Go back! Go back!! I had rather die than be whipped." These were his last words upon the battle field—words not of idle egotism, but of soldierly entreaty. It was after midnight when the ambulance bearing the wounded cavalier reached Dr. Brewer's, his brother-in-law, in Richmond. Stuart suffered much during the trip into the city.

Major McClellan was sent by Fitz

Lee the next day into Richmond with dispatches to General Bragg. After delivering the documents, the Major called to see his wounded chief. He found him comparatively calm and in full possession of his mind. Stuart directed McClellan to make proper disposition of his official papers, then made him executor of his personal effects. He said: "Let Venable have the gray and you take the bay. You will find a Confederate flag in my hat sent me by a lady of Columbia, S. C., who had desired me to wear it, then return it to her. Send it to her. My spurs which I have always worn in battle, I promised to give to Mrs. Lilly Lee of Shepherdstown, Virginia. My sword I leave to my son."

The report of cannon attracted his attention; he asked what was the meaning of it. Major McClellan told him Gracie was moving upon Sheridan's rear, while Fitz Lee was opposing his advance at Meadow Bridge. Earnestly Stuart responded: "God grant they may be successful." Then realizing his own condition said, "but I must prepare for another world." Just then President Davis came into the death chamber. Taking the Cavalier's hand he asked: "General, how do you feel?" "Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty." In the afternoon he asked Doctor Brewer if he could survive the night. The doctor frankly told him that death was close at hand. Stuart's reply was: "I am resigned if it be God's will. But I should like to see my wife. But, God's will be done!" Soon after he said to Dr. Brewer, "I'm going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done," and then the spirit sought "the shade of the trees," across the river. Thus passed away one of the greatest cavalry leaders the world has produced. As an out-post officer, he had no superior; as a raiding commander Dame Fortune rode with him and smiled success in every effort. Hand-

some, a splendid rider, bred to arms, of wonderful physical endurance, he was a beau ideal trooper; and since the death of Jackson, the Army of Northern Virginia had sustained no such loss.

In General Orders General Lee thus bemoaned the loss of his cavalry commander: "Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war General Stuart was second to none, in valor, in zeal, and in unflinching devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and services will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order, and to nobler virtues of the soldier, he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious Hand of an all-wise God has removed him from the scene of his usefulness and fame. His grateful countrymen will mourn his loss and cherish his memory. To his comrades in arms, he has left the proud recollection of his deeds and the inspiring influence of his example."

That was General Lee's estimate of Stuart. When Jackson had been struck down in the dark shadows of the wilderness surrounding Chancellorsville, and A. P. Hill wounded and disqualified to command the Stonewall Corps, General Jackson said: "Send for General Stuart," and when the bronze bearded cavalry man reported and asked for Stonewall's plans, Jackson responded, "Tell General Stuart he must act upon his own judgment and

do what he thinks best—I have implicit confidence in him."

Such encomium as that uttered by Jackson is praise indeed.

In 1907, at the Great Confederate reunion in Richmond, there was unveiled the most inspiring bronze in this country. Horse and rider idealized Stuart in leading his men "into the jaws of death." It is complete, and fits the conception of his troopers beyond their expectations. Captain John Esten Cooke, of his staff, soldier, author, poet, thus incribes his lore in an ode to his campaign cup, the breaking of which called the tragic memoirs of that tragic past:

His lips this broken vessel touched,
His too—the man we all adore—
That Cavalier of cavaliers,
Whose voice will sing no more —
Whose plume will float amid the storm
Of battle never more!

Not on this idle page I write
That name of names, shrined in the core
Of every heart—peace! foolish pen
Hush! words so cold and poor,
His sword is rust; his blue eyes dust,
His bugle sounds no more!

Never was cavalier like our:
Not Rupert in the years before!
And when his stern, hard work was done
His griefs, joys, battles o'er,
His mighty spirit rode the storm,
And led his men once more.

He lies beneath his native sod,
Where violets spring or frost is hoar:
He recks not—changing squadrons watch
His raven plume no more,
That smile we'll see, that voice we'll hear,
That hand we'll touch no more.



Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

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

A Sinecure

General Horatio C. King, on one occasion narrating some war memories, said:

"We suffered many hardships on both sides, but the poor, brave Confederates suffered most. I remember a grizzled old colored man who at the outbreak of the Spanish war applied for a place as an army cook.

"What experience have you had?" the old fellow was asked.

"I was cook, sah, fo' a Confederate regiment in sixty-fo'," he answered—"that is, sah, I had the position of cook, but, to tell the truth, I didn't work at it."

"Why not?"

"There wasn't nothin' to cook, sah."

The Battle of Yellow Tavern

I noticed in your issue of October 12 a communication from Mr. Frank Dorsey respecting the wounding of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart at Yellow Tavern. There has been so much controversy in the papers during the last 35 or 40 years as to how the wounding and death of our noble General occurred, and as historians and others vary in their accounts of that sad tragedy and seem unable to agree, please allow an eyewitness and one who participated in that memorable engagement at Yellow Tavern to give to the public the exact truth. Mr. Dorsey's statement is nearer correct than any I have yet seen. I was in a position to know every particular of that memorable fight on May 11, 1864, when our beloved General re-

ceived his death wound. I belonged to Company K of the First Virginia Cavalry, Companies D and K forming our squadron. Company D was made up of men from Washington county, Virginia, commanded by Captain Litchfield, and Company K, of Maryland, commanded by Lieut. Gus Dorsey. The First Virginia on that day was in line of battle on the extreme left of Wickham's brigade with Companies D and K forming the left of the regiment, resting on the Yellow Tavern road. Just across the road was General Lomax's brigade. D and K were deployed along a line of fence in the woods—a position they, together with the regiment, had held nearly the entire day. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon General Stuart came riding slowly through the woods, whistling and entirely alone, and took a position directly between Fred Pitts (a young man from the eastern shore of Maryland) and myself, with his horse's head extending over the fence. My left elbow was touching the boot on General Stuart's right leg, while Pitts was equally as close to the General on his left. He had been with us in this position scarcely five minutes when some of General Lomax's mounted men made a charge up the road and were driven back by a regiment of Federal cavalry, which, when they got to our line of battle, filed to the left along the fence in front of our command, passing within 10 or 15 feet of General Stuart. They fired a volley as they passed, one shot of which hit the General in the side. I saw him press his hand to his side and said to him:

"General, you are hit." "Yes," he replied. "Are you wounded badly?" I asked. "I am afraid I am," he said, "but don't worry, boys, Fitz (meaning General Fitz Lee) will do as well for you as I have done." We were then taking him back, Tom Waters of Baltimore leading his horse, while Fred Pitts and myself, one on either side of him, went back about 100 yards, when Pitts and myself left him in charge of Waters and some men from the ambulance corps and returned to our position at the fence, as it was of the greatest importance to hold this position to prevent him from being captured. This we did until General Stuart had been removed from the field, when our regiment slowly retreated. When Pitts and myself left him, the General was still sitting on his horse. When he was wounded he was near the center of Company K, with no other troops near him. He took neither a courier nor any member of his staff with him. Who took him off his horse, I do not know.

J. R. OLIVER.

235 W. Preston St., Baltimore.

Captured and Court-Martialed

The writer, a Virginian, a youth of nineteen, had already seen three and a half years of active service in the Confederate army, when early in November, 1864, he joined a foolhardy expedition of 380 men to capture the town of Beverly, in Randolph county, West Virginia, held by an Ohio cavalry regiment (the Eighth, I understood) 800 strong.

Our command (called in army parlance a "Q" Battalion, viz: men from different companies and different regiments of General John D. Imboden's brigade, recently ordered to Highland county to recruit our horses, broken down in Early's raid on Washington City, and the active campaign in the Shenandoah valley, lately ended), was led by Captain Hill, of the Sixty-second Virginia, a young West Virginia mountaineer of reckless daring.

Owing to the disparity in numbers, our only hope of success lay in a "surprise," and as a large portion of the denizens of West Virginia were staunch Unionists, we were forced to abandon the public roads and make the journey through the heart of the mountains. The afternoon of October 27th, found us some six miles from our destination. Here we got our supper and rested till dark, when with injunctions of strict silence, and to muzzle our canteens to prevent their jingling, we resumed our march, flanked the enemy's pickets, and took a position on the river bank, less than a mile distant from the town, where we lay on our arms, intending to attack at dawn, while the enemy still slept. Despite our precautions, the enemy apprised of our approach, had posted a chain guard (connecting sentinels) over a half mile from their camp, and nearly an hour before dawn their bugle sounded "Reveille."

We sprang to our feet at the sound, and formed in line. Undaunted at the miscarriage of his plans, and though outnumbered nearly three to one (having lost a hundred men by straggling the previous night), our intrepid leader determined on an intant attack, and passed the order down the line, "Forward."

We had advanced but a few hundred yards when "Who comes there? Halt!" Bang! Bang! greeted us.

"Charge boys," shouted Hill, and the "rebel yell" awoke the echoes of the mountains as we dashed up the river bank, and swept at double quick on their line, they firing on us by our "yell" and we on them by the flash of their carbines. As we neared their line they broke and retreated to their quarters, one-story log huts built on a hollow square. We cut off and captured several hundred prisoners, who subsequently escaped, as we could spare few men to guard them.

We thought "the red field won," and pressed on to their quarters, yelling

"surrender, surrender," and many of our men fell dead at the doors of the various cabins, shot dead by the inmates who could distinguish their forms in the dim light, while within all was dark as Erebus. After discharging our muskets, at close range, we clubbed them and battled hand to hand. Captain Hill, Lieutenant Gamble, and every officer in command went down in the "shock of battle," and dawn now revealing the paucity of our numbers, the enemy rallied, and attacked us with renewed fury. Without leaders, and scattered in this pell-mell fight in the dark, our men were driven back and began to retreat in all directions.

Had I realized that we were whipped (a most difficult task for a volunteer to learn) I could have mounted eight or ten men (as the enemy's horses stood in the stables near by, fully equipped), captured their pickets and made my escape; but I attempted in vain to rally our men, until I found myself nearly alone, when I retreated, waded the river (holding my gun and cartridge box above my head, as the water came up to my neck) and succeeded in reaching a wooded swamp nearby, with five of my comrades, where we were soon surrounded, and forced to surrender to a scouting party sent out to cut off our retreat to the mountains.

Ninety of us, picked up in small squads, were captured and huddled together in what had once been an old frame church, now utilized as a guard house. The stone foundations four feet high, with the upright beams supporting the roof, still stood, but the sides, flooring and other woodwork had been ripped off, and devoted to campfire duty. With its floor of earth and open sides, it afforded little protection from the wintry blasts that swept from the surrounding mountains.

My loved mother (peace to her ashes) had sent me from Philadelphia, Pa., (made into a skirt and worn by a Vir-

ginia relative through the lines) some gray cloth which I had made into a uniform resembling (as I subsequently learned) those worn by "Jesse Scouts," Federal soldiers, thus clad, to pass more readily as "Rebs" within our lines.

When I was brought into camp, one of the "Yanks" remarked: "Johnny, you look very much like a fellow that used to scout for General Averill." Deeming it only a casual remark I replied simply, "Do I?" and gave no further heed to the matter.

About three o'clock that afternoon I was summoned and escorted by two guards before a drumhead court martial composed of five regimental officers (the other officers being present as "amici curiae") held in a large room on the first floor of one of the town dwellings, used as army headquarters by the Colonel commanding, and charged with desertion and joining the enemy, conviction for which meant death.

I had braved the "grim monster" on many fields, but, amid "the rapture of the fight," when not altogether oblivious of his presence, his visage was not unfriendly, but now, at the thought of being led out and shot "like a dog" on a false accusation, death inspired disgust rather than terror. Friendless and exhausted, by the long tramp through the mountains, the charge and fight of the early morn, I sank into a chair and gazed at the stern faces about me; no pity in their eyes, not even in those of a young lieutenant whom I had captured that morning, and to whom I had given a blanket (picked up on the field) remarking that "it would be very cold going back through the mountains and that he would need it."

When he came into the room I said pleasantly, "Lieutenant, they have me on very serious charges." He replied coldly, "Well I guess they are true." I said no more. The court was rapped to order; silence reigned and the judge-advocate proceeded to read the "charg-

es," which alleged that a few months prior I had been attached to Gen. Averill's command as a scout; had deserted, joined the enemy and had that day been captured with arms in my hand. I was ordered to plead. I entered an emphatic and indignant "not guilty." I was first questioned on my personal history and told the court briefly that I was a native of Richmond, Va. That I had left college at the outbreak of the war and enlisted as a private in Company A, 52nd Va. Capt. James A. Skinner's Company and Colonel John B. Baldwin's regiment; that at the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862 I had joined Company D, of the 62nd Virginia, and that I was color bearer of my regiment.

The Court then asked our intentions in the raid. I replied that when the Valley campaign closed, some six hundred of us with broken down horses had been sent to highland county to recruit them; that a gentleman who came through the lines had reported there was a Federal cavalry regiment at Beverly, handsomely mounted; and that being in need of horses, some three hundred and eighty of us had volunteered to come over and "give them a brush," hoping to surprise, capture and parole the garrison and go back mounted, but they had "turned the tables on us." Lieutenant Robert Gamble, Acting Adjutant, had been killed in the fight and the muster-roll of our little command found on him. I was questioned fifteen or twenty minutes on this roll, and having answered all questions put to me, I turned to the Court and said: "Gentlemen, it stands to reason that if I had been a deserter from your army for two or three months as the man for whom I am taken, is reported to be, it would be impossible for me to place to their companies and regiments, men from twenty-six or twenty-eight companies and three or four different regiments. Instead of three months it has taken me three years to obtain this knowledge." The

Court gave no consideration to this remark. I reminded them that there were ninety prisoners in the guard house, who could testify that I had never served a day in the Federal army, and requested that they be called as witnesses in my behalf. My request was refused. I then told them that if I were given the opportunity I could prove my innocence by an uncle in the North, a resident of Philadelphia, Pa., and such a radical Union man that he would like to see the whole Southern army exterminated. They would listen to nothing that I advanced, nor accede to any of my requests, and seemed to be rushing the trial through as quickly as possible, as if to verify Daniel Webster's assertion that "Courts-martial are only convened to convict." Two names were now called by the judge-advocate; a man of twenty-two and one of twenty-eight came forward, and were asked if I were the man who had scouted for Gen. Averill in the valley last summer. The scrutinized me closely and replied, "yes." "Are you certain of it?" asked the Court. They took another look and again answered "yes." The judge-advocate then reached for a Bible to swear them to the truth of their statements. In another minute I would have been convicted. Now thoroughly aroused and desperate, I was unable longer to restrain myself, and jumping to my feet and riveting my eyes on my accusers, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, it is in your power to swear away my life, but remember in so doing you murder an innocent man," and turning to the Court I continued defiantly "and gentlemen, I want you to understand, that shooting down prisoners is a game that two can play at, and this farce of a trial will not avail you. You've got not only to murder me, as you seem intent on doing, but you will also have to murder my ninety comrades in the guard house, or they will carry to Gen. Imboden my request to hang ten Yankees for me. Now go on with your proceed-

ing. This is all I have to say." And I stood before them with folded arms and blazing eyes. My words fell like a bomb. That was a phase of the case they had not considered, and doubtless recalled Mosby having hung six Yanks along the Valley Pike the previous summer, in retaliation for six of his men taken prisoners and hung at Fort Royal. The proceedings were instantly halted, the witnesses slunk to one side. The Court arose and went to the further end of the room, where after a whispered consultation of a few minutes they returned, resumed their seats, and the President announced that the Court had decided to send me for trial to Gen. Averill. "Thank you, gentlemen," I said, "that is all I ask; if Gen. Averill will say that I ever scouted an hour for him (I fought him repeatedly in the Valley last summer) he is at liberty to shoot, hang or quarter me." I was then sent back to the guard house and rejoined my comrades. The two witnesses against me now seemed to take a fancy to me, brought me a blanket and food, and vied with each other in kindly attention.

I had no faith in the Court or its announced intention, and believed that it was but a ruse to detain me until after my comrades had been sent off, and then to shoot me secretly. From their action and treatment I judged that they had seen little service and were utter strangers to the gentle courtesy, and chivalric bearing of the true soldier. They had refused my request of the morning to be allowed to go under guard to view our killed and wounded, so we could report their fate and save their being classed "missing." They appeared very jubilant over their victory, and I felt sure that they were bent on topping it off with a "shooting match," with me as the star attraction. So little faith had I in the Court's announced decision, and so confident was I that they intended to murder me, that I would have attempted to escape had I had the free

use of my legs, although there would not have been one chance in a hundred of success, as I would have had to scale the four foot wall of the guard house, taking the fire of the guard at a few paces, then traverse a half mile plain to the river, wade or swim it, and then go another half mile before reaching the mountains, and once there, make my way back to our lines without guide or compass. I had sprained my left ankle badly in the charge of the early morn, and in my present crippled condition, I saw that one chance vanish and so resigned myself stoically to whatever fate awaited me. I wrote a farewell letter to my now sainted mother, and one to my commanding General, reciting briefly the facts and requesting him to make good my threat to the Court, by invoking the "Lex tallionis." These I gave to one of my comrades for delivery, and being utterly exhausted by fatigue and the excitement of the day, I rolled myself in my blanket and slept soundly all night. The next morning we arose early as our men were to be sent to the rear. Shortly before the line formed, the two witnesses called on me and said, "Johnny, let us look at your teeth." On my complying with their request, they exclaimed, "We know now we were mistaken and that you are not the man we took you for, as that fellow had lost his front teeth," (they had not asked to see my teeth at the trial) and I replied, "Well, my friends, you came near making the discovery after I was under ground." They reported their error to the Colonel and I was sent off with my comrades. We were marched some six miles over the mountains without a halt, they being mounted while we were afoot. By this time my ankle had become so painful and swollen that my boot had to be cut from my foot, and I was unable to walk further, and indignantly refused so to do, telling the guard that they could shoot me, but I could not and would not walk another step. They then put me

in a wagon and I rode until we went into camp at sundown. The next day we were turned over to the Fifth Virginia Federal Cavalry, grim old veterans with hearts like women (God bless them) who treated us royally. I rode one of their horses and we chatted pleasantly over army experiences and sampled together some army "poteen," with which they seemed to be liberally supplied. We struck the railroad at Parkersburg, went from there to Wheeling and thence to our destination at Camp Chase from which I was liberated a month later on parole by the martyr President, the gentle, kindly Lincoln, and rejoined my mother and sisters, whom I had not seen for four years, in Philadelphia, Pa.

There was no exchange of prisoners after December, '64, and when our flag was furled forever at Appomattox, I took the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Forty-seven years have since passed, but the memory of that drum-head court-martial is, and will be to my dying day a vivid and frightful memory. I will do the witness the justice of saying I believe they were honest, and that it was a case of mistaken identity. I have never since met any of the actors in that drama. Should this meet their eyes, they will doubtless recall the October day in '64 when they came so near convicting and shooting an innocent prisoner, as a deserter.

THOMAS H. NEILSON,
Co. D, 62nd Va. Regt., C. S. Army.

How I Got My Parole

It may not be uninteresting to your readers, although not germane to my narrative, to learn how I got my parole, as paroles were rarely granted. My mother, through the kindly offices of Gen. Frank Blair, secured an interview with Mr. Lincoln and pleaded for the release of her only son. Mr. Lincoln promised to give the matter considera-

tion and when she called the next day he informed her he had ordered my discharge upon taking the oath of allegiance. My mother told him that she knew I would not take the oath, to save her, nor my life, and that his kind order was therefore valueless and requested my release on parole. The President said that gave a new phase to the matter. She replied she knew it did, but that she would answer with her life for my keeping honorably any promise I might make, and so the parole was granted. She had sent me a new suit of clothes, some toilet articles, a box of cigars, etc., but had never hinted in her letters that she was making an effort for my release, knowing I would veto it. There were a number of prisoners in Camp Chase, dubbed by us "razor backs," who had been vainly seeking release for months by offering to take the oath and who had on more than one occasion, informed the prison authorities and frustrated the attempts of our boys to escape, by tunneling under the enclosure. So you may imagine my surprise one morning, early in December when a Yankee sergeant came into our barracks and called loudly my name, company and regiment. I came forward and announced myself as the soldier wanted. Whereupon Mr. Yank asked, "Johnny, what would you give to get out of here?" "What do you mean," said I, "foot-loose and in Dixie? I would give a good deal for that." Yank replied, "No, by taking the oath." I said "Nary oath." After some parley, I told him that I could not understand the matter, that I had made no application for the oath, and would not take it, but that I would go with him and see the commander, and try to solve the mystery. He took me to the commanding officer, who informed me that he had an order from the War Department to release me upon taking the oath. I answered I had volunteered at the beginning of the war and had followed and carried the "Southern Cross" through

too many hard fought battles to desert it, at this late day, and that I could not conscientiously take the oath. So after thanking him for his kindness in letting me have the clothing, etc., sent me, I returned to prison. A half hour later in comes the same sergeant and asked me how I would like to get out on parole. I pondered a few minutes, being wholly ignorant of what it meant. I wondered if I was again to be court-martialed or transferred to some other prison. I knew I could hardly get into a worse one, for we were having "hard lines" and scant rations at Camp Chase, where rats were esteemed luxuries and commanded fifty cents apiece, but the prospect of a few days freedom with plenty to eat, was so alluring that I announced that I would go out "on parole." I washed up, put on my new suit, giving my old one to one of my comrades, and went with the sergeant. At headquarters I was given the money and box of cigars which had been sent me, and shown two orders from the War Department, and saw at a glance that the dates had been changed, the parole being made the earlier and the oath the later order, so after failure to get me to take the oath, they had to release me on parole. After treating the Yanks to cigars, and thanking them, I took the coach to Columbus, four miles distant, where I got the first "square meal" I had eaten in months, at

the old Eagle hotel. I paid fifty cents for my dinner, beforehand. Had I settled later, I think the proprietor would have charged me five dollars, as being half starved, I ate ten men's share and in consequence nearly died with colic that night. This was my first experience of Northern freedom and customs. The head waiter was a "big buck negro" as black as coal, the waiter girls being white. He stood at one end of the dining room yelling, "Mary," "Sal," "Fanny," to the white girls and pointing to the various guests needing attention. It was difficult for me to maintain silence and refrain from violence, but deeming this a phase of Northern civilization I thought it not best to attempt its reformation. After dinner I took the first train from Columbus to Pittsburg, thence to Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., where by the terms of my parole I reported to General Samuel M. Bowman (commanding that department) who ordered me to rejoin my family in Philadelphia, to pay no visits, to receive no callers, to go to no places of public amusement and to report to him daily by letter. A month later he ordered me to report weekly. This continued up to the time of Lee's surrender, when I took the oath, thereby becoming a full-fledged American citizen and ending my career as a Johnny Reb.

THOMAS H. NEILSON,

Co. D, 62nd Va. Regt., C. S. Army.

Constancy

Herbert Peele

*How long have I loved thee?
Go ask of the sea
How long have his billows
Foamed over the lea.*

*How deep have I loved thee?
Oh, as deep as the blue
Of the heavens above me,
So deep—and so true.*

*Yet in vain have I loved thee?
Well, let it be so;
But thine answer can change not
My loving, I know.*

The Boy Scouts

Capt. Jack Crawford

EVERY day I am asked by people who do not seem to know: "What is this Boy Scout movement? Is it to prepare our boys for war, does it stand for militarism, etc? Is it to teach our boys how to use fire arms so that they can get out into the woods and kill game and birds just for the sport of it?" Now, all these questions and many others can be answered by visiting any meeting of any camp of "Boy Scouts" in America or in England.

When the Boy Scouts were first organized by General Baden Powell, although for more than thirty years I have preached the "Boy Scout" doctrine all over the United States, Canada, and especially commented upon my work on these lines at the Savage club in England in the year of the World's Fair in Chicago, I believe I am capable of and competent to tell what this movement represents; but first let me illustrate what first suggested the idea to me.

At the age of eight, I was left with an uncle by my Christian mother when she sailed from the north of Ireland to join my father in America, he having preceded her five years earlier. At nine I was hired out to a farmer; at ten I was sent to school and was flogged by an old Irish schoolmaster for four days in succession, after which I ran away, fearing that the old master might kill me before I could master the alphabet. At fourteen, I sailed with my brothers and sisters, five of us, in charge, of my cousin, Davy Wallace. I landed on a sailer, the "*Zered*," Capt. McConagle, at Philadelphia, twenty-one days from Londonderry, the record for a sailing ship up till 1861. Twice I was flogged on board ship for climbing the main-mast and once I reached almost

to the spindle on top. My father was gone with the Ringolds of Minersville, Pa., in the first three months' service, having enlisted about the time we sailed. Two weeks after landing I was picking slate at Pott's Colliery on Wolf Creek, at \$1.75 a week, to help mother keep the pot boiling while daddy was fighting for his beloved adopted country and Old Glory. In less than three years I was fighting alongside of my father. Was wounded on May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania and taken to the Saterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia, where a black-robed angel of mercy not only saved my life but soon taught me to read and write, for when I enlisted I had to make my cross; and before I was fit, I ran away from the hospital and was reported as a deserter, but when I joined my regiment in front of Petersburg at Fort Hell within a week, my colonel, the gallant Harry Plesents, the hero of the Petersburg Mine, wrote to Dr. I. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer in charge of the hospital, that I had deserted to the front, and was then doing duty as a sharpshooter.

On April 2nd I was again wounded in the assault on Fort Mahone within twenty feet of where my Colonel was killed, and although I was offered my discharge on my fractured hip wound before I ran away from the hospital, I refused it and it was because I feared that they would discharge me that I ran away and joined my regiment and my fighting Scotch-Irish daddy. He was twice wounded, at Antietam and Cold Harbor, and soon after the war, died from the effects of the wound in his head. Soon after the war, like many other soldier boys, I became disgusted with the mines; after working as a mule driver, fireman, load-

er and miner's helper, I started West: became a prospector, miner and special correspondent for the *Omaha Bee* from the Black Hills; was made Chief of Scouts for the Black Hills Rangers in 1875 and later appointed Chief of Scouts by General Wesley Merritt in the Sitting Bull campaign of 1876 and after acting as courier and correspondent for the *New York Herald* at the close of the campaign I joined the man known as "Buffalo Bill" and played the leading part in one of those nightmare, blood and thunder monstrosities that has caused so many wild, reckless, impulsive boys to run away from good homes to become fit subjects for the penitentiary or reformatory.

Five months of this was enough for me, especially when I realized that I was not only ruining boys but obtaining money under false pretense.

Then came mother's death. I saw my sweet, Christian, tired mother dying a martyr's death after a long, hard struggle for her children. This was the first great sorrow that came to me.

Before she died she asked me to make her a promise, and I said I would; she said: "Then promise me that as long as you live you will never taste intoxicants and then it won't be so hard to leave this world and to leave these two little sisters in your keeping." And then and there, I promised God and mother, and when ordered as a boy tenderfoot to drink, I have looked into the muzzle of a gun and in the face of a "bad man," and said: "You can shoot, and you can kill me, but you can't make me break a promise I gave to my dying mother."

The intemperance of my father had deprived all my brothers, sisters and myself of an education, and had caused my mother's heart to break, and here you have my principal and special reason for trying to reach the boys for over thirty years and more, especially the unfortunate behind prison bars and in our reformatories all over this great

land of ours. How well I have succeeded singly and alone, few know, for outside of my old friend and companion of the Black Hills, Thomas F. Walsh, who fought Indians with me in 1875 and 1876, and who, unfortunately for the boys, died about a year ago, leaving over sixty millions, *no man has put up a dollar towards my expenses even in reaching the boys*, and Tom Walsh gave me one thousand dollars, every dollar of which went into prisons and reformatories, and because he especially charged me not to mention it, I have never until now.

The best boys on earth are in jail, and in the reformatories, and nine-tenths of them are suffering for other people's sins; cuffed, kicked, abused and misunderstood, led astray by environment and hardened criminals, many big-hearted boys are ruined unknown to themselves until they are caught and detained.

Listen to this from a genius in the Charlestown, Mass., prison, after listening to the story I've just written. This appeared in the Prison "*Mentor*" for January, 1911.

TO "JACK CRAWFORD."

By Petronius.

Jack Crawford, you did put it right;
 "We played the coward's part";
 When we were called upon to fight
 We showed a craven heart.
 We might have won a ribbon white,
 A medal on our breast,
 If we had fought a manly fight
 And done our very best.
 If we had kept the promise made
 To mother, and cared not
 What "others did" or "others said"—
 If we had stood and fought.
 Ours could have been perennial youth,
 At three-score four, like yours,
 If we had fought sides with the truth
 And followed not sin's lures.
 But here's to you, Jack Crawford, man,
 Scout, poet, lecturer—
 Your sharp reproof was dearer than
 The praise of flatterer;
 We know a MAN, when we see one,
 And would shake hands with you,
 Who, 'gainst all odds, fought bravely on,
 And to YOURSELF were true!

And this extract from a three page write-up of my talk in the same paper:

"Comes 'Jack,' however—Capt. Jack, if you please, (and if you don't, he doesn't care a continental)—comes 'Jack,' I say, and makes the red corpuscles tingle and riot in our anatomy! Capt. Jack is one of 'them fellows that puts ye on yer mettle,' and he hits (and hit US) straight from the shoulder, and yet, and yet—instead of closing our eyes *a la* Jeffries, he opens 'em!

"Did you catch 'it?' Verbatim it sounded like this: 'You've played the coward's part, boys!' And Capt. Jack's voice wasn't purring and 'soft-like' when he said it, was it? In fact, there was a quality of quasi-harshness in that big, broad voice of his, otherwise so warm, that ran up and down your spine and tickled the marrow in your bones in a peculiar way—even today we would feel it. And who of us would hesitate to choose those clean, clear, open, frank and heart vowels of his, rather than lisping, soothing liquids?

"Notice his eyes—the fire in them, not the smouldering fire of a half extinct volcano, but the leaping flames of the eyes of a prophet of old, as he bellows forth his accusation! And each burning word accentuated, as it were, and driven home, with broad hammer strokes, gestures of hands and arms, and that leonine mane of his nodding approval—the whole suggesting Jupiter flinging thunder and lightning from Olympian heights: 'You've played the coward's part!'—but say, where was the sting? or hurt feelings?

"Behold, the 'gentlemanly looking bunch of outlaws' didn't gasp for breath nor mercy, nor get 'huffed,' nor fidgety; nor cuss, nor swear, at the boldness of Capt. Jack. Not a bit of it! But the 'gentlemanly looking bunch of outlaws' understood and took those words as gospel truth; took 'them at their full meaning and purport, fully convinced, beyond the faintest doubt or attempt at cavail, that 'Jack' was right;

and besides being right, he had the right of saying what he did say in that way, inasmuch as he, of all men, never played the coward's part. So his words went home, and Capt. Jack commanded the absolute clear-sightedness of every soul here; the psychological moment, when our hearts were receptive to the unvarnished truth, without wincing, without hurt, without sting."

And now to get back to the boys in the Reformatory and to fully illustrate what I mean and what I am trying to do in my poor humble way. Read the following from "*The News*, Hamilton, O.," where I talked to the "Boy Scouts" last April:

At the Rahway, N. J., State Reformatory five hundred boys fifteen to twenty-five years of age, after listening to him the second time, did what never was done on earth before. "Boys," said Superintendent Frank Moore, as Capt. Jack concluded, "while you are wiping the tears from your eyes I want to see how many real heroes there are among you. Liquor has put most of you here, and I want every *Boy Hero* before me to raise his hand with me and swear, 'God helping me,' never to touch intoxicants from this day on forever;" and practically five hundred hands went up. Capt. Jack jumped to his feet and said; "Boys, I want every mother's son of you who held up your hands, to write me a letter or even a postal card. Tell me you mean it, and will keep your pledges, and to every boy who writes, I will send my picture, an original poem and my autograph. And to the boy writing the best letter, a copy of my New Book and Poems with an original poem."

And in one week there came over four hundred letters. Capt. Jack read a few and had to stop, so overcome was he with the heartfelt and soulful recitals of these unfortunate but big-hearted boys.

Then starting South to fill his chau-

tauqua dates, he sent the letters to a friend and asked him to take them home and have his wife, who is interested in this line of work, go over them and select the winner of the book. Here is a portion of the friend's letter to Capt. Jack:

"Dear Captain Jack:

I have never felt so unprepared to do a task in my life as I now feel about writing you concerning these letters. Mrs. Robinson read aloud to us a half dozen of these letters, when I begged her not to read any more, for I was completely overcome.

The following night she read some more, having in the meantime read them all, between four and five hundred, and was so stirred by the situation that I had to use a great deal of effort to keep her from taking them and starting for New York with a determination that she was going to find someone who would finance you in a way to enable you to spend the rest of your energy in work of this kind. We are all a unit in feeling that if there was a chosen messenger to any particular class, that you are the one in such work as you did at Rahway, and certainly there never was in the history of the world, a man whose record and personality combined, can compare with you in reaching this class. I took the letters to her to select the prize winner, but she absolutely refuses to consider the letters from that view-point. She feels, and we all feel that the future of a number of these boys has been largely placed in your keeping, and that something must be done to enable you to give these boys further consideration by letter or otherwise. C. W. R."

"Hallelujah!" said Capt. Jack to a news reporter. "Supt. Frank Moore has named my boys *The Boy Heroes*. I will add *of the World*, and I shall, as soon as I return to New York, go out to Rahway and start the greatest boy

organization ever heard of. Boy Heroes they will be in reality, for they will pledge themselves against intoxicants, cigareets and yellow literature, and the boy who is true to these pledges will be a real hero indeed. Some boy organizations have been afraid of me *because I insist on telling my temperance story on all occasions when I am talking to boys*, and if I can get four hundred out of five hundred boys—most of whom are looked upon as criminals—to make such a pledge, it is my business and God's business that I keep on, and so I shall as long as I live."

I shall also have Boy Heroes organized on the outside, who will pledge themselves to the same and more. They will be pledged to take these boys by the hand as they come out of the Reformatory and prisons and help them to keep their pledges, to secure for them employment, and not be ashamed to associate with them. And while I live and have a say in this boy organization, there will be *no selfish grafters connected with it*, and absolutely no salaries outside of those who work as employees. In the mean-time, I want the opportunity to earn sufficient money to keep my family pot boiling while I am helping the boys, and everyone who contributes any sum of money for my work among the boys, will be given an accounting of every date filled to his or her credit, and in this way I see the realization of my happiest and oldest dream. For

"I'd rather find a wayward stray and help him to his own,
Than entertain the angles at picnic round the throne."

And now for the "Boy Scouts of America."

The first thing a real soldier thinks of when he gets up in the morning is: what duties am I to perform to-day? And the first thing a real "Boy Scout" thinks of when he gets up is "What good act can I perform to-day? I

wonder if I can help somebody's mother across a dangerous crossing, find a lost child and take it to its mother, slap some little newsboy on the back who may be stuck with his papers and who is helping to support an aged mother, report to the humane society or the police, some brute who is abusing some more intelligent animal?"

Wear a smile that's worth the while,
Keep sweet, be on the level,
Obey and pray, and that's the way
To win, and beat the devil.

Now these are the first duties of a real "Boy Scout" and the criticisms of the movement on the ground of its being too military are made by people who are opposed to this great movement, or who do not take the trouble to investigate, nor does it stand for war, and men who prepare men or boys for war, are men *like Grant* who said "*Let us have peace.*" Mr. Carnegie is only assisting us, the real warriors as peacemakers. And if war should come in spite of us, and Mr. Carnegie and The Hague and arbitration, it is we, the old fighters and the "Boy Scouts" who will be prepared for war, and ready, as were our warrior daddies since the Revolution, to go out and die for our country if need be, while the great majority of the Peace Congressmen would stay at home, as they did during the war, amassing fortunes and clipping coupons.

Strict discipline and obedience to orders are essential in all boy organizations, but there is no drilling except for the development of mind and muscle and the practical use of fire-arms. Every boy and girl should be trained in the use of fire-arms. My two daughters could shoot almost as accurately as I could before they were ten years of age and one day my daughter Eva, who rode six miles alone every day when fifteen to school, was held up on her way home by a tramp, and while he held her horse by the bit demanded her

pocket-book, for she had got a check cashed in town that day for \$50. She said coolly, "All right," reached on the right side of her saddle, pulled her six shooter out of the holster, levelled it at the fellow's head and fired. He let go the bridle and ran, leaving his hat on the road, while Eva put her spurs to Dandy, her horse, and galloped to the Fort. I was away on a scout, for Victoria was on the war path then, but my Mexican man, Jose Baca, rode back three miles, found the hat and took it to San Marciel and the deputy sheriff soon located the tramp and arrested him; but when Eva came into court and heard the fellow's story and read a letter from his wife, who was sick and hungry, she refused to prosecute. However, this is an illustration that it is best to be prepared for war on tramps who want to rob you. God bless the "Boy Scouts" and the "Boy Heroes" of the world, and in closing I don't think that anything I could say will so appropriately illustrate my sentiments than the following verses written on the fly leaf of a book I sent to a very dear friend who wrote me saying that if I had less poetry, and more business horse sense, I would be better off in "this world's goods," and he is an editor, too.

TO "A. L. W."

Dear friend, I guess I must confess
That I am just a broncho Jay,
With no pretense of business sense
And hence the losing game I play.
But after all the world is small,
And no one else can play my game,
Yet spite of all the wealth of "Wall"
Six feet is all, we all can claim,
"When we gang hame."

God knows what's best, I'll leave the rest
To Him who doeth all things well,
And while I live will freely give
The story He gave me to tell.
For devil's imps and devil's shrimps
Have tempted me, but found me game,
I've stood their scold, refused their gold
I'll fight them without fear or shame
Till I gang hame.

And tho' I'm strong, it won't be long
Till I must answer death's tattoo,

With love's cement my monument
 Is built in hearts of boys I knew.
 And what a joy, that some wild boy,
 Who like myself, I've helped to tame
 Will stand and fight for truth and right
 And may be so, may play my game?
 When I gang hame.

Here is a copy of my friend's answer
 and to me it is the sweetest and richest
 tribute I have ever had paid me.

"THE CAPTAIN'S JEWEL."

**To My Friend Captain Jack Crawford on
 receipt of "Whar The Hand O' God
 Is Seen."**

It came in an humble cover, not plusa or
 silk encased,
 But maid never had, from lover glad, a
 token more valued or chaste.
 From a thousand different angles, flashed
 with prismatic glow,
 The genius-fire that must inspire those
 whom the Muses know.

Lines with the lilt of a brooklet, verse with
 the swing of the wave,
 And roundelay, like dawning day, penned
 to the weak and the brave,
 Cheer for the soul despondent, strength for
 the wavering heart,
 Sweet solace deep for those who weep,
 bereft, in the shadows apart.

A song for the quick, the living, a hymn
 for the martyred dead,
 A plea for the poor down-trodden, a spur
 for the leader ahead,
 A tribute to those who conquer, a hand-
 grip to those who fail,
 But ever the trend is "To my friend," in
 sunshine or winter's gale.

And so I count it a jewel, more priceless
 than gems or gold,
 A treasure that ne'er will lessen when
 this shell is bent and old.
 Sunshine for arid pathways, to make life's
 desert green,
 To take me back, when the day is black,
 "Whar the Hand O' God Is Seen."
 A. L. WEINSTOCK.

Who will read this and then say I am
 not rich?

In a book to Andrew Carnegie I
 wrote three verses commendatory of his
 great and good work for education and
 peace, and here is the last verse and the
 last of my poetry for now.

Wee'l, I'm nae so far behind ye,
 Tho' I'm no a braggin', mind ye,
 But I'm richer far than you will ever be,
 For ye never found such pleasures
 In ye'r richest, rarest treasures
 As I find in these wee gems God gave to
 me.

Life's Meaning

Anonymous

*Then trust and wait, and work while you wait;
 That dream will come true, be it ever so late;
 For the battles you've fought, and the sorrows you've borne
 Are but steps up the ladder you are climbing alone.*

*Ah, work and just work and keep struggling on,
 For the darkness will scatter, and soon 'twill be morn;
 Then you'll look all about, and be happy and glad,
 And thank God for each battle and struggle you've had.*

*For life's deepest meaning lies hidden so deep
 We scarcely can know till we struggle and weep,
 Till we put forth our might and strain every nerve,
 Then we come to her meaning and find it is love,*

Charges Made Against the War Office of the Confederacy

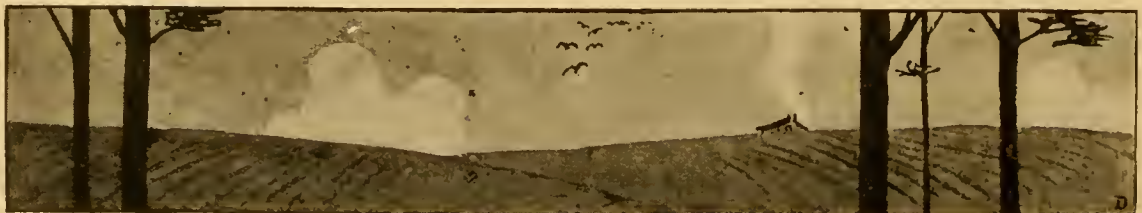
(From "The Life and Times of Yancey")

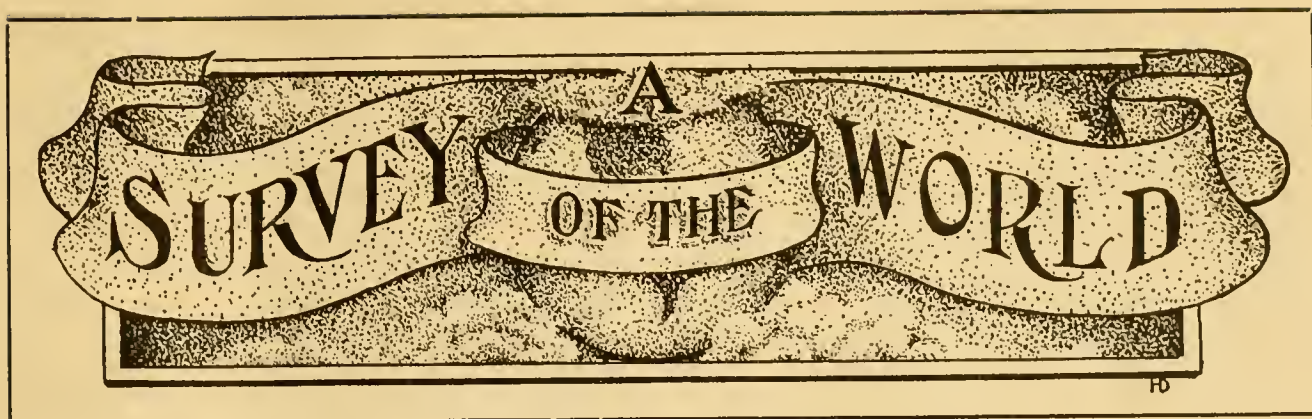
J. W. DuBose

A TRUE policy of war, from the Confederacy side, being reduced to the saving of armies which embraced well-nigh all its material for war, it so happened that with the opening of the first campaign, after these changes in the personnel of the War Office had taken effect, that great disasters in the field began, traceable to the interference of the War Office with great commander in the field; and in something over a twelve-month of the duration of this interference, three great Confederate armies were practically removed from service, leaving the field to the enemy. (1) Johnston, attempting in the summer of 1863, to save his army of forty thousand superb troops in Mississippi, as Washington had saved his army after its defeat on Long Island, was countermanded from the War Office, and, as General Lincoln had lost his army at Charleston, General Pemberton was empowered to lose the garrisons of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and tens of thousands of brave lives in useless battle, by the interference of the civil authorities. (2) In May, 1864, General Richard Taylor having, by skillful retreat, drawn General Banks and a fleet of gunboats into favorable position, attacked Banks at Mansfield, drove him from the field in full retreat, and continuing the pursuit—the only example of Confederate pur-

suit after a great victory—would inevitably have captured the invading army and the gunboats supporting it, when he was instantly superseded by order of the war office, the pursuit checked and the imminent military success, which must have restored New Orleans and the entire lower valley of the Mississippi and the western rivers to the Confederacy, was changed into useless sacrifice, and the retirement of the entire trans-Mississippi forces from active service for the remainder of the war. (3) In July, 1864, Johnston was removed from command, against earnest protests of his army, rank and file, and the people, with absolute unanimity—at a time when discontent throughout the Northwest seemed only waiting on Sherman's fate to ripen into revolt against the Government at Washington—the result being the speedy annihilation of his army, under command of another, following the interference of the civil government.

Against each of these three citations of destructiveness, issuing from the civil authorities, stand the generalship and valor of Confederate armies upon the page of history; the one marking the source of the catastrophe in which the Confederate cause finally dissolved; the other indicating the reasonableness of its inception.





By THE EDITOR

MR. TAFT is paid a larger salary than any President of the United States ever received. He is the most expensive tenant we have ever had in the White House. Nevertheless, he spends more time on his personal pleasures and personal interests than any other President has ever done. He is almost never hard at work; he is almost always playing golf, cruising on one of our naval vessels, or traveling about the country on a luxuriously appointed special train. After several months of vacation and pastime in New England, Mr. Taft is now (Sept. 18th) entering upon several weeks of *campaigning for a renomination*. When voting the President \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses, Congress certainly had no intention of taking money out of the people's treasury to defray the cost of a candidate's electioneering tour.

* * *

What would Mr. Taft have done to Dr. Wiley, the Pure Food Expert, had the case come up at the time Ballinger's did? Would the Doctor have met the swift dismissal of Glavis and Pinchot? Would some Lawler have been deputized to write out the Presidential opinion? When our crooked Secretary of Agriculture, and his crooked underling, Solicitor McCabe, perused Mr. Taft's exoneration of Dr. Wiley, who, according to Attorney-General Wickersham, deserved "condign punishment," they must have sighed heavily

and cursed the fate that postponed their case until the campaign of 1912 was already on.

* * *

While the evidence taken by the Congressional Committee made it clear that the Department of Agriculture had done all in its power to nullify the Pure Food Law, this fact was not more clearly proven than was Ballinger's guilty connections with the Cunningham claims. While it was shown, beyond all question, that Secretary Wilson and Solicitor McCabe furnished *Government witnesses at the Government's expense*, to testify in behalf of the manufacturers who use injurious substances in the preparation of canned food, this fact was not more surprising or scandalous than the proof which showed how Ballinger dismissed the experienced, capable lawyer who had charge of the Government's side of the Cunningham case, giving it to a mere boy (Sheridan) who never had tried a single lawsuit — and who promptly butchered the Government's case, as Ballinger meant he should.

While it is likewise true that Solicitor McCabe was shown to have garbled a decision of the courts, condemning the use of certain chemicals, and to have entered that decision in such a way as to leave the manufacturers free to continue to use benzoate of soda, that fact was not more amazing, than was the discovery that the President himself

had made a deliberate mis-statement as to the documents that were before him when he wrote the letter exonerating Ballinger.

Therefore, one instinctively inquires, Why the radical difference in the Taftian attitude toward the two cases? There is but one answer:

The campaign of 1912 is open and Taft wants a second term.

If Wickersham had any self-respect, he'd resign. After such a public snub, administered to him by the President, Wickersham's continued stay in the cabinet can mean nothing else than that the Sugar Trust has more dirty work for him to do.

And if Secretary Wilson and Solicitor McCabe do not voluntarily get out, Taft should kick them out.

IN the recent convention of Governors, a committee was appointed to go before the Supreme Court of the United States, and protest against the encroachments of the lower Federal courts upon the reserved rights of the States. How silly! The Committee might as well protest against a politician's hunger for office. These life-term Federal judges have the power to extend their jurisdiction; and they wouldn't be human, if they did not abuse the power.

What we really need is *one Governor with back-bone enough to defy the usurpers*. Had the Governor of Minnesota gone right ahead enforcing these intra-state rates which the Legislature had *lawfully passed*, what could Federal Judge Sanborn have done? Nothing.

Even now, the Governor of Minnesota could safely put these freight rates into operation. It is not lawful for any court whatsoever to enjoin a State *from being a State*.

* * *

A State of this Union is a sovereignty in full possession of every sovereign power, excepting such portions thereof

as were surrendered to the Federal Government. The right to regulate commerce *inside the State*, was never surrendered. Consequently, each state has the completest sovereign right to regulate commerce within her borders. When an inferior Federal Judge virtually says to a State:

"I command you to quit being a sovereign; within your own borders, you shall not enforce your own laws; I forbid you the exercise of your police powers, and your right to fix tolls on your own public highways"—

the Governor should simply refuse to recognize the jurisdiction of the Federal judge.

* * *

The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution was made for just such cases as that of the railroad companies against Nebraska.

A man named Chisholm, living in Alabama, entered suit in the lower Federal Court, against the State of Georgia. To the universal indignation of the States, the U. S. Supreme Court held that a state could be sued by a private citizen. This decision caused the states to adopt the Eleventh Amendment to the Federal Constitution. And not until after the Civil War, did any corporation dare to attempt to drag a sovereign State into the Federal Courts. Not until the bench had been packed with corporation lawyers, did the Federal judiciary venture to nullify the Eleventh Amendment.

* * *

The Judiciary Act of 1789 was that which framed the Federal Courts. One of the sections of the Act prescribes the manner in which the Constitutionality of State laws may be tested. The case must be brought in the State courts, carried to the Supreme Court of the State, thence to *the Supreme Court*, of the United States. Thus, the dignity of the State was respected, and uniformity of decisions assured.

That section of the Judiciary Act of 1789 is still the law of the land; but the lawyers who represent the States in these cases do not appear to be aware of it.

* * *

If we had *one* Governor with the nerve to call out the State troops, if necessary, to resist the officers of the Federal Court, when attempting to arrest the State officials for contempt of court—in not obeying the haughty mandate of the judge—we would never have any further trouble with these usurpatory judges. If I were Governor of Minnesota, I would put that new rate law into operation; and if Judge Sanborn sent marshals and deputy-marshals to arrest me, I would fling them into jail as fast as they came.

The Federal Government, (dearly as it loves the corporations) would never risk a war with a State, *in behalf of the detested Federal judiciary, and the detested railroad corporations.*

MR. HEARST, who claims credit for pretty much everything, boasts "I killed cock-robin," in the case of Joe Bailey, of Texas. As usual, Mr. Hearst claims too much. Bailey's votes in the Senate were the cause of his downfall. He had weathered the storm of the Hearst exposures. Had he lined up with the Progressives, championed the cause of the tariff-cursed millions, fought the insatiable trusts with all the power that was in him, Texas would have forgotten the scandalous facts which were brought out by the Texas committee of investigation.

But, when Bailey began to vote against free raw materials, free lumber, free coal; when he passionately espoused the cause of Lorimer; when he voted against the Farmers' Free-List bill and the Underwood-LaFollette wool bill—it was all over with the infatuated man. How he could fail to realize that

he was cutting his own throat, is hard to comprehend.

Better by far would his record be, had he allowed his resignation of last year to stand. Apparently, he was not his own master; apparently, the Standard Oil and its affiliated interests had power to work Bailey to the very last day of the extra session.

WHEN you lose confidence in your employee, how much longer do you keep him? When you discover that the book-keeper, or the salesman, or the hired man, is dishonest, or incapable—when do you discharge him? At once, of course.

Why, then, should we not retire from office a public servant who betrays his trust? Why should we not do this as soon as we can prove the betrayal?

In Switzerland, the people do that very thing. When an official goes wrong, he is "recalled." Those who voted him in, vote him out.

But President Taft says, with great vehemence, that the system would not work in America. Especially, does he object to the recall of judges. No wonder. Mr. Taft is not a *peoples'* President; he is the President of, for and by the corporations. He *knows* what the people will do, and ought to do, to the judges—the Federal judges particularly. Hence, the Taftian fear of the recall.

* * *

In his address to the farmers at Syracuse, N. Y., on Sept. 16th, Mr. Taft said:

"I have given much attention to the matter of economy and efficiency in government."

When? Where?

Was it in the Philippines, where blood and treasure were so lavishly squandered? Was it when he was paying the friars such enormous price for the land out of which the natives had been defrauded? The highest valuation

placed on these lands, by sworn witnesses before the Taft Commission, was \$5,000,000; but Taft paid \$7,000,000. Why?

Or was it in having his automobile hauled across the continent at public expense, in case he *might* need it on his way to San Francisco?

Was it when he committed the Government to the building and furnishing of religious edifices in Panama? Was it when he ordered, without Congressional authority, the widening of the canal itself?

Or was it when he strenuously contended that fabulous sums be spent in fortifying the canal, which would have been a harbinger of inexpensive peace, had our Government merely neutralized it, as the Suez canal is neutralized?

Was he studying economy, when he put the repudiated politicians, *of both parties*, on the pay-roll of the Government, to be stall-fed at the expense of the people?

Was he studying "economy and efficiency," when he put the Steel Trust millionaire Leischman, in the place of the accomplished Dr. Hill, as our Ambassador, at Berlin?

Was it economy he was studying, when he sent our army to the Mexican border, at a cost of \$2,000,000?

* * *

How long has it been since Mr. Taft was clamoring for an increase of the salaries of the Federal judges? How long since he worked for and secured more money for himself? How long since he had the White House completely refurbished at an expense of \$50,000? How long since he took three vessels from our naval equipment, and converted them into pleasure yachts for the personal use of himself, his family, and the cabinet "set?"

Mr. Taft would be well advised if he ceased to make professions which his actions belie.

EMBOLDENED by the failure of the Government to prosecute the big men, the Sugar Trust has advanced prices, from day to day, until sugar is higher than it has been in twenty-two years. Of course, the Trust has put forth the usual lying statements. Like the Beef Trust, the Ice Trust, &c., the Sugar Trust claims that the advance is due to the diminished supply. As usual, the contention is at variance with the facts.

There is as much raw sugar in sight as there was at this time last year. There are 225,000 tons afloat now, coming from Hawaii and Java, due here Sept. 27th. Why then the doubling of the price? A corner on the available supply—the vulgar, unlawful, inevitable device of the blood-suckers—is the explanation. In other words, the Trust got a monopoly on raw sugar; and, defiant of law and Congressional committees, demanded all that the traffic would bear.

* * *

In June, the Brooklyn refinery of the Arbuckles was destroyed by fire. During June, July and August, none of their immense store of raw sugar could be refined. All of the dealers who had depended on the Arbuckles for sugar turned to the American company, whose business was hugely increased. Consequently, its supply of raw sugar was rapidly diminished. Thus, the destruction of their Brooklyn refinery, which caught them with an enormous quantity of cheap raw sugar on hand, turned out to the advantage of the Arbuckles. By accident, they had the only great store of raw sugar, immediately available; and by combination with the American and Federal companies, they sent prices skyward.

Unfortunately, certain politicians and newspapers of the Democratic party were gulled (or pretended to be) by the specious statements of the criminal conspirators; and these Democrats have

been publishing as true, the falsehoods of the Trust.

GERMANY and France have not yet come to terms regarding Morocco. In consequence of the possibility of war, the French banks are withdrawing their gold from Germany. It comes as a surprise to learn that the latter country is heavily in debt to the former.

That France should have so completely recovered from the disaster of 1870, when her capital was occupied by conquering Germans; and when a huge war indemnity of a billion dollars was exacted by the relentless victors, is one of the marvels of modern history. Apparently, France has the men and the money, ready for war, while Germany, having the men, is without the money.

The fantastic Kaiser has blustered, as usual, but the French diplomats and cabinet officers have manifested perfect coolness and resolution.

* * *

Nobody can tell what is the real effectiveness of either army, German or French. The war machine which Von Moltke operated was perfect. The Germans of 1870 were prepared, in every respect; and the two wars—the one with Denmark and the other with Austria—had seasoned the troops and given practical experience to the officers.

On the contrary, the rottenness of the Second Empire had gangreened the entire military system of the French.

Soldiers were sent to the battle line who did not know how to use the new rifles. In some cases, the gun barrels would be at one depot and the plungers at another. In other cases, the wheels of the commissariat wagons would be in one place and the frame-work and bodies somewhere else.

Vast accumulations of food were stored so blunderingly that the soldiers went hungry in the midst of plenty. The ammunition was inferior; and the

discrepancy between the war-office estimate and the actual number of soldiers was of itself sufficient to wreck every calculation as to results of the clash of the two nations. Besides, the officers were not supplied with *maps of France*. Maps of Germany were furnished, for it was to be an "On to Berlin" campaign. The officers and soldiers of France fought with the utmost heroism, but they had no chance. It is different now.

THE Russian Premier, Stolypin, has been assassinated. The motive was political. With all the barbarism of Ivan the Terrible, Stolypin has crushed every "disorder" throughout the Empire. By "disorder," such despots as the Russian Premier meant uprisings in favor of Democracy. He has shed blood like water in the effort to drive the people back into medieval submission to the "Divine Right" of Kings.

IN Mr. Taft's speech at Detroit, he cut out the following paragraph—

"I am glad to be able to add that if Congress shall continue needed appropriations, every trust of any size that violates the statute, before the end of this Administration in 1913, will be brought into court and acquiesce in a decree of disintegration by which competition between its parts shall be restored and preserved under the persuasive and restrictive influence of a permanent and continuing injunction."

Why did he cut it out? Because Wall Street did not like it, *and wired him to that effect*. In talking to "the farmers," Mr. Taft is acting the comedian in a worn-out farce.

* * *

The President challenges Mr. Bryan to name any Trust that would not be broken up, under the recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court. In that decision, the Jesuitized court changed the

wording of the Statute, from "any combination in restraint of trade," to "any *unreasonable* combination in restraint of trade." The viciousness of this Jesuit decision is, that the Federal judges are made the arbiters of what constitutes an "unreasonable" restraint of trade. They had no such power under the Sherman law. Congress never entrusted them with it; the Supreme Court legislated it to them.

As Mr. Taft's challenge is not to Bryan only, but to all others, I will take it up.

The Shipping Trust, of New York, was before the Federal courts some weeks after Jesuit White had announced his decision; and the Shipping Trust got off, scot free, because the Federal judge held that its combination in restraint of trade was not "unreasonable."

If Mr. Bryan has forgotten the case, I hope that one of our readers will jog his memory.

THE Virginia courtesan, Beulah Binford, was not wanted in New York. Not even her pictures could be tolerated.

The European courtesan, Gaby Deslys, was very much wanted in New York; and her lewd face appears pictured in all the papers.

The Binford had no money; the Deslys had oodles of it; besides, jewels that a sap-headed King gave her.

The morals of New York, like its politics, are never understood by outsiders.

As to the morals, however, it appears that the having, or not having, of money is the criterion.

THE latest from the France-Germany tangle is, that Morgan and Rothschild dictated terms to the fantastic Kaiser.

France, England and Russia acted in concert to withdraw gold from Ger-

many. This threw the country into a panicky condition. Instead of issuing fiat paper money, as England did during the Napoleonic wars, the silly Kaiser issued treasury notes, redeemable in gold on a certain day. (Monday, Sept. 18, 1911.) This was a fearful mistake. It put Germany at the mercy of private bankers who had the gold. That's where Morgan and Rockefeller got their opportunity to dictate. Cable dispatches assert that the German Government virtually went on its knees to these private bankers, and that J. P. Morgan fixed the time limit for the acceptance by Germany of France's terms.

Dear me! It hasn't been six months, either, since Morgan was presenting to the Kaiser that Martin Luther letter, as a token of Morgan's profound regard for him, the said Kaiser!

THERE has been rioting in the streets of Vienna, Austria, because of the high price of food. Troops were called out; the people were fired upon, and many killed or wounded.

Spain is rocking with agitation, and the throne is in peril. When a Kinglet, like the decadent Alfonso, openly associates with actresses of evil repute, and disappears from public view in the company of a paramour, it is not to be wondered at that such a throne is in danger. Recently he plunged the whole of officialdom into consternation by being lost from sight for a day and night. He turned up, laughing at his adventure, and the dismay it had caused. His companion in seclusion was a notorious actress who had been starring at San Sebastian.

MR. TAFT'S speeches in advocacy of partial free trade with Canada had the effect of defeating reciprocity. The Canadians believed that our President told the truth when he declared that the treaty was wholly beneficial to the United States, and altogether detri-

mental to Canada. Evidently, the Canadians have yet to learn just what sort of a President we have got.

If Mr. Taft had contented himself with the statement that the treaty was good for both countries; and that our farmers would gain more on free lumber than they would lose on meats and flour, he would have told the whole truth, and Canada might have voted for the pact. As it is, reciprocity is dead, and Mr. Taft badly disfigured.

* * *

What did the people get from the extra session of Congress? Nothing. And who is to blame for this barren record? Mr. Taft. Claiming to be a

trimmer who stands between the extremes, he has shown himself to be as stalwart a stand-patter as Aldrich and Cannon themselves. His prompt approval of the Payne-Aldrich bill, and his equally prompt vetoes of the bills which sought to lower the enormous Payne-Aldrich duties prove *that*. Mr. Taft cannot talk away his official record. Nobody can again put faith in any promises he may make. He has none but himself to thank for having entirely lost the confidence of the people.

It would seem that Maine went "wet" by 20 majority. Such an election settles nothing.

The Baby Show

YOU will notice, by the number of babies we are showing this month, we are doing our very best to get all the little ones in. And it's a hard task, I assure you.

Some of the babies "group" beautifully, and that is why we gathered those on page 518, which is really a "page of smiles."

Aren't they the best-natured looking lot you ever saw? Boys are smiling as happily as the girls, and it seems too bad that the boys so soon outgrow their smiles.

Some parents are growing impatient at the length of time which has elapsed since they sent their baby's picture, and they are urging us to hurry up and publish their particular one. We are trying now to close the Baby Show, but there are still a large number to publish.

There have also been a number of complaints because the babies were sometimes given the wrong names. As the majority of the photographs had the names written in lead pencil, this

was readily obliterated and it has been a hard task sometimes to decipher the names.

Again—relatives other than parents would send in photographs, and only the name of the sender would be on the picture. This made a very awkward situation for a young bachelor photographer of a handsome pair of twins. We can imagine his embarrassment when we evolved a "Mrs." and added her to his initials.

And the parents of the twins were just as much upset as the bachelor photographer.

In the September number, the group picture had one baby named wrong; as all the pictures are on one plate, it is impossible to run this little girl's photograph again, as her mother requested. The name should have been Lula Loretta Milleson, and she was the happy little mortal numbered nine, on page 442.

We had a number of other pictures to show in this month's issue, but our space was limited, and we could present only two "page babies."



A PAGE OF SMILES

1, William Wirt Ramsay, nineteen months, Carrolton, Ga.; 2, Kate Zeigler, two-years, Ogeechee, Ga.; 3, Norman Joseph Brite, nine months, Springfield, Mo.; 4, Hepzibah Jones, eighteen months, Cordelia, Ga.; 5, Anabet Davis, De Kalb, Miss.; 6, Lyle Cherrington Harvey, fourteen months, Des Moines, Ia.; 7, Hazel Lorena Arnold, ten months, Atlanta, Ga.; 8, Gladys Cox, seven months, Canton, Ga.; 9, Mildred Waters, five months, Sylvania, Ga.; 10, Howard Watson Logan, ten months, Altus, Ark.; 11, John Will McLean, fifteen months, Anderson, S. C.; 12, Walter Mims Zeigler, nine months, Sylvania, Ga.



“WHERE’S THAT BIRD?”

1, Tom Watson Gunn, three months, Warrenton, Ga.; 2, Baby Combs, four months, Beaumont, Miss.; 3, Brewer Causey, ten months; 4, Ruby Pipkin, Fitzgerald Ga.; 5, William Franklin Watson, six months, Dallas, Tex.; 6, Bonnie Elma Nevels, five months, Moultrie, Ga.; 7, Annie Laurie Watson Hartley, six months, Atlanta, Ga.; 8, Dorr Horton Smith, Luneburg, Ark.; 9, Ruth McCarty, seven months, Monroe, Ga.; 10, Duplicate by mistake of number seven; 11, Otto Mason, four months, Royston, Ga.; 12, Andrew Jackson Phillips, Louisa, La.

The Baby Show has been a success from our view-point, by showing us how many JEFF babies there are.

It has not been a money-making

proposition in any sense of the word, as the expense attached to it has been much greater than the dollar subscription for the Magazine.

THE ANIMAL TAMERS



OTHO LAMAR HATTAWAY,
1 year. Wrightsville, Ga.



ROBERT EMBREE ZEIGLER,
9 months. Zeigler, Ga.



EARL ROWE,
2 years. Corn Hill, Texas.



THE ROMAN INQUISITION.

Dear Sir: As you are writing an expose of the Roman Hierarchy, I would be glad to have you answer a few questions, if they are in order.

1. When did the Roman Inquisition begin?
2. When did it end?
3. Was it an institution of Church, or State?
4. Does the Roman church employ the Inquisition now in dealing with its members?

Yours truly,

V. A KILGORE.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Answers:

1. As a special and general institution or Tribune in 1248. From the first establishment of Christianity as the State religion of the Roman Empire there was more or less persecution through inquisitorial methods of those who refused to embrace the national religion.

2. At different times, in different countries. In France the Inquisition was suppressed by Phillip the Handsome. In Germany it was not discontinued until the Reformation. In England it was never permitted at all. In Poland it had only a brief existence after its establishment, in 1327. It was in Spain and Portugal and their dependencies that the Inquisition assumed its most hellish form, and committed most devilish atrocities. It was not till 1808, when Joseph Bonaparte was on the Spanish throne, that the Inquisition was suppressed. Under the Restoration, it returned, and was not finally abolished till 1835. In Portugal it lasted far into the 18th century; in Rome and the papal states the Inquisition has never ceased—at present, however, its action is said to be the examination of books and trials of ecclesiastical offences, and questions of church law.

3. Since the unification of Italy and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope in 1870, the supreme jurisdiction has been limited to the Vatican.

4. The Inquisition was in full blast in the Philippines at the time of our war with Spain. Several years ago, the Inquisition

was set up in these United States, which were pronounced by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to be no longer missionary ground, but a Catholic country. It has not yet begun its action against heresy and heretics, but if we had a few more Presidents like Cleveland, Roosevelt and Taft, the Inquisition would become a terror and a curse to this country.

T. E. W.

OUR CASE IS RIGHT.

Dear Sir: I have been much interested in the articles in your magazine, and took occasion last year to quite generally call attention to them in a little enclosure I had printed and sent out with a thousand copies of "Life and Action."

What we need, and what I am trying to aid in my small way, is a plan to unify the many activities going on against the political aspirations of the Hierarchy in control of the Roman Catholic Church. I hope to see the time soon, when we can wield an influence to make the publishers of the other journals sit up and take notice when our toes are tread upon. We could make it pretty hot for magazines sailing under false colors.

Our case is right, we shall win in the long run sure. The R. C.'s are on the wrong side—and this is one of the final struggles in which they will receive a crimp that will do them good. Their people are misled; ignorance (73 per cent in Spain, where they have had it all their own way for centuries) superstition, and fear of hell-fire, are weapons that will in the end, act like "boomerangs" as I hope for the best, while facing the worst.

With the Catholic people, I have no quarrel. To the Hierarchy in control of the politico-ecclesiastical machine, my United States and American principles say:

"Hold up—you may want to make America Catholic, but you can not do it without strong protest from, not only Protestants, but from Independent Catholics as well. The latter know that ignorance is necessary to Catholic rule, and that poverty is the ultimate condition of the mass of people in Catholic governed Countries."

We who oppose the Hierarchy and Italian rule in America—should

1st. Unite. Boycott Catholic publications and Catholic business houses, just as they

boycott us. They now have power to do this effectively because—United.

2d. Vote—solidly every time for true American citizens, until allegiance to the Pope and his orders, is no longer demanded of Catholics.

3d. Trust no organization even if religious, that places its sacraments above the laws of the land, and so make an excuse to hold people in their power, subject to their orders, whenever they see fit to bring forward the conflict between State and Church.

4th. Deal justly with the people, even though they are blinded by dogmatic authority.

5th. Support the public schools. Permit no taxes or public money, no matter how raised, to be diverted to sectarian school purposes.

6th. Don't worry about the specious plea of the public school not teaching morals and religion. Look up the morals and effects of religious teachings in the schools under control of the Hierarchy. Do your own independent thinking and—investigate for yourself. Very truly yours.

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.

THE REMNANT OF AN INDIAN RACE.

Dear Sir: Your letter of yesterday received. I happen to have the information you seek. The Nashville American of June 26, 1910 (since consolidated with the Nashville Tennessean) published a paper of about 10 pages in celebration of its 98th anniversary and in this paper is the true story of a small number of people to be found in a few counties of East Tennessee, as in other sections of the Appalachian region, called Melungeons or Malungeons. I have traveled horse-back before, during and since the Civil War, in the counties where these people live, and have seen them in their cabin homes and from information received independently of what Judge Shepherd says, I am satisfied his statement is to be relied upon.

The foremost jury lawyer of East Tenn. of his generation was the late Hon. John Netherland, the son-in-law of the John A. McKinney, referred to by Lucy S. V. King, and he gave me the same account, substantially, of the origin of these people that Judge Shepherd does. Netherland was the Whig candidate for Governor of Tennessee in 1859, against Isham G. Harris. He died in the 80's. He was a slave-owner and practised law in all the East Tennessee counties, which these people live. Prior to 1824 free negroes voted in Tennessee, and when in that year the State Constitution was so amended as to disfranchise "all free persons of color", it was sometimes made the pretext of refusing the franchise to these people of perfectly straight hair, small hands and shapely

feet who bore no more resemblance to a negro than do members of the Spanish or Portugese embassies of Washington. As to whether they voted or not, in the few counties where they were up to the Civil War, depended upon the disposition of the election officers and the closeness of the contest. But I will add that the election officers were very rarely unfair and their right to vote rarely challenged. Sometimes, in a very close contest, some fellow would challenge it and the man would forego exercising his rights rather than fight about it. They have not been of a lawless or turbulent disposition. They realized the prejudice against them because of their dark complexion. Some of them served in the Confederate, and some in the Federal East Tennessee Regiment, but neither side would have accepted them had they believed they had negro blood in their veins. In my boyhood days they were called Portugese. The word Mulangeon is comparatively modern as to its general use. As a rule they did not go into either army; did not wish to. They preferred agriculture; happy in their mountain cabins. The extract from McKinney's speech is garbled. He truly said the language of the disfranchising clause included these people because it embraced "all free persons of color" but notwithstanding that the majority of them always voted because their neighbors did not regard them as negroes or as having negro blood in their veins. I believe there was some mixture of these Portugese with the Cherokee Indians, but not with negroes. Lying, sensational newspaper correspondents, from the North, originally started this racket to show that Southern whites were given to miscegenating with negroes, and to have something to write about. Some Southern writers have imitated them, magnifying fifty or one hundred fold the number of these people. Gen. Wm. T. Sherman did some things I disapproved as much as you do, but he hit the nail on the head when he said that "there were some newspaper correspondents who, to create a sensation and for pay, would slander their grandmothers." Of course, some of the people were shiftless and degraded, as are some of all races, but I remember a notable exception by the name of Wm. Lyle. He was a prosperous country merchant who came to Knoxville every year to buy goods of our wholesale dealers and was treated by every one, with the utmost respect. He was spoken of as a Portugese, and bore no more resemblance to a negro than any Spaniard or Portugese. He dressed elegantly, was well informed and as polished and refined as half the members of Congress, and more so than many of them.

In the early history of the country, there were many Spanish and Portugese sailors, who settled on the South Carolina and

North Carolina coast. One of these was a Spanish ship carpenter by name of Farragut. In North Carolina, he married a poor girl and drifted to this city (then a town of about 1,200 people) where he followed the trade of house-carpenter, and here was born his subsequently famous son, Admiral David G. Farragut. His Spanish father was a dark-skinned man.

Finally, the decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee in 1872, referred to by Judge Shepherd, should be conclusive on this subject. Every one of the five members of that Court was a Confederate and Democrat. The Chief Justice, A. Q. P. Nicholson, was the Colleague of Andrew Johnson in the U. S. Senate in 1861. Jas. W. Deaderick, after this decision and after the death of Nicholson, also of the bench at the time, succeeded Nicholson as Chief Justice. He was not himself in the army but every one of his seven sons were at the front in the Confederate Army, some of whom were badly wounded and the other three Judges had honorable records as Confederate soldiers. Judge Shepherd himself was a Confederate soldier.

JOHN B. BROWNLOW.

P. S. Lyle is not a Portuguese name, neither is that of the American Darbey's French, as was that of their ancestor D. Aubigny.

MAGAZINE WAS A REVELATION.

Dear Sir It is with trembling heart and tear-dimmed eyes that I lay aside the latest issue of your magazine. It seems to me as if I had been awakened from a horrible night-mare, and I truly thank God for just the man you are proving yourself to be, a modern revelator. As I read your words, and feel the depth and intensity of the meaning, I think of John the Beloved, of Jesus who was banished to the lonely isle of Patmos for showing what was, is and will be. He looked down the ages and saw just what you are writing about today. John was Jesus' dearest and closest friend and Jesus whispered more secrets into his heart than any of the others; enough that made him shake his finger in the Pope's face and say thou art the man. In Rev. 13 Chap. 18 verse, he says: 'Here is wisdom, he that hath understanding, let him count the number of the Beast, for it is the number of a man and his number is six hundred eleven score and six', which is clearly a reference to the year (666 A. D. in which Pope Gregory by his shrewdness united State and Church. John saw it and called attention to it; said that he would steal the old Jewish Religion, inject a dead Christ into it. John also referred to a statement of Peter in which Peter corroborated John's vision of the Papacy in which he called it the Pagan Church, a bloody whore, and further on he says in Chap. 17-9 verse: "Again hear the mind

that hath wisdom, the seven heads are the seven mountains on which the woman sitteth" Bloody Whore Roman Church, which of course is the city of Rome and Papacy. Peter backs John up in all his statements, which goes to show that Peter himself hated the Papacy, and referred to it distinctly in the three lines, past present and future as "that was, is, and will be" upon the earth. My God, perilous times are upon us now, what is to be done—Here I am and use me. ERNEST E. TUGGLE.

2124 Booker, Little Rock, Ark.

A PREACHER AND SOME ROMAN CATHOLICS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Dear Sir: In the years 1909-1910 I was the pastor of the Southern Methodist churches in Burnsville and Gassaway, W. Va. Along in February, 1910, I announced in the Gassaway Times, the weekly paper of that place, a series of sermons and studies, on the Roman Catholic church.

Gassaway had a forty-thousand-dollar stone church presented to the Catholics of that town by a number of Missouri politicians. Kerens, the one who contributed largely to the Republican campaign fund in the fall of 1908, and one who is now being compensated by serving the post of our representative at the court of Austria (a Catholic country, by the way). For his campaign contributions Taft rewarded him with this important mission. When the time came for these services as announced, the Catholics were present and on the front seat. When apprised of the fact, I was almost stunned, but got a whiff of fresh air, steadied myself, and began my discourse, tracing Roman Catholic principles to paganism purely. I talked nearly an hour and didn't get half through. When well started in my discourse, the lady spokesman of the party received too severe a shock, and gave me the lie. I stopped, but rallied, and went ahead.

During the interim between this and the next service, when I was to conclude the sermon on Roman Catholicism, a lengthy petition came to me asking me to discontinue the sermons and preach some simple Gospel discourse. In looking down at the end, I was surprised to find the names of my own congregation attached to the petition. I was not then sure enough, having somewhat the red hair disposition myself. When time came for the next service I simply announced what my congregation had done, to all the people of the congregation. Some faces turned as red as beet roots and hair almost stood on end (the petition was gotten up secretly). I then told the congregation how the Catholics of New York had stifled the pen of the noted author, Arthur Brisbane, and that now a Protestant congregation had played into the hands of the Catholics, and were being used to stop the mouths of Protestant preachers. This fired my congregation more than they could stand.

They appealed to my Presiding Elder to remove me, and I was cited to trial. I was not present, but sent a written statement. The trial came off at Sutton, W. Va. Charges were preferred against me for preaching against Catholics and causing strife in the town, but my Presiding Elder, the Rev. W. I. Canter, who was an intelligent and broad-minded man, sustained me and refused to remove me. After being sustained, I agreed to resign if they would pay what was due me, which they did. Afterwards, I learned that the Catholics had threatened to take patronage away

from my members if they allowed me to continue. (My members were merchants in the town). This is a sample of how they operate here in West Virginia. If Protestants do not stand by the Protestant preacher, they can not expect to do much.

I say, on with your fight. The people are with you, and good is being accomplished. The Catholics now fear your expose of their heinous methods.

Very respectfully,

ORMAN T. HEADLEY.

Waterman, West Va.



"DREAMS, RHYMES AND FANCIES." By Victor Reese. Calvert & Hatch, Printers, Cleveland, Ohio.

In this world, there are numberless souls attuned to poetic sentiment, and these sentimental spirits must find expression in rhyme. To themselves, they seem original. Honestly, they write as though they were the first to feel the gladness of Spring, the opulence of autumn and the dreariness of winter.

They were the first to recognize the beauties of nature—hence they must sing, sweetly, tenderly of nature's varied and changing splendors.

It is sad to grow old, sad to lose friends, sad to find so much disappointment in life, sad to love the fair and not be loved in return by the aforesaid fair—but these poetic souls of our day appear to believe that it was left to them to discover all this, and to poetically interpret the novel truths to an unfeeling world.

In the little volume under review are many short poems of exquisite finish, true sentiment, and tender feeling.

They make agreeable reading, but they add nothing to one's range of thought or expression. The keys they touch are as familiar as "Home, Sweet Home."

The titles of the poems indicate their level:

"A Belated South Wind;" "A Lover's Plea;" "A Song of Sighs;" "A Woman's Heart;" "A Wraith;" "Among the

Graves;" "Autumn;" "Departed Yesterday;" "For Your Sweet Sake;" "In Your Dear Eyes;" "When Love Caressed Me;" "Where I Would Rest;" "The Violet;" "Some Day;" &c.

One poem in the volume strikes a different note, and deals with the concrete. If the author will develop that vein, abandoning melancholy musing on abstract sentimentalities, he may produce some work much more valuable than he has yet published. The poem referred to entitled

"The Wise Old Owl."

"When the little folks go on the journey of dream,

As the good little folks all do—
To who, to who!

Then the old barred owl with his eyes agleam,

And wickedly gleaming too,
Comes out of the hole where all day long
He hides from the children's view

To who, to who!

If any little boy did anything wrong

That wise old owl knows who—
Who, who!

That little boy's sleep

Will not be deep

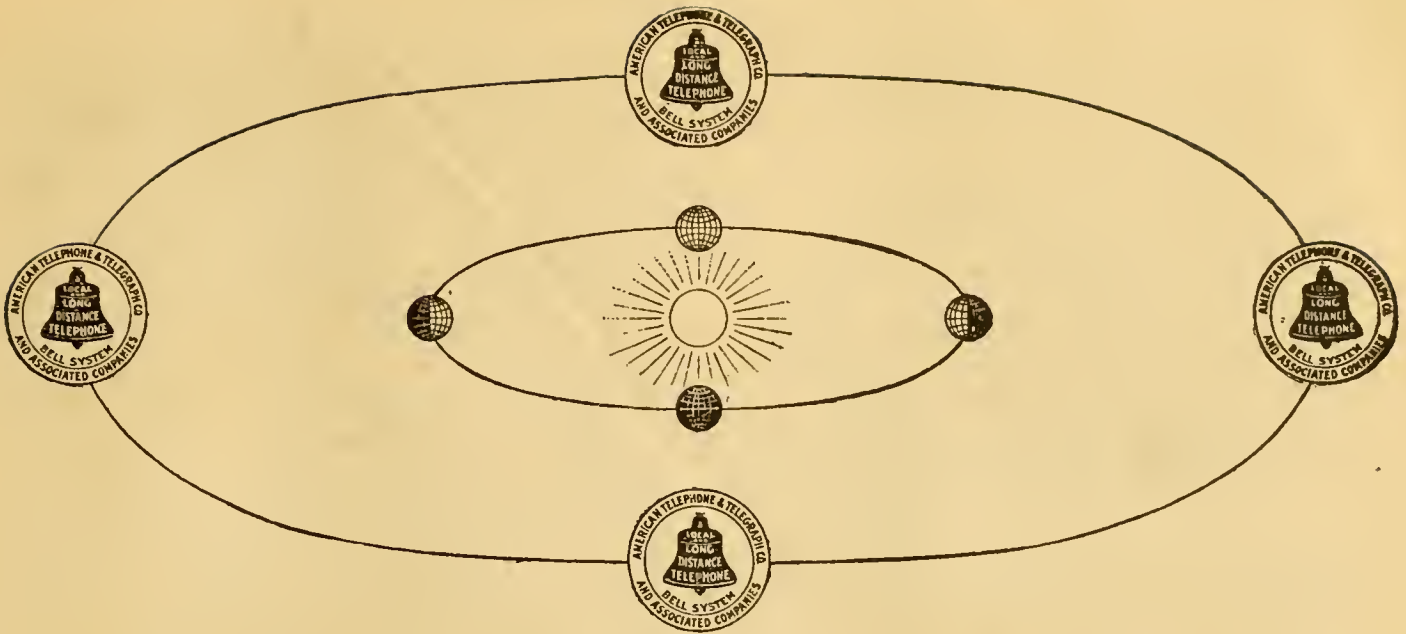
For the wise old owl knows who—

Who, who!

Now good little girls and good little boys

As good little folks all do—

To who, to who?



Comparison of the Distance Traveled by Earth and Bell Telephone Messages

The Orbit of Universal Service

In one year the earth on its orbit around the sun travels 584,000,000 miles; in the same time telephone messages travel 23,600,000,000 miles over the pathways provided by the Bell system. That means that the 7,175,000,000 Bell conversations cover a distance forty times that traveled by the earth.

When it is considered that each telephone connection includes replies as well as messages, the mileage of talk becomes even greater.

These aggregate distances, which exceed in their total the limits of the Solar system, are actually confined within the boundaries of the United States. They show the progress that has been made towards universal service and the intensive intercommunication between 90,000,000 people.

No such mileage of talk could be possible in such a limited area were it not that each telephone is the center of one universal system.

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Sleep on and dream of wonderful toys
 And the wonders strange and new,
 And all the marvelous pleasures and joys
 That slumberland weaves true.
 To who, to who!
 To the good little folks who sleep right on
 Till the wise old owl is gone.
 Who, who?
 The child whose sleep
 Is sweet and deep;
 And the wise old owl knows who,—
 Who, who. T. E. W.

"A BOOK OF VERSES." By Robert Loveman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

The poet is a Georgian, whose work merits very much more attention than it has received in his native State. He is not only an artist in composition, but is a thinker who has sounded the depths of human problems. There is much originality in his conceptions, and much beauty in the forms in which he embodies them. A few specimens from his collection will best serve the purpose of showing his genius.

At Lethe Wharf.

At Lethe wharf, what fleets of rhymes,
 And books and tomes of bygone times,
 Forgotten crafts of many climes,
 At Lethe wharf.

A thousand poets dreamed of bliss,
 A thousand poets felt the kiss,
 That Fame would press upon the brow,
 But where the silent squadron now?

Close to a dismal sunken pier,
 Blown by the winds of fate and fear,
 They ride the tide from year to year,
 At Lethe wharf.

A Deed.

He did a deed, a gracious deed—
 He ministered to men in need;
 He bound a wound, he spoke a word
 That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a loving deed—
 Oh, souls that suffer and that bleed,
 He did a deed, and on his way
 A bird sang in his heart all day.

Voices.

There are voices in the air crying, "Come,"
 They stir me like the magic of a drum,
 On the land and on the sea,
 O my soul, let us be free,
 Voices, voices, ever calling to me, "Come."

There are voices in the air calling, "Come,"
 O the sealed eyes, and lips that are dumb,
 Just to dream beneath the sky,
 Just to live, and love, and die,
 And the voices, O the voices, crying
 "Come."

This Coat of Clay.

This coat of clay doth hinder me,
 I should away, I would be free,
 This fickle flesh doth hold me here,
 Betwixt a rapture and a fear.

O, brave, new battles to be won,
 Beyond the summit of the sun!
 I should away, I would be free,
 This happy dust detaineth me.

T. E. W.

Waterloo. By Thomas E. Watson.

(From the Waterloo, Iowa, "Reporter.")

To read Thomas E. Watson, the Southern young historical writer, is to see the images he paints stand out in bold relief against the background. Anyone who has read his "Napoleon," "The Story of France," or "The Life of Thomas Jefferson" knows what to expect in his latest addition to historical research—"Waterloo." The book was first published in 1908 but the second edition just off the press contains much new matter not found in the first. Since the early edition was run several new volumes on Napoleon and his battles have been published, and from these the author has drawn new material for the work.

"Waterloo" is a concise story of the great battle told in language that cannot be misunderstood. The author is a graphic writer and his descriptions speak volumes. He analyzes the character of the men in command, he describes the positions in detail of the armies, he compares their relative strength and the advantages of the positions are shown. Step by step he carries the reader through that great struggle with a style so natural that one feels himself a part of the great army.

The book makes a welcome addition to any school or library, for it is historically correct. Accompanying the English army were commissioners appointed by the various governments which had confederated against Napoleon. Each of these commissioners made an individual account of the battle, and it is from these reports the author gets much of his material.

"Waterloo," by Thomas E. Watson, is published by the Neale Publishing Company of New York and Washington, \$1.00 net.

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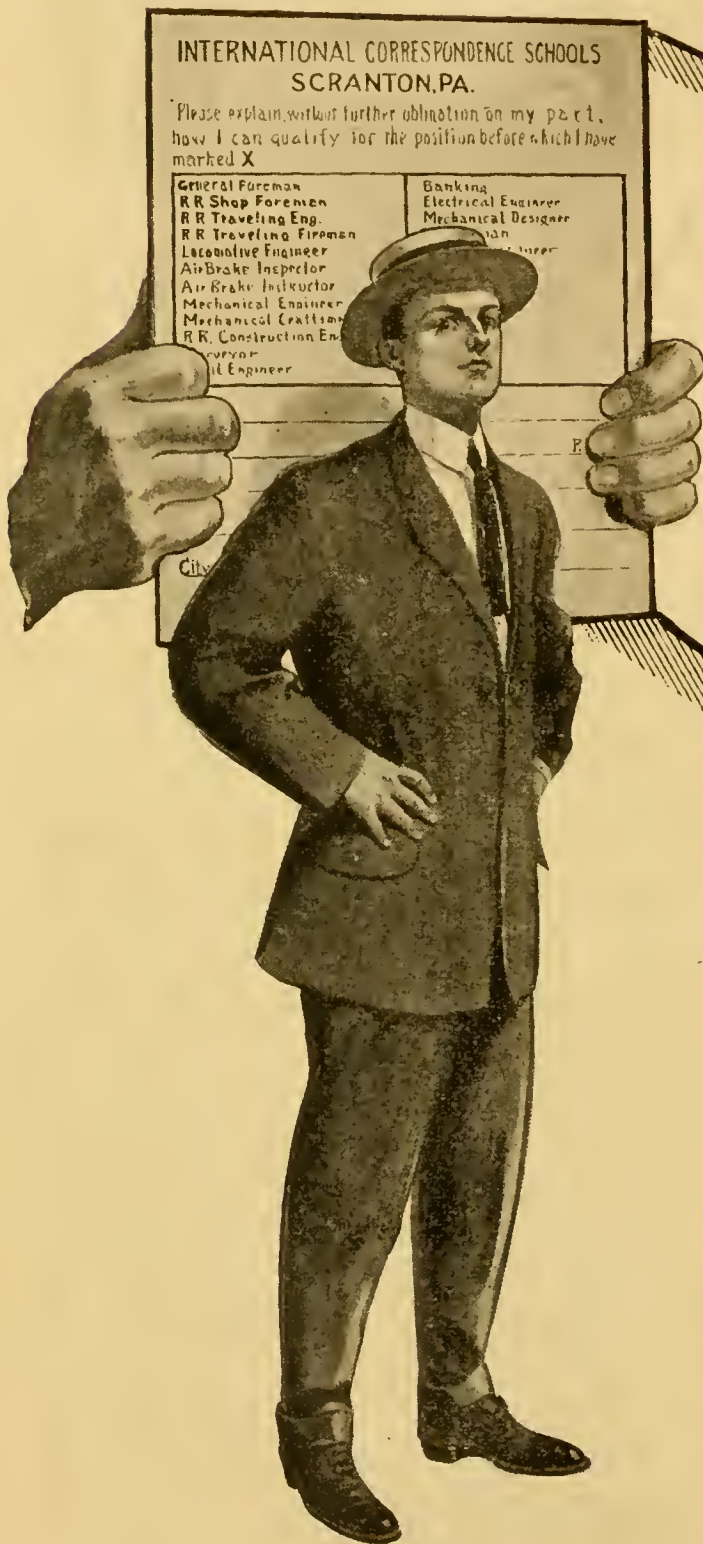
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Stationary Engineer	Mechan. Engineer	
Telephone Expert	Mechanical Draftsman	Window Trimming
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Mechanical Draftsman	Elec. Lighting Supt.	Show Card Writing
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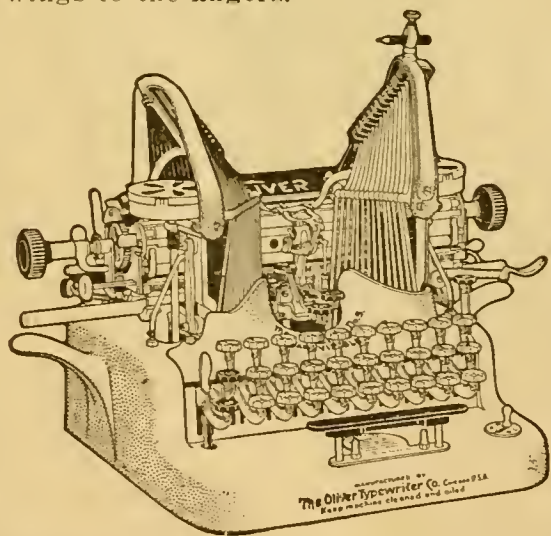
The preference of typewriter buyers is so overwhelmingly in favor of Printype that **already over 70 per cent of our total output are "Printypes."**

The advantages of Printype are **self-evident**. The story is told at a **glance**.

Its beauty, its symmetry, its clearness and **character** lend a new distinction to typewritten correspondence.

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Not only does Printype enhance the artistic appearance of typewritten matter, but it enables the operator to obtain greater **speed**, as the type is so easy on the eyes. It relieves the tension on the **nerves** and thus gives wings to the **fingers**.



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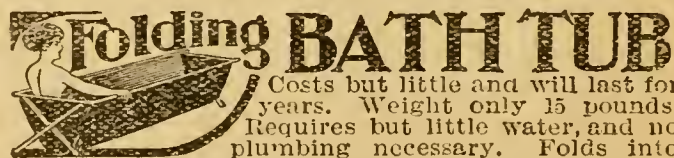
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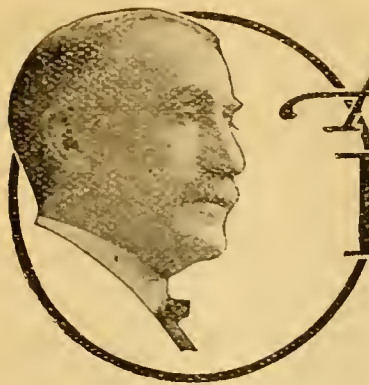
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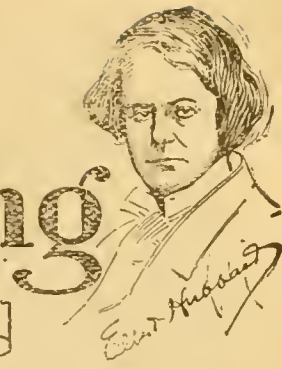


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About Remembering

by Elbert Hubbard



FOR some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, which ever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

Mr. Dickson teaches memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a graduate of three colleges. But this man is neither bright, interesting, learned nor profound.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he **cannot remember**. Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff that he pours in at the top.



Education is only what you remember.

Every little while in business I come across a man who has a **trained memory**, and he is a joy to my soul.

He is a general manager of a great corporation in a Western city. He never misses a face. If he sees you once that's enough. The next time he'll call you by name, inquire about the folks at home.

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.



This Dickson System of Memory-Training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm you exercise it. The same with your mind.



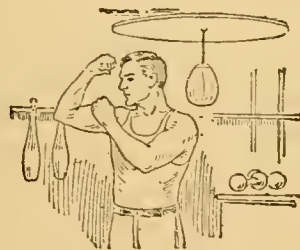
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The price of this 1911 de luxe edition is \$2.00. I will, however, present a copy absolutely FREE to every student who enrolls for my course of memory training within ten days after reading this offer.



The strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice water and forgot

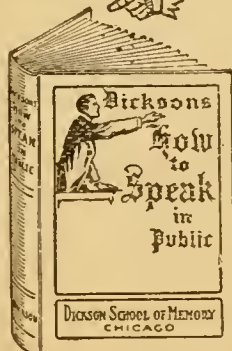


If you want to enlarge your arm you exercise it. The same with your mind

down in kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory.

Write and ask Prof. Dickson to tell you how he trains the memory.

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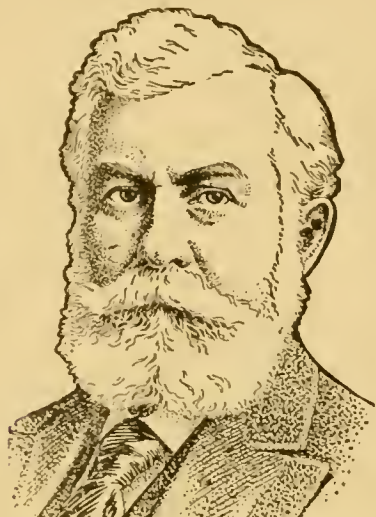
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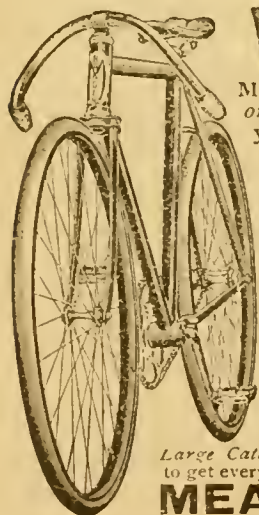
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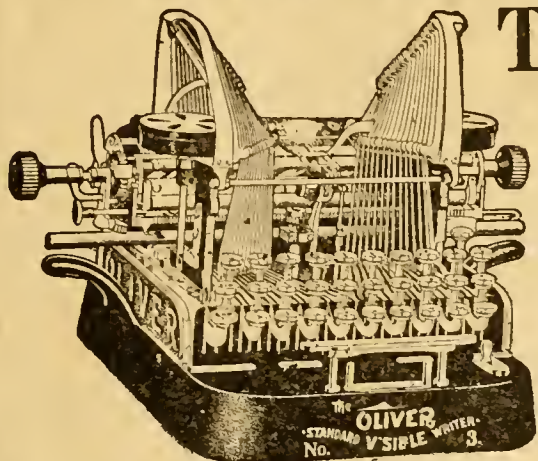
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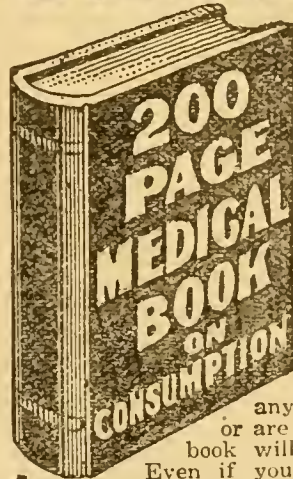
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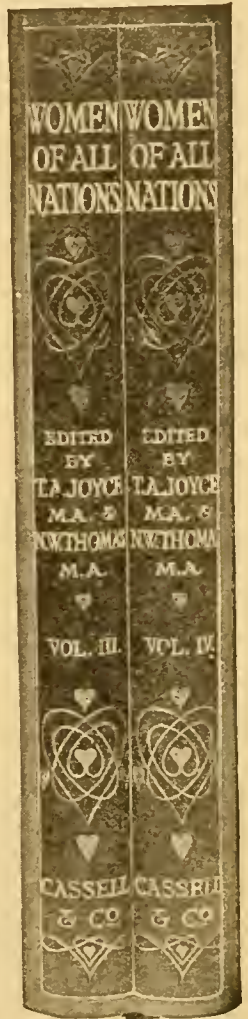
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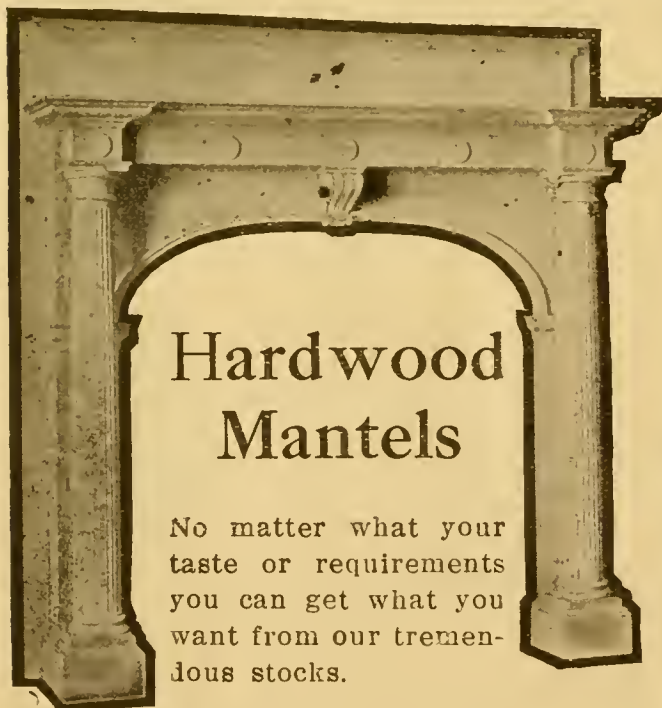
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THERE is a Romanist periodical, called *The Bulletin*, published by Joseph Benning, 24 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Vol 5, No. 5, for September and October, pages 12 and 13, it is stated that an attempt will be made at the approaching session of Congress to exclude from the mails all books, papers, writings and prints which * * * "Contain slanderous attacks upon Faith."

Hon. Francis J. Burke, a Catholic member of Congress, is to bring the matter up; and to so amend the law as to put out of business such magazines as *Watson's*.

The Bulletin then proceeds to give the names of the advertisers whom the Federation of Catholic Societies has driven away from *Watson's Magazine*—as follows:

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(The Everett Piano Co. and Chas. Cluthe & Son deny *The Bulletin's* statement.)

The Bulletin further states that I have implored these firms to restore their advertisements, promising to "close" the articles which have infuriated the Roman hierarchy.

There is no truth whatever in this assertion. The anti-Romanist chapters will go right on, in spite of all that the "Knights of Columbus" and their affiliated secret societies can do.

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