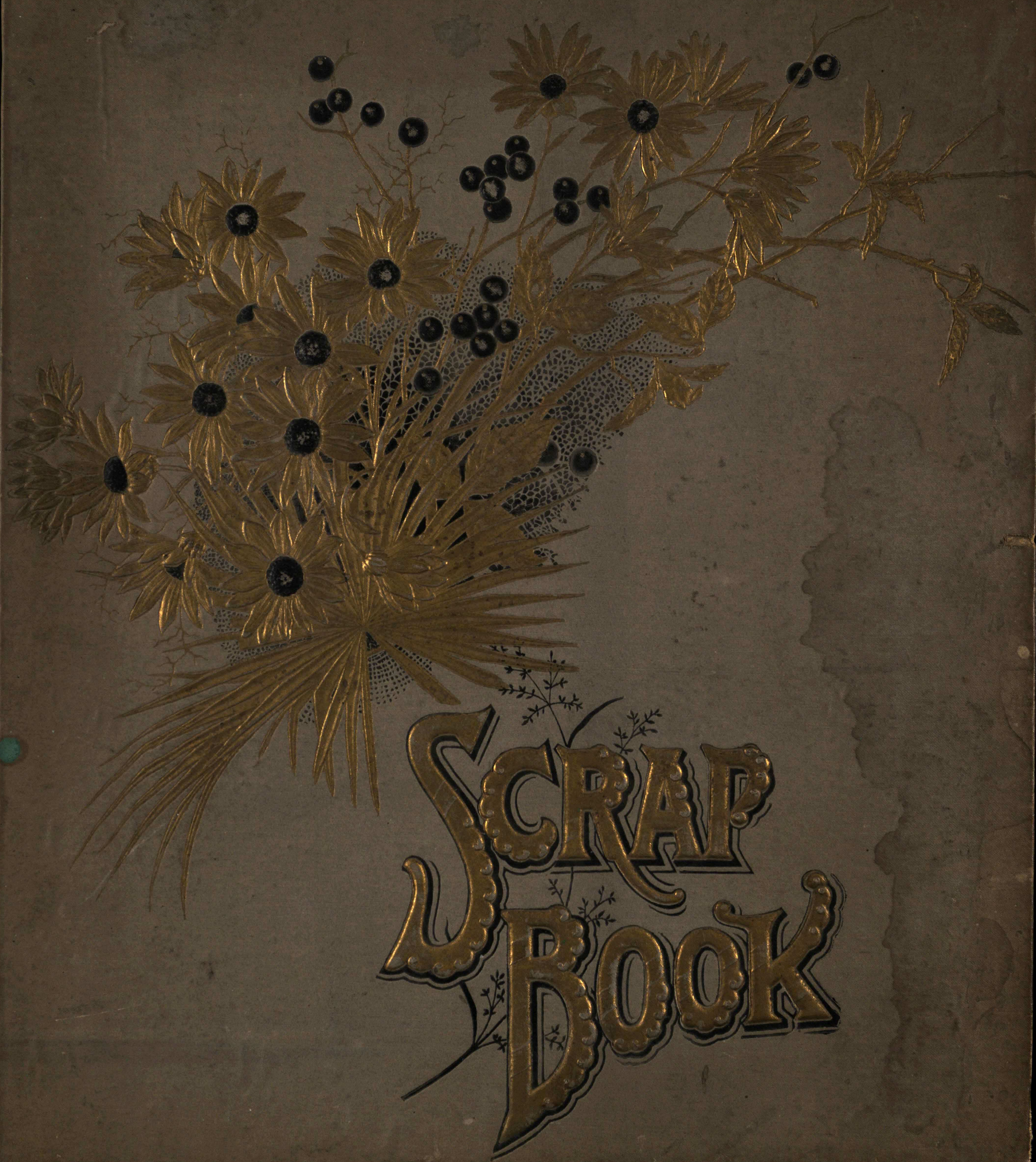
SCRAP
BOOK

The Amarillo Advocate.

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Property Ridge

Well, now, where is it? Oh, George Gould lives there; old John Rockefeller has a big house on top of the hill; Vanderbilt, Morgan, Hill and a few dozen others live on the tip top of the Ridge; and, do you know, the mansions gradually grow smaller but thicker, as you ride down into Poverty Flat where they all walk, and they don't live in mansions, but in houses and hovels, dugouts and sheds. But these dugouts, the dwellers therein expect, will sprout and grow to be residences, the houses to be mansions, and the foot paths become drives—it is the hope of being what the fellow at the top of the hill is, that keeps the fellows in Poverty Flat digging ditches and working.

Say, do you know we have awfully peculiar ideas of decency, law and order? If a fellow who lives in Poverty Flat opens a blind tiger and sells "booze" to the bloats, he is on the high road to hell, and all the preachers and most of the church members say so—that's why we believe it so strong. It must be so. Well, honor bright and no lying, it is bad, it is awful, it is wicked, it is hell! Why? Because the people who do this live without doing labor that adds to the wealth of the world; they live by obtaining the labor, the products of labor from others without giving anything in return

So, we want to call your blessed attention to another fact: There are men who loan money at a rate of interest that is unlawful, and draw the interest in advance—they violate the law daily, hourly, every time they get an opportunity; yet, they are respectable, are model citizens and no preacher dares to attack their nefarious, unlawful methods, simply because they are bought off. The people who live on Property Ridge are exempt from crime because they have bought off the censors, the courts, the preachers, the newspapers, and their victims are afraid to accuse them, else they would be deprived of the pleasure of being robbed again.

The centralization of capital, of money, of wealth, has caused the destruction of all the great nations of the past, and it is fast destroying those of the present.

There are crimes and crimes. We notice, as a rule, that which is money in our pockets to condemn and condone that which is money in our pockets to overlook. We are birds, we are!

The editor of the Poverty Flat Bladder chews fine cut tobacco, the only habit that would indicate that we live on Property Ridge. It is not the fellows who spend money that hurt the town, the country, it is the fellows who keep it and loan it back to you—they are the enemies of all people, the real enemies that will one day wreck the goverment and destroy this civilization. They live on Property Ridge.

Some of them have habits that would make an outcast of a Poverty Flater, yet they buy immunity; and some of them are coarse and vulgar, yet they are received in the best company; some of them are not fit to tie the shoes of the editor of the Poverty Flat Bladder(that's getting them down mightylow)yet we put them in important positions, at the head of great enterprises—we are fools from the top of the ladder to the basement of ignorance.

It is easy to denounce unpopular evils; it is easy to ride in the van of public folly; it is easy to float on the froth of popular prejudice, but, by jings, its no funny matter to beard the devil in his den, and we tell you that he lives on Property Ridge, and will live there and hold high carnival, and raise hell and drown the infernal racket with hallelujahs and mock praise to the Most High.

Skucks! We are not paid to preach, but we felt so very religious that we had the devil when we finished this article pass the hat, and the "boys" donated enough to buy a "cold bottle." "Cold bottles" have led many a man to a "hot" end. Beware!

Most of us preachers begin at the little end of the horn to polish it. It is so much easier. We tackle the minnows first—they have no teeth. John Rockefeller buys off the Baptists, and robs the world; while there are others who donate to the churches for the same reason. This money is fast destroying their usefulness.

If you don't like this, we will double the dose.

Spot a Fake.

Sure! Anybody can, just as far as you can see one. The smirking, obsequious, conservative, hypocritical "kusses" are as easy to "spot" as the dark, mysterious location of the liar where the "blind tiger" lies down. "Know thee thyself, presume not God to scan, the proper study of mankind is man, so said the immortal hunchback." A fake carries the proper face; uses deferential gestures; resorts to harmony pleadings; preys on the ignorant, the superstitious, the credulous.

J. F. Lockney

Was born, of course you know this—as the circumstance cut considerable figure in our history, we remember hearing folks say this memorable event occured April 25, 1856, in Saline county, Missouri—47 years ago. Geewhillikins! but a lot of things have happened since then that we do remember. Among others we went to school between the closing of cotton picking and and the beginning of corn planting time, and at the age of seventeen we got a certificate under J. C. Degress' republican administration and went to teaching school. One short term satisfied us and also our patrons—then we went west, into the "cowpunching" business, which we followed for nine years. This educated us so we could adapt ourselves without friction to any condition—sold out our stealings in 1884 and went into the mercantile business—quit this after becoming pretty smooth in the art of elaboration, ornamentation and prevarication - this peculiarly fitted us for the news-paper work—forgot to tell you we came to Texas on the day that Abraham Lincoln was elected president of the United States in November, 1860. Don't forget this—both history making epochs—one freed the niggers, the other niggered the creeds. In 1890 we entered the newspaper field as a business—before this we had nibbled at it by special correspondence and occasionally contributed a classic. By actually becoming an editor all the poetry of the profession and bliss we anticipated has been knocked into the realm of absolute annihilation—but we like it. We have learned this much, that the fellow who said, "The world is what we make it" was a liar. If he had said, That the world is what all the ages, all the people and all the countless beings that breathe, fly, crawl, hop, jump, run, swim, squirm, wiggle and creep make it, then he would have hit the nail on the head, But this is our history and not his. Our parents were poor but scrupulously honest—result, we are not rich and unscrupulously honest—but this can be remedied.

Come to Amarillo two years ago—big thing for the town we did—never had a first-class newspaper before—some sapheads still saying the same thing. The town has doubled in wealth, population and all the other adjuncts that go with these two—our fault.

What would the Advocate be without Amarillo—reverse the statement and the result is equally direful. "Two years is a long time to stay in one place," as the convict said to the tombstone—we've never felt like either.

The world, from the outside, looks good to us—intend to occupy the same relative position until our hold slips—take the consequences--we have to.

Our most sincere thanks are due all those who have patronized this Special. You will be amply repaid. It is full of other good things besides your ad. Send it on a mission to your old neighbors—it will do them good. It will act as a magnet to draw them to this beautiful, fertile, grand and glorious country. To know the truth of things is real life—our features were to subtle to be caught by the photographers and engravers mechanical methods, hence no picture of us, appears. If you desire to see us, to know us, to fully and completely comprehend us and have an eternal engravure of us, go and absorb our essence, almighty, everlasting, unchangable TRUTH, alias

J. F. LOCKNEY.

IDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1903.

A Challenge.

Quite a sweeping challenge appeared in a local paper last week, signed by the Rev. B. W. Dodson. Wonder if the gentleman would accept a challenge from a skeptic, the skeptic to name all the subjects? It appears he is willing to divide time in a "mouth" contest, where what is said is wafted away on the breezes—would he take a little more time and commit his thoughts to the safe keeping of printers ink?

What is said on paper connot be unsaid, cannot be twisted, turned and evaded—this offhand, limber-tongued way of discussing important subjects does not teach the public a great deal.

Now, we have a challenge to submit:

First. All books are Inspired, This Article As Much So As The Writings of Paul. We affirm. The field is open to any one who may desire to deny.

Second, The Priesthood in All Ages has Extorted Money from the Pablic Without Giving Anything Therefor. We affirm, anyone who chooses may deny.

Third, God Is All The Good We Know. We deny, any one who may affirm.

Fourth, Man Has Two Natures, Physical and Spiritual—We deny, we carenot who affirms.

The Columns of this paper are open to discussion without moderators, but with moderation. All personalities to be forbidden, each to be answered the week following, not more than two columns of any one argument.

We do not confine this challenge to local men. It is open to foreign competition. We are ready to discuss subjects of our own choosing, now. If no one accepts them, our readers may conclude our positions are correct—see?

It All Depends?

"No use to tell a mole of the beautiful sunlight, he will still affirm there is no such a thing as light," and it is said that a man who knows only one religion knows none. "The national banking laws are good," so say those who derive a benefit, a cash consideration from them; "saloons are good things," so say those who get money by running them. "The Standard Oil monopoly is a fine thing," so says the magnates who get money from the monopoly: "our church is right," so says the preacher who gets a cash equivalent for propogating certain doctrines, and you might carry this line of illustration on indefinitely. It only proves that men will brag on whatever occupation gives them bread and clothes. Such arguments are worthless, are ignorant, and a a public with a particle of intelligence and a spark of knowledge would ridicule such statements.

It is a safe rule to discredit the statement of a man who is getting his bread and clothes by making it.

Eli Perkins said in his lecture Monday night that ridicule was always used to put down truth This is true, and being true it answers all that Granville Jones said concerning the Advocate last Friday night. Men of sense realize this, and we haven't time to waste trying to reach and other class.

Granville Jones remarked that we should buy a hogshead of perfume and have it charged to the W. C. T. U. No amount of perfume could drown the bad odor that will cling to Granville as long as life and as strong as death. The cold and chilly waters of the river Stix may cleanse him and he may reach that place, across the swelling tide, that forsakes all understanding, yet the memory of evil deeds will cling to him longer and stronger than all the odor of the most possible perfume that the skill and ingenuity of the most wonderful chemist could extract. But, forgive us, we should be throwing kisses instead of rocks at the "dear departed." It was the "rocks" of the other fellows, who found him too "dear" before he departed.

Just "Chaw" This.

The editors of this paper are the editors. No committees of pros or antis write, revise, correct or devise our "hot air." We are both 21 and out of the asylum and the pen and have not had a guardian appointed, and we are personally, politically, morally and actually responsible for the Advocate, and what's more, we are not ashamed of it and don't have to apologize. We do as we can, say what we think and take what comes. The man who does less or more is either a fool, a crank or a hypocrite. Now swear!

Granville Jones has been lecturing and preaching in the city this week. He is quite a pleasant talker, but he will have to be exceptionally nice, for many years before much weight will attach to his arguments.

The Expected

Has happened. A few have ordered the Advocate stopped, like grandfathers clock; "stopped short never to go again." How we pity them! Our hearts bleed for them, just as a cat does for a rat; like a hawk does for a chicken. We are the hawk, with a hooked bead to rend and tear the tender flesh of the innocent, with talons like the hawk to clutch and cling until the bones of the victims are as clean as a tin p atter licked by a hungry pup.

Our mission on earth is to civilize and save the sanctimonious pharisee or else to salt them down so he will keep and that we are doing our duty nobl , the stoppages that have occurred by the reason of the part we played in the late campaign, is most miraculously attested. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and we dose out the medicine that most feliciously accomplishes the mission whereunto it is sent. Our readers, as the years grow into the grave of the past, increase in numbers and knowledge; their hearers decrease in both. While they anathematise all who do not believe as they do and damn to the uttermost dissenters to their worpip ed and witless views, we hold out to all the fullest, freest life here and a peaceful and undisturbed slumber forever hereafter. We charge wages for our work, they collect toll from all and pay in promises so far in the future that it is impossible to verify them.

To express a glad truth and properly impress it on our readers, we feel gratified by having the particular individuals stop our paper, it is conclusive that our shots pierced the toughest hide and penetrated the brain of the most obtuse. Their displeasure is as much as a benediction and their opposition is a greater incentive to redouble our efforts in the mighty work to help man to live and enjoy this life, which we conceive to be the grandest work in this world.

What Makes Criminals?

It is sometimes argued that the sale of intoxicating liquors makes crime, and those arguing it produce any amount of statistics to prove this. We desire to show you the sophistry of their arguments.

Take Texas, make a careful note of all the criminals. Statistics show that 97 per cent of those confined in the penitentiaries are christians. Well, we argue that christianity sends 97 men to the penitentiary and infidelity sends 3 men out of every hundred. If not, why not? Evidently, and you cannot deny it, their beliefs had a great deal to do with their crimes. You seldom ever hear of a Jew being sent to the pen in the United States. Tkey are, nearly without exception, anti-prohibitionists. If being antis makes criminals why does not this rule hold good with reference to the Jews?

The Mohammedons are all prohis. It is abhorrent to them to see a man drink, yet the Turks are the most bloodthirsty and brutal people in the world. Every reading man knows this. In many instances the commission of crime can be traced to drinking. Still, informed men know that religious discussion, differences of religious views have caused more crime, more murders, more wars, more misery than all other causes combined. Actually, religion has done more harm to the human family than all other agencies, will you, therefore, say let's do away with all religions? This would be folly. Whatever a man believes is his religion, and if he has any brains he believes something, so you cannot do away with religions. Men will die for their religion, lie for it, perjure themselves, do anything. They do it every day. If a man believes the christian bible and believes that bible gives him the right to do certain things, he will do them. So with any and all religions. There is no difference. Men get put in the penitentiary for violating certain laws and getting caught. The small, ignorant criminals are caught and convicted. The real criminal, the one that is dangerous to society escapes unwhipped. There are many instances in this state. Our trust laws are over ridden every day by the Standard Oil Co., by the railroads, by the Express Co., by the packing houses, yet they are able to hire smart lawyers, who for money, which is but another name for bread and butter, will sell their ability to defeat the object of the law. Nearly every bank in the state violates the law with impunity, you know this. Many men have been charged with attacks on the virtue of defenceless women, how many of them have been convicted? These educated criminals are being whitewashed by the courts, by committees, by organizations and sent forth with certificates of character to prey on the innocent.

While we know there is nothing to prove the existence of a red-hot, horrible, excruciatingly damnable hell, sometimes in the hate of our hearts, we almost pray that there ought to be; for how else would those hyena-hearted, lecherous demons ever be punished for the misery they produce, the heartaches, the tears they cause, the hell on earth they create?

It is the smooth, affable, insinuating, cultivated, polished man that seduces women. It is not the whiskey-bloat, the gambler, the public denounced criminal. Even if they desired they have not the opportunity. It is not these men who break your banks and rob hundreds and thousands of honest toilers! It is not not these men who combine to control the commerce of a state and rob labor by combination! They never organized the beef trust that is robbing every man who owns a cow in this state!

It is seeing the impunity with which these great criminals prey on virtue, on labor that almost makes criminals of us all. You know this, be you preacher, layman or fool.

In every community we find demons, damnable in design, fiendish in execution, devilish in cunning preaching virtue, temperance and morality; their eloquence is a cloak to their designs; their soberness a shield, the spider's web to the unwary.

The people are robbed of the land, the price of their labor is made by greed, and the golden calf of a heartless lot of agitators, who have mistaken communion with the devil for direction from deity, is set up for them to worship.

How you vote is not the question. It is honesty that counts in national character. A fellow once said, "The more I see of men the better I like dogs." Nearly every dog is honest if you give him his dinner. Not so with men. There are other things they scheme and plan to encompass. Give them ability, they want power; give them ability and power, they desire conquest, and in many instances their desire of conquest takes the direction of lecherous old Soloman and Notorious Brigham Young. Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing.

An Idea.

Bear in mind, that you'll find original matter in the Advocate that our competitors cannot produce—they have neither the tools. facilities nor the work shop. News is but gossip dignified by being printed; programs, parties, games, sales, fashions, accidents, births, deaths, marriages and countless items of similar character are reported to sa isfy an abnormal appetite, which is created and cultivated like the taste for limberger and beer—it may be legitimate, but leaves you nothing. After absorbing all the cheeze and booze and gossip that your waist-band and hat-band can circumference, you are the same ignorant lout that begins the business. You remind me of the fellow who built a hog pen near the falls of Niagara, and declared that he was going to rear a superior breed of swine. He maintained that the falls was sublime, that the wealthy, fashionable and literati of the world visited the place, but he fed those hogs swill from a brewery. They fattened fast, gained in avoirdupois and soon made fine porkers and later on bacon and lard. While streaks of lean and fat were found in the meat, there was no evidence that the sublime scenery had been inbibed, none of the wealth of fashion had been retained, and all the juvins who had talked in hearing of the hogs had left not a trace of intellect.

And so the same old diet will produce the same kind of ignorant apeople.

Wit, wine and women, the holy trinity that damns and delights, that cheers and chide that rules and ruines, that makes and breaks, builds and tears down; the acme of desire, the fruition of hope, the consolation of man.

How "Hell" Originated.

"In the long ago," as the fable runs, "there was a stingy man who had a fine orchard and a nice garden and kept a great dog. Just across the creek there lived a lazy negro who had a large family and several dogs. Around this orchard and garden there was a high picket fence, and through the cracks of the fence the negro often stopped to feast his eyes on the lucious fruit and magnificent melons. But this did not fill his stomach. Appetite will sometimes drive a man to run greater risks than real courage. This negro resolved, one moonless, murky night, to invade the sancity of the stingy preserves and appropiate sufficient of the orchard and garden to appease his insatiable and ungovernable longing for the nectareous fruit and delicious melons.

Night draws on a pace; the hour is propitious, the coast clear, the stingy man abed, the great dog dozing. All nature seemed to conspire with the coon to assist him in his maruading. Over the fence he climbed, and straight for the largest melon, which in his daily looking's and longings, he had accurately located. But when he reached the melon he must thump it—no black man ever pulled one without doing this—plunk! plunk! plunk! The first thump waked the great dog, which sounded the alarm and rushed after the negro, who made for a small apple tree which grew near. He quickly climbed it and reached the top just as the dog arrived. Horror of horrors, and holy angels defend us! the weight of the negro begun to bend the tree and the dog at once grasped the situation as fully as he did the negro a moment later. Realizing his awful peril, his frightful doom, one weird, wild, woeful wail rent the night, one agonizing cry for, "Hel—" but before he could articulate the last letter the dog had him, and now when folks get in a hurry, fail to get the melon, or some wild beast is about to get them, or awful calamity is imminent they cry for "Help," and double the "l" and forget to add the "p."

SQUIBLETS.

All is not beer that foams.

The jail is the anti room to hell.

Adam was never a good boy, so he had no chance to die young.

God has no bill collector—His accounts are all settled in eterrity.

Fashions, freaks and fakirs fatten on follies, feast on fools and fry the fat out of the fickle.

"The memory is the thing you forget with;" the soul is the thing you put off when you sleep at last.

The less a doctor knows the surer he is of his diagnosis.

The "point" of the story often "lies" in the telling, as does the teller.

Thanksgiving.

What's that you say? There is no God for the hungry poor! Hush, mad beggars, lest in His anger He strike yon dumb,—you that will not praise. No God for the poor! Look up where the blue heavens bend above you in brooding sympathy and the beneficent sun sends down its warming rays; hear the winds whispering among the fallen leaves; look where song birds chant, and belated flowers bloom—are they not all for you, for you? and is not the great God good? You want something else, you say. You do not care for baked meats or lucious wine, nor sunshine nor flowers. You want only bread, bread for your starving children, and clothes to hide their nakedness from the prying northwind. Thankless wretches, thus to complain, when you have sunshine and air, and life and liberty! What do you say? Air and sunshine sit lightly on empty stomachs, and liberty is a mewling mockery, when men are dying for bread.

Enough of your grewsome wailing! What care we, the well kept, for you or your brawling brood? Rags and filth are good enough, and if you can't beg bread, there's to river—go hide yourselves. We'll have no groans on this good day. We want, in our good company, none but the merry ones, who laugh sing and pray. So come, you jolly rich, put on your robes of silks and furs, and you well-to-do middle men, shake out the well-kept Sunday suits. The festal board is spread; there is turkey and chicken, and the white breasts of quail; juicy venison and roasted pig; pies galore, and luscious cakes and grapes; the coffee is steaming hot; and when you are through there'll be red wine. Come, eat your fill, and when you are sure you can eat no more, we will go up to the temple to sing an anthem and say our prayers. What though the Other Half be hungry and cold, is this not the day of joy and plenty and praise? —Addison Clark Jr. 1902—Republished, in last issue of Livestock Champion.

We reproduce the foregoing extract from the article for the purpose of emphasizing the real opinions held by the late Addison Clark, Jr., a thinker, a sincere and fearless writer.

Had the full force of the severe castigaiion given the rich and the well-to-do, been fully understood by the Champion, we doubt if the article would have been reproduced. It is a sublime expression of the hollow mockery of thanksgiving as kept to-day. It is a faithful re-production of the utter want of charity and feeling in those who go up and sing and pray and fill the foul carcasses full of rich food while the other half of humanity is hungry, cold and miserable.

The Champion certainly did not realize the intense sarcasm contained in the awful arraignment. Does he not say that those who go up well dressed, sleek and content and thank God for being so bountiful and merciful to all His people, while the hollow eyes of hunger and naked form of want in hate is looking though the frosted window at the hypocrites?

Addison Clark, Jr., was peculiarly well qualified to speak on this subject. Had he not numberless times been one of this upper throng, this thoughtless favored, and had he not noted with pangs of pity, the starved and naked half of the city that could not go to this hypocritical manifestation of praises to a good God who is starving and freezing one half the people and feeding and warming he other half? The brutal absurdity of it all made a wonderful impression on his acute understanding, and the article from which we quote the foregoing most logically and clearly sets this forth. With charity for those of his immediate family, who were slaves to the prevailing custom, with surprising tenderness for them who honestly believed otherwise, he veils his caustic arraignment, so the blind cannot see. Only those who have felt. who have stood on the same sacred, prescient ground realize the full force of the article.

A fellow said yesterday that while walking down an alley he came a cross a couple of youngsters smoking cigerettes and dringing from a mysterious looking bottle. He said to them, "say, where are your mothers that they permit you to contract such bad habits?" One of the youngsters replied, "Hey, Rube, what's it to you? But if you wanter know, they are out whooping it up for the prohi's. now be good, won't you?"

Poverty Flat.

Some Cogitations and Some that are not.

Well—no, we're not well. Some how, we may be wrong, who can tell?', but it does seem strange to us that infinite wisdom, coupled with infinite love and infinite mercy, could not make a world without filling it chock full of small pox germs, typhoid germs, measle germs, grip micrbes, pneumonia microbes tuberculosis, bacilli, yellow fever, plagues, itch, cholera, and ten million other things. Were these things added to add to our happiness? Or were they created or evoluted through experiment? Don't expect you to answer. Besides all these things, there are snakes, bugs, lizards, beasts, insects and oodles of varmints and reptiles that lie in wait to bite, sting, poison, maim, or eat us. How lovely! Then there are earthquakes, cyclones, lightning and a few other things that clips us off as easy and unceremoniously as the bondholder clips his coupons. Then on top of all this heterogeneous mass of calamities, enemies and accidents, we rob, kill, steal, lie and injure each other. What a lovely mess! Surely infinite wisdom, unselfish love and unstrained mercy is at the bottom of it all. But, like the fellow who was trying to look through the mountain into the valley beyond, blamed if we can see it.

After we climb the mountain top, after we reach the delectable heights of Buelah, perhaps, ay! perhaps, the fog will lift, the veil be split from bottom to top and we can put on our second sight spectacles, and live away and apart from the world, forget its woe and worry, its heart ache and hunger, and see the glories that lie beyond the confines of life and folly and that await the one who is so selfish, so lost to every throb of feeling that he can live and rejoice in the very face of misery and death.

This reminds us, we met a man this morning who said, "You have no niggers, who do you lay the chicken stealing on?"

That's it exactly; on whom do you lay your meanness. Surely there must be a scape goat, on which to pack your sins —is there? In Poverty Flat we acknowledge the "corn," is that confessing our sins? Maybe so.

Some how we get pessimistic—do you blame us? You do? why? This is why. If we offer to do you a job for a dollar, you wont it done for six bits. If we offer to do it for six bits, you say, "cant you do it for fifty cents?"

Now, smoke this: We dont have to work. We have our choice. Work or starve. The whole human family has the same option, and they all work, or work the fellow that does work. The race is divided into two classes: The worker, and the worked; to which class do you belong?

We are not inquisitive, but there is one secret we would like to know; it is the "secret of success."

Daniel Sully, the great New York cotton bull that covered the cotton crop, has failed—he WAS a succor, he IS a failure: How close the feet of failure treads on the heels of success!

Eggs are only 12½ for 12. It hardly pays to keep hens. Why is it, in the winter time, when eggs are two for a nickel or more the hens just stand arouud with their hands in their pocket, and appear to be oblivious of the fact that hen fruit is climbing out of reach of honest folks.

People who work can't afford to pay high prices. Now, the long, warm days are coming, coal bills are less, fewer clothes are needed, and it gives us the chance to put more of our wages into our stomaches, so as to be prepar ed for next winter.

Yes, like the grasshopper, we sing all summer in the blessed sunshine, and dance by the light of the moon, forgetful of cold dark winter that is coming—why should we care? It is an endless round of nonsense.

Do the same things over and over; eat, drink, sleep; get up, eat, drink, work—the next we repeat. From the cradle to the pottersfield, and the feller who holds out the most blessed promise and the brightest crown to you does it for a miserable, miserly nickel, with which he goes and buys broad cloth. Oh, the folly.

But, let the clouds roll over, and the gentle glorious rain fall, and the grass, and buds, and birds, and beasts all come alive, and let us all, with the other insects and animals bask and bathe in the good old summer time that is surely coming, and with it, the spring chicken—amen.

Stop My Paper.

Two more ordered their papers stopped this week, and we added fifteen new ones to our subsubscription. Thirteen increase. Well, we can stand it. But, you ought not to be hasty. The next fight may be something else, and who knows, you may learn something and wabble around on our side, and want our help. Did you ever notice what a different tune folks sing when a paper panders to their fool whimsicalities? It would do you good to observe more and say less. We are fine newspaper people when we advocate your pet hobies, but fools when we oppose them. Folks who are not intelligent enough to defend their position in the columns of a newspaper, usually reply by saying, "Oh, I couldn't decend to a newspaper controversy." Nobody believes such statements. It is merely evidence of ignoranoe or confession of a weak position.

Fools, fakes and fanatics are three classes of animals we avoid—to which class do you belong?

This is a free country, mostly. Use your judgment and if you havn't any, use your mouth. The Advocate has bui't up an appreciative class of patronage and readers which has been done by decent methods. If you don't approve of that character of paper—there are others.

Poverty Flat

P F W W Discuss Xmas

The Club had a called meeting to discuss the feasability of a Xmas tree for the Poverty Flatters.

The President presided and called the meeting to order and stated the object, after which they proceeded to talk about how to make a Xmas dress last longest. Mandy Miggs said she had turned her merino inside out and upside down and this Xmas caught her without money or credit, both ends and sides of the merino faded and frayed and she'd like to hear suggestions as to the best method of treating a top garment so that it could stand the wear and tear and turbulence of the holidays. This seemed to be a poser. But Grandma Jenkins said "I wus in jes that fix fifteen year ago yistiddy an I hed a nabur thet cum to my resku like a kristshun. She told me to cut the lower half of the skirt off, sow the top an bottum together and baste a strip of an other color allroun where the seem wus an other strip lower down and tell 'em that wus the wa Capt. Washington's daughter Eugenia Ann trimmed her second da dress. En it worked like a charm." Mandy said, "I'll shore try it, an Granma Ime a thousan times obleeged to you."

Mrs. Hooligan's baby that fell in last week's tub was brought in and kissed for luck and for the old maids to practice on, it being a boy baby.

After this the business of the meeting was called up again and Mrs. Prolific got up and said: "Ez fur me, Ime agin this Xmas doins. Fokes cook for two week's, and fix and fume and when Xmas dose cum the wimmin air jes tuckered out. Then the men and children eat fur two dase and half of em git sick. What we need is to stretch Xmas out over more territory. We need to expand the pleasure and not our stomocks. Sum fokes think Xmas is jes to eat and booze, an that the 4th of July is to make a fuss. Sich fokes make me tired. En besides Ive got eight children an only six whole sox on the place, Ide like to know how they are to hang up their sox? The children mite a had sox, but Jim's had to pay interest on his lots, and then he got a bank to take up the note en he had to pay more than he did before, but Jim says the banks are a mity good thing; fur the bankers I reckon. But, law when I wus a gal I looked ford to Xmas a mity site differnt from what I do now. Then I ust to lay awake en wonder what ole Santy Claws would put in my stockin:' It's a heap diffrent when you air Santy Claus, then you wonder what in the worle you can git to put in 'em."

A committee was appointed to go around and see who was too poor buy presents, and the Committee was especially instructed to buy things the children needed, and not buy any whistles, or horns, or toy pistols, or fire crackers, for they decided that a present to be properly appreciated must be beautiful and useful and that nothing looked more beautiful to a barefooted boy than a pair of shoes, and that the sweetest thing for a ragged girl was a nice new dress.

Some one suggested that a dinner be prepared for those who had none, but Mrs. Tom Pane said "No, the Salvation army folks will do that, an they don't know a bit better than to stand on the corner in the cold and listen to the jeers and jibes of the foolish and beg for money to buy a dinner, and I heard yesterday that they was fixing up a good dinner. Some thing substantial that would stick to hungry folk's ribs like a sore toe to a bad boy. Them Salvation folks are awful beggars but they are not a bit stuck up ane Tom said they would talk to folks that the other denominations wouldn't notice, and Tom he's studied this subject mighty close and knows. No, let them salvation folks fix the dinner, do the work and get all the glory. They are entitled ot it."

Snobley Sneaks rushed in about this time and said that a ew family had moved into the old Nuggs place, just back of the old Methodist church and that they had amillion of chickens and had turned them loose in the yard. The meeting adjourned Sine night.

Cows Up.

Where? In the pen, we mean, Some folks favor putting them up and some don't. The public good is the most good to the greatest number of people. One old red cow has broke into our feed house and destroyed about $7 worth of feed for us this year, besides breaking fences; loss of hot air expressed in most emphatic syllables, and worriment.

Now, we are setting out a few trees and if any body's old cow breaks in and destroys those trees, there is going to be a wild west scene that would curl the hair on a wooden indian.

Also, we intend to plant some garden and flowers next spring and woe be to the cow, calf, horse, Jackass, mule or miserable animal that makes a track in our Poverty Flat garden.

Understand, unforeseen circumstances over which we exercised no control, whatever, have forced us out of the poultry business, and we are going to raise garden truck, trees and trouble for any bovine that trespasses.

Keep the cows up, or send them to the pasture. We have a car load of scientiffc statisticst signed by Mother Grundy, Mrs. Winslow and a cantakerous old maid who couldn't bear a brat, all stating in lucid, logical and emphatic language that keeping cows up increased the flow of milk and decreased the flow of the neighbors language. That it was better for the cows, far better for the trees, gardens and grain houses of the neighbors and that the milk and butter was delicious.

Who wants to pasture the streets of the city and the premises of their neighbors? Who wants to make scavengers of their milk cows? Who wants to graze a measly cow in our back yard? Who, by hokey?

Town is no place for loose stock, lousy kids or lewd women. Gee whilikins what is the world coming to, anyway? To an end you say? Which end? It is the depredating cow that is coming to an end. Amarillo streets might be a good feeding ground for goats, as they can live and thrive on tin cans and cuss words but a cow can't. Put up the cows and let's try it. If it don' work let's turn 'em out pasture every yard to the bare earth in the blasted town. Bear in mind we are for prohibition this time. We desire to prohibit cussing when some fellows old cow, that looks like the result of mismanagement of the progeny of a long horn, pokes her probocis in our preserves and proceeds to put away every thing untied and out-doors on the place.

We've got seven babies, five kittens and a neighbor has three puppies, and we believe the whole push can survive if every cow is penned. It may sour the milk, but it's our opinion it is the disposition of the fellow who has to pen his cow that will sour. All the figures about microbes, and germs, and gim cracks is mostly rubbish. Why, we gobble up fifteen millions of microbes every day and its the worse for em. Let 'em keep out of the way.

Petitions and things are being get up worse [illegible] "booze" campaign, and folks are standing together and fighting for the liberty of old Suke and Pide that never before battled for the liberty of man or beast. Well, we've swapped sides, for we believe too much cow liberty is prejudicial to potted plants, trees and yards, and, what has the cow done for us, anyhow, that we should be mindful of her? She don't cook, nor wash, nor iron, nor scrub, nor tattle, nor anything that a woman does, unless it is to be in sombody's yard when she ought to be at home. And, you can shut her up; so different from a woman, and keep her shut up. Such a blessed privelige that a man has the opportunity to shut up something of the feminine gender that he can heep shut up. By all means let's do it, and save our shrubbery, our morals, hard feelings and the like.

What little grass a cow gets wouldn't fill a tick, let alone a cow. All they get is air and sunshine and abuse. Pen 'em and take the top off the shed and let them have all the blessed sun shine and bracing air their carcasses can consume and bar out the abuse. Now, you can just vote as you blame please on this question and we won't blame you a bit, and may the lord have mercy on your soul.

Well, Granville Jones is gone, so is the money that was given him to come here and spout "hot air." His prohibition and christianity can be accurately gauged by the fee he gets. He is a splendid talker, as smooth as oil and as polished as the prince of darkness, but the odor that clings to him will always kill the effect of anything he champions or [illegible]

Good Bye Old Year.

This is the last issue of the Advocate for 1903 We wish all our readers a happy Xmas and a pleasant new year. May you all enjoy yourselves in a sensible way; stay sober and sane; don't indulge in fire crackers and dangerous explosives, but eat, drink and be merry, and Soloman said there was nothing better—he perhaps knew, for he had gone all the "gaits." For those who have had misfortunes, sickness and troubles during this year we wish the next year to be better, and for those who have had good times and good cheer this year we desire a continuance of the same blessings.

Our aim has been to educate our readers in whatever would be of real benefit to them and at the same time secure to ourselves the neccessaries on which to subsist so that we could exist. How far we have succeeded, you are the sole judges.

Our aim in 1904 shall be identical. The only difference, we shall be able to bring to bear a broader experience and accumulated information, which if properly used will enable us to be of greater benefit to our readers.

Poverty Flat.

Courts and Curiosity

Somehow, the m nd of Poverty Flat appears to be a little somnolent. No wonder! It is work six days in the week, not counting the nights, and misfortunes, misfits and misses by the score or more, and to cap the climax, court comes on. It is usually on. If it is not district court, it is county court, commissioner's court, justice court, mayors court, and it's court, court from the cradle to the court house, church, hall, back lot and back again to the beginning.

Why, it takes two-thirds of us on the jury, and then jury scrip is below par. Why? The Lord in His unscrutable, unsearchable wisdom may know, but, as we remarked out loud once before, we are from Missouri.

The other day a fellow who lives in the Flat asked the price of chickens, and was met with the rejoinder, "What's it to you, you expect to buy any?" "No," he replied, "but when they get too cheap to pay for pulling I might get fined for 'scabbing.'" He didn't want to work for less than the union scale, you understand.

Back to the court proposition. We enumerated five lawful courts that sit or set in Amarillo and counting the days they are in session, you may safely say that we have days court for every man, woman, child and dog in the city of Amarillo and county of Potter. This occurs to us that it is court somewhat in the order of the fellows prayer, who prayed that the "Lord send a barrel of potatoes, a barrel of flour, barrel of molasses, barrel of salt barrel of pepper," and noting that was too much pepper, modified his petition by the use of popular slang, with which you are doubtless familiar It occurs to us, that we have entirely too much court. In fact, a lawyer of this town remarked to us the other day that he believed he would make the race for the legislature on the following platform:

"That the legislature meet and make appropriation for the running of the state government for the succeeding two years and adjourn."

This would undoubtedly meet the approval of every citizen of Texas, except those who have a job or scheme to work on the state. We have too much law, and too little respect for the laws we have. Most men are by laws like they are by wives. One wife is a neccessity; more than one is an expensive luxury. And all in excess of the one, that a man has, decreases his respect and regard for women. Just so with the law. Some law is a necessity; all laws in excess of those that are neccessary, are a nuisance, and are the cause of men losing their respect for even neccessary laws.

A man moved into Poverty Flat last Saturday with 300 chickens. He counted them out as he turned them loose. Late Sunday evening we saw him counting chickens with a troubled look, and we asked him what he was doing. He said, "Last night I turned loose 300 chickens and I've counted them over seven or eight times today and they are ten short." We asked him to show us the ten short ones, and he said, "You must be a fool! I mean ten are gone," We asked him "Where?" He said "Blamed if I know. Do you?" But for fear he might become suspicious of his neighbors, we left him alone with the remnant, and thought to ourselves that that 300 would be like the Light Brigade at the fool charge of Balaklava; sublime, but it could not last.

All courts are luxuries that the law-abiding citizens pay for to keep from being preyed on by the law-breaker. That's so. The less we violate law, the less courts we will have—except the Sunday courts, which are in session all the time. They are courts of first and last resort. Courts of chicaery, of equity, of imprudence, and of universal necessity, and at some time or other, all of us, no matter how we look, or faded we feel, have had critical cases in these courts.

Time touches us all with his chilling finger, our faces wrinkle, our hair thins, the blood runs slow, and the fire burns low; the winter of age creeps on with steady, stealthy step, and we wrap about our withered, hoary forms the threadbare clothes of of the past, but the pulses no more thrill, the fire, the feverish, hot haste of youth has been cooled and with dim, uncertain vision we try to peer into the depth of the mist that lies low and dense—Pagan Bob called it the "Tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," and there has been not even an echo from that far-off, fabled clime to deny.

That Bashful Girl

There is a Cleburne girl who is so bashful she cannot see a sleeping car without blushing.—Cleburne Enterprise.

It is presumed that she would faint at the sight of undressed lumber.—Dallas Times Herald.

Her funeral would surely follow if she were confronted with the naked fact.—Uvalde News.

What if she should see the Cherokee Strip.—Limestone Co. Press.

Or suppose she would be buying a pair of gloves and the thoughtless salesman should chance to show her a pair of undressed kids.—Kerens Tribune.

What if she should see the naked body and limbs of a tree.

Poverty Flat.

Grand Juries—Prejudices.

As I have frequently remarked to Betsy. Now Betsy is the old woman that tends to kids, cooks, sows, darn socks for the boys and darns the old mans delinquencies, the old man is me—as I was saying, it is strange how good men, or at least, men who pretend to be good, allow a little prejudice to warp their judicial judgment, but it's so. Nine men out of every ten allow a lot of petty prejudice to warp their judgment, in matters of faith, as well as fact, and the consequence is, you show me the men who compose the grand jury and I can diognose the bills they will find. Hardly a grand jury convenes without there being two or three fellows from Poverty Flat on it Consequently the fellows who raise poultry by moonlight are never molested. That's why.

Judge G. A. Brown, formerly district judge of the the Vernon district asked our opinion of a noted case now on the dockets of the district court of Potter county, and we answered, "Politics and Prejudice."

Men who have hate in their hearts and hell in their minds would hardly indict for murder. Men who steal chickens don't think it very wrong. No matter what a man does, he excuses himself, even to the gates of damnation and a day's journey beyond. I do, you do, we all do. But some folks reach the gate and get through before they realize their proximity.

Public opinion is slow to wrath but the penalty is sure. Some folks have such small comprehension and such a slight grasp of current events, that they believe the whole world sees things like their small coterie of peanut heads, with whom they exchange gossip, imbecility and embalmed news, and it is a nude shock to their egotism when the sledge hammer of facts mashes their little tin god of fiction and foolishness into un-recognizable damnation.

A man's character i builded by doing things that harm no one and benefits society—good character. Courts, juries, officers build character day by day. The court that permits attorneys to haggle over inconsequentials is laying the foundation for vacilating judgment and his decisions will lack decision and point.

Grand juries that spend $24 per day of the people's money hunting for a poker game in a back room, instead of attending to the weightier matters of the law, are somewhat like the fellow in the bear chase, and who stopped to catch a seed tick—the bear got away but the tick was exhibited to his companions as a trophy of mighty import. He said, "Yes, I hate a bear, but I hate a tick worse."

That brings up the question of prejudice: Folks are full of it. Why, there are fellows right in this town, who read the Advocate every week, who hunt for it, and yet, they are so full of prejudice they never pay a cent for it. So, there are men who had rather arrest a poor tramp and work him on the street than to do some good working the street themselves. The whole world seems to be hunting ticks, insects, instead of game worth the valor of big-brained, broad-bosomed men. Oh, the vermin! A cur can snarl at a king! The curs, the fices among the mongrels, do more yelping than a Siberian stag hound.

Christ was a great infidel. He damned the pharisees and the scribes; he said they would not go into the kingdom, nor permit others to. In every age, the church has been the whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all matter of filth. Men fondly cling to a creed and shut their eyes to every truth that does not bend to their view. Only the man who learns, lives. The great mass are like the wriggling maggots that fatten on the putrid carcass, neither blessing nor cursing, but feasting, decaying, and forgotten.

We met a fellow the other day who said he had just been looking at the map of time and eternity, and he said Poverty Flat was half way between heaven and hell. That heaven was up up hill, and hell down hill, and that if it wasn't for his prejudice he believed he'd go to hell. "But," he says, "I've got strong prejudices against the place, prejudices I can't over come, and I reckon I'll hit the road up hill right away."

We told him there was no hen roosts by night on the right ofway to the celestial city, and he said, "Are you sure." "Dead sure," we told him.

He stopped a minute, and said, "I've lived in Poverty Flat a long time; I've been cold and hungry many-a-time. I've worked and starved, and donated nickels to the Lord and went without drawers in January, but its all off from this on. I'd rather go to hades with good clothes and my stomach spang full of fine pullet than to go hungry the other way." And, our eyes were opened and we looked, and lo! the whole world was traveling the same road.

In some christian countries they harness a woman and an ox together to plow corn—in others they yoke a woman and donkey together and travel thus down the hill of life.

Damage Suits

Unquestionably the railroads in Texas are imposed upon by some greedy and dishonest claim ants, aided and abetted by snitches with licenses to practice law. The people pay the freight and the freight includes the sums allowed to maligners as well as the sums paid to deserving claim ants against the roads. There are some claims that are just and should be paid, even without suit. The complaint relates to the damage suit industry as a general thing. It is one of the serious problems of the times.—Dallas-Galveston News.

We suppose the judges and juries are wholly incompetent and highly prejudiced. The fact is that the higher courts have to invariably pass on all the cases, but this is only another evidence that our higher courts are "aiding and abetting the snitches."

The "Best People."

The Champion last week poked a little fun at the folks who patronized the skating rink on Polk street, and intimated that the term "best people" was partially misapplied. Well, may be so; you can hardly ever tell who are the best people." The pharisee who was a high up church member stood on the street corner and said, "Oh Lord, I'm the whole show and a hymn book! I pay tithes, give the tenth to the church and pray loud and long. I'm your bully boy and pious to boot! I belong to the church and cough up muchly for the preacher, who stands for God and a big salary besides! I vote for prohibition and stand for good, and I help put 'em in jail and pay my taxes, and I know O, Lord, that I'm the biggest turtle in the Gospel tank," and he went home to supper and to tell his wife and society folks how bad the balance of the world was.

Another fellow with two-bits in his pocket and roller skates on, said "Lord, I'm a fool and know it, but some of these holy show guys are durn fools and dont know it. I skate and lie some, and cheat some, and chew tobacco, and guzzle tangle foot, and otherwise make a mule's daddy of myself, for all of which I'm awful sorry, and nobody is any sorrier than I am. I dont amount to much and I know it and I may never be any thing but a notch on a stick and a scab on the sands of time, but Lord please help me not to be a hypocrite. I'd rather be a ring tailed terror tied to the last rung of time and dangling by one hair over eternal hell than to be a hypocrite. I'm mean, and miserablemost of the time, and do hope you'll not be hard on me for skating a little, because the floor is smooth, the company pleasant, and we wont hurt anybody but our selves," and he went on skating.

T. L. Fisher and wife left this week for Wichita Falls, at which place they will reside in future.

We regret their removal, as they were both consistant members of our church, and not afraid to speak out in meeting. We hope them all possible success and pleasure in their new home.

His Shoes Leaked.

One of our citizens went to Amarillo the other day to do some trading. He came back on the morning train with a shoe box under his arm. By some mishap he let it fall and bursted the shoes all to pieces and juice from them ran through the cracks on the depot platform. It pays to do your trading at home. —Canyon News

Why should he do his trading at Canyon? Do you carry "wet" shoes in stock?

Rublican Policy.

The United States Government owned the Custom House in New York. Mr. Gage and Mr. Vanderlip, servants of the people, "sold" the Custom House to Mr. Rockfeller's Standard Oil Bank.

Did the people get the money for it? Not at all. The purchase price was left on deposit in the bank, so that the Standard Oil Company did not actually pay out one penny for Custom House.

And ever since that the United States Government has rented the Custom House from Mr. Rockfeller's bank and has paid an enormous sum in rental for the property that it formerly owned and for which there has not actually been paid out one cent.

Remember that these are absolute statements of simple fact known to every body. The Custom House belonged to the Government—which means to the people. It was nominally sold to the Standard Oil Trust Bank, without a dollar actually being paid over, and from that time on the government paid rent to that bank for the use of its own biulding.

A servant selling his master's overcoat to a crook, and then compelling the master to rent the overcoat at so much a year from that same crook, would seem quite improbable in fiction.

But that is the exact situation which obtains in the great national government that exists by virtue of your vote.—New York Journal.

Ex Gov. Hogg.

Gov. Hogg was the only politician in the Houston convention with enough nerve and honesty to voice his sentiments and espouse the side of the people.

He referred to Parker as the "lock jawed judge," which was appropriate and expressive. All honor to Hogg. Our weak kneed governor, policy-prating U. S. Senators and the great army of pie-grafters that infest this State and are as devastating as the cloud of locusts that are fabled to have anciently infested Egypt, all swallowed their consciences and hurrahed for the nominee——they did the same when Greeley was nominated, when Cleveland was nominated, when Bryan was nominated——office is their god, and to decency and honesty they are total strangers.

Poverty Flat

1904--1905.

A new year. Once more the sun starts back on his annual run, or the earth goes around the sun—what's the difference, which moves, to us in Poverty Flat.

There'll be a heap of politics this year and the folks who live in the Flat will gradually become of more importence as election time draws nigh. This is early for candidates, but they are sprouting, you can tell by the hearty hand clasp and the solicitous manner in which the inquire after the health of your families. "But this will save," as the preacher said when he ordered soap to be put in the water before he baptised his converts.

Several parties were pulled off in the Flat during the holidays, and several "kids" were astonished with soap and water that had long been ignorant of the cleansing and purifying properties of these ingredients. It is one of the religious tenets, scrupulously adhered to, that at least twice a year, seldom oftener, every child shall undergo a semi-annual ablution. Perhaps they don't look it, but "appearances are ofttimes deceptive," as the fellow said, when he drank the castor oil instead of gin, as he thought.

However, to resume, thirdly and lastly, then comes finally, and they usually preach about 40 minutes afterwards. So, you see, you cannot tell how near the end of the track the train is by looking at the telegraph poles; neither can you tell how near the end a sermon is by noting the adverbs. You know there are adverbs of place as well as time. Speaking of parts of speech reminds me of a curious wedding I saw chronicled in one of the daily papers, which stated that "On last Sunday Miss Sallie Noun and Mr. Will Verb were married." I wondered then what part of speech their —but Jim Lopes come in and I forgot all about it until this minute. Jim is a kind of a conundrum. He is one of these fellows who takes what comes in the day time, and if it don't come, he goes after it at night. He's a confiding sort of fellow; that is, he confides in other folks, but I never heard of any body confiding in him. That's a general rule, with rare exceptions. Jim told me he was getting tired of the P. F. W. W. club. He said, "Two hole Sundase in seccession I've stade at home and while the ole women went to the club, an Ime gittin almity tired uv it. Wimmin haint got no more rights than a mewl and they are jist as stubborn. W'y Mandy sais, 'Men aint fit fur nuthing but chawin', drinkin', cussin and votin; when it cums to wurk thave got to go see a man, or sumthin, and tha go off and don't git the coal or the water, an don't half the time leave eny thing to cook,' but before Ide hear enny more I jis took my hat an' moseysd over here. Talk about impetuous moshun, if a woman's tung haint it, tha needn't hunt eny furder."

Jim said, though he believed the womens tongues on Property Hill were just as long and loose as they were in the Flat, for old Scrabblepenny's wife give the old man a blessing out the day he fixed up the yard fence for them that was hotter and harder than any his old woman ever give him, and Jim said them Property Hill folks just had to take it, for being up in society it wouldn't do to get "huffy" and go down town and "roar," and "work it off," you just had to take it like the boy did the assesofidita. Jim says, "I never keered to marry rich for that very reason. Tha expect folks to act unnatural like. Tha have to put on, an do lots of things fur the looks uv it, an to keep fokes frum talkin, an besides fokes in Poverty Flat aint able to have moren one woman at a time, en hardly that, an tha aint half so much risk about it, an I guess it's about evened up in a general way. When we air short on grub, tha air long on gall, an while we air trubled how to git close, tha air bothered about how to make 'em, and while we greve about not havin' enny to ware, tha air worryin, about which ones to ware, an so it is." And Jim sat there musing like, which would have surprised many folks, and after all it kinder made me think that if Jim philosophised, maybe the goat had a soul, and if the goat, why not the turtle, and so on down to the microbe that was out hunting for a soft spot in some man to set down and raise a million more.

But I tell you, the Xmas doings like to have dismissed Teddy and the negro, and Panama like to have been forgotten, but we'll wake up to all these things now, and other fellows will use them to get into office and you'll foot the bills, you fools! Guess both of our Texas senators voted against the Panama treaty. Well, they did it for politics and not from patriotism. Now, Panama cuts about as big a figure in reality as a boil does on the bad man in Borneo. It may be awful on the bad man, but if we need Borneo will overlook the boil and take the island. Bailey and Culberson may have a fool idea that the Texas Democracy and Poverty Flat yeomanry are going to stand behind them and stick up to them in their damphoolishness, but we aint. This thing of voting with the party and letting the country go to hades in a hand cart has played out in Poverty Flat. In fact, such idiocy is what created Poverty Flat.

It's all right to be democratic, but it's all wrong to be damididiotic, and anybody will tell you so.

Brethren, my remarks have been rather scattering, but I've just learned today that in one of the far off islands in the Pacific ocean the people have no chickens, nor clothes, nor books, nor religion, nor governmeut, and I'll ask brother Rufus Hennery and Pious Jones to pass around the hat and take up a collection to send these folks a start of chickens. If they once get poultry started on the island the other things will follow, as you all know. The collection amounted to $14.65. The 65 cents was expended for a pair of chickens and it was decided that it would cost the $14 to get them to the island, and brother Rufus was appointed to see that they get there.

Queer Facts.

A lawyer, a good one, and we believe a smart one, said to us one day this week, "You get out the best country weekly I ever read, because I find more reading matter in it that other papers do not have, and matter that furnishes food for thought and also amuses and entertains." Such compliments are liable to cause us to feel "stuck up" and next thing you know we will be blacking our shoes. Also, and old gentleman said to us yesterday, "When I get the other papers I glance over them and throw them aside, but I put the Advocate in my pocket and take it home. It helps a man to think."

Three or four others have asked for all issues of the Advocate containing the Poverty Flat articles. If the demand is numerous enough we may publish a little book containing the Poverty Flat Poems.

Do you read the Advocate? If not you are missing a good thing. Try a few doses; warranted to cure the blues, and throw you into fits (of laughter).

Jaw Trouble

Bro. Dodson came along the front end of this week and when asked how he was getting along, said, "All right, except my jaw is giving me trouble." We knew it had been giving other folks trouble, and we at once jumped to the conclusion that it was a case of retribution. He said while down the Choctaw he had a tooth pulled out and the jawache was the result. This over-taxing of any one organ or limb is bound to be disastrous. The original idea of development, and the resultant animal, as brought about by combination of forces and the environments of said animal, has produced an animal with faculties and organs developed to perform certain function, and acting within the original scpoe as shown by the product, it is evident than any abnormal exercise of any organ will impair and weaken the same While we do not know what the dentist will prescribe, yet knowing Bro. Dodson's habits and idiosyncrasies, we believe that absolute rest will fully restore his jaw.

It is related that once a thousand Philistines were slain with one of the maxillae, of a lowly beast of burden, and we see no reason why the same weapon could not be used to day with equal efficacy, provided the conditions were favorable—in fact we have used ours with effect, and there is no law debarring Bro. Dodson from the same, however much he may repent the act.

Poverty Flat.

Chapter II.

John Henry and Mary Ann.

(Continued)

I never loved a tree or flower.
Because, I never owned a farm,
But if I had, the sun, the shower
Would have combined to do 'em harm.

I never loved a dark eyed girl,
"A rag, a bone, a hank of hair,"
With raven tresses and teeth of pearl.
Some other fellow beat me t' ere.

Whether you realize it or not, but this is a sample of poetry in The Flat, and its more expressive of hidden heartaches than is really apparent on the surface. This is a quality of all good poetry.

Talking of poetry naturally brings up the subject of love, and we will go back to the troubles, the serious, soul-harrowing troubles of our hero and heroine—we havo heroes in the Flat—"some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood, some mute, inglorious Milton," some soul, unsuspicioned, pregnant with celestial fire, souls that are in harmony with the grand music of this wondrous world, hearts that need only to be touched with the hand divine to hold in hushed adoration the gaping millions with the melting melody that comes only from a mind redeemed—this out of the reach of John Henry and Mary Ann. What do they care so that they are in reach of one another. Little they'll reck, if they'll let them love on, whether their minds can soar far as the solar way, what care they for sines and tangents, the Malthusian, or Copernican theories?—that we do not know occasions us no concern; it is only with the things that come within the sphere of our comprehension that we are able to deal. The workings of the mind are inscrutable, unexplainable; our loves and hates, our fears and hopes, our faiths and ambitions are often unwelcome, unsolicited intruders, yet we cannot drive them away. Philosophy is the diet of great minds; beef that of the millions.

Last week we left John Henry racking his fevered brain for a scheme to out wit Dad Smith. Just at this instant a ten year old boy, with streaks of soil clinging to his face, with one gallus and a thoughtful droop to the seat of his trousers," hove in sight. It struck John Henry all of a sudden, like the business end of a wasp strikes the last part of the boy who has chunked its nest and is skurrying home to cove.—John Henry says, "Hello, Tommie, dont you want to make a dime?"

Tommie replies, "Yep."

So, the little note is soon written in scraggly lines, that resemble the devious route of the oily candidate, but like that same oily one, they are to the point, and it reads:

Northeast corner of the Cow Lot,

Mary Ann, my darling; owing to the disagreable temper of the old man, whom I'd hate if he wasnt your daddy, and which to my mind is the only good, true, pure, sweet reason the old heathen can show why he shouldnt be hung, which is amply sufficient to respite his worthless neck, there'll be a party to night but dont you whisper a word of it to the afore mentioned father, who I still hold is not fit to live, and if you didnt love him I'd see with pleasure that a stop was put to his using up good, wholesome air, that could be much more profitably consumed by our hogs, at Bob Farmwells and you be there, with the same clothes on that you wore that last blessed night, except for that prying old hippopotamous, and have your hair fixed the same way, and no angel in the gallery of the gods can compare with you in sweetness. Don't forget, John Henry.

Somehow, there's a softness, and a t uch of tenderness, however crude and unlettered the writer—the same intense feeling that runs through all languages, all lives, and memory carries us back in blissful blessedness to the never to be forgotten days when we, too, put our souls on paper.

Mary Ann got the note, Tommie got the dime and John Henry got the consolation, which is biggest pay we get from the most important acts of our lives. The sweet satisfaction of knowing that the children born of our brain have lived and accomplished the purpose whereunto we predestined them is the acme of mental success, the ship that anchors in the harbor, where all our treasures ride peacefully on the bosom of the placed waters.

By jinks, there's Skaggs, he's bald-headed and bow-legged, and bullet-eyed, and he has a fool idea that every woman that looks at him is "mashed" on him. He never thinks she is gratifying her curiosity and trying to decide whether his ancestors were monkey's or asses.

Many a devout fanatic says "Amen" to prayers that would dethrone Deity in three seconds, and turn the universe topsy-turvy quicker than you can singe a fowl over the fires of Gehenna.

It is said that a hen is immortal, "because her son never sets," and also, it is contended that it is just as easy to write poetry as to cut cord wood, and we don't doubt it—we've tried both.

Bro. Dodson says he is going to hurry up his protracted meeting, so as to have it come on about the time our chickens are ripe enough to pull.

T. L. Fisher went down to Memphis the first of the week to attend the trial of the case of Wooldridge vs. The Denver, wherein the road was sued for setting fire to coal bins three years ago.

Napoleon the Great

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold—fit almost for a dead diety and gazed upon the sarcopagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine; contemplating suicide. I saw him at toueon; I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris; I saw him at the head of the army of Italy; I saw him crossing the bridge of Ledi with the tri-color in his hand; I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids, I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Uim and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia where the infantry of the snow and the calvary of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast banished to Elba. I saw him escape and and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, when chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former King. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and the widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who had ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with the vines growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side knitting as the da died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

Who wrote the above? Do you think he was a bad man? Honestly, read it over and think could he have been an enemy of humanity? Would you be surprised if we told you Robert G. Ingersoll was the author? Pagan Bob, the awful agnostic, he wrote the article, and his life was spent in lifting men up, in helping them to be men, to rely on themselves and not to be the tools of designing priestcraft that would exploit them for a salary.

—hypocrite. Now swear!

Poverty Flat.

The Ins and Outs of It

Since the election things have settled down to the regular routine. While work is scarce, the fellows who love it are fully as seldom.

Work, this is a big subject, and one the vast majority of fabled Adam's fallen offspring fain would shirk. How? Yes, my brother, in the spirt, how? Show us! From the cradle to the charel house, from the dawn of existence to the twilight of eternity, we rack our brains, while we are able to sport such a luxury—but talking about brains, brings up the missionary question. A few days ago we were telling our eighteen orphans that a certain church down in east Texas had sent a missionary to central Africa, where the cannibals live; a nice lean old maid, about forty three, and we were telling them that the cannibals would have missionary soup, when one of our precarious offspring piped up and says, "But wont them cannibals be fooled when they go to eat the brains!" Such sacrilege was more than we could tolerate, and we spanked him and put him to bed. However, the same thought has occured to us frequently, but we have put it from us—but it wont stay put.

Some of the Poverty Flaters have remarked that a good deal of work has been done on the streets, just before election, and that the streets have been fixed, all fixed so that the water would run down into the Flat, but no farther. Why need we trouble about that—perhaps the administration knew it wouldn't rain.

We heard it rumored that the Commercial Club had cut the price of admission so that Poverty Flaters could join. Desired to add eclat to the concern, we suppose. Understand, we draw the line at chickens. We're not reaching out after bigger fowls.

To become famous, a man must first be infamous. It seems that the big Methodist wind-jamber, that explodes hot-air for the official organ of that insect, tried to smirch Colquitt and cleanse Lanham. Then Colquitt proved that Lanham hobnobbed with the big brewer at San Antonia, and caught the antis and prohis both in his trap—caught 'em a comin' and a gwine. Some folks even work 'em right here in Amarillo the same way. Well, what are the suckers for unless to be worked? Will anybody answer?

A fellow said the other day the Lord never made one man to be a slave for another. Well, did he make the fly for the spider? The sparrow for the hawk? The rabbit for the wolf? Bad habits they contracted as the result of peculiar natural conditions, and the intent was lacking in the Creator, we presume?

But, we're getting too for away from the comprehension of our perusers, hey?

The Air Line, To Plainview? Will it ever get down out of the air and onto the ground? They tell us that the greatest enterprises have been originated, engineered and consummated with brains, alone! They tell us all that is great, grand and good is the product of brains, alone! They tell us that faith will remove mountains, but it wont do a lick of railroad work. They tell us that Job was patient He only had one boil, and was not waiting for the Air Line to prosperity, plenty and Plainview.

We must admit, that things look a little gloomy. Rain delayed, work dropping off, cattle low, sand swirling, banks breaking, and the fish wont bite, and the grocery man and the devil to pay. One about as hard to stand off as the other, and the collections all applied to the same purpose—do you wonder that the atmosphere is a little blue?

The darkest cloud has a silver lining—we have fifty nice fryers thriving, which we hope to harvest before the protracted meeting season hits the town.

Preacher Jno. Smith of Wichita Falls, has been preaching at the Methodist church this week and some of last. Some say he is a right good preacher, while others say he is not near so entertaining as a Baptist, a Campbellite or some one of their idiosyncrasic belief. It depends, altogether on the view point of the hearer. Jno. Smith is a bald, stubby sort of a chap, looking a great deal like the Senior Editor of the Advocate, which we can't help. He is rotund and shows that a good meal and pleasant company is much more to his taste than violent physical exercise—this he can't help. We did not get time to hear him and disappointed some of our creditors, but by the time a married man with numerous calamitous, ragged progeny pails the cow, spanks the kids, profanes the cat and does numerous other chores to maintain marital peace, he hasn't a great deal of time to devote to the sowing of spiritual truths and the garnering of grace in a collection plate.

Rev. Smith made quite a favorable impression on those susceptible—we passed the impressionist period more'n twenty years ago Sweet Alice Ben Bolt.

However, these things are not said for the disparagement of the clerical gentleman, for we've held in profound veneration the historical name of Jno. Smith ever since the beautiful Indian maiden prevented the swatting across the snout of the redoubtable John on his foraging expedition chronicled in the musty, mythical records of our nation's sublime infancy. We are all puny creatures of fateful circumstance for which none of us are to blame, but as we journey down the thorny avenue of life's repetitional way, it were well to drop smiles in the contribution box of humanity, instead of receiving the sweaty nickels of the oppressed poor. That's our religion, and its divinely made, and we are graciously thankful that the silent prayers of the puny millions of humanity, which roll up in ceaseless volume to the invisible are forever hushed and never answered.

Poverty Flat.

Tramps and Bankers.

Tramp! What, who, which is he? We say he, because he is. Religously, he is a cosmopolitan, and admires that sect that believes in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Numerically, he is sporadic; depending on laws, crops and wages. Politically, he is a democrat today, a republican tomorrow and a socialist the next day.

Land monoply first produced him, and other monoplies have accelerated the multiplication of his tribe.

There is no place exempt from his uukempt visits, no clime, no country. But he is peculiarly the product of a falsd civilization. Over-time is his sire and under-pay his dam, and like millions of others he has dammed both.

He is no more responsible for being a tramp than the banker is for being a millionare. The condition that produces the one necessarily produces the other. Both are enemies of societ; both prey on labor; both absorb without producing.

Among simple aboriginal people, neither exists, because of free lands, free homes and equal access to the products of the soil and equal rights to use it.

It has been often demonstrated that tramps are the result of being denied the use of natural priveliges, these privileges have been conjested, through legislation and other artificial and nefarious subversion of inalienable rights, until a few possess the power to tax labor beyond endurance, or until there is no reasonable prospect of ever being other than a peon—the result is tramps. One came to our house the other day. He had on a hat that was more holy than righteous; his pants, if by any stretch of imagination the name applied, showed to have seen better days and lots of them; his coat—oh! such a coat! It clung to him like an old maid to her partner at a leap year ball, and looked almost as much out of place. It seemed to be seamless, but things are not what they seem. His shoes were perhaps, carried accross in the Ark, and Noah may have used them to walk down Araratt after his fictional cruise. Shirt—did we say shirt? Well he had on some remnants of calico, that showed through the other garments in unexpected places, and it may have been a shirt. As for drawers, no one would expect a tramp to wear drawers and sox when only city editors can sport such luxuries.

He stopped at our house — shambled in the back way, and knocked, hesitating like, at the kitchen door. He wore a scraggy beard and not much of any thing else, but asked for something to eat. We told him to come in. He did, but stood near the door in a menial way, waiting. When told to have a seat at the table, we'd fix him something to eat, he looked incredulous, but sat down. Bread, meat, pickles, preserves, and two or three other things were placed before him and he was told to help himself. Then we asked him if he would have sugar in his coffee and a grin ran all round his face and met on the back of his neck. He was surprised; dumbfounded at being treated like a human! the victuals and coffee infused a little respectability into him, and as he eat he began to straighten up and his language improved—somehow, we wondered, if, after all, it was not a question of a few clothes and a full stomache that constituted respectability.

There are no tramps in central Africa.

We asked him why he stopped in Poverty Flat to get something to eat, and he said, "I've been a trampin' many years. I ust to have a good job and git good wages. I worked in the Pensylvania oil field. But Rockefeller bought the field and plugged up the wells and I had to hunt another job. I hadn't saved much so by the time I found a place my money was all gone. I went to work in a foundry, but only worked a little while before it went into a big company and they closed down the one I was working at, so I next got a place in a steel mill, but Carnegie an Frick and Schawb and some others consolidated all the mills and shut down the one I was workin' in so I had to go sumers else. I didn't find a place for a long time, and when I did it was in a coal mine and before I'd been there a month the workmen went out on a strike. By this time I was a tramp—hunting work made me one. Now, I've made up my mind that the work will have to hunt me."

"But, I've learned this much, never to stop at a fine house, where they have fine yards, and fine furniture. Folks who care so much for their own selves care very little for other folks, else they could not have so much money. Then I see just lots of people working all day and barely getting enough to eat, and with clothes not much better than mine. What's the use? I'm not complaining; I've got over all that. I used to think the Lord was mighty hard on me and mighty kind to other folks. The Lord did'nt make Rockefeller, and Gould, and Carnegie, and Morgan and Vanderbilt millionaires. It was the wages of laborers that they held back. I don't believe the Lord does anything of the kind. The sun shines on me, and the breeze feels just as good, and water tastes as refreshing, and sleep is as sweet, and the green plains look as pleasant to me as it does to a millonaire. The Lord don't do any monkey business with the soil and the seasons and the sunshine and the rain an all that, but folks lay all the blame on the Lord. It is the greed of the few that is causing the trouble. The greed of Rockefeller plugged up the oil wells; the greed of the steel trust closed down the mill where I worked. The greed of the coal barons forced the miners to strike—greed, gold, godless and soulless, but not more so than the men who hoard it. No, I get my meals where the poor live; they feel pity for others. They are working to live, and not living to work other folks"

And he thanked us and put on his old battered hat and pulled the tatters about him and disappeared down the street.

Choose This Day.

It is up the American people, to you individually to choose between Roosevelt and Parker.

Divested of all feeling, of sentiment, of partisanship, and prejudice, we draw the parallel:

Roosevelt the strenuous, a believer in negro equality; in equal rights, privileges, and opportunities. A protectionist of of the reciprocity kind; without charity, unconscious of fear, unmoved by public opinion, deaf to policy and with the dominant desire to make the United States the greatest nation on earth, regardless of blood or treasure; a soldier, a rough rider in all things, yet a man of brains, daring, great energy, vigilance and preservance—an aristocrat who comprehends the common people; a user of force and never persuasion; clean, optimistic; without any well settled policy, but with a firm resolve to rule; a strong man, but unfeeling; a man who recognizes and honors merit, ability and honesty, and you have a full pen portrait ef Roosevelt.

Parker is a lawyer; one of these shrewd, secretive, taciturn individuals, who is willing to use any instrument to accomplish his purpose and ignore the instrument. He is able, a great Judge, a masterful politician, who believes, thinks, feels and inspiration of his secretive being is drawn through the intricate mechanism of a trust combination. He is strong by silence, and should he make known his real position it would drive away the common people. Being a product of New York politics, without ever having felt the broadening influence of other of the, and lacking that feeling for the masses that is acquired by a knowledge of their conditions it is impossible for him to realize and represent the great unpurchasable middle strata of our citizenship. While his honesty is unquestioned, after being acquainted with the curriculum of the school in which he has been educated, yet his ideals are far different to that of the great masseses of the people.

He is conservative, careful, a firm believer in precedent and amenable to his masters.. In this he differs widely from Roosevelt, who acknowledges no master. Between men of such antipathy, such marked contrast; each lacking some necessary quality; each devoid of feeling, of decency, of common charity, the intelligent citizen is placed in a peculiar position.

As to Fairbanks and Davis; they are nothing and amount to that in the campaign. Davis was put on for his barrel and Fairbanks because he was the opposite of Roosevelt. Neither is worth considering, for one is too cold to ever come alive and the other is too old to act.

Chaplain Candidates

Dr. G. C. Rankin, editor of the Chiristian Advocate, is a candidate for chaplain of the next house of representatives, and it is understood that he already has enough votes pledged to secure his election. He is eminently fitted for the place. If there ever was a set of men who needed proper prayer it is the legislature of Texas.—Terrell Transcript.

A blind minister, Rev. Tucker of Upshur county—chaplain of the present house—is a candidate for re-election. He is a Godly man in his walk and in his counsel, a true Christian in every respect. Dr. Rankin receives a high salary as editor of the Texas Christian Advocate, besides has an income from his other literary work. Rev. Tucker has no income except that derived from a little sand hill farm. The Christ of Nazareth

"Healed the sick and
oured the blind."

In these days they are starved to death. The Gazette does not believe that Dr. Rankin will be a candidate for chaplain of the Texas House of Representatives. —McKinney Gazette.

And why not, pray? Dr. Rankin is evidently out after the Almighty dollar, and he well knows that the office of Chaplain is a farce or a fraud, for what kind of a god would it be that would listen to aprayer sent up(or down) fromthe capital at Austin?

Rev. Tucker, from Upshur, being blind, may not be "onto" the crooks, winks, ways and infamy of the "gang," and hence might send up an honest petition. But it's different with Rankin; he has eyes and a prying disposition, an itching palm and aching void in his pocket, and these qualities make a man peculiarly observant of what is transpiring.

By all means, we favor Rankin. He is so much nearer to the heart and character of the average representative than the blind Tucker. He can call down blessings on the assembly and "wink" the other eye at the boys, and assure them that he is "onto their curves," while the sightless Tucker would be a total failure along this line. Also, people know that Rankin is in the business for "revenue only" and this harmonizes with the feelings and aspirations of the legislators, while the sightless Tucker is best suited for sitting on the seedy edge of his sandy farm and waiting for the second coming of the Sinless One. Tucker is out of place in Austin and Rankin is at home with its deception and hypocracy—give us Rankin, Cranfill or some of the ungodly popular gang by all means —the blind can go to Buckner's orphan home or the devil for all they care.

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The Soul of a People

Commando: A Boer Journal of the Boer War. By Deneys Reitz. Preface by the Rt. Hon. General Smuts. (Faber and Faber. 15s.)

So far as expression by the written word goes, the Boer is in general an inarticulate person. But our ignorance of what the war of 1899-1902 looked like through Boer spectacles is now removed by a book of surpassing interest and strength, written by one who was through it all—from the triumphant advance of Joubert's army into Natal down to the time when the scattered guerrilla bands were gallantly, desperately, fruitlessly thrusting against British troops wherever they found them. Colonel Reitz (who was later to fight as stoutly for his old enemy in a greater war as once he had fought against him in defence of *ons land*) wrote these memories immediately after the war, while he was in exile in Madagascar and making his living by transport-riding. Along with his father, ex-President Reitz, he had refused to accept British allegiance, though being put across the border "troubled me little, as I was eager to see more of the world." It was the influence of the broad culture of that father, a poet as well as a politician (the curious may be interested to see how easily Burns' song of *Duncan Gray* in his hands slips into the *taal*), which fostered the talent of the son. The young Reitz (he was only seventeen when the war began) was by no means then the *takhaar* Boer of the back-veldt, but a cultured, well-read young man and a writer who was capable of taking a detached and objective view of the exploits of himself and his fellows, in a manner remarkable for anyone, but, in one so young, simply marvellous.

Not at all, then, the typical Boer, as the following extract from the book will make clear:

> "On my way down the gorge I found two wounded officers beside the track, one with his thumb shot away and the other with a broken arm. As I came up, I heard one of them remark: 'Here comes a typical young Boer for you,' and they asked me whether I understood English. I told them 'Yes,' and the man with the thumb said: 'Then will you tell me why you fellows are continuing the war, because you are bound to lose?' I replied: 'Oh, well, you see, we're like Mr. Micawber, we are waiting for something to turn up.' They burst out laughing, and the one said: 'Didn't I tell you this is a funny country, and now here's your typical young Boer quoting Dickens.'"

The passage throws light on the writer's personality from several sides. It was always a kindly spirit in which he fought, and he constantly acknowledges the generosity of the other side; only once did he come across an ill-conditioned brute who clapped a revolver to his head while he was the bearer of a flag of truce. Despite his deadly earnestness and deep-souled patriotism, his spirit was throughout boyish: skirmishing round Pretoria was "an enjoyable time, there was not a dull moment"; and boy-like, during General Smuts' famous raid on the Cape Colony, "we posed a little before the women-folk, laughing and whistling as we rode along." So also he has great fun on the Natal front, at a time when the Boer hopes were running high, on picket-duty with his uncle:

> "His preparations for going on duty were unusual, for he inspanned an American duck-board (*sic.* It must have been an uneasy vehicle, and a buck-board might have been better.—Ed.) on which he piled a feather-bed, blankets and pillows, and he and I drove in state to the place where we had to do guard for the night. The spot was not more than four hundred yards from the nearest English sentries, but this in no way disturbed my uncle's serenity. He unharnessed his two animals, and giving one of the younger fry half-a-crown to do his sentry-go, he spread his bedding and was soon comfortably snoring within earshot of the British."

But lighthearted, almost gay, as the writing is, one is always conscious of a stern note of reality in the background and as the narrative progresses that note is more emphatically struck. For sheer breathless adventure—one hairbreadth escape after another—the author's account of how he rode with Smuts and Van Deventer on their raid on the Colony touches the highest level of narrative description. The crossing of a gorge of the upper Orange in the dark; the treachery and death of Colaine the spy; the meeting with a half-wild white man dressed in goatskins in the Zwartberg, who only vaguely knew that a war was going on; the story of how Smuts and many of his men were poisoned by feeding unwarily on a fruit known as "Hottentot's bread"; and an awful night of bitter cold in the Winterberg at the end of which "over thirty horses lay dead from exposure"—dull is he who can read any of these passages without a tingle of the blood. The odds against the raiders were tremendous, and the risks hideous, for many of them had perforce to wear khaki—not as a decoy, but to avoid sheer nakedness—and to be caught wearing khaki meant death; but round that forlornest of hopes—two or three hundred strong to tackle the whole of the British forces in the Colony—were wrapped the soul and sympathy of the whole of the Dutch farming people. The raiders were over and over again supplied by them with guides, food and shelter, as Colonel Reitz makes abundantly clear; they were one people—*onze volk*—and had to be helped. Even Afrikanders of British descent were not unkind, though one of them, on the author's paying him a midnight visit, observed, "My God! First come the Boers this morning and slaughter my sheep; then come the British who kill more sheep instead of catching the Boers, and now I am hauled out of bed at this time of night by more Boers." It was near this farm, by the way, on the south coast that the writer came "on a connexion of mine named Rex, a lineal descendant of George Rex, the morganatic son of King George III by Hannah Lightfoot, the Quakeress. George Rex had been sent out to South Africa in 1775. His descendants still live there, and one of them had married my mother's brother."

The book, of course, gives the most intimate possible picture of the Boer character when at war: how intolerant it is of discipline (fortunately enough for us, who found it a hard enough nut to crack as it was); how "even in adversity the Boer instinct for speeches and wordy wrangling asserted itself"; how every man more or less claimed to be his own commander and to take furlough when he felt like it. To the men of the old school young Reitz was "something of an alien, for I was town-bred, and they did not always understand my ways, but they were simple kindly souls and we got on well together." There has always been a strong feeling of equality among the Boers, and the author, the son of an important State-official, naturally knew many of the prominent men personally and has left thumbnail sketches of several of them. He sees for the last time at Waterval Onder "the ugliest man I ever saw," Oom Paul himself, "seated at a table in a railway saloon, with a large Bible open before him, a lonely, tired man." There are De Wet's "fierce eyes and keen determined face"; Delarey, Huguenot-descended and so with "hawklike nose and fierce black eyes," on his famous little white-faced pony; and General Hertzog, now Premier of the Union, "a thin high-cheeked man with angry eyes, tho' his speech was pleasant and I saw that his men held him in great respect." These men and their like came to the Peace Conference at Vereeniging (where the author attended as General Smuts' Chief-of-Staff, promoted so in the course of one morning from the rank of Orderly), "starving, ragged, clad in skins and sacking, their bodies

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covered with sores from lack of salt and food" ; when Smuts and his Chief-of-Staff met Botha himself, he "had only a few strips of leathery biltong to offer us." The game was played ; few braver men than the burghers of the Transvaal and the Free State ever lived and they gave literally their all for their country. This book tells how some of them did it.

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M. J. C. M.

Heine.

Heine. By H. G. Atkins. (Routledge. 6s.)

It is perhaps as much Heine's fault as his virtue that he continues to evade both biographers and translators. He is the sort of butterfly that will not be pinned down. Once lay the lightest finger on the gold-dusted fans, and both gold and dust vanish, leaving a queer ruined moth. He needs, it seems, freedom and air. He will not suffer confinement within boards. Indeed, it seems that Heinrich Heine like

"A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage."

Professor Atkins, in his modest and scholarly biography, does not escape the common doom. He writes with equal good sense of this puzzling young Jew who accepted Christianity in order to qualify for a Government post, of this ardent young Liberal who accepted a pension from a monarchist administration, of the desperate lover for ever finding fugitive consolations, and of the Germanophobe who accepted and, indeed, demanded an allowance from his rich uncle in Hamburg. All this Professor Atkins explains without malice and without extenuation, neither judging nor pleading. It should be a complete picture ; and indeed it is except for one thing. The poet Heinrich Heine has stepped out of the pages of the book and left the draggled moth behind.

It is as well for the reviewer to admit that he cannot hope to succeed where such skill has failed. But perhaps he may inquire what is the universal reason for failure both in translation and biography, believing that the cause is the same in both cases. Heine, like many other creative Jews, and perhaps more than any, could only be a poet when he stopped thinking, and he lived his life as though he were writing it in prose. The sealing moment of peace when the weary brain was hushed and something older and lovelier dictated the predestined phrase, belonged not to his life, and only to the best of his poems. In that instant, and only then, he forgot Heinrich Heine, the Liberal, the idealist, the devotee of France, the Byronesque lover. Even the whimsical twist of self-contempt mixed with self-pity left those too full lips :—

"O Schwöre nicht und küsse nur,
Ich glaube keine Wiederschwur."

That was the only time when he kissed and did not tell himself that he was kissing. This, I think, helps to explain his inaccessibility to the biographer. The Heinrich Heine who wrote the enduring poems never lived at all except in those poems. A wistful and sometimes wicked bundle of contradictory impulses and emotions, engaged in literary brawls, changed his faith, his politics and his mistress. And then he was brought to paper, and woke to find, with the dew still on it, some flower which he had plucked in quiet fields he knew not how or where.

It is exactly the dangerous simplicity of these moments when he is most and least Heine that have made him the despair of translators. The words are straightforward beyond belief, the sentiments translate themselves. The thing looks, if anything, too easy. But the translators (like the biographers) do not realize that these, like the Japanese Nôh poems, are an elfin shorthand. Behind them lie the warring shadows of a thousand self-contradictory emotions. Each phrase is the heading of a chapter that was written in tears, in self-despite, and in self-conscious laughter. Each poem burns like a lamp at the end of a dark and troubled path. Only if the translator, too, has fought with beasts at Ephesus can he grasp at the ineluctable simplicity of Heine's poetry.

Let us, as examples of the difference that separates Heine's poems (product of so much bitterness and of so many doubts overcome) from the direct and unshadowed translators, take one from Mr. Webb, almost the least unsuccessful of Heine's translators and one from Professor Atkins himself. Wrote Heine :—

"Lehn deine Wang an meine Wang
Dann fliessen die Thränen zusammen !
Und an mein Herz druck fest dein Herz
Dann schlagen zusammen die Flammen."

which with Mr. Webb becomes :—

"O let thy cheek on my cheek rest,
Our tears together shall flow
And by my heart on thy heart pressed,
Together their flames shall glow."

or :—

"Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere
Hat Sturm und Ebb und Flut
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht."

which Professor Atkins renders :—

"My heart is like that ocean
With storm and ebb and flow,
And many a pearl lies hidden
Far in its depths below."

Something, we must be prepared to agree, always evaporates in translation, but need it be so staggeringly much ? Nor should we impute the difference to the translators' want of skill. The thought in both cases is exactly rendered, the rhyme-scheme is followed and in the second case the metre. And yet, as Hamlet said, "Look on this picture and on that."

What is his secret that escapes his lovers ? It is surely not the lyric sweep that stops the heart as in great moments of Marvell and Shelley. It is not the wise glory of Goethe, nor, to bring it nearer home, the tiger-pounce of Byron. It is—is it not—the distillation of so much tumult in so much peace. Never did spirit so obscurely and variously vexed find such complete refuge. Heine locked the door on everything—his translators, his lovers, his passions, his follies and himself. And then as though all these were fused in a single beam of moonlight, and that argent pencil wrote, the cameo, made of all these things in equipoise, lay before him untroubled—stuff paler and more durable than ivory.

It has been December with him, and even now the hail hisses at the pane, but he is writing :—

"In the wonder-month of May
When buds went up like rockets."

Presently he will walk out again into the storm of life and be lost. But on his page it will be May for ever.

Humbert Wolfe.

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Poverty Flat.

Sermon by a Sinner

Purify! Where shall we begin? At the top or the bottom? To chop down a tree, begin conveniently close to the ground; so as not to bend too much and tire your back.

With a lot of men controlling the politics of county, state and nation, whose foreheads are so low, that if they had hearts to weep over the woe they have caused, the tears would run down their backs, how absurd to look for purity; how ridiculous to expect reform! Why, they are in politics for a "boost" to their business, and havn't the ability to conceive of the public outside of the private gain they expect. The idea, the infernal idea of self before humanity must be eradicated. Just as long as men go around and preach eternal forgiveness to the thief, the rascal, murderer, just so long will these iniquitous conditions exist and the propogators thrive. In comparison with such a state of society, hell, as most horribly pictured, is a field of pure and beautiful lillies and limberger in its last unuterable agonies would seem like a boquet of fresh blown roses. (applause).

My friends, while we are on the sewer question, or discussing a way to get rid of the filth and slime, and faithfulness, the treachery and deceit, the scandal-monger and the immoral and depraved—let's not outlaw ourselves, (renewed applause) my brethren.

One reason we have no better society, no purer morals, and no higher standard, is that King David is held up to us as a man next to Jesus Christ in the real intent of his heart. The last act of David, if the record is to be relied on, was to admonish his son to kill one of his generals. With his dying breath he left a legacy of murder to Solomon. Such a standard would drag to perdition, to personal infamy every follower of his hienous example. (Hisses and cries of "go on.")

But it is not necessary to go back to dead and buried David; we have Breckenridge and Madeline, Cleveland and Mariah—why search the musty tomes of an ignorant, vicious past. The archangel from heaven fell to hell, and Beecher, the most gifted preacher of modern times, tumbled from a pedestal that had never been reached before in America, to a depth occupied by innumerable millions of the sons of men. (ouch, by the audience)

We need a sewer system to carry off the rottenness. The only trouble to be encountered, that they roll into it in such ungodly hunks that they choke up the outlet and back up into the streets, the opera houses, the churches, and where they do the most harm, into the homes of our beautiful city. Beautiful until the hand of man marred the fair face of nature.

We are told that God never made anything without a purpose. That the bear, the wolf, the wild cat, the cactus, the [illegible], the spider all fit into the nicely ordained plan of creation like cogs in a wheel, and that if you break out a cog you destroy the harmony of the whole. We offer bounties, by law, for the scalps of various criminals. We mash the serpents head and step on the spider. There has not been a bear found in its wild state in England for 800 years, nor a wolf in 300, nor a wild cat in over a hundred. So, all these animals that live by devouring the food that care-worn, battle-scarred, sweat-laden humanity must have, are decreed to die, and they are fast disappearing before the onward sweep of the restless hosts of this wobbly old world—(great sensation) we're knocking out the cogs of the original machine as fast as the hammer of time driven by the tide of human ingenuity can do it. But still we need a sewer system. No matter what the cost—the voice of the great unlaundried public is all powerful, and must be obeyed.

Cleanliness is preferable to godliness, is the text from which we have been preaching, and if you will compare the two versions, you are bound to conclude that this one is the better.

Pass the hat brother Hooligan, and if there is a man present who does not "put up" put him out of the synagogue and seal up his exit. The man who don't pay the preacher is worse than two infidels (hisses and groans) and shall have no part nor lot in the Poverty Flat poultry moon-harvest. Services at the usual place next publication day. Your subscription is now due, and if you desire your name included in the list of delegates to the next jewrustle'em, you will please "cough up the chicken feed."

Brer Dodson

As once before we remarked, paid his regular pastoral call Tuesday and we discussed the world, and its shortness—but not our own, no sir. He told us that he had chicken last Sunday—the first of the season. We do not wonder, for you remember how dark it was last Saturday night—no day so dreary, no night so stormy, no life so desolate but what by using the combination properly, discreetly and timely chicken may result.

He even asked us what we believed, and we told him that, "With my whole heart, soul, mind and strength I believe chicken is the salvation of the human race," and he said "Praise the Lord, for I perceive of a truth you're a Methodist." This is what we call a fowl hit.

One thing we like to have forgott: Bro. Dodson said he just dropped in to supply us with some ideas, and that he called for that purpose, as he had been furnishing us for some time with ideas for the Advocate. We make this explanation for the sake of our reputation, as we feel that quite a wagon load of responsibility has been lifted from our shoulders—our head couldn't carry many weighty packages. But if you seem to think that you perceive anything unorthodox in the Advocate, we assure you it was our failure to assimilate the idea he furnished.

But calls from the practicing ministry are really appreciated. We do so love to skin 'em. You understand they are bound to the doctrine to turn the other cheek when smitten, and they always carry a plenty to turn.

As an after thought, we claim your attention but a moment. Most preachers live in Poverty Flat and dine on Property Hill. Call again, and the invitation is extended to the entire cloth. We allow no one to exhibit more charity than we do and we promised Bro. Dodson to go and hear him preach as soon as we were able to place a cash order for a pair of Sabbath trousers.

Dry Good

Poverty Flat.

Pictures, Plaints, Platitudes

As this seamed and scarred old earth swings unerringly and elliptically in its trackless orbit, we note with exact certainty the days and nights, the seasons, the eclipes, the tides and various other phenonema amazingly attendant. In our grasp after the illimitable possibilities of the ultimate, which the mind of these puny evoluted simians seems will eventually comprehend, we stand enthralled, astounded!

And to think that Poverty Flat is an integrol part of all this mighty vastness, with possibly only a few within its sacred, poverty burdened boundaries who really comprehend this sublime fact!

Sometimes we pray that the black, ominous pall of ignorance be rolled aside and that the sunlight of God, as taught through and by Nature, the one, only infalliable teacher, glint into the hovels where hunger shame, and blind faith hold indisputed sway. My Omniscience, what a regeneration there would be! The scales would fall from their blinded eyes, the shackles of superstition would be broken forever, and no man would live by faith but by honest labor, honestly rewarded. Shall it ever be?

Milton said, "They also serve, who only stand and wait." Heart service consists in consecration, not physical exercise. Darwin may tell us from whence we sprung, but there analogy ends. He who goes farther than fact, is unworthy of belief, of even respect.

This reminds us: To look with precient eye, to see with certainty beyond the vail, there must be another cross; the present brand of beings must be bred to a pedigreed angel. Jeves Smith said Mike Hooligan crossed his chicken with an eagle, and he said the progery were as mean as a mule and as tough as the butt cut of orignal sin. Spoilt their flavor and ruined their character. The same may be true of the new man that presumes to look beyond the slatted scenes of this life.

Russell Sage, the wizened old Wall street money-lender, is eighty-three years old, and says he never took a holiday in all his life. Wouldn't that jar loose the jaw teeth of a jackass? Do yours feel shaky? Four-fifths of a century scrambling after nickels! Well, we'd rather be a poultry raiser in Poverty Flat—we'd stick to it 'till the flames of her rise up and congeal into mountains of ice, and we'll stick to it as we tobogan down the mountain into the mists of eternity.

Stand-on-'em-with-his-hind-feet - and - skin-'em-with-both-hands says, "don't knock, you'll reduce my rents." The devil says, "Do you see the cattle on all the hills of earth? Do my bidding and I'll help you to mav erick the whole dinged herd." Will you do it? "Don't knock, let 'em rob the living and reach into the womb of time a hundred years and rob the unborn."

It's popular to curse the knocker, but he's the only man with nerve and a sufficiently acute moral sense to warn the world of its unadulterated cussedness and schemes. All the fools for twenty-three centuries have maligned Diogones, but by carrying his lantern its rays have fell on and frustrated the designs of millions of scoundrels.

Any system of civilization that makes a man poor who works, is wrong; just as hienous, as Paine said was, "Any religion that shocks the mind of a little child."

Speaking of the weather: A youthful hopeful, on hearing some one say that he would go up to the Weather Bureau and find out how much rain had fallen, says "Do they keep the weather in the bureau?" This is not quite as bad as the other little boy who wanted to know if "the angels wore striped stockings?" "No, why did you ask?" inquired his mother. "Well, Mr. Staylate called Sis an angel and she wears 'em." If you remember a few years ago when the great word painter preacher named the streets of the New Jerusalem, his admirers called it "poetic license." Others, not admirers, called it lying. Of course he had as much authority for naming the streets as his predecessors had for naming the city, but comparatively few know this. It all depends on our relations to the narrator as to the terms we apply to his stories. This is an axiom.

Recently, a small, cymbling-headed fellow, drawing a man's salary and doing a boys work, filled a house full of admirers by advertising that he was going to prove the divinity of the third part of his doctrine by the people who denied it. Such an advertisement brands a man as an intentional falsifier. Some one asked what were fools made for, when a bystander remarked, To keep wise men from working.

But the lamps are lit in heaven, and the soft sigh of the summer twilight breeze is lulling us to rest; the low note of the song bird is gently hushed, as it nods lasily on its swinging perch the lowing herd is chewing the cud of contentment, while all the air a solemn stillness hold—Scat, as the fellow said when the mouse ran up his leg.

A Strong Preacher

Rev. B. W. Dodson of Amarillo came down Monday morning and has been here this week assisting Rev. Ben Hardy with his revival meeting. He is a strong forceful talker and a man of ability. His sermons have been listened to this week with a great deal of interest. He is no doubt one of the strongest preachers of the Panhandle.—Hall County Herald.

The Memphis folks must be feeding him chicken.

Tell The Truth

Anent an article some weeks since in this paper which stated that if a "newspaper or a preacher told the truth neither could stay in town ten minutes." We also stated neither tried. The Crosby Co. News takes us severely to task for our statement, which only shows that the editor thereof is young, inexperienced, optimistic and all those things which the young are before the real facts, the blunt unburnished facts of real life, have knocked the "wireedge" off their verdant beings. He says there is enough good truths to tell without stooping to scandal, or telling things that are not uplifting, noble, grand and inspiring—at least that is what he intended to say had his vocabulary kept place with his imagination.

That our young friend may have his optics peeled, we say that a doctor if he finds his patients suffering from cancer, or whatever that is malignant, does not say to the patient, "you have nice teeth, beautiful eyes, a handsome figure, an agreeable disposition and the weather is splendid, enjoy yourself, eat, sleep, drink and take your ease, the white horse and its pale rider will not come this way for many years." No, the physician cuts away the cancerous growth, salves the malignant sore, gives a soothing lotion and says "Only with care and attention can you live."

Telling the good things does not prepare a man to combat the bad ones. We tell the freighter of the bog hole in the road, we call the pedestrians attention to the broken plank in the side walk so they may watch—praying stops no holes. It is telling the truth about the bad places in the road of life that warns the traveler, that protects him.

We do not tell the truth about the pitfalls in the business mans way, for the reason it is not customary, and the public would not permit it. We do not call attention to the direlictions in the walks of the upper ten for fear they'll be offended and take the spoon out of our mouths—and we are not going to.

It is alright to propound and expound truths that are elevating, and all that. But if the tank is leaking you'd better stop the hole. Why work and sweat all the week at a dollar a day and pay some one $10 for talking two hours on Sunday? Now why? Why pay a doctor $2 for a half hours work when perhaps you are working at 10 cents per hour? Well, why? Why pay a lawyer $25 for a job that he wont guarantee, when if he hires you he pays you less than one-fifth and forces you to guarantee your work? The editor of the Crosby County News wont dare to tell the truth about these things, because, first he don't know, and second, he wouldn't if he did know. Well we will give you a plain, positive, direct, unequivocal answer: Because nine-tenths of the people are fools and allow the other tenth to live off of them. If you'll cut out revelation and covetness men could be honest. The desire to evade labor is the cause of all the crime, robbery, hypocrisy and wretchedness.

We stick to our original assertion, and the more we see, the more we know the tighter we stick. The man who dares to tell the truth knows nothing to tell.

Dodson Preached

Rev. B. W. Dodson preached quite an entertaining sermon last Sunday night. It had a great deal of politics in it and a small amount of religion, that is why we liked it. Dodson is studying and actually trying to be honest and truthful and he deserves great credit for his efforts. And besides he showed some familiarity with the subject. He said the socialists favored making everybody rich. Nobody believed this, because they favor everybody getting what he makes and all he makes and no more. But a little slip like that don't bother a preacher. But folks should go out and hear him, becaues he is making an honest effort to be fair and a man should be judged by his intentions and not by the slips of his tongue.

He said many good things that were true, and many things that we believed, and when the good and true things a man does and says over balance the other things he is getting along fairly well. Another thing, we used to be a Methodist, and we realize the embarassing environments, and we readily sympathise with an honest effort to rise above such influences.

Preachers could do a great deal of good if they would tell folks how to live, we can die without being told.

Rev. Jno. W. Murray, of Emma, Crosby county, was in Amarillo Monday and Tuesday. He is one of the old pioneers. He published a paper at Estacado when it was the only town on the central plains, twenty years ago. Since that time he has gone to preaching and is a Presbyterian of the hardshell variety, but he has a soft heart, always did have, as we have known him for more'n a hundred years. He just came down from Canadian where he assisted a friend in getting a popular hostelry in expert running order. Way back yonder, when Abilene, Tex., wa the capital of all that was west of Ft. Worth and east of the Pacific, the Hon. Jno. W. Murray was county judge of Taylor county. We love to linger over those old days. They call up sacred memories of the wild, untamed west. Times when men were men, and all the world was free—will they come again? Hardly, my brother.

Society Flat

From Tennis to Rheumatism

"She air movin'," as the gal sed when the sicloan carried her off. The dase of strange things and the nites of stranger ones air still with us. It air a cold da in july when Uncle Peter Greenburn gits left. As u no he has been afflcted for quite a spell with inflammable rumatis, and hed tried all the stoare stuff, the Dokters descripshuns—tried everything frum polecat grese to kristium Science without limber-in his jints, when one da Bill Jones drapped in with a nue remida that he had klipped out of the Poverty Flat Bladder. Uncle Peter jist hated the Bladder, coz the editor had no more sense than to sa things that wuz so. The peace sed that if you had a bad case of rheumatiz and wood let beas sting u it wood kure it. How to git the beas wus the truble. Bill Jones sed his sunen-law, who lived doun to Roswell hed a lot of beas an he wood hev a passel sent up by suppress on the Paykus Vally rode. In a few dase the beas cum. Tha wus sent up in a tin kan that had a few air holes in it. The air holes wus fur them to git thare breth threw. Sich a fule ida! Reken a bea that cud live all winter without breth cudent cum up from Roswell without air?

But enyhow Bill brot the beas over and Uncle Peter wanted to no rite awa how to apply 'em. The peace in the paper had been very defict in direcshuns, and sed, if the pashent wus a man, to turn the beas loose up his pants legs, ty the bottums and git out of the wa of results. Well, Bill he interdueed about 25 beas up one ov Uncle Peter's pants legs, but he dident have time to ty it, befour tha begin to attact his rumatiz. Uncle Peter is kured, but him and Bill dont speek eny moar.

Tennis is got to be kuite fashinable down in our part of town; awlso kroka, which they awl pla.

Direkshuns fur playen both games: 2 boys, bout groan, 2 gals ditto; 4 bawls and 4 small mauls—this is fur kroka, 2 stiks stuk in the ground, 10 bent wirs stuk in the ground; 4 teaspunes full ov branes and 2 hours; 600 giggles an nuthin' sed.

Fur Tennis, u yeus a miskeeter bar, bats with holes in 'em, sum puny base balls an the same amount of brains, time, giggles ann same konversashun. Tha sa it is a relaksashun frum wurk, wurry and study. My observashun teaches me that the folks who work jist set down and rest when tha want to relaks. Now I don't sa its rong to pla enny sort of a game, cos it aint—if you pla it fare and skawr—its not the game that hurts a body but the cheating.

Last week the editor of the Poverty Flat Bladder aktually bought 2 pare of sox, 2 pare of U. Shirts and 2 pare of drawers—he sed when tha got to sellen em at 22 sents everybody cud ware 'em.

U ma not be able to see the connekshun between playen games and waren underclose, but you keep on playen and u wont connect with eny underclose.

A feller sed the uther da, "Air u goin to vote fur Parker?" We told him "Yes." Then he wanted to no, "What fur?" We told him, "We never aloud ennybody to be a bigger fule than we wus." This seamed to satfsfi him, and he sed, "Dont see how u coud," an he went out.

As u no weave got five bois which ware britches, when tha kan git 'em. The biggest one ses hes bound to hev 'em. The uthers don't keer much. But it takes a mity site uve patchen fur em, an we jist tole the ole woman she needent do enny more patchen till semptober. The boys doant go about much and the holes air good fur venter lashun—the dokters air awl strong on this pint on a good merny uv em air good on a strong pint—without reflekshuns.

Wun thing weave notised that liven in society wont save our chickens. It's not whare a man lives, but how he lives that counts. If a man lyse, chetes, violates law, defrauds, embessels or dose enything that harms any wun we kant sea how dien will maik him better, but it wood help the kommunity. The feller who lase arownd awl the weak and gits 7 or 8, or 9 hundred dollars for tawkin 2 or 3 ours ov a sunda is a liven without wurk, en is a lien about believen that it is rite to ern grub by swet—unless he means by the swet on suckers.

May the knowledge of good and evil, a true regard for the rights of others, charity for the ignorant, mercy for the weak, love for the unfortunate and hope for all mankind find a lasting lodgement in your mind, is our sincere prayer.

Hayden and Cranfill.

The two rival publishers of Baptist papers and great hot air expounders of the apostolic traditions, had an altercation on the trains near Texarkana last week and two shots were fired. Hayden says Cranfill tried to shoot him, and Cranfill says Hayden was the aggressor.

The chances are that both are lying. They have both been star figures in Baptist conventions and the courts for years.

Both are fakes of the first water, which every body knows expect their Baptist followers.

Neither is qualified to edit a news paper, yet each by posing as preachers of a great cult, are able to delude many people. If the Baptist church had sense enough to fire those disturbers over the fence it would materially increase the repesct of of decent people for the church.

Hayden was doubtless mistreated in the begining by a brutal majority, but he has exhibited qualities of revenge since that robbed him of the the sympathy of the public.

The wonder is, that the Baptists do not rid themselves of such unholy parasites.

Poverty Flat.

Frost--Up Salt Creek.

"Like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted" feels the defeated candidate. It is a short road that has no rocks in it. Whether there is more pleasure in "pursuit or possession" is now settled. It is a sad commentary on our civilization when one man has to rise on the downfall of another. The dog has fleas to bite him, and fleas have others to bite them, ad-infinitum, on down until the microscope is baffled in amazement.

How sad, that one man has to rise to place, profit and power over the prostrate form of his less fortunate fellowman. But a dime will bound th horizon of half of humanity, and a biscuit will blot all beyond with the other half. Confound it, its a complex subject, and the more we try to analyze and comprehend the more befogged grows our think pot.

The poor defeated candidates! In sympathy goes our great, strong affections, but it is not sympathy they want. Time alone can bind up the shattered systems and heal the broken promises. Did you know that about the most worthless man in a community was the fellow who would promise everybody to vote for him? Such a fellow is as conscienceless as a coyote and as unreliable. Candidates are ordinarily decent citizens, and if it wasn't for these anti-election liars not more than half of them would ever become candidates. Down in Poverty Flat, although one candidate lives there, yet in feelings, in sympathies, in pocket, he is not one of us. He lives, and thinks, and moves and has his being outside the sacred precincts of this multitudinous country. We started to say with this one exception, the itch for office has not invaded our territory, though we have other kinds of itch. Did it ever occur to you that when a man gets one of those microbes into his system that only a good dose of opposition votes can cure him. It's so.

Great projects can be builded on mighty slim facts. Why, Stillwell is building the Orient road from Kansas City, Missouri, to Tobalobampo, Mexico, on wind and gall! This may strike you as preposterous, but howsomeever it is a fact.

Talking of "gall" brings us back to Tuesday evening. Along late in the afternoon, as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the temple of injustice, and as the last voter had poked in his little ballot, which expressed the convictions of his scheming, dominant neighbors, a candidate with a blue look and a far away cast of countenance says to me, "Say, will the waters be chilly?" He had his mind on the "salt river" packet that leaves the harbor of human frailty and folly on each recurring election day and is freighted with the blasted hopes and thwarted ambitions of the unfortunate. We don't know, never having been a candidate. We have sunk to some awful depths, and eat husks with the hogs, and licked sores with the dogs, and groveled away down towards the dregs of bitter fact and undeniable damnation, but through it all and out of it all there has been a smattering of respectability left—we have never run for office. Never offered to immolate our better natures on the altar of our country. Never proposed to be a pack jack for the billions of fools that absorb ozone and ignorance as the years of fact fade into the eternity of forgetfulness. Golly! but we are soaring too high. Got to pull a feather from the wing of our imagination and stick it in the tail of our judgment so that our literary flights will not be so erratic.

But, the candles in heaven are lighted, and we can hear the great organ of eternity calling the sons of men to their final vespers, and the chickens in Poverty Flat are flying up to roost—thank God, not out of reach of the appetite of the enterprising candy, nary adivvy. This feeling appears to be universal. to the starving we give a dime, and donate a dollar to a dance that we anticipate taking in. So, the good folks send a quarter to the South sea islands and give the local preacher a forty-dollar pounding Well, what of it? Nothing, nothing; only it's the universal custom on both sides ef this here flat world.

Did it ever occur to you that the man who butts against an established custom, no matter how foolish, expensive or barbarous it is, is somewhat like the old farmer who tried to break his favorite ram from butting. Well, this old farmer was hard headed, and he laughed and laughed when the idea struck him. He proceeded at once to put it into execution. Procuring a sheepskin he wrapped it around himself and put a smoothing iron on his head. Straightway he went out to the barn, got down on his alfours and emitted a challenging "baa!" The butting ram espied him, lowered his head and made full drive for the pugnacious enemy, as he supposed.

Result: The neighbors fished the farmers jaw teeth out of the seat of his pants, pulled his two ears off the tops of his boots and found the iron in the next county. The coroners jury rendered the following verdict: Butted out by butting in.

Did you ever notice how a dog turns round and round before he lies down? This is a habit bequeathed to him by his wild ancestors, that turned round and round to break down the the grass and weeds for a bed.

Habits, how they cling to us! Did you ever notice that a young baby can hold its weight by its hands? Hereditary habit, transferred from the original monkey ancestors, ancestors! on up through all the changes that time and environment has wrought. Customs, how they bind us!

Jagsky says he has no use for the moon, because it only gets full once a month.

Jimsky wanted to know "why is a candidate like a fallen tree?"

"One lies easy and the other easy lies," says he.

After all, when the shadows fall towards the east, when the sun is a long way towards the Pacific, when the step is rheumatic, when the fire of life has burned low, and the eye is dim and as you totter on down the last declivity of erratic, uncertain life; when you can hear the sullen roar of the breakers of eternity as they beat and break upon the shores of time, and as you near the mighty tide that is to bear your barque out and away into the mist that hides all that has been forever—this is merely a figure of speech that is used to work upon the emotional natures of suckers. What matters it to the dust, no mud of Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red sea! Do you realize what you was before you were born?

Just about as sentiently as you you will what occurs after life's fitful fever is over.

But all this has nothing to do with paying taxes, building a sewer system or raising poultry in Poverty Flat. These last are concrete not abstract subjects.

Our civilization a thousand years from to day will look as as uncouth, as barbarous as that of the Digger Indians does to us now. Amarillo will have ten millions of people, besides the dogs and chickens and dudes. Railways will all be underground; people, will travel through the air and all the food will be chemically prepared in factories from the soil, air and water without taking the time to grow it. Every noxious insect, poisonous reptile and ferocious beast will exist only in the story books. Disease will be banished, for science will have discovered an antidote for all poisons: at a hundred years a man wil be young, and crime will be unheard of, for there will be no cause for labor, war or hate. Men will learn how to temper the arctic wind, to still the hurricane and hush the volcano. Is all this possible? Yea, and much more. Men will think no more then of a Sunday excursion to the moon than they do now of a trip to Canyon. Say will there be any chickens then?

Poverty Flat.

Around A Flat World.

The Russian general, Jimquitsky, recently remarked, "you can tell a dambitsky how straight a man can shoot by his sizesky"

Napoleon was a dwarf, but he did damnable big things. We are not swearing; does not a book say, "he believeth not shall be damned"

The world's getting better—outside our sanatary system. No improvement to speak of in that direction. Where is that ten-block septic sanitary system? It reminds us of the Dudley blocks of five. The rains have come; the water has fallen; the flies are a borning; how will health be under these neurotic conditions?

The sinless summertime, with its shimmering sunshine, voluptious vegetables, balmy breezes, picnics, fireworks, flimsy fashions, dudes and dudines, excursions and returns is here—to be exact it is elswhere—every where. Speaking of picnics reminds us of one. It's up to you which one—you've all been there.

It's a great thing to be charitable. Why, we once knew a little boy who loved his little brother so that he was willing to divide his dose of oil and turpentine with him; just so, most of us are willing to share the onorous duties of life with our fellowman—but the cream, the

Ten Nights in a bar room will be played here Nov. 19. We told Jaggon about it and he says "shucks, I've played more'n Twenty nights in a bar room and never took in a cent."

Bro. Sam Jones intimates that Senators Bailey and Culberson are fools on the Panama canal question. Sam has always been a political fool, in our opinion, and his agreement with us in this instance is no evidence to the contrary.

At the Methodist church, at 11 a. m. Sunday Rev. Dodson will preach on "When was the New Testament Writen?" At 7:30 p m. subject will be, "How Far Was Christ a Socialist?" These themes deal with vital subjects and ought to be interesting to all.

Poverty Flat.

Courtship, Clothes and Economy.

Courting is carried on in the F at much as it is in other parts of the country. Ordinarly, there are only two parties to the transaction; Party of the First Part, and Party of the second Part, and neither party knows which is which, or who is who. Party of the First Part is usually a fellow with an apology for a mistake, a vast amount of egotism, vanity and assurance, and a small capital of common sense and discretion, plus a few store clothes, hair parted in the middle and a smirking smile which he stole from the physiognomy of the lost hound pup he passed.

This is the summum bonum, the ensemble tout, the thule ultima of the whole invoice. While we may have our foreign idioms backwards, the subject equally presentable reversed.

Party of the second Part consists of the following goods and chattels, which properly used might eventually become a realty; one pair of eyes as dark as those for which mad Anthony flung away an empire, hair in which the sublime symphony of heaven's choir has become imprisoned, cheeks that vie with the full blown rose, teeth of ivory, and a form magnificently divine, all arrayed in a co tume that would put the lillies of the valley to shame, and that cost the old man from shoe to the last clip, inclusive, fifteen dollars and sixty cents at The Famous, which was a bargain.

Sometimes there is an intervenor in these suits, and the trial is put off from day to day, from month to month, or until the Party of the second Part passes the milestone of legality on the road to connubial bliss.

For convenience and for brevity we'll call the Party of the First Part, John Henry Jones; and the Party of the second Part, Mary Ann Smith; this will simplify matters and give you a cue as to what to call the Intervenor, just plain Dad Smith.

Well, the case is advanced on the docket, and they go to church, for where else can they go of a Sunday night that Dad Smith will countenance. They take seats about the middle of the church, the preacher gives out the song, "Nearer My God to Thee," and John Henry rapturiously adds his frog like voice to the melody and sings "Nearer Mary Ann to Thee," which transports his immortal soul as near to the pearly gates and pictured lilies of paradise as he will ever get.

Then the preacher gets up and takes for his text, "God is love," and John Henry's gone glimmering again to glory. He tells of the lowly Christ, of His toil, of His labor; how He stilled the tempest, how He freed the soul of the captive and how he lived a life of love and duty. So simple and sublime, so thrilling and divine, and John Henry and Mary Ann have got more religion right then they'll ever have again in this world.

These are immortal leaves embossed in gold, with silver pictures, set in diamonds, that are all treasure in the book of memory.

After awhile the service is over, and the congregation files slowly out. John Henry and Mary Ann try to slip out unnoticed, but all the folks know the symptoms, every body has diagnosed their cases to a T, and they have to run the gauntlet of innumerable eyes and the target of every senseless sharp shooter; we've all traveled down the same lane to the door, and before we got there our sublime piety had evaporated and we felt like braining every body that looked at us. It's just a step, they tell us, from earth to heaven, and it's only half as far to the other place.

But they get out and go the darkest, longest way home. John Henry holds her little, dimpled hand in his fist, that looks like one of Swift and Armour's rankest hams, and he tells her things that, like Paul, who was caught up into the seventh heaven, "are unlawful to utter." At last they reach the worn doorstep in Poverty Flat, where that delicious journey ends. The moon is behind the cloud, and Pa Smith behind the door, and John Henry lingers with such a longing—you know Clarence Stedman's poem of how he kissed her—well, there is where the Intervenor came into the case, and John Henry made himself scarce.

The moon went down, and the wind wept and moaned like a lost child for its dead mother, and the world, that a little while before was rose tinted and blissful, is now a world of gloom and darkness. John Henry drags on home as full of meanness as a mule and as "pison" as a rattlesnake. Mary Ann goes tearfully to bed, and abuses the old man for seeing them, but the only remorse of conscience is the result of being caught.

Same old well worn path we've all traveled, and that millions more will keep step in as the ages glide into the past.

After a hearty breakfast of buttered biscuit and hot coffee John Henry's courage comes back, and he's as full of schemes for circumventing Dad Smith as the oily candidate is for carroling votes next Tuesday First this one presents its self, then that; each in turn to be discareded as not shrewd enough "to pull the wool over the eyes" of Dad Smith. Now, the difficulty with John Henry is, that he has an exagerated idea of Mr. Smith's astuteness. We know the trouble, we've all been there.

So it is with all the obstacles in life. We give them undue importance, we magnify them, we make Rocky mountains of prairie dog burrows All we need is confidence in our ability, faith in the justness of our cause and the energy to fly at it like a biting sow.

This is not a picture from life's other side, but a real actual story from this side. What is on the "other side" is conjecture; that which is on this side is reality, God took good care of us before we happened to get here, and we are persuaded that God will take the same kind care of us and all His cratures when we go hence.

A great many of us fret and fume and worry about what we shall wear, and whether our clothes become us. Ah! if we only become our clothes as well as they do us how splendidly we would look. A thief may look as well as a Judge in a suit of broadcloth, but when we know the men, the worth of the one and the vileness of the other, how contemptable the one appears and how great the other; My brother, it is not a question of clothes, but a question of character. Christ wore plain clothes, Socrates was a sloven, Tom Paine was far from being a dude; yet the character of Christ stands out in the lime light of the centuries more brilliant than that of all the well dressed courtiers that thronged the court of the Ceasars; The grand and sublime teachings of the old philosopher have lived and smoothed the pathway of millions, when all the senseless gabble of Greece's rich and well dressed has been forgotten for more than two thousand years; of Paine, who said "The world is my home and to do good is my religion," a grander man never lived; our liberty, our freedom to think and write is due more to his labor and life than that of a dozen men that eveer lived, and we believe that to day no truer, no purer, no grander soul is basking on the hill tops of of immortality, and he will live and his labor of love gather lustre, when all his vile detractors are forgotten in their ignominious graves.

But we've gotten a long way from the courtship of John Henry and Mary Ann. As this is a true story and the couple live in Amarillo we'll have to defer the next chapter until it happens.

Our Apology

Bro. Dodson says he didn't say what we said he said in last week's Advocate, about the preacher not being a Methodist who desired his salary reduced, and he led us to infer that it would be a great incentive for him to come back to Amarillo if the church would clip a couple of hundred from his annual renumeration. Nothing in this world gives us more pleasure than to be instrumental in reducing the salaries of preachers. We like to do deeds of charity for the great unwashed, credulous public, when we are out nothing and get something therefor. Our heart's in the right place, but our mouth will go off occasionally without being correctly charged. Old David, one Sunday morning when he was extemporizing an unusually expressive psalm, said in "his haste all men are liars," and he never took it back after it got cold. We have lived long enough to verify this remark of his, and it would be wonderful if we proved an exception to this rule.

However, to be honest with our readers, we believe preachers get more pay for less work than any other class of men, even taking into consideration the gigantic intellects engaged in the profession. We say in proportion to the work they do, and yet they never miss a Sunday trying to harvest shekels for the Lord. Of course, it has long since been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all sensible people that everybody is out after the "long green," first, and the graces can accumulate at leisure or by accident as collateral, afterwards.

We started out to take back what we said, but what's the use? Everybody knows Methodist preachers so well that they wouldn't let us take it back. The public is gradually "catching on," as it were, to the clerical graft, and they are supported as society appendages, as evils to be fed, housed and endured, believing it is better to bear the ills we have than to jump headlong into unknown difficulties.

Some folks swallow five-year, forty-rod, kill-'em-quick to drown their sorrows and are sorry for it; others try suicide, which does the work and leaves the corpse for the county to cover; some preach and gather the sweat of the toiler in a collection plate; others edit a county newspaper and wear away their lives telling the unadulterated, unequivocal truth—what a whopper—but we are getting quite expert in making apologies, and really don't mind it; so, if this don't fill the bill we'll make another.

Poverty Flat.

As It Is—As It Should Be.

A returning traveler from Oriental countries remarked that when he was on the Nile in Egypt, an accommodating guide shewed him the exact spot where the susceptible daughter of ancient Pharoah, took the bulrush basket containing Moses out of the river—and he believed it.

An ameteur scientist, who has just returned from a tour of Europe, told us that while looking through the Brittish musuem he was shown the identical asses jaw bone with which Sampson slew the Philistines—and we believed him.

It is not necessary that the hearer know things. All he needs is faith in the narrator and no story is too "fishy," too improbable for the credulous to swallow. Faith in improbabilities in lies is the basis of all creeds.

Poverty Flat is full of faith and fleas, and the facts on which that faith is founded are just as elusive as the fleas.

It is said there is no death. That the sun goes down to rise on a fairer morning. That the winds are hushed, but the breathless stillness is the parent of the storm; that death is only a dream, the sleep that proceeds eternal life—who knows? But, these things are a long ways from the scene of action, from the prosaic facts which we face from sun up to the setting of the same, and the facts that are not so prosaic between these two light events. Things as they are is what we have to deal with, not what they should be. A countryman once went to hear Ruberstien play the piano, and the graphic description he gave would excite the stoic and draw tears from a marble statue.

These are extraordinary events in human travel—the common things, the ones that occur every day, the ones that pass unheeded, unnoticed by. The great events mark epocks in history, set them off, separate them like miles on the way, like the years in the journey of life, but the days between make up the life, and so it is, the daily happenings, the everlasting round of trivial things make the history of the human family.

We havent much use for the man who can see no farther than his neighbor's hen roost, who can see only the interest on a note, who only looks to the profit and not the pleasures of life.

When we look around for some one to fill our offices, to take the lead in great enterprises, to show people the way, they want some one who has property, some one with a tax paying interest in earth to direct its destinies. How cruelly false, how damnably incorrect! The man who accumulates is invaribly inordinately selfish, stores up the honey in the hive at home but has a sting for all who came near. The real benefactor, the man who does a town, a country good is the man who gives more than he gets. We wish it were possible to show you the awful gap between the character of Christ and that of Carnegie. However much you may deny it, nine-tenths of the people of Amarillo admire Carnegie more than they do Christ. How do we know it? By their lives, the only real index to the human heart.

Perhaps you wouldn't hang a man to day for being good, but he would be so blamed lonesome he would go off and commit suicide. Just ask yourselves the question and give an honest answer, How would you feel in the presence of a man who neither lied, stole, acted the hypocrite, or done any thing to injure any one and wished all men well? You needn't answer out loud, for we are miserably tired of hearing lies and meeting hypocrites.

The price of property is largely regulated, not by its real value, but the desire of other people, based on its supposed value as an investment. Our neighbors are estimated, not at their real worth, but by their relations to us. If they avoid borrowing and are willing to lend; if they dont talk about us and allow us full latitude to discuss them, and leave their chicken houses unlocked they are good neighbors. otherwise nit. This holds good in all the relations and transactions of life and that's what makes us say what we do.

The Lightning Bug

Last evening as the lord of day faded in the west, and the curtain of night was pinned back by the stars, as we lay in pensive mood on our lowly bed, we saw a strange light flash across our vision, a quick, unsteady glimmer succeeded by

profound darkness. A moment more and the light flashed out again a little way further on, and again, and again, succeeded each time by inky blackness. It was a lightning bug busy on the wing. How he reminded us of people we know, who flash the light of their profound wisdom back down the path they have come. The Irishman said, "It is the bug b'jasus, that wears his headlight behind." So many people do the same. While its head is in darkness the most undesirable portion of its anatomy is wonderfully lit up. There may be a rock wall, a deep pitfall, all unknown before, while the path we know, the road we have traveled is lighted up. Many of us traverse at rapid speed this trackless waste between two eternities with our headlight on behind. We talk of the way we have come, point out the obstacles, call attention to the briars and thorns and show our bruises and bumps, all the time playing the lightning bug in the night of life, when a little foresight, a little wisdom would concentrate our vision on the way a head and brighten the path and lighten the load we have to carry. Don't be a lightning bug, it exposes the wrong part of your person.

Poverty Flat

Aftermath Sausage

Chapter III

(Never to be discontinued)

The election, like a bad dream, is over, and again we are thoroughly awakened to the fact that all the scramble, all our worry, all our wild-eyed wabbling and three-for-a-cent lying was for the other fellow. God, what fools these mortals be! Is there any part of us divine? And lastly, after He learned how, after making the bacilli, microbes, worms, bugs, fishes, reptiles, animals, and the approximation ape He made man in His own [illegible] —forgive the lie and guilt[illegible] the liar. Man made in [illegible] image? Is that your dwarfed, debased idea of Deity? Oh, you brainless, egotistical fool—your only chance for salvation is by grace and not by intelligence.

Back to the election: It is all over, as the fellow said when he hugged his girl and her irate father kicked him out the door—'twas sweet, too sweet to last but the last was too swift to be sweet. Most men get their intelligence from the toe of the boss' boot; it has to soak clear up before it reaches the seat of their intellect.

More'n a million promises were made, and ten million fools swallowed them—the promise was a sugar-coating around the bitter pill of poor performances.

There's always some clear streaks in this world of gloom—Folk was elected in Missouri and Peabody defeated in Colorado—both acts are imperishable monuments to the intelligence of the people of those states. Like the fellow whose girl had a numerous lot of beaus, and in consequence he could only go with her once in six months, he said the blessedness of that day carried him over the long, gloomy months. One or two stars shining clear bright through a world of gloom inspires many souls to work and wait for the sunliht of universal intelligence. A dream that once was ours, which the midnight stars taught us, and the zephrys sigh whispered faintly, "It will come."

We believe that the race is building up; the human race, we mean; is growing wiser and better; their sympathies are broadening, as their eyes are beginning to scan the world's panoramo, and that all we need is more truth, more light; lead us to know what our neighbor feels and experiences and we'll be better qualified to judge. More light is what the world needs. Not light that you have to pay for, but light as free as the sunshine, as the air.

Last week we notified you there would be a dance in Poverty Flat—folks cultivate the end they have the most pride in. Some folks souls are wrapped up in fine stock, others are stuck on chickens, at certain periods we lend our energies to twirl a mustache, that will not, some glory in fine raiment, some live to eat, and others have no object. It is better to have an end in view, unless it be caused by scant clothing in the winter time, than to be aimless, objectless. Give the world work and wages and crime would disappear, sin would be a legend and misery and want would be forgotten. As it is, we have work enough but the other fellow gets the wages.

The poor cotton grower works early and late, so does his whole family. The boll weevil cuts his crop short and the gamblers get the balance. They leave him his experience and the sympathy of a suffering Savior, who was crucified for denouncing the same set of men we denounce.

"Well, we can't all be race horses," remarks some fellow who sleeps late and works his wit. No, but a large per cent of us can be jackasses and carry the burden and bray. I don't know if I had to be born again but what I'd be like the Dutchman, who soliloquised thusly to his dog: "Carlo, I vorks und tinks, und you eats und sleebps und hafs ust as goot times as I hafs. Ven you is det you is det, but I still haf to go to hell. I guess a veller had ust as petter pe a tog."

In the economy of human vengeance unless there is a place of final evening up some of us will never get the real enjoyment hereafter to which we are entitled—never have the supreme satisfaction of seeing the fellow who "skinned" us here scalded hereafter. Methinks I could stand on the sunlit slopes of immortality, with the fragrance of the gardens filling my soul with overlasting perfume, while the melody of the angel choir, with never a discord, soothed my satisfied being, and with uncovered head look afar off across that impassable gulf and enjoy with never a qualm the surfeit of unspeakable warmth that the fellows were bathing in—though to be honest, I'd let 'em off before they burnt clean up—any being less than a fiend unspeakably depraved would. Let's all pray for the houseless hungry these cold winter nights and roll into our warm beds and go to sleep and forget them.

There is who heeds, who holds them all in His large love and boundless thought, who will not forget.

God Bless the Cow!

Did we say bless them? Not so, my brother. Mr. Caldwell assumes that the grand total of the destruction caused by cows would amount to not over $1000. By the same loose way of making estimates, we stated that all the milk and butter produced by allowing the cows full liberty amounts to exactly $387.29. He cannot disprove this. But it is not a matter of cold, callous dollars; is a question of convenience. The loose stock is a source of vexation and aggravation, causing not only financial loss, but worry and estrangement among neighbors. This should over balance any pecuniary consideration.

This is a home city, but a commercial one. Schools, sanitariums, elemosinary institutions, chautauquas, health resorts and such are not imprvoed by being made grazing grounds for some one's cows. There is no sentiment in the matter. Why appeal to that? The cow may be the most useful beast man has ever domesticated. And you will find the closer she is confined the more benefit man derives.

Why do they wish liberty for a cow and turn the boys in at nine? Why should we be made to build cow proof fences, and allow the other fellow to keep the cow?

The argument that it would deprive anyone of a cow is ridiculous. What do your cows get now outside? Nothing. All your cow gets to eat you buy and feed her, or else she steals it. There is nothing in reach for a cow to graze on. You know this. There will be grass next May, but that is just as soon as no cow can get any by being left free.

Holy Moses! Is it the cow we are looking after or is it the convenience, comfort, pleasure and safety of the people and their property? We presume it is the most people that should be protected, and not the cows.

Folks can keep their cows in the lot in the winter and in summer it would give a few boys a chance to earn some money by driving the cows to pasture. Nobody will have to sacrifice their cows by being forced to keep them up. This is slush. If you are not feeding your cow some one else is.

Now is the proper time. Why wait a year or two? The same howl would go up; the same kick be made. Those who oppose anything that they can't argue against always say, "Let's wait awhile, this is not opportune" and so on. We have had a great deal of dissension. Of course we have, What of it? If it is not the cows it will be something else. The idea of calling for "rest," "sweet rest" People only rest in the grave. This is a world where you must work and hustle, or hunger will get you, and we don't want to work to feed our neighbor's cows, and we presume they feel the same way in regard to us. Put up the old cow, if it starves every pup in Poverty Flat.

Poverty Flat.

If You Dont Like It—Move.

'Tis said the mills of the gods grind slowly, and we believe it. They have promised rejeneration, redemption and finally a resurrection to all that will believe, and while they have never received the former they live and die in hopes of the latter.

It is hope mixed with bread and meat that saves the world. Like the bran and saw dust diet, the more meat and bread the surer the salvation.

The grand jury is now in session and we are out three pedigreed chickens, of the holstein china variety, and while they are fooling away $36 a day and time that could profitably be turned to account behind a pair of mules, yet the chances are 100 to nothing that a large part of the time will be frittered away digging on suspicions. However, there are good men on the grand jury and it is to be hoped that all local prejudices will be laid in the grave of forgetfulness and that wholesome work will be indulged in.

We have no enemies to prosecute, unless they find out who stole our chickens, and no friends to shield. In fact a man should never claim his friends from among those who violate the law. While the grand jury is picking up shortages among the small, while they are raking Poverty Flat with a fine tooth comb and sifting the sand to find the feltow who has no money and less friends, it might be just as well to go over to Property Hill with their judicial probe and try for some of the bigger fish that infest this illimitable sea of corruption. We have no one in particular in our mind's eye, but there are many kinds of crimes and several character of criminals, a large per cent of whom are wholly without character.

The suspicious man always gets caught. We hope, we hope we have not excited your suspicions.

The Junior Editor has purchased 13 hens and a rooster, and says he now has enough poultry in his back yard, so that if he has chicken for dinner appearances will not be against him. It is just as well to be fortified in case of accident, and tsouble is often averted by proper foresight.

Some fellow was kicking about the weeds around town and said that the city ought to buy some goats and while the city officials were doing nothing they could herd the goats and let them eat up the weeds, posters, tin cans, rubbish and so forth. We suggested that it took a pretty swift herder to keep up with goats, add sheep would move about as fast as the septic sewerage system would travel.

How do you catch on? The Poverty Flat Board of Boasters is now angling after another railroad, a foundry, cotten mill, because John Reed brought a full opened cotten bloom to our office Tuesday and said the stalk from which he plucked the bloom had twenty eight formes on it, and he was looking for a buyer for his crop., or else he wanted to see the grocery men about getfing "carried" for a couple of months until he got his first bale out.

This is a great county when we get it fully developed, and if the "fish" keep on biting we will develope it.

Some notice has been given of a free mail delivery to take effect November the first. Wonder if the franking privilege can be stretched to include Poverty Flat, and if chickens will be included in the list of mailable articles? A great deal is being said about the cloud on the title to the court house block and some are surmising as to what figure the same will cut in regard the court house. Frankly we do not know. By reference to the records no cloud exists.

Perhaps the only cloud is a mist that a breath of pointed action by the commissioners will disipate as easily as a country coon would a Georgia water melon. Most of our troubles are in the air, hot air at that. about three-fourths of man is water and the other fourth is wind, so that there is only a small amount of solid to rely on.

Well the shades of night are falling fast, and all the air a solemn stillness holds, in consevuence we'll be just as solemn and still.

A Bit of Original Wit.

The other day a gentleman was talking to a lady friend over the elephone and after they had finished their conversation the gentleman desired to speak with some one else and rang seven times for central without getting an answer, whereupon the lady whom he had just been speaking with ventured to inform him that he had made a mistake in ringing for central so soon, and that he should "ring off and wait for the cat to die." "A cat has only seven lives," was the reply, "and seven rings like that ought to kill it." "You are mistaken again," the lady replied, "a cat has nine lives and you have two more rings coming—good bye."

We saw the statemont in a Missouri paper that a Methodist preacher in a certain town in that state had refused to be returned to his old charge unless the conference would reduce his salary $200.

Bro. Dodson said he couldnt have been a Methodist, and that he had doubts, anyhow. We also have doubts, about there being that much benevolence in the clergy.

Society Slivers.

Love, Mites and Etc.

Poverty Flat Punctured.

They say the brightest women marry the dullest men, and vice versa. Well, they don't. A smart woman can't marry a fool, because she'd be a fool to do it. Many people think it sacriligious to talk of fools, for they feel like you are tresspassing, climbing, as it were, their genealogical tree.

District court begins next week, and there will be a great time threshing over the old straw and making medicine for the fall election. Forewarmed is forearmed, it is said that he who has a just quarrel is thrice armed.

Out side of politics there is nothing in this world. It includes society, religion, mechanics, all sciences, all that is, has been or may be, and it includes a good deal that we would be better off without.

It is not what we have that worries us; it is how to get what the other fellow has without loss of persperation. and we sweat to to accomplish it.

This reminds us: Did it ever occur to you how you could tell when a boy first begins to notice the opposite sex? No? We know an infallable index. He combs his head and washes the scales off his hands and complains that his feet are too big. It is like measles, or other contagious diseases, you cant never tell when a boy will will take it, but soon or late they all have it in a virulent form.

Some fellow asked us the other day what the vermiform appendix was made for, and we told him to keep the doctors in clover. Rich people have hay fever; the poor have just common old bad colds.

The vagabond dies with the jim jams; the rich with cirhosis of the liver. It depends mightily on the position yeu occupy and the size of the pocket book you carry as to the kind of a microbe that attacks you.

We are all more or less susceptible to flattery and influence; most of us more so.

When Hiram Hornsweggle comes to town with his old flopped hat, patched breeches, frousy frow and nine tousled kids we are just a little bit cold and distant in our greeting and we take hold of his hand like an old maid would a fishes tail, or more correctly speaking about as callously and carelessly as a preacher does the hand of the editor of the Poverty Flat Bladder—a kind of perfunctory shake, without much warmth and exhibits about as much real love as a darkey does for the bull dog that guards the hennery of his neighbor.

On the other hand, let William Henry George Washington Smith drive to town in his family carriage behind two spanking bays, with wife dressed to kill and kids arrayed in royal style, and when the merchant, or the banker, or the doctor, or the preacher, or the editor, or the lawyer, or any of us meet him we poke out our paw when we get in forty yards of him and say: "Hello Major, I'm glad to see you. How's your family? can't you go up and take dinner with me? Wife would be glad to see Mrs. Major Smith?" and the Major says "all right." because that's the way he makes a good deel of his money, is by not spending it. So, you go to the phone and order a lot of stuff for dinner and phone up to your wife to turn her dress and wipe the childrens noses and sling on a lot of extra's for Major William Henry George Washington Smith will be up to dinner. A good dinner and a glad hand would help old Hiram Hornswaggle. it would have kept the kids from being hungry and would have took a lot of the sour out of his system, made him feel more manly and have given him a better opinion of the world—but it's the dollar that does the business in this world, and all dollars are heartless and have a cold, metallic ring, like the clods that fall on the grave of the pauper.

They say the world is round perhaps that is why we meet so few square men.

Think It Over.

If you indorse government as administered by Theodore Roosevelt your only chance to remedy it is in voting for Judge Parker. No sane man has the remotest idea that any other than the republican or democratic party can win, therefore to vote for any other is to throw away your citizenship and utterly lose your voice in this government. It will be either the republican or democratic party in power. Think over what they stand for and make your choice.—Haskell Free Prees.

That's what we've been doing. But we've been hampered in our thinking, for we've never worn a party collar tight enough to choke the vitality, individuality and freedom out of our thoughts. We know what Roosevelt stands for; a big army, a large navy, negro equality before the law, progress by power regardless of the constitution; a high tariff and hell with the lid off—its horrible but true. And the most wonderful thing about it is that all the republicans will vote for him. They love the party by reason of Liucoln, Chase, and Seward, and Hoar, and Garfield and Blaine. Just like the people to-day love the church, because of Christ, and Peter and Paul. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

So, we find that men, otherwise with active minds and honest intentions, who revere the democratic party and sing the praises of Jefferson, and Jackson, and a host of others, forgetting that those they praise are dead. The democratic party is a party of negaton and not of progress. It stands for nothing. Yes, Parker promises to administer the government in conformity with the constitutino. You suppose he means that he denounces Roosevelt's act of obtaining the Panama concession. Nothing of the kind. The man who hasn't nerve enough to say what he means hasn't the backbone to carry out any sort of a policy. His Wall street backers forced him to send a gold telegram to the convetion at St. Louis, and they'll force him to swallow his manhood and do their bidding if he's elected.

Roosevelt is a tough rootser, but he has the courage of his convictions, and he does things whether right or wrong. We honor that man who has the manhood to act, and not set around and howl about the other fellow doing wrong, without showing a better way. Nations can no more stand still than water without stagnating. It is either up or down. Parker proposes to stop, and do things as of yore. No nation can stop without dying, conditions have changed and with them men have changed. To meet these changes requires independent thought. Requires that the voter have intelligence and act indeqendently.

Vo vote for any other party is not to lose your citizenship, but to assert you independence and to file a protest against the platforms, policies, promises and principles of the dominant parties, which is exactly what we intend to do, if not another single man in the United States exercises the same freedom. Parker believes as Cleveland. We desire no return to the Cleveland horror. Grover Cleveland and Mark Hanna, to our view are two of the most detestable characters that has ever disgraced American history. Cleveland deserves universal codemnation for selling the finances of this nation to the goldbugs of New York and precipitating the panic of '93; Hanna deserves the anathemas o every honest man for prostituting the policies of his party to a purely mercenary basis. A man can love his identity, his citizenship, his individuality by following in the wake of the "herd" and voting the ticket. He cannot lose it by cutting loose from conventionalities, from customs and turning a deaf ear to public opinion. We'd rather have credit for being a man and possessing a mind and will of our own, than to be known and praised as the tool of the most notorious political puppets (called statesmen) that ever pulled the wires of corrupt conventions (and there are no others.)

If enough men; sane, vigorous, honest, independent men, file their protest, in the shape of a ballot, against the corruption of the republican and democratic parties, it will be an incentive for them to clean out the stables. At least it will be a dangerons club to dangle over the heads of corrupt officials. The brutal, ignorant majority always applaud what is; no matter how vicious, how corrupt, how debased. We don't see how a man can give himself credit for brains and endorse the venality, the present way of doing th ngs.

You may cast your eyes along down the ages of the world, and with no exceptions you will find that the men who introduced reforms, who denounced the corruption, who pointed to a better way, were invariably ridiculed, scorned, outlawed, anathematised and often murdered. The same rule holds good to-day. We'd rather be registered with the few, with the thinking minority and go down into oblivion with the consciousness of duty done, than to hold a banner and hurrah with the billions of fools at the temporary triumph of might over right.

Let your vote register your honest convictions, and be a man. "An honest man's the noblest work of God," and the scarcest.

Poverty Flat.

Worth Reading

Sinners, Suckers and so Forth.

Every time you see an account where some gambler or grafter has made a million, you may know that ten thousand more folks have moved into Poverty Flat. It is not the small thieves that hurt society. The public barely misses the theft of poultry; but the fellow who grafts a city council for a franchise, carrying with it the privilege to tax others, he is the real robber; the real enemy of society, of religion, of government. The preacher who takes this "duck" into his church, knowing the crime he has committed, and if he don't know it he is not fit to teach a litter of pups, is condoning the crime, for a boost to his salary, and is particeps criminies in the steal.

A little thief is pusilanimous, and deserves pity; a big thief, no matter what his method of robbing the public, whether through a trust, a combine, an office, or the promotion of some enterprise, he should be denounced and damned by the people whom he robs. But we find the contrary the case. If a fellow engineers one scheme successfully, and by success is meant the ability to extract money from people's pocket without giving them anything therefor, he is in great demand and puts an increase on his services. Why is this the case? Can you answer? Yes, you can. For the simple reason that given an opportunity you would do likewise; this is why the public does not pen the big thieves. The public pants for the opportunity to be as big a thief.

Do we see this in Poverty Flat? Of course. We have as much respect for a chicken thief as you have for a big one. He is our brother, the big one is your brother.

Hooligan, Mulligan and Flannigan all worked on the railroad at a dollar and board per day. Mrs. Hooligan, Mrs. Flannigan and Mrs. Mulligan worked on a washboard at the same time. Colonel Fortesque, Captain Income and Major Finance owned the road and rode in private cars while their wives were the toprails of the four hundred. One set worked the road and the other rode the worked. That's about all the difference there is in folks. It is up to you to be one or the other.

"In the sweat of the face shall man eat bread," but we have always noticed that the fellow who is strong on this doctrine is darn weak on sweating. The fellow who preaches work the loudest, always takes up a collection for his talk. These are grafters. Some men, the vast majority of men, are such infernal fools that they actually believe it their duty to be robbed. I'd rather be a slick collector for God than to be the Duke of Poverty Flat. Not for the honor, but the emoluments.

When you can't answer a man cuss him; perhaps that will precipitate a fight and you'll both be fined for an affray. Both, at this stage, will be fools and on equal footing, and the "powers that be" will collect their coffee quoto with one thumb at their nose and a wiggle of the hand.

The boundaries of Poverty Flat are being extended every time a child is born. The land lord goes up on the price of his lands, because the Lord quit making any more land, but we kept right on making people, regardless of whether they can ever get a toe-hold out side the Flat. Population keeps right on increasing without questioning the propriety on cost. That's why so many find final rest in the potter's field.

Everybody is trying to get into a trust, or else get trusted. The lawyers, bankers, doctors, dentists, printers, carpenters, miners, and everybody is in the trust. Why? To get more pay for less work. That is the whole song in a short sonnet. Do you believe in trusts? Yes, if they are strong enough and you have enough stock; otherwise, we are dead agin 'em. So are you. To be a beneficiary is to slave the conscience. Men praise the cow that gives them the most milk. No matter how much milk a cow gives your family, if she breaks into my premisess I'm agin her.

Strange that humanity were all made of the dirtiest kind of dirt! When the rain storms of time and the winds of adversity beat and blow against our old mud shacks how the dirty water trickles down our frightful anatomy, and when the sun comes out and the gentle zephyrs kiss our seamed and scared old cheeks, a blush can hardly creep through the crime and grime of it all. Don't laugh, you dolt! It's no laughing matter to be a man and battle bare handed against the giants of this world. And, even if you lick the giants in fair open fight, while you are at it, the little flies and gnats and fleas will get in their work on your character and income and you'll be so blamed busy that they'll fatten and multiply and imagine they are game and great. But I feel one right now, and I've got to put up my pencil and postpone this pastime to pick him off. By jinks it was a flea!

Poverty Flat.

Lack of Opportunity.

"Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as proof of holy write. "Be good and be lonesome." Be truthful and live alone. Telling the truth is like hunting for a bee tree on the plains—nobody ever heard of such a thing.

Already the summer clothes on Property Hill are being packed away,and the closets and chests are being gone through and the moth balls shook out to see how much of last winter's woolens can be used this year. We are saved such disagreable work in Poverty Flat. We had no last winters woolens left over, and always the seedy summer cotton has to do duty 'till the ice on the window pane shuts out the frosty world from view.

Down in Clarendon they have a little auger-eyed, wide-mouthed, limber-tongued, vacuum-headed thing that writes for the B-S. IT has an idea it is original, witty, humorous, sarcastic, literary, entertaining. IT must be Darwin's "missing link," the gap between ignorance and insanity, the space between vacuity and vanity, the IT between beastiality and humanity. It hides behind a non de plume, and spews its vomit on that it cannot comprehend. It has no idea of elevating men, of softening the rough places in the road of life, or sharing the load of toil with its fellow laborer.

Sometimes, and we ought always to feel pity for such, but its a law of being that we cannot help feeling contempt for the wriggling water-dog that gets in our pathway. While most of the fools live in Poverty Flat, all the honest men live there. No man can be honest and take, either by trade, rent or interest, that for which he does not render an equivalent. We may be honest far back of opportunity, as it is said opportunity makes the the thief, and it, perhaps, makes the dishonest man.

The election is drawing nigh—ten days more of suffering suspence for the candidates—what's their troubles to us? Nothing, whatever. But, some poet has said, "I would not number among my friends that person who needlessly treads upon a worm," and he was correct.

So, the poor worm of a candidate soould be allowed to crawl unmolested along the way, for the chilly, killing frost of November the 8th will thin them down to an unholy stand." Why do we say "unholy stand? We'll tell you! Because it is usually by unholy methods that the successful ones attain the victory. That man who goes straight along and tells the open frank truth; does not use deception or practice any of the subtle arts known to the wiley politician nine times in ten is defeated. The public offers a reward for rascals, that's why we have so many of them. Honors await the man who pretends to be a friend to every man and feathers his nest thereby; riches and reputation for the man who pockets the proceds of the toiler and doles out occasionally from his bounty to the poor; Carnegie gives of his millions to found libraries, and says it would be a sin to die rich. Would it not be as sinful to live rich in the midst of a world of hunger?

Just a few days ago some preacher here in this town thanked God for such rich people as Helen Gould—how ignorant, how despicable such a prayer! By hienous, black-hearted robbery her millions were made—old Jay Gould, her father, was known as an utterly unprincipled speculator, and he left his ill gotten gains to his children—such prayers santify the most damnable crimes of the age.

Helen Gould has done many good and noble things, but while handing out charity with one hand she is harvesting with the other from old Jay's investing. If our father had robbed enough people of the fruits of their labor and left us two or three millions dollars, we could have purchased immunity from the curse by building a few churches and founding an asylum for the orphans our ancestor had made.

People are to be commended for the good they do, but we cannot see where they deserve any special credit for giving a few dollars of their ill-gotten gains to charity. Ordinarly they just give enough to buy immunity from public censure; Just enough to blind the eyes of fools and gain the approbation of grafters.

Jaggon says that the other evening that the cook, and they have a new cook who is quite stylish, by accident mind you by accident, as she passed by caught her toe in a tuft of the carpet and pitched headlong—but he caught her in his arms to keep her from falling, and just at that unlucky instant his wife stepped into the room and says, "Mr. Jaggon, do you need my assistance?" He replied, "Mariah, she's an awful load, and I was thinkin' of callin' you to help me."

Such things do not occur in Poverty Flat, because we do our own cooking and have no tufted carpets, and in conseqence we are far removed from the opporunity to keep the luckless from falling, and hence there is no possible chance of placing two constructions on our deeds of charity.

Holiness People.

The Greenville preacher, who talked for ten days, closed his monologue last Sunday night and left for pastures not so closely grazed. He was quite a rapid talker, and had very good audiences, though a vast majority of them could lay no claim to being holy either in their ordinary life or a horse trade. It is one thing to tell folks how to do and another thing to do it. The total collections amounted to sixteen dollars, barely sufficient to pay traveling expenses away from here. Quite a number attended regularly until the last night, which they knew would afford an opportunity to exemplify their faith by subscribing cold cash to the debit side of the account of eternal life—too much business on special occasions.

Some old fellow, who had lived at a rapid rate for sixty years, who had clipped the cream from lifes brimming cup, had gone all the gaits from paker to sanctification, from poverty affluence, remarked, "It is not worth while." So it is with all of us. We act our little comedy as accident or opportunity puts us on the boards, some laugh, some cry, all eat, drink and die—this fuss we make, "Is it worth while?"

The preacher's intentions may have been of the best, we have noticed that the most ignorant have the best intentions, but his horizon was too circumscribed, his vision too limited, to realize that he was only one of millions of atoms dancing attendance on imaginary conditions, and that the hand of fate would take a moistened sponge and rub out all the crooked marks the millions of atoms made and leave the slate clean for the millions to follow, who would fret and meander o'er the slate and make a few erratic marks, to be followed in their turn by others as insignificant.

Soloman, when old and childish, when he had exhausted his vitality by debauchery, wine and high rolling with the four hundred, remarked when he was no longer able to trot in harness with the bloods, that "All is vanity!" Socrates, Christ, Ingersol, and those who have spent their lives helping humanity have left a different record.

Poverty Flat.

The Whole Flat and Besides.

It is easy to tell others how to act; we are all over loaded with advice, and under loaded with assistance. The unequal distribution of the products of toil has always been the curse of the world. To work has been to fare meagerly and be clothed scantily.

The great captains of industry; who and what are they? Are they smarter than others? Take Carnegie, for example: Through the vast interests he has in coal and iron, he employs thousands of laborers, gets the proceeds of their labor, all over a bare living, and then give the proceeds to others. What a fool! By this means he buys notoriety, but no thinking man respects him.

Rockfeller donates millions to to churches and colleges, the the millions that he obtains by raising the price of oil. No decent, sensible, feeling man respects him.

Let's get right up to the edge of Poverty Flat and give you an example that has come right under the nose of all: Some men give $20, $50, and $100 dollars at a time to the churches, to your local schools, to neighborhood charity. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is the profit on his neighbors labor. It is interest on a loan, it is the profit on a contract, it is part of a large fee, it is either over-charge or under-pay, and there is no getting around it.

Oh, if we could take the hammer of fact and smite the false idol you have erected; if we could destroy the false god you serve and erect the true—give, give! more blessed to give than receive—false as hell, hateful as the grave! Always quoted by the receiver. Look at those who labor, they are always giving, day after day, year after year, the godless, soulless grafters are getting their labor—they give, worn out texts, stale advice and thread bare excuses in return. There never was an industrial pirate that did not justify his practice. There never was a robber that did not excuse himself before the bar of his own conscience.

It is not at the inequality of labor we complain, but at the unequal distribution of the products of labor. The men who make our clothes, the men who produce our food, all go naked and hungry. The men who build our fine houses, rent. The men who mine our coal, freeze. The men who make our shoes, go barefoot. The men who write our books—they lie.

War is a good thing for those who prefer to kill for a living. The man who steals twenty dollars is a fool; the beef trust robs the American people of twenty millions are great captives of industry! My God, what a parady! Why do we look at things that way? Shall we pull aside the curtains of your inmost soul and expose to rotten humanity the true reason? Because your heart is set on the same thing. That's why. Given the opportunity to gobble a million and you would do it. That's why you excuse the big thief and pen the small one. You know it.

A good man would dare to die to help humanity; a bad man would dare to collect toll for telling you of the sacrafice. Shut your eyes and gnash your teeth at the truth, but truth is God come down to dwell with men. That man is the best man who does the most for humanity and charges the least. Think you that we could not exchange our hut in Poverty Flat for a palace on Property Hill? Those they count corrupt with gold, they destroy with calumny.

It's a queer world, to which we came without preparation, solicitation, or inclination, and have stayed by—what? Those who sell indulgences in eternity tell us—what? That intelligence, supreme, eternal, loving and merciful, bought us and will provide for us—where? In looking back at the provision that was made for us here, by traveling back over the shifting scenes of life, by introspection and retrospection, and admitting that the same great and final Cause that placed us here, that smoothed our pathway and has all along life's environed course, we conclude, fated comparison, that the same hand will help us in the mistic beyond—that we'll step out of this old shack, called the lady, that we'll leave rheumatism and corns on this side the turbid river; that we'll shed our sins as a snake does his hide, and breast the dark rolling waves of the awful river clean and snowy white; intentions, and its also populated that when we reach the shore, and have crawl'd up through the veils and fog that forever hang low and heavy along the eternal shore, that the sunlight of truth will strike our unfettered souls and sensibilities and that we'll shout forever and play sweet melting melodies on a golden harp in that magical city—how long? Why, why until the folks in Poverty Flat loose their appetite for poultry.

Senator Smoot.

In the hearing of the Reed Smoot, Mormon Senator Racket, President Smith, high Priest of Joseph Smith, revelator and liar, testified that he had three wives and more children than you could shake a stick at, and another of the unholy Mormon apostles said he was a polygamist, and also testified that Smoot was an apostle and that seven or eight of the apostles had divers wives and sundry children. We know our U. S. senators are a scurvy lot, do hope they have some little self respect left and will refuse to permit Mr. Smoot to take his seat.

The proof, so far, shows that the Mormon church is pretending to have abandoned polygamy, while living in adultery. They point to Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon, chosen of the Lord, as ensamples of what the Lord approves. We think the whole "push" is lying on the Lord, and hiding behind the ignorance and superstition of the people to violate the law. We favor enforcement of the law, and our congress, or the one that permitted Utah to become a state without purging it of the Mormon hierarchy, was either ignorant or else bribed.

But it comes in exceedingly bad taste for the churches that have canonized Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon to criticise the Mormons, who are following the debasing examples of these biblical authorities.

Last year the editor of this paper planted a small "patch" of Irish potatoes on sod land on his farm near Dalhart. They received but very little cultivation but yielded fairly well.

Some were sold, many were consumed at home and some were left in the "patch" undug. From those left a new crop sprung up, producing quite a lot of choice fall potatoes.

Upon this ground volunteer potatoes have sprung up this spring and this week while breaking the ground preparatory to planting it in sweet potatoes, new Irish potatoes large enough for table use were found. This in the face of the dryest winter ever experienced on the plains. —Dallam Co News.

The statement that the "editor planted a small patch and they received little cultivation," would be doubted by no one, and it follows as night does the day, or a yellow dog does a coon that if they made much they would have to "volunteer," but the idea of leaving any potatoes "undug!" Holy gee! send us a few for seed. Taters that will make three crops without work are the kind we've long been praying for.

Poverty Flat.

The Difference—Prayers We say and Prayers We Pray.

It's as easy to think grand thoughts as it is to peel potatoes, and a heap less profitable.

When the soldier boys come marching by with old glory floating proudly to the breeze and the drums long roll and the fifes shrill notes strike grandly on your ear it's just as easy for the fool to be patriotic as the statesman. Somehow, we've noticed more fools become inspired and step stately to the sacrifice than those who do some thinking. There is a terrible slaughter of fools going on around the world all the time but the crop, like the widow's cruse of oil, never grows less.

This reminds us: The other day a letter was sent to the Dallas Post office directed "To the Biggest Fool in Dallas County," but there being so many the post master would not decide to whom the letter belonged and so, forwarded it to the dead letter office. Some folks here have been complaining about not getting their mail. Perhaps it has been misdirected, as in the above instance.

Patriotism is like religion, it requires a war or big meeting to excite and call into play the animal emotions. In both instances they give their brains a vacation and abuse their bodies.

The wars are fought by those who get small benefit, and the same way holds good in meetings. Those who furnished the real sinews—the chicken and bread—get small returns for the outlay.

Of course they get a lot of gilded promises, pictured o'er with happiness, health, and all that it is possible for mortal to desire, yet not one ever knows whether he will get them. It reminds us of life insurance—you have to die to realize on your investment, and then you dont. It is the surviving relict in the shape of a grieving widow, who straightway assuages the poignancy of her grief by conducting an uninsured swain to the nuptial couch.

You may call us a "knocker" if you like. So was John Adams, Ben Franklin, Socrates and even Christ, whom the fashionable, religious church members crucified. A "knocker" is a man who has no more sense than to tell the bare naked truth to the gaping fools who grin around. If some fellow, some slick business man, who is popular, well-rated and fairly-favored catches a verdant stranger and "skins him to the tune of a few thousand," the man who is honest enough to say that it was premedicated, vicious, bare faced, cold-blooded robbery is denounced by all the "grafters", and "sneak easy," get-rich-without-work scoundrels as a knocker. I'd rather be a knocker in the condign regions of the popular damned than to wear a silk robe and sit at the head of the table with the procurers for the universal prostitution of all the nobler faculties of man.

No matter how many potatoes a man may raise, if he raises one big one that is the only one you ever hear of. There are doubtless thousands of Washingtons besides George veracity and Booker T., but some how these are the only two potatoes you ever hear of, and their fame rests on widely different foundations. It is not necessary to be particular in stating this difference. Some things carry both the reason and produce conviction from a bare statement.

A great many of the good things of this country appear to be suffering an eclipse just now. Stagnation has struck the land trade, ruination the money trade and tarnation most trade, but the sun will slip out by and by, just as easy as a son of Ham slips a rooster off the roost—you see it but your senses fail to observe how—all such hard propositions should be settled by saying it is "natur." If you ask a D. D. (which being translated means Durn Dunce) what is "spirit?" he'll hedge and "if" and "and," and "by analogy" and "comparison," but he'll never answer by frankly and honestly admitting his ignorance. If you ask us, we'll assume a faraway, skyward inspection, let our line of vision cut the cure-all azone just about where the cupalo of the new court house intersects the understanding of the angels, then expectorate about a half pint of highly colored amber on the side walk and answer, "damfino."

But the clock in the old church tower is softly tolling the vesper hour, the winds of the weary world have gone to rest and the old hen's crawled back on her nest.

A Pastoral Call

Rev. B. W. Dodson dropped into the "Truth Factory" Monday afternoon and paid his regular pastoral call. We suppose he had heard our chicken crop was about ripe enough to pull, for incidentally he remarked that he'd make a liberal proposition to us, to wit, substantially as follows:

"Now, Lockney, I'll tell what I'll do. Having heard of the tender juiciness of your Langshans if you'll send me up a couple of proper sized fryers I'll not bother the others." And to illustrate, he says, "Once there was a darkey lived near a great hog raiser. The hog raiser says 'Sam, I've put up a pair of my finest pigs, and I'll fatten them nicely and send them over to you if you'll not steal any of the others.'" Sam scratched his head a minute and finally said, "I'll do it, Mas Jim. But I tell's you right now I loses pork by de trade." Dodson says he'll lose by his proposition, but he kinder admires us and he's willing to make some sacrifice for his trade.

Our friend T. L. Fisher and wife of Wichita Falls, came up Thursday morning and returned to the Falls this morning. They paid the Advocate an appreciative call while here.

Poverty Flat.

What's All The Row About?

With the advent of hot weather, which usually advents about this instant, the summer girl, the sickening swain, the cucumber, the revival rooster and many other microbes drop in on their annual return—and the candidate! What shall we say of him. He's nice, with an object; he's accommodating, for office; he's affable, for pie; he's patriotic, for pay; he's the one to whom to tell your troubles.

He has time to listen, and you are sure of sympathy. After the ides of November it will be far different. Work him while you may, for the night after election draweth nigh when no man can work a candidate to his satisfaction.

Here is a parable. We state this by way of elucidation. We are by our parable like the boy who made pictures. For an aid to his memory, they looked so much alike, he labeled each one, This is a horse, and This is a cow This is a man, and This is a hog. Do you wonder that his hogs and men looked so much alike he had to label them? Because he drew them from life. Actual, everyday life. But for the parable:

Once there was a man who by some stroke of fortune, either inherited from a deceased penurious ancestor or else by marital alliance, had come into a few thousands of filthy lucre. With this he built a house and installed machinery and gave notice that he was going to manufacture knowledge, convenience and opportunity for the great mass of needy humanity. A wise man came by and inspected the factory, facilities, location and all the adjuncts. The proprietor pompously asked him, "Have I not everything needful?" "One thing Lackest Thou Yet," replied the wise man; "Go sell all this and Buy Brains." And the proprietor was very angry for he knew not that Brains was the Capital of Wise Men and money that of Fools.

This reminds us that Mike Hooligan says, "A Cabin, Bread and Contentment, is better than a Castle, Lavish appointments and unsatisfied ambition." Hooligan is quite a philosopher when his belly is full, but a great grumbler when it is empty. In this respect, he is a pretty fair representation of all that breathe.

Once there was a great preacher, he went down in the slums and talked to the bums; he made converts among the poor, the depraved, the depised, the dregs of humanity. His principal followers were dirty, bad smelling, ignorant fishermen, and he made wine at a wedding, and filled the hungry that came to hear him with fishes and loaves—the fishes and loaves all now to fill the preacher—things do change. He associated with publicans and sinners, just as you and I, kind reader, and he broke the Sabbath, and he said the church members were hypocrites and whited sepulchres, and they hung him for it—just like they would do to day if they dared.

And when they brought an out cast woman to him and accused her, he answered, "he that is without sin cast the first stone." And they sneaked off, every one of them, just like they do to day when you corner them. It is not Christ they are so interested in, but cash.

Heigh ho! This is a great world, and there are a heap of holes for a man to drop into, by day and by night, and a few to reach down to help him up.

Occasionally, some careless cuss will drop a quarter down to you to help you drown your troubles or buy a dinner, but most of the upper crust desire time to investigate how you come to fall into the hole before they feel authorized to render you assistance.

We saw an old man, gray-haired and gaunt, with deep furrows in his face, hands rough and he was coarsely clad. This old man was out on the ocean of time, clinging to a single rough hewn plank; drifting with the wind and and tide. The waves were breaking high, and he was wet with the smarting salt spray. There were others sailing on this same sea; some in swift, bright burnished yachts, with music, mirth and pleasure; others in great, strong, seaworthy ships, working, carrying costly cargoes; still there were others, in steel armoured, stout-manned ships, but if they saw, they heeded not the old man. How easily they could have taken him aboard, but, alas! they were all intent on their own voyage. A storm broke o'er the ocean and along the beach were the wrecks of many vessels, but not among the number was the old man found. A great battle was fought and many of the steel clad ships were destoyed. On an unmarked reef the pleasure yachts lie bleaching in the wind, the sun and rain. Yet amid all this the old man on the plank drifted on, until eighty years had passed; eighty years of work, of hunger, of privation, and one night when only the stars lit up the waiting world, and the wind sang a sad, a sad dirge the old man drifted from the shores of time to the harber of eternity. No tolling bell announced his going, no minute gun pealed forth a dirge, no sad cortege, hut unheralded and forgotten he passed to the far-off harbor.

And this reminds us: Once there was a poor widow who had one small son, they had no beds, and it was cold. To keep her son warm, she had two large boards which she stood by the fire and heated. At bed time she put the board down on the ground and her son lay down on it. When he was cold she changed the boards, letting one heat while he was sleeping on the other. She had been telling this little boy about the far-off heathen in other lands, who lived without clothes. One night when he nestled down on his warm board, he says, "Mother, what do the poor little heathen boys do who have no nice warm board to sleep on?" Nothing but a human feeling for others like this, can make a hard board soft as downy pillows are.

We have written this, with a feather from the wing of a rooster that escaped the annual Methodist revival wreck of poultry—the wreck of matter, the crush of worlds, the harvest of eternity, is an other story, which will require another feather plucked from the wing of an angel to write it.

Is He Practical?

The friends of Hon. Arthur Lefever have published in the Fort Worth Record and in circulars which have been widely distributed some reasons why he should be re-elected. They claim to be the friends of "higher standards of education" and among other reasons state that he has raised the standard of teachers through the character of his examination questions.

Now in order that we may be able to investigate what merit there might be in this claim we requested a friend to furnish samples of questions used in preceding administrations and also samples of those used by Superintendent Lefever, especial attention to be paid to those that differed from the questions of his predecessors.

We submit five questions which are fair samples of those submitted to teachers prior to Lefever's administration, and then five touching different and higher (?) phases of arithmetical calculation.

Prior to Lefever's Administration:

1 What will be the cost of painting 10 circular pillars, each 40 inches in circumference and 18 feet high, at 12½ cents per square yard?

2 How many bushels will a box 4 feet wide, 6 feet deep and 8 feet long hold?

3 A, B and C pasture an equal number of cattle upon a field of which A and B are owners. A owns 9 a., B owns 15 a., If C pays $24 for his pasturage how should the money be divided between A and B?

4 A minor at age of 16 years, 7 months and 29 days has left him at 8 per cent simple interest $3950.50; what amount will be due him when he becomes of age?

5 How many square yards of plastering in the ceiling and walls of a room 36 feet long, 24 feet wide, and 18 feet high; deducting fifty square yards for fireplace, windows, etc?

Compare these practical questions with the following sent out during the present administration:

Lefever's Administration:

1 Find the lowest common multiple and highest common submultiple of 2 9, 4 3, 8 15.

2 Calculate and write in English the number expressed by the notation 1053 in a system similar to our common decimal system, but whose base is six ches instead of ten.

3 Prove that the product of three consecutive integers, if the first is even, must be a multiple of twenty-four.

4 Express the fractions one-third, one-fourth, seven-eighths respectively as decimal and as duodecimal fractions.

5 Express the circulating decimal 2,6730730. . . . as a common fraction.

Would you not prefer the teaching of your child be tested upon practical questions such as cost of painting, measurement of boxes, calculating interest, cost of plastering, etc., rather, than highest common submultiples of fractions, duodecimal systems circulating decimals, etc? These are some of the questions to which teachers object and justly so. But because they have dared to criticise the administration for these they have been denominated as ignorant and not worthy certificates of any kind.

We have no use for these questions and we deny that they have been an improvement over those of preceding administrations. It is high time a change is made and Supt. Lefever, the theoretical, visionary, enthusiast should be retired.

The opponents of Supt. Lefever are the men who have borne the burden and heat of the day They are not concerned about the "loaves and fishes" as a close analysis of the circular referred to might disclose his followers to be; they stand for a strong, practical, conservative administration of school affairs in Texas.—Waxahachie Light of April 2, 1904.

With reference to the above Supt. B. A. Stafford of Mineola says: "The great need of uplifting is found in the rural schools, where more is known about radishes than radixes, and where greater solicitude is manifested about the six roots of a cotton stalk than the six roots of minus one. Moduli of logarithmic systems, logarithmic spirals, and the equation of a common catenary are not often seriously required in our common schools. The examinations are all right for the fellows who don't need them, but they fail to fit the fellow that does."—B. A. Stafford, Superintendent City Schools.

Poverty Flat

Politics and Poultry

Preaching and the putting away of poultry has grown to be a fine art, and we see no reason why, with equal justification the combining of politics with the same cannot be amicably effected.

Some announcements have already been made and others are now in the incubator. If too much haste in the hatching is not manifested, a good sized political rooster may be the result. Pretty soon things will be gin to simmer; they are warming up now, and before the spring election it will be boiling. A little poking, some agitating, a quantity of villifiication and some other ingredients added in the way of spice, pepper and cloves make "hot stuff" and no mistake. All this is neccessary. It cultivates some qualities in human beings that carries out to a great extent and accentuates sharply the similarity between men and dogs, to the great disadvantage of the human race.

The holidays are now over, the festivities have faded, the hilarity has frazzled and we have assummed a normal condition. The Xmas clothes are being put away and the old "work duds" are being dug up and donned, and those of us who have a job are going about our work as circumstances, appetite, inclination and other things compel us. Those who have no job, no clothes, no credit, no food, no fire, no friends—God pity them, but He will not, else they would not be in that fix. It said that the "Snow is the pitying shroud a merciful G d prepares for the poor." Some folks may see it that way. In Poverty Flat we look up a "different tree." We know that is what folks say who are too stingy too help and too heartless to feel. We are perfectly satisfied with what God does, it is the revelation of His will by fellows who live by the graft, to which we object.

We have always noticed that the man who treats us the most polite and is the most solicitous in regard to our welfare is running for office or else is living off our labor by means of some other graft. This has been impressed on us so often and has been driven into us so strongly, that we feel chilly as soon as a man grips our hand tightly and inquires after the health of Lize and the children. We may be wrong, the Lord do moreover unto us, according to His wra h, if we be, and we feel no uneasiness on that score. It is not the Lord that robs, it is the fellows who do it in His name. Why some of these sky pilots get $1000 a year, others $1200, and some as high as $1300 for one years loafing and visiting other folks wives and families and spouting "hot air" as old as the flood and as stale as Jonah's fish lie, and with less brains than it takes to conduct a hash house. There is a vast difference between gall and brains, and we are beginning to discern it in Poverty Flat The Lord may have talked to Moses and Elijah and Mohamed, and Joe Smith and Dowie, and Carrie Nation, but dern if we believe he has any oral communication with the local guys who collect toll by expounding what they denominate His will—no sir, we m y be suckers, and poor, and of little account, but you can't poke a load like that in our cranaiums. The called of the Lord don't take up a collection every time he talks; the elect of God helps folks for the joy of seeing man lifted up and their eyes opened, not for dollars and cents and salaries, and poundings, and soft places, and infernal laziness. You know it.

The tariff on eggs on the market is outrageous, and the fellow who has "two eggs straight up and ham flat" has left our neighborhood. Nobody but the rich and foolish can fill their dinner baskets with such plunder. The hen that lays the egg never eats it; the fellow who lays for the elite oyster, cannot afford them; the early vegetable, the first fruits the finest of all the field and farm is not for the fool who produces them, but for the highway robber that sits in an easy chair and collects toll from toil. This is called brain work. So it used to be, with the captain of the slave ship. Wind and tide wafted, the white sails of the "slaver" to Africa's dark shore, where the white brutes bought the black beasts and stowed them away in the ships hold and brought them to free America and sold them to the Christians at our homes. These captains of human barter were men of brains. They dealt in men's souls and fortunes. Today the same way the clergy and captains of industry are the captains of these slavers, but some day the world will free itself and we will have as much horror of these hyenea's as today we have of the old slave captains.

But the chickens are flying up to roost, and not a preacher in sight, and so there is no likelihood of the number being less in the morning.

Smoke This.

Every week we receive seductive literature, inspired and edited by lawyers who draw salaries from railroads telling how the roads are imposed on by people who bring suits against the roads They never mention how the public is robbed in ten thousand instances by the roads. Now, the roads are useful, a necessity, and we favor assisting them in evary decent demand, but we do not propose to assist them in prejudicing the public mind so that some one whom they cripple cannot get a verdict for damages.

Poverty Flat

Civilization and Science

It is not so much a question of where we live as what we do that counts. A case of colic will double up the sage as spasmodically as the suckling. A fool may sit continally on the frazzled edge of eternity and dangle his legs unconcernedly over the abyss of fearful damnation, while a wise man would hesitate and drawback horrified. It is the full realization of the consequence of our acts that makes cowards of us all. Civilization is the result of applying science to the mode of living. Barbarism is a state of nature. One is knowing some law and applying little of it. The other is knowing none, yet by environment being forced to live in harmony with natural law. The woman who loves society and a pug dog has little affection to lavish on her own offspring, and the chances are she has none of either. The woman who sells herself for position is more detestable than the one who bargains for bread.

Politics is the busines of men; Literature a pleasurable duty; religion the symposium of settled convictions. A combination of the three is civilization. Whenever the moral concept of the public reaches that plane where it no longer desires to have and enjoy that which it is impossible for others to it will be the great dawn, the splendid dawn of a great intellectual day, before which the fog of superstition and the darkness of ignorance will flee forever away.

That man who consigns his neighbor to endless torment by reason of his mental or moral convictions and hopes for a reward for himself is a selfish beast, a bigoted clod, but withal the product of almost universal ignorance.

While Poverty Flat is bounded on the east by Polk street and the sin-cursed, infamy-crowned scramble for profits, it is bounded on the north by the locomotives shrill whistle and the magdalen's more discordant mitrh and misery. On the south reaches away the sun-kissed plains and the sweet melody of better things and to the West, always to the West we turn our faces with hope and love, for the air is pure and hill and vale unpolluted by the cities turmoil, smoke and sin. It is enough to have hell on two sides of us in this life, but we always have the solid earth beneath us, unless we should be so unlucky as to be transported to perennial bliss by the "rope route." The world is the natural home of humanity, but a few by force and fraud and the foolishness of the many are exploiting it for individual profit.

There are only three ways by which to get wealthy: Interest, Rents and Profits. All three preclude the idea of labor. Each is a little slower than train robbery, but without the risk, yet embodying the same spirit and ending to the same end. Their methods are different; their effects the same, for they get without giving and reap without sowing, get the fruits of labor by conventional customs backed up by legal enactments, which are the product of a debased, debauched, perverted public concept.

Do we see these things in the Flat? No sir! Only the lone pilgrim who traverses the hill top, only the honest man who travels above the clouds can see them.

The man who spends his money is a public benefactor; the man who hoards it is a moral leper and a stone in the path of progress. We overlook and condone the faults and follies of the prodigal, but the penurious we curse continually for one false step; and it is right.

It is our business to furnish you food for though but we cannot give you the brain to digest it. Think and be a man, or swallow and be a brute.

Thirty Millions

There are thirty million microbes in a plate of ice cream. We print thi terrible fact at the request of the young men of this town.—Springtown Local.

Think of a beautiful young damsel being permeated by a seething mass of these infinitesimal bugs. Oh, girls, be careful. —Young County News.

All the girls we ever knew were immures. The microbes had no more show than the moon-crazed youth.

Poverty Flat,

Poems ann Poultry.

The shows have come and gone and so have our nickles and dimes—well what the show got other fakes cant pass around the hat and get.

"All blessings come mixed with evil, "as the young man said when the gal's dad kicked him in the rear as he kissed her in front. It takes a good deal of foresight, discretion and sound horse sense to get the roses and not get pricked with the thorns.

The grandest poems of nature are written in prosaic facts. Did you ever start ten miles to a picnic on a bicycle; your best girl was to be there and your worst advesary in the race for her affections was also anticipated to be there? These things are of daily occurrence in these poetic times. They are the boils on your body of pleasure, the cockle burrs in your flower garden of beauty. Say, we were going to a picnic on a bicycle and about half way there a hidden nail concealed along the pathway of happiness punctured our tire and our bubble of expectant bliss—all done with the same puncture. Did you ever stop to think how small and insignificent a thing can change the fate of a man? Scattered all along the primrose pathway of of life lie the punctured tires, the air castles are destroyed, the hopes blasted, and from there on we travel grumblingly on foot, smelling the weeds and tasting the bitterness of disappointment. Our advice is. dont ride a bicycle.

This reminds us of old Josh Moroney. He's quite a character in the Flat. He knows a great deal and does very litttle. His experience is mostly of the second-hand variety, which the other fellow experiences and he observes. This makes him very philosophical but of blame little use. The world is full of second-handed sympathizers; they see and hear, but never feel. It is said that hell is paved with good intentions, and its also populated largely, with philosophical sympathizers. Hell is the country to which we send all that don't suit us. We send the other fellow there because he dont believe and do as we would have him, and he consigns us to the same awful fate for similar reasons; consequence is, everybody goes there—how crowded it must be! Heaven is the country, the green hill top in the glad beyond, the blooming oasis on the other side of the chilly waters, where fragrant flowers forever bloom, where beautiful song birds with glad song and magic plumage eternally warble; where lucious fruits always ripen, and silver rain drops glisten on golden streets—oh! its grand, but is it? Down through the still lapse of the dead ages no answer has ever come back from that echoless shore. The spotless wings of sinless hope may hear the rustle of a far off wing, and guileless faith may catch the glimmer of a saintly star, but old fact, with eyes glued on the stony ground, and aching from bumps, and boils, and bruises plods wearily, waitingly along the briar-hedged road to the river. Hold up there, as the fellow said when his hobby-horse of imagination ran away with the wagon of his reason.

Little while ago we were soaring around the clouds of imagination, poking our pencil into the paint pot of the rainbow and trying our dingedest to picture on paper the melting melody, the ravishing beauty and magical loveliness of that mystic c untry, but wife called us back abrubtly by saying, "John Henry, come right down and jerk them breeches right off and let me patch 'em, that hole shows awfully!" Actually we had become so entranced, and soared so far beyond the boundaries of fact that we had forgotten all about that hole in our pants and you may bet it was not in the knees; we sit around and cipher to much that.

"Now Nancy," we said, "why cant you let us a lone? By your interruption you've knocked all the poetry out of Poverty Flat."

Nancy snapped back, "Poverty Flat can get along without poetry, it's poultry we need. You may soar around in your robe of imagination, but while you are at it, dont forget the frazzled bosom of your breeches."

Just so my friend; the fellow who soars the highest, exposes him self most to the unmerciful view of the thoughtless throng, and if there's a hole in his raiment, a blank in his argument, a link missing in the chain of circumstances some unfeeling critic will note the discrepancy and bugle the fact to all the assembled fools.

Poetry and Poultry—twin godesses, a pair that all humanity draws to—poetry for the lovesick and sentimental, poultry for the pilgrim in Poverty Flat, which country lies between the land of birth and the shadows of eternity; where the sun shines, the wind blows, the cock crows and the witless world wabbles on without ever missing a wag—— so it is. Truth is the diamond at the bottom of the well, so they say, but no body ever dives down and drags it up. "Let 'er drown;" as the fellow said when his third wife fell in the cistern.

Coming Back in Style.

When the daily toil is over and nd the sun is going down, you are ready then to read the news that's going on in the town; if you miss the weekly paper here's a hint that will make you smile, you may find it on your daughter for the bustle's back in style. When you wash your face in soap suds and you're looking for the towel while the soap is getting in your eyes you start to swear and howl, wipe your eyes upon your sleeve and remember all the while that the towel is hard to locate when the bustles back in style. There's no use of getting angry and it does no good to swear, if your sunday shirt is missing and you have none to wear; try your hardest to look pleasant, do your best to wear a smile, and remember when you miss things that the bustle's back in style.—Strayed.

To hear some of the Baptist preachers belittle those who were not College graduates, you would imagine that Christ had a diploma, but he didn't. If Socrates carried one he was silent on the subject. Neither were Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Wm. McKinley college graduates. Colleges make apes out of monkeys. The school of experience, of life makes men of apes. Education is knowing the truth of things. It is not a degree, not a certificate of knowledge, it is the knowledge itself. College men usually have none theory and less sense than any other class of people. Now, dont get the idea that we we are college bred.

"Man carries under his hat a private theatre wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity."—Ex.

Well, now, that's piling i. on pretty numerous. We opined most men carried a "few" under their hats, but when it comes to a whole troup and audience, and continuing the preference into the other world, something ought to be done to rid humanity of these parasites.

Poverty Flat.

Scripture Side Lights.

As we peer with our hand shaded eyes along back down the vista of troubled time for two thousand years, we come to a cradle in a stable, where the poor, unable to telegraph a head and retain a suite of rooms at the swellest hotel in the city of superstition, found themselves putting up on this memorable occasion. The new-born babe was wrapped in rags and laid in a jackass' trough. This must have been headquarters for Poverty Flat in those days.

But the child grew, and learned things,and said them"straight from the shoulder," and what he said smote society and the church under the fifth rib, and society and the church received their death wound, but drag along to this to day, mortally wounded, acknowleging the truth but refusing to speak or act it. Rob the church of its ceremonies, its choir, its well dressed attendants, its prosaic, santcimonious sky-pilot and what have you left. Rob society of its clothes and you have only vulgarity and ignorance left.

The two go hand in hand. That which has neither brains nor purpose in life necessarily combines for mutual protection.

But they crucified this man who spoke the truth—hung him between two thieves. Think of it. To day, you graceless zealot, if you cannot answer a man you class him with malefacters, out casts, and try by ridicule to destroy his usefulness. The times and seeasons may change; the tides ebb and flow; empires rise and fall, and the godless grind go on, but the heart of man is desperately wicked and deceitful as it was when man first feasted his gluttony on the fruit of disobedience and tried to evade the consequences by placing the obloquy of the transgression on the woman.

No man ever committed a crime without being able to plead a reasonable excuse at the bar of his own conscience. You fool, do you understand this?

And this man whom they crucified between two thieves, his corpse was dressed in fine linen, embalmed and laid in a costly tomb, cut from solid stone, by a rich man, a devout church member. Does not the horrible comedy strike you? The rich are ready to embalm and pay the funeral expenses of truth, always. They are great on donations when they know it is the last. More money spent to help men live and less to bury them would benefit humanity.

Andrew Carnegie gives millions to libraries, and the ragged, half-fed children of the cities look at the costly buildings and wonder what they are for, and go and beg, steal or starve.

Libraries are for the rich, bread is what the people in Poverty Flat need. Perhaps Joseph, the man who donated the tomb for Jesus Christ, was a big merchant, had stock in two or three national banks, was director may hap in a railroad or least had stock in a franchise or two in the city of old Jerusalem, its dollars to doughnuts he'll have none in the New Jerusalem, and this man Christ, was an agitator, a communist, a socialist, a nihilist, believed in equal rights and despised privileges, and said it was easier for a whale to go through a two-inch augur hole than for a rich man to a enter state of honest enjoyment, unless he would give back to the poor all he had stolen from them. Condemn you, maybe you think this is not scripture? Even we expect to have a stone slab erected over our last lowly dirt bed, by the rich, with an inscription something like this on it: Sacred to the memory of the fool who was afflicted with lapses from lying.

Jim Hogg got up in the convention at Houston the other day and bleated out the truth, and every rich democrat in Texas is to abusing him. We were surprised! The idea of a man telling the truth in a political convention! Of course we knew Bryan had done such a thing, but they "snowed him under" by a million majority. They used to crucify them, behead them, boil them in oil; now they ostracise them, take away their business and let 'em starve, either method is equally effective. Lie and have company, or be truthful and lonesome.

About all the scripture some people can quote is, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" but if you will pay strict attention to the fellows who do this quoting, they do all of the receiving and none of the giving.

You remember once upon a time a poor widow washer woman dropped in her last red cent when the hat was passed around, Judge Lawless put in five dollars, Lawyer Lieeasy put in five, Doctor Dopem put in five, Banker Skinem put in ten and so on, and the fellow who was taking up the collection said the widow had put in more than all the rest, why? Because the rich cast in, not of their labors, but of their scheming, and the widow had doubtless scrubbed decayed socks and such like while the hot sun beat down relentlessly on her clotheless back; that's why!

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," is another strong prop for the grafter, Men who quote this in defence of their graft, are not working for hire. but working you for coin. Keep your eye on them. They are the kind of cattle who periodically call for a raise in salary and pocket your sweat and point you to another spere to for their authority Beware of men who collect toll for God and keep the collections. A man cannot be a theif without being a liar, neither can he be a liar without being a thief—the grades run down according to ability, none run up. Plenty of scripture to back up the above if you'll read it, and not pay some vagabond to hunt it for you.

Parker and Texas

Parker carried Texas. Yes, by the people not voting. They gained a great victory, but a few more such victories——will crucify the party. A look over a list of the names of the delegates will convince you that they were largely made up of the element that wandered away after Geo. Clark a few years ago.

The platform means nothing. It is a weak imitation of the New York platform, and we were not surprised to see both Bailey and Culberson prominent participators in the farce. What shall we say of Father Reagan? Nothing! He has long since ceased to be a leader, and politicians only use the magic of his name to conjure the country delegations.

Ninety-nine times in a hundred a New York democrat stands for nothing but boodle, and Tammany is only howling because Hill wont divide the prospective swag with them.

The democratic party should not expect to win elections on the records of Jefferson, and Jackson. They acted their parts well in their day, but they are dead. There are enough live issues to occupy the time of the party and enough real, living, present issues to furnish planks for a platfarm broad enough and sound enough for all honest men to stand on. How does the democratic party stand on the Philippine question? How does it stand on the tariff? On strikes, trusts, standing army, bond issues, income tax and a dozen other living questions? Well, it don't stand, it dodges. The party, represented by Hill, Gorman, Bailey, and a few others, stands for pie, the Standard Oil Co., against an income tax, for a protective tariff, national banks of issue and every other characterless graft that would keep them in power.

Every fool, from the head of veracity hollow to where it empties into the ocean of lies, knows that a "tariff for revenue only" is a fraud and lost its power to delude voters long ago.

Even the candidates for state offices are each trying to be elected on the rascality and incompetency of his opponent. This is a corrupt condition of affairs. If the people believed the candidates were telling the truth about each other they would be justified in mobbing both the "ins" and the "wantins" The chances are that what they say of each other is true, and if it is a decent man would stand no sort of a show in a contest with such vile appoistion.

The democrats meet in St. Louis next Wednesday to nominate a candidate for president; that is, about 1000 politcal grafters, calling themselves democrats will meet there. Parker may be nominated, and if so he may be elected, which, if it happens, will be the straw that breaks the back of the democratic ass—a party that cannot put forth a platform of principles and nominate a candidate who is honest enough to speak his sentiments, has outlived its days of usefulness, and the sooner it is given a dose of "knockout drops" the better. Parker may be the dose.

The Damage Suit Industry

We notice that the press of the country is at last fully awake to the abominable manner in which railroad companies have been, and continue to be, tricked and defrauded by designing attorneys who back up the complaints of unprincipled people who sue the roads for damages which are wholly imaginary. And however unjust the case may be, a jury will often decide for the plaintiff. In glancing over our files of three years back we find an article written by us on this very subject, asking simple justice for the railroads and strongly condeming the shameful, brazen robbery of corporations merely because they were corporations. We had hoped the paper would at that time ventilate this matter but we were disappointed. 'Tis better late than never! In view of the foregoing is it anything to be wondered at when the railroads fight all suits to the bitter end?—that they are full of distrust and become skeptical as to the honesty and good intent of all humanity when it comes to a question of extracting money from railroads? To conclude, in this particular, "we are for the railroads; they have suffered long."—Channing Courier.

Yes, we notice that the press of the state, in response to a request of the railroads, is fully awake to said request, regardless of the interests of the people.

It is strange to us, that the newspapers haven't the nerve and common honesty to give both sides of this "damage suit industry," as it is called.

All this censure of the people in regard to damage suits is very unfair, and is an insult to the courts and juries that try the cases and render the verdicts. Of course some of the suits have no merit, in such cases they do not recover. But the vast majority of the suits have an actual basis, and you will find that the parties bringing them recover.

The real evil lies in the large amounts for which they sue. But the policy of the roads has forced this proceedure.

If the railroads would be fair and reasonable and settle their damages the parties would not have to go to the lawyers.

Just let the railroads try acting honest for a few months with the public and see if the "damage suit industry" will not subside. Every employer of the road seems to feel it to be a part of his official duty to assist in the non-settlement of differences. We see no reason for this, but it is a fact nevertheless.

Yes, the railroads "fight all the suits to the bitter end," and by doing this they add to the public prejudice and assist in mulcting themselves in damages. If they would employ a few lawyers to settle these suits amicably and honestly, if they can find any lawyers that know the meaning of amicably and honestly, instead of employing them to fight the suits it would cost them less.

Their present course will end in laws setting the damages, naming the price to be paid for all animals and all injuries. Both the railroads and the public are being robbed as it is, and the lawyers are getting all the profits. It just occurs to us that the railroads ought to have sense enough to see this.

REV. DR. HOMER T. WILSON.

Rev. Dr. Homer T. Wilson, owing to the short time alloted each of the several speakers, did not deliver all of his address as he had prepared it, but it is given herewith in full. His subject was "Christian Fellowship," and he treated it as follows:

This is the most glorious of all the ages. The age of thumb screws, in theory or practice, is buried in the grave with the inquisition and the guillotine. Purgatorial fires and other plans of endless torment are intended for the wicked, and not for the man who honestly differs from my views on the action of baptism, final perseverence of falling from grace. Infallability does not belong to this age, but we are all students in a great cause, and each recognizes in his fellow, honesty, sincerety and a desire to lift the world to God.

The chains of dogmatism have long since been broken, and we now breathe the air of religious freedom as we drink the pure water of life, as it flows from perennial springs of eternal love. We differ in our views in religion, as we differ in every department of philosophic and scientific thought, and each man should be, and doubtless is, true to his conviction. We stand upon the broad platform of Christian fellowship, and prompted by love labor together in our grand harmony for the uplifting of our fellow man.

There are many denominations, societies and organizations, but one grand fellowship. In our respective orbits we move and reflect the light and glory of the Christ, who is the light of the world. I have never known a sweeter, more sacred fellowship than exists with the denominations of Fort Worth. The labors of our beloved Brother McGaha have only intensified and strengthened the ties of fraternal love, and although he goes from us, his work will forever live and bear much fruit in days yet to come.

A man is not a full grown Christian until he feels deep in his heart an abiding interest in the growth and prosperity of every institution that has for its object the upbuilding of humanity. The building of a permanent home for the Young Men's Christian association should be the pride of every church and citizen of Fort Worth. The public library, the prize of a struggle, crowned with the princely gift of Mr. Carnegie, will ever be looked upon as the product of loving hearts and willing hands. The united struggle that produces these magnificient results bind us more closely together, and fill us with the spirit of love and Christian fellowship.

Our duty as ministers and as Christians is to speak, live and act, so that when the curtain drops on our life's drama, the world may be more united. Prejudice, either religious or national, is the greatest bain to civilization. The world has watched the progress of the trial of the French soldier with increasing interest and sympathy. Not since the firery serpents encircled the queenly form of Joan of Arc, has humanity been so shocked and human justice so outraged as at the persecution of Dreyfus the patriot, Dreyfus the soldier, for the reason he is Dreyfus the Jew. The villainous persecution, and the inhuman treatment to the helpless man in his lonely prison isle is enough to bring the blush of shame to the inanimate cheek of the goddess of liberty, as it has made the blood tingle with revenge in the veins of every lover of justice and liberty throughout the civilized world.

The verdict of prejudice has been rendered, and another blot has been made upon the pages of French history, darker than the soot walls of perdition. It is time for the Christian world to cry out in defense of the hated and persecuted Jew, and reiterate the principle of Him whose life and death taught the grand lesson of a universal brotherhood.

My heart grows sick and my soul revolts at such injustice, such villany. While the verdict of a godless court marshal has condemned, the verdict of the world has acquitted and immortalized the humble captain, whose only crime is the Hebrew blood that courses through his veins. As Christian men let us stand together, and plead, if need be, lay down our lives in defense of liberty and justice for all mankind, and ever remember that in the church of the living God, "there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, for we are all one in Christ and heirs according to the promise."

In the service of this hour we add another link to the chain that binds us together in Christian fellowship. In token of our high regard for Brother McGaha we come, not to say good bye, but, God bless the man who came among us, for alas too short a time. I but speak the sentiment of all who know him. His labor of love has been a divine blessing to our city, our church and our home.

Our paths must now diverge, but the spirit of love that knows no time or space will ever remain, and the memory of kind words and council in hours of darkest trials will ever be kept as brightest jewels in the sacred archives of the soul.

DARROW CLOSED

HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CONTROLLING HIMSELF AFTER BRAVING SO MUCH WRONG.

HIS CLIENTS NOT CRIMINAL

DENIED THE GREAT MASS OF MINERS WERE LAW BREAKERS.

CONSENT TO SOME DEMANDS

Says Baer Who, More Than Any Man, Is Responsible for Strike and Coal Famine after Months Agrees to Practically All Miners Asked.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12.—Immediately on the reconvening of the anthracite strike commission Clarence S. Darrow, began the closing argument for the mine workers, speaking as follows:

"We are glad that this hearing is drawing to a close, and we can say sincerely that we feel everybody has been well treated so far, whatever you may do to us after we have gone away. But so long as we are all here and cannot keep watch of what is going on, we feel as if we had been well treated.

"I scarcely know what to say in opening this case. We have spent a long time in examining this evidence and bringing it before this tribunal. It was the result of a long and bitter strife, a strife in which men on both sides were turned into wild beasts and forgot that common sympathy and common humanity which, after all, is common to all men when they are approached from the human standpoint and the human side. This hearing, coming after this long and bitter siege, looked to me, from afar, as if it would be bitter, too. I felt as if I was coming here that I would do all in my power to make the feeling less bitter than it was. I felt that I did not wish to go away from this region and feel that I had helped to stir up dissension rather than curtail it; help increase this feeling of bitterness and hatred between two rival parties, instead of bringing them closer together, so that they might live together in that peace and harmony in which it was meant that all men should dwell together on earth.

"But I find myself just at the closing in a position where I have to take very good care that all my good resolutions do not go for naught, and I shall take the best care I can.

"I have listened for nearly three days to the arguments of counsel for the operators, but not all arguments; much that is argument, much that is vituperation, much that is abuse, much that is bitterness, much that is hatred, much that should not have been spoken here, much that could not have come from a brain which sees widely and largely and understands fully the acts of men.

"I have heard my clients, 147,000 working men, who toil while other men grow rich, men who go down into the earth and face greater dangers than men who go out upon the sea or out upon the land in battle; men who have little to hope for, little to think of excepting work.

"I have heard these men classed as assassins, as brutes, as criminals, as outlaws, as unworthy of the respect of men and fit only for the condemnation of courts.

"I know that it is not true.

"I have too much respect for the state of Pennsylvania, I have too much respect for any body of my fellow men, wherever they live, to believe that any great mass of them have turned into criminals and cutthroats, excepting for some cause that drives them to it. There are men, like any others, men, who, in the midst of sorrow, travail and a severe and cruel crisis, demeaned themselves so nobly."

Continuing Mr. Darrow said:

"First, how does this case stand?

"We have had a six months' strike.

"We have had a three months' arbitration.

"We have had a condition in Pennsylvania where man was set against man, family against family, class against class.

"We have had a body of wealthy and respected gentlemen who stood against the tide of progress and said, 'We will do nothing; we will pay you no higher wages; we will not submit your disputes to any body of men, either secular or clerical. We give you notice that for one year your wages are so and so, and that is all.'

"We have seen, as a consequence of this act, 147,000 men lay down their tools of trade, and we have seen 750,000 men, women and children reduced to want and privation for six long months.

"We have seen the president of the United States appoint this commission and then today, in the last hours of this proceeding, the man more responsible than any other for this condition of affairs, Mr. Baer, comes before this commission and says: 'We will consent to a portion of the demands you make. We will raise your wages, we will recognize your union, we will treat with your agents.'

"They will do exactly what was demanded nine months before, and which they, in their blindness, their ignorance and their stupidity, refused.

"Why did not Mr. Baer go to John Mitchell nine months ago as he came to this commission today? Why was this deferred until this country was facing the most terrible fuel calamity it has ever known?

"So far as the demands of the mine workers are concerned, it matters not what crimes have been committed. If John Smith earned $500 a year, it is no answer to say that Tom Jones murdered somebody in cold blood. The question deals with earnings and as to whether or not these men are entitled to more pay or shorter hours.

"You can do just as you please about recognizing the union. If you do not recognize it, it is because you are blind and you want to bump up against it some more; that is all.

"It is here and here to stay, and the burden is upon you and not upon us, and if these wise business gentlemen and agents of the Almighty cannot see the union they had better blunder along still a few more years, when possibly they may themselves recognize its presence."

"I do not think it comes with good grace from these gentlemen whose breakers, whose mines, whose every dollar is dug up by my clients, whose families are living from the profits that are made from the work of my clients in the ground, these men who have issued their bonds and stocks upon the lives of these despised foreigners and these unruly boys, to say that the men who have made them rich are criminals and entitled to no consideration.

"We are here asking for more money and shorter hours, and it has nothing to do with Socialism or anarchism, excepting as every demand that the poor make from the rich is to be construed as socialistic. We are willing to accept this construction.

"If these miners were only Christian Scientists and could only believe that they had the fine houses and the money in the bank, and the good health and the long life and the good school and church facilities and the grand prospects and the great wages they are credited with, they could be happy and we could at once settle this strike.

"When Mr. Baer informed the senate, the president and this commission of how much wages his men were getting, he gave them information at least 40 per cent beyond any facts that actually existed.

"If Mr. Baer is willing to give us 5 or 10 per cent upon the figures which he says correctly represent our earnings, we will be glad to take it, basing the commission's findings on the figures he gave to Mr. Wright. We will ask no more questions, make no more demands and rest our case.

"Mr. Baer says a miner is not a skilled laborer. Anybody can be a miner, it takes nothing but a pick and a reckless disposition. You might even do without the pick, but I don't see how you could get along without the other unless you are horribly hungry. Five hundred dollars a year is a big price for taking your life and your limbs in your hands and going down into the earth to dig up coal to make somebody else rich.

"If the civilization of this country rests upon the nesessity of leaving these starvation wages to these miners and their laborers, then the sooner we are done with this civilization and start over anew the better for humanity.

"Is there any man so blind that he does not know why the anthracite region is dotted with silk mills? Why are they not on the prairies of the West?

"Why is it that men who make money that is spun from the babes in these mills—men who use these children to deck their daughters and their wives—why is it that they went to Scranton and all those towns? They went there because the miners were there. They went just as naturally as a wild beast goes to find its prey. They went there as the hunter goes where he can find game.

"These railroad presidents make a living out of these children, and if they can do nothing else in this region they should end this infamy."

Mr. Darrow concluded his speech for the day with an exhaustive review of the existing wages and the tables and statistics offered.

SERMON ON ATHEISM

REV. ROBERT B. EVATT OF UNITARIAN CHURCH ASKS, "WHO IS THE ATHEIST?"

HIS OWN VIEW IN ANSWER

Says It Depends Upon the Life One Lives—Declares We Must Take Enlarged Interpretation.

Yesterday was a real spring day. The wind blew just cool enough to make the weather bracing and to call forth energy, without endangering the delight of walking free of burdensome bundles of heavy clothes. There were no darkening clouds in the sky to fill the rooms with gloom, which might encourage this or that citizen or citizens to sit and doze by the fire, while the Sunday school and church bells rang out, calling in vain. Instead, sunshine filled the rooms, the windows were open and the breezes enticed them out of doors, and many of the people of the city answered the calls of the church bells yesterday, and the houses of worship were filled with audiences that felt elated and optimistic and glad to hear the joyful tidings of the story of Jesus Christ.

The First Unitarian Church was filled yesterday morning with an audience that came to hear Robert B. Evatt deliver a sermon on "Who is the Atheist?" Miss Gannon sang beautifully Tosti's "Il Preghiera."

A regular paid choir is being organized for the First Unitarian Church and it is expected that within a week or so it will begin to sing at the weekly services there. This is a new move inaugurated by Mr. Evatt.

Next Friday Rev. Evatt will deliver a lecture in Temple Emanu-El.

Following is the text of Mr. Evatt's sermon yesterday morning: "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." (Timothy v. 8.) Mr. Evatt said in part:

"The atheist, according to the popular understanding of the word, is one who denies the existence of God, and there the definition rests; but is he the only atheist who denies the existence of God? Can you truly describe as an atheist the man who denies the Deity in so many words and at the same time obeys every law of God, lives out every word of God, breathes the spirit of God and illustrates every virtue and grace of Christian life?

"Such a man is theoretically an atheist, but substantially a deist. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If this or that man's life is filled with evidences of a Christian spirit, how can we throw out such testimony? We can not do it.

"If this or that man professes ever so stoutly a belief in the Deity and subscribes with his hand to an ironclad statement of belief in the Deity, and yet in his life contradicts such belief, what shall we do with the testimony of his life? Shall we say he is a deist simply because he signs his name to the creed of a deist, when at the same time his actions sign his name to a denial of the Deity? 'By his fruits ye shall know him,' by his conduct ye shall decide what he is or is not.

"Now, if a man should say he believes in God and yet formulates a creed which stains the character of God, which vilifies his nature, which slanders his attributes, which denies and sets at naught his goodness, how can you call him a believer in the Deity? How can he escape the reproach of atheism?

"I take up a creed which would have me believe that God ordains men yet unborn, therefore untried, to eternal punishment. These men are brought into no court, they are charged with no crime, there is no stain, no reproach cast upon them; yet, untried, they are damned, simply because they were chosen to be damned from all eternity, and no goodness of soul, no sincere spirit, no strictness of life, no orthodoxy of belief, no fervency of prayer, no strenuousness of effort, can avail to save them or to win them a smile of the good-will of heaven. They are born to be damned. Yet this man, born to be damned, loves God, serves him, honors him and lives for him, but in the end he is lost, utterly lost, forever.

"I am asked to believe that men who preach that creed and men and women who believe it are not atheists. I can not believe that they who deny the very chief glory of the divine, deny its justice and equity, are not atheists. They are doubly so, for they deny the virtue of God and so slander his character, and then they live up to their belief by refusing to acknowledge the right of admission to the heavenly circle of those whose intellect and conscience forbid their acceptance of a creed which obscures and degrades the Deity.

"But, apart from the peculiar theological features of this question, which are not at all easily exhausted, there is another view of this question, 'Who is the atheist?' Is it not he who is unable to find any signs of God outside the Bible? Is it possible that God has revealed himself to one little corner of the earth and to one insignificant company of people, over a period of some thirty-two generations, and that then he ceased to reveal himself; that, outside the line of a few Jewish gentlemen, he had not one word, not so much as a whisper, with a single soul out of the millions of mankind. It is inconceivable, incredible, untrue. The injustice of the supposition is startling. The narrow favoritism of the plan is repellant. The stupid exclusiveness of the method is amazing.

"The atheist is he who denies that God spoke in more ways than one and to more people than the little company of Jews in an insignificant and remote part of the earth.

"I remember that once Mr. Channing wrote that God never intended that man should shut himself up between the pages of one book, however good and noble it might be; that whoever confined himself to one book did not do that book the justice it demanded.

"We must take the larger view; move our thoughts outdoors, spring clear our brain of its theological cobwebs and mediæval dogmas, be more free, more receptive and realize that God may be found in various ways; that the conception of God will never be the same to any two minds, and therefore that modes of thought, of faith and worship and service must vary also. This should enlarge out views, widen out the horizon of our charity, encourage us to grant to others the greatest possible liberty of interpretation of the Deity, liberty of worship and of service."

GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS IN WALES

TWO CHICAGO EVANGELISTS STIR THE WELSH TO A MARVELOUS EXTENT.

REMARKABLE UPHEAVAL

Entire Country Singing and Praying. Fervor Develops the Greatest Revivalist of the Day.

London, Dec. 17.—There has been a remarkable spread in the religious revivals which were started at Bolton, Lancashire, Sept. 4 of this year, by Revs. Reuben A. Torney and Charles M. Alexander, both of whom are from Chicago.

At first the movement was considered to be only one of the periodical outburts which happen from time to time throughout England and Scotland, but the proportions it has now assumed attract general attention. Wales, which is largely Nonconformist, is ringing with revivals and the churches crowded. Some of the places of worship will not accommodate those who wish to attend. All classes are affected.

No such movement has been known in Wales during the past half century, but the leaders of the revivals, noting this fact, point out that similar religious demonstrations have occurred at intervals of fifty years. A notable difference between the Welsh revivals and the other revival meetings is the fact that the other meetings are not conducted solely by those on the platform. The leaders commence the service with prayer. The massed congregation, however, does not follow this leadership, but individuals or groups of individuals offer a prayer suggested by personal promptings until the whole becomes a babel of independent supplication with varying degrees of fervor.

The Welsh people are famous for their singing and at times during the meetings one of the leaders commences a well known hymn, the congregation taking it up. The singing continues uninterrupted for hours. The meetings which commence early in the evening reach far into the night. The miners commence work at 6 o'clock, but they ungrudgingly sacrifice their hours of rest to the meetings.

The revival movement is noticable everywhere and it is said that the public houses are almost empty.

Formerly they were crowded with miners after the working hours. Drunkenness is now almost unknown in the Rhonda valley, in Glamorganshire, where prayer meetings are even held in the mines during working hours.

The efforts of the preachers are also directed against football, the season of which now is in full swing, and several big matches which would have attracted the populace of the entire country have been called off because the best players refused to participate in the games.

The origin of the remarkable religious upheaval is traceable directly to the Chicago revivalists. After their success in Lancashire the work was taken up throughout Wales by several leaders.

Now, however, one man has risen head and shoulders above all the rest until his name rings throughout the United Kingdom as the greatest revivalist of the day. He is Evan Roberts, 26 years of age, formerly a miner. His marvelous energy and vitality are evidences of the fact. He goes from place to place spending a few days in each, sometimes spending entire days and nights praying and singing. Roberts has been invited by the Nonconformists of London to visit that metropolis.

The Rev. Mr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are active meanwhile and announce an invasion of London soon.

Big English Divine Attacks The Bible.

Canon Hensley Henson of Westminster, one of the most distinguished of Anglican militant divines, has aroused a terrific storm by his out spoken declarations on the Bible. He says: "The very fact that so many of our people are prepared to acquiesce in what they hear from the lecturer, and even believe that in some way or other, what they hear is divinely true, makes the present indiscriminate reading of the Bible in public an extremely perilous proceeding. Educated men have at their disposal a means of escape from the perplexities stirred in their minds by the incredible, the puerile or the demoralizing narratives which the old testament contains. But the transition is to obvious from and matter to sacred for discussion to a pack of lies too gross for toleration.

"What will be the place of the Bible in the future? It cant be questioned that many causes have conduced to work something like a revolution among educated Christians throughout the world with respect to the sacred writings of Christianity.

In time there will be a great revolution in current teaching with respect to the New Testament. Three broad considerations justify in the future the paramount place which the Bible has traditionally held in the life Christian society.

"First, the Bible remains the best manual fundamental morality of which experience has knowledge.

Second, it the best corrective of eccesiastical corruption.

Third, it is perhaps the most effectual check on the materialistic tendencies of modern life.

The Bishop of Norwich, the Rev. D. Shepsbank, commenting on these remarks, says:

There is not at the present time that bright, hopeful feeling among churchm n which has prevailed until within the last few years. Religion is not by any means gaining ground throughout the country. Definite belief in the Bible is on the wane, and the forces of indifferance and irreligion are gaining strength.—Denver Post.

Definitions of a Baby.

A London paper awarded a two-guinea prize for the best definition of a baby. The lady who won the prize sent in this answer:

A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following are some of the definitions given:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight bawler.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

About twenty-two inches of coo and wiggle, writhe and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it.

A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

SUICIDE

Of a Well Known Parisian Agnostic.

REMARKABLE MEANS USED TO END HIS LIFE.

POISON AND PISTOL

Used in Addition to the Fumes of Charcoal—Had Formerly Been One of the Leading Scientists of Paris. Blind and Poverty Stricken.

Special to the Mail-Telegram.

Paris, May 6.—In an old rickety house that had stood for years untenanted near Montmatre, died by his own hand yesterday. Jean La Rue, blind and poverty stricken, who had formerly been wealthy, and one of the leading scientists and agnostics of this city.

The man's life was a remarkable one, and his taking off was no less remarkable. He used to sever his existence from a world he once loved so well, the deadly fumes of charcoal, poison and a revolver.

First he took poison, then in a closed room lighted a little brazier of charcoal and finally ended his miserable existence with a pistol bullet through his heart. His body was taken to the morgue, and unless claimed will shortly grace the dissecting table of some medical institute.

La Rue was a remarkable man. He was born in Bretagne some fifty years ago of an old an honorable family. As a young man he came to Paris and although a hard student, he was also a hard devotee to the questionable pleasures of the gay city.

He soon took high standing among the scientists of the city and became a famous desciple of agnosticism, writing frequent articles on the subject for the irreligious and independent journals. He was an extreme agnostic and had the utmost contempt for religion of any kind.

He found time from his scientific studies and agnostic writing to get mixed up in an affair with Count de T——'s wife. The count challenged him, a duel was fought and thereafter La Rue walked on crutches, having been shot through the thigh.

For a time his fame was great and his society much sought after by men and women, but of late years he had fallen into disrepute, owing to his dissipated habits. He degenerated into an absinthe and morphine fiend.

His friends deserted him. He neglected himself and finally took to living in a deserted house at Montmatre where he ended his miserable life. His only companion was a shepherd collie which refused to be driven away from his body when it was found by the gendarmes.

NOVEMBER 24, 1901

ISIDOR RAYNER A GIFTED ORATOR.

In a Day His Speech at the Close of the Investigation Made This Southern Orator Nationally Famous. The Fervid Periods of Henry, Calhoun and Clay Recalled by the Mingled Irony, Invective and Passionate Appeal of Maryland's Attorney General.

New York Herald, November 24.

Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some deep voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul.
—Bryant.

Oratory is not dead, nor even decaying. Clay, Webster, Choate, Everett, Garrison, Henry are but memories. But, given the occasion and the man, the arts of Cicero seem revived as vividly in 1901 as in the earlier days of the republic. Men's minds respond as warmly to-day as they did of old to the harper who can sweep the heart strings, be his theme love, patriotism or any of the deeper passions.

Witness the demonstration at the Schley inquiry, when Isidor Rayner, counsel for the applicant, closed his three-hour address. Men and women, mature Anglo-Saxons, had sat spellbound, save for an occasional murmur from one sex or a sob from the other. The orator, a man of fine presence, just at thet height of his physical and mental perfection, suddenly sank into his seat.

The climax came quickly. And such a climax! For a full half minute the big room was as hushed as a forest on a sultry day. Then, like a hurricane, came the applause. The tension had been remarkable. The stillness was awing. With the reaction came the thrilling outburst of cheers.

It was a triumph worthy of the Forum. During the afternoon women had fainted from excitement. Applause had grown in volume and frequency as the speaker swept on from satire to tenderness; from merciless criticism to passionate appeal.

More convincing still was the surging of the three grave Admirals, in common sympathy of feeling, from their places on the bench to the counsel table. Moved by the same impulse they hurried to congratulate the speaker and his client, their fellow sailor fighter.

From every part of the Union have come encomiums of congratulations to the orator. His biography has been spread over the country by the newspapers. His picture has been besought by women and men. His speech in pamphlet form has been demanded of the public printers by admirers miles and miles away from the scene of its delivery, where interest ordinarily would seem slight. But with becoming modesty he says: "The occasion made the speech, not the speech the occasion."

Truly, the occasion was historic. As the speaker said, it was anomalous and unprecedented. "Such a trial as this has never to my knowledge taken place in the history of the world—a man tried for achieving a great victory for his country and an effort made to condemn him for having carried to a successful termination as great a naval triumph as ever was won upon the waters of the world."

The eyes of the country were on this scene. The chief figure had generously disclaimed any personal victory; he had declared "There's glory enough for all." By the naval regulations, which, it was admitted, governed the situation, the senior line officer on the scene was responsible for any defeat that might befall. How, then, was he to be deprived of the honor and glory of a momentous victory?

The theme, the occasion, the orator were all asembled. The first two were known of all men. Of the third factor it was only known that he was the Attorney General of Maryland, Schley's State; that he had long been a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, and that he was a keen cross-examiner and a clever wielder of words.

The sudedn death of Judge Jere M. Wilson, senior counsel for Admiral Schley, threw upon this Baltimore advocate the entire burden of the case. He was not an admiralty lawyer. He had worked for months on the case, taking up trigonometry in studying the stadimeter, delving into sea law and lore, learning about gulf stream currents, coaling at sea problems, tactical diameter of cruisers and whatnot of tedious detail.

When the crucial moment came he was saturated with his subject. Laying down his copy of the specifications, he ta ked with alluring faculty in pleasant tones, until, becoming warmed up with earnestness, he sneered at entangled witnesses, scoffed at tricky memories, lashed as with "scorpion whips" the alleged traducers of the man whose fame rang around the earth.

The audience tried to interrupt with applause as he made point after point, but he rushed along unheeding until he fairly swept the assemblage "off its feet" with his dramatic climax.

To-day Isidor Rayner, the eulogist, defender and advocate of Admiral Schley, is known as were his client and his case. The speech has been hailed as a classic. It was logical, analytical, pungent, earnest and inspiring.

The man and his effort are worth considering with some detail. He is of medium height. His eyes are keen blue and deep set. Between the eyebrows two deep wrinkles make a narrow V when the man is deeply interested. His nose is straight, fairly large and broad.

He has the orator's mouth, broad, mobile lipped and expressive. His voice is deep, resonant and pleasing. The chin is firm and slightly dimpled. Around the temples the hair is whitened, the remainder is iron gray, as is the rather closely cropped mustache.

Few gestures mark his speech, and these are generally made with the left hand, save when some strong point is to be impressed. Then both hands are thrown well above the head and swung down with a verbal crash. Always an earnest man, when he speaks he seems almost grave and over serious; but when his motif is as great and engrossing as that at the Schley hearing this quality adds immeasurably to his effectiveness.

It is this self-convinced air that makes President Roosevelt, Judge Jerome and all the modern school of younger speakers so strong before the public. But to this earnestness Mr. Rayner adds the graces of the Southern school besides.

South of Mason and Dixon's line barristers still court graces of speech, as against the brevity, directness and rugged logic of lawyers in the cooler North. While not florid, Mr. Rayner is skilled in fashioning rolling periods. This faculty happily increased his power of holdng his auditors at Washington until he had achieved his climax.

Some of the more telling points in his address are these:

Mr. Rayner spoke of the failure of Sampson to send Schley the secret code arrangements with the insurgents at Cienfuegos by Captain McCalla. The Dupont, the Iowa and the Hawk had been permitted to leave Key West for Cienfuegos without one word of information on this subject. Then Mr. Rayner paid his compliments to Lieutenant Commander Southerland, who had testified that he had sent a megaphone message to the Scorpion for Commodore Schley, by direction of Captain McCalla, that the Spanish fleet was not at Cienfuegos on May 16, when McCalla's division left.

"Where is the megaphone message of Commander Southerland?" he asked. "That is the burning question of the hour. Is it still in the megaphone, or is it vibrating upon the tropical breezes of the Caribbean? Captain McCalla, who by common consent is as brave a soul as ever breathed the fire of battle, sent Southerland to communicate the situation to the Flying Squadron. The Scorpion lashed the waves to obtain the news. Southerland must either have gotten at the wrong end of the instrument or perhaps the instrument was like the stadimeter and was not correct in recording sound for a distance of more than 20 yards.

"At any rate, the message that the Scorpion did receive, and which has been reechoed to us by Commander Marix from the Philippines, was—that there was an insurgent camp in the vicinity of Cienfuegos? Oh, no! That a signal code had been agreed upon with the friendly natives? Oh, no! These were all mysteries that it was not proper to communicate to the commander of the flying squadron. Instead of that, a dull thud fell upon his listening and anxious ears.

"'No news of the Spaniards,' was the thrilling intelligence that he received, and with it the Eagle and her megaphone went on their way rejoicing, and the Marblehead sped to the presence of the Commander in Chief at Key West with this profound secret buried in the bosom of her fearless Commander."

Here is a sample of his withering scorn:

"The court will hardly be seriously impressed with the testimony of Lieutenant Bristol. Lieutenant Bristol, with great respect for his unbounded wisdom, is the most precocious witness I ever encountered.

Every other witness, including Admirals and Captains, went down beneath his ponderous blows.

"His vision was a divine inspiration. Sextants and stadimeters, compass bearings, Government measurements and hydrographic plans were all dim and obscure in comparison with the miraculous power of his unaided vision, which lit up and illumined the entire harbors of Cienfuegos and Santiago with the unerring precision of the morning sunbeam.

"Government experts, with mathematical accuracy, had measured the height of Morro Castle and Socapa Battery, but down they went 100 feet when they encountered Bristol's miraculous eye. Not only this, but when he measured a range of 3000 yards between an American and Spanish ship with his naked eye, and the actual range which the Spanish ship was struck was only 1400 yards, his own range never varied nor yielded an inch, but stood there as demonstrative evidence that with a range of 1400 yards you can actually strike a ship that is 3000 yards away."

Again, he blended sarcasm and pleading when he asked what Captain Sigsbee and Messrs. Wise and Jewell were doing off Santiago. "They were not there catching fish. They were there for the same purpose that Schley was. They were there to find out if the Spanish ships were there. They did not find out, and they are to go scot free, while he is to be condemned."

At times he was facetious, as when he said: "Never quarrel with a newspaper unless you own one yourself. Never interfere with the liberty of the press. It will be all right when you die. They all will be with you then.

Seven cities claimed great Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

"I am the friend of the American press, and if I had the opportunity of consulting with Mr. Hodgson, I would have said to him: 'Be a little careful how you converse with an enterprising newspaper reporter, and be extremely careful not to qualify any statement he may charge you with having made, no matter how innocent you may be.' It was a case of confiding innocence upon the one side and business enterprise upon the other.

"There are a hundred idle charges that you could bring against Admiral Schley or any one else if you ransack and pillage our careers. Upon this specification I desire to say that the whole controversy had passed into history long before the specification was framed; that both of the parties to it were satisfied that the honor of the navy is not in the slightest degree involved and the unblemished honor of Admiral Schley not sullied in a single place, but standing out here, as it is upon every other occasion, in bold relief upon a high and isolated spot, where he can look down with absolute disdain upon the petty clamor that is surging in vain against the reputation he has made."

Lieutenant Commander Potts of the Massachusetts was an especial target of the speaker. He said:

"Lieutenant Potts has covered himself with renown. His name will echo through the ages of undying fame. When Manila shall be forgotten and Santiago will be buried in oblivion the name of Potts shall live. Upon the plains of Bosworth field Richard proclaimed that 'shadows to-night have struck more terror to the soul of Richard than could the substance of 10,000 soldiers armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.'

"The shadow of Potts has struck more terror to the souls of Admirals and Commodores and Captains than could the substance of ten thousand sailors.

"Whenever an Admiral or a Commodore or a Captain is engaged in the carnage of mortal conflict, beware of Potts! Beware of your looks!

"Be careful how you walk. Be careful how you sit down. Be reserved and reticent in your speech. Model your entire course and conduct of action according to Potts, that precious child of the kindergarten, who confesses that he was always scared when he was in battle but who, unfortunately, was never engaged in any battle sufficient enough to arouse his timidity."

Of the famous "loop" made by the Brooklyn Mr. Rayner said:

"I want to stand right on the testimony of Captain Cook of the Brooklyn. You will remember it. You will never forget it so long as you live. There is no use in reading it over again. There was no one on the field of action that day who had better opportunity than Captain Cook had to know all about the turn of the Brooklyn. I suppose that, if the court were called upon to select some one to tell the facts about the turn, it would have selected Captain Cook. Commodore Schley and perhaps the navigator of the vessel. There may have been others on the Brooklyn who could tell about it, but no one had better opportunity than these three.

"Whether or not a turn in the other direction would have resulted advantageously is a thing which we can only conjecture. We know how that turn did result, and it is with results that we are dealing. We know that it was through that turn that the battle was won. It was through that turn that the Brooklyn inflicted 30 per cent of the damage sustained by the Spanish ships.

"I do not think that that will be denied. The Brooklyn received 70 per cent of the Spanish shelss—out of 42 hits on all the ships of the American squadron, the Brooklyn received 30. And yet Lieutenant Potts intimated that the Brooklyn was trying to get away from the Spanish ships! Instead of getting away from them she got closer to them than any other vessel, and was damaged to the extent of 70 per cent of the whole squadron."

Continuing in a vein of dispassionate logic, Mr. Rayner asked if there was no case where a commander of a fleet could not disobey an order. Was there not any case where he was not absolutely to obey the imperative letter of an order?" asked Mr. Rayner.

"Is a commanding officer away from home to be stripped of every prerogative that he ought to possess in order to determine upon the exigencies of the occasion? If he acts honestly, according to the best judgment and light that he has, is he to be branded and consigned to ignominy because some one else in the same situation might have adopted a different course?

"It is easy enough at this hour to pass a criticism upon the conduct of the campaign. The question, however, is not to determine what was the condition of Admiral Schley's mind at the hour when the events took place. The question is not 'what do we know now' about coaling at sea and the facilities at Gonaives and at Mole St. Nicholas and at Cruz, but what information did Admiral Schley have then?

"We now know that the Spanish fleet was in Santiago on the 19th of May, but on that day the whole world was doubtful on that subject, although every line of ocean cable was flashing with anxious inquiries as to the destination of the Spanish squadron.

"Upon this branch of the investigation I stand by the testimony of the Cuban pilot, by the information conveyed by the Adula, by the conversation undoubtedly had with Captain Sigsbee, by the unintentional failure upon the part of Captains Wise and Jewell to convey to Admiral Schley even the purport of the messages they had received, and, what is more than all, I stand by the pilot as to the chasing capacity of the ships with the coal on hand which has been filed in this case—an imperishable document so fas as this controversy is concerned, because it exonerates the Admiral from the slightest criticism of censure, and, standing upon this evidence, I plead for what I know he will receive—an impartial verdict from this tribunal.

"Nelson chased the French fleet twice across the sea. Nelson was criticised and maligned as almost every great military and naval commander in his day has been, but when the thunders of Trafalgar reached over the sea and the blood of Horatio Nelson anointed the battle deck of the Victory a shout arose from England's bosom that can never die as it rolls upon the advancing tide of the centuries.

"And so with Admiral Schley. If the shot that struck down the life of the gallant Ellis, that courageous boy, had laid low the form of the Admiral upon his battleship no American within whose bosom there thrills the faintest spark of patriotism would have dared to breathe a word against his immortal memory, and his name would have been rung with exultant pride in every quarter and section of the country that he loves and upon whose altars he would have been willing to have shed his blood rather than incur the scorn and contumely which his traducers have heaped upon his honored name."

Then the orator went on to his peroration:

"There is not a single word that has fallen from the tongue of a single witness, friend or foe, that casts the shadow of a reflection upon the honored name of the hero of Santiago. He has never claimed the glory of that battle. No word to this effect has ever gone forth from him to the American people. The valiant Cook, the heroic Clark, the lamented Philip, the intrepid and undaunted Wainwright, and all the other Captains, and every man at every gun and every soul on board of every ship are equal participants with Admiral Schley in the honor wrought upon that immortal day. You can not strike down his figure standing upon the bridge of the Brooklyn. Says Boatswain Hill: 'Every head was bowed but his as the Spanish shot and shell fell thick and fast,' and sent the life blood streaming from young Ellis, this gallant martyr for his country's cause. You can not strike him down, I say.

"You may assassinate me, but you can not intimidate me,' said the Irish patriot Curran, as he turned upon his accusers and traducers.

"There he stands upon the bridge of the Brooklyn, his ship almost alone receiving the entire fire of the Spanish foe, until the Oregon, as if upon the wings of lightning, sped into the thickness of this martial carnage.

"'God bless the Oregon!' was the cheer that rang from deck to deck, and on they went, twin brothers in the chase, until the lee gun was fired from the Cristobal Colon and the despotic colors of Spain were swept from the face of her ancient possessions. 'Well done; congratulate you on the victory,' was the streamer that was bent from the halliard of the Brooklyn, and from that day to this no man had ever heard from Admiral Schley the slightest whisper or intimation that he has usurped the glory of that imperishable hour.

"The thunders of the Brooklyn as she trembled on the waves have been discordant music to the ears of envious foes, but they have pierced with a ringing melody the ears of his countrymen and struck a responsive chord at the fireside of every American home. And, what is more than all which has been revealed in this case, as matchless as his courage and as unsullied as his honor are his beautiful character and the generous spirit that animates his soul and the forgiving heart that beats within his bosom. Yes, you can not strike him down.

"Erect, he stands as the McGregor when his step was on his native heather and his eye was on the peak of Ben Lomond. His country does not want to strike him down nor cast a blur upon the pure escutcheon of his honored name.

"For three long years he has suffered as few men have suffered, while the fires of persecution have leaped around his form. Now, thank God, the hour of his vindication has come. With composure, with resignation, with supreme and unfaltering fortitude, he awaits the judgment of this illustrious tribunal, and when that deliverance comes, as come it must, he can, from the high and exalted position that he occupies, look down upon his traducers and maligners and with exultant pride exclaim: "I care not for the venomous gossip of drawing rooms and cliques and cabals and the poisoned shafts of envy and malice. I await under the guidance of Divine Providence the verdict of posterity."

Beginning slowly the speaker finished this stirring appeal in a tumult of passion, and as he proceeded the audience leaned forward as one and no sound was heard save the voice of the speaker as it rose and swelled in varying cadence. The members of the court displayed evidences of emotion, and Admiral Schley himself was pained struggling to control himself. His chin twitched, his hands moved convulsively, and as the last words of the eulogy were uttered two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

The gavel fell and the hearing was declared adjourned. The entire court room seemed to surge forward to Admiral Schley and his counsel. But the sharp rattle of applause stopped as the three Admirals were seen moving around the bench to greet the two central figures.

Admiral Benham, usually reserved, came forward briskly and shook hands warmly.

Admiral Ramsay, with smiling face, followed, and last, Admiral Dewey, fully as outspoken and hearty, and even Judge Advocate General Lemly struggled through the crowd to extend congratulations.

For a full hour this animated scene was sustained. Could an orator ask for more than this?

February 22, 1903.

JESUITS GREET SCHLEY

College Students Warmly Welcome Rear Admiral.

Alumni Hall Beautifully Decorated With Flowers and Flags.

Father Maring Hails Sailor as Old Jesuit Boy.

Joseph Carey, a Student, Delivers the Welcome Address.

Santiago Hero Tells of Fond Recollections of Old Jesuit Teachers—Mayor Capdevielle Asks Holiday.

Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley began the day by visiting the Jesuit College, where interesting exercises took place. He was welcomed in addresses by professors and pupils and spoke to the boys, after which Mayor Capdevielle, in behalf of the Admiral, asked for a holiday for the boys. The faculty granted it immediately. Admiral Schley's early education was received at the Jesuit College at Frederick, Md.

The Admiral went to the college at 11 o'clock, accompanied by Mayor Capdevielle and Assistant City Attorney McGuirk. The faculty and students were in the alumni hall, where the ceremonies were held.

The hall presented an appearance not easily forgotten. The stage was a bower of beauty. Potted plants and palms were artistically arranged. Around the pillars were delicate scrolls with words of greeting in green and gold. Suspended above the center of the stage hung a beautiful portrait of the honored guest. A crown formed of delicate transparent gauze bore the word "Welcome" in golden encrusted metal. It was flanked on either side by the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Cuba, while two crossed swords completed the unique frame, around which was entwined the college colors. In the rear of the stage were to be seen, in graceful folds, national colors, the Standard and the Jesuit College cadet colors and company guidons tastefully blended with the papal and the college colors. With the Admiral as the center figure, there was formed a picture which will long remain fixed on the minds of the 400 boys who listened to the words of affection and wisdom that fell from his lips.

In welcoming Admiral Schley, Father Maring, president of the college, said:

"We, of course, as citizens of the United States and of Louisiana, have a common right to honor you. We think we, as the faculty and students of the Jesuit College, have a special right to honor you. We know that you, Admiral, are an old Jesuit boy. You laid the foundation for your career at the old St. John's College at Frederiektown, in Maryland. We are glad to be of the same college as you. I thank you for coming into these halls. We hope you will say something encouraging and hopeful to the students assembled here. We think that if their watchword is the same as your watchword, 'duty,' they can achieve greatness and honor as you have achieved. We wish you to encourage them to do their duty, not only in after life, but here within the college walls."

JOSEPH CAREY'S ADDRESS.

Joseph Carey, one of the students, welcomed the Admiral by reading the following address. It was done up in a handsome manuscript, which was presented to the Admiral as a souvenir of the occasion:

"In the name of the reverend faculty, in the name of my fellow-students, in the name of the cadet corps, I welcome you to this Jesuit College, to our Crescent City, to our Southland.

"With what boyish impatience, with what anxious longing, have we looked forward to your coming! Our hopes are fulfilled, our wishes are granted. May your visit to our college halls bring you as genuine and as lasting pleasure as it affords us.

"We would place a spray of laurel in the wreath with which your country has crowned you. Flowers are fairer when offered by the hands of children, and no incense is so sweet as the praise which rises from young hearts. It is spontaneous; it is sincere.

"In our classic readings we meet the name of Scipio Africanus, the conquerer of Hannibal. Triumphal honors were decreed him on his return from Africa to Rome. He had conquered Rome's greatest foe, he had annihilated the Carthaginian power; he had saved the Roman empire. Just a year elapsed and we find him standing before a Roman court, the victim of envy and jealousy. Rising up majestically before the vast throngs in the forum, and pointing to the temple of Jupiter, his only answer to the charges was, "Romans, on this day I conquered Hannibal. Let us go to the temple and give thanks to the gods." Spellbound the people followed him and left the judges alone in their robes of office. We will not say that yours is a parellel case—but this we will say, that your deeds are engraven deep in the hearts of the people. You stood by the people in the hour of their distress; the people stood by you in your hour of distress. Washington and Lee are names that thrill our hearts with pride. They take rank among the world's heroes. We honor them for their exploits. We honor them for their devotion to their cause, and above all, we honor them for their peerless virtue.

"And we venture to affirm that while the name of Schley will ever be sung as the hero of Santiago; while our country will ever glory in your naval exploits, you will be held up as a model to every American boy, chiefly, and above all, as a man of unswerving fideldelity to principle, to duty, and to truth. We have learned that your earlier years were molded by the same hands that are fashioning our lives. May the lessons of the Jesuit fathers sink as deeply in our souls as they have done in yours. May we, following your example, with unselfish hearts and strong hands, build up the fabric of our country's welfare. We shall be true to our country if we are true to ourselves and true to God.

"Once more, Admiral, I welcome you."

Alcee Fiotte read an original Latin poem, as follows:

Summo Americanæ classis moderatori
Neo Aurelianensis Collegium Vicentii.

GRATULATIO.

Qui gerit mumus moderator altum,
Si solers, fortis prosperavit omne,
Quod jubent leges, honoratque virtus,
Erigat ora.

Conscium recti populi faventes
Vindicant tandem, memorantque sæcla
Et sibi virtus manet ipsa merces
Munere cœli.

Pelagi victor, decus atque Gentis!
Hæc tibi plaudis celebrans juventus
Oratut multis maneat virescens
Laurea lustris.

Albert Bandeau welcomed the Admiral in French, and as he was closing his excellent address a beautiful bouquet of roses was brought in and presented to the distinguished guest.

Robert Flautt read the following original poem:

WELCOME TO ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

"All honor to the man whose hand
'Mid wild uproar of bloody strife
Has wrought a crown of glory for the land,
Which purchased freedom for its noblest life.

"True sons of brave, heroic sires
That knew not how to fear,
Thy deeds give proof that their desires
Are as thy heart's blood to thee dear.

"When duty's voice had called thee forth
To fight thy country's cause,
With flying squadron from the North
Thy answer came without a pause.

"Long weeks of weary watching came
When anxious eyes were straining for the sight
Of hostile fleet, and heroes' hearts were all aflame
To meet the Spaniard in the fight.

"At length the welcome morning broke
When rushing forth all wreathed in smoke
The Spanish ships steamed from the bay
In last bold dash defeat to stay.

"Then did the nation find its chief
Was worthy of the flag he flew
When in proud battle, fierce but brief,
He strewed the main with hostile crew.

"A few short hours, the fight was o'er;
The shout of triumph rose on high
And mingled with the cannon's roar
In chorus loud that rent the sky.

"The foeman's ships were on the beach
A blazing mass of shapeless wreck,
Unto the world this lesson to teach:
A hero walked the Admiral's deck.

"Whate'er a jealous carping claimed
The facts all falsehood now belie
And Santiago shall be named
For evermore with Admiral Schley.

Upon receiving a souvenir copy of the poem the Admiral rose. He was loudly cheered. When the applause subsided he spoke to the boys as follows:

THE ADMIRAL'S RESPONSE.

"Reverend father and my very dear young friends," he began. "Every opportunity that permits me to look into the faces of those who will in time and in term succeed us is a pleasing privilege. You are now equipping yourselves for the great battle of life. Do not think when you leave these halls that your education has been in any sense completed. It has only begun. The methods taught here, the discipline availed of, and the opportunity given here are only assistance which will hold you in the life that is before you. I shall never forget as a boy how earnestly my teachers of St. John's College in Frederick, Maryland, impressed upon me the importance of duty in everything. They counseled me that whatever I undertook to strive to do it better than anybody else.

"I am sorry to say that as a boy I was very stupid. My love of study increased inversely as the square of the distance which separated me from my studies. But nevertheless I succeeded in learning enough to enter the Naval Academy forty three years ago. And there I had a very severe task of it. If they had turned the class upside down I would have been very nearly head. But my pleasant recollections are my associations with my teachers.

"I used to think that they were rather exacting, but I forgot to supplement that condition the fact that I was a little lazy.

"But I remember to-day the sweet touch of the hand that came to me from some of those old Jesuit teachers, some of whom are still living. And if I have achieved anything that would distinguish me above others it was entirely due to their counsel.

"I am not going to say much, but this one thing: There is no profitable future for any one in this country of ours who does not remember that the basic power of a good citizenship is honor and honesty, fidelity to duty, patriotic loyalty to home and country. I may say that these are primordial laws of usefulness in the fullest, largest and broadest sense, everywhere, and with that closing statement I am sorry that I have to make my adieu, but I shall remember this day and this opportunity as one of the sweet memories along the highway of the years left me to live."

After the cheering had ended Mayor Capdevielle arose and said that on the half of the Admiral he would ask the fathers to allow the boys a holiday for the remainder of the day.

The Admiral then arose and said that he had intended to make this request himself, but was rather in the position of the old negro who went to tell his master that his oxen had died. "Master, one of your ox's dead and so are the tether two," he began. "I could not tell you all the news I once."

The students sang "The Red, White and Blue" as the Admiral and Mayor filed out of the hall, at least all of those who were not cheering wildly.

Some Mysteries of History

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

THE MYSTERY OF THE CZAR DEMETRIUS

WHEN Queen Elizabeth was reigning in England, and western Europe was a civilized and progressive part of the world, Russia was a land of wandering Cossack tribes, of few and poor cities, and of a terrible czar, who was half madman and half criminal. Ivan the Terrible seems less like a human being than a fiend, as we read of his absolute tyranny, his horrible vices, his demoniac cruelty and cunning. He was the first czar of all the Russias, and made his capital at Moscow. The great Kremlin is full of traditions about him, so dreadful that they make one shudder even now, three hundred years and more after Ivan the Terrible spent his evil life there. In its square he turned his pet bears loose upon the crowd, to kill at will; before one of its churches he caused the poor of Moscow to assemble, and then drowned seven hundred of them as a "deed of charity"; here he nailed the French ambassador's hat to his head, displeased by some chance remark of the wearer; here, on eighteen scaffolds, he executed two hundred of his nobles in one day, with such refinements of torture that the people of Moscow hid themselves in fear from the sight, until the terrible czar sent his soldiers to bring them all in, that he might have a crowded audience. Why such a monster was allowed to reign for fifty years, without being assassinated by his suffering subjects, is a puzzling question—for he was not even brave, and passed his last days in agonies of fear at the idea of death. He tried to make peace for his soul by causing masses to be said, in his last years, for the souls of those he had murdered, and made out an almost unbelievable list of victims, three thousand four hundred and seventy in all. It is only because Nero is better known that Ivan the Terrible has not borne off the palm for the most cruel of all tyrants since the world began.

This monster of a czar married seven wives, all of whom he ill-treated. His eldest son, the Czarevitch Ivan, became too popular to suit him, and, striking him savagely with his iron-shod scepter, the czar injured his young heir so severely that he died within a few days. The next son, Feodor, escaped his wrath by being a cowardly nonentity. The youngest of his three children, Demetrius, was but a few years old when Ivan the Terrible died in 1584. But those who had charge of the child noticed, from his birth, the same ferocity and love of blood in his nature that had distinguished his father, and for this reason, probably, he was Ivan's favorite.

When Ivan died, in torments of pain and fear, and Feodor came to the imperial throne, his brother-in-law, Boris Godunoff, became regent and real ruler. Feodor had no children, and Boris coveted the crown. Also, he knew the ferocity of the infant Demetrius, who "resembled his father in delight of blood," and it might well seem the truest patriotism to save Russia from another such monstrous tyrant as Ivan. The child was, therefore, first sent away to Uglitch, with his mother the Dowager Czarina, Maria Najoi. In 1591, when but ten years of age, at the time of the Tartar invasion, he was found, so the report ran, in the courtyard of the palace at Uglitch, with his throat cut. A riot at once followed, in which the Najoi family were practically exterminated, and the town depopulated. Boris, as regent, instituted an inquiry and caused it to be declared that little Demetrius had been killed by accident, having fallen on the knife with which he was playing. But the people whispered among themselves; and the regent, always unpopular, became more so from that hour.

Soon Feodor, too, died, and Boris became czar in 1598. For five years he ruled Russia, haughtily and cruelly, and the nobles hated him. It was all very well for a true czar to be cruel, but an upstart had no such right, they thought. The people became restless and rebellious, and soon a surprising rumor spread rapidly from the borders of Lithuania to the palaces of the Kremlin. Demetrius, the true czar, was alive, and living in Poland among the nobles, who were ready to back his claim to the imperial throne. At once Moscow was in a flame against Boris, and many nobles of Russia set out to join the young claimant, and welcome him as czar.

His story was that his physician, Simon the Wallachian, had been bribed by Boris to cut his throat, and had feigned consent, in order to save the czarevitch. On the night fixed for the murder, Simon had substituted the child of a serf, who resembled the boy Demetrius, and was of the same age. Simon had then fled, that very hour, with the real Demetrius, thus escaping the riot and massacre that followed. The two had sought refuge with

a friendly noble, who had suggested the putting of the child into a monastery, within the very walls of the Kremlin. As Demetrius was supposed to be dead, nobody in the convent guessed the secret of the little novice, who called himself Otrepief, and was asserted to be a poor boy whom his patron had taken a fancy to educate.

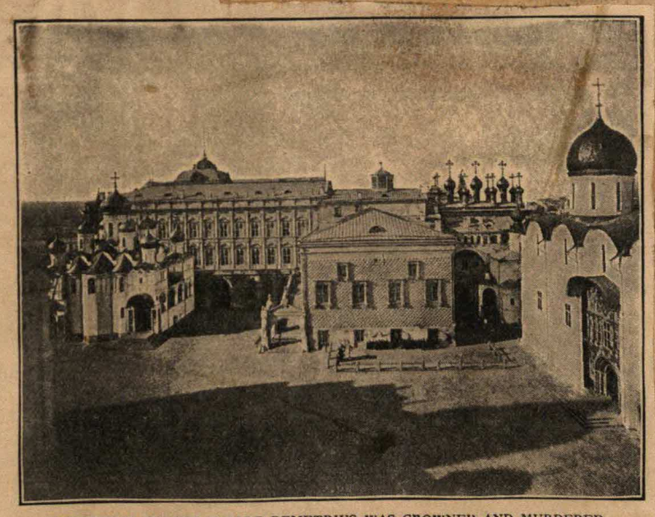
Otrepief, or Demetrius, remained in the frontier, and throwing off the cowl of the monk, learned to ride and fight. As a soldier of fortune, he then sought service with the Polish leader Vichnevetski, and, becoming dangerously ill, sent for a priest and confessed his secret. He recovered; the priest, breaking the secrecy of the confessional, told the story to his superiors. The Papal Nuncio recognized the young soldier-monk as the real czar of Russia; and King Sigismund of Poland received him at court in 1603 and allowed him to recruit an army.

As proof of his statements, the pretender showed a Russian seal, with the name and arms of the czarevitch, and a golden imperial cross studded with precious stones, which he had received from his godfather on the day of his baptism. Further, he exhibited two warts, one on his forehead and another under his right eye, exactly like two which the little Demetrius had possessed; and one of his arms, like that of Ivan the Terrible's son, was longer than the other. He was short, whereas Ivan had been tall; and homely, whereas Ivan had been noted for his handsome features; but the pretender had a remarkable firmness and energy of countenance, and great strength of body. Marina, the beautiful daughter of the Palatine Mniszek, fell in love with him, and their betrothal led the Polish nation to give him more and more aid. Meanwhile, Maria Najoi, the widow of Ivan the Terrible, recognized him as her son; and the Russians were only too ready, on their side, to receive him with enthusiasm. As he crossed the border, and pushed on toward Moscow, his march became a triumphal progress. Leaders flocked to his standard, and the people cried: "To-day the sun rises on Russia! Long live the Czar Demetrius! Down with the Godunoffs!"

Boris Godunoff had died a few months before, leaving his son Feodor to meet the claims of Demetrius as best he could. But when Demetrius appeared at Tula, near Moscow, the young czar was fairly pulled off his throne by the mob, and exiled to the former house of the Godunoff family, where a few days later two of the nobles, with a few guards, forced entrance, strangled Feodor and his wife, and took his young sister a prisoner. Ten days afterwards, on the twentieth of June, 1605, Demetrius made his triumphal entry, and was crowned czar. His procession of state was unparalleled for its magnificence, but a storm which swept down upon it as it crossed the Moskva was noticed as of ill omen by all. When, in the Kremlin, the new czar prostrated himself before the tomb of Ivan the Terrible, crying: "O my father, thou leftest me an orphan and in exile, but by thy prayers I have regained my possessions!" the populace "were convinced of his identity." It was certainly a most illogical conviction, for that Ivan's prayers could benefit anyone is beyond the reach of imagination. But the superstitions of Russia, at that time, were strange indeed.

The greatest obstacle to believing that Demetrius was the true son of Ivan the Terrible is the record of his reign. At twenty-three, he had ability and statesmanship enough to reform the abuses of justice, banish the danger of famine which threatened Moscow, and encourage new industries; and he was merciful to a fault, sparing the conspirator-noble, Basil Shuiski, who plotted his death, and afterwards succeeded in overthrowing him. Twice a week he sat in public in the Kremlin to receive petitions with his own hand. In many ways, he was the forerunner of Peter the Great, for he wished to teach Russia a better civilization, and place her high among the nations. In religion he was so tolerant that he allowed Lutherans to preach in Moscow, and exhorted the people to follow charity and good works rather than prostrate themselves before relics and ikons. Could this be the child who in early years had shown "delight in blood" and a ferocity of nature like Ivan's?

The people, at any rate, believed in him wholly, and loved him passionately. At his wedding to Marina Mniszek, Moscow went wild with celebrations and rejoicing. But before he had been a year upon the throne, Shuiski, gaining the support of some disaffected nobles and soldiers, and counting upon the czar's known confidence in his subjects and carelessness in guarding the palace, gained entrance one fatal night in May, 1606, through the Redeemer's Gate of the Kremlin, and attacked in force the palace guard, scattering it in flight. Demetrius, unarmed, knowing resistance to be impossible, ran to the window looking upon the outer courtyard, which was empty, and sought to escape by jumping. But the window was thirty feet from the ground, and, by ill luck, his leg broke. Some soldiers from the nearest guardhouse, however, rallied round him, and tried to save him from the conspirators, even then.



CATHEDRAL PALACE WHERE DEMETRIUS WAS CROWNED AND MURDERED.

But it was not to be. The unfortunate Demetrius, helpless and suffering, saw his defenders struck down, and fell into the hands of his enemies. They stripped him of his imperial robes, and put a pastrycook's cafton upon him in mockery. "Look at the czar of all the Russias!" cried one. "Dog! tell us now who you are, and whence you came!"

The answer was not that, surely, of an impostor. Knowing that death was coming, Demetrius nevertheless bore himself calmly. "I am your czar, the legitimate son of Ivan. If you desire my death, at least give me time to confess myself," was his firm answer. One of the conspirators, crying out angrily, "Why talk so long with this dog of a heretic?" shot him through the heart with an arquebus; and thus the career of Demetrius the czar ended in tragedy and defeat.

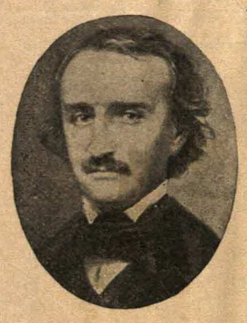
The conspirators burned his body, and fired the ashes from a cannon on the Grand Square of the Kremlin. Next day Basil Shuiski was proclaimed czar; but the people would have none of him. They mourned for Demetrius, and some said he was not dead, but would come back. Soon a claimant appeared to realize this belief, and Shuiski was driven from the throne, the second Demetrius (who was palpably an imposter) was killed in his turn, and Michael Romanoff, first of the present line of the czars, was crowned in 1613. The dynasty of Ivan the Terrible was extinct; but whether it died with Feodor, or whether the last living words of Demetrius were true, and he was the last czar of his line, history hesitates to decide. It paints his young, eager, attractive figure for us vividly and pathetically, and leaves us to wonder and to pity.

The Children's Visitor.

Edgar Allan Poe.

BY WIGHTMAN FLETCHER MELTON.

BENEATH a simple monument of gray stone, unveiled in 1875 in the corner of Westminster Churchyard, Fayette and Green Streets, Baltimore, Md., sleep the remains of Edgar Allan Poe, his wife, Virginia Poe, and her mother, Maria Poe Clemm. Virginia Poe was the first to die. Her death occurred at Fordham Cottage, New York City, and for twenty-eight years her body reposed in a vault belonging to the Valentines, in New York. Edgar Allan Poe died in Baltimore Sunday morning, October 7, 1849, his wife's mother died in 1871, and they were both buried in her father's lot, No. 27, Westminster Churchyard. It was on November 17, 1875, that the three who were so devoted to one another while living were again united in a narrow room under the cold stone.



This man, who was pleased to speak of himself as "the Poet Virginian," rather than "the Virginia Poet," was born in Boston; but his father was a Marylander and his mother was born in mid-ocean, of English parentage. His mother and father both died in Richmond. The former, according to the records, sleeps in an unknown grave in Richmond. No mention of the burial place of his father is made.

"The Raven" and "Annabel Lee" have been on the tip of the tongue of two generations, and the writings of Poe, prose and poetry, are destined to live forever; but the worth of the author, till the present time, has been more appreciated in England than at home. Poe has been represented by some American newspapers and careless, ignorant writers as a vagabond and a confirmed drunkard. You have possibly read the old story that he wrote "The Raven" while reeling under a lamp-post at midnight.

Last year Prof. James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, edited and issued a "Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe," giving, from hitherto unpublished and uncollected sources, authentic information concerning the life and character of the man.

Now the claim is not made that Poe was a perfect man, but Prof. Harrison has proved that he was a much better man than people usually think. He was a kind, affectionate husband, a loving friend and son-in-law. He was not a confirmed or public drunkard. Many of his critics, who feared his superior pen, were silent till his death was announced. There is no foundation at all for the tale that he died in a gutter in Baltimore. He died in a hospital, from the effects of a poisonous drug administered by some one who robbed him of several hundred dollars, his trunk, and his clothes. Dr. J. J. Moran, who attended him in his dying hours, asserted solemnly that there was no smell of whisky about him, and that he recoiled with horror from the offer to take what the physician thought was a necessary stimulant; besides, there is on record the statement of the officer who administered the oath of temperance to [illegible] before his death. Poe repeatedly refused wine, and was, once at least, induced to take it from the hand of a young woman who insisted. "The Raven" was written carefully from maturely developed ideas and plans.

Mr. L. A. Wilmer, Volume I., page 99, of the edition of Poe referred to above, says: "I was intimately acquainted with the man [Edgar Allan Poe], and had every opportunity to study his character. I have been in company with him every day for many months together, and within a period of twelve years I did not see him inebriated—no, not in a single instance."

While living on Carmine Street, New York City, Poe was intimately associated, both in social life and in literary office work, with Messrs. Gowans, N. P. Willis, Osgood, Graham, and many others, all of whom join in the assertion that "Poe was never otherwise seen than as the most courteous and perfect gentleman, whose manners, to women especially, were almost reverential, and to his employers habitually respectful and considerate."

Poe's mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, said: "Eddie was domestic in all his habits, seldom leaving home for an hour, unless his darling Virginia or myself were with him. He was truly an affectionate, kind husband, and a devoted son to me. He was impulsive, generous, affectionate, and noble. His tastes were simple, and his admiration for all that was good and beautiful was very great."

Those who are familiar with the works of Poe must have been struck by the fact that his female characters are all treated as if they were angels or statues. If, as has been said, "Disregard for woman is the trade-mark of depravity," Poe was far from being the totally bad and desperately wicked man his evil critics would have us believe. Let those call praise of Poe "whitewash" who will, the truth remains: This writer of the most musical verse in the English language was a remarkably good man, considering the fact that his Welsh nurse fed him on bread soaked in gin, before he was two years old, "to make him grow and to keep him quiet."

FORT WORTH MAIL-TELEGRAM

SEVENTEENTH YEAR. FORT WORTH, TEXAS, THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1900.

A FACTIONAL WAR IS RAGING

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS IN WACO CONVENTION ARE ENGAGED IN DEADLY STRUGGLE FOR PARTY SUPREMACY IS THE ISSUE

BAILEY AND STATE ADMINISTRATION

STAND TOGETHER IN OPPOSITION TO HOGG, CRANE AND BOXERS OF RETROGRESSION WHO WOULD HAMPER STATE'S PROGRESS—DWARF ENTERPRISE.

R. E. PRINCE IS THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

A Compromise for Harmony That Small Fights Might Be Out of the Way of Battle Royal—Waters-Pierce Oil Company Franchis is the Red Flag Af

Waco, Tex., July 9.—I have been attending political conventions for many years, but I have never before witnessed one which equalled that which is now in session in this city. At 10 o'clock last night the body adjourned, at a time when the credentials committee was begging to report, until 10 a. m. today, having for five hours listened to four speakers who in avoirdupois and intellect are classed among the greatest in Texas. I have made the assertion from day to day in the Mail-Telegram that this convention would be a big one, and that the Waters Pierce Oil company matter would be an interesting feature. I have been laughed at by others because I said so, and it was doubted on all sides. The events of the first day have vindicated my judgment, and sitting in the convention I had the pleasure to listen to one of the greatest men in this state—Hon. T. S. Smith, as he presented to the delegates the same argument that I have used editorially in the Mail-Telegram.

The fight was started by Joe Bailey. I had talked to him before the thing started, and I was satisfied that when the opportunity presented the senator-elect would open the fight. The opportunity was presented. We met at 5 p. m. The credentials committee was busy when we met and of course something had to be done to keep the crowd in a good humor. Aguilo of Galveston opened the ball by offering a resolution providing for a telegram of congratulation to Bryan, and as soon as this was done cries from all parts of the hall for Bailey were heard. The calls were not in vain. Soon the senator-elect was seen moving down the aisle. It was the opportunity of a life time. His linen suit, neatly pressed and as clean as his character, was a feature. His friends applauded his coming, and those who were not his friends awaited the result. Mr. Bailey commenced moderately. He made reference to his pleasure at being called upon, complimented the party and then he called up the Waters Pierce Oil company case. He told the story as it had happened. He gave a recital of his connection with it.

"My fellow citizens, my part in that transaction was this: The president of the Waters Pierce Oil company, a lifelong democrat, and I believe a gentleman, brought to me a letter from a man whose heart lays near mine. For fifteen years he has been my friend and I have been his. He says: "Mr. Pierce is in some complications in my state. I know nothing of what they are. I have told him to come to you and you will tell him the truth and deal honestly with him." I said: "Mr. Pierce, I do not believe the people of Texas ought to and I do not believe the people of Texas will tolerate the methods of the Standard Oil company. I would rather go back to tallow candle than to do it." "Mr. Bailey," he said. "You are still laboring under the same impression that all the people in your state are under. We are not a part of the Standard Oil company. I never owned myself a dollar's worth of that stock, and the Standard Oil company has never owned a controlling interest in our company."

"If that is true, Mr. Pierce," I said, "then you go down to the state of Texas and tell our democratic officers that that is the case. They want to know that you are no part of the trust, and that you will abide by our laws, and you will have no trouble in being relicensed to transact business."

He offered to employ me as his attorney. I said, "No, sir; you haven't got money enough to hire me. (Cheers.) I would not be employed for such a purpose. If you want to abide by the law you won't need a lawyer. Go down there and tell the democratic officers of our state that you will be willing to do it, and they will be glad to have you resume business in the state."

"He took my advice. He came here, took an oath that he would uphold the majesty of our law, begging permission to conduct his business in conformity with that law. He went to the attorney general of the state, or rather to the secretary of the state, who said to him, 'I will refer the matter to the attorney general. The attorney general said, 'Mr. Pierce, this judgment is that your company shall never again trahsact business in the state.' I happened to be at the capital at that time and talked with the attorney general."

A voice—How about the names on the hotel register.

Mr. Bailey—My friends the very fact that I always register wherever I go shows that I never skulk. (Wild cheers.) A man with a thimbleful of sense would know that the very fact that I registered there shows that I was conscious of no wrong. (Cheers.) Tom Smith cited the judgment of the court and the statutes, and I said, "You go and purge yourself. You go and come back to this state with clean hands, take our oath that you will abide our laws and then we will be ready to welcome you or any other legitimate business." I said: "Mr. Pierce, make up your mind that you must abide these laws." He went and returned with a new charter procured at an enormous expense—more than $50,000. He took the oath that he was not in part of any trust, that is, no combination or agreement in violation of the laws of the state of Texas. He solemnly promised to abide our laws, and I happen to know that today he has issued to every agent in this state a special written instruction to abide the anti-trust law of Texas in spirit and letter. What more do you want? (Cheers.) I believed I had secured a triumph for the state of Texas by helping to bring the greatest trading corporation within our borders to the feet of the attorney general of the state, with the solemn oath in their hands that they would abide the laws. What would you have done? Listen to me. Had I been the paid attorney of that corporation do you think I would have advised him to reincorporate at an expense of $75,000. I would have said, "Go back to Missouri and sell your oil from St. Louis, and then you are engaged in interstate commerce and no statute of Texas will possess any terror for you." I would have advised him to do like the tobacco trust sells its tobacco, like the sugar trust sells its sugar—

(A voice—And as the bagging trust does.)—"Yes, and as the bagging trust does. That would have been the advice of a hired attorney. But I thought of my state and I said, 'Come back here and submit to the law.'"

Delegate Donovan of Colorado City—Mr. Bailey, did you not at that time recognize the fact that you were negotiating with a criminal who was under indictment in the state of Texas?

Mr. Bailey waved his arms and shouted a reply, but it was lost in the great uproar.

When it had subsided he continued: "Let me say this: That the law was designed to compel men to obey it. What more do you want than obedience to it? Now, fellow citizens, I need only state that at Austin I stated to these people, 'You must go to Waco and pay the penalty which has been instituted against you there.' I came to Waco and said to the county Attorney, 'Mr. Thomas, I do not know enough about Mr. Pierce to vouch for his veracity, but I do know Dave Francis, and I believe anything he says. He says I can place credence in Mr. Pierce, and Pierce says he will swear to obey the law. I believe that he is going to do it, and I believe that you ought to settle with him on that basis, being sure that he pays a penalty that shall vindicate the authority of the state of Texas.' Who says that is wrong?"

A voice—Me.

Mr. Bailey—Who? Who?

Another voice—An idiot.

Mr. Bailey—No, he is not an idot. He is a scoundrel, the man that says it. (Cheers, hisses and terrific uproar.) Listen to me. I have told these facts. They have been differently stated, but I challenge any man in this hall to stand up here in my presence and say that I misstated them. (Wild cheers.)

At this juncture Delegate Donovan of Colorado City jumped to his feet and endeavored to say something. He shouted and waved his arms in the air, but the uproar drowned everything that he said. He came down toward the stage, and a dozen men ran to him and urged him to remain where he was. But he persisted. On he came. Finally, at the very footlights, he was induced to listen to those about him, and paused and glared at Mr. Bailey.

"If they tell it when I am not present," continued Mr. Bailey, "be a man still, let it pass. If you do not repeat it in my presence, and yet repeat it when I am gone, I denounce you as both a liar and a scoundrel." (Wild cheers and great uproar.)

When Bailey had finished Hogg was called for. He came forward, wreathed in smiles, his face indicating his thoughts, "I've got 'em, by Gatlins!" Bailey had been applauded to the echo. He had the crowd with him when he quit. The big ex-governor made one of his characteristic speeches. He pleaded with the convention, he said: "Boys, stay with me," and he lolled out his tongue on the order of the Gideon's band, a habit he had in 1892, and he was applauded by a great many. He made an appeal to the prejudices of the people and sought to convince those present that his first thought was the people, and disdaining any effort to be personal he said the "attorney general had made a mistake."

Among other things he said:

"The material question presented by the repermission of the Waters Pierce Oil company to do business in this state is, 'Shall Texas, or the trusts, control?' (Wild cheers.) Shall the state of Missouri, through the instrumentality of a secretary of state, nullify the laws of grand old Texas? (Cheers and yells of "No! No!"- Shall that officer, by the dip of pen and its stroke upon a piece of paper, ride around the solemn decree of our highest court enjoining that concern from doing business in this state? I would state to you the undispited and indisputable facts connected with that Waters Pierce Oil company."

Then Governor Hogg proceeded to discuss the Waters Pierce Oil company matter along the same lines as in his speech at Galveston before the State Bar association some days ago. He began by giving a recital of the history of the case in the courts. When he paused some one yelled "Hurrah for M. M. Crane!" and up there went a wild, prolonged yell of such intensity that it startled all who heard it.

Continuing, the speaker asserted that under the law the Waters Pierce company had not been reincorporated, that it was the same organization,

AN ANSWER TO CULLEN F. THOMAS

HENRY AND STRIBLING GIVE THEIR SIDE OF THE TRANSACTIONS IN WATERS-PIERCE OIL CASES,

THE COMPROMISES OFFERED

Denials Made of the Statements of the County Attorney—These Gentlemen Assert They Acted Squarely.

Waco, Texas, August 9.—(Special.)—The following statement was given the Times-Herald last night by Messrs. Henry & Stribling:

We have just noticed the interview given out by Cullen F. Thomas, appearing in the Times-Herald of August 8, 1900. This statement, in view of the many inaccuracies appearing therein, could not be given out by him for the purpose of doing justice to all parties concerned therein, as he pretends it was, but for some other and different motive which is not stated in the article. The statement is so full of inaccurate and incorrect assertions that it can not be accepted in any sense as a fair statement, and we shall therefore state the material facts.

In the first place John D. Rockefeller and others were not indicted by the grand jury of McLennan county in 1895, as the attorney states, but they were indicted in 1894 for violating the anti-trust law while R. L. Henry was assistant attorney general of the state of Texas and O. L. Stribling was assistant county attorney of McLennan county. Inasmuch as Mr. Thomas claims to be prosecuting these cases, he should know the date on which the indictment was found when he pretends to state the facts concerning the same. The suit to recover penalties was instituted in April, 1895, by the firm of Henry & Stribling, in connection with J. W. Taylor, who was then county attorney. The agreement between J. W. Taylor and Henry & Stribling as to a fee was not "that Henry & Stribling should have an equal division of the 10 per cent attorneys' fees provided by law," but the positive contract between J. W. Taylor and Henry & Stribling was that J. W. Taylor was to have one-third of the commissions allowed by law, and Henry & Stribling were to have two-thirds of the commissions allowed by law, thus making an equal division of the commissions between Taylor, Henry and Stribling of one-third each. This suit was for something over $100,000 at the rate of $50 per day for each day the Waters-Pierce Oil company had violated the anti-trust laws of Texas. We wrote the pleadings, propounded the interrogatories, briefed the case, and took every step that has ever been taken in this case for the recovery of this penalty. We followed the case to the federal court, to which court the Waters-Pierce Oil company had attempted to remove it, and argued a motion to remand the same to the state court, which motion was granted. Mr. Taylor never rendered any assistance to us in the preparation and the prosecution of this case. Mr. Thomas succeeded Mr. Taylor as county attorney and has never rendered the slightest service to us with reference to the prosecution of this suit, and the motion to remand was argued in the federal court during his incumbency as county attorney, and he was notified of the date when the motion would be called for argument and was requested and urged to be present and take part therein. Presumably he took no interest in the case as he did not appear.

The suit at Austin instituted by Attorney General Crane for the forfeiture of the permit of the Waters-Pierce Oil company to do business in Texas, was based on the petition framed by our firm in the case here. We mailed to the attorney general a copy of our petition and his petition is almost in the identical language of ours. We furnished him the names of many of the witnesses and a statement of a great many of the facts adduced in the trial of that case at Austin. Upon our petition and largely upon the evidence taken by us in depositions at an expense of $300 the attorney general successfully prosecuted the case at Austin.

Now, as to the facts connected with an attempted compromise of the penalty suit. Mr. Thomas states, "the same forenoon I was invited to confer with Messrs. Henry & Stribling and Judge Scott at the Pacific hotel. Messrs. Henry & Stribling said that H. C.

wearing the same suit of clothes, living in the same place, having the same officers and transacting its business in the same old way. "That concern," he said, "bought up all the cotton seed mills in the state that were then independent corporations. It came here to the oil regions of Texas and bought up one company after another, put them all together under one management, known as the Waters Pierce Oil company. It was violating the laws and the court so held by reason of certain contracts it had made."

Then he made an attack upon what he called "the incorporated press of the state," and bitterly opposed the proposal to put a plank into the democratic platform this year demanding a just and fair libel law in Texas.

When the ponderous ex-governor had finished ex-Attorney General Crane came forward. He pushed himself into the controversy, coming upon the stage of his own volition, and taking a seat in plain view of the audience. The only thing he did was to tell what a faithful officer he had been. Tom Smith followed him and the attorney general "skun eevry sapling in the swamp." He told how he had protected the people and the state; how he had fought the cases of the state without employing extra legal help and he related the occurrences of the Huntington railroad compromise, telling how this man Hogg who was on the side of "the people" when a candidate had turned to the other position when as the hired attorney of the Huntington people he fought their battles, and when as a hired attorney he had told the commission that the American Book company is a trust. He told how Governor Hogg had pardoned J. B. Duke and W. A. Marbur, who had been convicted of a felony each in this state. Mr. Smith told his record. He went at it right, and when he had finished Hogg was no better than a duce in a new deck.

Bailey and Smith made a bittter fight. They have won it.

JAMES HAYS QUARLES.

Pierce was in Waco, with his attorney, John D. Johnson of St. Louis, and that he wanted to compromise the civil suit; that they believed Mr. Pierce would agree to a judgment of about $10,000; that he would pay to them $2000 extra as a fee; that they would relinquish to me their interest in the 10 per cent of the judgment, making my fee also $1000." We state this is not a fact. Sometime in May, 1900, H. C. Pierce did appear in Waco and stated that he wished to settle the penalty suit against the Waters-Pierce Oil company. As soon as he made known to us his purpose we took into consultation with our firm Mr. Thomas and held our conferences all the while in the presence of and with the district judge, Sam R. Scott, before whom the suit was pending. After conferring for some time we concluded that a judgment for $12,500 for the state and $3000 for attorneys' fees for Henry & Stribling would be a good settlement for the state. We were familiar with the case in all its details and our mature judgment led us to think that this would be a good settlement for the state, and a reasonable compensation for the labor we had performed in the preparation of the case, inasmuch as the statutes allow a commission of 35 per cent to the county attorney on all penalties recovered under the anti-trust statutes. We stated explicitly in the presence of the district judge and county attorney that whatever fee we got should go in the record and be a part of the judgment and should appear in the judgment as the fee paid to us by the defendant as a part of the compromise, and that the judgment and a statement should be given to the press. This would have amounted to a judgment for the state and for the firm of Henry & Stribling in the aggregate sum of $15,500. We did not in this conference with Mr. Pierce agree to take $10,000 for the state, as asserted by the country attorney. In the conference with the country attorney, before conferring with Mr. Pierce, the county attorney stated that he did not know what would be a proper judgment for the state, as he was unacquainted with the facts in the case and was unable to form any idea as to the amount the state should recover in the suit, and that he thought instead of agreeing on a definite amount, as we advocated, that we should first "dicker" with Mr. Pierce and ascertain from him what amount he was willing to pay. This we opposed and stated that we thought the state of Texas should tell Mr. Pierce what amount of money it would take for him to settle the penalty suit, and stand firm on that proposition. Mr. Thomas stated that he thought we should ask $25,000, though he knew nothing of the facts relied upon by the state to recover any amount. Judge Scott in this same conference, and in the presence of all concerned in the suit, stated that he thought $10,000 for the state and $3000 for Henry and Stribling, as an attorney's fee, would be a fair and reasonable settlemen for the state, and a settlement that he would approve. In all of our conferences with the county attorney we agreed that should a settlement be made upon these terms we would relinquish to him or the state, as he thought proper, our interest in whatever commission was allowed by law to the county attorney. If Mr. Thomas' official dignity or integrity was offended at these statements he did not at that time resent the same, though made in the presence of the district judge. He has waited a long time to complain. In fact he did not base his objection to the settlement on that ground.

Mr. Thomas further says "In answer to my inquiry as to what had transpired after I left the other conference. I learned from them that they had told Mr. Pierce that each of them favored $10,000, and that Judge Scott was in favor of the same amount, but that I would not agree to less than $25,000. I stated to them that they had violated the agreement made with me in the morning; that by so doing they disarmed the state in making a better settlement; that by their breach of faith I was handicapped in demanding $25,000, when two of the three attorneys and the district judge thought $10,000 enough." We state this is not a fact. Mr. Thomas wanted to "dicker" and see what Pierce was willing to give. We thought $12,500 would be a good settlement and Judge Scott thought $10,000 would be a good settlement. We did not agree with Mr. Thomas that we should "dicker" with Mr. Pierce. We did not prevent Mr. Thomas getting an offer of $25,000 by communicating anything to Mr. Pierce. His statement is not a fact in reference to that matter. Furthermore the county atorney says we then proposed "that we dismiss the civil suit from the docket, to show, as Mr. Henry said, his disinterestedness as to fee. This I flatly refused and stated that under no circimstances would the case be dismissed; that under no sort of compromise would I ratify their taking a fee from the defendant, and that we would fight the case out in the courts, win or lose." This conversation did not occur as stated by the county attorney. We stated to the county attorney tha if Pierce would plead guily and the county attorney wished it, that in the event of Pierce's pleading guilty we were willing to permit him to dismiss the penalty suits and lose our fee entirely, if we could thus secure a conviction in the criminal cases, and Mr. Henry said in that alleged conversation that he thought Pierce and others should be prosecuted and under no circumstances should the felony cases be dismissed. We never agreed for him to dismiss the penalty suit except upon condition that he could get a plea of guilty in the criminal case. We are informed by the firm of Clark & Bolinger that Mr. Thomas agreed if Mr. Pierce would enter a plea of guilty that the lowest penalty (namely, a fine of $50.00) should be assessed against the defendant Pierce in the criminal case. The highest penalty would be a fine of $5,000, and imprisonment in the penitentiary, the offense being a felony. Mr. Thomas says further in the conference held in June "That Mr. Pierce proposed that he would pay $10,000 for the state and that he would pay also Messrs. Henry & Stribling a fee of $3,000 (their fee having grown between Mr. Pierce's trips from $2,000 to $3,000.) Our fee was never mentioned at less than $3,600. Mr. Pierce in this conference agreed to pay a judgment of $13,000, $10,000 to go to the state and $3,000 to the firm of Henry & Stribling, or that the entire amount could be paid to the state as he only proposed to pay $13,000, and it was immaterial to him what division was made of this amount between the state and the attorneys. Thirty-five per cent of this amount, that being the commissions allowed under the amended act and which was discussed in this conference would be $4,550; Henry & Stribling's two-thirds of that amount would be $3,034; Mr. Thomas's one-third would be $1,517. Under the terms proposed by us judgment was to be rendered for the state for $10,000, and $3,000, for our fee, with an assignment by us to the state of our two-thirds' interest in the thirty-five per cent commission on the $10,000. Under this arrangement Mr. Thomas' fee would be $1,166, and the state would get $8,834.00, while under Thomas' proposition, that the judgment should be in favor of the state for the entire sum of $13,000, and the commission divided between us, the state would only get $8,484, thus making a difference in favor of our proposition of $384 in favor of the state, while under Mr. Thomas' proposition a difference of $350.00 against the state and in his favor.

When it was finally determined that no settlement would be agreed to by the county attorney, upon the basis of our receiving a fee in lieu of the commissions allowed by law, we proposed to him to accept the sum of $13,000 for the state and take as our fee two-thirds of the thirty-five per cent (which in that conference was agreed by Judge Scott, Mr. Thomas and Judge Clark would be the commission allowed by law); Mr. Thomas refused to make a settlement on that basis, claiming that under our agreement with Mr. Taylor for a division of the commissions allowed by law, which was at that time 10 per cent, that we were only entitled to five per cent of the judgment and he would be entitled to thirty per cent, or in other words, that we should only receive a fee of $650 while he should receive the sum of $3,900, as his fee which he contended was perfectly fair.

Mr. Pierce refused to make any settlement of the penalty suit unless the criminal case was dismissed and this ended negotiations for a settlement of the pending suit.

While Mr. Pierce was here it was stated from time to time in the newspapers that he was present for the purpose of settling the litigation against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, and was in conference with Henry & Stribling and the county attorney for that purpose. There was nothing secret about the negotiations. Who is the better judge of the amount the state should require as a satisfactory settlement? The county attorney who had never taken any part in the preparation or the prosecution of the penalty suit, who though $25,000 would be a sufficient amount for compromising a penalty suit involving over $100,000, or the lawyers who had studied the case from the time it waes brought and had taken every tsep in its preparation, who thought that $13,000 would be a good settlement of the case? Is the latter not true in view of the fact that we thought there might be some danger of the state's suit for penalty abating on account of the state of Texas having forfeited the defendant's permit, and the corporation having been dissolved in the state of Missouri, after the first conference and prior to the second conference in June. We believe then and now believe that $13,000 would be a good settlement for the state. We are still ready to make the same settlement, believing that it is the best settlement we can secure for the state.

We have earnestly looked after the interest of the state in this suit and state here that we have not left anything undone in the thorough preparation of the case for trial. If any man insinuates or charges that we have not faithfully protected the interests of the state in this case, we denounce such insinuation or charge as a malicious slander and utterly false.

R. L. HENRY,
O. L. STRIBLING.

A GREAT BATTLE PRECIPITATED YESTERDAY.

Hogg and Crane on One Side and Bailey and Smith on the Other--The Most Dramatic Scenes Ever Witnessed in a Texas Convention.

Waco, Texas, Aug. 9.—(Special.)—It is on.

The political prognosticators said the fight would not come up. They now see that the newspapers know a thing or two.

One of the bitterest political fights ever inaugurated in Texas politics is now in progress. The sentries have been firing for some time, but yesterday evening the heaviest artillery was brought into use and for four long hours the battle waged with terrific fury. Indeed the conflict waged until hungry stomachs and the late hour brought a cessation, but it is apt to break forth with renewed vigor today when the committee on platform and resolutions bring in a report. In yesterday's battle the fight was precipitated by Congressman Bailey. It was unexpected and really ill-timed, but when a man's latent temper gets aroused what matters the eternal fitness of things for him. This may not be so in every instance, but it was so in the case of Mr. Bailey. The credential committee was not ready to report when Chairman Hicks called the convention to order and the chair announced that the time might be taken up in speeches. R. W. Finley, the present comptroller, was first called and made a graceful and dignified speech, thanking the democrats of Texas for honoring him so often. Then cries were made for R. M. Hall, but that gentleman was busy with the credential committee and could not respond.

"Bailey!" was then set up and soon that gentleman was seen emerging from the Cook county delegation, making his way to the platform and was given a tremendous ovation when he appeared before the convention.

Mr. Bailey looked like he was loaded and it was difficult for him from the start to refrain from starting out on the thing that is now in the mouths of the democrats of Texas, the Waters-Pierce oil transaction. However, he did for a few minutes, but difference sentences put the convention very much on the qui vive, for everybody could see where he was drifting. When he turned loose on this matter the scenes became dramatic. He first reviewed his connection with the matter, declaring that he had acted for the best interest of Texas, and denounced his accusers in a most scathing manner. While he was talking along this line Colonel Wm. Donavan of Colorado asked a question. Mr. Bailey said with a smile, "the gentleman from Colorado always interrupts me." He spoke a little further and Colonel Donavan asked another question that could not be heard by the speaker. He asked who it was that spoke and some one yelled "an idiot." Mr. Bailey paused; then with all the intensity of his soul, he said: "No, it was not an idiot, but

> If any man gets in the way he must take care of his own shins.—M. M. Crane.

a coward and a scoundrel." Here it looked a little bit serious for a time. Colonel Donavan arose from his seat in the rear of the hall and tried to be heard, but could not, for the yells "sit down."

Mr. Bailey continued his remarks and after saying that he had acted no way but openly and as any gentleman would, he said: "I now challenge any one to rise and say that I have not." Silence reigned for the moment. "Then," continued the speaker, "if you won't accuse me to my face, if you get behind my back and slander me, you are liars and scoundrels." This was said in a most emphatic and dramatic manner.

At this point Colonel Donavan was seen emerging from his seat, and trembling and white, he started to the platform, saying as he walked that he would say what Mr. Bailey had dared him or others to say. All was excitement. Mr. Bailey stopped and looked at his approaching antagonist with a defiant smile. Before the colonel had reached the platform his friends took hold of him and partly by force and persuasion sat him down, but not until he had reached almost to the stage.

Mr. Bailey continued his defiant talk to his alleged slanderers and never let up until he had emptied every vestige of wrath that had been pent up for these few weeks. He had thrown down the gauntlet, he had sounded the tocsin of war and then the battle began to rage.

When Bailey had finished calls were made for Hogg. The big ex-governor hesitated for some little while, but when the calls began to be louder he arose and started to the platform. His appearance was also greeted with much applause. He began by saying the question before the convention was, "Shall Texas control the trusts, or the trusts control Texas." He said he had not come to the convention to discuss the Waters-Pierce oil question, but it had been precipitated and "by gatlins, I'm going to speak out in meeting." He reviewed the legal proceedings of the oil company from the time the first suits were entered against the company in Travis and McLennan counties up to the present time. He declared that the secretary of state had full power in the granting of the permit that had turned loose upon Texas the worst criminal that she had ever had. "I don't care," said he, "who takes the blame, it was a mistake and a stigma on Texas laws." His legal arguments showing why the company should have been refused a permit were quite elaborate and consumed much time, but his speech was listened to very closely. The demonstrations showed that his friends were true to him and that the same war paint that he had donned in 1892 could be easily secured again.

When Governor Hogg had finished a well known figure was seen emerging from one side of the platform. It was M. M. Crane, ex-attorney general. When he started to speak some young man from the Hill county delegation rose to a point of order, but was rapped down. Mr. Crane reviewed the entire legal proceedings and his connection with it. The speech was the effort of Mr. Crane's life and was a great argument on the legal side of the question. He admitted that in time he may run for some office, but this was not what prompted his speech. He said it was that the people might know about the whole transaction. Mr. Crane thought a lot of animal heat had been let out in this discussion and then waded into the matter without gloves. His position was that the oil company had not complied with the laws of Missouri in renewing their charter and produced a genuine sensation by producing a letter from the attorney general of that state showing that his assertions were true that the oil company had never been dissolved. He said the case was a parallel one to a horse thief that had been convicted, but on his say so that he would steal no more was turned loose. Mr. Crane was frequently applauded and his speech had a telling effect.

Attorney General Tom Smith did not have to be called out, for as soon as his predecessor had retired he was on the platform. He was loaded for bear and made a most able speech in his defense. In the beginning of his address another dramatic scene was created. Mr. Smith stated that had his predecessor attached penalty to the suit for foreiture of charter, he would have collected same. He asked why this had not been done. Mr. Crane came forward. The uproar was deafening, lasting several minutes. Finally Mr. Crane was permitted to speak and said: "I did not make this a penalty suit because the same issue was pending in McLennan county and I did not wish to complicate matters." Here Congressman Henry asked if the ex-attorney general could not have enforced the penalties in every county in the state.

Mr. Smith went on with his speech then, speaking for more than an hour. He made a vigorous attack on the record of ex-Governor Hogg and ex-Attorney General Crane and arraigned them in a most scathing manner. After he had finished his friends crowded around him an dcongratulations were showered on him. After this speech the convention adjourned.

The contest for railroad commissioner is still in an undecided condition, but from the present indications Curtis has certainly the best of the fight, and his friends have no fear of the result. They are not leaving anything undone and no stone unturned to secure

> I have not as much avoirdupois and gall as my distinguished accusers.—Tom Smith.

the nomination of Mr. Curtis. The friends of the young man from Temple are certainly in the majority in and around the hotel lobbies.

The Storey contingent are looking glum and appear as if they expect the worst. It is believed that the convention will reach the nomination tomorrow afternoon at the latest unless the fight on the Waters-Pierce Oil company is resumed or taken up again.

The committee on permanent organization has recommended Hon. R. E. Prince of Navarro county for permanent chairman and there is thus far no opposition to him.

The state democratic convention was called torder promptly at 12:10 o'clock yesterday by State Chairman C. K. Bell of the state executive committee.

It was sometime before order could be secured. Chairman Bell called in vain for order and as some of the delegates did not reach the hall promptly, the band struck up a lively air amid the applause of the large crowd present. Many ladies occupied lodges and also the galleries.

When order was restored Rev. Rufus Burleson of Waco offered divine blessing while the vast gathering of delegates and visitors arose in their seats.

Chairman Bell next introduced Mayor J. W. Riggins of Waco, who delivered the address of welcome. He said that Waco had entertained many different kinds of crowds. They are adapted to the people they are entertaining. When she entertains populists they are populists and they are entertaining democrats they are all Jeffersonian democrats. He said that the visitors are in the midst of the fathers, among them the peerless Coke and the great Ross, who were both citizens of the Central City. He welcomed the Hogg as well as the Bailey crowd and that they both held the keys of the city. During the course of his speech he referred to the Waters-Pierce Oil company in an incidental manner and it provoked some applause.

At the conclusion of Mr. Riggins' speech the band struck up "Dixie," which evoked great applause and set the convention in a good humor.

Hon. J. W. Taylor of Waco next addressed the convention on behalf of the democracy of McLennan county. He said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention: As the representative of all the people of McLennan county I come to extend to you, in their behalf, a hearty, wholesouled, Texas welcome to our midst.

It is entirely unnecessary for me to invoke the aid of the Muses from the mountain tops in order that I may be inspired with enthusiasm and in order that I may give voice to my tongue in expressing to you our high appreciation of the honor bestowed upon us by the state democratic executive committee in allowing us the privilege of entertaining you on this glorious democratic occasion.

This scene spread out before me. This panorama of joyful faces and sparkling eyes, these thousands of intelligent white democrats, representing in truth and in fact the intelligence, virtue and patriotism of the great middle classes of the nation, all animated and impelled by a united and fixed determination to stand to and abide by the interest of the great producing masses of this country under any and all circumstances, is a living inspiration to any man who loves his country, his people, his free American institutions and who feels in duty bound to aid in the preservation and perpetuation of free democratic government in America, under the Stars and Stripes and under the constitution as it was written and construed by the fathers of the republic.

Forty-three years ago the organized democracy of Texas was born in the little village of Waco. The child was small in statue, but great in its future possibilities and achievements. From this embryonic foundation has developed an organization that for purity of pupose, devotion to duty and watchfulness of the interest of the people has had but few equals and no superiors on the face of this earth.

The candidates of the Waco convention of 1857 marched with white plumes in the forefront to victory, defying the Demascus blade and ponderous political battering rams of the great Sam Houston himself, who, armed with the prestige of a mighty name, marshaled his forces against them as an independent candidate for governor and who went down in ignorminious defeat.

I am a democrat. I believe in party organization. Yea, I am a very Pharasee in the faith. I believe in party fealty. I believe that when questions, state or national, are to be settled, the

platforms of the party and the mandates therein inscribed are and of right ought to be obeyed by all true democrats. He who poses as a democrat and lifts his hand in rebellion against the duly and legally constituted nominees of the party, or inserts his knife into their vitals, by withholding from them his loyal support, is a traitor to the party and ought not to seek recognition in its councils.

We are upon the threshold of the most momentous political contest known in the political history of the nineteenth century. In the year 1800 Thomas Jefferson threw the banner of liberty to the breeze of the young republic and hurled his anathmas against the enemies of free government and laid the foundation of the democratic party in this Union. Under its banners he smote federalism and its monarchical ideas and principles, hip and thigh. Alexander Hamilton, the great grandfather of the present republican party, denounced the author of the Declaration of Independence as an "anarchist," a "revolutionist." He said that "Jefferson, if successful, would tumble the financial system of the young republic into ruin at one stroke;" that he would "stop all payments of the interest on the public debt and bring upon the country universal bankruptcy and beggary." The people triumphed, Jefferson was elected, and his principles of liberty and popular government are quoted as authority in every nation that enjoys the blessings of free government.

As the immortal Jefferson in 1800, by his power and influence, preserved the principles of liberty to the American constitution in his construction of that instrument, so his disciple and follower, Wm. J. Bryan, in the year 1900, is God's appointed agent to again vouchsafe to this people those same principles against the attack of the modern federalist in the person of the republican party.

The Kansas City platform of the 4th of July, 1900, is to these American states a second Declaration of Independence. Wm. J. Bryan is its author. If God intends that liberty shall be kept alive in this American nation this platform and this candidate will be successfully inaugurated at Washington the 4th of March, 1901.

The immortal spirit of Jefferson, Jackson and a host of other "dead, but sceptered sovereigns" of free government, hovered over that magnificent assembly of the people's representatives and inspired it anew with the gospel of liberty handed down to us from the fathers and made them bold and courageous so that they burned the bridges behind them and offered the guage of battle to cohorts of McKinlevism and Hannaism in their effort to revolutionize this republic and imperialize its free institutions.

The contest of 1896 was largely economic, the one on which we are now entering involves the life of the republic.

Are we to become a military despotism of down trodden and tax ridden people after the manner of the effete monarchies of the old world or is it our destiny to resume our former place among the nations of the earth, under the folds of the "star spangled banner," the emblem of "peace on earth and good will toward all mankind"?

Republicanism, as it is at this time constituted, says: "Away with your platitudes about liberty. The banner is a commercial asset." We, the grand old party, will send her across the foaming waves of foreign seas upon iron clads and with army corps of battle scarred veterans to the utmost parts of the earth," conquering and to conquer."

Democracy, clad in the white robes of liberty, enlightening the world, in tones that can not be misunderstood, points with pride to this flag and cries out let her wave in future, as she has in the past, "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

I have not yet lost faith in the American people. In 1896 Wm. J. Bryan carried the electoral vote of twenty-two states and a half million popular majority of the white voters of this Union. The nomination of Wm. McKinley in 1896 and again in 1900 was dictated and his platform was formulated and promulgated by the gigantic monopolies and money syndicates of this country and Europe. His platform is not an American platform. It is a syndicate charter. His administration catches all its inspiring notes from the lairs of plutocracy and the drum beats and marshal airs of military encampment.

Shall we follow McKinley, the syndicate entry for the White House stakes? We will not do so. The American people will not be purchased for the second time. With locked shields and visors down, in solid phalanx, the democratic hosts of 1900 will close this glorious century with the gladsome shouts of victory and the cohorts of imperialism will be scattered. Wm. J. Bryan, the tribune of the people, and Adlai Stephenson, the old war horse of democracy, will drive the money changers from the nation's capital and proclaim to the world that the government of Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln still lives.

James Hays Quarles next held secure the attention of the convention. Mr. Quarles said that Waco trotted out two big guns. Some on in the audience called out "Prove it."

It was in vain that Mr. Quarles tried to get the ear of the convention. This did not stop him from continuing his speech which he did in an uproar.

Chairman Bell stated that the executive committee recommended the selection of Marshall Hicks of San Antonio temporary chairman, James Hays Quarles of Tarrant, temporary secretary; assistant secretaries, Pentice Altorp of Falls, G. M. Scarborough of Jones, Corey Smith of Caldwell, Homer Wade of McLennan. For temporary sergeants at arms Sam Sparks of Bell, George W. MacDonnell of Travis, W. T. Jackson of Hays, Albert McLaughlin of Hopkins and J. D. Stafford of Camp.

The report was adopted without a dissenting voice and Temporary Chairman Hicks was escorted to the stage amid the applause of the convention.

Chairman Hicks stated in accepting the honor he did not consider it was because of his personal merit, but it was a compliment to the democracy of Southwest Texas, of which he was a member.

He spoke about the principles enunciated at the Kansas City convention and under the peerless leadership of Hon. J. W. Bryan. He incidentally paid his respects to the republican party and the way they have conducted the affairs in the Philippines.

When Mr. Hicks had concluded Hon. Tom Ball moved that three committees be appointed, one on platform and resolutions, one on credentials and basis of representation and one on permanent organization. The motion prevailed.

It was moved and seconded that the secretary call the roll of each senatorial district to ascertain the appointments on the three committees.

Roll call showed the following members were elected to several committees from each senatorial district:

PLATFORM.

1. John J. King.
2. E. T. Chambers
3. Trav Henderson.
4. Cecil Smith.
5. L. A. Clark.
6. Barry Miller.
7. John M. Duncan.

> Both Hardy and Smith are honest. If anybody is wrong it's me.—Joe Bailey.

8. T. D. Cavin.
9. Lee Walker.
10. D. W. Odell.
11. F. M. Boyles.
12. W. E. Doyle.
13. John B. Peyton.
14. S. B. Cooper.
15. T. H. Ball.
16. T. R. Berryman.
17. Lewis R. Bryan.
18. W. S. Robson.
19. W. C. Henderson.
20. R. E. Brooks.
21. T. H. Spooner.
22. R. W. Hudson.
23. J. B. Wells.
24. P. J. Lewis.
25. W. A. Wright.
26. John J. Cox.
27. George F. Perry.
28. George W. Smith.
29. Edgar Scurry.
30. W. J. Bailey.
31. W. T. Jameson.

CREDENTIALS.

1. T. D. Rowell, Marion.
2. A. P. Irby, Hopkins.
3. H. L. Wheeler.
4. John Hurd.
5. T. E. Wilcox.
6. W. A. Shaw.
7. T. R. Yantis.
8. Jasper Collins.
9. A. S. Tanner.
10. Lee Gammer.
11. J. G. Winter.
12. Dr. George R. Habor, Brazos.
13. Judge Brown.
14. R. W. Holton.
15. Frank Brigance.
16. John M. Pickney.
17. B. F. Trymer.
18. Lee Ayres.
19. S. S. Sayers.
20. T. H. McNemer.
21. J. L. Storey.
22. T. C. McFarland.
23. J. R. McKnight.
24. J. W. Baker.
25. R. L. Ball.
26. A. R. Poole.
27. W. D. Cochran
28. Sam Webb.
29. R. W. Hall.
30. W. A. Hanger.
31. J. T. Buckaloo.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

1. J. T. Robinson.
2. N. Phillips.
3. Mack Watson.
4. Don A. Bliss.
5. T. D. Montroe.
6. E. D. Foree.
7. W. M. Giles.
8. S. J. Hendricks.
9. R. L. Knox.
10. B. Y. Cummings.
11. W. H. Tracy.
12. D. Headlee
13. A. A. Alridge.
14. C. H. Howard.
15. E. B. Seay.
16. Dr. R. W. Thompson
17. J. F. Cobbs.
18. P. H. Green.
19. Thomas M. Hunt.
20. Ike D. White.
21. S. A. Pheuffer
22. J. O. Kibbe.
23. Thomas W. Dodd.
24. Joe Lee Jameson.
25. E. C. Suggs.
26. A. P. Duggan.
27. H. S. Dillard.
28. Judge B. L. Russell.
29. J. W. Veal.
30. R. L. Stennis.
31. R. M. Kelso.

When the committees on the three committees had been announced a motion to adjourn until 5 o'clock prevailed.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention was called to order at 5:15 o'clock by Temporary Chairman Hicks.

The chair then inquired if the committee on credentials was ready to report. A member of the committee stated the committee would not be ready to report for fifteen minutes.

Delegate D. B. Fields of Hillsboro renewed his motion that all resolutions shall be referred to the committee on platform and resolutions without discussion. Carried.

On motion of Delegate H. J. Hendricks of Rusk county moved that Comptroller Finley be invited to address the convention. The motion prevailed and Mr. Finley was escorted to the stand. Mr. Finley said:

My speeches made before state conventions have been confined to acceptance speeches, but the party seems to desire to hear from me along a different line, and give another worthy democrat the opportunity and pleasure of accepting the nomination for comptroller, to which decree, I unhesitatingly and without any bitterness in my heart bow, and will stand ready to do my duty for the ticket and to defend democratic principles, which principles I was taught to believe and do believe to be the true declaration of freedom and civil liberty. While it is true I have ambition, but not ambitious for power, I believe it has been such an ambition as should be found in the breast of every good citizen. If I be not deceived in myself, the great moving power behind that ambition has been an earnest and honest desire to render such service as would promote good government and be productive of substantial benefits to my state and the whole people. Speaking from the summit of my political ambition, I care for no higher or greater commendation than the verdict: He was honest and did his duty. Enough along this line. I shall only speak of the fiscal affairs of the state government and that briefly; every citizen of the state is directly interested in that subject.

I take the position boldly and challenge the enemies of democracy to dispute the statement that the administration of the state government in Texas under democratic supremacy has been in the main, wise, honest, economical and conducted in the interest of the people of this great empire state, and lill not suffer by comparison with the best state government in the world. It is my purpose to enter into a review of the several administrations of the state government since the democratic party succeeded in overthrowing the republican party from power in Texas, but simply make this brief and general reference to the record, which record has been held up to public inspection at each succeeding election and pointed to with pride by the democracy of this state. Coming down to more recent years, results have been so satisfactory that even the populists have now no just grounds for complaint.

The enactment of the laws in 1895 and 1897 affecting the assessment and collection of taxes, has resulted in great benefit to the state and counties and likewise has benefited the taxpayers as a whole, because the unwilling or delinquent tax payer has been forced to contribute his proportionate share to the support of the government. Since these laws became operative, $800,000 of state taxes have been collected from delinquent taxpayers and deposited in the state treasury—this is exclusive of county taxes collected, which exceeds that sum because the county tax rate is greater than the state. During the past year, gentlemen of the convention, the tax collectors of twelve counties collected about $100,000 delinquent state taxes; in round figures Bexar county shows $22,000, Harris $19,000, Dallas $18,000, Tarrant $9,500, Galveston $6,300, and McLennan $4,500.

For several years your state tax rate has been less than almost every state in the union and on account of the diligence exercised in the enforcement of our revenue laws and th enactment of the law regulating the fees of certain district and county officers in felony cases, which resulted in a decrease in this character of expense against the state government of $279,000 during the last two years, and on account of the healthy economy practiced throughout the present administration, the called session of the 26th legislature in January last, was enabled to further reduce the state tax rate from 20 cents to 16 2-3 cents on the $100, and there is now an unnecessary surplus of about $700,000 over and above the necessary cash balance that the state treasury should carry; therefore the next legislature, after making ample and liberal appropriation for support of the state government can and doubtless will, provide for a still further reduction to at least 15 cents on the $100. This healthy condition of the state finances has been maintained and at the same time, in addition to the regular and necessary appropriations for maintenance and support of the state government, in conformity with the platform demands extraordinary appropriations which were greatly needed, have been made for extending and enlarging the various eleemosynary and educational institutions of the state. In short the fiscal affairs of the state government were never in a better shape, and his is not all: listen, the condition of the available school fund, will in my opinion, justify the board of education in creasing the apportionment for the support of the public free schools for the next year from $4.25 to $4.75 per capita, which should beyond question, provide for the constitutional demands for a six months' term for the public free schools of this state. With such a magnificent record as this, your distinguished governor, J. D. Sayers, and the other nominees of this convention, can go before the people with the assurance of an increased and overwhelming majority at the polls on the polls on the 6th day of next November.

The band played "Dixie" and the delegates and visitors applauded to the echo.

At this point there were loud cries for Panhandle Hall of Vernon.

The chair did not recognize the clamorous calls for Hall at this point.

While Hall was enroute to the stand Delegate Joe B. Aquillo of Galveston secured the adoption of the following resolution and telegram to Hon. Wm. J. Bryan at Indianapolis, Ind.:

"W. J. Bryan, Indianapolis, Ind.: Resolved, that the democracy of Texas in convention assembled send greetings to William J. Bryan and his best wishes for the success of his efforts for the preservation of the republic and the liberty and human rights enoyed thereunder."

The resolution was amended by adding the name of A. E. Stevenson.

Mr. Hall had not reached the stand when there were loud cries for Bailey.

That gentleman arose from his seat and slowly marched up the aisle. The convention became enthusiastic and expectant and in this they were not disappointed.

Mr. Bailey started off by comparing Bryan to Jefferson and that the democracy would be victorious in 1900.

"Upon the election of Bryan depends the perpetuity of the republic," said Mr. Bailey.

Here the speaker pitched right into the great Waters-Pierce Oil company controversy. The speaked stated that the greatest crime of a public official was to betray the confidence of the people who has placed them there and the next greater crime is to accuse democratic officials of being dishonest.

"You shall know the relation I had with the Waters-Pierce Oil company," commenced Mr. Bailey. Here the speaker began by saying the president of the Waters-Pierce Oil company at a conference with Mr. Pierce, said the speaker, he told the president that he (Bailey) would rather use tallow candles rather than tolerate the Standard Oil company. Mr. Bailey then stated that Mr. Pierce wanted to employ him to help him out of his troubles and in the settlement of his cases. "I told him that he did not have enough money to employ me," said the speaker. Continuing, Mr. Bailey stated that he informed Attorney General Smith that the judgment was right and just and that Pierce should go and purge himself before he came to make overtures to re-enter the state. Pierce went back to St. Louis and reorganized the corporation at a cost of $50,000. Mr. Bailey here stated that he informed Pierce that he must go to Waco and settle the cases which were then pending against him there before he could enter the state.

At this juncture quite a dramatic incident occurred. Delegate Donovan of Colorado county stated that Bailey was wrong in his position and commenced to advance towards the stage. The convention then became excited fearing that should Donovan gain the stage there might be a personal encounter. During this time Bailey continued explaining his part in the Waters-Pierce Oil company matter. "This is the first time that I have been attacked and my personal integrity questioned." Mr. Bailey stated that it was not until yesterday morning that he was sure that an attempt would be madet to besmirch his character. "It is only the wild vaporings of some men who wish that it were true. I would stake my right arm that Smith and Hardy have been honest in this matter," continued the speaker.

> Shall Texas or the trusts control?—Jim Hogg.

When Mr. Bailey had concluded ex-Governor Hogg was introduced and he immediately commenced a tirade against the attorney general and secretary of state for issuing the permit to the Waters-Pierce Oil company. Governor Hogg stated that he did not care who took the responsibility for the issuance of the permit, he made a mistake. "I have always thought well of Attorney General Smith and Secretary of State Hardy, but they were certainly wrong in issuing the permit. The idea, said the speaker, about a convict criminal coming right back into the state the next day after their banishment and do business in the state. "I would not indulge in personalities, said the speaker, but the secretary of state was not required to issue the permit notwithstanding the opinion of the attorney general and he should have used his discretion in the matter." The governor quoted a large number of laws sustaining his position and showed where a corporation can not secure a charter in Missouri until after being advertised thirty days and that this corporation had been dissolved on May 28 and a new charter secured two days afterward and he hoped the convention would not pass a resolution endorsing Attorney General Smith and Secretary of State Hardy for issuing this permit. Such action would be resisted to the last ditch, said the governor, by himself.

He at this point put in a few words for his constitutional amendments.

Hon. M. M. Crane was the next speaker and he took the same position as Governor Hogg that the attorney general and secretary of state were wrong in issuing the permit. He severely arraigned these state officials for having issued the permit and stated how hard he had worked to secure a conviction of these convicted criminals and then to have his balloon of pride punctured so ruthlessly by these officials. He claimed that the Waters-Pierce Oil company was never disorganized in Missouri and read a letter from the attorney general of that state to sustain his position. He charged the state officials with the neglect of their duty and that the WatersPierce Oil company should have never gone unwhipped. "If they do the anti-trust law should be repealed." Mr. Crane then sounded the convention as to his future political aspirations, saying: "I am not in politics now, but should I run for any office it will be on my own merits."

Attorney General Smith, who was just behind the stage waiting until Mr. Crane had concluded and as soon as he did so, General Smith faced the convention with fire in his eyes.

"This is the first time I have ever seen a legal proposition submitted to a democratic convention by politicians," hurled General Smith in thundering tones. He began on Mr. Crane and censured him for not bringing suit for penalties instead of forfeiture of charter as the suit had been brought under his (Crane's) administration. Here a dramatic scene followed. Mr. Crane stepped up to the stake and he and Smith faced each other and Mr. Crane stated that it would be absurd for him to bring a suit for penalties when such a suit was pending in McLennan county as the defendants would enter a plea in abatement and the result would be absurd and folly for him to do so.

Just as General Crane was about to reply Mr. R. L. Henry, who with his law partner, R. L. Stribling, had been connected with the penalty suits pending in McLennan county, advanced from the rear of the stage and addressing Mr. Crane said:

"Did you not know that under the anti-trust law of 1885 you could have brought suit in any county in the state where the law was being violated?" This proved a big question for Mr. Crane and he did not attempt to answer it.

In rebuttal of the letter from the attorney general of Missouri submitted by Mr. Crane, Attorney General Smith read a letter from the secretary of state of Missouri to the effect that the Waters-Pierce Oil company had been dissolved on May 28 and that the new company had been regularly chartered to do business in the state of Missouri and when they presented their application for a permit there was no alternative but to issue the permit. The speaker at this point began on ex-Governor Hogg and the way the hair flew was a caution. General Smith admitted that Governor Hogg knew a little more about the case than he evidenced at the little skirmish at Galveston during the session of the Texas Bar association. It did not matter if this corporation had been reorganized fifteen minutes after its dissolution, said tre speaker. They had complied with the law. The purpose of ex-Governor Hogg and Mr. Crane was to appeal to the prejudice of the people. The new corporation showed that there was only one member in the new corporation that was a member of the old.

"If any one comes to Austin and makes affidavit that this corporation is violating the law, I will jump on them with both feet," thundered Mr. Smith. (Great applause.)

Ex-Governor Hogg's record was exploited to such an extent that the big ex-governor was fairly sizzling in his seat. When Mr. Smith had concluded the convention went wild and Mr. Smith received a tremendous ovation.

The convention then adjourned until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

PLATFORM AND RESOLUTIONS.

The committee on resolutions met in the Business Men's club at 3 o'clock. All members were present. The committee organized by electing Hon. Cecil Smith of Grayson chairman and L. A. Petit of Austin secretary. The first thing was to appoint a sub-committee, to whom all resolutions should be referred. The following gentlemen were appointed on this committee: T. H. Ball, Hunt; D. W. Odell, Hilly J. M. Duncan, Tyler; Lee Clark, J. B. Wells, R. E. Brooks and Cecil Smith. Congressman Ball submitted a draft of the platform which was a succinct and brief document. It endorses the administration in full and the work of the national democratic convention.

A perfect flood of resolutions were submitted. Among them were one of Hon. V. W. Grubbs favoring industrial education. Another by D. W. Dobb, encouraging industrial investments of foreign capital in Texas. Another by

> Have the roll called.—Jim Hogg.

Colonel L. R. Bryan of Brazoria county, commending the members of congress for work done for Brazos navigation. Another by S. J. Cook, favoring the drainage of the coast country. Another by Dr. F. Prymrose, urging the removal of rafts on the Colorado. Another of W. C. Henderson, recommending a change in sheriff's association. Another by G. Holloway, creating the office of an oil inspector. Another by W. J. Bailey, recommending preventing fraud in ballot boxes. Another by R. H. Harrison, recommending the revision in the state health office and the creation of a health inspector. Another by R. J. Lewis, demanding an eight hour law.

The following resolution is being pushed by the doctors of Texas:

MEMORANDUM.

Recognizing the equal obligation of a state to protect the lives and promote the prosperity of its people, whether menaced by war or by pestilence, the dagger of the assassin or the ignorance and cupidity of the medical mountebank, and firmly believing in time honored doctrines of the democratic party as to the strict construction of constitutional provisions (see article 16, section 32, constitution of 1876), we hereby pledge the people of Texas a thorough revision of our health laws, to the end that the same may be directed by a competent board of health, with power to collect and preserve the vital statistics of the state, and give publicity to the value and desirability of her various health resorts. It is also an imperative duty of the state to give the people protection against fraudulent teachings and pretentions in the practice of medicine, whether the same may be furnished by charter under our state laws or under the laws of other states. In the enforcement of all health laws the expense of their administration should be equitably divided between the state, the counties and the municipalities of the commonwealth. Diseases of foreign origin should be cared for by the state, as their introduction is clearly the fault of the state. Those of domestic origin should be provided for in the counties and municipalities where they occur.

The above plank for proposed platform of the present democratic convention is endorsed by the State Medical association, the County Judges' association, the Real Estate association of Texas and the Mayors' association of Texas.

It went the same course as the other and after they were all handed to th special committee.

The committee then retired to their rooms and went into executive session

It is thought that the resolution offered by the Business Men's club exempting factories taxation will be pigeon-holed.

QUESTION OF PUBLICATION.

Clerk of Grayson County Is Puzzled Over Terrell Election Law.

Sherman, Texas, Aug. 15.—(Special.) County Clerk W. E. Baird is laboring with the question of whether or not he is obliged, under the provisions of the Terrell election law, to cause to be printed in some newspaper the names of the precinct and county officers, nominated recently by the Republican county convention and certified to him as county clerk. The law provides that the nominations of parties made by primary election shall be certified to the county clerk and that thereafter the clerk shall cause the names of the nominees to be published in some paper printed in the county. After the Democratic primary and county convention this was done by Mr. Baird with money provided by the executive committee of the Democratic party.

The election law provides in section 100 that the nominees of parties holding conventions for purpose of nominating precinct and county officers shall be certified to the county clerk and that the names, after "taking the same course as nominations of other parties shall be placed on the official ballot, etc." Whether the "same course" means the publication of the names in some newspaper or not Mr. Baird is at somewhat of a loss to determine.

The Republican executive committee made no provision to pay for the cost of such publication and Mr. Baird does not believe that the money for such a purpose should come out of his pocket.

THE FORT WORTH RECORD

AND REGISTER

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THOMAS MITCHELL CAMPBELL IS THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF TEXAS

CAMPBELL AND HIS ORGANIZATION FORCE NOMINATION BY CONVENTION

BROOKS DROPPED ON THE FIRST BALLOT, COLQUITT SURRENDERS TO THE INEVITABLE AND RETIRES FROM RACE, THROWING HIS SUPPORT TO THE MAN FROM PALESTINE FOR GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

BELL MOVES TO MAKE NOMINATION UNANIMOUS

Scathing Arraignment by the Defeated Aspirants.

OVATIONS TO VANQUISHED

Splendid Tributes Paid to Men Who Made the Good Fight, but Who Failed of Victory.

BY JAMES HAYS QUARLES.
(Staff Correspondent Houston Post.)

Dallas, Aug. 16.—(Special.)—After the most remarkable convention held in Texas since the memorable convention of 1886, which nominated Sul Ross for governor, barring the 1892 affair at Houston, which was of a different nature altogether, the Democratic state convention of Texas this afternoon nominated Colonel Thomas M. Campbell of Palestine, Anderson county, for governor, to be voted on at the general election in November.

The convention was in continuous session from 9:45 o'clock this morning until 4:30 o'clock this afternoon, and it was a few minutes after 4 when it was determined that Colonel Campbell had the nomination by a majority vote of the delegates assembled.

Rush for Band Wagon.

The result was not reached, however, without something of the spectacular, a rush for the band wagon, an ovation to those who had lost, and a greater ovation to him who won. But it was not a love feast altogether; bear that in mind. The cold steel was used by each of the speakers, and every man who used it plunged the knife in to the hilt. The use of the knife was not confined altogether to the defeated ones. The man who died a legal death started it, the man who withdrew followed it up, the man who was voted down drew the glittering blade and pushed the sharp point with great force against the ribs of those whom he by implication charged with accomplishing it.

The First Ballot.

This nomination finishes up a very heated campaign, in which four gentlemen have been candidates for governor. The balloting commenced last night, but because of a failure of the lighting facilities of the convention hall, it was not finished, and it was resumed this morning. It was nearly noon before the first ballot was finished, and when it had been concluded and the result of the legal vote was declared as follows:

Campbell, 231.341.
Colquitt, 169.357.
Bell, 163.357.
Brooks, 156.318.

When this was announced there were calls for Judge Brooks. He came to the platform, and during his address, which was delivered with much feeling, he gave utterance to some beautiful sentiments. He took a fling at the Campbell camp by his references to the Populists and there was applause from the ranks of the Brooks and Bell contingents. Judge Brooks, however, was given an ovation. His friends remained loyal to him in the hour of the dissolution of his gubernatorial hopes, and they were as proud to applaud him as he delivered his valedictory as they were when he offered his salutatory.

When Colquitt Withdrew.

Then the spectacular stopped for a while and the knife that Judge Brooks had so freely used was sheathed. The balloting commenced again and proceeded but a short time when the pyrotechnics opened again. The roll call on the second ballot had proceeded so far as Dallas county when Chairman Templeton surprised the convention by rapping to order and saying: "I recognize the gentleman from Kaufman." Every one looked as Mr. Colquitt made his way to the front of the stage with Gus Shaw of Red River county on one side of him and Murrell L. Buckner of Dallas on the other.

Then Mr. Colquitt took his fling at the opposition.

While he asked his friends to vote for Campbell, he did not do it without emphasizing the fact that Mr. Campbell was not the choice of a majority of the people, but had only received a plurality. He also had a knife out for those who failed to make the law so that it would provide for a blanket primary. As for Judge Bell—well, Mr. Colquitt paid his respects to him as the low man in the popular vote. He asserted that he had long since determined that the man who received the lowest vote in the primary should not have the nomination. He drove home the cold steel, and at every thrust of the knife he was applauded. There were those in the audience who approved him, and they did not hesitate to show it. He closed by asking all to vote for Mr. Campbell, and retired amid the greatest ovation up to that time of the convention.

Defeat for Bell.

Then the balloting was resumed. Mr. Colquitt spoke from 2 p. m. until 2:24 p. m. The calling of the roll continued until the entire list of counties had been cast, and there was a rush to the Campbell band wagon. Some of the delegates remained true to the Bell standard and cast their hopeless votes. When Orange county was reached enough votes had been cast for Campbell to give him the nomination. Soon after that County Judge Milam of Fort Worth came to the adding machine and looked at the figures. He saw that Bell had been defeated and retired. A few minutes after 4 o'clock Judge Bell entered the rear of the hall. He was at once noticed and the shouts for Bell continued. The secretary was then calling the roll the second time, having finished the full list of counties once, but going over those between A and Dallas county for the second cast of the emancipated vote.

Combination That Won.

Judge Bell walked down the aisle with that erect pose that has characterized him all his life. He was followed in single file by T. H. Ball of Houston, Judge R. F. Milam of Fort Worth, Carlos Bee of San Antonio, T. T. McDowell of Beaumont, Carter Kirven of Corsicana and George C. Pendleton of Belton, in the order named. Judge Bell was introduced to the convention. He made his speech amid a waving of hats, handkerchiefs, etc., and during the progress of it he referred to the combination that had brought about his defeat. He made a fine address that was applauded. He received an ovation, the Bell men being determined that others should not go down to defeat with the plaudits of their friends ringing in their ears, while he heard nothing but the exultant shouts of the victors. His reception was a magnificent one.

Moves Unanimous Nomination.

When he moved that the nomination be made unanimous the convention went wild. There were cries for Campbell that were deafening. Everybody was on his feet and every hand was waving. The word went around that Colonel Campbell was coming, and the band struck up the air, "The Campbells Are Coming." It was but a few moments until Mr. Campbell came forward, Mr. Colquitt holding him by the arm. The victor and the vanquished stood before the convention and there was a great ovation. Men shouted as they have never shouted; they threw things, they called out words that were unintelligible, they drowned the voice of Mr. Colquitt, who was trying to present the nominee.

Ovation to Campbell.

Order was restored after about five minutes of this shouting, and then was Mr. Campbell's speech. It was a short but pointed one. By his side sat his venerable father, and the old gentleman shook with emotion as his son addressed the people who had just called him to accept a high honor. It was the greatest ovation of the convention and an ovation that was sincere in its every expression.

Then the convention adjourned till 8:30 p. m. There was confusion throughout and every one was trying to get to Mr. Campbell to shake his hand. In five minutes the hall was emptied, and those who were worn out and hungry hurried to the city to refresh themselves.

Menefee Surprised.

Dallas, Aug. 16.—(Special.)—"I came here, as did my entire delegation for O. B. Colquitt for governor, and if he could not land the nomination our delegation had agreed to vote for Tom Campbell," said John A. Menefee of Fayette county. "After Colquitt's withdrawal we held an impromptu caucus and the verdict was to vote for Campbell. I left the hall to get a breath of air and you may readily judge my surprise when I learned that old Fayette had voted for Bell. It is over now, but I know that next to Colquitt, Fayette county favored the nomination of Tom Campbell."

AN IMPRESSION OF THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF TEXAS

Indications That He Will Give the State a Cautious and Capable Administration of Its Affairs.

Dallas, Aug. 16.—(Special.)—Now that it is all over, there are few to dispute the proposition that the convention named the choice of the people, and the greater number concede that Campbell could have beaten any other candidate single-handed.

On the other hand, his victory was in some respects purely personal. I allude now to his homestead tax exemption and the Hogg amendments. The first was ignored in the platform and the second one so modified that they met the unanimous approval of the convention, and this confirms The Record's forecast that Colonel Campbell would be content to accept the platform committee's verdict, and it also exhibited his conservative character. He will not surrender a conviction at the behest of any man or set of men, but when he makes his plea to the constituted authority he will abide by the verdict. I think also that it foreshadows a cautious administration.

Campbell Amenable to Counsel.

Campbell is amenable to the counsel of those whom he trusts, and without intending to imply that there will be any power behind the throne, it appears from this circumstance that the advice of such men as Duncan, Jones, Presler, McMeans and Cone Johnson will always receive attentive consideration. For the rest of administrative duties it may be said that he has proved his ability as a master of executive detail. Yet, while he will not go beyond the platform of his party, he will go its full length, and he puts the legislature on notice that all party demands must be executed or that body will have to sit in extra session till frost falls. All these circumstances considered, it is reasonable to expect an administration worthy of the best records of the state.

Parting Volleys.

The speeches of withdrawal, while gracious in acknowledgment of the voice of the people, nevertheless "made a noise" like a parting shot. Mr. Colquitt did not neglect to say that the low man in the plurality vote should not be nominated, and Judge Bell, in his quiet, deliberate way, gave an answering shot in the remark that if he had believed in a plurality nomination he would have withdrawn from the race the day after the primaries.

After Colquitt's withdrawal there was much disappointment and no little irritation that Judge Bell did not instantly appear to make his final bow. In fact, Chairman Templeton had been asked to recognize a certain Bell leader immediately after Colquitt sat down, and as soon as the applause subsided he fixed his eye upon the gentleman and waited for him to rise. But there was no movement and the chairman ordered the rollcall to proceed from the point where it had been interrupted when Colquitt appeared. It was reported a half dozen times that Judge Bell was coming, and Colonel Campbell had already arrived at the summons of his friends and was waiting outside to receive the laurel. Still Bell did not come and some of his friends began to murmur that he was embarrassing them. Then the report was circulated that his managers resented Colquitt's allusion and would insist upon voting it out to a finish. The convention was patient, but the convention managers were fretted. Finally, when Parker county gave Campbell an actual majority upon the whole vote, it seemed childish to continue the ballot.

Why Bell Waited.

When Judge Bell at length appeared his speech justified his action. He believed that a nomination should be made according to law upon a clear majority vote of the convention, and not upon a popular plurality. Hence he waited for that majority to actually materialize. His action was entirely consistent and when it came in this form the irritation passed and Judge Bell again assumed that high place in the respect of the convention that he won in the respect of the people.

It is simple justice to a lot of the best reporters that ever worked in a convention to make individual acknowledgment for the splendid reports of the convention which have appeared in The Record, Houston Post and San Antonio Express. These papers worked in federation and with two leased wires handled the largest volume of matter and the most complete reports that ever

Bell Stood for His Convictions Steadfast to the Last—A Word as to The Record Crew at Dallas.

went to out of town papers, and that were by common consent the best in the state.

The Record supplemented the combination report with some special features which have challenged the admiration of the public and exhausted the supplies every day.

The Personal Equation.

The men were under the immediate direction of William P. Hobby, managing editor of the Houston Post, and I have never seen better work. The staff was composed of Colonel James Hays Quarles, the best news gatherer in Texas; and he knows it; W. D. Hornaday, who knows the public men and politics of Texas from the year one, and has a speaking acquaintance with every Johnny boy from the Rio Grande to the Red river; H. W. Gaston, a youngster who is coming fast, with two expert stenographers and a couple of emergency reporters. Besides these, The Record had the old veteran, Charles L. Martin, whose reminiscences have completed the historical features of this memorable convention; Miss Mary Kouncelor Brookes, whose breezy comment is a new and altogether delightful thing in Texas journalism; T. O. Bateman, whose sketches and cartoons illuminated the report, and J. C. McNealus, the ever faithful and never tiring staff correspondent at Dallas.

Acknowledgment is due to the Postal for a perfect service and to General Manager S. E. English and to Local Manager Walter L. Jones and to the several operators for the most courteous and intelligent work that could be desired.

Finally it remains to be remarked that Colonel W. G. Sterett in the Dallas News this morning, relieved the out of town newspapers from saying how well the convention was not managed. The News is to be commended for its plain talk to its home people, and they ought to profit by the mistakes they have made.

union miners, Steff Reway, a nonunionist, was fatally stabbed and Steve Mosely is missing and is supposed to have been killed. Twenty-five others were more or less seriously hurt. About three weeks ago the miners of a Pittsburg company were changed from union to nonunion.

From time to time the authorities were informed that threats had been made to the nonunion miners, but until last night they did not pass the stage of threats.

During the evening about thirty nonunion miners assembled at Butler Junction and were enjoying themselves in a quiet way, when they were suddenly attacked by the men whom they had supplanted at the mines.

The union miners were in superior numbers, and made short work of the others.

After the fight the assailants retired to "Camp Determination," where the strikers have been living since the lockout. News of the coming of the officers had preceded them, and when they reached the camp they found it in confusion, although many of the strikers were prepared to make a determined defense.

Armed with hatchets, club and knives, the foreigners poured out of their tents to meet the officers, but when the deputy sheriffs opened fire with their revolvers, the strikers took to flight and all escaped but nine, who surrendered without much resistance.

PALESTINE PLEASED

Town Goes Wild When Tom Campbell Wins.

Palestine, Texas, Aug. 16.—(Special.) On receipt of the message announcing the withdrawal of Colquitt and Bell the entire city went wild with enthusiasm. Business downtown was practically suspended. Judge Weeks and others crystallized the sentiment by sending Colonel Campbell a rousing message of congratulation signed by merchants, bankers, railroad employes and others.

Elaborate preparations are being made for a grand reception to the next governor of Texas on his return home. Our people are proud of the distinction of having the chief executive of Texas one of their number and knowing Colonel Campbell as a patriotic, broad minded and liberal native Texan, the best interests of the Lone Star state will at all times during his coming administration receive the benefit of his ability as a successful lawyer and business man.

Work on a grandstand has been started, the Palestine cornet band engaged and the young and old, the low and the high, will meet their friend and neighbor tomorrow night to do honor to the choice of the people of the great state of Texas.

The Business Men's league has out committees and every detail is being looked after, making the coming reception one of the greatest events in the history of Palestine and grand old Anderson county.

POPULISTS FORCED CAMPBELL VICTORY

ERSTWHILE OPPONENTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY RESPONSIBLE FOR NOMINATION.

COLQUITT TO SUCCEED

Friends Make Capital Out of His Withdrawal and He Is in Race as Campbell's Successor.

BY W. D. HORNADAY.

(Staff Correspondent the Express.)

Dallas, Aug. 16.—(Special.)—Colonel Thomas M. Campbell was nominated for governor this afternoon by the state Democratic convention. His banner of victory was hoisted at the close of the second ballot. It was known, however, when the ballot was just starting that he would be the nominee. The result merely confirmed the confidence which the Campbell managers have had in the outcome since the early part of the campaign. center aisle. Mr. Ball, Carter Kervin Judge Bell or Mr. Colquitt, although the latter two held out hope until the casting of votes in the second ballot was begun.

Ruling That Did It.

But for the fact that a ruling made by the presiding officer of the convention that under the general election law the county delegations could cast their vote as a unit, the contest would not have been settled until the third ballot. Hon. Frank Andrews of Houston was temporarily in the chair when the point of order was raised on this question. Following an opinion of the attorney general and expressing his own interpretation of the provision of the law bearing upon this point, the ruling was made that the unit rule might be followed.

The announcement was made at the commencement of the casting of the second ballot. It was received with much disapproval by the Campbell leaders at the time, but it proved the road to the nomination of their candidate on that ballot.

Colquitt Avoids Slaughter.

Mr. Colquitt expressed the opinion that the ruling would do him harm, but he allowed the balloting on his name to continue until Dallas county was reached. When that county cast all of the emancipated Brooks vote except one-half of a vote for Campbell, Mr. Colquitt reached the conclusion that he was going to be placed the low man on that ballot. He had good reasons to believe that Dallas county would give him a good portion of the dropped vote. It was considered one of the strong Colquitt counties. If he received only one-half of a vote in this county, what was he to expect in the other counties? He determined to end the battle so far as he was concerned by withdrawing. He may have planned to do this in advance if such a contingency as now confronted him arose, but to many persons it seemed to have been a conclusion reached on the moment.

Sudden Determination.

He was standing on the rear part of the platform, out of view of the audience, when he heard the Dallas vote announced. He advanced to the front of the platform, and as he came into view the Colquitt men in the convention and among the onlookers arose and gave him a vociferous greeting. He was in good trim as to voice, and a smile played around his mouth as he confronted the sea of faces and started in on his speech. He spoke for thirty minutes and went into a discussion briefly of a number of questions and matters incident to the recent campaign. He showed his determination to do all he could to the very last to prevent Judge Bell from securing the nomination. He urged in his speech that the Colquitt vote be given to Campbell.

Follow Colquitt's Advice.

Mr. Colquitt's withdrawal was the signal for a prolonged demonstration. When the uproar had somewhat subsided the balloting was resumed.

The call of the counties showed that Mr. Colquitt's advice was being carried out by nearly all of the delegations. Not only did the Colquitt vote go to Campbell, but the bulk of the Brooks vote went to that candidate also. The defeat of Judge Bell was so plainly apparent that nearly everyone expected Judge Bell to put in an appearance and withdraw from the race without the formality of concluding the call of counties. Judge Bell had gone into town only a few minutes before Colquitt made his withdrawal. A committee of his leaders were immediately sent to see him at the hotel and notify him of the situation.

Ball Fights to Finish.

Ex-Congressman Tom Ball, the floor manager of Judge Bell, advised the Bell delegates to stand by that candidate to the last. This view was not concurred in by others of the Bell men. They urged that he should withdraw and thereby avoid the embarrassment of the low vote which the ballot was destined to give him.

The call of counties proceeded slowly. The appearance of Bell was expected at any moment. Two hours passed and the ballot was just finishing when Judge Bell entered the convention hall and marched down the center aisle. Mr. Ball, Carter Kirven and other prominent leaders were with him. He was greeted with great applause as he mounted the platform. Judge Bell made a brief and dignified speech in which he stated that his reason for not withdrawing from the contest while the ballot was in progress was that such action would have been equivalent to an acknowledgment that nomination of a candidate by plurality vote of the convention was proper. He said that he waited before withdrawing until he saw that his opponent, Colonel Campbell, had a majority of the convention votes.

He asserted that he felt no bitterness as a result of his defeat. He promised to do battle for Democracy and to give the nominees of the party his hearty support. His speech was cool and deliberate. He showed not the slightest trace of disappointment.

Judge Bell earlier in the day's proceedings had made a brief speech in which he charged that the Populist vote was responsible for the success of Campbell.

Campbell and His Smile.

There were sixteen counties still to be called when Judge Bell announced his withdrawal and moved to make the nomination unanimous. The Campbell vote, exclusive of those sixteen counties, on the second ballot was 416.

While this ballot was in progress Colonel Campbell was sitting with Judge Duncan and a few of his warm friends on a bench under the shade of a tree in the park near convention hall. He was happy and made no effort to conceal it. He wore a smile that he carried with him onto the platform of the convention hall when he was formally advised that his nomination had been made. Pandemonium broke loose when the vast audience caught sight of him. He stood facing the audience for two or three minutes while the scene of excitement was being enacted before him. That smile lighted up his face and almost broke into a laugh when he viewed and listened to the demonstration that was being given in his honor. He made a brief speech in which he reiterated the pledges which he made upon the stump during the campaign.

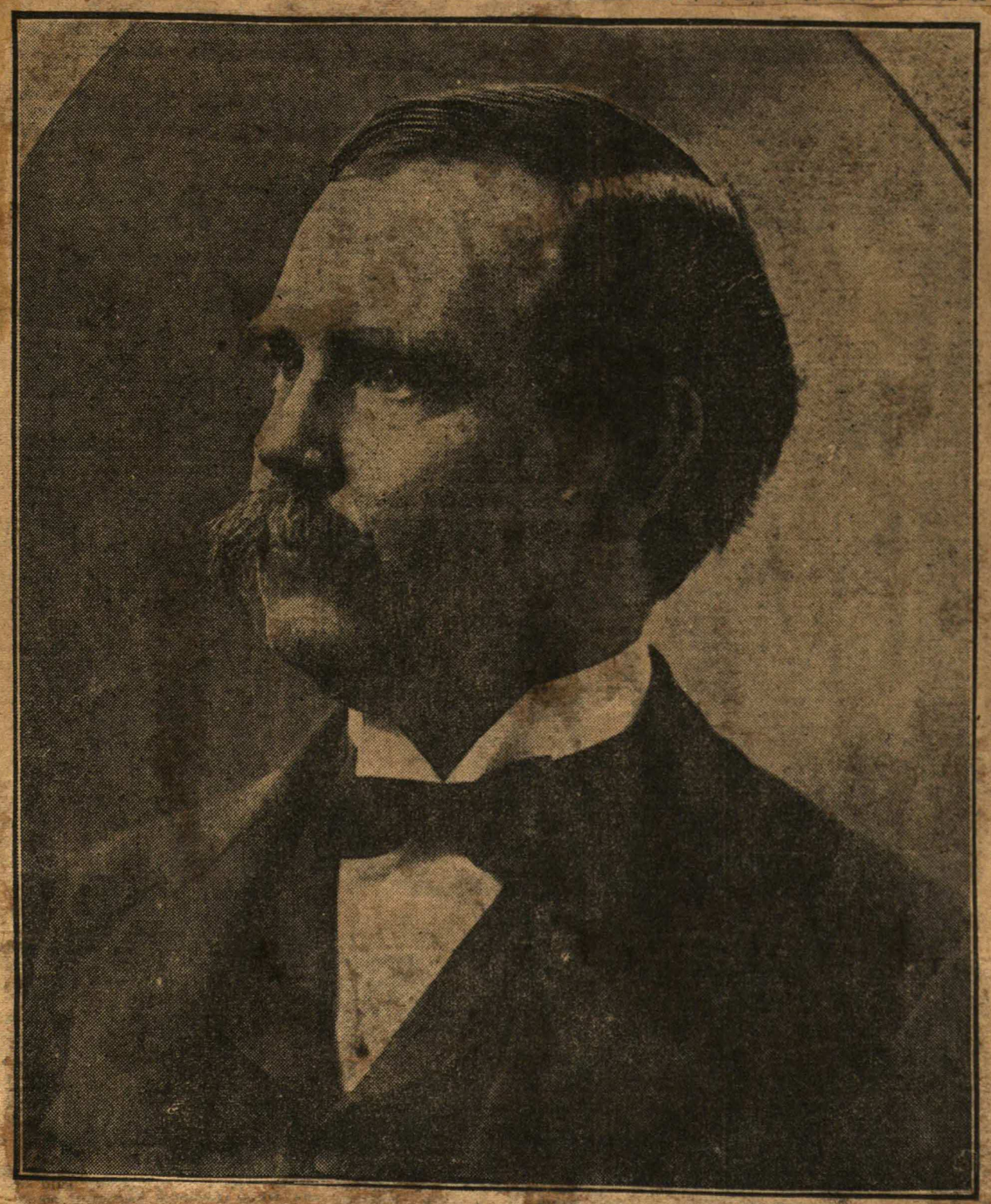
Colquitt Close to Campbell.

The Colquitt people are making considerable capital out of that candidate's withdrawal and the circumstances under which it was made. He has doubtless made many friends among the Campbell contingent. The personal relations between Campbell and Colquitt are very pleasant. As an instance of this, Mr. Colquitt introduced Colonel Campbell to the convention. After his withdrawal Mr. Colquitt was warmly greeted by scores of men who had not supported him in the campaign. He was told by many of these men that they would support him for governor four years from now.

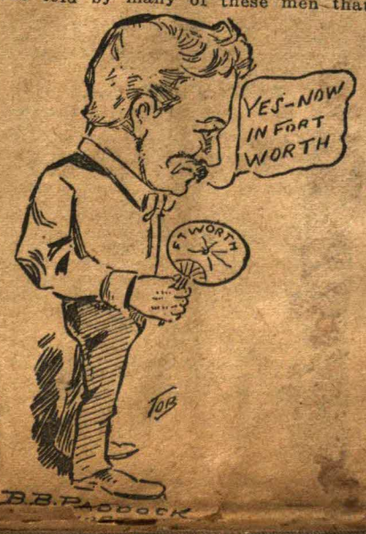
It may be set down at this point that Mr. Colquitt is practically in the race for Governor to succeed Campbell at the expiration of the latter's second term. There is no evidence that there has been any deal between Campbell and Colquitt by which this result may be brought about.

The convention at its night session nominated the remainder of the state officers and concluded its work.

It will go down in history as one of the memorable conventions of the Democratic party. It was only exceeded in point of interest and excitement by the celebrated car stable convention in Houston when Hogg and Clark were nominated.



THOMAS MITCHELL CAMPBELL,
Democratic Candidate for Governor of Texas.



The Populist element are at last in the saddle, or, rather, they have for the first time practically named the governor of the state. The support which Colonel Campbell received from these erstwhile Democratic opponents, together with the strength and detail of his county organizations throughout the state are what brought about his nomination.

HAD NO HAND N MAKING PLATFORM

NO EVIDENCE OF WORK OF THE GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES IN THE MATTER.

BY CAMPBELL SUPPORTER

Insolvent Corporation Plank Amendment Presented Without Colonel Campbell Being Consulted.

Dallas, Aug. 15.—(Special.)—There is no evidence that any of the candidates for governor had a hand in the making of the platform, which was today adopted by the state convention.

It had been supposed that an effort would be made to secure the adoption of the views of the several candidates for governor in the platform, but if such was done, the planks which were reported by the subcommittee do not show that fact.

It might be said that the Hogg amendment relating to insolvent corporations was a reflection of Colonel Campbell's views on that proposition. It is learned that the plank was submitted by S. J. Isaacs of Midland, without any consultation with Colonel Campbell on the subject.

Mr. Isaacs is a supporter of Colonel Campbell, but he presented this proposed amendment without consulting with anyone.

He advocated the measure in the legislature five years ago and had urging its adoption ever since. The adoption of a plank in the platform on this subject today was in the nature of a compromise between the advocates and opponents of the original Hogg idea on the question.

The plank that is now a part of the party's demands upon the legislature is deprived of the position that was contained in the original proposition which the late ex-Governor Hogg, in his proposition, gave the details of the definition of what should constitute an insolvent corporation. In the opinion of many of those who were familiar with the matter, this definition, had it been enacted into law, would have resulted in the enforced driving out of business of three-fourths of the corporations which are now doing business in Texas.

Insolvent Corporation Plank.

The plank which was adopted by the convention today is considered harmless. It reads as follows:

"We demand the enactment of a law, or, if necessary, the submission of a constitutional amendment to the people of Texas, defining insolvent corporations and prohibiting the same from doing business in Texas."

It will be seen from this that the whole matter of defining what is an insolvent corporation is left to the legislature. No one would favor the continuing in business of an insolvent corporation, and it is expected that the legislature will either pass a proper law on the subject or refer the matter to the people in a constitutional amendment.

It was expected that the convention platform would embrace a plank demanding the enactment of a law prohibiting the issuing of free passes. This was done and the governor was instructed to keep the legislature in session until the demand had been complied with. Sheriffs, state Rangers and all other officers who are charged with the duty of serving criminal and civil processes are exempted from the platform demand.

Platform a Disappointment.

In most respects, or rather, taken as a whole, the platform is a disappointment, for the reason that it contains little of the issues that were made important features of the recent campaign discussions. It contains a number of legislative demands and recommendations, the majority of which have been discussed very little if any before the people. It is little wonder that under such circumstances members of the legislature refuse to regard the demands as binding upon them.

An important plank is that which demands the enactment of a law prohibiting corporations from contributing to the campaign expenses of any party or individual or to secure the adoption or defeat of any measure submitted to the vote of the people. Senator Bailey said that he was glad to see Texas take the initiative on this important reform.

The plank demanding the passage of a law to compel telephone and telegraph companies to make connections at common points, promises to arouse a fight in the legislature, as it will be bitterly opposed by the interests involved.

The plank to require corporations to pay in at least 50 per cent of the capital stock before filing charter and an additional 50 per cent within two years, is expected to have the effect of making it impossible for corporations doing business in Texas to have watered stock if enacted into law.

The anti-nepotism plank was expected. If it has no more effect than the one adopted by the last Democratic convention, it is so much time and ink wasted.

The passage of an uniform text book law is demanded. This is due to the fact that the five years' contracts expire this year.

The plank demanding the amending of the present drainage law is due to the fact that the present laws has been declared unconstitutional in certain essential provisions.

The juvenile court bill is urged. It was before the last legislature and was defeated.

The demand that the general election law be simplified in some essential particular will receive hearty indorsement of the people of the state. A blanket primary with the majority rule is recommended.

Taxation Plank Not Strenuous.

The convention recommended that taxation on useful occupations be removed. This is a recommendation and not a demand. The carrying into effect of this recommendation will depend upon the condition of the state's finances when the legislature meets.

The taxation plank is not at all strenuous. It does not embody the ideas of any candidate for governor, it is said. It simply proposes that taxation shall be uniform and equal; that all property shall be properly rendered at its full value and that all tangible and intangible property shall be assessed and required to pay their proportionate amount of taxation. There is nothing radical or unjust in this declaration.

The demand that a state department of agriculture be established will meet with general approval, as will that which urges that industrial education be made a part of the school system of the state.

Taking all in all, there is nothing in the platform to indicate that radicalism controlled the deliberations of the platform committee or the convention. It is a far more conservative platform than that adopted by some previous conventions.

One thing that is the subject of considerable comment is that the platform contains no reference to the anti-trust question. Just now when the attorney general's department is engaged in a vigorous prosecution of alleged trusts and the fact is considered significant that no expression is made of the sentiment of the Democratic party on the subject.

PLATFORM OF TEXAS DEMOCRACY

Following is the report of the committee on platform and resolutions, which was adopted:

We, your committee on platform and resolutions, beg leave to submit the following report:

The representatives of the Democracy, in convention assembled, recall and affirm those fundamental principles preserved to the people by the Democratic party which support the fabric of free government; a federal government, composed of sovereign States, which federal government draws its power from the Constitution of the United States, with local self-government reserved to the State and to the people on all matters which have not been surrendered to the general government. The Democracy of Texas stands for constitutional government, and for laws passed thereunder which are no respecter of persons, for law and order, and for the enforcement of the laws against all alike; for the freedom of the citizen and protection to him against all unlawful violence and interference from whatever source; for simplicity and economy in all public affairs, and against all abuse of power; for representative government in which all public officers are the servants and not the masters of the people, and who shall always be accountable to their constituents; for the distinction in the three great powers of government, the legislative, executive and judicial; for honest and equal taxation and a just distribution of the burdens of government, and for the greatest liberty of the citizens which is consistent with the public good. These are some of the essentials of our free government for which the Texas Democracy has ever stood, and for which it will continue to battle.

1. We indorse and commend the present administration of Governor S. W. T. Lanham as faithful to the interests of the people of Texas, and return the thanks of the Democracy to our State officials for their faithfullness and efficiency in office.

2. We demand that the next legislature enact such a law as will define and prohibit lobbying.

3. We favor the enactment by the next legislature of a law prohibiting the issuance of free passes or the giving of free transportation, franks or privileges in any form by railroads or other corporations within this state, except to those employed by said corporations and their families, the indigent poor for whom application is made by religious or charitable organiaztions, and to sheriffs, rangers and other peace officers whose duties are to execute criminal process, and we request the next governor of this State to keep the legislature in session, if necessary by extraordinary call, until a law as is herein demanded has been passed.

4. We demand the enactment of a law prohibiting corporations from contributing to the campaign expenses of any party or individual, or to secure the adoption or defeat of any measure submitted to the vote of the people.

5. We demand the enactment of a law, or, if necessary, the submission of a constitutional amendment to the people of Texas, defining insolvent corporations, and prohibiting the same from doing business in this State.

6. We demand the passage of a law compelling telephone and telegraph companies to transmit each others messages and to make connections necessary therefor at common points.

7. We demand such amendments to our laws regarding private corporations that will require the payment of at least 50 per cent of the capital stock before filing charter, and within two years the additional 50 per cent of the capital stock, and that will insure greater publicity and a greater measure of protection to creditors and stockholders.

8. We oppose nepotism and demand the passage of such laws by the next legislature as may be necessary to eliminate the same from the public service in this state.

9. We demand the enactment by the next legislature of a uniform text book law.

10. We demand such early amendments and additions to our present drainage and irrigation laws as will enlarge their scope and general benefit and render them effective.

11. We recognize that our laws are inadequate to properly deal with youthful offenders, and we demand that the legislature enact laws conferring necessary power in courts of competent jurisdiction to the end that youthful offenders may be corrected, reformed and more suitably dealt with.

12. We expressly demand of the next legislature the enactment of such amendments to the Terrell election law as may be found necessary to simplify and perfect the same; and we further demand the adoption of an amendment thereto providing for a uniform text and such an amendment to the election law as will by blanket primary enable a minority of the voters of the respective parties to make nominations by direct ballot of the voters without the intervention of conventions.

13. We favor the Democratic policy of making ample provision for all of our eleemosynary institutions in order that we may still continue to provide for our helpless wards.

14. Recognizing the importance of good public roads to all of the people of Texas, we recommend to the next legislature the enactment of such laws as may be deemed necessary to attain that end.

15. We suggest such legislation as will simplify the procedure in both civil and criminal trials, and recommend such reforms as may be practicable in our jury system.

16. We recemmend that the next legislature submit an amendment to the state constitution authorizing the erection and maintenance of a home for indigent or decrepit wives or widows of Confederate soldiers and sailors.

17. We recommend that occupation taxes on useful occupations be removed.

18. We believe that the owners of all property, which is not exempt from taxation by the constitution of the State, should be compelled to contribute their just proportion toward defraying the expenses of the government; and to the accomplishment of that result we pledge the Democracy of Texas to the enactment of such further laws as will secure the just rendition of all property for taxation at its full value, and compel the payment of taxes properly assessed against it, and to the enactment of such laws as will secure the taxation of all property, both tangible and intangible, including the franchises or intangible assets or property of those corporations which, by reason of the nature or character of their assets or property, under the present laws escape their just proportion of taxation.

19. We recommend that a State department of agriculture be established, and that the same be separate and apart from all other departments and interests, and that the same be adequately supported; that there be provided adequate agricultural equipment and teaching force for the State normal colleges, the College of Industrial Arts for Girls and the Agricultural and Mechanical college; and that industrial thought in the schools be encouraged by teaching the elements of agriculture and of industrial arts; that the Agricultural and Mechanical college, the College of Industrial Arts for Girls and the State normal colleges be authorized to grant diplomas, having the force of State teachers' certificates, to all who complete the necessary course of study as graduates in the industrial branches. We recommend that liberal support be provided for the Agricultural and Mechanical college, the experiment stations, the farmers' institute, the College of Industrial Arts for Girls and the Texas State univeristy for the teaching and training of our youths and the more liberal education of our citizens. We recommend that the principle of county taxation for school purposes be adopted. We demand that the constitutional requirement for at least six months' term of free school for each child in each year be complied with.

O. T. HOLT, Chairman.

The Resolutions.

Your committee on platform and resolutions further recommends the following resolutions (which were adopted):

1. Resolved, That the Democracy of Texas expresses unbounded confidence in the statesmanship and patriotism of that splendid leader, William Jennings Bryan; and we favor his nomination for the Presidency by the next national Democratic convention.

2. Be it resolved, by the Democracy of Texas, That we heartily indorse our United States senators, Hon. Charles A. Culberson and Hon. Joseph W. Bailey, and we commend their course in the United States senate.

We denounce the malicious and unjust attacks made upon the personal character of Senator Bailey, and we declare our full faith in his integrity, and we believe that these slanders have emanated from persons who have by design willfully attacked him for the specific purpose of weakening his influence as the great champion of the interests of the people.

3. Resolved, That in the deaths of ex-Governor F. R. Lubbock, Hon. John H. Reagan and ex-Governor James S. Hogg, the people of Texas have lost three of their most sincere friends and that the Democracy of Texas has lost three of its most able and patriotic leaders, and we instruct the secretary of this convention to submit to their respective families copies of these resolutions.

4. We indorse the able and efficient management of the business of the party by Hon. Frank Andrews and the State executive committee, and the thanks of the convention and entire party are tendered him and the committee for their faithful services.

5. Resolved, That the thanks of the entire people of Texas are due the Hon. V. W. Grubbs for his long and indefatigable labors in behalf of industrial and agricultural education in our public schools.

O. T. HOLT, Chairman.

Whereas, it has been unanimously expressed by the State Democratic executive committee that its chairman, Hon. Frank Andrews, under the varied and trying conditions imposed by the provisions of the Terrell election law, has at all times discharged the duties of his office with such ability, honesty and impartiality as cannot be too highly commended, and in a manner that deserves the gratitude of the entire Democracy of Texas, for these reasons,

That he has sacrificed for his party much of his time and has borne a personal expense of several thousand dollars, evidently unforeseen, but made necessary by the provisions of the said law;

That as a result, the returns of the recent election over the entire State have been presented to this convention tabulated and prorated as to each candidate for State office and ready for the use of the convention, without which the delay that might have resulted cannot be told;

That he has at all times used his most earnest personal endeavor and has done all in his power to have the provisions of the said election law carried out, and its operation thoroughly tested, in the face of trying difficulties that cannot be realized except by those charged with the execution of the work; therefore

Be it resolved, by the Democracy of Texas, in convention assembled, That the administration of Hon. Frank Andrews as chairman of the State Democratic executive committee be fully indorsed, and

Be it further resolved, That as an expression of appreciation for all that he has done as such chairman, the thanks of the Democracy of Texas be earnestly tendered to him; and

Be it further resolved, That the thanks of the Democracy of Texas be tendered to the Hon. W. P. Hobby for the able and efficient manner in which he has performed the arduous duties imposed upon him as secretary of the State Democratic executive committee, the valuable assistance he has rendered to his chairman and the service to his party.

A Personal Appreciation of Tom Campbell

BY MARY KOUNCELOR BROOKES.

The infant Campbell literally "arrived early" in Texas. He was born five months after his mother reached Texas, in December, 1855. He was the second son by the first marriage; the elder died many years ago, and the father, who married the second time and raised another family, was the second time bereft. He is now residing in Greenville, a hale old gentleman of 75 years, proud of his son but not in the least surprised at his achievement.

This elder Campbell is a typical, modest, southern gentleman of culture and broad intelligence, an old line Democrat who has been voting the ticket ever since Polk was nominated and who never scratched it but once—and that was when Greeley was set up as the Democratic leader. T. D. Campbell is a native of South Carolina; as a young man he moved to Georgia and married there. With his young wife and their first born he came to Texas in 1855, and here Tom was born, over in East Texas, where, as Judge Jim Robertson said, in presenting him to the convention, the greatest statesmen of the commonwealth have had their origin and where some other folk say the very babies are instinct with political wisdom.

Trips to the Woodshed.

There was nothing unusual in the boy's early life. He was prone to mischief, though kindly and forgiving in his disposition, and his bent for devilment led him many times to the woodshed.

"How often did you whip Tom when he was a boy?" I asked the father.

"More times than I have fingers and toes," said the old gentleman, and in his voice or face there was no trace of the proverbial parental grief of "it-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you-my-son." Indeed, I thought he rather rejoiced in the recollection and in the seccessful demonstration of the old-fashioned way of laying on hands.

His College Days.

In 1873 Campbell entered Trinity university, then located at Tehaucana but since moved to Waxahachie. Dr. Beeson was at that time president and among his classmates were such now well known men as Judge W. F. Ramsey of Cleburne, Judge A. C. Prendergrast of Waco, J. O. Terrell of San Antonio, Judge Watkins of Athens and J. M. Presler of Comanche. A remarkable illustration of how firmly and lasting the man anneals to him all with whom he is associated is evidenced by the fact that of all his schoolmates only one—J. O. Terrell of San Antonio—was not with him in his race for the governorship, and he tells it himself that in all the campaign speeches he made he was introduced by some former schoolmate or the husband of some Trinity university girl. These co-eds in every case made Campbell men out of their husbands.

No Infant Prodigy.

His classmates say that as a young fellow in school he was not remarkable in anyway. A good student, a fair off-hand speaker and ambitious for scholarship, he stood well up in his classes in the days when a man didn't play half back or pull a boot to make a figure at exams. With L. W. Cooper of Delta county and J. M. Presler of Comanche he was selected as class orator in his second and last year at school, for at this time financial losses sustained by the elder Campbell caused the young man to leave old Trinity in the middle of the collegiate course.

First Job in a Sawmill.

Leaving school he took the first job to show up and this proved to be in a sawmill at a wage of $1.50 per day. After a time he left this to take a country school at $40 a month and "board around," the old-fashioned way of boarding alternately with one paterfamilias and then another. At this time he began studying law nights and a strenuous life it must have been. Fancy walking five miles to a country school house, spending eight hours every day instructing an assorted bunch ranging in age from 7 to 20 years, trudging home the same five miles and reading Blackstone by the light of a pine knot and a tallow dip until midnight. But with it all he managed to lay the foundation for his future recognition as a lawyer, and after saving about $500 he was married, when at about the age of 23 years, to Miss Bruner of Longview.

Perfect Self Poise.

A salient charcteristic of the man is that perfect self possession which is a mark of genuine nobility of character. He remarked recently to a friend that he attributed whatever success he has attained more than anything else to the fact that he has never felt abashed or ill at ease in the presence of any man. But though this is true he has an air of geniality and whole-souled good fellowship which make the humblest and poorest citizen feel for him a warm personal friendship.

The term of his receivership of the International & Great Northern railroad is replete with incidents which illustrate this. One day Campbell, in his private car Cherokee, was side tracked out on the road near a point at which a gang of section hands were at work. The Cherokee was waiting the coming of the regular train by which it would be picked up. In the meantime it began to rain in the torrent fashion of Texas summer showers and the section men started to make for the section house. "Say, boys," called Campbell, "tie that handcar on behind and come in here out of the rain."

Easy to Approach.

And it is told that no matter the employe or the grievance, he could always get to Campbell with his story and if there proved to be just cause for complaint, Campbell always made it right.

The intimate personal friendship the masses feel for him is shown in a little incident related by J. M. Presler of Comanche. Mr. Presler had gone up to Dallas a short time before the convention and being rather a well known figure himself a messenger boy, a fellow of seventeen or eighteen, stopped him with the question, "Say, Colonel, how's Tom?"

"Well, I looked the young fellow over before I answered," said the senator, "for I wasn't quite sure how to take him. His saying 'Tom' made me wonder if it was impudence. But his face had such an expression of honest interest that I answered, 'Why, my boy, Tom's all right.'"

"There ain't no chance to beat him out of being governor, is there?" he asked.

"'No, I don't think there is,' I answered.

"'Well, I sure am glad, Colonel,' and off he went perfectly satisfied."

Loyal to Friend.

Another of Campbell's characteristics is his willingness to serve a friend, and in this he always takes the initiative. A few years ago it was rumored that a friend of his was to run for attorney general.

Mr. Campbell went to him and asked if the report were true, "Because if it is," he said, "I want to start the roll call in Anderson county," Anderson county being Campbell's home county.

One of his splendid acts that is well known in Palestine is the story of a once prominent East Texas attorney who after a career of much brilliancy came almost to the gutter. Campbell persuaded him to make a new start and to stick to it. "If you get discouraged just work the harder and if you run short of funds just let me know" was the Campbell way of putting it. It is East Texas history that this man came back to a useful and examplary life and died leaving behind a respected memory.

There are limitless stories of many acts of charity which he has performed but it is extremely difficult to get details of them, for Mr. Campbell is so extremely secretive regarding these things that his friends can tell but very little of them. Mrs. Campbell is authority for the statement that many of the finest acts of her husband's life have come to her by accident and months after the incident. But there are several young women in Texas for whose education Mr. Campbell was financially responsible and many beautiful stories are told of his having defended poor and defenseless young men wrongfully accused of crime.

Gubernatorial Ambition.

I am permitted here to relate the beginning of Campbell's gubernatorial ambition and perhaps the first exactly correct narrative of his resignation from the International & Great Northern railroad. I got it from one of his personal friends and Mr. Campbell told me that this man first put it into his head to be governor. Let this friend tell it:

"I had known Campbell many years and had always believed he had the

making of a governor in him, though I had not told him so, and when he became general manager of the International & Great Northern railroad at the end of his receivership I set it down that his political career had ended. Knowing his executive faculty and his splendid business ability, I assumed that he would end his days in railroading, for railroad owners do not readily let go a man of that kind. Therefore, I was surprised when it was announced in the press that he had resigned. I saw him a few days later and he told me the story.

Was a Bryan Man.

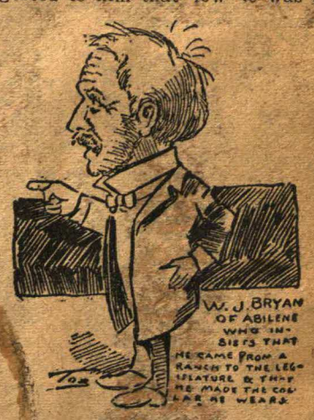
"It was after the election of 1896. Campbell had been a Bryan man, and upon all popular occasions had freely expressed his political opinions. It was a rare thing for a railroad manager to favor Bryan. He was in New York shortly afterward and Mr. Gould for

the first time referred to the matter. In a half apologetic, half pleading manner he told Campbell that his support of Bryan was embarrasing to the Gould interests; the money interests did not like it, and Gould was always in the market with securities.

"Campbell instantly tendered his resignation and Gould in turn wrote out a check for $5,000 as an evidence of his appreciation of the splendid service Campbell had rendered in rehabilitating the International & Great Northern. The gift was respectfully declined. There was no anger, no hot words, and Campbell came home and resumed his law practice. This was the story as he related it to me, and I have no manner of doubt that it was correct.

Hint at Politics.

"It was then that I told him of my former idea of a political career, and suggested to him that now he was rid



of railroad relations, he should run for governor.

"The rest is history. He made up his mind to do it; and set about it with that grim determination and that calculating method that have characterized all his actions. Notwithstanding his defeat by Lanham four years ago, he has never doubted his final triumph. He said to me at San Antonio two years ago, after his first defeat, when everybody considered him a dead one, 'I shall be governor of Texas; it is written in the stars.'

"That's how Tom Campbell got started to Austin. How he finished everybody knows."

ANATHEMA HURLED AT ELECTION LAW

DECIMAL FRACTIONS ARE WORRISOME WHEN IT COMES TO COUNTING VOTES.

FUSE STOPS THE COUNT

Defective Lighting of Convention Hall Forces Adjournment Against the Plans of Campbell Men.

Dallas, Aug. 15.—(Special.)—Those who have heretofore called down maledictions upon the Terrell election law, have never realized the iniquities of that legislative enactment like the delegates to this convention realized them today, and if it had been possible to have convened an extraordinary session of the legislature in this city at once, fractions of votes, adding machines and other accessories of the secretary's table would have been tossed into the navigable waters of the Trinity and the convention would have adopted a more convenient method of selecting the nominees of the party.

It was the most trying session of a convention ever held in Texas. Men who stayed through the remarkable session of the Twenty-fifth legislature when under the old rules of the house a call required the members to remain within the hall until all absentees had been returned, and have seen the members sleep in their seats and eat in the committee rooms; men who have seen Democratic conventions remain in session until long into the night, or have been in a congressional convention when it required more than 6,000 ballots to determine the nominee, have never witnessed a more tiresome, more people that no man must vote for a resolution to adjourn and that an all night session was wanted, with a ballot for governor as soon as it could be had. The Campbell people insisted on a ballot and they wanted all their faithful to stay on the ground. The others found this out, and hurried men to bring back those who had gone to seek refreshment and comfort. From 8:30 to 9:45 o'clock the hall was in confusion, and there were but few present. By 10 o'clock nearly all the absentees had been found and nearly all the seats were filled.

And the calling of the roll continued.

At 10:30 Chairman Cone Johnson made a speech in which he insisted that every delegate remain in his seat so the work could be finished.

Fuse Stops Proceedings.

At 10:35 o'clock an attache of the building hurriedly informed the chairman that a fuse wire had burned, because of a cross somewhere, and it would be necessary to darken the building for a moment to prevent a fire. The chairman made this announcement and did it in such a cool and calculated manner, that it caused no confusion or stampede, and as the room was clothed in darkness, men kept their seats and lighted matches to keep them company. The lights came on again, but at 11 o'clock the chairman was informed the fuse wire would not last fifteen minutes and he adjourned the convention until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, asking all to leave as quickly as possible. Had the wire been allowed to go unattended it might have caused a fire.

The roll was called through once and nearly all the counties verified. There are some to be called again tomorrow, some corrections to be made and some challenges to be disposed of. Then the convention will be ready for the first ballot for governor.

Tonight there is no information that would indicate that the changes being made in the vote will affect any of the candidates. The changes are few and represent in most instances one-thousandth of a vote.

TEXAS DEMOCRATS DISCUSS PLATFORM

THREAT OF A MINORITY REPORT COVERING THE HOGG AMENDMENTS.

PEACE IS RESTORED

In Interest of Harmony Minority Yields and One Unanimous Report Is the Result.

Dallas, Aug. 15.—(Special.)—It was 11 o'clock this morning when the subcommittee on platform finished its labor and submitted its report to the general committee, through the secretary. Chairman Thad Holt announced that there were majority and minority reports.

The resolutions embraced in the report were unanimously adopted.

The minority report was then read by W. A. Hanger. It was signed by Messrs. Hanger, C. H. Mills and Emory Smith. It contained no resolutions and differed from the majority report, only that the majority report recommends that occupation taxes on useful occupations should be removed, while the minority report reads that such taxes be removed. There was a difference in the section which demands the enactment of a law defining insolvent corporations and prohibiting them from doing business in this state. The majority report took the view that a constitutional amendment was necessary as a basis for such a law. There were differences in a few of the other planks, but none of them were of great import. The plank in the majority report demanding the enactment of a law requiring telephone and telegraph companies to make connection and interchange business at common points was not in the minority report. The juvenile court bill recommendation, and several other recommendations and demands embraced in the majority report were not embraced in the minority report.

Hanger for Minority Report.

Mr. Hanger urged the adoption of the minority report. He said that it was very desirable that the platform be as short as possible and that the legislature be not weighted down with demands.

Senator J. W. Bailey urged that the committee make an unanimous report, if possible. He said that he was glad to know that the election law prohibited the contributing of money for use in primary and general elections. He said that Texas was the first state in the union to take the advanced move in this direction.

The planks contained in the majority report and omitted from the minority report were first taken up. C. H. Jenkins urged the adoption of the telephone and telegraph connection plank.

Senator Bailey asked if there had ever been any bill of that nature defeated in the legislature. He was informed that such a bill had been defeated. Senator Bailey said it was a proper measure, but he believed the platform ought to be a declaration of principle and confined to such measures as had been submitted to the legislature and defeated. Every time you put a thing in the platform and don't put it in the law, the members of the legislature are arraigned. He urged that only important demands should be embraced in the platform. He did not think the legislature should be instructed to do such a thing which is so obviously proper.

The suggestion was made by a member of the committee that if the plank is voted down by the committee it would be considered by the legislature as a defeat of the proposition.

Senator Bailey said he would have liked to see the disputed questions brought in separately.

Mr. Jenkins said the legislature should be instructed to pass a law requiring telephone and telegraph companies to make connections.

The plank was adopted.

Insolvent Corporations.

The insolvent corporation plank demanding the passing of a constitutional amendment defining insolvent corporations as embraced in the majority report was read.

Congressman R. L. Henry moved that the words be changed to demanding "suitable legislation" defining insolvent corporations.

Senator Bailey and Judge James B. Wells took the position that the legislature now has the power and authority to pass laws defining and prohibiting insolvent corporations.

Mr. Henry's motion was adopted.

The Hogg Amendments.

Judge Robertson said that was one of the Hogg amendments. He said that there is no question that the legislature has authority to pass anti-free pass law. The people have found out, he said, that they cannot always trust the legislature and that was the reason that Governor Hogg tried to place them in the constitution. The Waco convention indorsed the amendments and as usual the legislature refused to submit them to the people. He said the matter was now up for settlement, and he urged that the adoption of a constitutional amendment covering the proposition be recommended. That was the idea of Governor Hogg, he said. He was convinced that Governor Hogg was right.

"If we change the wording of that plank, we have got to repudiate that great man, Governor Hogg, in his position on the question," he concluded.

Mr. Henry took the position that if the legislature can create a corporation it can pass laws governing it. He denied the charge that the Texas legislature has been recreant in its duty to the people of Texas. He was one who did not believe the charge that the legislators are influenced by corporations and blandishments.

Senator B. F. Looney urged the adoption of the plank with the constitutional provision.

S. J. Isaacs of Midland said that the convention which elected him as a delegate instructed him to support the Hogg amendments. He offered as a substitute for the plank as reported by the majority, the resolution on the proposition which he submitted to the committee yesterday.

Judge Wells said that the legislature has to provide for and put before the people constitutional amendments. It is therefore up to the legislature at least, anyway.

W. A. Ramsey said that should the constitutional amendment be adopted, the legislature would have to pass laws putting it into effect.

Trav Dashiell said that he believed that the committee could come nearer together on the majority plank than on any other. He said the committee had abstained from going into detail on the matter of insolvent corporations.

Bailey Defends Legislators.

Senator Bailey said that he was disgusted at the attacks which Texas Democrats are continually making upon the Texas Democratic legislature. He said that such criticism should be left to Republicans and Populists. He paid a tribute to the honesty and integrity of the members of the legislature of this state. He asserted that the proposition under consideration could be enacted into law without being made a constitutional amendment. The Mississippi railroad commission was created without any constitutional amendment.

"If I had my way I would put into the constitution of the state of Texas only 'Thou shalt not,'" he said. "It should be a constitution of limitations. A long constitution and a fat statute book is a sign of decay in any free government."

Judge Robertson said he was anxious to avoid any controversy in the state convention. He said that he would make no minority report unless a majority of the committee forced it upon him.

"It is very natural that Senator Bailey should be eulogistic of the legislature," he said.

Continuing, Judge Robertson said free passes should also be made the subject of a constitutional amendment. He would confess, he said, that there are some of the details of the original Hogg amendments which he did not approve.

Marshall Hicks urged the adoption of the plank in the majority report making it a constitutional proposition. He urged unanimity of action in order to avoid a convention fight.

Mr. Mills, who signed the minority report, said that he was instructed to support the Hogg amendments and he felt that the minority plank was doing this. He urged that should the legislature submit the amendment to the constitution at its next session it would be another two years before the law could be passed putting the law into effect.

Senator Hanger addressed the committee in support of the minority plank.

Mr. Isaacs withdrew his substitute.

Mr. Henry's substitute was lost by a vote of 18 ayes to 10 noes.

The majority report on the insolvent corporation plank was then adopted.

Land Tax Plank.

The minority report striking out that portion of the majority report demanding the enactment of a law making void all evidences of debt upon which taxes have not yet been paid, was next taken up.

It was opposed by Mr. Ramsey, who predicted dire consequences should the law be enacted.

Judge Jenkins said that the effect of the law would be to compel people to pay their honest taxes.

Senator Looney said that the proposed law would have the effect of forcing obedience to a law that is already in force.

The provision was stricken out by a vote of 16 nays and 12 noes.

The plank in the majority report denying peace and court officers any discretion in the summoning of jurors was simplified by amendment.

The plank to require all corporations to pay in 50 per cent of its capital stock when organized and the remaining 50 per cent within two years, provoked some discussion. It was favored by Senator Bailey and was adopted.

The provision recommending that quadrennial elections for state, district and county officers was defeated by a vote of 15 to 12.

The several planks in the majority report, which were approved also by the minority of the subcommittee were taken up and most of them adopted unanimously by the general committee.

The plank which demands the enactment of an anti-free pass law was amended so as to exempt only sheriffs, Rangers and other peace officers whose duty it is to serve criminal and civil processes. An effort to strike out the recommendation that the governor keep the legislature in session until it passes such a law was defeated.

Senator Bailey argued that free passes do not corrupt people. They corrupt some people, but such people could be corrupted by a dinner or a drink of whisky, he said. He said that free passes are indefensible and they should be prohibited on the ground that they discriminate. He took occasion to pay another tribute to the Texas legislature. He said that if he had his life to live over again he would rather serve as a member of the state senate than to sit in the lower house of congress at Washington.

Mr. Henry thought the adoption of the last clause of the plank would be a reflection upon the legislature.

Senator Hicks said that unless the provision complained of by Mr. Henry was contained in the plank the next legislature would not enact such a law.

Judge Robertson and Mr. Isaacs at this point announced to the committee that they had decided, in the interest of harmony, not to submit a minority report on the Hogg amendments.

Judge Wells offered a resolution demanding the enactment of an amendment to the drainage law.

The committee adopted the platform as a whole and then adjourned.

PLATFORM DEMANDS.

Jim Wells Would Not Build it With Rubbish Planks.

Dallas, Aug. 15.—(Special.)—Judge James B. Wells's resolution providing that hereafter no Democratic state platform shall contain provisions touching governmental or state politics, but shall be confined to platform demands, does not express the exact views of the matter on the subject. It was written hurriedly and was intended to be a declaration against all platform demands that have not been discussed before the people.

"It is wrong for the platform committee and a convention of a party to insert a lot of demands upon all sorts of questions into a platform without the propositions having been discussed before the people and it is my idea that side rubbish has no place in the party's declarations," Judge Wells said today. "Some man may submit a proposition to the platform committee and secure its adoption without anyone having given it much consideration. This party demand may be sweeping in its import and when it gets before the legislature the man who votes against it is charged with not being a Democrat. It is not right to place the legislature in such a position. The platform committee should confine its efforts wholly to questions that have been discussed as issues before the people."

His proposition was rejected by the committee.

LABOR HIS THEME

COL. TOM CAMPBELL DELIVERS ADDRESS TO UNION WORKMEN AT HOUSTON.

PEOPLE SHOULD RULE

PROTECTION OF THE WEAK AGAINST THE STRONG THE BASIS OF GOVERNMENT.

DEFENSE OF UNIONISM

Organized Labor Combines for Lawful Purposes and Benefits All Who Toil for a Livelihood.

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.

Houston, Tex., Sept. 3.—Labor Day was a great one in the history of labor organizations of the city. They had a immense street parade and a very attractive and patriotic celebration at Highland Park. Thousands upon thousands of people, men, women and children, thronged the streets and filled the park to participate in a befitting celebration of the day. The first feature of the day was the arrival of Hon. Tom Campbell, the next Governor of Texas. There was no time named in the papers for his first appearance on the streets and when he did appear much earlier in the day than he was looked for those who saw him were somewhat surprised, and the greeting was not what it would have been had the people been on the lookout. His reception at Highland Park more than compensated for the deficit in the city.

It was before 11 o'clock when Col. Campbell and his escort arrived on the grounds in the carriage in which the next Governor was driven during the parade. As soon as he reached the open space in front of the summer theater he descended and from that time onward until it was time to mount the rostrum Col. Campbell held an informal reception. Hundreds came up and shook hands with him, congratulating him upon his nomination.

Following is Col. Campbell's speech, in part:

Ladies and Gentlemen: In the beaming faces before me today we can read "Peace on earth and good will to men." In the blessings of liberty preserved, peace has her triumphs no less renowned than those marked by the tragedies of war. The man who toils, whether in the factory, the shop, the counting room, in his study, his office, on the railroad, on the farm, or in whatever field of honest endeavor we may find him, is a factor in the labor world, and this day has been set apart for the celebration of his progress and independence. Instead of looking upon Labor Day with fear and dread, instead of the red flag of anarchy and demonstrations against despotism, instead of hoisting the flag of empire in restraint of freedom and of free speech, of civil and religious liberty, and all the people assemble under its waving folds to pay homage to labor with rejoicing unrestrained, we should celebrate this holiday with earnestness and enthusiasm. Here and everywhere are gathered men upon whose conduct and industry depend their welfare and the welfare, the progress and the independence of their country. These gatherings should give to patriotism a new fervor and should aid us in the discharge of those duties devolving upon good citizenship and the man who speaks for labor, who speaks for you, for your conduct and of your duties, your obligations and your motives, should bear messages of love and peace. He should speak the truth and never abandon right, for honest discussion always leads to high resolves and nobler lives.

The social features of these occasions make better friends, better neighbors, better citizens, strengthen the ties in the home circle and create higher ideals in all honorable life.

The achievements and independence of labor in this country are born after that spirit peculiarly American, of that intelligence, patriotism and love of freedom characteristic of the American citizen. A desire for goood government and a fair opportunity in the battle of life is bred in his bones. When the seeds of freedom were "winnowed from the black rock on the Atlantic Shore" into the four corners of this continent they took root in the hearts of the people, were nurtured in patriotism, and it was then that the fathers began to dream of a government of the people, for the people and by the people. They looked forward to freedom, political and industrial, when they resented the insufferable wrongs of the British crown, and when they struck from themselves and this country the bonds of British oppression, popular government was their hope and inspiration.

Texas Pioneers.

They believed that under the law all men were created equal; that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are among the inalienable rights with which man is endowed by his Creator; that to secure those rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and in defense of these sacred rights of man they pledged to each other their lives, their property and their sacred honor.

The Texas pioneers, profiting by this illustrious example and moved by a spirit of independence, determined to be free. The revolutionary fathers had their Trenton, the Texans had their Gonzales; they had their Saratoga, we had our Goliad; they had their Yorktown, and we had our glorious San Jacinto. The oppressor was in each instance driven from our shores and civil liberty and the right of self-government forever established. Despotism gave place to political and industrial freedom. The lone star was unfurled as the emblem won by the valor of a people too brave to tolerate tyranny. In the course of events Texas took her place in the sisterhood of States—in that union of States—having an aim and a purpose common to all the people. A Republic whose foundations rest upon the eternal principles of right, justice and truth; a government acknowledging the sovereignty of every citizen and recognizing the churches, the school houses, the families and the homes as the citadels of universal freedom, and adhering to a public policy which secures to capital every right and guarantees to labor its just reward.

Individual Reliance.

Well may we celebrate Labor Day; we may with profit repeat the pledges of the pilgrim fathers; we may revel in the chivalry of the cavaliers; we may speculate upon our ideals and recall memories of freedom's triumph upon bloody fields; we may extol the virtues and achievements of that statesmanship which fashioned and the patriotism which has preserved our institutions of liberty and law, but we should also remember that the dignity and prosperity of labor, the rights of the individual, the security of property and the welfare of the masses are of first importance, and all appeal for just laws and good government. That all just political power is vested in the people, and upon every citizen rests duties and responsibilities, the neglect of which is a crime against himself, his home and his country.

One of the blessings of our political system is the opportunity of relying upon ourselves, and this opportunity imposes obligations which the working man should discharge with fidelity to himself and the country. Public happiness and the prosperity of all the people can be promoted only by the people availing themselves of their opportunities. They can and should enforce their rights in an intelligent and lawful manner.

People Should Rule.

The people have a right to rule, and should rule. With them rests the duty of perpetuating good government, and at their door can be laid the responsibility, or our institutions perish. It has been truly said that our Government can never be destroyed except by the hands of its own people. Protection for the weak against the strong furnishes the only excuse for the existence of the Government. The man who would use the Government to promote selfish ends and to oppress those who toil is a public enemy. The man who would harass legitimate investment, corporate or individual, is a bad man. The man who would barter our priceless heritage for money or position is no better, and he is worse than the man who is indifferent to the safety of his Government. That "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," is a truism that should be written down in the mind and heart of everyone who enjoys the blessings of popular Government.

Capital and Labor in Harmony.

Capital and labor are indespensable factors in all growth and enterprise. That they should have their differences may be expected as long as there are employers and employes. Perfection is as impossible here as elsewhere in human affairs. However, the respective obligations of the rules of right should impair no right incident to independent citizenship. Fair dealing and fair play all around would avoid unseemly conflicts between capital and labor. Adequate compensation, with suitable hours and fair treatment, meet the just requirements of labor, and fidelity to duty on the part of the employed should and does meet every just requirement to the employer.

Harmony, peace, obedience to law and respect for the rights of the public, meet the expectations of society. The rights of each should be respected, and due regard for the welfare of the general public should be observed. In referring to capital and labor in the recent campaign, I said, and now repeat, that in promoting legitimate business enterprise, capital may organize, and when within the law, that right can not be denied.

Lawful Unions Are Right.

When workingmen lawfully organize for the sake of labors' dignity and to promote the interests of those who toil, such organization is fair in its inception and purpose. It is loosely charged sometimes that labor organizations, the Farmers' Union and other agricultural associations are trusts. In no sense can this be true. The trust in its very nature is unlawful. Its purposes are contrary to law, contrary to general good and antagonistic to the principles of free government. Its original and inherent intent is to destroy competition, to establish monopoly and to extinguish individual ambition and effort. Without such purpose the trust would not be created, as there would be no reason for its existence. It is per se unlawful and contrary to public policy. Not so with labor and farmers' unions and other agricultural associations. Their purposes are for the moral and intellectual development and the material prosperity of their members and all mankind. Self-preservation and the general uplifting of all mankind are inherent in these organizations.

Again, one of the essential features of a trust is that it seizes and gathers into the hands of a few persons the power by which its unlawful plans are accomplished, while the unions are composed of hundreds of thousands of men widely scattered, and while the trust is a solid combination of capital and the capital is thus for unnatural monopoly and unlawful purposes, the unions are combinations of persons for lawful and laudable purposes. They strengthen morally, socially and financially the position of every man who toils, and their principles promote the prosperity of the masses and militate against no legitimate enterprise. Just men who understand their laudable purposes will not condemn, but will encourage them.

Trusts are flourishing, and they defy the people and their laws. Monopoly and absolutism are crushing individual effort and grinding to dust or organic law.

Every promise I made to the public will be faithfully kept, and every pledge will be fulfilled to the letter. The State convention adopted a platform pledging the nominee of that convention and the Democratic Legislature to certain policies and reforms, which I believe will, when crystallized into laws and established policies, promote the welfare of all the people and redound to the glory of the Democratic party. All the influence and power belonging to the office to which I have been elected will be used in an appropriate way to the end that every pledge made to the people by the Democratic party shall be redeemed. The people may congratulate themselves upon the personnel of the next Legislature. In due time I propose to discuss and urge before the people all the platform demands of our party.

I am opposed to the consolidation of corporate wealth in whatever form presented, and I shall ever oppose monopolies, trusts, combinations in restraint of trade and consolidations of parallel or competing lines of railroad. Trusts, mergers and corporate consolidations have lurking in their plans the chief dangers to the State and Nation.

Col. Campbell's attention was caught by the sight of a gray-haired Confederate veteran standing in the audience and this gave him an additional theme—two of them. He pictured that the great State of Texas—rich, powerful, able to do aught she wished—should not make the aged Confederate take a pauper's oath before doling out the miserable pittance which is given them, and which entitles them to the Confederate Home. This was a burning disgrace, he declared, which the State of Texas should not tolerate.

The State should care for the women of the Confederacy; that it should go forward with the work taken up and advocated so nobly by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He emphatically asserted that there should be a home for the women of the Confederacy and that the State of Texas should initiate a step that would forever cover her with glory.

At the conclusion an aged woman tottered forward.

"Col. Campbell," she said, "I lost a son and a husband in that war. God bless you for the words."

As soon as he had finished speaking a crowd surged forward again and for twenty minutes there was another informal reception in which the Governor shook hands with hundreds.

COL. CAMPBELL AT GALVESTON.

Declares That All Platform Pledges Shall Be Carried Out—Gives Praise to Bryan.

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.

Galveston, Tex., Sept. 3.—Ideal conditions for the observance of Labor Day prevailed here today. It is estimated that fully 15,000 people turned out to witness the large parade and to hear the speeches delivered by Hon. Tom M. Campbell, Rev. J. M. Kerwin and others. The parade was the largest and most attractive held in Galveston, both in numbers and make-up, according to statements made by union representatives. The members of the various unions, dressed in uniform apparel, made a very imposing and creditable demonstration for organized labor. Twenty-six separate organizations were represented in the parade and five bands were interspersed along the line to furnish music.

Mr. Campbell spoke in part as follows:

I have always loved Galveston and I have greater reason for the affectionate esteem in which I hold the people of this city and county because of your kindness to me on July 28 of this year. (Applause.) I announced early in the year that I would become a candidate for the office of Governor of Texas; I made known to the people the policies that I would adopt, the platform of principles I would defend in the event I was honored with that high commission, and it is a source of deepest gratification to me to know that my old friends in Galveston rallied to me and the cause I represented. (Cheers.) I am grateful for that and I am gratified at the manifestations of the interest in these important questions by all of the people of Texas. The people have not only, in this remarkable campaign, recognized the dangers, but they have heeded the warnings that have been given them by those who have discussed them and have taken an interest in public affairs that is encouraging to all men who love constitutional government and who are defending not only our party's principles and property rights, but are fighting for the preservation of the rights of man. That there are dangers no man can deny; that there are dangers threatening to the country, our institutions and to the people all will admit. Men in every walk of life in this Republic of ours have recognized it, and they are growing weary of the disposition of classes to control the masses and rule the government that the people have the right to rule and will rule in this free country. They are growing weary of the continual perversion of government to the gratification of that everlasting lust for gold, and it seems impossible to satisfy it here or elsewhere. It seems the hungry pockets of avarice and greed will not be satisfied. (Applause.) I congratulate you that there is a disposition not only here but all over this country on the part of all the people to come into possession of their own. (Loud and continuous applause.)

On last Thursday, when the great Democrat, that great champion of popular rights, planted his footsteps upon American soil, after having returned from foreign land, the friends of constitutional government, the good government people of this country with one voice and with one heart welcomed back to his native land William Jennings Bryan, the next President of the United States. In him they see victory, in him they see a nation redeemed. (Applause and cheers.)

We must always remember that we have duties to perform here, and the obligation rests upon the individual citizen to take care, not only of the duties that he owes to his city, his country, his home, but the duties that he owes to the State of Texas.

I have been honored by the people composing the greatest political party on earth. I have been honored and named by them as the standard bearer of the Democracy of this State, and I believe that I have been nominated upon the soundest Democratic platform that has ever been written by the Democracy of Texas. (Applause.) That platform means something, something to the man who toils in this country, and to all the people; that platform means that corporate domination of party policies, corporate domination of our Legislature, corporate domination of this State, can not flourish in Texas; that political bossism is at an end of its tether, and that machine rule will not be tolerated. The man who toils upon the farm, te man who toils in the shop, the man who toils in his study, in the counting-room, upon the railroad and in every walk of life and in every field of honest endeavor is a factor in the labor world, and has a right to good government, and to that end I will strive when I am the Governor of Texas. (Cheers.) I say to you, and I admonish you, that your legitimate powers in government and in society rest in the power of the ballot and in the integrity of the ballot box. The ballot handled by freemen; that ballot falls as gently as the snow flakes from the heavens when handled by patriotic men, always carries consternation and dismay into the ranks of dishonesty and corruption.

If you have good government, if you have honest laws that respond to the will of the people and have your laws enforced and the people dictate the policies of their government, the voters are entitled to the credit. If you have anarchy, if the red flag of despotism shall wave over the heads of the people of this country and your institutions perish, we can lay the blame upon our own doors. Let us promote the cause of education, as the only safe medium through which civic liberty and the right of self-government can be maintained in this country. Let us protect the integrity of the ballot box, uphold the constitution, let us enforce the law, let us teach economy, sobriety and honesty in public and private life, the foundation and capstone of good government, general prosperity and human happiness.

THE MESSAGE

Governor Hogg to the Legislators of Texas.

AN EXHAUSTIVE DOCUMENT.

Th Commission, Railroad Bonds and Stock, and Municipal Indebtedness Touched Up.

OFFICIALS RAPPED HARD

For Winking and Conniving at Violations of the Sunday and of the Gambling Laws.

Changes in the Law Suggested in Order that the Crime of Murder Can be Punished—Conservatism in Legislation recommended.

Special to the Mail.

AUSTIN, TEX., Jan. 12.—The governor's message was read to the senate and house of representatives to-day, and is as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
AUSTIN, Texas, January, 1893.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Twenty-third Legislature:

The prime object of a constitutional form of government is the perfection of human happiness. To attain this remote though coveted end, laws for the just, equal protection of life, liberty and property, and the promotion of the general welfare, have always been and must ever be necessary.

Fresh from the sovereign people, blessed with a knowledge of their affairs, you are here to execute their will and to advance their interests. Possessing the unquestioned power, limited only by the constitution, to pass and repeal laws at pleasure, your mission at the capitol, it is confidently trusted, in view of the auspicious circumstances surrounding your selection, cannot fail to greatly benefit the public.

Paramount to all other questions now attracting public attention in this state are the several demands made by the state Democratic party through its platform, on which a large majority of each of your honorable bodies and the executive were elected, and to which fealty and obedience are due.

Next to the constitutional oath, pledges to platform demands are the most solemn obligations resting upon the public servant. By party action the people make known their wishes, which when complied with, must afford them reasonable satisfaction. These recent demands in no way impinge the constitution, but vitally affect the general welfare; and their enactment into law by this legislature must deeply impress every fair, thoughtful mind with their efficacy and wisdom.

Railroad Bonds and Stocks.

The constitution provides that: "No corporation shall issue stocks or bonds except for money paid, labor done or property actually received; and all fictitious increase of stock and indebtedness shall be void."—Art. 12, Sec. 6.

The legislature has attempted to give force to this provision of the constitution by providing that, "no railroad corporation shall issue any stock or bonds except for money, labor or property actually received and applied to the purposes for which such corporation was organized; nor shall it issue any shares of stock in said company except at its par value and to actual subscribers who pay or become liable to pay the par value thereof."—R. S., Art. 4154.

The only penalty, however, for the violation of this provision now prescribed by law is aimed at the corporate officers and directors. They are simply made liable to the stockholders and creditors thereof for the full par value of such illegal stock or indebtedness as the case may be.—Id. Art. 4156. Herein lies the trouble. The laws are sufficient in declaring the effect of such evil practices, but the public is altogether ignored and unprotected from abuses of that kind and it is the material sufferer. Bonds in excessive amounts, far beyond the value of the property, have been issued by many of the railroad companies of the state, their payment secured directly by mortgage upon the several lines, and indirectly by a lien upon every article of commerce carried by them.

To present the enormity and the consequent injustice resulting to the public from corporate abuse by the issuance of fictitious stocks and indebtedness, it is well to take a view of the condition affecting commerce throughout the United States, and then examine it with reference to local affairs.

Authentic statistics show that there are now 170,600 miles of railway within the United States. Liabilities on them, including stocks and bonds, the first day of January last year, aggregated over $10,765,000,000. During the year 1891 the companies collected from the traffic of the country $1,13[illegible],000,000. They had left from those receipts after paying all the heavy expenses incident to railroad management, including the liberal salaries to their army of officials, a total available cash revenue of over $4,7[illegible]000,000, or about $2681 for every mile of railway in the whole government. After paying interest on bonds and otherwise due, together with rentals, tolls and miscellaneous items amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, they also paid over ninety million dollars as dividends on their stock. This enormous assessment upon the public may be better illustrated by the statement that the railways for the year 1891 collected over $15 per capita of the whole population within the federal government. The surplus, after paying all expenses, interests and dividends, aggregated for that period over forty million dollars. These facts are taken from the best and most reliable published statistics. The frequent distressed condition of the whole republic, growing out of the fast recurring financial depressions, confronts the government itself and every citizen of it. It may not, therefore, be amiss to say that while there is about $1,000,000,000 of active circulating medium in the United States, the annual revenue taxes received by the government, added to the traffic taxes collected by these transportation companies annually, exceed that amount. Doubtless the railway companies of other states are as free of restraint in the execution of their obligations as those of Texas. If such is the case, they have but to continue to issue their bonds and keep up the high traffic rates to pay the interest on them, in order to go apace with the increase of the circulating medium and to finally absorb it all. While the Texas legislature cannot hope to improve the condition of the other states, it has the power to set a wholesome example at home by protecting the present generation and posterity from this method of confiscation. There are now within this state about 9000 miles of railway, rendered under oath for taxation at $67,000,000. The aggregate stocks and bonds, as shown by their last official reports under oath, amounted to $465,000,000. To assert that a very large per cent of these liabilities were issued in violation of the constitution and laws is but to state a self-evident proposition. They exceed the assessed valuation of all the rural lands within the state by $6[illegible],000,000. Indeed, they amount to over half of the assessed valuation of all the property in Texas, including the railways themselves. This statement is simply made to illustrate, by comparison, what the people may expect in the future from this growing evil unless ample legislative remedies are adopted as safeguards for their protection. This question was presented by message to the first session of the Twenty-second legislature, and again called specially to the attention of the extra session, but there was no law passed on the subject. While the issue is not new, it was fully and thoroughly discussed before the people last year, and they, in the exercise of their sovereign right, adopted the following demand through their said party platform last August:

"14. We demand a law that will effectually prevent the issuance of fictitious and watered bonds and stocks by railway companies in this state, believing that these great enterprises should be conducted upon commercial principles and not as gambling devices."

Many eminent men have contended in the past that the public should not interfere with the exercise of this privilege by the corporations; that it is a matter with which the people have no concern. By this platform demand it would appear that the people think differently. They certainly have the right to instruct their governor and legislators on matters of legislation, as they are the ones after all who are responsible for the government and its affairs. Under the constitution these public highways have been transformed, within the last few decades, from plain dirt roads leading to and from the markets, into the present roads laid in rails and cross-ties and granted special privileges by the state government. To them have been delegated the governmental power of eminent domain and the franchise of collecting tolls, may be appropriately called traffic taxes, from the commerce carried by them. The extent of their authority in the exercise of this privilege has never gone beyond the power to collect reasonable charges for their service. They have never had the right to collect any more for carrying the commerce of the country than the amount sufficient, after defraying necessary expenses of maintenance and operation, to pay a reasonable return on the capital invested in them. It seems that, instead of confining themselves to the legitimate performance of their functions as common carriers, the railroad companies have lost sight of their obligations to the public as commercial agencies, and have entered the stock-jobbers market of hazardous speculation. Instances in this state are common where they have issued both stock and bonds for speculative purposes in violation of the constitution. There is no better way to demonstrate this and to verify the assertion than to examine their reports to the comptroller annually made under oath, showing the amount of receipts from the traffic earnings, and the expenses in operating, improving and maintaining the several lines, compared with the annual increase of stocks and bonds. Many instances appear where there is no report of extensions of the lines, no improvements made beyond what are shown to have been paid for out of current revenues, no outstanding obligations settled; yet, during the same period their increased stocks and bonds amounted to many millions of dollars. The contention that the public is not interested in every kind of public security must be made without mature consideration. The execution of a fictitious security is a fraudulent act for the purpose of obtaining money from some source. Money obtained in fraud has ever been an offense against good morals, and should be in all respects a crime against the laws of every civilized country.

It is unnecessary to go any further than this proposition to point out the interest the public has in checking the growth of fictitious securities of every class. It is the duty of the government to make the acquisition of property through fraudulent practices a crime. She owes this much to good order, fair dealing and honesty. Aside from this view, considering a feature of perhaps more general importance, the fact must not be lost sight of that, after all, the bonds of railways must be paid or repudiated. Their payment is necessarily confined to the source of revenue collected through traffic tolls or taxes laid on the commerce carried by railways. It may be contended, that as they are void under the constitution, they cannot be collected. This proposition is certainly sound under reasonable conditions, which unfortunately do not exist under the laws nor in the courts of Texas. A few men own the stock of the railways. Directors and officers are elected to carry out their will. A resolution is passed in pursuance of which interest-bearing bonds are issued and the railway property mortgaged to pay them. They are floated, sold, or hypothecated for cash. Neither the property nor the public receives a dollar of this money; but the stockholders or the owners of the road appropriate it. If a line continues to be operates by such stockholders and owners, to meet the interest on such fictitious bonds, train forced and section gangs must be reduced, wages of employes decreased, and traffic charges raised to the highest point permitted by law, or that the traffic will bear. Within a few years by this process the property becomes improverished and wrecked, the public badly served at high expense; a default of interest follows, and a foreclosure of the mortgage given to secure these bonds the result. Under the laws and jurisprudence of this state it would be quite impossible for the incorporation, composed of the directors, stockholders and officers who perpetrated the fraud, to enter court and successfully resist judgment on the bonds. If not estopped by laches, they could not be permitted to take advantage of their own wrong. So the process of foreclosing the mortgage and establishing the amount of the fictitious indebtedness upon the road by judgment of the court, proceeds unobstructed. It is strange enough to say, but it is nevertheless true, that the state government is now, under the present laws, unable to appear in such a case or raise its voice against the fraud. A so-called reorganization generally follows such judicial proceedings. None of the bonds or stocks are cancelled but are generally increased, sometimes to double or quadruple the former amount, by continued abuse of corporate franchises. Thus the property of the people is threatened with ultimate confiscation, and their liberties imperiled.

No question now confronts your honorable bodies, or that may probably arise in this state within the next fifty years, that can promise more interesting consequences to the people than this one. If it is judiciously settled, it will take but a short time for the material interests of this state to bear the wholesome fruits in great abundance. On the other hand, if it is avoided or temporized with, its baneful effect will in time be visited upon every wealth-producing citizen of this state. Its momentous importance certainly cannot be denied now by any intelligent man, since the foreign bondholders, through a federal court have obtained a temporary injunction suspending the rates fixed by the railway commission, upon the complaint, among other things, that they were not high enough, after paying the expenses of the roads, to meet the interest upon their bonds many millions of which, with the light of truth shed on them, would appear to be the depraved offspring of corporate abuse in violation of the express provisions of the state constitution. By that action the point is boldly, sharply made, and the traffic rates in this country must be maintained to pay interest on all the railway bonds. It is material to the public, therefore, that none but honest bonds, issued in pursuance and within the limits of the constituton directly, shall be permitted.

To correct this evil and to prevent its continuance, a law embodying the following features is hereby respectfully recommended to your honorable bodies:

1. That under the direction of the railway commission, experts shall examine and report under oath the fair valuation of the railroads in this state, which when approved by the commission shall be filed in the office of secretary of state as the official standard for the issue of bonds and stocks in the future.

2. That no railway bonds or stocks shall be authorized or executed, except for a limited amount, for the purposes mentioned in the constitution, and then only at the railway general office in Texas.

3. That they shall not be negotiated, hypothecated, or sold until after the railway commission shall have given a certificate that they have been issued within the limit, for the purposes, and in obedience to the provisions of the constitution and laws, and not then until they have been duly registered by the secretary of state in a record kept for that purpose.

4. That all contracts with construction or improvement companies shall be fair and reasonable and be submitted to the railway commission for inspection and approval before any bonds or stocks over an amount prescribed by the law shall be authorized.

5. That all railway property placed in the hands of receivers under foreclosure proceedings shall be sold to satisfy the debts of the company within a given time. The purchasers to take the property clear of incumbrances.

6. That the charter of any company violating any provision of the law, by issuing, hypothecating, or selling fictitious bonds or stocks, or otherwise illegally incumbering its property, shall be forfeited.

7. That every director, stockholder, and officer agreeing to or participating in such illegal act, or who shall divert any bond or stock or the proceeds thereof from its legal purpose, shall be guilty of and punished for a penal offense defined in the law.

8. That it shall be the duty of the state, as plaintiff or intervenor, acting through the attorney general, or such an attorney as the governor especially employ therefor, to enter any court having jurisdiction of the case and to challenge or contest the validity of such stocks or bonds and to enforce the laws with respect to them.

A bill embodying substantially these provisions passed the house at the special session of the Twenty-second legislature, but did not pass the senate. Since then the fictitious increase of bonds and stocks has continued without a check, and will go on at a lively rate until legislative action is taken. Gathering air und the capitol will be many lobbyists against this measure, who will try to frighten the people's representatives out of yielding obedience to the demands of their constituents upon the pretext and plea, as specious as it is, that such a course will deter capital from investing in Texas and prevent the further building of railroads in the state. It might as well be said here that if the advent or continuance of new capital, or the further building of railroads in Texas, depends upon the absolute surrender of the rights of the people in this respect it would be well now to let them part with us forever. Fictitious bonds are not capital nor the representatives of capital. They are the fruits of crime, threatening to sap the life of commerce, and to create in this government tramps and millionaires at the expense of the liberties of the people. Texas has granted to her railway companies 35,000,000 acres, or a territory sufficient to make a number of respectable states. She has exacted less of them, and has conferred more privileges, franchises and wealth upon them, than perhaps any other state in the American union. She has taxed them lighter than most any other country, and stands ready yet to encourage them by every legitimate measure consistent with fair dealing and justice to her people. The law under consideration, if carefully and strongly drawn and passed, will prevent the practice of such frauds and swindles so long perpetrated through this abuse of corporate franchises, and will encourage the investment of honest capital in railway improvement. It will protect commerce from unjust burdens, guard the people from bankruptcy and servility, and add strength and respectability to the independent autonomy of the state government, which must in time command the approval of all impartial, circumspect men.

Municipal Indebtedness.

The state has not escaped the mania prevalent throughout the United States for loading prosterity with debts they do not owe by the issuance of interest-bearing bonds to gratify the extravagance of the present generation. At best, public bonds, as a rule, are not unmixed with evil. County and municipal bonds generally bear an interest of from six to eight per cent., and are payable sometimes beyond the life of the generation executing them, for the construction of roads, streets and public buildings, which, in the nature of things, will have washed away, grown into disuse, or collapsed into decay long before the debts are due. To load prosterity with the debts of the present cannot be excusable on any other ground than absolute public necessity. The people appear to have been so impressed when last August, speaking through their convention, they made use of the following expression:

"15. We demand the passage of a law that will prevent the useless and extravagant issuance of bonds by cities, towns and counties in the state, confining them within constitutional limitation to actual public necessities, so as to preserve the public faith, to insure a lower rate of interest, and to protect the present and future generations from burdens that should never be imposed by such methods."

Land Corporations.

The constitution declares that, "perpetuities and monopolies are contrary to the genius of a free government and shall never be allowed, nor shall the law of primogeniture or entailments ever be in force in this state."—Article 1, section 26. The laws of this state regulating the estates of deceased persons, are amply sufficient to give full force and effect to the spirit of the constitution against primogeniture and entailments. But there is no law to check or limit title to lands owned by corporations nor to prevent monopolies of real estate by them. While land corporations cannot, as such, be chartered under the laws of this state, yet under the law authorizing the secretary of state to grant permits to foreign corporations to do business within the state they are chartered in other states and foreign countries and are operating herein the purchase and ownership of lands. Titles to many million acres are now vested in them, the lands withheld from settlement except at exhorbitant prices, without any law regulating or controlling or limiting the corporate rights in any respect whatsoever. There is danger in this condition, which seems to have aroused the people; for, in their convention last August, they adopted the following platform on that subject:

"16. We demand the enactment of a law that will define perpetuities and prohibit the operation of land corporations in this state, requiring those now holding title or possession of lands for agricultural, horticutural, grazing and speculating purposes, excepting overflowed and irrigation lands, to dispose of the same within such reasonable time as may not impair vested rights."

The purpose of this demand is wise and just. Land corporations having in view the ownership of large bodies of soil, portend land monopoly with titles in perpetuity. There is no institution more inimical to the genius of a free government; none that should be more strenuously prohibited. Permit corporations of this class to operate much longer in this state, grouping together large bodies of agricultural and grazing lands, and the time is not far off when, if the people are permitted to buy homes at all, they can only do so at prices and on such terms that bondage of themselves and their posterity must be the result; for an excessive mortgage debt on a home, bearing annual interest high enough to demand the surplus products of labor to meet it, means no more nor less than bondage of an aggravated form. The condition of other states in this respect cannot fail to be a valuable lesson to Texas. * * * * While the whole area of Texas amounts to about seventy-four acres per capito of her population, she is confronted with the most serious condition of corporate ownership of about one-fourth of it all. Statistics show that in the United States from 1870 to 1880 the cultivable lands in stable crops increased sixty-six per cent; while from 1880 to 1890 the increase thereof was only twenty-six per cent. The evident cause of this is the growing scarcity of agricultural lands throughout the government. The bread-producing land of the world is fast being exhausted, while the bread-consuming people are increasing. As the ratio of production decreases, the ratio of bread consumption from year to year steadily increases. The land problem, after all, underlies the bread problem. It is the duty of the government to understand this and to act wisely for the good of posterity. This can best be done by restrictive laws, making corporate land monopoly impossible for the future. While the American people have escaped the evil of land monopoly under the laws of primogeniture of the old world, they may yet find themselves involved in a more serious condition—that of land monopoly from titles in perpetuity caused by corporate ownership.

To comply with this demand of the people of Texas, therefore, who had the right to make it, a law now becomes necessary by your honorable bodies, and the following suggestions therein are respectfully made:

1. Declare that land corporations are contrary to the genius of a free government, and shall hereafter exercise no rights in Texas except such as may be expressly authorized by law.

2. That no such corporations shall hereafter be chartered or be permitted to do business in the state after a limited period named.

3. That further acquisition of title or interest in land for speculative, agricultural or grazing purposes shall be prohibited.

4. That those now holding title to or interest in lands for agricultural or grazing purposes, or that may, under the provisions of the law authorizing them to purchase real estate in collection of debt, hereafter acquire interest in or title to such land, shall within a specified time, consistent with vested rights, alienate them to natural persons, wind up their corporate affairs, and leave the state on prescribed penalties and forfeitures.

It would be well to so frame the law as to permit all manufacturing, transportation and other corporations whose purpose may not be the ownership of lands, to possess, use and retain as much real estate as may be proper for corporate necessities; that those engaged in the building and improvement of harbors, homes and additions to towns and cities shall not be checked in their work; that the wholesome laws, regulating and controlling irrigation and mining companies in the improvement, development and use of arid and mining land, shall not be affected; that all corporations engaged in redeeming swamp or overflowed lands may go on undisturbed.

Under existing conditions there is no public necessity of placing any further restrictions around corporations engaged now in improvements and industries beneficial to the public. The aim of the movement is to prevent the further investment by land corporations in agricultural and grazing lands and all other lands for speculative purposes.

The Railway Commission.

Before the adoption of the commission amendment it became generally conceded that under the constitution the power to make and regulate the traffic rates to be collected by the railways in this state was vested in the legislature without authority to delegate it to any government agency. This power was partially exercised only by the legislature, and, therefore, it was performed without restraint by the chosen agents of the corporations themselves.

The authority to collect tolls or traffic taxes is a governmental function that cannot be legally exercised except by the consent of the government. Until the commission was created, the railroads, by consent of the state, exercised this franchise at will, raising, lowering, changing or maintaining traffic rates collected from the commerce of Texas without notice to or consulting the shipper, undisturbed from any source. The commission law simply withdrew this franchise from the railway companies, who had always acted through agents selected by themselves, and delegated it to three citizens as agents of the state government, called a railway commission. By that law the power and authority was vested in the commission, and it was made its duty to adopt all necessary rates, charges and regulations to govern and control railroad freight and passenger tariffs; to correct abuses; to prevent unjust discriminations and extortions therein and to enforce the same by having penalties inflicted on the delinquent companies as prescribed in the act through the proper courts of the state having jurisdiction of the case. The main object and purpose of the law was to vest the state agents with power to do under oath what the corporate agents without oath had always done—to levy the traffic taxes or tolls the people must pay when they ship over the public carriers, called railroads

The law was appropriately divided into several parts, the power and effect of neither one of which depends upon the existence of the other.

First. The first pertains to the organization of the commission and its authority to establish rates and prescribe rules and regulations to govern transportation of traffic. In the exercise of this power the commission is required before it can establish any rate to give the railroad company to be affected thereby ten day's notice of the time and place when and where it shall be fixed, and guarantees the company the right to be fully heard at such time and place to the end that justice may be done, and provides for a public investigation and for process to enforce the attendance of its witnesses.

Second. The next division of the law simply prescribes a rule of evidence to govern all the parties, including the railways and other persons, when the reasonableness of a rate so fixed by the commission may be assailed. This rule of evidence is established by section 5, and provides that in all actions between private parties and railway companies brought under the law the rates prescribed by the commission before the institution of such action shall be held conclusive and deemed and accepted to be reasonable, fair and just, and in such respects shall not be controverted until officially found otherwise in a direct action brought for that purpose in the manner authorized in two other sections of the law.

After the railway companies and all parties have been afforded an opportunity to be heard before the commission on the establishment of the rates, they are simply prohibited from collaterally attacking the judgement of the commission. In this respect a well-established rule of evidence has been observed. When exercising its power under the constitution and law, the commission is required to give all the railway companies interested a hearing after due notice before it can legally establish a rate. After a rate has been thus established by the commission, it is no more nor less than a judgment of a competent tribunal, within contemplation of law that cannot be collaterally attacked. To avoid any probable injustice that may be inflicted on the interested railways by the judgement of the commission in fixing their schedule of rates, the law provides and gives them ample remedies throughout the courts of the county named, by direct proceedings against the commission. To protect the citizen against expensive, harrassing litigation over the issue as to whether the rate is reasonable when he brings an action to recover a penalty prescribed by law, it simply denies the railroad company in that action the right to raise the issue on that point. On the one hand, should the law deny the railway company the right of having the action of the railway commission reviewed by the courts of the country, probable injustice might be done them. On the other, if the law permitted a railway company, after it had been afforded a full hearing before the commission as a condition precedent to the establishment of the rates, which are required under the law to be reasonable, to answer in any case brought by a citizen to recover a penalty prescribed by law for overcharge or discrimination, and there contest the question which had already been passed on, would work untold mischief and damage to the citizen. In other words, the law justly proposes to protect the railway company from possible oppression by the commission, and to guarantee to the citizen that he shall not be vexed and harassed with endless litigation when he goes into court to assert his rights against a railway company.

Third. The third division of the law pertains to the jurisdiction of the courts in all cases where any railroad company or other party at interest may be dissatisfied with the action of the commission and desires to have the question judicially settled. No citizen, municipal corporation, association of persons nor railway company can collaterally attack the action of the commission under this law; but if dissatisfied with the commission's work, either of them, being an interested party, has the right to sue the commission in a competent court of Travis county and have its work reviewed, corrected, modified or abolished, according to the ends of justice. If dissatisfied with the decision of this court the complaining company or citizen is given the further right of appeal to the supreme court of civil appeals, having jurisdiction. In all of the courts such case against the commission is by law given precedene of all other cases then pending, so as to afford a speedy termination of the issue.

Fourth. The last general division of the law of importance here to discuss, defines extortion and discriminations and prescribes the penalties that may be recovered and the courts in which actions therefor may be maintained against the offending company.

This law contains twenty-three sections and thirty-two subdivisions thereof, appropriately divided, and are intended to give effect to the four general features just discussed, to-wit: (1.) The power of the commission to make rates. (2.) The rule of evidence to be obeyed by the courts when the enforcement of rates is the object. (3.) The right of all parties, including the railways, to contest any action of the commission and the court through which it may be done. And (4.) the penalties to be recovered from the offending company for a violation of the commission law. Neither the rule of evidence nor the jurisdictional question nor the penalties prescribed add to nor diminish the power of the commission to exercise the delegated authority as a judicial tribunal in establishing rates, rules and regulations to govern transportation in this state. Neither is the rule of evidence controlled by the powers of the commission, the jurisdictional question nor the penalties prescribed. It may be correctly said therefore that neither of these general divisions of the law depend on the maintenance of the other, and that either or all of the three latter may be abolished, and yet the purpose and object intended by the investment of the powers in the railway commission will not be disturbed. In the first place, "due process of law has been fully prescribed for the railway companies before the powers of the commission can be exercised in establishing a rate affecting their rights." In the second place, they are granted "equal protection of the laws," in that if they complain of the rates for being too low, or if any party shall complain of them for being too high, there is a common court and procedure, as well as rules of evidence, prescribed for the settlement of the controversy. Certainly the commission might adopt rates that would discriminate against some city, private corporation or citizen, or be so high as to amount to confiscation of their property. This might not cause the railways to complain. They possibly would prefer to enforce such rates, and indeed they would have to do so under the commission law. To get relief from this oppression, an interested citizen or corporation could only sue the commission directly in the proper court at Austin. Likewise, if a rate or the action of the commission should be oppressive of the interests of a railway, then it must go into the same court and have that question settled by action against the commission. A common ground and equal protection, therefore, are guaranteed by the law to all complaining parties. With the law otherwise, so that a multiplicity of actions could be brought as varied and distant as are the courts from the capital, it would be practically a destruction of the commission. The efficacy of this law may be more clearly understood from the official statement that up to the time of the extraordinary action of a federal judge no suit to recover a penalty against a railway company had been filed in any court during the commission period of eleven months, nor had there been during that time an action brought by a railway company or other person against the commission complaining of its action in prescribing rules or traffic rates to govern transportation. It remained for foreign bondholders, many of whose securities were issued in violation of the constitution, to enter a federal court and disturb the harmony and peaceful relations existing under this just law between the people and their common carriers. In that court they prayed for an injunction against the commission, the attorney general and railway companies as defendants, asking the commission rates to be restrained and held void upon the ground that the law is unconstitutional, and for the further alleged reason that the said rates are unreasonable in that they are too low to raise revenue sufficient with which to pay the expenses of operation and interest on their bonds. They made no charge, however, that a default of interest had occured, nor that they had no adequate remedy at law to protect their interests, so as to give them a right of action. After a long preliminary investigation, the court granted a temporary injunction substantially holding that the rates are too low, and that the whole law is unconstitutional. The issue of fact now to be settled in the federal court affects the question as to whether the whole schedule of rates fixed by the commisoion is reasonable. The efficacy of sections five and six, prohibit this question from being raised in answer to any answer brought by a citizen to recover penalties from a railway company for over-charging in a single item cannot be more clearly demonstrated than by this prolonged, expensive litigation now pending on that subject. In such action for an overcharge, the case must ordinarily depend on proof of violation of an independent commission rate by the railway company; and if the plaintiff succeeds, he can recover a penalty of not less than $125, and not more than $500. Should the company in such action have the privilege after it has been afforded a full heading and judgment on the reasonableness of the rate before the commission, to enter a county court and deny that the freight rate sought to be enforced is reasonable to it, involving, as it must, the whole schedule of rates under which the railway operates, the company would enjoy more than the equal protection of the law by the denial of that right in such cases to the citizen. * * *

The following may be relied on as some of the results of the railway commission's work:

1. Railway rates have not been increased above those in force when the commission law took effect.

2. Rates so far as fixed by the commission have been reduced below those enforced by the railways.

3. The low, reasonable rates on traffic, like cheap excursion rates for passengers, have so stimulated trade that the shippers and the railways have each been benefitted thereby.

4. The regularity, equality and stability of the rates adopted by the commission have reassured commerce, prevented reckless speculations in the market and stimulated domestic transportation in all quarters, giving confidence to the shipper, just remuneration to the railways, and saving the producer a just profit on his investment and labor.

5. The commission rates and rules, together with the law governing transportation, have reduced the system of rebates, special rates, under-billing, discrimination and extortions almost to the minimum.

6. Peace has been made in the courts between the people and the railways on all questions affecting transportation.

Under the operation of the commission law, farm products have supplied home demand as never before. Fat stock, from the ranches and farms, have been shipped throughout the state, supplying local wants, and the poor ones have been fattened on the products of Texas farms without the necessity of shipments to points beyond state lines; mills have been established by local capital and operated by home labor at many points along the railways to manufacture Texas grain into flour and meal to supply home consumption; and all farm products have maintained the highest price. It is a notable feature in the markets that since the federal injunction took effect there was a percentible sudden decline in the price of those articles. At no period have factories to consume the raw material in the state been more rapidly established and successfully operated than during the time when the commission rates were in effect. The work of the commission will demonstrate that under the inspiring influence of these low, reasonable rates the volume of domestic traffic carried by the railways from and to points along their lines within the state for distribution to supply local necessities was so much greater than for any previous corresponding period that the companies made as much, if not more, during the time. In proportion to this increased business the railways demanded labor, and as a consequence wages were maintained, not reduced. The tendency of reasonable local rates fixed by the commission has been, and the ultimate effect will be, to concentrate Texas traffic over the lines of Texas railways, by short routes, to water points on the coast near by, where ships will enter Texas ports in competition ta convey it to the markets of the world. With the antipathy of railways to water competition, and their unrestrained power in the absence of the commission to make discriminating rates against water points, Texas may never have any material benefit from the improvement of her harbors nor by the construction of a canal to connect the two oceans. With deep water anywhere on the coast, and the completion of a canal to give an outlet from the gulf over the Pacific ocean, thus to Texas reducing the distance to foreign markets over 10,000 miles, if she can ultimately succeed in maintaining the commissien as it is, her people may expect soon to take the lead in agriculture, horticulture and stock raising to supply the demands of the eastern continent with such articles of necessity as may find transportation over the highway of the seas from the United States. In addition to this, with her inexhaustible supply of ores and raw material of every kind suitable for manufacture, she can with confidence and pride, enter the field of competition to supply her share of the world's products of iron, wood and the finer fabrics.

The effect of the commission will be to give an outlet for home products over the sea, where combinations to stifle competition in transportation are impossible, where pools and trusts cannot live. The hope of Texas is in the maintenance of the commission, under whose administration the people and the railways themselves can prosper in their independent relations; and the near future will have factories of every kind drawn to the door of the raw material, so that the traffic rates on raw products to foreign points, and on the manufactured articles in return to supply an ambitious and enlighted home people with articles of necessity and luxury, will be reminiscences and no longer a reality.

The pledge, therefore, of fealty to and support of the Texas railway commission law as it now stands, subject only to such changes as may become necessary to accomplish for it a greater degree of perfection, made by the Democratic party, is wise and salutary. In so far as experience of the past and lights of the present may afford knowledge of what is best for the people with reference to the law, notwithstanding the intemperate political opinion of the federal judge against it, no material change, indeed no change at all, in it becomes expedient or necessary. A sense of propriety and of self-respect would impel the state government to stand by the law as it is until the highest court in the government may possibly point out some objections to it.

State Banks.

The constitution provides that no corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed or extended with banking or discounting privileges.—Art. 16, Sec. 1. For some reason this limitation upon the power of the legislature has remained in every constitution, except that of 1869, since the organization of the state government. In the exercise of their sovereign rights, to relieve present or prospective bonditions inimical to their interests, the people, through their platform last August, expressed themselves in favor of an amendment to the constitution permitting the incorporation of state banks under proper restrictions and control for the protection of the depositors and the people. One of the reasons for this demand is, that the people are willing to remove that restriction on the legislative power and thus to prepare against any contingency that may arise from federal legislation on the subject of finance. There is a strong desire in some sections of the country for the repeal of the national banking law, over which congress has exclusive control. Should the congress abolish the national banking system, with the constitutional prohibition referred to unchanged, the legislature could not give to the people of Texas any banking system to supply the necessities of business and commerce. It therefore becomes advisable for your honorable body to submit a constitutional amendment in obedience to the expressed will of the people on this subject.

Public Education.

The declaration in the state constitution that, "A general diffusion of knowledge is essential to the liberties and rights of the people;" and demanding that the legislature shall make suitable provision for the support and maintenance of an efficient system of public free schools for a period of not less than six months of each year, can never be consistantly lost sight of nor overlooked by the people's worthy representatives. The demand that this provision shall be complied with is but just and reasonable. The people have also, through their convention, declared that the University and its branches and the other public educational institutions must be appropriately endowed and maintained.

For full information on the subject of public education, the attention of your honorable bodies is respectfully called to the able, elaborate and interesting reports of the superintendent of public instruction, of the boards of managers of the Sam Houston Normal Institute, located at Huntsville, of the Prairie View Normal Institute, at Hempstead, of the A. and M. College, at Bryan, of the Regents of the University, at Austin, and of the medical branch thereof at Galveston. Each of these several reports deserve investigation, for they have been made by men well versed in these public institutions, familiar with their necessities. With just pride the state has supported each of these public schools, and as a result the people are daily receiving from them benefits far beyond computation that must grow in importance year by year as the state itself moves on to leadership among her sisters. Most of these institutions are in a healthful, prosperous conditions, yet are demanding, of necessity, increased appropriations to meet the exigencies of the times. As the state grows, the public schools and higher educational institutions expand to keep apace with her greatness. Their encouragement in all respects must spring from the honor and pride of the people whose liberality towards them in the past vouchsafes for them success in the future.

Mechanics' Liens.

The people through their convention last August, also adopted the following platform:

"19. We pledge the enactment of a law to more justly and perfectly secure the liens of mechanics, material-men, artisans and laborers." A revision of the laws now voluminous and inadequate on this subject to more justly protect the wage-workers, material-men and mechanics, becomes important in view of the demands and the existing defects in the statute thereon. It is therefore called respectfully to the attention of your honorable bodies, with the full confidence that all appropriate, needful remedies will be adopted.

Convict Labor.

Another important declaration by the people is to be found in the following expression through their platform:

"21. We believe the custom of hiring out and leasing penal convicts to corporations and private persons to be against public policy."

By message to the first session of the 22nd legislature this question was presented, pointing out the evils apparent in the present system of permitting convicts to be leased or hired out in any respect whatever. Reference to the report of the superintendent of penitentiaries will disclose the advantage of working them upon State account over the custom of

leasing and hiring them out. There are two paramount objects that should be kept in view in the control and operation of the penitentiary convicts: First, to carry out the objects of punishment for crime; and, second, to avoid as far as possible, placing the convicts in competition with free labor. Experience teaches that the former object is as impossible as the latter has proven to be impracticable. The object of penal punishment is to suppress crime and to reform the offender. It is quite doubtful if crime can be suppressed or the reformation of the offender accomplished by permitting the convicts to be worked for hire by private parties or corporations. At best it is difficult to reform the criminal element, and this trouble cannot be relieved by exposing the prisoners in chains to the public gaze while they are working upon railroads and private farms removed so far from the wholesome effect of prison discipline and moral influence that may be so conveniently thrown around them while working on State account. The trouble seems to be that the State now has more convicts than it is capable of keeping within the walls of the two penitentiaries, or of working upon the farms she now operates.

General Subjects—Taxation.

It is a fundamental principle of good government that taxation shall be equal and uniform, without discrimination in favor of or against any individual or class. To equalize taxes in this state, property values must be levelled up. Invidious discrimination in the valuation of property produces unequal taxation.

Without entering into a full discussion of this important question affecting the public welfare, the following suggestions are respectfully made that may be improved upon by the wisdom of your honorable bodies:

1. Fix the minimum value of lands, below which the assessor shall not accept it for taxation.
2. Prohibit county assessors from accepting urban property at less than the value rendered to the city assessor for municipal purposes.
3. Direct that the assessor shall not accept any property at less than the amount for which it stands mortgaged.
4. Tax insurance companies on the amount of the business done annually.
5. Increase the permit tax on all foreign corporations doing business in the state. Let it be made an annual tax on the franchise.
6. Impose an annual occupation tax upon all persons who sell or offer for sale pistols, bowie knives, dirks and daggers.
7. Place a tax upon all persons engaged in the manufacture or sale of all classes of cigarettes and the material used therefor.
8. Levy a tax upon every telephone used, to be paid annually by the company owning or controlling them.
9. Impose an occupation tax on each sleeping, palace or dining-room car company, and on all companies leasing or renting cars to railway companies for any purpose whatever; or better still, adopt the Pennsylvania law on this subject. Make the right of the companies to do business in this state depend on payment of the tax.
10. Tax rectifiers and brewers.

It is confidently believed that by a judicious application of these measures, property values may be levelled up; taxes more nearly equalized, and many who are now escaping taxation may be forced to pay their just dues to the government, and as a consequence the ad valorem tax of the state, though now very low, can remain without any necessity of increase.

Criminal Laws.

The codes of criminal law and criminal procedure in the main are strong, simple and efficacious. With a few amendments to the law of homicide and governing charges of trial courts on all questions of crime on the line presented and advocated by message to the first session of the 22nd legislature to which reference is here made, the codes would be quite unexceptionable. There has never been and can never be, in sound justice and principle, any reasonable excuse for civilized people to permit technical complications to remain in the way of the conviction of men who are guilty of the highest crime known to their laws. The law of murder can be so simplified that the offender cannot escape on technicalities any more for that high crime than he could for stealing a horse. But when the court has to charge on murder of the two degrees man-slaughter and justifiable or excusable homicide in nearly every trial for murder, to jurors not of trained and discriminating minds who must pass upon the varied questions arising from so many delicate features of the law, it is not at all astonishing that so many of that class of the worst criminals escape. A revision of the jury system so as to remove most of the exemptions and disqualifications that now necessarily place a premium on ignorant and professional jurors, would tend greatly to eradicate the existing evil. When a person unlawfully kills another, he should be certain of a speedy fair, public trial before an intelligent jury without the hope of escape by artfully dodging through a meshwork of technicalities.

It may not be inappropriate here to state that when, from a maudlin sentiment or other less commendable spirit, the people of any country permit offenders against the gaming and other misdemenor laws, including those regulating the liquor traffic, to go unpunished in their open and defiant criminal course, they must expect and be prepared to submit to the frequent shock of their feelings of humanity by the crack of the assassin's gun. It is as necessary to enforce one law as another. An officer who neglects or refuses to perform his duties in the suppression of the minor offenses is none too good to connive at higher crimes or to avoid all responsibility in relation to their prevention. Reform in the suppression of crime, like that of all other reform movements, must begin at the bottom. A fair demonstration of this law is in full public view, for here in the capitol city all the misdemeanor laws have been more rigidly enforced for the past two years than in any other city in the State; and as a consequence there have been less crimes of the graver class committed and less beggers and tramps roving around within its limits during that period than in most any other city of equal size in the south. This example is a good one. Its emulation by all other communities will place Texas, in a short time, above all suspicion that her people are lawless.

Lotteries.

The corrupting influence of lotteries, permitted or maintained by neighbor state or countries, upon a great class of Texas people, cannot be overlooked. The constitution provides that the legislature shall pass laws prohibiting the establishment of lotteries and gift enterprises in this state, as well as the sale of tickets in lotteries, gift enterprises and other evasions involving the lottery principle established or existing in other states. In some respects the law on this subject is good enough. To give it full effect, however, it would be well to make every one who deals in lottery tickets or in any way represents a lottery company or sells or negotiates or transmits any money to or from a lottery shall be guilty of a criminal offense named in the law. In addition to this, any express company or othe corporation doing business in this state that shall transmit packages, letters, money or documents of any character whatsoever to or from any lottery company or its representatives or agents, shall pay a heavy penalty to the state on the action of any county or district attorney or the attorney general; and shall in addition thereto be excluded from doing business within the state (if a foreign corporation), and if a domestic one, forfeit its charter. There is a way to exclude these instruments of public debauchery from the state, and the legislature certainly can, and it is hoped, will rise to the emergency of the occasion.

Stock Quarantine.

A well regulated quarantine system for the protection of the stock interests of this state against infectious and epidemic diseases, as well as to guard the citizens against hardships imposed on them by the quarantine laws of the federal government and neighboring states, was advised by message to the special session of the last legislature, but no further action was taken on the subject. Your attention is respectfully called to the importance of this matter with the hope that the interests involved may so assert themselves that suitable legislation at this session to protect them may be the result.

World's Fair.

It has been a source of deep regret to many worthy citizens throughout the state that Texas cannot be represented at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago at public expense; yet this feeling has given way to the grander element of pride which will lead a patriotic people on to respect the provisions of the constitution on that subject and to uphold and maintain it sacredly, and at the same time have their state properly represented at that great exposition. Many of those misinformed have all along supposed that the legislature would make suitable provision for Texas to be represented there; but an investigation of the constitution prohibiting the like has dispelled every hope in that direction. At last, the good people, imbued with a commendable patriotic spirit, must and will resort to their private means by contributions to enable the generous women who have undertaken the task, and see that Texas is honorably and efficiently represented on that occasion. Too much praise cannot be offered in honor of such patriotism. While this legislature cannot make appropriations to defray any of the expenses incident to the exhibit of the state at the World's Fair, it can pass a law authorizing the commissioner of insurance, statistics and history to loan, on sufficient guarantee of their return, such exhibits, relics and articles of interest as may be within his department to the duly constituted agents of the state association having the World's Fair management in charge. This can be done clear of expense to the state, without violation of the constitution, and with much to her advantage in all respects.

The importance of this enterprise should not be underestimated by the people nor their representatives; for, in the great struggle for the promotion, enlightenment and success of progress and happiness among the masses, no state possessed of grand and varied resources can afford to fail in having proper representation at this exposition, participated in and supported by the people of the United States and of the civilized world.

Condition of the State.

As to law and order, except in two or three cities Texas is taking first rank in the American union. In material development she has been second to none of the southern states within the past two years. Official reports show that within this time over sixteen million dollars have been invested in new material industries, and three hundred and twenty-three miles of railroad constructed, equipped and put in running operation in the state. To-day she presents the example of a free government without a pool, a trust or a combination to stifle competition in trade, and the criminal element convinced that no part of her territory is an asylum for them. Taxes have been decreased twenty-five per cent so that they are now lower than in any other southern state; the rate of interest reduced two per cent, the public debt paid when due, the charitable and all public institutions efficiently maintained without [illegible] public health protected from infections and epidemic diseases and the people generally are prosperous, and tramps are rarely ever seen. There have been less failures in mercantile circles, and more universal prosperity diffused throughout every avenue and circle among the masses than the state has witnessed in many years before.

Conclusion.

Your honorable body must make or repeal the laws. You are vested with exclusive power on this respect, limited only by constitutional provisions. The people have wisely confided this trust to you, not with the view of having amendments passed to every existing statute, cival and criminal, but to have their interests promoted in the adoption of such new laws as may be necessary, or by perfecting or repealing those now in existence consistent with their material demands and general welfare.

The enforcement of the laws left with other officials. The governor, under she constitution, is required to see that they are faithfully executed. In the future as in the past he will perform his duty in this respect to the end that the guarantees of the constitution to every citizen, without respect to his condition, his color, nationality or surroundings, shall be sacredly preserved.

In most respects Texas has been blessed with wholesome laws to insure tranquility and peace among the citizens, that guard all their rights under the constitution, and preserve and tend to improve public morals.

After you shall have adjourned, the executive must, in good faith, accept your work as a consummation of the will of the people, and to it he will bow reverently with great respect, and with fidelity perform his duties under the constitution. When economically administered, that government is best which neither overrides nor recedes from the full performance of its constitutional obligation to the citizen. The paramount governmental duty is to obey and enforce the law.

Invoking Divine blessing on your labors, in full confidence that a spirit of conservatism will attend your deliberations, and that the people's demands in all respects will be obeyed, each member of your honorable bodies is hereby extended the freedom of the executive office at all times, and my services are at your command, to aid in the important working before you.

J. S. HOGG,
Governor of Texas.

Death and Burial of George Clark.

[Communicated.]

George Clark was assassinated on the 8th day of November, 1892, by James Stephen Hogg and his allies, the Democratic party in the great state of Texas. He was as brave a man as ever entered the field of politics, and posed as the champion of modern Democracy. He made a brave fight, but his cause was a hopeless one and he was forced to yield, after a desperate struggle, to the great inevitable, and we extend to his bereaved family, the Republican party, our most sincere sympathy and condolence. In the death of this great man Texas will mourn the loss of her greatest statesman and most patriotic citizen. George was an exemplary man of many virtues, and Lord Chesterfield alone was the proud possessor of fewer vices than the Little Giant, and his cup was so full of patriotism that he met with pride his enemy upon the field of political conflict, where he was transposed from this life of hope and expectation into the depths of despair, disappointment and political oblivion. Sic transit gloria mundi. And when the immortal spirit of the giant Warwick shall have wafted its way upon the wings of defeat and vain despair, and has arrived at the golden gates of the elysian fields of sweet seclusion, then he can sadly look back and proclaim: This world is but a bubble, etc.

Cuney said George was ambitious, and Cuney was an honorable man;

H DAILY MAIL

SDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1893.

THE MESSAGE

President Cleveland Reviews the Financial Situation.

CAUSED BY DISTRUST.

The Sherman Act Did Not Accomplish What Its Friends Expected.

We Should Have a Stable Currency,

As We Cannot Claim a Place Among the Nations of the World With Our Finances Based on a Depreciated Money.

TARIFF REFORM IS SECONDARY.

The Repeal of the Sherman Purchasing Act Recommended in Order That the Financial Condition May be Improved—A Grand State Paper.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—Early in the day it became apparent that the time of the house would be consumed in hearing the president's message and deciding preliminary questions of organization, and that no substantial progress could today be made in entering upon the financial discussion.

When the house met the opening prayer of the new chaplain was brief. The reading of the journal of yesterday was a monotonous proceeding and consumed over half an hour. Immediately after the reading of the journal the president's message having arrived a recess until 12:45 was taken.

When the house reconvened at 12:45, the president's message was communicated to congress and read by the clerk of the house as follows:

The Message.

To the congress of the United States:—The existence of the alarming and extraordinary business situation involving the welfare and prosperity of all our people, has constrained me to call together in extra session the peoples representatives in congress, to the end that their wise and patriotic exercises of the legislative duty with which they solely are charged, present evils may be mitigated and the dangers threatening the future may be averted.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION.

Our unfortunate financial plight is not the result of untoward events nor of conditions related to our natural resources, nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment and with satisfactory assurance to business enterprise, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side. Numerous moneyed institutions have suspended because abundant assets were not immediately available to meet the demands of frightened depositors, surviving corporations and individuals are content to keep in hand money they are usually anxious to loan, and those engaged in legitimate business are surprised to find that securities they offer for loans, though heretofore satisfactory, are no longer accepted. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural, and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business.

THE CAUSE OF IT.

I believe these things are principally chargeable to congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general government. This legislation is embodied in a statute passed on the 14th day of July, 1890, which was the culmination of much agitation on the subject involved, and which may be considered a truce after a long struggle between the advocates of free silver coinage and those intending to be more conservative.

Undoubtedly monthly purchases by the government of four million and five hundred thousand ounces of silver enforced under that statute were regarded by those interested in the silver production as a certain guaranty of its increase in price. The result, however, has been entirely different, for immediately following a spasmodic and slight rise the price of silver began to fall after the passage of the act and has since reached the lowest points ever known. This disappointing result has lead to renewed and presistent effort in the direction of free silver coinage.

THE EFFECTS.

Meanwhile, not only are the evil effects of the operation of the present law constantly accumulating, but the result to which its execution must inevitable lead is becoming palpable to all who give the least heed to financial subjects. This law provides that in payment for four million and five hundred thousand ounces of silver bullion which the secretary of the treasury is commanded to purchase monthly, there shall be issued treasury notes redeemable on demand in gold or silver coin at discretion of the secretary of the treasury and that said notes may be reissued.

PARITY OF SILVER AND GOLD.

It is however declared in the act to be "the established policy of the United States, to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other on the present legal ratio or such ratio as may be provided by law." This declaration so controls the actions of the secretary of the treasury as to prevent his exercise of the discretion nominally vested in him if by such action the parity between gold and silver may be disturbed. Manifestly, the refusal by the secretary to pay these treasury notes in gold, if demanded, would necessarily result in their discredit and depreciation as obligations payable only in silver, and would destroy the parity between the two metals by establishing a discrimination in favor of gold.

Up to the 15th day of July, 1893, these notes had been issued in payment of silver bullion purchases to the amount of more than $147,000,000. While all but a very small quantity of this bullion remains uncoined and without usefulness in the treasury, many of the notes given in its purchase have been paid in gold. This is illustrated by the statement that between the first day of May, 1892, and the fifteenth day of July, 1893, notes of this kind issued in payment for silver bullion amounted to a little more than fifty-four millions of dollars, and that during the same period about forty-nine millions of dollars were paid by the treasury in gold for the redemption of such notes.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

The policy necessarily adopted of paying these notes in gold has not spared the gold reserve of one hundred millions of dollars long ago set aside by the government for the redemption of other notes, for this fund has already been subjected to the payment of new obligations amounting to about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars on account of silver purchases, and has as a consequence for the first time since its creation been encroached upon. We have thus made the depletion of our gold easy and have tempted other and more appreciative nations to add it to their stock. That the opportunity we have offergd has not been neglected is shown by the large amounts of gold which have been recently drawn from our treasury and exported to increase the financial strength of foreign nations.

GOLD AND SILVER.

The excess of exports of gold over its imports for the year ending June 30th, 1893, amounted to more than eighty-seven and a half millions of dollars. Between the first day of July, 1890, and the fifteenth day of July, 1893, gold coin and bullion in our treasury decreased more than one hundred and thirty-two millions of dollars, while during the same period silver coin and bullion in the treasury increased more than one hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars. Unless government bonds are to be constantly issued and sold to replenish our exhausted gold, only to be again exhausted it, is apparent that the operation of the silver purchase law now in force leads in the direction of the entire substitution of silver for gold in the government treasury, and that this must be followed by the payment of all government obligations in depreciated silver. At this stage gold and silver must part company and the government must fail in its established policy to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other. Given over to the conclusive use of a currency greatly depreiated, according to the standard of the commercial world, we could no longer claim the place among nations of the first class, nor could our government claim performance of its obligations so far as such an obligation has been imposed upon it to provide for the use of the people the best and safest money.

THE UNITED STATES CANNOT ACT ALONE.

If, as many of its friends claim, silver ought to occupy the larger place in our currency and the currency of the world through a general international co-operation and agreement, it is obvious that the United States will not be in a position to gain a hearing in favor of such an arrangement so long as we are willing to continue our attempt to accomplish a result single-handed.

Knowledge in business circles among our own people that our government cannot make its fiat equevelant to the intrinsic value nor keep inferior money on a parity with superior money by its independent efforts has resulted in such a lack of confidence at home and the instability of currency values that capital refuses its aid to new enterprises while millions are actually withdrawn from the channels of trade and commerce to lie idle and unproductive in the hands of owners. Foreign investors equally alert not only decline to purchase American securities but make haste to sacrifice those which they already have It does not meet the situation to say that apprehension in regard to the future of our finances is groundless and that there is no reason for the lack of confidence in the purposes or power of our government in the premises. The very existence of this apprehension and lack of confidence, however caused, is a menace which ought not for a moment to be disregarded. Possibly if the undertaking we have in hand were the maintenance of a specific or known quantity of silver at a parity with gold our ability to do so might be estimated and gauged, and perhaps in view of our unparalleled growth and resources might be favorably passed upon; but when our avowed endeavor is to maintain such parity in regard to an amount of silver increasing at the rate of $50,000,000 yearly, with no fixed determination to such increase, it can hardly be said that the problem is presented whose solution is free from doubt.

SOUND AND STABLE CURRENCY.

The people of the United States are entitled to a sound and stable currency and to money recognized as such on every exchange and in every market of the world. Their government has no right to injure them by financial experiments opposed to the policy and practice of other civilized states, nor is it justified in permitting an exaggerated and unreasonable reliance on our national strength and ability to jeopardize the soundness of the people's money. This matter rises above the plane of party politics; it concerns every business and calling and enters every household in the land.

There it one important aspect of the subject which is especially should never overlooked.

At times like the present when the evils of unsound finance threaten us speculator may anticipate the harvest gathered from the misfortune of others; the capitalists may protect himself by hording or may even find profit in the fluctuation of values but the wage earner, the first to be injured by a depreciated currency and the last to receive the benefit of its correction, is practically defenseless. He relies for work upon ventures of confident and contented capital. This failing him his condition is without alleviation for he can neither prey on the misfortunes of others nor hoard his labor. One of the greatest statesmen our country has ever known, speaking more than fifty years ago when the derangement of currency had caused commercial distress said:

"The very man of all others who has the deepest interest in sound currency and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil."

These words are as pertinent now as on the day they were uttered, and ought to impressively remind us that a failure in the discharge of our duty at this time must especially injure those of our countrymen who labor and who, because of their number and condition, are entitled to the most watchful care of their government.

IMMEDIATE ACTION NEEDED.

It is of the utmost importance that such relief as congress can afford in the existing situation be afforded at once. The maxim, he gives twice who gives quickly, is directly applicable. It may be true that embarrassments from which the business of the country is suffering arise as much from evils apprehended as from those actually existing. We may hope, too, that calm counsels will prevail, and that neither capitalists nor wage-earners will give way to unreasoning panic and sacrifice their property or their interests under the influence of exaggerated fears. Nevertheless, every day's delay in removing one of the plain and principal causes of the present state of things enlarges the mischief already done and increases the responsibility of the government for its existence. Whatever else the people have a right to expect from congress, they may certainly demand that legislation condemned by an ordeal of three years disastrous experience shall be removed from the statute book as soon as their representatives can legitimately deal with it.

TARIFF COMES SECOND.

It was my purpose to summon congress in special session early in the coming September that we might enter promptly upon the work of tariff reform which the

true interests of the country clearly demands, which so large a majority of the people, as shown by their suffarages, desire and expect and to the accomplishment of which every effort of the present administration is pledged. But while the tariff reform has lost nothing of its immediate and permanent importance and must in the near future engage the attention of congress it has seemed to me that the financial condition of the country should at once and before all other subjects be considered by your honorable body.

REPEAL THE SHERMAN ACT.

I earnestly recommend the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion and that other legislative action may put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention and ability of the government to fulfill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries.

GROVER CLEVELAND,
Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., August 5, 1893.

Th message was listened to with intense interest during the entire reading, and there was a dead silence in the house. There were a number of broad smiles on the Republican side at the president's allusion to tariff reform as a secondary issue just at this time, but at the conclusion of the message it was applauded by the Democrats

THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—After the morning routine the senate took a recess until 12:45, to await the arrival of the president's message.

Cleveland's Ten Commandments.

[Morgan's Buzz Saw.]

1. I am Grover, thy political master, which brought thee in sight of the political pie counter. Thou shalt have no other political bosses but me. Thou shalt not take unto thyselves any image of Jefferson or Jackson, or of Bland or Bryan, or any likeness of any thing democratic, either in office or out of office; thou shalt not bow thyself down to them, for I am a jealous boss, and will withhold official pie from them which despise my authority, even unto the the third generation.

2. Remember the election day. vote early and late, for that is the day of all days that maketh me great.

3. Seven days shalt thou work, and part of the nights if necessary. Thou shalt not rest, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man servant, nor thy maid servant nor thy horses or cattle or pigs, nor the stranger that is within thy gates, for the mortgage and the corporations and the trusts ceaseth not their demands, and they must be supplied by the earnings of thy labor.

4. Honor thy father and thy mother, who voted the straight ticket and asked no questions. Remember that our party is harmonious on one question, that of voting the ticket straight, that our days may be long in office, and that we may continue the feast of the good things thereof.

5. Thou shalt not kill "under substantianlly similar circumstances over the same line in the same direction".

6. Thou shalt not commit adultery, unless you become very lonesome and have some social standing. In case you are discovered and the matter comes into court, lay the sin on the woman, like Adam and the Kentucky statesman.

7. Thou shalt not steal, unless you get a chance. The safest way is to own a stock in trusts and railroads. Lamont can tell you all about it he manages these things for me. The result is very satisfactory.

8. Thou shalt tell all the political lies you can think of that the associated press don't tell. There is no better investment than in a good batch of political lies. They thrive well, planted among the masses, in any climate. They should be well watered with the rural partisan press. The country newspapers will water them free of charge and furnish their own watering can. I would suggest variety and rotation The same old lie wont raise more than forty-nine good crops in the same soil.

9. If you want to be in the swim covet everything thy neighbor has: house, his farm, his manservant, his maidenservant, his wife, his ox, his ass, his pigs, goats and chickens, his hen coops and beehives, his horses and mules and milch-cows, his overcoat and undercoat, his watch and his wife's piano, his wagons and his plows, his potatoes and turnips, his corn in the field his corn in the crib and the corn he will make next year, everything that thy neighbor has or expects to have; fasten it down with a mortgage and the interest will take care of anything you happen to omit.

10. Thou shalt not have any more money, neither of silver nor of greenbacks, nor of silver certificates; but of bank notes thou shalt have such as the banker sees fit to loan you. For I, your boss and political master. have said it, and my word shall not return unto me. I am what I am.

When I speak, Congress, which is my footstool, trembleth in his boots; I go forth in the morning and the cuckoos sing songs of praise. Their words are music to my ears, and verily I will feather their nests. I return in the evening and the cuckoo flocks have increased in numbers. Verily, the cuckoo is a nice bird, and flourisheth on American soil.

With one foot on the neck of the American Eagle, and the other resting on the National Democratic Platform, and amidst the applause of the flapping of wings of the cuckoo tribe, I, Grover Cleveland, have this first day of April, A. D., 1894, and in the second year of my second reign, issued the above Ten Commandments, which in the future as well as in the past, will serve as a basis of political action.

THE MEN GOT TO WORK AS AS THEY MET AND THE BULLETS FLEW.

THE RESULT OF BAYLOR FEUD

CAPT. DAVIS' DAUGHTERS WERE IN THE INSTITUTION AND HE RESENTED CRITICISMS.

DAVIS' ANTE MORTEM STATEMENT

Declares That Brann Approached Him and Called Him Names—Brann Is Too Weak to Talk.

Waco, Tex., April 1.—In the midst of busy preparations for city election meetings while bands were playing and scattering handbills from their decorated vans calling the people together, W. C. Brann, editor of the Iconoclast, and Capt. M. T. Davis met and fought a revolver duel to death.

The combatants met just at 6 o'clock this afternoon on South Fourth street, in front of the Cotton Belt ticket office, and after exchanging a few words, both drew and began emptying their revolvers into each other's bodies.

When the battle was over, Brann was found to be perforated in the left lung, the left leg, and the right foot. Davis was shot through the right lung and through both of his arms. The surgeons say both men are likely to die.

The difficulty between the two men grew out of the Brann-Baylor feud of last year. Capt. Davis' daughters are pupils of Baylor university and the references made in the Iconoclast to Baylor, which were generally construed to mean reflections on the moral character of pupils and faculty, brought forth from Capt. Davis denunciation of Brann delivered in language most forcible and direct.

In the city campaign now in progress, Capt. Davis is the chairman of one of the managing committees and was active all day in the duties that position entailed. Election day is close at hand and excitement was high.

The Apostle Brann was an advocate of the candidate Capt. Davis was seeking to defeat and that state of affairs contributed in no small extent to the meeting. Politics, however, was not the chief cause by any means.

About a month ago, before the city campaign opened, a friend of Brann's referred to him in complimentary terms in the presence of Capt. Davis, and nearly provoked a row then and there. Remarks on that occasion made by Capt. Davis as to the Iconoclast and its editor were repeated, it is said, in Brann's hearing and Brann's rejoinder carried to Capt. Davis.

This episode stirred up the men against each other and increased the bitterness between them which began when the Brann-Baylor trouble arose and grew intense, when the Gerald-Harris tragedy occurred last November. It was often predicted that when the Apostle Brann and Capt. Davis met, there would be bloodshed, Capt. Davis being a fearless man and ready on all occasions to express himself. The publications of Brann against Baylor university wounded him deeply and he took every occasion to make his feelings known.

This afternoon Brann and his business manager, W. H. Ward, were on the opposite side of the street from the Cotton Belt office, and were seen crossing the street together, going in the direction of French's book store, Capt. Davis' office being between the book store and the Cotton Belt office.

When Brann and Ward reached the front of the book store Capt. Davis was in front of his office. The words that passed between them were terms of reproach and they lost no time in getting out their weapons.

About ten seconds were occupied in the shooting, at the end of which Brann and Davis lay bleeding and Will H. Ward, Brann's business manager, was shot through the right hand, the bones being shattered.

A wild bullet hit Motorman Kennedy on the knee. Kennedy was passing on his street car. Another wild bullet hit Eugene Kepler in the foot. The wild bullet wounds are not serious. Eugene Kepler and his partner, Prince, are touring the world on a wager and had just reached Waco.

The reporter visited the Apostle Brann since he was shot. He was at home on a couch, surrounded by surgeons, his intellectual face white as snow. His wife and many friends were with him. He is too weak to talk and is probably past surgery, although the doctors say there is some slight chance for him.

Capt. Tom Davis was taken to the Pacific hotel and is regarded as mortally wounded, his right lung being lacerated.

Both men are bleeding internally and are faint. Capt. Davis made a dying statement in which he recited the particulars given above as to his feelings concerning Brann, and added that Brann accompanied by Ward approached him at the Pacific hotel and applied epithets to him. Capt. Davis' dying deposition states that Brann came to the front of his (Davis') office and addressed him. That Brann was drawing his pistol when he (Davis) drew and got in the first shot. Mr. Ward, Brann's business manager, who was shot in the hand, is under arrest. At a late hour both men were alive, but appear to be sinking.

There were many eye-witnesses of the shooting, among them this reporter. Apostle Brann stood bolt erect and delivered his shots with a double-action revolver in quick succession, aiming deliberately at Capt. Davis' breast. Capt. Davis had been both a railroad man and a cowboy. He is noted for nerve and courage. Brann had been told that Capt. Davis had it in for him, and was liable to open on him any minute, when the two men faced each other and began shooting neither appeared to desire to avoid the shots of the other. Neither sought shelter. They stood up facing each other on the sidewalk less than ten feet apart, Capt. Davis' position being nearly in front of the Cotton Belt offices and that of Brann nearly in front of the book store, the front of Capt. Davis' office being between the two points occupied by the shootists and thus they poured it into each other until both fell.

Capt. Davis is a heavyweight, beardless and has steel-blue eyes, as he lay on the sidewalk bleeding a fierce smile was on his face, and his eyes flashed fire. His hatred of Brann since the reflections of Baylor university has been deadly. He said since he was shot, "I had a cause and I am willing to die."

It is not known that Ward, the business manager, fired a shot, but he was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Lockwood and will be held for investigation. He was beside his friend Brann throughout the shooting and after the shooting. When the reporter saw Mr. Ward his hand had been dressed and he was smoking a cigar. He said that the tragedy was of such sudden occurence he could give no description of it nor the circumstances causing the act. The Iconoclast for April has not yet been sent out for delivery. Prof. L. Eyeth, one of Brann's assistants, said to the reporter: "The Iconoclast to appear this week contains nothing to provoke this tragedy."

The excitement of the people subsided after it became pretty generally understood that the tragedy was the result of an old quarrel and not attributed to the city election. Brann favors the cause of Mayor McCulloch, but has not been concerning himself publicly with the campaign. Only his nearest friends have heard him express himself on the election. Capt. Davis has been most active for Candidate Connor. He was at the head of the campaign committee and a few minutes before the shooting he was directing preparations for the central Connor meeting to-night. He did not expect to fight to-day. He was once a conductor on the Houston and Texas Central. His father, Tom Davis, deceased, was one of the pioneers of McLennan county. Capt. Davis is owner of valuable property in and near Waco. It was thought best not to attempt to move him home and his wife and children are with him at the Pacific hotel. His dying statement was taken by County Clerk Joney Jones and Assistant County Attorney J. T. Sluder. The scene at his bedside is very touching. His little daughter flew to him when she heard of the shooting and her grief was very painful to witness.

In his statement, made in the presence of county officials, Capt. Davis describes his passing about, going to the transfer stable and returning with a halt at Tom Waite's and describes the conduct of Brann and Ward when he passed them. They followed him; Capt. Davis says, from a point opposite his office, crossing over to where he stood. Brann applied epithets and drew. Capt. Davis' pistol, he says, hung in the scabbard. He returned the fire and was shot, his statements set forth, after he was down. "The reason Brann shot me," says Capt. Davis' dying statement, "was that I am loyal to my town and always express myself."

Brann is much the weaker of the two and may not live through the night. All public meetings to-night were declared off.

The shooting this afternoon in which Apostle W. C. Brann and Capt. Tom E. Davis shot each other, probably mortally, is the second tragedy at Waco to be attributed to Brann's publications in the Iconoclast concerning Baylor university. The first was the famous three-cornered duel of Nov. 19 last year, in which Col. G. B. Gerald, a defender of Brann, fought and slew J. W. Harris and W. A. Harris. In the Gerald-Harris duel W. S. Jasper, a colored man, was shot in the leg by a wild bullet. The Harris brothers are sleeping in a double grave at Oakwood and Col. Gerald stands charged by indictment with killing them. His trial is to come up before Judge Scott at the present term of the court.

The testimony of the eye-witnesses conflicts. The tragedy arose and passed like a flash when no one was prepared. Capt. Davis thought he had two men to fight and he went to work with a will. Brann's reputation as a fighter was at a discount here, but in his last battle he exhibited the required mettle. Shelter was at hand, but he scorned it. He stood like a soldier and gave shot for shot. As he lay to-night when The News reporter called with the cold dew on his lofty brow, realizing fully that the sands of his life are fast flowing out, he showed fortitude and exalted courage, consenting to death and conquering agony with splendid will power. He had the faculty of making close friends and deadly enemies. Those standing about him love him tenderly and admire his genius. They will feel when he dies that a great man is gone. Internal hemorrhage is carrying him off, and he is likely to die before sunrise.

Prof. Kehlor, the musician who was shot in the foot by a stray bullet, is suffering much pain. The ball is lodged between the bones.

Half an hour past midnight Capt. Davis was resting under the influence of anaesthetics with the chances against him. The probability is that two funerals will result from the duel in which W. C. Brann, the Apostle, and Capt. Tom E. Davis were the principals.

There were many points of similarity between the two tragedies.

At 1:45 a. m. the editor of the Iconoclast passed away at his home.

DAVIS IS DEAD

BRANN'S ANTAGONIST PASSED AWAY AT HIS HOME AFTER MUCH SUFFERING.

THE FEUD IS OVER

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY TROUBLES BELIEVED TO BE OVER AT LAST.

THEY BOTH DIED GAME

THEY MET FACE TO FACE AND SHOT OUT ALL THEIR BITTERNESS AND HATE.

TWO DEATH BED SCENES.

SURROUNDED BY WIVES, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS THEY DIED IN AGONY.

TELEGRAMS FROM BRANN'S FRIENDS

Expressions of Condolence and Sympathy from Many Places in Texas and Out of It.

Waco, Tex., April 2.—Capt. Tom E. Davis, Brann's antagonist in the terrible street duel yesterday, lingered until nearly 3 o'clock this afternoon. His death was calm and his deportment to the last characteristic of his life, manly and brave. He knew from the first his wounds were mortal. When he sank to the sidewalk under Brann's bullets, his antagonist (Brann), though bleeding from several wounds, was not fatally hurt.

Capt. Davis rolled over on his side and fired upward, inflicting death on his adversary with his last shot. He saw Brann reel and fall into the arms of the policeman, then he smiled a fierce, bitter smile, and seemed reconciled. His thoughts were on Brann's Baylor university screeds, and he felt avenged.

THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE WACO DUEL.

W. C. BRANN. CAPT. TOM E. DAVIS.

Capt. Davis' fatal wound involved the kidneys. Those organs were paralyzed, and hence his death, which came so slow after lingering anguish, which he bore with astonishing fortitude. Capt. Davis, at his death, was 42 years of age. His father, Judge James F. Davis, deceased, was one of the earliest lawyers in practice in this region. The first case recorded in McLennan county Judge Davis appeared in, and he continued in active practice until his death, ten years ago.

Capt. Tom Davis was a cowboy for years, and later in life was a freight conductor on the Austin and Northwestern railway. His wife was Miss Mary Winship. There are six children living. The oldest son, James F. Davis, named for his grandfather, is 19. The oldest daughters are Misses Florence and Mattie, who are pupils at Baylor university. There are three other daughters, who are the youngest of the family.

The wife and her six children were at the deathbed of the husband and father. Such a scene can better be imagined than described. Mrs. Davis and the children had many friends at hand vainly offering comfort. Their wild grief rended the hearts of strangers at the hotel.

Capt. Davis was over 6 feet tall and weighed nearly 200 pounds. His strength was remarkable. In his boyhood, as a buffalo hunter, Indian fighter and all-around frontiersman, he won the admiration of Gen. Sul Ross, who knew how to appreciate such qualities. Capt. Davis was deeply interested in the city election, and had given himself up to the work. He was making a hot canvass until within ten minutes of the bloody duel in which he lost his life and inflicted death on his foe. He did not expect to meet Brann, and when the latter accosted him first he was unarmed. He hurried to his office, got his pistol, and when he stepped out of the door of his office he met Brann and Ward face to face and the battle began. The men were bitter foes, and fought it out together after their own fashion, making a bloody ending of a fierce feud, which terminates now and tranquilizes the city, after adding four men to the roll of violent deaths in Waco.

As soon as he was dead the remains of Capt. Davis were removed to the family residence, the old Davis homestead, at the north end of Dallas street, East Waco, and there the funeral will take place to-morrow. The remains will be interred in First Street cemetery, close to the monuments of some of the pioneers of McLennan county, among them Judge James F. Davis, the famous veteran, the father of the gallant man who died to-day to avenge what he considered to be an insult to his children, which blood alone could atone.

THE DEATH OF BRANN.

The Apostle Passed Away at His Home.

Waco, Tex., April 2.—William Cooper Brann, the brilliant editor of the Iconoclast, is in his coffin at his residence on North Fifth street with masses of flowers heaped on the tables, on the floor, on the chairs and on the lid of the coffin.

Mrs. Brann, pale, wan and calm, is resting on a couch in the room above, looking like the effigy of woe in marble. Her friends are with her. She does not weep. Not a tear dims her eye.

The News reporter has had frequent occasions to call at the Brann residence and was permitted to enter the room and talk with the bereaved lady. The two children were present, Grace, aged 11, and William Carlisle Brann, aged 6.

Mrs. Brann said to the reporter: "My husband was an uncrowned king. He was not always understood. Tender and loving to me and to the children, great in his life and work, in his death the world suffers an irreparable loss. Yes; he was a king. He belongs to fame and to the world."

The lady continued talking for some minutes, recounting tender instances of recent occurrence in which her husband had manifested his deep love for her.

Mr. Brann secured tickets yesterday for himself and wife to go on a lecturing tour. The first lecture was to be given next Tuesday at Augusta, Ga. Miss Shaw and Miss Jessup were to keep house until Mrs. Brann's return and look after the children. When Brann and his wife parted yesterday afternoon she gave him several commissions to execute in the way of preparation for the trip and a carriage had been ordered to call at 6:30 this morning.

Brann reached home at 7 o'clock yesterday afternoon, bleeding from many wounds and nearly speechless. He had incurred much resentment by his writings and when the combat was in progress a cry of "lynch him" was raised. Policeman Sam Hall, who rushed, regardless of his own safety, between the duelists, assisted by others, when the fight ended conveyed Brann to the city hall as a measure of precaution. He had friends near and revolvers were seen in more hands than one. There were bitter enemies on hand, too, and fierce ejaculations were heard. When it was seen that Brann was dripping with blood and needed support to walk the angry cries were hushed. After getting attention from surgeons at the city hall he was removed to his home, where Mrs. Brann received him in dumb agony and tearless woe.

It was a fulfillment of a presentment long entertained. She was ready for just such an outcome to the protracted feud, which has heretofore filled Waco with wild passion, caused its streets to resemble a battlefield, dyed its sidewalks red and increased the number of graves at Oakwood.

As Brann drew nearer to his end his voice returned and he spoke in whispers to those about him. Mrs. Brann laid her hand on his brow and he said, "Who is it?" "It is me, love," she replied. "Oh, is it you?" the dying man whispered. "My dear, sweet little wife," he continued. Then he opened his eyes wide and smiled. "It is nothing," he said. "This will all pa

away. I will be better and we will walk together on the lawn just as we used to do."

Those were the last words of Brann, the Apostle, before he died. It was nearly 2 o'clock this morning when he breathed his last. The moon was shining on the lawn, on which his friends were assembled, 100 or more. A messenger galloped to the telegraph offices and the news was flashed over the wire.

The telegraph messengers have been kept busy to-day. Many messages came to Brann from friends whom the news of his death had not reached. Mrs. Brann and the business managers received many telegrams, some of which follow:

Dallas, Tex., April 2.—John S. Guerin, Waco: The world loses a genius, you a friend and Texas a brainy citizen. Sincere regret prevails here. NAT S. GREEN.

Houston, Tex., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco, Tex.: Our hearts go out to you in profound grief. DR. AND MRS. URWITZ.

St. Louis, Mo., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco, Tex.: Mrs. Reedy joins me in the most heartfelt condolences. To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

Commerce, Tex., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco, Tex.: Accept heartfelt sympathy. Dead, but his soul goes marching on. HARRY C. BAILEY.

Conway, Ark., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco, Tex.: In your bereavement accept sincere sympathy from your husband's admirers. AGEE & GANT.

Beaumont, Tex., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco, Tex.: Accept our sincere sympathy in your sad bereavement. The south loses its ablest journalist. E. LACEE AND U. S. VINCENT.

New Orleans, La., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco: My heart is with yours. Be brave. JULIA T. BISHOP.

Galveston, Tex., April 2.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco: Accept our deepest sympathy in the hour of your bereavement. MRS. F. PATERSON.

Many other telegrams of sympathy came, among others from G. A. Richards of Mobile, F. M. Ball of Cleburne and a joint dispatch signed by E. R. Robbins and O. S. Robbins of Vicksburg, Miss.

Mrs. Brann takes much comfort from being near the body. Her friends look with much anxiety to the time when the remains must be put away. They fear then that the lady's grief will arise in overpowering force. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Frank Page will conduct the services of the Episcopal church. Prof. J. D. Shaw will deliver an oration at the grave at Oakwood.

William Cooper Brann at his death was 44 years of age. He was born at Humoldt, Ill. His father, Col. Noble Brann, an aged man, still lives at Humboldt. Mrs. Brann, before her marriage with Mr. Brann in 1877, was Miss Carrie Martin of Rochelle, Ill. Brann did not complete his college course. His education was largely his wide reading and absorbing power. He strongly resembled Edgar Allen Poe's pictures, and had traits of character in common with Poe. A volume of Poe's poems was open on his desk, showing that it was part of his last reading.

Orders were sent ot-day to exhume the remains of the little daughter who died at Houston to be brought here and buried with her father.

Mrs. Brann will build her husband a monument. He leaves a fortune worth from $20,000 to $50,000, partly insurance policies. His copyrights on his books are considered valuable in addition to other assets.

Mrs. F. M. Marple of Fort Worth, Mrs. Brann's sister, arrived to-day.

WARD CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Brann's Business Manager Is in Jail at Waco.

Waco, Tex., April 2.—Will H. Ward, business manager of the Iconoclast, is in jail, charged by affidavit with murder. He was beside Mr. Brann during the combat and Capt. Davis, in his dying statement, accuses Ward of shooting him as he lay on the sidewalk.

In his declaration Capt. Davis stated that both Ward and Brann shot him after he fell. Deputy Constable Cliff Torrence went before Justice W. H. Davis to-day and made affidavit, charging Mr. Ward with murder. He had been arrested before the affidavit by the deputy constable was made. Last night he was arrested charged with assault to commit murder. Under the new affidavit he will be held in jail for a preliminary hearing.

A great many witnesses will testify at the hearing of Mr. Ward and there will be conflicting testimony. All the witnesses will testify that Ward and Brann approached the point of Capt. Davis' office together and stood together in the fatal duel.

A post mortem this afternoon disclosed four wounds on the person of Capt. Tom Davis. His face was powder-burned, showing that some of the shots were fired at very close range. His funeral to-morrow will be a remarkable one. It will be attended by thousands of personal and political friends.

BRANN AND DAVIS BURIED

WACO, Tex., April 3.—A band of music marched at the head of the procession which nearly stretched from the residence of W. C. Brann to Oakwood cemetery, both the residence and the cemetery being on North Fifth street. The dirges were borne on the wind and heard far away.

It was a sad and solemn march. Among those who followed the "Apostle" to his grave were several persons of note, whom he assailed in the Iconoclast when, with a pen of fire, he was uttering his brilliant diatribes, attacking whom he pleased and how he pleased. His fierce philippics were no longer remembered against him. Only the generous deeds and utterances of his softer moods were remembered when his pale ashes were all that was left of the handsome, poetical man, whose face and figure had become familiar to every man, woman and child here, who, wherever he moved, was a marked object, whom one half of the people cursed and the other half praised. Smiles of admiration and frowns of hatred greeted Brann all his life, and in his death he got tears and grief, even from his foes. His life awakened all the emotions but his death moved people to tears only and tender regret.

Some of the carriages drove two abreast and many hurried out to Oakwood ahead of the line to get good places at the grave. If all the vehicles attending his funeral had kept the column they would have strung out two miles or more.

Flowers were contributed in profusion. The floral offerings of cut flowers in design and in bouquets would have filled a freight car.

Dr. Frank Page, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, read the funeral service at the residence, the lower rooms being crowded and people covering the lawn and the surrounding streets. The coffin lay in the front parlor. Mrs. Teckla Weslow Kempner sang Longfellow's psalm, "The Bridge," which Mr. Brann greatly admired and intended making the theme of an article describing impressions produced on him from hearing it sung when a boy.

The pall bearers were Waller S. Baker, H. B. Mistrot, Dr. J. W. Hale, Dr. D. R. Wallace, Dr. H. W. Brown, J. D. Shaw, G. E. Gerald, John D. Mayfield and Will H. Ward. The Iconoclast employes were added as honorary pall bearers.

Among the floral designs was a broken wheel by the Iconoclast force, a wreath of white rosebuds from Mrs. S. S. Hall, a hand boquet of white roses from Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mistrot, carnations from Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hamilton, a pillow of white roses from Mrs. S. W. Cohen, callas from Mrs. J. W. Shaw, a vase, cross-shaped, of geraniums and roses from Mrs. John T. Walton, callas and ferns from Mrs. S. C. Olive, pillow of white roses from Mrs. Maggie Lehr, heart of roses and wreath flowers from Mrs. C. C. Womack, bouquet of roses from Mrs. N. H. Sinclair, roses and ferns from Brann's boy employes, floral offerings with inscription from H. H. Marple, J. M. Brown, C. C. Womack and W. B. Knight, wreath of roses from Mrs. Walter Reese, large bouquet of white roses from Mrs. J. A. Early, fan of pink roses from Mr. and Mrs. John D. Mayfield, bouquet of pink and white roses from Mrs. James B. Baker, wreath of roses from Mrs. Wm. Edmund, bunch of roses from Mrs. G. W. Hewitt, scepter of roses from Mrs. W. B. Knight, crescent of roses from Mrs. J. E. Egan, a floral piece from Miss Cora Shannon and Miss Lizzie Woodward, mammoth bouquet from S. J. Bassett of Hitchcock, Tex., basket of flowers from Mr. and Mrs. Alf Herbelin, bouquet of carnations and roses from Mrs. Charles Young and Mrs. Ed Bates.

There were hundreds of other floral designs contributed by anonymous friends of the dead poet, who had a great passion for flowers. Miss Alma Baker played a piano accompaniment to the solo of Mrs. Kempner. The orchestra of the Christian church played "Nearer My God to Thee" as the coffin was being moved from the residence to the hearse. Will H. Ward, Brann's business manager, who is a prisoner, was permitted by the sheriff to attend the funeral under guard, and acted as one of the pallbearers.

Mrs. Brann does not weep and can not sleep. Her condition is such that her friends have misgivings as to whether her mind can endure such a strain. She selected buds from all the rose trees on the lawn, most of which her deceased husband planted, and binding them in ribbon grass, which he brought her from the national cemetery at Vicksburg, Miss., she placed the offering next to Mr. Brann's heart with her own hands.

Mrs. Waller S. Baker, Mrs. Weaver and other ladies are watching over Mrs. Brann, hoping by tender ministrations to relieve the strain from which her reason is in jeopardy. She appeared interested in the services, and at her request the coffin was reopened for the purpose of allowing her to place her offering on Mr. Brann's breast. After services at the residence of Dr. Page the great double procession formed and started to the cemetery, preceded by the Christian church band of six pieces with a muffled drum. The band played Chopin and Wagner's funeral marches, directed by Prof. L. M. Griffice.

After an oration at the grave by Prof. J. D. Shaw, which was an eloquent tribute to the dead apostle, Dr. Page pronounced the benediction and the multitude scattered, leaving Brann's grave, which is close to the confederate monument, under a mountain of flowers.

The Davis homestead in East Waco was the scene this afternoon of a very remarkable gathering of people, who assembled to do honor to the memory of Captain Tom E. Davis, Brann's fatal antagonist, who, when down and bleeding from many wounds, rallied himself with a mighty effort and inflicted a death wound on his distinguished adversary.

East Waco, which is divided from the other portion of the city by the Brazos river, was settled by the Kellum, Davis, Erath, Williams, Moore and Ross families while Texas was a vast, unknown land, and the earliest buildings remain to this day, giving that division of Waco the appearance of an old-time hamlet. New and costly residences are to be seen here and there, but the smoke from chimneys built more than sixty years ago rolls over the old roofs and trees are still standing against which buffalos rubbed and beneath which savage children played.

In the midst of the romantic hamlet is situated the Davis residence, and there to-day were gathered the old settlers and their descendants to do honor to the son of the old pioneer, to gaze for the last time on his manly face and to follow him to the oldest cemetery in Waco—First street cemetery. Long before the funeral hour friends came in troops, everybody bringing flowers fresh from gardens that fairly glow with the treasures of the early spring. Such heaps of flowers came, they filled all the available nooks.

The attendants at the funeral thronged into the inclosure, filled the house and lawn, and when the hymns were sung a mighty chorus went forth, swelling and gaining volume as if an army were joined in a battle of song.

Captain Davis' prominence in city politics brought together many of those of his way of thinking, and this of course added to the number of the congregation. It was interesting to note the many gray heads in the vast assembly. The old folks who remember Judge Davis, the pioneer, deeply mourn the death of his brave son, who was respected by everybody and loved by thousands.

The ministers' voices were clear and eloquent in the words of praise they bestowed on the champion of Baylor, who took mortal offense at publications made against the university, who treasured up in his heart what he considered a deep wrong, and gave his life to avenge that wrong.

In all the throng, going and coming, moving toward the funeral following the body to the grave or returning when it was all over to their homes, The News reporter heard not one word of reproach against Captain Davis' slayer. All hearts appear to feel that destiny drove the two men against each other, and the death of both was a sacrifice necessary to settle the bloody feud and restore tranquility and peace to the community, which has been so long torn and divided by the angry passions of men, otherwise friendly, holding opposing views in the famous Baylor-Brann feud.

Captain Davis in his coffin looked like the intrepid, unconquerable man he was, his white brow and firm expression giving him the look of one who died to maintain the cause he believed in, and wore in death the seal of his heart's determination.

The day was both cloudy and windy, but the boisterous weather did not deter the people, the procession following Captain Davis' remains being one of the longest ever seen in a Waco funeral.

The funeral occurred at 3 o'clock, the Brann funeral, on the opposite side of the river, being in progress at the same time. First street cemetery is on the West side, making it necessary to move the procession across the suspension bridge. The passage across the river of the imposing cortege afforded a grand sight. After crossing the river the great funeral column moved southward until the Old cemetery was reached, and there the multitude collected around the grave under the pecan, elm and willow trees and stood until the last sad rites were over and the fresh mound was hidden under a vast accumulation of flowers.

First street cemetery is rich with the ashes of heroes who settled in McLennan county. The monuments of Generals James and Tom Harrison, gallant confederate commanders, and many others are close to the Davis division. It is a place of costly marble erected to the honored dead. Close to the many beautiful monuments the grave of Captain Tom E. Davis was made. The pastors officiating at the funeral were Dr. W. L. Nelms, whose funeral oration over General Ross was so much admired, and Rev. Austin Crouch.

Captain Davis' pallbearers were Judge W. H. Jenkins, J. E. Boynton, Fennie B. Williams, J. N. Harris, A. C. Riddle, J. K. Rose, J. H. Gouldy, W. H. Deaton, Robert Wright, S. F. Kirksey, Major A. Symes and James I. Moore.

Captain Davis was a sir knight of Waco Artesian tent No. 6, Knights of Maccabees, and the rites of that order were performed at the grave. The Maccabees were at the funeral in large force.

The family will build a monument over the brave man so suddenly removed.

Waco, Tex., April 4.—Mrs. W. C. Brann, whose bereavement touched the hearts of many people, is better to-day. Her lady friends have been attentive and have succeeded in getting her to rest herself and sleep. Telegrams sometimes come from distant points expressing sympathy.

The estate of W. C. Brann, deceased, is estimated to be worth $100,000, wholly free of encumbrance and debt. The fortune was accumulated since he came to Waco, about four years since. The family owns one of the most comfortable and attractive homes in Waco, a brick house on a spacious lot, bought and paid for by Mr. Brann last year. Mrs. Brann and the children were well provided for by Mr. Brann.

Mrs. Davis, the widow of Captain Tom E. Davis, her friends hope, will have a comfortable estate when the affairs of her dead husband are wound up. Captain Davis was a dealer in real estate and had been engaged in some large transactions lately. He had a $3000 endowment with the Maccabees. The widow and children are his heirs. Mrs. Davis was born and raised in Texas, and is naturally fitted for brave endurance, inheriting from her ancestors a stout heart. She and her children bear up well under the sudden blow which came to them when least expected. She will be able to educate her children, which is a great comfort to the bereaved lady.

BEN TILLMAN, WHO SHOCKED THE SENATE.

SENATE STARTLED.

SENATOR TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA MAKES A VIOLENT ASSAULT UPON THE ADMINISTRATION.

BESOTTED TYRANT--JUDAS.

Are the Words He Applies to President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle.

A VERY BITTER SPEECH.

The Republic Bureau,
Penna. Ave. and 14th St.

Washington, Jan. 29.—The event in the Senate to-day was the maiden effort of Ben Tillman of South Carolina. It was a mixture of hurricane, earthquake and low comedy. The South Carolinian shocked the dignity of the Senate, sneered at old usages and customs, lampooned his fellow-Senators and denounced everybody and everything that obstructed his point of view.

Tillman's denunciation of men and things was terrific; his language was blunt and plain; his manner ranging from the tragic to the melodramatic, serio-comic and burlesque.

There was something in the style and manner of Tillman to remind one of Ingalls. It is true the South Carolinian lacks the polish and literary finish of the Kansan, and while nobody took the Kansan seriously, everybody knew that Tillman was dead in earnest.

It was announced some days ago that Tillman would speak, and standing-room was at a premium on the floor of the Senate and in the galleries. Tillman's reputation for violence of language had preceded him, and everybody was anxious to hear his maiden effort and size up his style.

He started to speak from his own desk on the rear row of seats on the Democratic side, but on a suggestion from Mr. Jones of Arkansas he moved forward, taking with him his notes and data. He talked in an audible tone to Senators while moving, and began his speech by lampooning the customs of the Senate. The written essays which drove Senators from the chamber he spoke contemptuously of, and plainly stated that it was not the theory of the originators of the Senate that it should be made a school for essayists or a factory for campaign material.

He took off the foibles of the Senators bluntly, but rather happily, and amused the galleries, if he did not the Senators. Subsequently, as he proceeded with his remarks, he astonished everybody by producing printed proofs of his own speech. Then the laugh was on him. He explained, however, that he found it necessary to put his language on paper in the hope of confining himself within the bounds of parliamentary language.

It is doubtful if he succeeded strictly in doing this, notwithstanding his preparation. The ferocity of some of his remarks, his low comedy performances at other times, disgusted the older Senators, and when he finally danced a jig, to illustrate the glee of the gold bugs, the venerable Morrill turned his back, and looked at him no more. He denounced the President in the most violent language that he could command and taunted the Republicans for not impeaching him. He denounced Secretary Carlisle, and called him the Judas from Kentucky. He denounced the Democratic party and the Republican party, and predicted the dissolution of the Democratic party in the near future. He denounced the Senate, and in clarion tones announced that the money changers were in the temple. He wheeled around and shook his finger at the junior Ohio Senator, but Cal Brice never moved a muscle.

A new party, he said, embracing the Democracy of Jefferson and the Republicanism of Lincoln, was needed to save the country from the terrors of the French Revolution. He predicted that rebellion, revolution and bloodshed are coming, "and when they come," said he, shaking his fingers at the Republican side of the chamber, "may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

He declared that one of the Justices of the Supreme Court was corrupted in order to change his vote, and declare the income tax unconstitutional. He insisted that a majority of the American people were as badly treated as the Armenians, for whom the Senate recently passed sympathetic resolutions. He predicted that agrarianism and communism would join hands in the near future, and that there would be a reckoning with whom he was pleased to designate as cormorants and plutocrats.

The speech lasted two hours, and was, in the main, a powerful diatribe, rendered with force and some oratorical skill. The speech, on the whole, might be described as a most successful "first performance," as far as drawing an audience is concerned, but whether the star will draw on subsequent ocasions remains to be determined.

By way of preface the Senator said he would use plain Anglo-Saxon, the language of the common people, for he was one of them.

He referred to the statement of the Senator from Ohio (Sherman) that the silver question had been thrashed out. "Yes, it has been thrashed out by the speculators, but not by the farmers. As a farmer, I would thrash it again, taking up the whole subject on a pitchfork, ready, if need be, to uncover the manure likely to be found."

Such a torrent of invective has seldom been heard in the Senate. Veteran members of the body characterized the speech as one of the most remarkable in the history of the upper branch of Congress.

There was a directness of statement and a dramatic manner of delivery which awed floor and galleries. The gestures of the Senator were used frequently in illustrating his words.

At one point he made a profound salute, and then figuratively tipped his hat at Sherman "as the financial victor of a quarter of a century." The galleries were moved alternately to applause and laughter. Pausing for a sip of water amid roars of laughter, he remarked: "I seldom wet my whistle while I speak, for you can't run a wind mill on water."

At times the Senator's voice sank to a whisper, as, for instance, when he gave warning of the approach of a peculiar revolution and communism and the marching on Washington of a host with rifles in their hands. Again his voice resounded through the chamber and the outer corridors as he called Senators and members "cowards" for not resorting to impeachment.

In beginning his speech Mr. Tillman said: "It is not saying too much, and I feel warranted in charging, that the derangement in our finances and all this cry about sound money and maintaining the honor of the United States are all part and parcel of a damnable scheme of robbery, which had for its object: First, the utter destruction of silver as a money metal; second, the increase of the public debt, the issue of bonds payable in gold; third, the surrender to corporations of the power to issue all paper money and give them a monopoly of that function."

Senator Tillman referred to the Sherman silver law of 1890, and in this connection said: "The silver Republicans of the West who had deserted the silver Democrats of the South and accepted the compromise offered by Senator Sherman may take warning as to what faith or trust they can put in any utterances or actions of the Senator from Ohio as to legislation in regard to our finances. The time for another Presidential election approaches. They must understand that the election of any man to the Presidency who would veto a free coinage bill means defeat. It means more; it means continued disaster to our industries and increased poverty to the masses of our people.

"Under the Sherman law there was a diminution of the amount of free gold on a gradually decreasing scale, but not enough to cause any alarm. During the entire year of 1891 and the entire year of 1892 there was approximately as much gold as there was during 1894 and 1895.

"If the secret history of the year 1892 shall ever be written it will disclose the fact, which cannot be proven now, but of which I have not the slightest doubt, that the gold ring of New York, which embraces nearly all the bankers in the Eastern and Middle States and the stock gamblers of Wall street, controlled the Presidential nominations of both the Democratic and Republican parties and had an understanding with their managers, or with both the candidates themselves, in regard to what policy should be pursued toward our finances. They contributed money for the booming of Mr. Cleveland as the only available Democratic candidate and they abused and ridiculed every other Democratic aspirant.

"There was plain evidence to show that the President himself had weakened on the question of tariff reform, and the financial plank was cunningly drafted so as to satisfy both gold and silver men, with the intention that it should be interpreted, if Cleveland was elected, as meaning the cessation of silver coinage and the forcing of a gold standard upon the people. Whether the scheme was agreed to by the President in person or not, and whether he bound himself in plain terms or not, will perhaps never be known. His course has been unswerving in the absolute contradiction of his public profession and letters of acceptance.

"There had been no trouble with the gold reserve and no hint of any loss of confidence in the national credit until about the time of the last presidential election. Then for the first time we got a glimpse of the conspiracy which I have referred to before. Secretary Foster gave the holders of greenbacks and Treasury notes the option of having Government paper cashed in gold or silver, and as they all demanded gold, the gold in the Treasury rapidly ran down. The financial papers took up the cry of the country going to a silver basis, and the first premonitory breeze of the panic of 1893 swept over the land and the conspirators fomented it by every possible means."

The Senator quoted from President Cleveland's response to the committee that notified him of his nomination the last time and declared there was nothing in it to warrant one to expect that the leader of the Democratic party would ignore the platform and treat with contempt the trusted lieutenants whom the people had sent to the national capital to assist in shaping legislation. The language would lead us to expect the very reverse.

"How many," he asked, "of these reasonable expectations have been met?"

"Whose advice has he (the President) recognized? None but that of the bootlicks and sycophants who have crawled on their knees for the crumbs of patronage and betrayed their constituents for the offices in his gift.

"In the entire history of this country the high office of President has never been so prostituted, and never has the appointing power been so abused. Claiming to be the apostle of civil service reform, he has debauched the civil service by making appointments only of those whose sponsors would surrender their manhood, and, with bated breath, walk with submissive head in his presence. With relentless purpose he has ignored his oath of office to uphold and obey the law, and has paid out gold instead of coin and issued bonds to buy more gold, by both actions overriding the law, and giving no need to the interests of any but moneyed friends—I might say his owners or partners.

"While to this besotted tyrant coin has come to mean gold alone, he cannot by his mere 'ipse dixit' change the law of this land and pervert the plain meaning of the English language.

"The repeal of the Sherman law, it was asserted, which was the first point of attack of the 'unholy alliance,' was only accomplished through the aid and in conjunction with a majority of the Republican Senators.

"This Democratic President accomplished what was not possible for any Republican executive under the circumstances to have brought about. A change of the party in power had left a large number of offices in his gift with which to buy votes."

In discussing the "honest meaning" of parity of gold and silver in the Sherman law, he said: "The object was to have them assist each other, to hold silver up by holding gold down, and an honest Secretary of the Treasury, who should have resigned his office rather than submit to the dictation of a besotted chief, would have paid out silver to protect the Treasury from the gold gamblers and bond gamblers, as the law and his oath of office required. No wonder the Senator from Massachusetts feels warranted in twitting us with the decay of Southern statesmanship and charging us with dishonesty. He charges it, however, in another connection, and as aiding and abetting this Judas from Kentucky, who, after a brilliant career of 20 years and more, as the leader and champion of the silver forces, has in his old age come to this pitiful pass. And then to think that the indictment thus brought against a whole section should have so much color of truth and of fact to back it up in the apostasy from their principles of the two other Secretaries from the South in the Cabinet of a President who so disgraces the name of Democracy."

"The South bows its head in shame at this exhibition of moral cowardice and despises the renegades."

The Senator contended that if there has been one idea more persistently and prominently presented to the American people by

President Cle[illegible] than any other, it has been the iniqu[illegible] of the tariff and the demand for its re[illegible]ion. In season and out of season, with "damnable iteration," the President has sung this siren song in the ears of the farmers. In this connection he quoted from messages of the President of 1887 and 1888, and said he did it for "the purpose of pointing out the evolution of a tyrant and showing the transition from a conscientious, law-abiding chief magistrate to an arrogant and obstinate ruler, who ignores the law and issues bonds at will, and issues them under a statute that is subject to the suspicion that it was intended to be temporary and limited in its application instead of conferring a discretionary authority. He not only issues them, but does it secretly, with his law partner as a witness to the contract, and has created the suspicion in the minds of millions of his countrymen that a President of the United States can use his high office for private gain.

"He differs from the Republican party only in the one particular of the tariff, and on that he has blown hot and cold as his pet hobby, and will go down in history as the most gigantic failure of any man who ever occupied the White House, all because of his vanity and obstinacy."

To make good this charge, Mr. Tillman argued that when President Cleveland came into power in March, 1893, and could call on the Senate and House (both Democratic for the first time since the war) to carry his policy into effect, he did not call an extra session to give tariff reform to the people, but instead called Congress together to stop the coinage of silver.

Discussing the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law which followed, he said: "Democrats and Republicans vied with each other in the furtherance of the policy which had been formulated and steadily pursued by the Senator from Ohio.

"When the Senate met there was an acknowledged majority of men open and outspoken in their determination to stand by the white metal," he said, "and who were elected on this issue. But the process of debauchery began, and slowly the Senate yielded. In 90 days the deed was done, and the chains were riveted on the wrists of the toiling millions. Did the raid on the Treasury stop?"

Discussing the tariff bill which passed in the regular session following, he said:

"It is true he (the President) did not sign it, and allowed it to become a law without approval, but here, again, we have a spectacle of charlatanry and hypocritical assumption of superiority to his party which has always marked his career. The tariff law which he repudiated as unworthy, involving 'party perfidy and party dishonor,' is the sheet anchor to which he clings."

And, again, referring to the President, Tillman said:

"If he was honest at the start (and I am willing to grant that much), his association with Wall street and his connection with wealthy men has debauched his conscience and destroyed all sympathy with the masses."

Further on, in discussing the gold question, he said: "Rothschild and his American agents graciously condescend to come to the help of the United States Treasury in maintaining the gold standard, which has wrought the ruin, and only charge a small commission of ten millions or so. Great God! that this proud Government, the richest, most powerful on the globe, should have been brought to so low a pass that a London Jew should have been appointed its receiver, and presumes to patronize us.

"The responsibility of providing revenue and looking after the solvency of the Treasury which rests with Congress has been usurped by the President. Why is he not impeached?

"The encroachments of the Federal judiciary and the supineness and venality—corruption I may say—of the representative branches of the Government are causes of deep concern to all thinking and patriotic men. We are fast drifting into government by injunction in the interest of monopolies and corporations, and the Supreme Court, by one corrupt vote, annuls an act of Congress looking to the taxation of the rich.

"The struggle from 1861 to 1865, which drenched this fair land in blood, was to emancipate four million black slaves. We are fast approaching a condition which will place the collar of industrial bondage around the necks of ten times that many white slaves. A day of reckoning will come unless there is no longer a just God in heaven, and when it does come, woe unto those who have been among the oppressors of the people. The present struggle is unfortunately too like that which preceded the late Civil War, inasmuch as it is sectional. The creditor and the manufacturing States of the North and East, those which have grown inordinately wealthy at the expense of the producing classes of the South and West, are urging this policy with the besotted blindness of Belshazzar."

It was easy to see, the Senator said in conclusion, that the struggle for the new emancipation had begun. There were million now on the march and they tramp, tramp, tramp; tramp sidewalks, hunting work, and the highways begging bread, and unless relief comes they will some day take a notion to come to Washington with rifles in their hands to regain the liberties stolen from them, or which their representatives have sold.

During Mr. Tillman's bitter criticism of the President, he put down his notes and put Senators and galleries in roars of laughter by telling how, as Governor of South Carolina, he had come here to the inauguration of the President and had stood four hours out in the snow and sleet until he was nearly frozen to death to do honor to this President.

"And," concluded the Senator, "I ask God to forgive me for doing it."

At this point, after bitterly arraigning the President, the Senator addressed himself to the Republican side of the Senate and exclaimed: "Why have you not impeached him? You have the majority to do it."

Mr. Hawley interrupted with the query: "Why did not the last Congress do this?"

"He is not impeached," continued the Senator, "because he carries out your Republican policy. The last Congress was no better than this."

The Senator closed at 4 o'clock. The members of the House from South Carolina and many others congratulated him.

WEBSTER DAVIS DEFENDS BOERS.

Believes America Should Assist Her Struggling Sister Republic.

Patriotic Speech a Bitter Pill for the McKinley Administration—Immense Crowd Present.

Washington, April 8.—An immense audience gathered at the Grand Opera-house tonight to listen to an address on the war in South Africa by Webster Davis, until recently Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who has just returned to the United States from that country.

Every available bit of standing room in the opera-house, the largest auditorium in Washington, was filled with persons who paid close attention to every word uttered by the speaker and manifested their appreciation of his telling points with frequent and generous applause.

Simple decorations of the United States flag and the red, white and black bars, with the field of green, the emblem of the Boers, were suspended over the stage.

A score or more of public men, mainly Senators and Representatives in Congress, occupied seats on the stage and in the audience, among whom were the following: Senators Clay, Daniel, Teller, Bacon, Allen and Mason, and Representatives Talbert, Jett, Littlefield, Ridgeley, Robinson of Indiana, Burke of Texas, Ball, Gilbert, Latimer, Cox of Tennessee, Cowherd and Clark of Missouri, Bartholdt and Shafroth.

Mr. Davis was introduced by Mr. P. T. Moran, the chairman of the Executive Committee, who made a few introductory remarks. Mr. Davis delivered his remarks in an off-hand, easy style, referred to his notes only occasionally, and mainly when it was necessary to read an extract from some document or speech. He spoke for about two hours and at its close was warmly congratulated.

The Speech.

Mr. Davis said:

"The Boers of South Africa are among the pioneers of freedom—heroes of civil and religious liberty. They were the torch bearers who blazed the pathway for civilization through the primeval forests of the southern part of that great 'dark continent' which has been the marvel of the ages. No country in all the world contains a nobler race of men and women; the descendants, too, of the heroic Netherlanders who, under William the Silent, wrested the independence of Holland from the hand of the Spanish tyrant. No people in all the world's history have made a more valiant effort to secure liberty for future peoples than they. And no people have endured more hardships in the cause of liberty and equality of rights than they. Indeed, it was and is their unconquerable love for liberty that has caused all their troubles."

Republic Founded.

Years ago, Mr. Davis continued, the Boers planted the seed of liberty in the fertile valleys of the Cape of Good Hope, where a strong national spirit developed as early as 1806, when the colony passed into the hands of England. Soon thereafter ill feeling arose between Briton and Boer. Mr. Davis entered upon an exhaustive review of the relations between the Boers and the British Government from that time to the present. He described the "great trek" northward after the emancipation of their slaves, the foundation of the Republic of Natal and its absorption by England and the rise of the South African Republic. England's acquisition of the diamond fields at Kimberley Mr. Davis characterized as a transaction without a parallel "for cupidity, dishonor and injustice." Of the material growth of the Dutch republics Mr. Davis said:

"Cities with all the modern improvements sprang up on the veldt and in the valleys as if by magic, and everywhere the church and schoolhouse told the story of the people's progress. It is no wonder the Boers became intensely proud of their homes in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and well may they feel that pride, for they have their homes in one of the grandest belts of valley, mountain and plain that the world has in it.

"In the light of the past history of the rise and fall of empires, of the sad wrecks of proud and haughty nations, who hated justice and honor and right, but loved tyranny, oppression and wrong that are strewn along the pathway of the centuries, I cannot but believe that God has intended that in the two South African republics liberty and equality of rights shall prevail, and the rugged, brave-hearted, God-fearing Boers shall be forever free.

Pretext for War.

"But finally this period of peace and rest was broken by the discovery of gold in the Transvaal. Then it was that the British Government determined to seek a pretext for obtaining control of the richest gold fields in the world as it had before secured the richest diamond fields. That this is the real cause for the present war no one can doubt who will be listen to the frequent remark made by Englishmen in South Africa, as well as in England, that 'the gold mines in the Transvaal are worth fighting for and we are going to keep on fighting until we get them.' The British love for gold is proverbial. Whereever gold has been discovered, there the British have turned a wistful and longing eye. When gold was discovered in Alaska, only a few years ago, it will be remembered how quickly an effort was made to extend the Canadian line far enough westward to take in the gold fields. And no doubt had the British government not been anticipating the present troubles over the gold fields in the Transvaal there would have been trouble on the part of the United States Government in keeping control of the gold fields in Alaska."

Comparison Brought Home.

Referring to the Jameson raid and certain incidents connected with it, Mr. Davis asked:

"How long would the people of our Republic stand it if foreigners from any country in the world were to come here and after getting rich in our gold mines would undertake to control our Government, and failing to do so would endeavor to destroy it?

"No flimsier pretext for robbery and murder ever emanated from the wickedest cabinet in Europe in its palmiest days than the British demand for a five-year franchise in the South African Republic. If this demand were granted not an Englishman in the Transvaal would renounce allegiance to the Queen and swear eternal allegiance to the Government of the South African Republic as against the British Government. The idea was to obtain the power to control the Government of the Republic and at the same time remain British subjects. Who ever before heard of such a proposition? Would the citizens of the United States be willing to allow British subjects or the subjects of any other Power to come here and control our own elections and our own Government and at the same time not renounce their allegiance to their own countries?

Kruger Forced to War.

"The simple truth of the matter is that the British Government forced President Kruger into a quarrel after he had done everything in his power to avoid it. While negotiations were pending, British troops were being massed in South Africa. The basis of the negotiations meanwhile was ingeniously shifted so that as the British preparations for war had grown more complete the acceptance by the Boers of the so-called British terms would mean an ever increasing measure of submission and humiliation on the part of the Transvaal.

"The British demands were trumped up and are without a sound basis, either in morals or in law. It is a sad spectacle of the strongest empire in the world bringing domineering pressure to bear upon a tiny Republic to influence a change of certain domestic policies, which are, in no sense, a part of the business of that empire. For the Boers to comply with the demands of the British Government would have meant the sacrifice of every vestige of essential sovereignty belonging to the Transvaal as an independent Republic.

"The question of the naturalization of foreigners in the South African Republic is no more the business of the British Government than are the naturalization laws of the Republic of Mexico a matter of concern to the Republic of the United States of America. It is one of those questions of internal policy that pertains only to the Transvaal Government.

Boers Abused by British.

"The Boers have been greatly abused by the British because it is alleged they began the war. In other words, the Boers were too hasty; they would not wait until all the British troops had arrived in South Africa. Who ever heard of such nonsense? That great civilized nation of 400,000,000 of people are complaining because the people of the two little Republics, who do not number, all told, more than 300,000 people, including men, women and children, insisted upon issuing their ultimatum and then proceeded to give battle before the British hosts should arrive. While on the Boer side, all told, there were not more than 30,000 men, and these had but a few inferior cannon and no bayonets or swords at all. Practically the only arms they had were Mauser rifles.

One Boer to Ten British.

"One Boer to ten British. And yet the Boers were not trained soldiers; only simple, plain farmers; like the thousands of rugged farmers in our own country. They are just plain, common people, precisely the same kind of people that Abraham Lincoln loved.

As to American Sympathy.

"As citizens of the greatest Republic in the world, with which side should we sympathize? I say our sympathies should go out to that brave little band of patriots who are struggling to keep alive forever the fires of liberty upon the altars of those two young Republics.

"We have seen many charges made by British officers and British newspaper correspondents that the Boers have frequently outraged the white flag and the red cross flag. Under investigation, not only among the Boers themselves, but among the 4,000 British prisoners, including the officers, who were at Pretoria when we were there, we learned that these charges were absolutely unfounded. On the contrary we did learn that this was a set up job to deceive not only the people of Great Britain at home, but to deceive the peoples of other civilized countries.

British Barbarity.

"The truth is, I defy contradiction, that the British soldiers themselves are the parties who violated many of the rules of civilized warfare, and frequently ignored the white flag and also the red cross flag. It was my fortune to witness some of these scenes myself. On the top of Spion's Kop, when that wonderful battle was almost over, a young Boer soldier—not more than 17 years of age—was passing by a wounded British soldier, and the British soldier asked him for a drink of water; as the tender-hearted Boer lad was kneeling down by his side to let him drink water from his own canteen, that British soldier thrust a bayonet into the poor boy's side. And I myself talked with him, and, kneeling by him, shed tears when he died.

Buggy Became a Maxim Gun.

"During the battle of Dundee there was a lull in the firing for a time, on account of the Boers seeing a buggy approaching them rapidly and floating a white flag. All awaited its arrival. At a distance of about 600 yards from them the buggy stopped, wheeled about, dropped the white flag and that innocent looking buggy was suddenly transformed into a murderous Maxim gun, which felled nearly a dozen Boers. I talked with the man who captured that flag and saw it myself. It was a white flag with a small black stripe through the center, but at a short distance away it seemed perfectly white; that flag is now in the possession of Colonel Blake, the brave American soldier who commands the Irish brigade, which is composed almost entirely of Irish-Americans, and no braver men are in the Boer army, said General Joubert to me."

Mr. Davis described the storming of Spion's Kop by the Boers, after the British had occupied it, and his own visit to the battlefield seven days later.

"When the fight began," he said, "a giant Boer, in the prime of strength and manhood, was seen carrying a small Boer flag; in a short time he fell to rise no more. Then an old white-haired veteran picked up the fallen banner, and, waving it, urged his comrades on. With flowing hair and flashing eyes the old man rushed on, but suddenly a shell laid him low; ere the little flag touched the ground, however, a barefooted lad, only 13 years of age, who had been fighting in his shirt sleeves, leaped like a panther to the old man's side, and, snatching the flag from his grandfather's nerveless hand, raised it aloft and pushed on. A mighty shout arose from the Boers as they saw the gallant deed, and with renewed courage they made a fearful charge; following the flag, they rushed like an avalanche over the British trenches, and Spion's Kop was won."

General Burgers, the Boer commander, had made repeated attempts to secure cessation of artillery fire that the dead might be buried, but for several days without success. Finally, General Buller accepted the Boer proposal to bury the British dead and offered to pay the bill.

English Dead Not Buried.

"General Burgers regarded this reply as an insult," Mr. Davis asserted, "but, nevertheless, concluded to bury the British dead. Then I visited the top of Spion's Kop and saw there the most horrible sight that could be imagined. Upon every hand were helmets, belts, canteens, bayonets and wearing apparel scattered about, covered with clotted blood. We saw feet and hands protruding through the ground, all swollen and skin burst asunder, while the rest of the body was covered with a thin coating of earth. The explanation was that these poor British soldiers had been buried by their comrades under a few inches of dirt. In other places we saw scores of dead British soldiers lying on the top of the ground just where they had fallen, no attempt having been made to bury them.

"As we descended from the hill we met the Boers going up to bury the British dead, who had been so sadly neglected by their own comrades and commanders, who amuse themselves by calling the Boers savages.

"Brave were the ancient Greeks of Athens and Sparta, who, with their allies, stood up to battle and to die to defend themselves against Asiatic invasion. Brave was Alexander the Great and his Macedonians on the battlefield of Issus, where they won a victory against overwhelming odds. Brave was the struggle of the Tyrolese against the legions of Napoleon. Brave the stand made by the Switzers for liberty against the Hapsburg. Brave the wonderful charge of Pickett's men and the equally brave defense of the Union troops on the crimson heights of Gettysburg. Brave were the heroic dead who fell at Salamis and Marathon. Brave, indeed, were the famous 300 at Thermopylae. But equally brave, gallant and chivalrous are the humble peasants of the veldt, who, defending the passes of the Drakensberg, or seeking death climbing the rugged sides of Spion Kop, willing to die, if need be, to save their beloved republics from the British yoke of oppression.

Like American Revolutionists.

"These men have the same spirit that prompted the farmers to face death for liberty at Lexington green; that nerved the arms of Americans at Saratoga, Bunker Hill and Brandywine; that warmed the hearts of Washington and his shivering patriots at Valley Forge; and at New Orleans, where Jackson and his men taught old England that easier were it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than to force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free.

McKinley Could Answer.

"Then why should we not sympathize with them? Why should not the greatest Republic in the world assist the smallest of Republics? Is the word 'liberty' to become obsolete in our national lexicon? Must this greatest Republic of the world's history chain its destiny to the chariot wheels of the British Empire in her mad race for land and gold? Shall the fair name of this great Republic, whose prowess on land and sea has been the marvel of the century, be used in Europe, by British officials and the British press, as a menace to other European powers who are anxious to assist the Boers in their brave struggle for freedom and independence?

Hint at Intervention.

"Let us not drift away from the principles and doctrines of our fathers. Let us listen to the cry for help from all who struggle for liberty and justice. Let it not be said by future historians that this great Republic arose in splendor and grandeur, that made the world stare, but it hated justice and liberty; it halted on its bright and shining march; it fell, and as it was going down the despotisms of earth, grinning from the tops of bloody thrones, shouting, 'We told you so, we told you so.' Oh, may the eighty millions of American freemen see to it that the world may know that their sympathies are not with Great Britain, but with the struggling Boers, and let it be known that they believe the cruel war waged in South Africa should stop, and stop at once."

Resolutions Denounce England.

At the conclusion of Mr. Davis's address, Mr. P. Louter Wessels, Special Commissioner from the South African Republics, made a brief address.

Then Chairman Moran offered a series of resolutions expressing "our deep and heartfelt sympathy for the heroic patriots of the South African Republics in their immortal fight for their homes and liberty, and our admiration of their indomitable courage and unexampled heroism in their wonderful struggle against the British enemies of Republican government"; commending the Washington Post for its work in behalf of the South African Republics; thanking Mr. Davis for his eloquent and masterful presentation of the struggle between the Boers and the British, and tendering him applause for his "manly course in taking the lecture platform as a free American citizen to plead the cause of freedom and Republican Government in South Africa," and assuring him that the great mass of Americans is in sympathy with the Boers.

In conclusion the resolutions read: "We denounce the present British Government and its secret allies in this country as wholly unworth respect of any true American citizen."

The resolutions met with cordial reception by the audience until the final declaration denouncing the British Government and its secret allies in this country was read, when some anti-Boers hissed and cried "No."

Mr. Moran then asked for a vote on the resolutions as a whole. There were a great number of ayes and a number of noes and the chairman declared the resolutions carried.

In his opening address Mr. Moran's attack on the administration was greeted by some pro-British persons present with hisses and cries of "traitor."

U. S. government officials—political banditti

MR. COCHRAN'S SPEECH.

(Continued from First Page.)

ment of the fruits of their industry and capital. My purpose is not to invade any of these rights, but to correct abuses that all must concede exist and cry aloud for redress.

The people of Texas have shown their appreciation of the blessings of commerce and of the necessity of highways for that purpose. They have given liberally of their imperial domain and have made large private contributions to the building of the different railways in the state; but the public dirt roads, which mark the initial stage in commerce and enable the people to connect with the railways, have received but little attention. As little as may be thought of it, the travel and commerce on the public roads of Texas in mileage and volume and value of business far exceeds the combined travel and commerce of all the railways in the state. No man utilizes a railway for any purpose—for traveling on business or pleasure, or for transportation of his products to market—but must first as the initial step use the public roads. But the travel and the traffic on the railways represent but the smallest part of the travel and traffic along the dirt roads. If this be true, then every argument suggested for the extension and improvement of our railways can be urged with redoubled force in favor of the improvement of our dirt roads. Not only will the improvement of these roads facilitate the easy and economical marketing of our products, but it will encourage the growth of fine stock, the purchase of nice equipages, the upbuilding of churches and schools and the increase of social intercourse among our people, besides enhancing the value of our farms and leading to increased care for the improvement and embellishment of our homes.

Reforms in Transferring Land.

We cannot secure good roads without the expenditure of more money than at present. That might as well be recognized at once. Work done under the present system is necessarily of a temporary character, requiring to be renewed from year to year, and, in fact, represents money almost thrown away. In the black waxy land especially a good road cannot be secured without a good rock foundation, and this requires more money than we can now command. I am in favor of raising this money so as to distribute the burden among those who will receive the benefits. I am also in favor of using the county convicts as at present, and the short-term state convicts under suitable regulations, and, above all, I am in favor of making the work permanent as we go.

A subject which has engaged much of my attention is reform in the method of transferring land. Our present system is cumbersome, vexatious, expensive and uncertain, and is becoming more so with the lapse of time and the multiplication of transfers. Every time a conveyance is made it involves not only the expense of a deed and its registration, but an abstract brought down to date, and an examination and certificate by an attorney, besides the time consumed, which often prevents the consummation of the trade. After all this expense, diligence and delay, it is quite uncertain, as the litigation in our courts show, whether the purchaser gets a good title, and the practice has now become common, especially in the larger cities, to have the title guaranteed by a company organized for that purpose, which involves additional expense. I am in favor of a system in vogue in Australia and in a modified form in several of the United States, known from its author as the Torrens system, by which the true title, ascertained after careful investigation, is registered, and a certificate thereof given to the owner. Thereafter a transfer can only be made on the books of the recorder and by a surrender of the certificate and the issue of a new one to the purchaser in analogy to the transfer of registered bonds, shares in corporations and vessels on the high seas and navigable rivers. Property of this kind of the value of millions of dollars is daily transferred by this method without delay, expense or danger of loss, and there is no reason why the same method cannot be applied to land transfers with the same result. You will not expect, nor would time permit me, to enlarge upon the details of this system at this time, but speaking not from my own reflection alone, but from the actual experience of those communities in which the system has been tried, I do not doubt that it would prove a complete success in Texas. I hope to see a law passed authorizing its application, as a voluntary system, to land transfers in counties desiring it, and I believe that the results of the experiments will lead to its general adoption in the state, thereby saving to our people millions of dollars wasted under the present system, in addition to the annoyance incident thereto.

Public School Lands.

The disposition of our public school lands deserves careful consideration. The remnant of these lands is situated in sparsely settled, dry and undeveloped portions of the state. Notwithstanding, they are capable of a high state of development and productiveness, and may be converted into happy homes of a thrifty population. Still, considering their situation and the money and labor required for their development, it will be many years before they are sold at the present prices. In the meanwhile they yield no revenue to the school fund, except such portions of them as have been leased or may be leased to cattlemen for a few cents per acre. If sold to the people and converted into homes, it would result in an increase of wealth and population, which would soon return to the state in the way of taxes a sum in excess of their present value.

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The state should cease to be a landowner at the earliest moment possible. This has been the policy of the general government, and we see the beneficial results of this policy in the extension of civilization across the Western plains to the shores of the Pacific and in the teeming millions who now find happy homes in what was once a waste and wilderness. I am, therefore, in favor of following this example—not, indeed, to the extent of donating these lands, which would be incompatible with the trusts upon which they are held, but by such reduction and modification in terms of sale as will speedily result in their purchase and settlement by the people.

The happiness and prosperity of the people depend very largely upon the security of their land titles. Whatever clouds or impairs the title to land has an instant effect upon the prosperity of the people. The legislature should, therefore, quiet the title to all lands in the hands of actual settlers and bona fide purchasers upon just and liberal terms, without yielding or sacrificing any right or reclamation it may have against corporations or individuals holding through fraud or in bad faith.

The proper disposition of our convict labor will demand constant care and attention in order to obtain the best results. In dealing with this subject we should keep in view the protection of society, the reformation of the criminal and the utilization of his labor in such a manner as will least interfere with free labor, without imposing additional taxes on the tax-payers. As already suggested, I would favor the employment of this labor in addition to the present employment on the public roads, so far as possible, under suitable regulations, which would prevent discrimination in favor of any particular section. The labor that cannot be thus profitably employed, I would utilize in the manufacture of the implements and vehicles, and in the production of food and clothing for the convicts themselves, and as far as possible for the different charitable institutions of the state.

Nearly connected with this subject is the increasing demoralization of the youth of our large cities.

Reform Schools.

Suitable reformatory schools and farms for the punishment and reclamation of the wayward boys of our state should be established in convenient localities, the object being by mild restraint to break off their associations and redeem them from their evil tendencies, and if possible convert them into good citizens.

Our public schools, like good government, are of slow development and require patient and unremitting care. The state has assumed the responsibility of furnishing facilities for free education, and constituted herself guardian of the school funds of the state. It, therefore, behooves us to manage this trust in such a manner as to preserve it intact for further generations, while at the same time deriving from it the largest possible advantage for ourselves. This heritage, secured by the blood and treasure of our forefathers, is not for the consumption of any one generation, but for the use and enjoyment of their descendants for all time to come, and we must, therefore, exercise extreme care that we do not waste or misapply any portion of it.

Under our homestead and exemption laws it is possible for laborers and material men to be swindled out of their labor and material. Hence, I hope to see a more just and equitable mechanic's lien law enacted by the legislature.

The enforcement of our criminal laws is a subject of deep concern to the people, and I am glad to observe especially in our own community, of late, a marked improvement in this direction. It has resulted in large measure from the increased interest in the subject on the part of the people and from the establishment of our criminal district court, which enables us to give to every defendant a speedy trial. This is of the last importance in the enforcement of law, and I wish it was possible in every community, as in ours, to afford the defendant the right guaranteed by the constitution of a speedy trial; while the facts are fresh in the recollection of the witnesses, and before the witnesses themselves have died or disappeared. This is not possible, however, in every county in the state, in the absence of legislation authorizing special terms of the district court for the purpose of trying persons charged with the graver crimes, and it might be worth the consideration of the legislature how far such special terms could be authorized consistantly with the dispatch of current business by these courts. Criminal business should at least have precedence over all other business, and instead of continuing for a term on account of the absence of witnesses, which in many counties results in postponement for six months, the trial should be postponed from day to day until the absent witness could be secured.

Why Laws are Not Enforced.

A great discouragement in the enforcement of criminal laws arises from the frequency with which convictions have been reversed by the appellate courts on immaterial errors committed in the courts below. No conviction should be reversed except for some error apparent on the face of the record which it is evident influenced the result prejudicially to the defendant, and reversals upon any other grounds should not be permitted or tolerated, and if in the present state of the law, the judges of the court of criminal appeals are constrained to reverse for immaterial or irrelevant errors, the laws should be amended so as to relieve them of this compulsion.

There were 6615 murders in the United States in the year 1893, a decrease of 76 since 1892, an increase of 779 over 1891, and the alarming increase of 2325 over 1890. These figures call for serious reflection on the part of the people, and I desire to say to you that whether the laws can be changed so as to secure their better enforcement or not, and whether the balance of the state will arise with us to demand their better enforcement or not, let us each and all resolve that in our community, at least, the law shall be upheld and life secured against unlawful violence.

Without detaining you further, with a discussion of the particular measures that would receive my support if elected governor, I may enumerate the general principles by which my conduct would be guided. These, in brief, are as follows:

What He Recommends.

1. Pass no law for the sake of change merely, remembering that a people are best governed when least governed, and that an old law which has received a settled construction, and with which the people are familiar is better than a new law, although the latter may be theoretically superior to the old.

2. Enforce obedience to every law on the statute books without fear or favor, and be careful in exacting compliance in others to be guilty of no infraction yourself.

3. The government is divided into three departments, each of which is supreme in its sphere, and a governor should be careful to observe and support the just limitations of each.

4. Give especial attention to the asylums provided by the bounty of the state for the blind, the deaf and dumb and the insane, remembering that those need the protection of the government most who are least able to protect themselves.

5. Carry out in good faith the platform of principles upon which elected to office, thus securing and deserving the continued confidence of the people.

6. We are a plain, unpretentious people, and entitled to a frugal and economical administration of public affairs. In this connection I will say that I am opposed to any increase in official salaries, and on the contrary, I am in favor of a general reduction in governmental expenses.

7. In filling vacancies in public offices apply the Jeffersonian test: "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution," and let no personal partiality, ties or obligations induce a variation from this standard.

8. Entire consecration to the public service, letting no consideration of personal interest or selfish ambition influence the discharge of public duty.

I havenot thought it proper in making a canvass for a state office to discuss federal questions. We should nominate and elect our state officers upon state issues, and our candidates for federal offices upon federal issues. There is a growing tendency to subordinate state issues, and to make every election turn upon federal issues. This has a bad influence in withdrawing the attention of the people from questions of local concern, which really touch their interests at more points than any federal question. After all, the general government has a very limited sphere of action, and its influence upon the welfare of the people is not to be compared to the immediate and direct influence exercised by the state. I, therefore, hope that in this canvass, at least, people ignoring federal questions, will concentrate their attention upon the immediate questions of local concern, and select their officers with respect to them. At the same time I have no hesitation in stating my position upon all of them, any and all questions of the day, whether federal or state. I stand squarely upon the platform of the Democratic party, state and national. For years I have been in common with all of our people, an advocate of a revenue tariff, and I adhere to that faith. I would encourage liberal appropriations from the federal government for the improvement of Texas harbors, and the navigable streams of our state.

His Financial Views.

Since 1873, when silver was first demonetized, to the surprise of the people who were ignorant of the fact that it was in contemplation, or had been accomplished, until it was actually done, I have advocated publicly and privately and supported for congress gentlemen pledged to a restoration of silver to its full equality with gold, and I have no reason to change my position on this question, and on the contrary, subsequent events have only more fully grounded me in this faith. At the same time, while I do not approve of Mr. Cleveland's financial policy, I am not willing to join in the crusade against him or any of our Democratic friends and leaders, who, while differing with us upon this question unite with us cordially upon other questions of equally as great importance to us. I recognize in a country so large as America and of such diversified interests and productions, no party perfectly homogenous on every issue that may arise can be established, or if established, long maintained. Democrats do not servilely follow any leader. Every Democrat is his own sovereign, and exercises a free and independent judgment, and if we should eliminate from our party all voters who did not fully agree upon every issue, we would be reduced to a corporal's guard. However much or widely the Democracy may differ upon some questions, it is the party which from the foundation of the government has favored the largest individual liberty to the citizen and supported the reserved rights of the states, and having survived many defeats and disasters and the death of all former competitors, is destined to live as long and the republic lives, the surest and safest anchor of the people.

But without further discussion at this time, upon the views expressed and my private and public life, which is as an open book to you all, I submit my candidacy for your consideration, and that of the united Democracy of Texas.

THE SPEECH OF HIS LIFE.

Governor Hogg Puts Himself on Record Again.

NO ANARCHY, NO DISUNION.

Stands for Patriotism and Federal Constitution.

CLEVELAND'S ACTION CONDEMNED

State Sovereignity Must be Preserved.

Conditions When the President is Justified in Ordering Out the Troops.

JUDGE COOLEY'S LETTER.

San Antonio, Tex., Aug. 1.—Governor Hogg made a speech tonight at the Grand Opera house in response to an invitation from leading citizens. It was generally understood that the occasion was arranged to give the governor a chance to state his real position on the subject discussed in the famous watch speech of his, and in which he claims he was misquoted. The Grand Opera house was packed to the doors and the governor was warmly greeted when Senator P. J. Lewis introduced him. He then read the following speech:

Fellow Citizens:

To confront an audience of independent sovereigns is always of infinite pleasure to me. To their superior wisdom, unselfish patriotism, pure sense of right, any cause or issue may always be submitted in the well founded hope that integrity, not duplicity, that probity and not baseness and that rectitude, not chicanery, will stand forth in companionship with justice to see that the essence of truth is received to the dismay of sensational fabrication. Recently in Texas my name has been wilfully, maliciously and in other sections of the United States, ignorantly, used in serious reflection upon the loyalty and fidelity of our citizens, the stars and stripes and to the Federal union. As to myself, no amount of misrepresentation or falsehoods in this respect can add much to those commonly circulated about me, for the past seven years. I have rarely ever advocated a measure or made a speech that a cloud of falsehood was not swung over the political horizon by sensationalists for the purpose of darkening my motives and dampening the ardor of the people. This was political, and only incidentally reflected on the intelligence of my supporters. Nobody was hurt by it. The last story, in effect charging that I, as governor of the state, have by inuendo and words, menaced the Union and sowed seeds of rebellion, reflects directly upon the patriotism of the whole people, as well as myself, and places a ban upon my native state, which I shall remove and strike asunder if there remains any virtue in the power of truth and justice.

In my speech to the Texas Volunteer Guard last week, out of which the fabrications arose, I said what I am willing to repeat anywhere before any audience. For four years I have been giving official and personal attention to the thorough organization and development of the state military forces. No state has a finer or more citizen soldiery than Texas. No general ever commanded a braver or more patriotic set of men than our volunteer guard. They knew the encouragement I had given them and the interest I felt in their standing and welfare. On the last day of their encampment the officers in a body came to my headquarters and called for me. When I stepped from the tent, Gen. Openheimer, in touching, appropriate language, speaking for the officers and soldiers, presented to me a fine watch. In accepting this testimonial of their friendship I made a few remarks that flowed from the fountains of manhood and patriotic good will. Refreshed by the calls of the week before for a military force to be sent into counties of this state, and in the light of a standing or moving army in Illinois sent there not at the request but over the objections of state and local authorities under circumstances revolting to my convictions as a free born American citizen, I felt it a duty to, and did give, the officers congregated before me an opinion as to the object and purposes of military forces. In doing so I animadverted on the terrible local disturbances all over the Union, to the presence of United States troops in Illinois, to the calls on me to send soldiers about in Texas, and the red lights of anarchy that were hanging out conspicuously in some of the populous cities. I had not thought of nor prepared a speech. The man who "wrote it up" admits the fact that he took no notes, and only "took down" the "speech" several hours afterward from "memory." After "preparing" it he did not have the kindness to submit it to me. He says he did not intentionally misquote or misrepresent me. Whether intentional or not, he did so. On that occasion I impressed two points on the soldiers, to which all will agree: First, that at all times, except in war, or when martial law is declared, the military is subordinate to civil authority. Second, that in the event of insurrection within this government, or invasions from without, or in any kind of war, it was their duty to stand by the Union and lead the stars and stripes to victory. There was not a word, act or sentiment that could be truthfully charged to favor or squint at revolt against the general government, or to favor a defiance or resistence of the enforcement of the laws in any particular. At the end of my speech the officers gave three hearty, enthusiastic cheers.

From the beginning of this government its failure has been predicted. On this account Mr. Hamilton wanted a "strong" government, or one of centralized powers. Mr. Jefferson favored a Republican form of government or a general government of limited powers, because he believed the people capable of self government, and his views prevailed. From then until now through the press, on the stump, at home and abroad predictions as to the failure of our government have been made frequently by persons occupying high and low places. Macauley's phophecies to this effect have been going the rounds of the press north and south. Herbert Spencer and other foreign writers on political economy and historians have also been freely quoted on the same point. Lately I have had these forebodings rung into my ears by gentlemen of high standing who favor a "strong" or military government. Some speak as the disciples of Hamilton; others, more like the subjects of the czar. Neither in word, sentiment or sympathy have I ever concurred in or indorsed such views or predictions. I have always abhorred them and contended against them. Every idiot, however, knows they are constantly made, especially by foreigners. I have seen and yet see troubles ahead, and have always admonished the people to go to work through their ballots to avert them. Ballots not bayonets is my platform. In speaking of the much talked of predictions of the final destruction and disintegration of this government at the end of a revolution like that of France, and after saying that "I see the faces of generals and officers here who would lead the hosts to victory under the Stars and Stripes," I made use of the following language, which the reporter admits he misquoted: "If the disintegration should come, God grant that it shall never, then Texas as a great empire state, with her splendid resources and five hundred miles of coast way, could light on her feet under the constitution of 1836 and carry out the principles of the fathers, as a republic." This misquoted, misrepresented expression, added to another false one to the effect that I would resist federal troops, formed the excuse for the great sensational fabrication under inflated headlines, scattered afloat everywhere. My reference to the "gory" scenes in Chicago was in condemnation of the use of dynamite from the hands of anarchists. The picture was drawn for the purpose of illustrating the necessity of enforcing the laws, and the terrors of a revolution, if it did occur, which the citizen soldiery would have to aid in suppressing. In passing through Ohio the 5th of this month I saw in the daily papers the picture of a man blown skyhigh the day before by dynamite in the streets of Cincinnati. The description of his mangled, lacerated, shattered form was read by thousands of people who could not fail to realize the fearful effect of this, the most terrible of all destructive ancient or modern explosives. To lecture the soldiers of its danger, of its terror as an instrument of anarchy which, should necessity arise, they must help suppress, cannot be out of place on any occasion. Neither the quotation nor this picture gives rise to the scurrilous reports about my speech. As I say, they only formed the excuse. The underlying animus and real cause of the whole misrepresentation and alarming "warcry" rested on and sprung from the fact that I deplored the president's action in sending a portion of the United States army into Illinois without a request from and over the remonstrance of the governor and local authorities of the state. The moment I learned the president had done this I felt grieved and so expressed myself. The more I think of it, the less excuse I can find in the act, and the more terrible the precedent appeared to me. In the calmness of peace, since the storm has subsided, the excitement allayed, passion cooled and reason restored, it is well for every patriot to reflect on and seriously examine into the president's action. If it was proper, let the intelligent American people honor it and hail it with joy. If it was not, let them in some way express their disapprobation of it and say they will not consent to its repetition.

I understand the alacrity with which the great mass of the people indorse what is called "heroic action," and I am not unmindful of the almost universal sentiment at the back of the president in his martial law measure against Chicago. The great Republican constitutional lawyer, Judge Cooley, in an open letter from Ann Arbor, Mich., July 15, congratulates him on it and says: "I am specially gratified that a great and valuable lesson in constitutional construction has been settled for all time to come with remarkably little bloodshed." So, the greatest American constitutional writer, a Republican in politics, congratulates our Democratic president on his action in sending United States soldiers into a state over the protests of the governor, and declares it to be "a great and valuable lesson in constitutional construction." Why does this great author call this act one of "constitutional construction?" Because he knows it is so, and every thinking man must agree with him. Then we may well call it also an important, serious epoch in the history of our country—the president of the United States placing a construction on the constitution by the use of federal troops! Should not such an important act be discussed and understood by the people of this union? If they, while in the blindness of excitement provoked, fomented and stirred to white heat by a partisan press, indorse such a military measure of construction of their constitution, is it not characteristic of their good sense and patriotism, is it not to their interest after the "cooling season" has taken the place of passion's heat, to seriously reflect and pass on the question again? They must understand that the president has set for them an important precedent. If they deliberately indorse it, their condemnation of any future president who may follow it at will must come too late. They will be estopped. In their manhood they should speak out while this precedent is fresh. To let it go unchallenged now will give it root and strength beyond the power of the constitution. A bad precedent, like anarchy, if not crushed in its incipient state, will grow too strong for a constitutional government. Yes, the president's act was a "constitutional construction." Why? Mr. Cooley says so, and the constitution does not expressly vest him with such authority under the circumstances of his action. His act had to rest on "construction," not obedience to plain constitutional demand.

Pertinent to the point under consideration the constitution of the United States says:

"The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence." (Art. 4, Sec. 4.)

Analyzed, this constitutional provision embraces three obligations by which the federal government stands pledged:

1. That the United States shall guarantee to every state in the Union a republican form of government. This means, of course, a state in which the sovereign power of controlling domestic affairs, including "domestic violence," shall be exercised by the governor and other officers therein elected by the people.

2. That the United States shall protect each state from invasion. For this reason a standing army in times of peace is authorized and excusable. In military parlance an "invasion" means a raid or hostile incursion of an army for conquest or plunder. There was no "invasion" of Illinois when the president acted.

3. That the United States shall protect each state from "domestic violence" when called on by the legislature, or by the governor if the legislature is not in session.

Illinois was afflicted with serious "domestic violence," the causes, purposes and general effect of which are not pertinent to this discussion. Neither the legislature nor the executive of the state made "application" to nor called on the general government or the president for the "protection" he sent there under the military commander, Gen. Miles. The governor protested against the president's action, asserting the willingness and ability of state authorities to quell the trobles. This was answered by the latter to the effect that the trouble must first be settled and then the discussion could follow. So the "trouble" has been settled. Now let the discussion go on. From what source did the president get his authority? If he had no authority, he acted without authority. If he acted without authority, where does the precedent point to? Logically to the president of the United States rising above the constitution and doing as he pleases so long as the army will obey him—the substitution of a military government for the republic. Are the people prepared to bow to the change? Will they agree to it? If so, what will become of their ballot boxes and liberties? Pause and think. It is now time for cool reflection. Don't go wild and commit a serious mistake because a Democratic president, whom we have always loved and honored, did this. You know if a Republican president had committed this deed, the last one of you would be screaming and howling and bellowing like lost cattle in a storm. Yes, you know that hundreds and thousands of denunciatory resolutions, so hot and fiery that Satan could not hold them with tongs, would have been passed in every state in this Union. As it is, Republicans are smiling and Democrats are blindly swallowing the "heroic dose." Let me tell you, the day for weeping lies yonder not far in the future, hovering over the great quagmire of despair, if this precedent is to stand. Governments are changed while the people are lulled to sleep by the balm of enthusiasm over "heroic deeds," or are blinded by passion's rage. At times all republics must pass through the throes of distress. During the paroxysms of the malady, dictators arise, and under the pretext of necessity, prescribe rules and maxims and set precedents against the constitution, paving the way to absolute authority of a central power. Thus new conditions are fastened upon the people, and their government becomes changed to the destruction of their rights and liberties.

The well understood patriotism of President Cleveland, it is believed, brands with denial every suspicion or charge that his action was prompted by a desire to build up a "strong government," properly called a military despotism, at the expense of our republic. We are to elect other presidents. Some of them may take a step or two further on the same line. No doubt they will. By this process time will beat out a pathway from Washington into the heart of every state, along which none but soldiers can travel. Many well-meaning people point with pride to "our standing army," and are ever ready to invoke its terrible power on every hand and in all quarters to quell every riot and local disturbance that may arise. They argue "that is what the army is for!" What will become of the civil authorities and the principle of "local self-government" if this doctrine and policy are encouraged and supported to their logical end? A standing army has its purpose, and in its place is much to be admired. As a citizen and officer I am proud of the army. I am on intimate terms of friendship with the portion of it in Texas. Every year they go into camp with our volunteer guard. Its officers are my guests and friends. They understand their law is obedience to their official superiors. They know the respect the state has for them; and they know when they were called to the aid of the United States marshal in executing process against Mexican revolutionists, and during the "Garza invasion" on the border, that Texas sent the rangers and effectively aided them. The army is all right in its place. Misuse it once or twice and the pillars of civil government will soon become too weak to support a local fabric of a feather's weight. I can say nothing better right here on this subject than to quote Mr. Cooley, who was so prompt in congratulating the president on his military "constitutional construction." On page 427 of his admirable work on Constitutional Limitations, he says:

"A standing army is peculiarly obnoxious in any free government, and the jealousy of such an army has at all times been so strongly manifested in England as to lead to the belief that even though recruited from among themselves, it was more dreaded by the people as an instrument of oppression than a tyranical monarch or any foreign power. The alternative to a standing army is a well regulated militia."

Ample provision has been made through the action of congress for this "alternative" to a "standing army" by a "well regulated militia" in each state. Illinois has a first class one of as loyal, game men as ever fought under the stars and stripes. In the exercise of his prerogative to suppress "insurrection" in Chicago, if the president believed one to exist, he failed to test the power and patriotism of this "alternative" citizen soldiery, but sent into that city and state the "standing army" which Judge Cooley, in the calmness of his reflection, when agitated and excited, did not affect his reason, says is "more dreaded by the people as an instrument of oppression than a tyranical monarch or any foreign power." This is just cause of complaint by every citizen when he understands and appreciates a republican form of government.

Our general government has two classes of armed forces subject to duty in its service—one, the "standing army," the other the militia." They are two distinctive forces, provided for by different laws, and while under certain conditions both may be used in the same service, their objects and purposes are as different as those of United States marshals and state constables. By one provision of the constitution, the congress is authorized to "raise and support armies;" by another, "to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia." Separate congressional laws carry out these provisions of the constitution. As the president is the commander-in-chief of the "army and navy" and appoints their officers, so in each state the governor is the commander-in-chief of the "militia," and appoints, or has elected, their officers. Both the "army" and the "militia" are subject to the president's orders under certain limitations as their commander-in-chief to repel invasions, to suppress insurrections and domestic violence and to support the civil authorities in the enforcement of the laws. He has not the power to act at will, but must, under his oath of the constitution, be guided and governed by law; otherwise he would have a military despotism instead of a republican form of government. As every one knows, the purpose of the "standing army and navy" is to enforce among foreign countries and everywhere a respect for the United States flag and to protect the government against rebellion and invasion. It was not created for the purpose of creating obedience to the law. Under our form of government, this was left to the people, through the civil authorities, supported in cases of absolute necessity by the "militia," and as the last resort only by the "army." No state can be protected from "domestic violence" by the United States "army" if the constitution in plain words means what it says, except when called for by the legislature or the governor thereof, unless that violence amounts to rebellion against the government. If to suppress "domestic violence" was the president's purpose, he, for the time being, upturned and overthrew local self government in the state of Illinois by the use of military forces in plain violation of the constitution, and in palpable disregard of the following section of the first plank of the last democratic national platform, on which he was elected, and by which he and every other democrat stands committed and pledged:

"We solemnly declare that the need of a return to the fundamental principles of a free, popular government based on home rule and individual liberty, was never more urgent than now

When the tendency to centralize all power at the federal capital has become a menace to the reserved rights of the states, that strikes at the very roots of government under the constitution as framed by the fathers of the republic."

The constitution ignored, democratic platform disregarded, and democrats applaud. What shall the harvest be?

It is no excuse to say there was an emergency; that riot was on at a terrible rate, and the destruction of life and property was threatened. President Grant was once called on to send troops into Texas on an "emergency." He refused. President Hayes was importuned to send the army into Louisiana to protect property and lives. It was a great "emergency." He declined. President Harrison had the opportunity also on many occasions to respond to blood-curdling sounds of alarm, and invade many of the southern states with military forces. He would not do so. About every president since the last civil war has been called on to use troops to suppress mobs, riots and various combinations constituting "domestic violence." Each time, with this one exception, they refused. By this course civil authorities were left to enforce the laws, and they succeeded, thus demonstrating the people's capacity of local self-government.

Contention is made, however, that Presidents Washington, Jackson and Lincoln set the precedents by which President Cleveland was guided. The records and facts will not support the assertion. President Washington, on application from local federal authorities, called out the "militia" in Pennsylvania to aid the revenue officers in their attempts to collect the whiskey distillery taxes. Combinations of conspirators and mobs overawed and prevented the collectors and judges from enforcing these United States revenue laws. The president called the "militia" to their support under the provision of the constitution, which declared that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." He was not protecting the state against "domestic violence," nor helping to move trains, but was seeing that the United States laws were "faithfully executed." South Carolina sought to nullify the federal laws and to prevent their execution. She did so as a state, and suppressed all United States officers. President Jackson sent part of the army there "to see that the laws were faithfully executed," a wholly dissimilar case to the Illinois affair. President Lincoln conducted the war against secession. Every school boy knows that this could not be relied on as a precedent in times of peace by any president. The strained attempts to claim these three extraordinary acts as precedents to justify the use of the army in the "Pullman strike" only demonstrates the danger of any officer stepping on the edge of or under, over, or around the constitution. If they can be set up as justification of President Cleveland's action, the precedent he has set will be broad enough for the next president to send troops into Louisiana to guard a bounty paid sugar plantation, or to Massachusetts to stand vigil over a government-protected woolen mill while their owners are shipping goods intended for inter state commerce. Precedents in conflict with plain law will lead to governmental disorder. If the one Judge Cooley congratulates the president over shall stand unchallenged, the next congress and each congress thereafter will be called upon to increase the "standing army" until soldiers will be stationed in and around every city and important place in this union, very much to the dismay of the people. Local authorities will rely on federal troops to suppress riots and mobs, the people will be taught dependence on a central authority and the pusillanimous doctrine of patriotism now so strong in the land will spread and grow until the Hamiltonian idea of centralism will be completely accomplished.

Other men of Judge Cooley's political faith deny that the president's action was a "lesson in constitutional construction," but contend that he acted in obedience to certain provisions of the United States Revised Statutes under the title of "Insurrection." It would be stretching language very far to contend that the "Pullman strike" was an "insurrection," for every one knows that it was no more nor less than what is properly called "domestic violence," and was not "a rising up of individuals to prevent the execution of law by force of arms." The strikers interfered with property rights; they obstructed the moving of trains, and they may have assaulted persons and property. A hoodlum element joined in and made Chicago howl, and anarchists destroyed property and caused bloodshed. Labor got credit of it all. This was "domestic violence" of a terrible form, but it was not "insurrection." Waive so called technicalities and look into the president's powers under these statutes: Section 5297 was adopted in 1795 during President Washington's day, and authorized the president, by use of the militia and army if necessary, to suppress "an insurrection in any state against the government thereof," when called on for that purpose by the governor or legislature. Section 5298 was passed in 1861 as a war measure, during President Lincoln's time, and authorized the president to suppress any "rebellion" against the United States; and whenever by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations or assemblages of persons "it shall become impracticable * * * to enforce, by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within any state or territory," he may call forth the militia or employ the army to "enforce the faithful execution of the laws of the United States." He was to act when "by the ordinary course of judicial proceeding the laws could not be enforced." Section 5299 was passed in 1871 during President Grant's term, and may be called the twin sister of the notorious force bill. During all of the stormy times with which this great man had to contend, called on all over the South and importuned by partisans from every quarter to use the army under this and other laws, he refused to do so. Local civil authorities, by process of time, restored peace without injury to the government; and the war chieftan, by his refusal, gave wonderful expression of his faith in the capacity of the people to handle and suppress their own "domestic violence." In the stormy days during which this law was drawn, when a large portion of our country had no voice in legislation, the authors of it tried with great ingenuity to "write around the constitution." Analyze the section and you will find that the "insurrection," "domestic violence," "unlawful combinations" or "conspiracies" to suppress which the president is authorized to use the militia or army must be of such a nature as to "obstruct or hinder the execution of the laws of the state or of the United States." He then cannot act unless the "constituted authorities of such state are unable to protect, or, from any cause fail in or refuse" to do so. This section also makes it the duty of the president to suppress such combinations or insurrection whenever they "obstruct the laws of the United States or the due execution thereof, or impede or obstruct the due course of justice under the same." Nowhere does it say "obstruct trains" or "obstruct mails" or "obstruct inter-state commerce." It mentions neither. The obstruction of the execution of the law and the due process of justice are what it clearly proposes to prevent. That this whole law on "insurrection" is aimed at something more than a strike that interferes with the operation of mail trains and railways engaged in commerce between the states is shown not only by its caption, but by the further extraordinary powers vested in the president under it. By its provisions, he can, by public proclamation, command as President Cleveland did "the insurgents to disperse;" and if the state authorities do not disclaim that the "insurgents" are acting under their authority, then he can, by proclamation check and prevent any and all commercial intercourse with the citizens of the state until the disturbance ceases. Added to this, all the goods and property carried into the state during this time, together with the vehicles carrying them, are forfeited to the United States. If this is the authority under which the president acted, the people of Illinois had a close call. What state will have it next? Followed where will the precedent end? These are "war statutes," which no Republican president ever applied to a southern state in all their troubles. Does it not seem strange that a Democratic president shall be the first to act under it, and then in one of the strongest states of the North? So far as I am concerned, I seriously dissent from the action, and as a free American citizen, with the fear of God only in my eyes, I solemnly protest against it.

Another class of gentlemen contend that the president's act was neither a "constitutional construction" nor guided by these "war" and "reconstruction" statutes, but that he responded to the call of the United States district attorney and marshals for help in executing the process and enforcing the decrees of the federal court. Well, go with me in examination of this proposition. In the execution of civil or criminal process, the United States marshal is vested with all the powers of a sheriff. He can command all the force necessary to enable him to comply with his duties. He can enlist deputies, summon the citizens, and can, on proper application, secure the president's support to the full extent of the standing army and of every person in the government subject to military duty. The constitution requires that the president shall "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." No one would respect him if he shirked responsibility in complying with this mandate within constitutional limits. Yes, no doubt the district attorney at least, and probably the United States marshal, called on him for troops. What were the circumstances under which they did so? Did they call on him to help enforce judicial process or to aid in the enforcement of the law? Well, rather! As the backwoodsman would say—sorter! Here is a published copy of the decree of a so-called "injunction" entered by the federal court to enforce which the president acted. The material part reads as follows:

"E. V. Debs, George W. Howard, L. W. Rogers and the American Railway union and all other persons combining and conspiring with them, and all other persons whomsoever, are enjoined absolutely from interfering with or stopping any of the business of the railroads in Chicago engaged as common carriers of passengers and freight between states, and from interfering with mail, express or other trains, whether freight or passenger, engaged in interstate commerce, or destroying the property of any of the railroads, or from entering their grounds for the purpose of stopping trains or interfering with property; from compelling or inducing by threats, persuasion or violence any of the employes of said roads to refuse or fail to perform any of their duties as employes of such road in connection with interstate commerce of such railroads, or the carrying of mails, passengers or freight, or attempting to induce, by threat or intimidation, any of the employes of such road engaged in interstate business or operation of mail trains, to leave the service of such roads or preventing any person from entering the service of such road."

This "injunction" included twenty-three railroads—all that run into Chicago. The "decree" was entered by the federal court of that city on July 2, and the president ordered General Miles and the army there on the next day to enforce it.

Was this section to enforce judicial process? Was it to enforce the laws? No. It was to enforce obedience to this ukase. Had the injunction been legal the clerk could not have entered it and issued the "legal process" under it applicable to the twenty-three railroads which it sought to protect during that short period of twenty-four hours. I take no risk is asserting that the United States marshal never received writs under it, nor tried to execute them before the wires were hot by the railway representatives and the so called district attorney calling for federal troops. The haste with which the marshal found that he could not execute the "process" of the court was only equalled by the facility with which the president dispatched the army into Chicago.

Analyze this remarkable "decree" and speak of it yourselves. You have never seen it before. I have asked dozens of intelligent men if they had read it, and have not found one who had. All they knew was that "the president had sent troops into Chicago," and they believed he was right and were willing to indorse him for it. Then they would talk loud and long about the bloody-handed anarchists. No man is more against them than myself. Surely it is not inconsistent to be for the constitution and against anarchy. I point to all my private and public utterances and to a life's record in the support of law and order as proof of my contempt for and detestation of anarchy in all its forms. Constitutional rights stand supreme with me. Remember the state of Illinois is a part of the United States, and has at least three hundred thousand as loyal, faithful, law-supporting, brave men as ever faced the missiles of death. Were they called on to suppress an "insurrection?" Were they called on to prove their loyalty to the government? Were they called on to see the "judicial process" executed? No! there was not time for this; the federal court was acting; it had entered an injunction one day and got an order for United States troops the next to help enforce it! Take a calm, reflective view of this wonderful haste, and ask whither are we drifting? Suppose Grant had done this for Texas? Suppose Hayes had done it for Louisiana? Suppose Harrison had done it for Mississippi? You know how you would have frothed at the mouth in rage; and we all know a response would have come over every wire from the Democrats of the north. Even the Republicans would have condemned it. Nobody would have indorsed it, but a few blood sucking fellows who have their war in peace and enjoy peace in war.

Some of you say that the United States senate and house of representatives adopted a resolution indorsing and commending the president for it. Admitted. Admit also that this was the easiest job that they have worked off in ten months. They certainly acted under the impulse of the moment as most people do in times of great excitement. You recollect that but a few months ago this same congress sent a committee at public expense, to "investigate" into the conduct of Judge Jenkins and Dundy, of the federal bench, in entering their celebrated injunction whereby in substance they prohibited employes of a railway in the hands of a receiver from quitting work. A great sensation was created over this injunction. All the newspapers denounced it. Lawyers, politicians, doctors and street loafers discussed it and cried out in thundering tones against it. That "injunction" was but a step—a mere "precedent" which, compared to this last one under which the president acted, was but the shadow of a fly's wing compared to the black cloud behind a cyclone. This Chicago injunction not only prohibits Debs and the American Railway union, but it includes "all other persons whomsoever." It not only proposes to protect the mails and all passenger and freight trains from violence or disturbance, but enjoins everybody "from compelling or inducing by threats, persuasion or violence any of the employes of such roads to leave the service of such road * * * or preventing any persons from entering the service of such roads." That injunction stands perpetual. Under it, backed by United States troops, the twenty-three named railroads are certainly safe. Yes, they are in clover. No man in the government can ever persuade another to quit the service of any of them. Worse than this—no man can "persuade" a person from "entering the service of such roads." Do you suppose congress fully understood this injunction decree when they indorsed President Cleveland for backing its enforcement by the use of United States troops? Some of those senators and representatives are very "persuasive" about election times. Suppose one of them should forget himself, and in a public speech "persuade" the laboring element not to work for railroads in Chicago? Suppose he should so far lose his wits in the face of that decree as to tell the boys up there to quit working for those railroads and move to Arkansas and follow the free pursuits of agriculture? Or, suppose that one of these erudite editors who condemn me should write and publish an editorial to the same effect? He, each and all "whomsoever," so offending would be guilty of contempt of court. What will apply to labor agitators will also apply to political agitators. What will apply to the public or private speaker will apply also to the press. Do you suppose the congress deliberated well before this resolution was passed? If so, well may patriots view the conditions of their country with alarm, for if congress indorses this decree and its enforcement by resolution, they have the power and probably would enact it into law.

This decree is called the "Omnibus Injunction," and its authorship has been charged to Attorney General Olney. I am not disposed to believe it, no more than I countenance the statement by some of the Northern papers that he is yet the attorney for some of the largest railroads and trusts. I have too much respect for the man and the exalted position he occupies to accept with a single grain of credence any such serious imputations. This

SENATOR R. Q. MILLS.

HE MAKES A GREAT SPEECH IN THE CITY OF DALLAS.

Roasts the Republicans and the Third Party, Which Is "Too Young to Have a Name"—Government Ownership of Railroads Absurd—Tariff Reform the Thing.

DALLAS, July 29.—Senator Roger Q. Mills paid his respects at the opera house to the enemies of Democracy and particularly to its new enemy, the People's party, which he designated as "that party that has not got old enough to have a name." There were empty seats in the opera house, and yet the hot weather considered the attendence was large, upward of 1000 persons, including many ladies, having turned out to hear the senator.

Having been introduced by J. T. Trezevant, whose remarks on the false gods that were imperiling the country were applauded, Senator Mills proceeded to remark that the public were confronted with a triangular campaign in which the Democratic party, the Republican party and the "party too young to have a name" were engaged. The latter party, he said, was contending for various things—contending that the distress from which the country is suffering would be relieved by the free coinage of silver with sixteen ounces as the equivolent of an ounce of gold; contending that the government should control and own the telegraph and raiload lines, should organize banks in all the post-offices throughout all the states and territories and actually to be the Jeffersonian Democrats. Mr. Jefferson's idea was to secure to every citizen the enjoyment of every right with which nature invested him and then let him alone. The Republican party is standing behind the third party and patting it on the back. The speaker then proceeded to treat of the People's party's wants seriatim. He had advocated the free coinage of silver and so had Democrats all over the United States long before the little third party was born, the only question among Democrats about it being as to the proper ratio of the metals. He pointed out how in 1792 when the silver ratio of 15 to 1 was too low all the gold left the country, going to Europe where the ratio was higher, and how, when in 1834 the statesmen in both parties raised the ratio of silver, a mistake was made in the opposite direction and silver left the country. He then proceeded to analyze the silver question from the standpoint of political economy, citing facts and figures used in former arguments, and drawing the conclusion that under the existing principles of taxation, however great the coinage, the specie might not be kept in this country. You might, he said, as well talk about pouring water into the Trinity river expecting it to remain there as to talk about pouring money into the channels of circulation and expecting it to remain there, for money, like water, seeks its level. It is a law of political economy that the price of everything rises and falls in proportion to the amount of money in circulation. When property rises silver and gold fall. There can be no prosperity restored until there is a proper distribution of the wealth created by the labor of the country. What is needed is a law that will increase the price of agriculaural products and decrease the price of the manufactured products. [Applause.] I believe in letting people alone, but when I find laws made to infringe the rights of individuals I propose to tear them down and restore the original.

The senator next paid his respects to the People's party's railroad plank. He contended that whenever the government takes charge of the railroads the railroads will take charge of the people. Their purchase would cost $10,000,000,000 and the circulation of the world only amounts to $8,000,000,000, while the government has only available what money it can raise by taxes. How is the money to purchase the railroads to be secured? Print it on a machine? That would be confiscation of the property, for everybody knows that the price could not and would not be paid by that method. There were many people without farms and the railroad property having been confiscated the next step would be to confiscate the farms of the country and let proceedings ultimately terminate in one vast communism. Supposing $10,000,000,000 currency should be issued where would be the necessity for free coinage of silver? Gold would leave the country, silver would follow it and then of the remaining currency it would take $1000 to buy a calico dress and $500 to buy a gingercake. [Applause.] I am now talking to my friends, 70 per cent. of whose cotton is sold in the European market at a gold standard.

The senator proceeded to point out the dangers to the political institutions of the country that would grow out of the government ownership of railroads, with the consequent existing 800,000 government officials—political banditti controlling elections and using their political power to increase their salaries. He pointed to the political force of 400,000 pensions in causing a drain on the treasury and asked how much more distressing would the consequences be if 800,000 officials were added to the party in power. Concluding, Senator Mills deplored the threatened political split in the south at a time when the Republicans, should they get in full control, will pass an obnoxious force bill. He dwelt on the force bill, of which he had direful forebodings.

RUARY 26, 1890.

BLAIR EDUCATIONAL BILL.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—It is altogether likely that the Blair educational bill will be passed this session. The senate has passed it three times, but the house has refused it equally often. The time has arrived when this question must be met squarely, and the impression prevails that this congress will pass the measure. It is in no sense a partisan bill, but now for the first time since its introduction (1884) the Republicans have control of both branches. The situation in the South remains unchanged. Some progress has been made, but satisfactory work there is impossible. Mr. Dawson, the late commissioner of education, stated in his last report that the schools in the South were too few, the terms too short, the salaries of the teachers too low, their qualifications defective, the school houses imperfect, and efficient instruction impossible. If any facts were needed to support this statement, it may be well to cite the language of Mr. Finger, superintendent of public instruction in North Carolina, in a recent letter to Dr. Harris, the present commissioner of education. He says:

"There is great misunderstanding in the northern section of the Union as to progress the South is making in public education.

"Sanguine men have traveled South returned after looking into a few and talking with a few (comparatively speaking) real friends of public education, and reported what conveyed a very false impression. The truth is, that a very large proportion of the leaders in politics of both political parties are opposed to public education in any other sense than that of charity, whether reference is had to whites or blacks. To say that any considerable proportion of the old slave owners is favorable to the education of the negroes is not in accordance with my observations and experience. To say that the South is in a financial condition to support a good system of schools is not the truth. To say that illiteracy in the South will be much reduced in the near future without help from the national government is what I do not believe. To say that it is the duty of congress to assist in the education of negroes is to my mind as plain a proposition as that two and two are four.

Those of us in the South who stand for a liberal support of public schools know the odds against which we contend, and if it were not for our faith in the cause, and a hope that prejudices would subside from whatever quarter they come, or exist, and that help will be extended for the sake of the preservation of our civil and religious liberties, if not from a

THE PRIVATE CAR.

Mayor Paddock Replies to Alderman Lewis.

He Claims That the Alderman Got Hot in the Collar Without Just Cause Or Provocation.

A MAIL reporter called on Captain Paddock at his office this morning and inquired if he had anything to say in reply to the statement of Alderman Lewis, printed in the MAIL of Friday last.

"I have nothing special to say about the matter," said Captain Paddock, "except that I am very sorry that Alderman Lewis' ire should have been aroused about a very trifling matter, in which Mr. Lewis, nor any one else is particularly to blame. It was simply a misunderstanding, in which no harm was done—There was nothing about which to get "hot in the collar" or anywhere else."

"Did Mr. Thorne tender his car to the members of the city government to go to Dallas?"

"Not that I've ever heard of. He tendered the car to myself and family, and by implication only, to such friends as I might invite—for he said the car would accommodate comfortably twelve or fifteen per-

said that the platform for the fifth ti

sons—Mr. Thorne knows my family is not quite so numerous as that; and he also knows that the city officials quite largely exceeds this number. Alderman Lewis and three or four others of the council occupied seats in the car on the trip to Dallas, and none of occupants were more welcome than they.

"He does himself great injustice by allowing the statement made in THE MAIL, that the conductor came in the car, and after passing myself and friends, received fare from him to go without correction. Mr. Lewis knows that nothing of the kind occurred, and so far as I know the train conductor never entered the car either going or returning from Dallas.

"It never occurred to me to say anything to any member of the city government about the invitatibn, as it was a purely personal matter. Mr Thorne has been a warm friend of myself and family for about twenty years, and we have been the recipients of many courtesies at his hands, and I regret as much on his account as for any other reason that such a mountain ha been made of such a diminutive mole hill."

Mr. Paddock stated further that any one who had any curiosity on the subject could see the telegrams which were received from Mr. Thorne and judge for themselves whether the car was tendered to the officials of Fort Worth or to Mayor Paddock and family.

MR. JACKSON'S X RAYS

TURNED ON HIS POLITICAL OPPONENTS SATURDAY NIGHT.

A Big Meeting at Sylvania at Which Several Candidates Were Present—A Legislative Candidate Roasted.

Last Saturday night Sylvania was invaded by a band of candidates. The meeting was held at Dan Hightower's store, and was calculated to remind one of what Brann, the Iconoclast man, said about St. Vitus dance of the jawbone.

There was a large crowd in attendance and, through the efforts of Mr. Hightower and the speakers, those who were present will rember the entertainment as one of the most interesting political meetings ever held in Tarrant county.

The first speech was made by Prof. P. D. Kennauer of the Arlington college. He reviewed the history of the Democratic party on the money question, declaring it had enacted into laws measures which resulted in turning the wealth of the nation into the coffers of plautocrats, while claiming and pretending to be the party of the people.

His positions on political economy were backed up by many quotations from the Philosopher Plato, John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, Thomas Jefferson and others famous as authorities on the questions at issue.

At the conclusion of his remarks there were calls for Andrew H. Jackson. That gentleman took the floor not to make a speech, but to call on Prof. J. M. Johnson to entertain the audience. In introducing Mr. Johnson, Mr. Jackson eulogized him as a man of whom this county has reason to be proud, a public educator of great ability, a pure hearted, patriotic citizen of unblemished character.

The professor said he had long been a close observer of public affairs and that in his opinion the march from bad to worse has kept pace with the passing years. Everything has tended toward the establishment of an aristocracy in our government and the impoverishment of the masses follows as a necessary result. In the gathering clouds that are hanging over the republic, he could see no relief, no light except in the Populist platform. His talk was brief but eloquent.

When he concluded, the audience called for McCoulskey, "the sage of Glenwood." The "sage" said he was not loaded, but he proceeded to inject a great deal of humor into the proceedings. Becoming more serious, he found much food for thought in the fact that everybody is reading and all classes of people are turning out orators who think they are capable of educating the masses on the great issues of the day.

He was followed by A. D. Carpenter, who declared that he was thoroughly disgusted with the Democratic party from constable to president. He cited facts and figures tending to show corruption all along the line. "The record of the Democratic party hangs over our fair city and county a dark cloud of shame and disgrace. We have with us tonight a man who will pierce that cloud with a ray of light. That man is Andrew H. Jackson. To him I now yield the floor."

Mr. Jackson's speech was characterized by intense earnestness. He argued that honesty is not bounded by money matters, by man's traffic in the goods of this world. "A man who is honest in all these matters becomes the equal of a common thief whenever he deceives anyone upon any matter of opinion."

"No human being can deny that," said the speaker. He then pitched into the record of the county attorney's office and held up before the audience the fruits of several Democratic administrations.

If there is a man in Tarrant county who believes that this state of affairs will not continue as long as that party is in power, I want to say to him that he has less sense than any poor, dull idiot in the asylums of the world."

The speaker ridiculed James W. Swayne, and told a story about a negro who said that his master "run for a lawyer and got beat." "Swayne refuses to go on record in favor of or against the enforcement of the law. He, an insurance agent, refuses to meet me, a lawyer, in joint discussion, and yet he wants the office of

POLICY MEN

Are Criticised By Candidate Jackson, Who Says

HE IS NO TENDERFOOT.

Andrew H. Jackson Atks Space in The Daily Tribune to Sohw That He Is a "Man of the World"—His Opinion of "Policy" People.

Editor Daily Tribune:

There are some people in this community who are deluded with the idea that I am a tenderfoot. They seem to think that I am traveling on the highway of candor under a mistaken belief that it is the most direct road to the office of county attorney. They do not know that I know that I could be elected by pretending to accept fads and theories which my reason has rejected; by throwing away conscience and exchanging candor for hypocrisy. They are ignorant of the fact that I have, by experience and observation measured the intellectual and moral standing of society on the Trinity. It has never occured to them that I am aware of the fact that an absolutely honest man running for office is regarded by many of them as a curiosity, while others look upon him as a fool.

They stop me on the street, come to my office, and even write letters to tell me of the existence of a certain phase of criminal intent and common every-day raseality called "policy." I am the suffering victim of their ungovernable mania. Much of my valuable time is wasted through vain efforts to explain to these lunatics that I have known all my life how "policy" makes a successful politician, but that I am not using "policy" or any other method of bribery in my meek effort to obtain office. The task of personal explanation is too great.

Mr. Editor, if you will take into consideration the strain upon my nervous system and kindly, charitably allow me to use your columns, I will try to dis-hallucinate these people by the bunch. I am a tenderfoot.

I am thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the political world. In human nature I am "away up." My father died when I was 10 years old and instead of spending "childhood's golden hours among the morning glory vines down on the farm," I hustled a hand-out route some times, and at other times roamed many weary miles on the cow-catcher in front of right swift trains. After all this I became a newsbutcher, and followed that business for many years in different parts of the great republic. During that time the meek and lowly sucker never boarded my train without losing his "wad." I was good at three-card monte, took a hand in the shell game sometimes, and was regarded as the best short-change artist in the United States, and possibly in the world.

I plied my vocation on the fair grounds and with all the circuses, and at the time that I was admitted to the practice of the law I was in good standing as a member of the A. O. U. B. S. and N. B. and G. (Ancient Order of United Bunco Steerers and News Butchers and Grafters.) Since my admission to the bar I have made a specialty of criminal law, and have defended every kind of criminal of which these flush times can boast, from the female negro with lips like a pound of liver, charged with being unchaste, up to the fair proprietor of a Nineteenth century disorderly house. I make these observations with the hope of convincing the public that I am, to some extent, a man of the world, and that most of the moss with which I was adorned when I emerged from the cedar thicket which surrounded my old Tennessee home has been lost for many years, and scattered along the winding ways that I have traversed in this rude old world.

I have harvested an extensive crop of wild oats, and I am now trying to cultivate a small and weedy crop of "reform." I do not believe in "beating the devil around the bush"—in doing indirectly that which I would blush to do directly, and then playing honest. When I feel like skinning suckers I will get three cards and a pair of shells and go "at" them where they are to be found. I will not trail the banner of the legal profession in the dust by engaging in the disgraceful bunco game of "policy." I believe in straight goods, with one exception in favor of green-goods men.

Policy is a slimy and poisonous serpent festering in the hidden recesses of corrupt hearts. It has charmed and is ready to devour the snowy dove of honesty. It has driven truth from the human bosom. Around its secret nest there are other loathsome monsters, toads of cowardice, creeping lizards of falsehood and clumsy, misshaped bats of hypocricy. The man in whose bosom that snake makes its nest is more low and contemptible than a distempered, hairless Mexican pup with the mange. As a school teacher, he can look into the bright eyes of an enquiring child and tell a lie.

As an editor, he can shut the light of truth from poor, misguided humanity and go forth a smiling villain. As a politician, he is a follower of those who pay him to act as a leader. As a citizen, he is a trembling, cowering object of pity and contempt. I had rather be the humblest member of a colony of redbugs and live my little day among the decaying vegetation of mother earth than to occupy the loftiest office in a government of bipeds who delight in being victimized by bunco steerers abnormally developed in the region of "policy."

ANDREW H. JACKSON.

ENON PICNIC.

Judge Armstrong and Terrell Join In

A RED, RED HOT DEBATE.

County Affairs Handled Without Gloves, Terrell Roasts Armstrong and Bailey—Armstrong Roasts Terrell and the News.

THE TRIBUNE man hied himself to Enon to witness the opening of the county campaign. The Democrats and Populists had appointed a committee to select speakers and select a location. In a beautiful grove about two miles west of Enon we found a large concourse of people and Col. Abe Harris just winding up his talk. Complimenting the ladies he said: "I have never in my life been in the company of so many pretty women." A lady sitting in front remarked that he had better left that unsaid—they were tired of such taffy.

At this time dinner was announced and there was a scramble for place. Capt. Terrtell, Maj. Gillespie, General Swayne and all the Colonels were invited to particepate but the poor lonely TRIBUNE man with a McKinly badge, the only Republican on the ground, was obliged to find consolation in branch water and red pop. After dinner Capt. Joe Terrell, Populist nominee for County Judge, took the stand for thirty minutes and advised his audience that he had been nominated by the people and not the saloon men or gamblers.

He had never run for office before but all his partners had and they had all been successful. He was running on his merits. The present county judge had held office for two years without credit to himself or the people he represented.

He said: "I am an original silver man. Of the ten delegates appointed to attend the Memphis convention only one attended and that was your humble servant."

"Have you heard of the glorious confirmation and consumation of yesterday?" (Meaining the adoption of the silver Democratic platform.)

"When Culberson jumped the gold platform I ceased to be a Democrat and voted for the lamented Nugent."

Now as to my objections to the financial management of our country I charge no crime and no criminal intent. But even if there were Populist members of the commissioners court, I am not here to uphold anybody in their wrong doing.

I do not charge any ulterior motive but the letting of the contract for furnishing the court house should have been done after an architect had decided what was wanted and advertised for bids and let the contract to the lowest bidder. They did not do this. Your present county judge is responsible for this; he is the head of the commissioner's court.

The old furniture was good enough for the new court house.

He further claimed that $2900 worth of furniture was bought that they did not know where to put when it was received.

Then the judge got wound up and uttered some lively sentences, among them being the following:

"J. W. Bailey has a grip on the county."

Bailey made Armstrong judge for playing the Judas Iscariot act on Riddle and nominating Bailey for senator. "The very first thing I will do when elected your county judge is to sue G. W. Armstrong and the four commissioners for $2190, the difference in amount paid the Fort Worth Gazette for the printing of the delinquent tax list. The law allowed but 50 cents a square and the Gazette was paid 75 cents."

"One term more of county court like the last and you will not be able to pay your taxes." That $100 chair that Armstrong sits in is too expensive." "I want to show you that this man J. W. Baily of Fort Worth, whose reputation is a stench in the nostrils of all good men, and your present county judge are partners."

"Mr. Bailey wanted to sell the city some property on which to erect a city hall—Armstrong was with him—time passed on and a market house was to be erected."

"G. W. Armstrong president of the company, and Bailey's ground was to have been purchased by the city, but the righteous indignation of the merchants had been aroused and the scheme failed."

"Who has been given the three thousand suits to file against the delinquent tax payers of this county, and by whom were they given?" "Williams & Bailey, are filing the suits, and Judge Armstrong it was that gave them the work. Think of it, $5 per suit, a total of $15,000, in fees and in some instanees the suits aggregate but 15 cents, and an average of 50 taken at random averaged 45 cents each." "Your candidate for county attorney was sued on one for 50 cents."

Judge Armstrong.

Judge G. W. Armstrong was the next speaker. He said he was prepared at any place and at any time to answer any charge. Had had no time to prepare a set speech for this occasion. Judge Armstrong treated many of the questions raised by Judge Terrell in the same way he did in the campaign before the primary, all of which were fully reported in THE DAILY TRIBUNE at the time. Among other things he said:

"Judge Terrell has told you that he is a large tax payer. I want to correct the statement and say that he has large property interests and is assessed, but he does not pay his taxes. He did not pay $3,000 back taxes when he was running for mayor, but he was not elected.

"Joe had a sneaking idea that the Dallas News would talk about him as much as they did about Barney Gibbs if he would come out and declare himself a Populist, for you all know that the Dallas News, while it claims to be Democratic, is anything to beat the Democratic nominees." "Joe Terrell hit the Populist platform running for office, but I did not think he would have the nerve, temerity or unmitigated gall to run for county judge."

"Concerning the delinquent tax lists he lacks information and there is nothing in the charges. Mr. Bailey is a friend of mine. Am I unworthy because some friend of mine is not what he ought to be? If t have so much power to do wrong, what would I do if I took a fool notion to do right? I am not afraid that the people will let Terrell warm that $100 chair that cost but $25.

Judge Terrell replied briefly and then came a red hot debate between Andrew Jackson and James W. Swayne. There are a number of sensational features to it, and it will be fully reported in tomorrow's TRIBUNE.

At the conclusion of Mr. Swayne's remarks Jackson mounted the rostrum with a copy of THE DAILY TRIBUNE of May 8, containing his criticism of "policy" men. He declared that his opponent had shown downright dishonesty in reading short extracts from said article and misconstruing the same. Continuing he said:

"This man who dishonestly introduces new matter in a debate after his opponent's mouth is closed; who adds to the wrong the outrage of misrepresentation.

This man who thus lies in ambush to shoot me in the back; this man who expresses himself in ambiguous and uncertain terms on the great issue of the enforcement of law, who refuses to answer an open letter from an opposing candidate asking questions on that issue, when the columns of the press are extended to him; this man who is chuck full of "policy" and deception attempts to criticise me because I am an infidel—because I do not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the son of God. For shame!

Does he pretend that he is a follower of that reformer of reformers? When I think of that friend of the friendless, that brave iconoclast who scourged the money lenders, and sent his candid words like arrows into the corrupt hearts of exalted hypocrites, while consoling the poor and the lowly in their sorrows, and sympathizing with them as they sank beneath their burdens, and then see a miserable little "policy" politician hiding behind his exalted name and fame, I am amazed.

Whoever Jesus was—whether the God of this universe or only a brave and true man, his banner floating over Jim Swayne is like a snowy silk umbrella shading a scaly and poisonous lizzard." The speaker then read in a loud voice the article on "policy" men, which he claimed that Swayne had garbled, stopping now and then to make comments, asking does that sound like an honest or a dishonest man. "Swayne says that the fact that I frankly say that I mingled a little three card monte with the monotonous business of selling red apples on railway trains in the erring hours of youth is conclusive evidence that I am now a dishonest man.

His argument amounts to this: He would say that Sam Jones, the greatest reformer of modern times, is now a drunken gambler and saloon bum because Sam says that at one time he was that kind of a character. The Stoic philosephers said: "When a man tells his dreams he has awakened; when a man tells his faults he has repented." That is true. It is supported by every fact in the wide circle of observation and believed by every sensible man. The man who calls attention to his past faults without compulsion, invites his fellow men to turn upon him the searchlight of investigation. He knows that he is so living his life as to prove that the past is dead.

I will tell you why Swayne does not know this. He was once the victim of a bunco game. When old mother nature formed him from her mysterious elements she worked the green-goods racket on him and gave him saw-dust instead of brains. (Applause and laughter.)

At the conclusion of Jackson's remarks Swayne again took the floor and proceeded to roast Jackson to a finish. After hammering away for a while, a general interruption ensued, several parties in the audience asking questions.

Jackson called on him to know if he, Swayne, was not a gambler, and if he did not make a business of going about betting on elections. While Swayne was pleading defective memory, and saying that it might be true that he had bet a hat on some election, Mr. Jackson asked him if a Mr. Barksdale, who was in the audience did not see him bet $10 on the election of Governor Hogg. The speaker failing to deny the charge.

Jackson asked him if it would not be a good idea to admit his sins without rendering it necessary to prove them up by members of the audience. Swayne replied that if he had gambled he had never been a bunco-steerer. After this the roasting became general.

Such terms as ants, robbers, frauds, shysters, runts and others of a like kind were used in profusion while the audience yelled like a pack of Comanches on the war-path. Barnum's circus located a hundred yards away would have been deserted. When Swayne closed some one made a motion to keep him and Jackson on exhibition and camp for the night, but the motion was lost and the crowd dispersed to laugh about the greatest roasting-bee that Tarrant county has ever known.

TAFT TAKES STUMP FOR LITTLEFIELD

SECRETARY OF WAR GOES TO RESCUE OF HARD PRESSED CONGRESSMAN.

CODDLES BOTH SIDES

Organized Labor Is Fine and Littlefield's Record Is Fine and Roosevelt Is All Right.

Bath, Maine, Sept. 5.—Secretary of War Taft, who is interesting also as a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, addressed a great crowd here today. The secretary was invited to Maine to aid the campaign of Congressman Littlefield, who is being hard pressed for re-election and who is being bitterly fought by organized labor under the guidance of Samuel Gompers, himself a member of the Roosevelt administration.

Mr. Taft opened his address with a discussion of the great value of wealth used as capital, touched upon the prosperity of the country since 1900; the increase in earnings of labor; the character of abuses of organized capital and went into a general history of the governmental movement against trusts. He dwelt upon the practical difficulties in enforcing the trust act and declared the creation of the bureau of corporations a great aid. He declared discriminations in railway rates a powerful instrument for maintaining trusts and that reform in railway regulation is necessary. He pronounced as useless the vehement denunciation of trust evils without definite remedies of a practical kind and then reviewed what he was pleased to declare the practical results of Mr. Roosevelt's policy. Taking up the question of the issue of the present campaign, the secretary continued:

We are nearly half way through the second administration of Mr. Roosevelt. The question before the people of this country is whether, having elected Mr. Roosevelt by an overwhelming majority, to continue as the chief executive for another term, and having made him and his party responsible for the national policies adopted, both in legislative and in executive matters, they shall now, by electing a Democratic congress, express disapproval of his past course, and a want of confidence in his future action. The campaign involves not only the award of merit or disapproval for things done. It involves the question, whether the great work which Mr. Roosevelt, as the leader of his party, and with the support of his party, has entered upon and carried far enough to indicate the possibility of successful accomplishment, shall now be seriously hampered, and in a measure defeated, by returning, as one of the co-ordinate branches of the national legislature, a body anxious for partisan reasons to embarrass him and his administration.

Mr. Roosevelt's Policy.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy is to secure, by national legislative and executive action, within the somewhat narrow range of federal jurisdiction over interstate commerce, effective control of those who manage and operate organ-

the minds of the powerful instrumentalities that organization of capital affords, from unlawfully suppressing competition, establishing monopolies, and thereby making impossible the benefit from such organization of capital of a reduction of prices and increase of conveniences which otherwise would and ought to inure to the public.

With respect to this general policy which has been carried forward by Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party to a point where a successful issue is reasonably assured if a consistent course of legislative and executive action is permitted, the Democratic party asserts that it is the original patentee, and that Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party have merely infringed their patent rights. The unfounded character of this claim of exclusive ownership by the Democratic party in Mr. Roosevelt's policy, I shall not stop to discuss. The Democratic leaders who understand the hold Mr. Roosevelt has upon the voters of the country would have them believe that a Democratic majority in the house of representatives will sympathize so much in Mr. Roosevelt's policy in regard to trusts and railroad rate discrimination, and will so second his efforts that it really is not important in furthering this policy to elect a Republican house. But nothing can be further from the fact.

A Democratic House Would Not Aid Mr. Roosevelt.

The Democratic party, instead of helping on the work of the administration with a Democratic house, if it should be elected, proposes to devote its chief energy to a series of investigations into the executive departments, to show, as Chairman Griggs says, that the departments "are honeycombed with graft." For this reason, he solicits from loyal Democrats dollar contributions. The new Democratic house of representatives, if elected, is then to paralyze the executive hand by attempting to find something of irregularity, which by partisan distortion and injustice is to be made the basis of a national compaign, in order that Mr. Roosevelt's successor may be a Democrat. Doubtless the great executive departments of the government should always be kept under close supervision to see that irregularities and abuses are suppressed and are not permitted to grow into corruption and misfeasance in office, and that the widest publicity should be given to everything that is done by the people's servants in order that the force of public opinion may have a cleansing and purifying effect in the people's business. Under the present Republican congress, however, there has not been shown the slightest disposition to conceal or cover up the work of any of the departments, and the fullest legitimate latitude has been exercised by both branches of the national legislature in the inquiries made by committees and otherwise into departmental management. A full, fair investigation is one thing, but a narrow, partisan, unfair fishing excursion and misconstruction of every executive act, an attributing of corrupt motive to every policy adopted, for the purpose of furnishing campaign material to yellow politics and journalism, is quite another. Such investigations are productive of no good results, and merely paralyze the executive arm of the government by absorbing the attention of its agents in a defense of their past course, and in making them nerveless and timid in assuming responsibility to adopt and carry out the further affirmative policies needed for the benefit, and in the interest of the public. Mr. Griggs and the Democratic leaders do not propose to elect their house of representatives for the purpose of carrying on the policy of which they claim to be the inventors, and in order to uphold the hands of the President in doing that which has public approval; but they propose to use a house hostile to Mr. Roosevelt and the administration for purposes which cannot but seriously handicap his efforts in the direction already indicated. The history of the trust legislation and prosecutions shows conclusively that the most active co-operation and sympathy between the executive and congress is necessary to meet and overcome the difficulties constantly arising in the great work. It is, therefore, just and fair to say that the issue of the present campaign does not involve merely the approval or disaproval of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, but it involves the question whether that policy shall be carried to a successful issue, or shall be defeated by a vote of want of confidence.

Mr. Roosevelt Is the Issue.

It has been suggested at times, as if it were a ground for criticising the Republican party and the congressmen who now go back to their constituents for a judgment upon their course, that they propose to make Mr. Roosevelt the issue in this campaign. They do propose to make Mr. Roosevelt the issue in this campaign, because he is the issue; not in what he has said, but in what he has done and what the party has upheld him in doing. The Republican majority in the house and senate have loyally accepted Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, have approved his recommendations, and have stood by him in formulating into legislation that which should enable him to carry out his policy. Is it wonderful then that the Republican party asks, and the Republican members of the house of representatives ask, that the electors of the country in determining whether a Republican or Democratic majority shall appear in the next house of representatives, shall make their decision turn on the question, "Do we approve the course of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States, or do we disapprove it?" The magic of Theodore Roosevelt's name in winning votes, and the deep-seated confidence that the American people have in his patriotism, in the sincerity of his sympathy with all the people, rich and poor alike, in the courage of his convictions, in his great ability and tremendous energy, and in his intense interest in effecting results which shall inure to the benefit of all the people, and especially the less fortunate, may be legitimately used to secure a return of a Republican house to support and sustain him for the remainder of his administration.

But the anti-trust and the railroad rate legislation are not the only important results of the first congressional session of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. The record of this congress for great statute making reforms for the benefit of the public is not equaled by that of any congress since the war. The investigation of the methods of preparing meats for interstate and foreign commerce, and the legislation enacted to secure adequate inspection and sanitary methods of its preparation, are one instance of how prompt President Roosevelt is in his effort to stamp out a public evil, and how quickly the Republican majority in the senate and the house responded to his recommendation and urgency. Doubtless it meant a temporary injury to a great foreign trade, but this loss was inconsiderable when compared to the immense benefit done to the country and the world in securing proper methods of preparing food products and also in placing what is one of our greatest industries, most important to farmers and stock raisers, on a proper and secure basis before the world. The national quarantine act, which takes under one management and makes much more effective the provisions against the importation of disease into this country from countries less careful than we, of the hygienic condition of their people; the pure food act, considered by many congresses and passed by this one, for the purpose of discouraging the use of deleterious adulterants, and opposed by most powerful private interests; the consular act, adopted for the purpose of rendering more efficient our important consular service, and introducing into it a merit system of appointment and promotion, and taking it out of politics; the Panama canal legislation that fixed the type of the canal by which in eight years at the farthest our largest ships of peace and war may pass from one ocean to the other, conferring enormous benefit upon the commerce of the world, and doubling the efficiency of our own navy; the statehod act, which unites Oklahoma and Indian Territory into a great state of more than 1,000,000 inhabitants and which gives to New Mexico and Arizona, each containing an insufficient number of people to become a state, an opportunity to come in as a united state, or to await the growth of the population until they may be taken in as two states; the denatured alcohol bill, which, against the most powerful influences, passed both houses, providing for the use of cheap alcohol in the arts and in heating and lighting—are some of the measures which stamp this congress as one anxious to serve the true interests of the people, and not deterred from doing so by the fact that such measures may interfere with the profits of large corporate enterprises.

Revision of the Tariff and Trusts.

One of the contentions of the Democratic party is that the protective tariff develops trusts, and that the most formidable weapon that could be used against them is the revision of the tariff. I do not propose to discuss the schedules of the tariff. The great majority of the American people are in favor of maintaining the protective system. The operation of the tariff affects broad sections and localities, and is deemed important to the welfare of millions of workingmen and small dealers and the country at large. Substantial changes are attended with risk to the important legitimate business interests. This is what makes legislators hesitate at a revision in a period of unexampled prosperity. Moreover, it is impracticable by a revision of the tariff to destroy trusts. The effect which a protective tariff has in aid of trusts is in the partial exclusion or hampering of foreign competition in articles manufactured by trusts, thus narrowing the competition to be met and overcome by illegal trust methods; but the principle of excluding or burdening foreign competition with home manufactures is the protective system. In other words the question presented is whether it is wiser to maintain the benefits of the protective system and deal with the evils of the management of trusts by specific legislation directed to those evils, or in an attempt to curb trusts to pull down the entire protective system. It is impossible to segregate from the business of the country and the schedules of a tariff, the particular articles that are the subject of trust manufacture. The whole schedule of duties is so complicated that an attempt of this sort would be certain to involve independent enterprises pursuing only legitimate trade methods. More than this, of all the trusts, the most conspicuous one, the Standard Oil trust, receives no benefit from the protective tariff. The trusts do not embrace all the industries of the country, and even upon the trusts it would be most unwise to inflict the punishment of annihilation, because the legitimate business which they do, increases the wage fund out of which wage-earners are paid, and is part of that prosperity which the people of the country are now enjoying. The best and only safe way to reach the evils of the trusts is, therefore, as the President has said, by direct legislation and executive action to compel them to obey the law.

The readjustment of tariff schedules is a most difficult matter because they so directly affect the welfare of many localities. A proposition to change them when carried to the point of actually formulating a bill always creates division in the party proposing it, as we saw in the passage of the Wilson-Gorman bill. In that instance, the Democratic party, professing to be for a tariff for revenue only, adopted such a bill in the house, but encountered so much Democratic opposition in the senate that the bill as passed was a hybrid and brought disaster to the country without even giving the principle of tariff for a revenue a trial.

Favors Revision.

Speaking my individual opinion and for no one else, I believe that since the passage of the Dingley bill, there has been a change in the business conditions of the country making it wise and just to revise the schedules of the existing tariff. The sentiment in favor of a revision of the tariff is growing in the Republican party, and in the near future the members of the party will doubtless be able to agree on a reasonable plan. But the work of the present session, which was pressing in its urgency, could never have been accomplished if there had been introduced into congress and the councils of the party the heated discussions certain to arise over the questions of the revision of the tariff. How soon the feeling in favor of revision shall crystallize into action cannot be foretold, but it is certain to come, and with it those schedules of the tariff which have inequalities and are excessive will be readjusted. The reasonable prospect of a revision of the tariff by the Republican party on conservative lines should certainly be greatly preferred by those who favor revision and yet believe in the protective system, to legislation which is always threatened by the incoming of a Democratic congress and a Democratic administration under the battle cry "A protective tariff is a robbery of the many for the benefit of the few," and to the disaster to general business which inevitably follows.

The Philippine Tariff.

There is one important measure considered by the present congress to which I must refer. It passed the house, and is now pending in the senate. The bill provides that all goods coming into the United States from the Philippine Islands, which are the product and manufacture of the Philippine islands, shall come in free, except sugar, tobacco and rice, and that these articles shall pay a duty of 25 per cent of the Dingley rates until 1909, when they shall come in free, and that thereafter all goods and products of the United States shall be introduced free into the Philippine islands. In other words, this is a bill to give the people of the Philippine islands the benefit of the markets of the United States, and the people of the United States the benefit of the free markets of the Philippines. It is intended to build up the business of the Philippine islands, to encourage production and exportation by offering to the producers of those islands a market in which the profit of dealing is likely to develop their resources. The bill passed the house of representatives by a vote of 250 to 71, and received the support of a large part of both the Republican and the Democratic members. In the committee of the senate having charge of the bill, however, it encountered the opposition of both Republicans and Democrats. This opposition was based chiefly on the ground that the sugar, tobacco and rice interests of this country would be affected injuriously by the development of the sugar, tobacco and rice interests of the Philippine islands. I am very hopeful that at the next session of congress, the facts with respect to this issue will come to be better known to both the Republican and Democratic members of the senate, and that they will understand what the truth is, that any business likely to be developed in the Philippine islands is so hampered by natural conditions, by the insufficiency of labor, by the lack of capital, and by the uncertainties of tropical agriculture, that neither the sugar nor tobacco nor the rice interests of this country, enormous as they are compared with those interests in the Philippines, will be affected in the slightest by Philippine competition. We in this country have to import more than half the sugar which we consume now, and if we were to let in the Philippine sugar it would not constitute more than one-tenth of that which now comes over the tariff wall. The conditions with respect to tobacco are very much the same, and in regard to rice, the fact is that it is being imported into the Philippines rather than being exported. We are engaged in the Philippine islands in a great altruistic work. We were brought into control of those islands without our design, and we find upon our hands and in our trust a people unfitted for self-government, but who have the elements in them justifying the belief that with proper assistance and training, they can develop into a self-governing people. We are a great, strong, prosperous nation. The expense attendant upon our helping these people to their feet is one which we can afford to bear. It is a white man's burden that we must assume. There is, in my judgment, no more important piece of legislation to help on that people and bring about a confidence on their part that we are doing everything we can to help them, than the passage of this Philippine tariff bill. It may be that the opposition in the senate this coming year will be so great as to delay the passage of the bill, but the American people are determined to do the fair and just thing by their wards of the Pacific, and they will do it ultimately through their representatives in congress.

Mr. Littlefield.

I have come into this district at the request of Mr. Littlefield to take part in his canvass for congress. Mr. Littlefield, together with Mr. Cannon and some other congressmen, have incurred the pronounced political opposition of the American Federation of Labor and of Mr. Gompers because in the discharge of their congressional duties, they have opposed the passage of a bill which is very urgently pressed for passage by the American Federation of Labor. I venture to ask your attention to the issues which are thus raised.

The first section of the bill in effect denies to any person engaged in business the right to an injunction against those who propose unlawfully to injure his business in labor disputes. Mr. Gompers and the supporters of this bill contend that an injunction cannot properly issue in any such case of threatened injury because the business rights about to be unlawfully injured are not property rights and an injunction can only issue to protect property rights. They say that the inferior federal courts by issuing injunctions in such cases have usurped powers not given them, and that this section merely limits their jurisdiction as it was limited before the usurpation. The supreme court of the United States, in an opinion concurred in by all the members of the court, has decided that an injunction may issue against an unlawful interference with property rights of a pecuniary nature, whenever a suit and judgment for damages after the commission of the injury and unlawful acts would not be an adequate remedy for the injured party. A judgment for damages in such cases and under such circumstances would certainly not be an adequate remedy, and the supporters of the bill before the congressional committee did not contend that it would be.

Injury to Business Is an Injury to a Property or Pecuniary Right.

The exact and only question at issue therefore in determining whether the first section of Mr. Gompers' bill should be enacted into law is whether an unlawful injury to a going commercial, manufacturing or transportation business is an injury or interference with either a right of property or a right of a pecuniary nature. This question would seem to answer itself in the affirmative. The good will of a business which is really the thing of value a man has in the custom he has built up by his business, is so much of a property right that it is frequently bought and sold. Indeed a man's business has been frequently protected by injunctions against unfair and fraudulent competition. Even it be conceded that a property right is to be limited to one growing out of ownership of tangible property, certainly a right in a going business is a right of a pecuniary nature.

Section Would Make Law-Breaking Laborers a Privileged Class.

I am willing to submit to the considerate judgment of laymen whether in this matter the courts are not correct in holding that unlawful injuries to business are injuries to a pecuniary right. If they are correct, then this section should not become law, because it would simply make a privileged class of laborers who break the law by injuring others and would give them an immunity from an effective remedy that lawbreakers of not other class enjoy.

Action of Inferior Federal Courts Sustained by State and Appellate Courts.

That the inferior federal courts are right in maintaining their jurisdiction to issue injunctions in such cases has been decided by Justice Harlan and the court of appeals of the Seventh circuit, and by every state supreme court (and there have been five or six), which have been called upon to decide the question. There is no authority in this country the other way except magazine articles and one or two dissenting opinions. We have, therefore, an consensus of opinion of this subject by judges, whether appointed or elected, whether holding for life or for a term of years. If the view is wrong, it is easy to test it by an appeal to the supreme court of the United States, but although the opportunities have been many, this course has not been adopted.

On the Merits, Injunctions in Such Cases Should Not Be Abolished. They Tend to Peaceful Settlement and Law and Order.

Leaving now the legal issue, why should not such a threatened injury be stopped by injunction? Why is it not better in such cases that a court should decide in advance what the rights of the parties are upon the facts as shown and enforce it views, than to allow the wrong to be committed? This certainly tends to preserve law and order. If as in such cases there is no adequate remedy for the injured person by legal proceedings, the temptation is for him "to take the law into his own hands," as the phrase is, and then we have a civil war. This is what happened between the miners and the corporations in Colorado when the state was disgraced by the lawless proceedings of capital and labor and its public officials alike. If private wrongs of this character can be brought into court promptly, as in case of an injunction suit, it not only promotes justice to the parties directly interested, but it is also of the greatest benefit to the community at large which is not so much interested in which of the two contestants wins as it is in having the dispute peaceably and quickly settled.

Great Value of Labor Organizations.

We live in an age of organization. The value to the public of organization of capital I have already discussed. Labor must organize because otherwise in its legitimate controversies with capital, in the fixing of its proportion of the joint product of labor and capital, it would be helpless. After a long time, perhaps, the economic law of supply and demand fixes wages, but in the not short periods of transition, the organization of labor has certainly raised and maintained wages, and it has secured other great benefits to its members. But the power of such organizations and combinations, like those of capital, is sometimes abused and develops evils that must be restrained. The injunction has been found to be an appropriate remedy for the evils arising from organization and combinations whether of labor or capital. This is shown by the fact that congress in the statutes against trusts and railway rate discriminations has expressly given remedy by injunction against the illegal combinations and discriminations.

Unjust Injunctions.

But it is urged with good ground that injunctions have sometimes issued from federal and other courts in labor disputes in which lawful acts of defendants were enjoined. It is no reason for taking away a jurisdiction from a court that it sometimes commits error—courts of appeals are created to remedy errors. In one instance at least an appeal was taken by the labor defendants and the lower court's injunction was modified. In another case, in a federal court, the judge himself was asked to reconsider the form of his injunction granted ex parte, which he did, found that it was in orrer, the injunction was modified, the strike went on and the men won. It is said, however, that an injunction unjustly broad may break up a lawful strike before an appeal can be perfected. This may be true in some instances, but if an appeal in such a case is prosecuted to a higher court and the error corrected, inferior courts will not again make the mistake.

President Roosevelt's Remedy.

Errors in the scope of restraining orders have been committed at time, it is said, because issued hastily at the instance of lawyers for the employer and without notice to the persons to be enjoined. This fact was called to the attention of President Roosevelt. He, therefore, recommended to congress, in pursuance of the request of the heads of some of the most conservative and best conducted labor unions in this country that an amendment be adopted returning to the practive that formerly prevailed in courts of the United States, under a statute now repealed, of issuing preliminary injunctions only after notice to the defendants. This would certainly prevent hasty or undue action, and at the same time not destroy a valuable remedy for the redress of private and public wrongs.

Mr. Gompers Rejects the President's Remedy.

Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor spurned the President's recommendation, and the Gilbert bill introduced in pursuance of the recommendation, and demanded from the President and Congress a complete abolition of the injunction in such cases. The President declined to recommend such action, and said that he would invoke the remedy of injunction as quickly against unlawful acts of workingmen as against unlawful acts of capitalists. Now Mr. Gompers is seeking to defeat Mr. Littlefield for taking the same view of this matter as Mr. Roosevelt.

The Bill Legalizes Boycotts and Blacklisting.

The second section of the Gompers bill provides in effect that no act in respect to labor matters by a combination of two or more persons shall be regarded as unlawful, either criminally or civilly, if the same act committed by one person is not unlawful. This section is intended, and will have the effect, to legalize boycotts and blacklisting. The principle upon which all the schemes of organized capital to restrain trade and establish monopolies are declared unlawful. Do you wish to set aside this principle so far as to legalize boycotts? They have been declared illegal by the supreme courts of many states of the union and by the supreme court of the United States. They are oppressive and cruel. So is blacklisting.

The anthracite strike commission, which was composed of men selected by agreement between the employers and the employes, and had upon it prominent and able and honorable representatives of all classes of people including organized labor, used the following language in respect to the boycott:

"It also becomes our duty to condemn another less violent, but not less reprehensible form of attack upon those rights and liberties of the citizens which the public opinion of civilized countries recognizes and protects. The right and liberty to pursue a lawful calling and to lead a peaceable life, free from molestation or attack, concerns the comfort and happiness of all men, and the denial of them means the destruction of one of the greatest of the benefits which the social organization confers. What is popularly known as the boycott (a word of evil omen and unhappy origin) is a form of coercion by which a combination of many persons seek to work their will upon a single person or upon a few persons by compelling others to abstain from social or beneficial business intercourse with such person or persons. Carried to the extent sometimes practiced in aid of a strike and as was in some instances practiced in connection with the late anthracite strike, it is a cruel weapon of aggression and its use is immoral and anti-social.

"To say this is not to deny the legal right of any man or set of men voluntarily to refrain from social intercourse or business relations with any person whom he or they, with or without good reason, dislike. This may sometimes be un-Christian, but it is not illegal. But when it is a concerted purpose of a number of persons not only to abstain themselves from such intercourse, but to render the life of their victim miserable by persuading and intimidating others so to refrain, such purpose is a malicious one, and the concerted attempt to accomplish it is a conspiracy at common law, and merits and should receive the punishment due to such a crime."

The same commission visited blacklisting with similar condemnation.

It seems clear therefore that however pure and honest the intentions of Mr. Gompers or the American Federation of Labor, and I do not question the sincerity and earnestness of their purpose in opposing the views of other labor organizations and of President Roosevelt and in demanding the passage of this bill, they are not invoking the equal protection of the laws. They are seeking to make the workingmen who violate the rights of others in labor disputes a privileged class, and secure to them unequal immunity from the effective processes of the law.

President's Sympathy With Labor.

No President has shown a greater interest in the workingman, a greater concern for the enactment of measures which shall better their condition, greater sympathy in their organizations, and with their aspirations, than Mr. Roosevelt. In saying this I am only repeating the sentiments made by representatives of organized labor before committees of congress. He has just appointed the president of a labor union to be a member of the highly important interstate commerce commission. It is idle, in view of his just and impartial attitude toward both capital and labor, to charge that his view of Mr. Gompers' bill is due to a prejudice against the laboring classes, especially when the bill is not supported by other bodies or organized labor.

ON NATIVE HEATH

HON. TOM CAMPBELL ADDRESSES CITIZENS OF CHEROKEE COUNTY AT RUSK.

REAFFIRMS PLATFORM

SAYS TRUSTS MUST LEAVE TEXAS AND ANTI-TRUST LAW MUST BE PASSED.

BAILEY A FRIEND OF HOGG

Senator in His Speech Refers to Dead Governor, with Whom He Said He Was in Accord.

Staff Special to The News.

Rusk, Tex., Oct. 11.—Having won the highest office within the gift of the people of Texas, Hon. Thomas M. Campbell returned to the place of his nativity today and addressed the people of his boyhood home in a grove hard by the sawmill site where he worked in the beginning of his career. Because of limitations placed upon him by his physicians he spoke but briefly, responding graciously to the cordial reception given him by his old friends and neighbors and then renewing with emphasis the pledges which he had made during the campaign.

Senator Bailey was one of the speakers of the day. His presence was noted by Col. Campbell, who spoke of Senator Bailey as the regular nominee of the Democratic party. In that connection Col. Campbell repeated what he had said during the campaign in opposition to members of Congress accepting employment from trusts, and said that he understood that Senator Bailey, and all other Democratic nominees were in agreement with him upon the subject, whereupon Senator Bailey bowed his assent.

Senator Bailey's own speech today differed very considerably from those which he has been delivering recently. He did not devote a great deal of time to answering his critics, but after rather brief notice of them requested any one in the audience who had any objection to offer to his service to state it or any one who desired him to explain anything to ask such questions as he pleased. He repeated the invitation several times, promising not to make fun of any one who might ask such questions. There being no response to these invitations Senator Bailey proceeded to make a Democratic speech very much along the lines of his Fourth of July address at Abilene. He was very frequently applauded and seemed to have the crowd with him.

A notable incident of the address occurred when Senator Bailey denounced a certain accusation as a lie.

"Let me tell you, brother, it is a damned lie, and God will damn all liars," said an old man who had a seat well up to the front. He is Frank Manuel, a farmer, who lives near Jacksonville. He is 77 years of age and is familiarly known as the "squirrel hunter."

There were two other speakers of the day, Hon. John Henry Kirby of Houston, who addressed the young men of their opportunities and cited to them many examples of success made by natives of East Texas. The other was Hon. George Carden of Dallas, chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, who made an appeal for Democrats to vote in the general election. He spoke especially of Senator Bailey as the nominee of the party, and read extracts of a letter from Mr. Bryan in which Col. Campbell was praised in very high terms. Rusk being also the birthplace of the late Gov. Hogg, that distinguished man was each time applauded. It was at Rusk also that Mr. Hogg opened his first campaign for Governor, as it is to Rusk that Col. Campbell has come wearing his laurels.

Guests Are Welcomed.

The two chief guests of the day arrived this morning on the excursion train from Tyler. They were greeted at the station by a large number of citizens. While the Lufkin Band played "Dixie" carriages were formed in procession and the party was at once conveyed to the picnic grounds, which are locatea on a mountainside west of town. Col. and Mrs. Campbell were driven to the grounds in company with Capt. E. L. Gregg. In the second carriage Joe G. Summers drove Senator Bailey, Charles Emanuel and The News correspondent. In the third carriage Capt. John B. Reagan drove John Henry Kirby, B. F. Bonner and James Hays Quarles of Houston.

Other guests from a distance were Hon. L. A. Whatley of Texarkana, Hon. S. A. McMeans of Palestine, the manager of Col. Campbell's campaign; Hon. T. N. Jones of Tyler, Dr. W. G. Jameson of Palestine, Capt. E. G. Douglass of Harlem and Hon. George B. Terrell of Alto, who will be the next representative from this county. Dr. John T. Wiggins Jr. was marshal of the parade.

At the picnic grounds a crowd of about two thousand people, seated in a natural amphitheater on the hillside, faced the speaker's stand. The grounds are shaded by tall pine trees, and within the grove many found winter wraps comfortable. So it was that the unusual spectacle of a picnic in overcoats was witnessed.

Hon. William Imboden opened the speechmaking. Announcing at the outset that Col. Campbell's physician had forbidden his making anything like a speech, he proceeded to eulogize that gentleman as a native of Cherokee County, who, though starting a poor boy at Rusk, had won by reason of his merit and by reason of his efforts. The cheering was great when Mr. Imboden referred to the fact that the Democracy of Texas had twice chosen natives of Cherokee County and of the town of Rusk to be Governor of this State. In that connection Mr. Imboden said:

"If I would undertake to admonish him whose standard I have been proud to follow in the great campaign which recently closed, I would direct him to the public life work of his distinguished predecessor in that office, that intrepid leader of men, that invincible champion of human rights, Jim Hogg (applause), whose companionship he enjoyed in youth, and with whom he served as a compatriot in manhood.

"Now I present to you the kindly neighbor, the upright citizen, that loyal Democrat, that typical man, that noble, courageous, bold champion of the people, Cherokee County's distinguished and most beloved son, commoner, patriot and statesman, Thomas Mitchell Campbell, your next Governor."

Col. Campbell was given an ovation.

On His Native Heath.

"I appreciate the very generous introduction that has been accorded me by the people of my old home," said he. "You have honored me today by your presence, and I am grateful to you. No man present today need ask why Tom Campbell loves Cherokee County and her people. A few months ago I made known my purpose of becoming a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of Governor, and I never heard anything from Cherokee County, from my native heath, save words of good cheer and encouragement. It is a source of pride and satisfaction for me to know that out of all the Democratic voters of Cherokee County, the splendid gentlemen that contested with me were able to muster only 210 votes, and they were newcomers. (Laughter.) And I believe they have all promised that they won't do it any more. (Renewed laughter.)

"In that campaign I presented certain issues, which, I am proud to say, received flattering indorsement at the ballot box, were reaffirmed by the action of the Democratic convention, and found expression in the platform of the party that has honored me by making me its standard bearer in this State. Among those things which I discussed before the people was that menace which I believe will be the leading issue in our next campaign, the issue presented by the trusts, which are grappling with the people for the control of government. I say to you that Texas will take no backward step. Texas Democracy has pledged itself to unceasing efforts for the utter destruction of this menace to the people, and when William Jennings Bryan (applause) is nominated for the Presidency, the Texas Democracy will roll up the greatest majority ever given any Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. (Renewed applause.)

Trusts Must Leave Texas.

"We hear of the oil trust, of the steel trust, of the lumber trust, and we know they are running rampant over this country and that they are doing business in Texas in violation of the laws of the land, but I say to you that the Texas Democracy has determined to put them out of business. (Applause.)

"We have the laws to do that and wherever there are imperfections in our laws, Texas Democracy proposes to make the necessary corrections."

Mr. Campbell here repeated the statements which he made during the campaign, pledging himself to recommend the passage of a law requiring the offices of any corporation doing business in the State to come to this State to give testimony when required by the Attorney General to do so or otherwise take their company out of the State. He reiterated his pledge, and the audience applauded.

"Now look here," he said, "Dr. Johnson told me this morning that if I started out to make a speech he would knock me off the platform with a rock. I want you to hold him. The Texas Democracy has honored me, and no county has contributed more to my success than my native county. I am glad to be with you. I did not come to make a speech, but to shake hands with the people whom I love so well. But I must refer to some of the demands of the Democratic party. I owe it to the Democratic party to do so. The one to which I have already referred will receive the attention of the Executive and the Legislature in due time, and don't you have any uneasiness about it."

Col. Campbell then review his campaig assertions about graft, renewing his pledge for a thorough and searching investigatio and for the adequate punishment of ar grafters who might be discovered. He th said that the platfrom for the fifth ti

demands the enactment of a law prohibiting the free pass evil.

Must Pass Anti-Pass Law.

"This is the last time you will ever see it written in a Democratic platform," said he, "because we are going to have the law." (Great applause. "The Democratic party commanded me when it gave me my commission at Dallas to keep the Legislature in session until this evell is corrected, and I will do it, and you need not doubt it. (Renewed applause.) You know some of the members of past Legislatures who have been jumping platforms have criticised me for saying that I would use all the power of the Chief Executive to see that the people's will should be respected. I have said it and I will do it." (Cheers.)

Col. Campbell then spoke of the demand in the platform for laws prohibiting the use of corporate funds to influence elections or legislation. In that connection he referred to his campaign speeches concerning the Hogg amendments, and said he was gratified to know that the spirit of the proposition made by Gov. Hogg had found place in the Democratic platform. He said he had promised upon more than one hundred occasions to do his utmost to secure the submission of said propositions to a vote of the people. Gov. Hogg, he said, had erected a monument that would last as long as civilization should live, and he urged that the amendments should be adopted as the capstone to that monument.

"Right here I want to make the suggestion," Colonel Campbell continued. "In the recent contest between honorable men for the nomination for Governor we had differences which we discussed before the people. These differences were settled at Dallas in the State Democratic convention, where all Democratic differences are settled."

He then spoke of the influence of women and remarked that it had been shown by the demands in platform for juvenile courts and the home for Confederate women. In that connection he repeated his campaign utterances, advocating the payment of the State's debt of gratitude to the men and women of the Confederacy.

Will Sign No Consolidation Bill.

Reverting to subjects already discussed, he said: "We shall take no backward step in arresting avarice and greed, and when we see it in the platform that the Democratic party is pledged to the utter destruction of the trusts, I want to say to you that it means the lumber trust, the oil trust and every other trust that is preying upon this State, and it means the railroad trust. (Applause. I want to say to you that this strong right arm of mine will never put the pen to a railroad consolidation bill in approval. (Applause.) I am opposed to corporate consolidation of any kind, because that is the method by which they build up trusts.

"As has been anonunced to you, Senator Bailey will address you at 2:30. Senator Bailey is the nominee of the Democracy of this State (applause) for the United States Senate as much as any Democratic nominee on the ticket from Governor to Constable." (Applause and cries of "That's good.")

"I said in my speeches throughout the campaign that I was opposed to Senators and United States Congressmen representing trusts and public service corporations, and I say so today. (Applause.) I have gone further than that. I have admonished the people of this State against sending railroad lawyers and representatives of selfish interests to our Legislature. (Renewed applause.) And I don't understand that Senator Bailey or any other Democratic nominee upon this ticket takes issue with me upon this question."

As Col. Campbell uttered this statement he turned toward Senator Bailey and that gentleman bowed his assent as the audience applauded. Col. Campbell then concluded his address. "I have spoken longer than I had intended," said he. "I will not undertake to tell you how much I love the noble men and noble women of this county. You know how much I appreciate the support of the people of my native county. The best and most effective piece of literature used in my campaign came from the town of Rusk. I thank you for your attention."

There was another burst of applause at the conclusion of Col. Campbell's address and many rushed forward to shake hands with him, Senator Bailey and Mr. Kirby being among the first.

Mr. Kirby Introduced.

Mr. Imboden then introduced Mr. Kirby as an East Texas product and as a friend of his boyhood who had induced him to enter politics, but who had himself almost immediately afterward entered upon a business career which had proven greatly successful.

Mr. Kirby made a talk to the boys of East Texas about their business opportunities, reviewing the careers of a number of East Texas boys who had achieved great distinction in various pursuits, and declaring that the opportunities were not all gone, but in fact just started. Toward the close of his address Mr. Kirby said:

"I don't want anybody in Cherokee County to identify me with what they call the lumber trust. I don't know what it is or where it is. The Kirby Lumber Company owns thirteen out of 853 mills that sell lumber in Texas. We are getting $3.69 per thousand more for lumber than we did five years ago when my company began business. I am glad of it and we would like to get more, but the only way to do that would be to make less lumber. They say the consumer is paying very much larger prices. I don't know how that is, but I know that my company is getting only $3.69 more per thousand than when it began business."

Mr. Imboden here announced that dinner was ready, that there was plenty for all, that the gentlemen would not crowd and push and that others would not be permitted to do so. The big crowd then repaired to the tables upon which the barbecue was spread. Barbecue is really a misnomer, for the spread was much more elaborate than is ordinarily found at barbecues. It included various meats well seasoned and cooked, a variety of salads, pastry, etc. The very best of order prevailed. After about an hour of eating the crowd went back to the speakers' stand and the program of oratory was resumed. Mr. Imboden announced that Senator Bailey would be introduced by Charles Emanuel, chairman of the Democratic executive committee of Cherokee County. Before presenting Mr. Emanuel, however, Mr. Imboden spoke briefly in commendation of Senator Bailey.

Mr. Emanuel introduced Senator Bailey as a statesman of rare ability, who had been cruelly maligned, but whose character and integrity stand like the rock of Gibraltar against the envy and malice of the world.

Frank Manuel, an elderly farmer, interrupted. "Let me put in a word," said he. "The man that does that shoots a gun that kicks." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Emanuel went on to say that Senator Bailey would have his constituents look upon his record as upon an open book. He recalled the fact that at Marlin, on July 16, Senator Bailey had said that as no one had announced against him he assumed that his stewardship stood approved and he would therefore make a speech upon National questions. The introductory remarks were applauded and Senator Bailey was received with cheers.

Bailey Always Hogg's Friend.

In opening his address, Senator Bailey said he had heard much of East Texas and its splendid people, but after what he had witnessed today he felt like moving to strike out the "East" and simply make it "Texas." He said the only time he doubted the good things he heard of East Texas people was when some narrow-headed fellow in his section endeavored to set his people against the rest of the State. He recalled with pleasure that the first candidate whose cause he espoused in Texas was an East Texan and a native of Cherokee County. He told of how he had introduced James Stephen Hogg to the people of his home county when he was a candidate for Attorney General and indorsed that candidacy, and he added that he had never regretted having done so. He added further that he supported Gov. Hogg on each occasion when he was a candidate for Governor, and these statements were applauded.

"Upon all questions of State policy we were at agreement," said Senator Bailey, "and yet now and then you hear some of his misguided friends say, 'You never heard him say it,' that he and I were at political enmity. The men who say it seek to trade upon his great name and reputation, and they are the only unworthy Texans in this part of the State of whom I know. (Applause.)

"I am glad to be amongst you. I am glad to be in this great county from which the Campbells have come. (Loud applause.) I have no more doubt, my countrymen, that when he lays down the great office to which the favor of the people has called him that he will lay it down with your approval than I have that the other native son who preceded him in that great place has done perfect work. ((Renewed applause.)

"It would please me this afternoon to talk about other men and important public measures without any reference to myself, but my enemies have rendered that impossible. They have said so many things against me that if I go amongst the people and make no answer, they insist that my silence is a proof of what they charge. Thus they render it incumbent upon me as a man of self-respect and jealous of his good name to answer some of the things they say. I can not answer them all, because that would take more time than you can spare. They have told a thousand lies about me and many of them I find newly circulated in many places I go."

Bailey Refers to Circular.

Senator Bailey here told of a circular distributed at Jacksonville this morning, wherein the author said that Senator Bailey caused him to lose a large sum of money. Senator Bailey proceeded to discuss the matter. Indian Territory, he said, was without a valid mortgage law. He asked the audience if they didn't think it ought to have one and if such a law ought not validate all existing mortgages. The audience replied in the affirmative. He said he had introduced a bill giving the people of Indian Territory a right to execute mortgages. His belief was that it validated mortgages then in existence, but a Judge who had fought the battles of Democracy in Illinois (meaning Judge Springer), had asked him to make the bill specifically declare that existing mortgages were validated, so that the courts would not have to interpret the act. The bill passed in that shape. The author of the circular, said Senator Bailey, held a debt against a man in Indian Territory. This man had given a mortgage to a cattle company. The author of the circular, Senator Bailey said, tried to collect his debt against this man and the courts decided against him. That, he said, was this man's grudge against him.

"Why didn't he tell this before the primaries?" he asked. "Why didn't they all do it? I'll tell you why. Because they knew I would be at them in the primaries and then they would have had no further excuse to fight me.

"Last spring I received letters from more than one friend saying I would better look after the nominees for the Legislature, as my enemies were trying to elect men opposed to me. But I said to them then, as I say now, that I would trust to the people, not to the politicians; that I would put my name upon the open ballot for the direct nomination of Texas Democrats, and if that failed I would fall with it.

"Now, they have started this attack to get some of my enemies in the Legislature to vote against me, or they expected to buy others on the side. But they didn't know Texas; they didn't know Texas legislators. But if they do try to buy Texas legislators, and any of them should take their money, I will render you a greater service than I ever have before. I will brand the dollar mark upon the head of every man who takes the bribe and put him in the penitentiary, where he belongs. (Applause.)

"Now, I will be glad to answer any question that any one may care to ask. I will be more than glad to answer every question that might not have been answered before the primaries."

Senator Bailey paused for some time. "You need not be modest about it. You lie about me when I'm not here; you ought not be afraid to speak out when I am here. (Applause.) You ought to speak out or hush up. If you don't speak up I will pass on."

Refers to Waters-Pierce Company.

Senator Bailey then referred to the Waters-Pierce Oil Company matter, saying it had been fully investigated six years ago and he was completely exonerated. Even Cullen Thomas, who had issued a screed against him recently, had on the witness stand sworn that he did not know anything dishonorable that Senator Bailey had done. Senator Bailey then referred to the statement in Mr. Thomas' article that he (Bailey) had ridden in Pierce's private car and said that, although he had denied this at Weatherford, he had been informed this morning that it was now being suggested that he (Bailey) had ridden in a private car which Pierce had hired, and which therefore was not Pierce's car. Senator Bailey declared that, too, to be a lie, and said he would resign his seat in the Senate if they could bring a scintilla of proof of the truth of the charge.

Next he denied the charge that he was or had been the attorney for Adolphus Busch. He said the only transaction he ever had in which Adolphus Busch was interested was one in which Busch, as a bondholder, was opposed to his clients.

Then he denounced as untrue the report that he wrote with his own hand the resolution adopted by the Democratic convention indorsing him, and said that, upon the contrary, he knew nothing of it until it was reported by the subcommittee of the platform committee. Characterizing this report as a deliberate, sedate, malicious and infamous lie, he said: "Now, you may not think this a nice thing to say; but do they fight me with nice means? They fight me from the dark and behind the corners, and when I stand in the open and call them liars they say Bailey is a ruffian. This is more than can be said about them; ruffians will fight." (Applause.)

Indorses Interruption.

Frank Manuel, the old farmer above referred to, again interrupted. "Let me tell you, my brother; it is a damned lie, and God will damn all liars," said he, and the crowd cheered.

"In order that my friend may not suspect me of impiety I will not say that it is a damned lie, but I will say it is a lie that will damn any man that utters it," said Senator Bailey, and the crowd again applauded.

"I pause again to invite any man who wants any explanation of my conduct to ask for it and if I don't answer it satisfactorily to you, I will retire from the platform," said Senator Bailey. After waiting for some time, without the gauge being accepted, he added: "I promise to answer him; I will not hurt him; I promise not to raise a laugh against him. (Another pause.) Then, I will pass on. I want to make a Democratic speech."

John Dial (another farmer)—Senator Bailey, you are among your friends here.

Senator Bailey—I am among Democrats, and Democrats are the friends of Democratic nominees. (Applause.)

Senator Bailey proceeded to discuss the work of the last Congress, including the rate bill, the meat inspection bill and other measures, along the lines observed at Abilene and other places during the summer. Once he digressed from this subject and got back to the criticisms of his legal practice, in which connection he spoke upon the lines he has pursued in most recent speeches. He referred to the debate in Houston on last Saturday night, expressing regret that his opponent of that occasion was not present today, and remarked that that gentleman had within the last ninety days entered a plea of guilty for one of his clients being a monopoly. He had never done anything of that kind, and yet this gentleman complained because he practiced law when the public did not require his services.

Speaking further of the attacks upon him, he said: "There is no parallel for it in American politics. They say I am unworthy to serve you, and yet they admit that my record is unassailable. Don't they do it? (Cries of "Yes, they do.") They would lie about my record, too, but for the fact that it is a witness against them. When I speak of my enemies I don't mean every man who is opposed to me. Some good men opposed me six years ago; there are not so many now. I will debate with them who differ with me in opinion, but I will not discuss my integrity with anyone. It is not a debatable question."

He then discussed the officers of the Good Government Club of Houston, as he did in Houston, and then closed his address with expressions of gratitude to the people of Texas and the declaration that when he should surrender their commission he would return it unsullied.

He was frequently applauded during these utterances and at the conclusion many came forward to shake his hand and express their confidence in him.

State Chairmen Carden Speaks.

Hon. George Carden of Dallas, chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, who had arrived during the afternoon, made a short address in which he appealed to all Democrats to turn out and vote at the general election. By doing this he said they would show to the Legislature their approval of the platform which had been adopted and strengthen the hands of Gov. Campbell in his work. In this connection he read portions of the platform and praised the demands. He also read extracts from a letter written to him by Mr. Bryan, in which Mr. Bryan expressed great confidence in Col. Campbell, saying among other things:

"If Democrats were all like Tom Campbell they would sweep the country." This was greatly cheered. Mr. Carden also read the resolutions adopted by the Democratic State convention indorsing Senators Culberson and Bailey and denouncing the attacks upon Senator Bailey.

"My friends," said he, in conclusion, "you can't vote for Senator Bailey, but as Democrats you can support the action of your convention when it made him the nominee." (Applause.)

This ended the speaking, and all of the visitors made a rush for the trains. Senator Bailey and Mr. Carden will reach Dallas tonight over the Texas and New Orleans Railroad. Senator Bailey will go to Waxahachie tomorrow.

AFTER SUPPER GLEANINGS.

"The people of Brazil are intensely practical," remarked a Denver gentleman, who has just returned from a sojourn in South America and is spending a few days in the city. "While I was in that country a Yankee circus manager brought his great moral show down and proceeded to do the country. According to his advertisements, his collection of animals was more complete than that which Noah took in out of the wet, and his performers more wonderful than Barnum was ever able to engage. I attended his show and found it a very brazen fake. The audience departed grumbling, and in an hour the show king was before the Poo Bad of the place, charged with fraud. The latter had one of the circus bills spread out on a table and had checked every discrepancy in the performance. 'Now,' said he, 'why did you not give the show you advertised?' The showman thought it was a great joke and that he would probably be subjected to a light fine and let off with a reprimand, but he was mistaken. For every shortcoming in the show, for every instance where it failed to tally with the advertisement, he was fined $100 and given a month in jail. His fines aggregated $1200 and his imprisonment a year. He is serving out his time now. As he was led away he remarked that the people down there had no conception of poetic license. And they haven't. It is no place for the genus humbug."

"If the American people want to do a gracious thing let them make the great quadro-centennial celebration of the anniversary of the discovery of this continent the occasion for changing its name to Columbia," said F. M. Hoskins at the Pickwick yesterday. "Why should it not bear the name of its discoverer instead of that of an old adventurer and map-maker? All of the nations of the Western Hemisphere will be represented at the World's fair. Let them be authorized by their respective governments to get together and make the change official. Thenceforth we will have North, South and Central Columbia, instead of North, South and Central America. Thenceforth we will be Columbians instead of Americans—take our name from the foremost man of the fifteenth century instead of from one of the small fry who followed in his wake. In no way can we so honor Columbus as by taking his name; in no way can we so fittingly rebuke fraud and humbuggery as by tearing the illgot laurels from the brow of that old accident Americus Vespucius. It is true that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet and that nomenclature can not add or detract one jot or tittle from the greatness of the Western world; still we would not call a fragrant flower by a name that had become synonymous with putrefaction, nor should we longer permit our great country, which we boast is heir of all the ages and foremost in the files of time, to longer wear a cognomen that was forced upon it by fraud, and which is suggestive of honors unearned, of the brows of heroes despoiled of the bays to deck the head of a brazen humbug. Let us be Columbians."

"It is rather a sad commentary on our religion that, after nineteen centuries of it, so-called Christian countries find it necessary to maintain mighty standing armies, not to protect themselves from the unspeakable Turk or the Pagans, but to keep other Christian nations from butchering and plundering them," remarked a gentleman yesterday. "Millions of armed Christians standing ever ready to fly at each other's throats! That is the situation throughout Europe to-day, in the last quarter of the Nineteenth century of Christianity! And the man who invents a new smokeless powder or a machine especially destructive to human life is hailed by his country as a benefactor! True

> The nations do but murmer,
> Snarling at each other's heels,
> And the jingle of the guinea
> Heals the hurt that honor feels,

but it is commercial and not religious considerations that keep the armies of christendom idle. Evidently there is a screw loose somewhere and the millennium is yet a long way off. Instead of the lion and the lamb lying down together, those who profess to be brothers in Christ are impatient to shoot each other for $10 a month and a chance to win a little cheap glory. Christ taught a religion of love and forbearance, not one of dynamite bombs and gattling guns. When we contemplate the position of the dozen or so 'most Christian majesties' of Europe and witness the enthusiasm for war that pervades our own Christian people whenever a second-rate nation yanks a few feathers from the tail of the American eagle, we can hardly wonder that three out of every five educated men throughout the world are strongly tinctured with infidelity. What we want is a religion that will spike cannon, that will bid Peter put up his sword."

"The closing of the World's fair on Sunday" was being discussed last night in an up-town drug store. Said the speaker: "Sunday is the first day in the week—the day on which Almighty God began his labors. There is not a single line, from Genesis to Revelation, commanding any mortal son of Adam to refrain from labor on that day, not a line intimating that it possesses a sacrosanct character of any kind. The Christian Sunday is not the institution of Jehovah, Moses or Christ, but of a half-pagan emperor who never saw the light until the last of the prophets had been dead for centuries and the great grandchildren of the apostles were dust and ashes. If we observe any day as the Sabbath it should be the one especially set aside for that purpose by the Almighty. But the Christian world is under no obligation to observe any Sabbath whatsoever. The Sabbath was given to the Jews, not to the Gentiles. The command to observe it was and is binding upon no other people. It was a Jewish institution in exactly the same manner that the Fourth of July holiday is an American institution. The Jewish Sabbath had no more likeness to the Puritan Sunday than a circus pageant has to a negro funeral on a rainy day. Christ, himself a Jew, observed the Jewish law, but he stated explicitly that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Those who would shut up the World's fair on Sunday appear to think that it was made for the especial benefit of Chicago's bagnios, gambling hells and saloons."

"I had an adventure in London last spring of a very unpleasant nature," said Rev. Thos. Swain, a Memphis minister, passing through the city a day or so ago. "I was wandering about the city sight-seeing one day, and finally found myself near the notorious Whitechapel district. I was approached by a begger who appeared to be a complete physical wreck. I questioned him, and his story was so pitiful that I concluded to investigate it. He said that he lodged in the next block, and thither we went. He led me into a gloomy old building and up three pairs of rickety stairs to a little stuffy room, lit only by a dirty skylight. Once in there he locked the door, laid aside his crutches, pulled off his gray wig and stood up, a powerful six-footer in the prime of life. Well, said I, I see that you are a fraud; what do you want with me? He replied that he wanted my purse, watch and chain, and to enforce his claim produced an ugly-looking knife. 'It will do you no good to cry out,' he said, 'for you cannot be heard in the street, and no one in this building will come to your aid.' I had sized him up pretty close and concluded that he was bluffing—that he would not dare kill me in the very heart of London, so I assumed a careless air and told him that if he robbed me he would have to kill me first, and that he might just as well get at it. 'Oh, I know that you have got a pistol, but I'm not afraid of it,' he said. 'Most Americans carry pistols for just such cattle as you,' I replied, with all the coolness I could assume. 'Now, if you are not afraid of it why don't you get to work?' I saw that he was cowed, and throwing my hand to my hip pocket, I stepped forward and said firmly, 'give me that knife.' He handed it to me without a word, unlocked the door and held it open for me to pass out. No, I had no pistol—never carry one—but I made no more visits to the dens of London beggars without a burly officer at my elbow."

How Eclipses Are Foretold

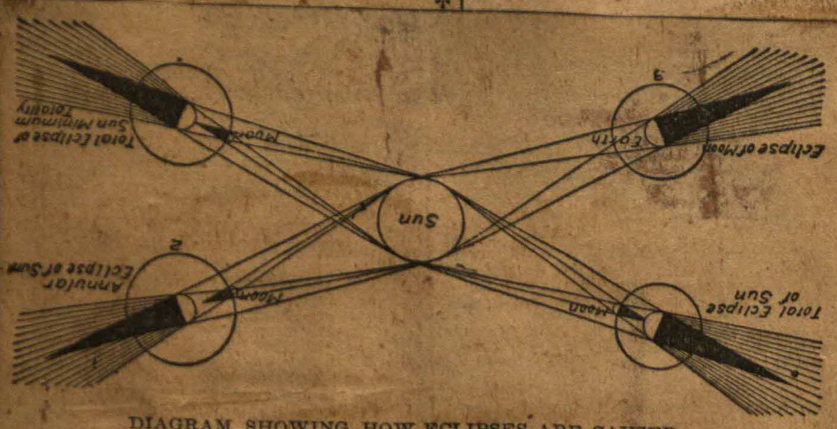


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW ECLIPSES ARE CAUSED.
1. Moon's shadow cut off by earth (total solar eclipse). 2. Moon's shadow does not reach earth (annular eclipse). 3. Moon in earth's shadow (total lunar eclipse). 4. Moon's shadow just reaches earth (total solar eclipse in middle of path, but annular at both ends).

THAT unique New England poet, a compound of daring, whimsicality and genius, once wrote:

"Eclipses are predicted,
And science bows them in."

True enough at the time Emily Dickinson jotted down these lines, her statement has become increasingly accurate during all the years following. As long ago as the days of Thales, in the sixth century before Christ, a periodicity in the return of eclipses had been discovered, so that their appearance could be roughly foretold. Probably first noted by the Chaldeans, the greatest astronomers of antiquity, it is not unlikely that the Chinese had also found general methods of prediction as early as 2000 B. C., half-fabulous incidents of their astrologers perhaps tending to support this theory.

But from the first accurately foretold eclipse by Thales, 585 B. C., so closely as "this very year in which it did actually occur," to that of Aug. 30, 1905, methods, discoveries and precision have steadily advanced, until now it is possible to give all the circumstances of coming eclipses—exact locality, duration, and instant of occurrence—for many years ahead.

The period or round of eclipses that these early astronomers employed is still useful to us. It is called the Saros, and its length is 6,585 1-3 days, or 18 years 11 1-3 days. Usually 41 eclipses of the sun will happen in this period, and about ten of them will be total ones. A Saros may be taken as beginning at any time, and the nature of the eclipses occurring in any one period changes but slowly, so that once we have the time and place and circumstances of all the eclipses in one Saros, we can predict all those of the next half-century with confidence.

But not with great accuracy, for there are too many variable conditions entering into the problem of the celestial machine.

Operation of the Solar System.

The cosmos of the solar system is but a vast mechanism, and eclipses are but the inevitable phenomena of its perfect working. Compare it with the automatic contrivances of a modern perfecting printing press: All the separate mechanisms of this marvelous product of man's genius perform their separate tasks with perfect adaptation, each at the absolute instant intended. All are interrelated by tangible and material rods and gears, so that failure occurs almost never.

So with the solar system: Earth goes around the sun, and moon around the earth, our satellite now and then coming between us and the sun to screen completely his effulgence in total eclipse. And as cog and pinion serve to keep all parts of the printing press in unvarying correlation, so does the mysterious force of gravitation, by its tense and unyielding stresses exerted between all material atoms, hold all members of the cosmos in constant and working relation to one another, all wheeling through space with a refinement of precision as exact as if connected by rigid rods of steel. And it is but the same law of gravitation which Sir Isaac Newton first formulated that enabled Hall to weigh the planet Mars, once he had discovered its tiny satellite, and Le Verrier and Adams to point out infallibly the hidden Neptune.

But the very precision of the celestial machine, while it enables us to predict without chance of error the exact spot on the earth where an eclipse will be visible, and the fraction of a second when this obstruction will take place—yet introduces complications of the process of prediction which would be very tedious to the uninitiated computer. Not only is the earth swinging round the sun, and the moon round the earth, but our globe is turning slowly once a day round an axis which is itself far from fixed in direction among the stars. And these are but the chief of the ever-shifting elements of the eclipse machine, all of which must be expressed by mathematical equations with the last degree of precision, in both space and time.

All this theory, then, of the working of the celestial machine is embodied in what are called Tables of Motion of Sun and Moon. From them we calculate exactly what region of space the earth and moon are occupying at any time in relation to the sun; and so the instant becomes known when the moon's long, slender shadow will impinge upon some spot of earth and so cause a total eclipse of the sun.

Advances in Scientific Methods.

It should now be apparent that no simple period like the Saros can be more than the crudest of methods, or could for a moment replace the refined mathematical processes of today. The first astronomer who really adopted a more scientific method of prediction, as evidenced in his "Rudolphine Tables," was Kepler, although this was only graphical. In 1731, Leadbetter published a treatise upon the subject, and added to Kepler's simpler system the improvements of Flamsteed.

Great advances were subsequently made by La Grange, who seems to have first developed the calculation to a point which might be used for the circumstances of an eclipse at any special place on the earth's surface.

The final precision of prediction was reached by the great Bessel, his fundamental equations, upon which all the circumstances of visibility rest, being presented in the convenient shape of formulae for computing the exact moment of beginning and ending at any geographical point that may be desired. To render the calculation still more facile, the official astronomers of our Government give, in the Ephemeris or Nautical Almanac, each year, all the Besselian data, or elements requisite for calculating the eclipses of the year. By means of them, an expert calculator can, in an hour or two, figure out the time that any eclipse will begin or end, at any place, with a higher degree of precision than the untrained astronomer would be able to observe it.

If one aims short of the highest precision, a fairly accurate knowledge of the regions visited by eclipses may be derived from the late Theodor von Oppolzer's Canon der Finsternisse, comprising tables of eclipses as remote as B. C. 1208. In all, there are approximate calculations for 8,000 solar eclipses, extending more than 250 years into the far-away future, and no less than 160 charts of the most important tracks on the surface of our globe.

As the stupendous mechanism of the sky moves onward in unceasing round, eclipse after eclipse will come true to its time, in all the future as in the past.

In New England fine eclipses will be visible Jan. 24, 1925, and Aug. 31, 1932; while our new Oriental possessions will be the scene of two extraordinarily long darkenings, of five and seven minutes, respectively, on May 9, 1929, and June 20, 1955. While we write of this, perhaps the longest totality that humanity will witness for a thousand years, it is worth while to call attention to its companion, the total eclipse most recently observed (previously to that of this year), on May 18, 1901, in the Dutch East Indies.

By noticing the interval between them, or 54 years 1 month, it is evident that three Saros periods have intervened; and this newly discovered cycle brings a return of any given eclipse most nearly to its region of visibility on the earth. If we restrict our inquiry to a very small country, a total eclipse need not be expected to return oftener than 350 years, generally speaking; but there are exceptions, of course, Spain having had five total eclipses in 63 years; while the totalities of both 1900 and 1905 pass over Tripoli, and it is not known that so large a city has ever before been favored with an interval so brief.

In spite of our exact knowledge of just when to expect these impressive phenomena, uncivilized peoples are still in terror when eclipses appear, and, like the nations of earliest times, invent dragons and evil spirits to account for what seems so abnormal. Science has robbed us of many myths and legends and pretty fairy tales, but the actual and precise study of sun and moon is as picturesque as any possible story.

Aspect of Eclipses.

But while we can predict eclipses, predicting what they will look like is quite another matter. Many astronomers have essayed to forecast the figure of the corona, with little more than encouraging failure. Only the most general types of its structure can be said to be known beforehand. When the spots on the sun are most numerous, as during the present year, the corona is likely to be similar in structure to that of 1882; but when the spots are fewest, the long streamers of its silvery light are strikingly exhibited, as in the coronas of 1889 and 1898.

Just why this similarity of type, no one with knowledge of the subject pretends to say; but the riddle of this apparent physical connection will one day be solved, and with it perhaps other mysteries of the sun's constitution and radiant energy which are unchangingly regnant over every terrestrial concern.—David Todd, Ph. D., in Technical World Magazine.

TAHLI-HINA'S GRAVE.

SADLY ROMANTIC STORY OF SAM HOUSTON'S LIFE.

His Beautiful Indian Wife Who Was Devoted to Her Soldier-Statesman Husband. A Mistaken Wedding.

"Do you see the little moss-covered grave down there by the creek?" asked my companion, pointing to a small patch of sage brush bordering a little stream to our right.

"That," he continued, "is the grave of Sam Houston's Cherokee wife."

"Sam Houston's Cherokee wife!" said I, not a little surprised at the revelation. "And is it a fact that Houston married a Cherokee woman while living in the Cherokee nation?"

"Yes, it's a fact," continued my friend—"most certainly it is, though I've been told that Houston's descendants have always denied it and successfully kept this unwritten chapter out of the life history of the great statesman and patriot. Just why they have persisted in doing this I could never understand, for could they have seen this fair maiden of the Cherokees, whose dark locks had never been stirred by any ruder air than the breezes of Providence, and whose rich transparent beauty, peculiar to the mixture of Caucasian and Indian blood, was unrivaled, even by the fair daughters of Vienna, they would not have denied her notice in the biography of the Texas hero."

We had by this time reached the little patch of sage-brush wherein the grave had been pointed out to me and I proposed that we dismount and examine the premises. I had before heard the story of Houston and his romantic marriage to a pretty Cherokee woman, but had supposed it a mere myth. Now to be brought face to face with this convincing proof of the story, aroused my curiosity to such an extent that I was glad of an opportunity to find out all that I could about the matter.

My companion was an intelligent, well-read, half-breed Cherokee who had already beguiled some three hours of our tiresome ride from Muskogee that morning with his entertaining stories of Indian life. He was an ex-judge of the supreme court of his nation, with a mind stored with much of the unwritten history of his country. His gray locks indicated that he had already lived man's allotted three score years and ten, and, possessing none of the reticent characteristics peculiar to many of his race, he was always ready when an opportunity afforded itself to relate some of the interesting incidents which happened in the early days of the Cherokee nation.

After dismounting and hitching our horses to some scrubby black jacks that stood by the roadside, we walked to the moss-grown mound. Implanted at the head of the grave stood a roughly hewn tombstone of native marble, upon the face of which was carved in an irregular manner, the simple inscription:

"Tahlihina Sleeps Here."

That was all. Why a more comprehensive epitaph had not been inscribed my friend could not explain.

Near the neglected grave were the decaying logs and tumbled-down chimney of an old house, surrounded by briars and shumach bushes. Less than a dozen yards to the east a babbling brook raced playfully on its downward course to the Arkansas river, a half mile below, blending its cheerful music with the song of the birds and the melancholy sigh of the tall cottonwood trees that skirted its banks on either side.

"And there," said my friend after a few moments of silence, pointing to the heap of decaying timbers, "are the remains of Sam Houston's house. It was there that Houston and his little wife with laughing eyes spent one brief year of unalloyed happiness. Yes, one short year, for in the fall following their marriage, when the forests had shed their robes of summer green and the prairies were brown and dry the young wife sickened and died. Houston laid her to rest there by the brook and on the eve of his departure for Texas he placed that little tombstone at the head of her grave."

After a little further examination of the lonely grave and its surroundings, we remounted our horses and continued our journey to Fort Smith. Before reaching our destination, however, Judge Brewer (for such was my fellow-traveler's name) told me the following sadly romantic story of Houston's life, which he said he had got from Houston himself and from the near relatives of his Cherokee wife, and which I thought worth recording:

"Yes, I knew them both," he commenced. "Her maiden name was Rogers—Tahlihina Rogers—and she was a descendant of one of our proudest Cherokee families, being a niece of old Chief Jolly, one of the leading men of his day. Tahlihina's parents died when she was an infant and she was raised and educated by Jolly, who, though married, had no children of his own. He loved and treated her as he would have done his own daughter, sparing neither painstaking nor money in lavishing upon her the best education that his country at that time afforded. Sam Houston knew her in Tennessee before the Cherokees removed to this country. They grew up together, and young Sam conceived a most ardent affection for her. They attended school together in the same little log house, Sam helping her along all that he could in her lessons, and his young heart gladdened with a swelling pride as he saw her learn and her prety face grow brighter than the faces around her. Thus it was that Sam and Tahlihina grew to be lovers in childhood, and it is not at all strange that the Cherokee maiden ever after held a warm place in Houston's heart. It was a combination of circumstances that separated them while yet in their teens; Sam went away to complete his education at college and ere he returned Tahlihina had removed with her people to this country."

"Meanwhile she never forgot for a day her gallant and ambitious young acquaintance, and through the long years which followed their first separation she continued to love him with the entire strength of a loyal feminine nature, though nearly a score of summers came and went before she saw him again."

"Houston returned from school, brilliant and promising. He entered into politics and became the friend of Andrew Jackson, achieved note in the war with the Creeks, and was finally elected governor of Tennessee. Then he married—not the woman he really loved, but a brilliant and accomplished lady suitable to a man of his rank—and they apparently had every reason in the world to be happy. But they were not; he did not love her nor did she love him."

"On the evening of their wedding-day Houston entered his wife's room and found her weeping bitterly. He asked her the cause and she told him that she had married him through pique, that she loved another and that her heart was breaking."

"Houston didn't upbraid her for her conduct, but took it as a rebuke to himself for marrying other than the woman he loved. He never spoke an unkind word to her, but abruptly left the house, resigned his governorship and departed from the country, no one knew whither."

"About four or five months subsequent to his unhappy marriage in Tennessee Houston was a passenger on a little river steamer which was plying the Arkansas between Little Rock and Fort Gibson, and was one of the first to disembark at Webber's Falls, a trading post in the Cherokee Nation, some forty miles west of Fort Smith, Ark. Ex-Chief Jolly lived but a few miles from the Falls, and, as it happened, was in town when Houston arrived. Of course, Jolly was somewhat surprised to see him, but the meeting was mutually a happy one, and Houston accompanied the old man home that evening."

"Tahlihina Rogers—unmarried and more bewitching than ever—still lived with Jolly, but had long since despaired of ever seeing Sam Houston again. She had read in the newspapers of his successful career as a great statesman and governor, and but a week before of his brilliant marriage to a lovable woman. Then when the tall, handsomely dressed stranger who accompanied her uncle home that evening, was introduced to her as Sam Houston you can better imagine her surprise than I can describe it."

"'Tahlihina, do you know me?' said Houston as he hesitatingly extended his hand."

"'I once knew you a long time ago,' she answered, and timidly taking his hand their eyes met for an instant. Then with a tender, sad smile on her pretty face, Tahlihina left the room without another word or look. Nor did Houston see her again for weeks to speak with her, notwithstanding he spent most of his time at Jolly's house. Tahlihina knew—or thought at least—that he was now married, and that he could never be more than a friend to her, and his friendship she seemed to spurn. She evaded him whenever it was possible and when unavoidably thrown into his company she treated him with an almost icy coldness. No one knew why Houston was in the Territory and the mystery of his presence only deepened when he failed to explain why he had so abruptly left Tennessee. A short time after his arrival Jolly ventured to ask him of his wife and the object of his presence in the Nation, but he evaded an answer by shifting the conversation to something else. Tahlihina, as well as the rest of his acquaintances here, as I have already stated, had learned through the newspapers of Houston's position as governor of Tennessee and of his recent marriage, and, notwithstanding most of his time was spent in the chase with his Cherokee friends, it was generally believed that his visit to the Cherokee Nation was upon some kind of important business. But as the months sped on without any signs of Houston's returning they began to think differently, and when Jolly again asked him to explain matters, he did so, telling him that he had deserted his wife, resigned his governorship and never expected to return. Houston always liked the Cherokees, and he told Jolly that he intended to spend the remainder of his life among them."

"Well, things rocked along for a while longer and Houston and Jolly finally embarked in the mercantile business together at the Falls. Tahlihina no longer shunned his company, but on the contrary filled the place of an able assistant in the store most of her time."

"In the meanwhile, however, Houston wrote back to his wife in Tennessee, telling her that he had deserted her forever, and advised her to sue for a divorce. This she lost no time in doing and, it is said, was married to the fellow she loved on the very day that the divorce was granted. Of course it suited Houston exactly, for within a month after he got the news he and Tahlihina were happily married."

"I never could understand why it was that Houston selected the secluded, out-of-the-way place that he did for a home, unless it was on account of the picturesque scenery and abundance of game which surrounded it. At any rate he gave up his business at Webbers Falls, built a rude log house 'way up there at the foot of the hills where he and Tahlihina lived for a year, seemingly in the fullest enjoyment of health and happiness. They often visited the military post at Ft. Gibson, and soon became favorites with the officers and their wives. They would always go horseback, each taking their rifle to use in case they encountered a herd of deer or buffalo, both of which were plentiful at that time. Tahlihina was Houston's equal in the art of both riding and shooting, and often they would go hunting together, she seldom failing to bag as much game as he. Thus they lived a wild, sweet life for a year, and Houston more than once said during that time he would not exchange such a light for the presidency of the United States or for the wealth of a millionaire.

"It was late in the fall about a year after their marriage that Houston had to leave home a couple of days to attend to some business with the chief of the nation. He kissed Tahlihina the morning he left with his usual fondness, and thought she was never in her life so beautiful and dear to him. He finished up his business with the chief and hurried back home the next evening, to find Tahlihina violently ill. She lived but a day longer and, being delirious from the beginning of her brief illness, she never recognized Houston again or knew that he clasped her in his arms and wept bitterly over her when she died."

"That dark day for the first time in many years, the stern face of Sam Houston was stained with tears. On the morrow, when the bright sun came up over the blue peaks to the east, it stole sadly through the windows of the rude cabin, where the dead lay calm as marble and the living in silence, and set a crown of glory upon the peaceful brow of Sam Houston's Cherokee wife. She was reverently laid to rest there on the brink of the little stream, which has ever since been called Tahlihina creek by the natives. Houston left within a year for Texas, where a successful career awaited him, and there now remain but faint traces of his once happy home among the Cherokees. The lonely grave and its history has been almost forgotten except by the old inhabitants. Some of the more superstitious of these will tell you that on calm mid-summer nights, when the moon has silvered the mountain sides, the hoarse voice of the frog is hushed, the mocking bird ceases to pour out his melodious song, and the breeze that stir the tall cottonwoods is almost still, the crystal waters as they flow peacefully by the little grave can be heard plaintively murmuring; "Tahlihina sleeps here."

WILL T. CANUP.

sons—Mr. Thorne knows my fam | ucating the masses on the great issues | human nature I am "away up." My

WRITE THEM A LETTER TONIGHT.

Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, 1790 West Chicago avenue, sends the following as a poem worth keeping. She says the verses sent to her by her mother several years ago. The author is unknown:

Don't go to the theater, concert or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call
And a good long letter write.
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their drooping thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel you have no more need
Of their love or counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite,
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letters for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

The above poem appeared in the Bankers' Union Herald.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, carelessly, goes the loom,
In the light of day and the midnight gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the loom is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love wove in,
Click, click! another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each is nearer the end, I know;
And some day the last thread will be woven in,
God grant it will be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of good for this life web, say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better then, oh, my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

—Unknown Author.

Conundrums.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin is.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it's rung for dinner.

When is a young lady not a young lady? When she's a sweet tart (sweet heart).

What are they which, although always drunk, are never intoxicated? Toasts.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

If tough beefsteak could speak, what English poet would it mention? Chaucer (chaw, sir).

Why is a pair of skates like an apple? Because they have both occasioned the fall of man.

Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer can keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

Why can you never expect a fisherman to be generous? Because his business makes him sell fish.

What is the difference between a butcher and a flirt? One kills to dress and the other dresses to kill.

How did they get there? When Ham was sent there with his followers who were bred (bread) and mustered (mustard).

Why should it be impossible to starve in the desert of Sahara? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.

What is the difference between a pitcher of water and a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

The Tools' Picnic.

One day in the heart of the bright summer weather,
The carpenter's tools planned a picnic together.
They started away for a stroll in the woods,
In the brightest of spirits and gayest of moods.
But ere half the day was completed, I vow,
They all were mixed up in a riotous row.
First the nails misbehaved, and with weeping and clamor,
Were one by one driven straight home by the hammer.
Then into a temper the mild gimlet flew,
Because someone called her a positive screw.
And the augur refused to converse any more,
When he heard it remarked that he sometimes could bore.
The saw's reputation was greatly impaired
By his conduct at lunch; for he boldly declared
He could eat his way straight through a big lumber pile,
As he showed all his teeth in a broad, ugly smile.
The hatchet grew cutting and sharp, and the fuss
Would have ended, I fear, in a terrible muss,
But the peace-loving plane smoothed them in a trice,
And the rule helped to square things till, as quiet as mice,
They journeyed back home at the set of the sun
And told all their friends they had had the most fun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WOULDN'T IT JAR YOU?

Can a saw buck?—St. Joseph News.

You bet! Can a horse fiddle?—Keokuk Gate City.

Sure. Can a chimney swallow?—Chicago Tribune.

Certainly. Ever heard a ginger snap?—Topeka Capital.

,Yep. Ever see a bed spring?—Kansas City Journal.

Of course. Can a rail fence?—New York World.

Yes, and wouldn't a fence rail at such stuff?—Portland Journal.

To be sure. And wouldn't a railroad tie? How would a crash suit?—Baltimore American.

First rate. But isn't the weather vane.—Philadelphia Telegram.

Rather. Was it a banana peel that made the night fall?—Chicago Record-Herald.

And what was it that made the water fall, and the cowslip?—Portland Journal.

Dew drop.

Can a potato mash, or a lemon squeeze?—Lion's Mouth.

The last combination would m ke a good sour mash. Next!

The Curious Number Nine.

Though possibly familiar to many of the readers of Current Litterature, it may be that the following account of some curious features of the number nine will be interesting. It is well known that if any number is a multiple of nine the sum of its digits is also a multiple of nine. Thus, 567 is a multiple of nine, and the sum of its digits, $5+6+7=18$, is also a multiple. The reverse of this proposition is true also. If the sum of the digits of any number is a multiple of nine, the number itself is a multiple of nine. The writer has never seen any proof of, or reason for, these facts, and submits the following. Take any multiple of nine, say 567. This number is made up of

$$\begin{array}{r} 5\times 100=500 \\ 6\times\ \ 10=\ \ 60 \\ 7\times\ \ \ 1=\ \ \ 7 \\ \hline 567 \end{array}$$

If we subtract from this $5+6+7$, the remainder is

$$\begin{array}{r} 5\times 99=495 \\ 6\times\ \ 9=\ \ 54 \\ 7\times\ \ 0=\ \ \ 0 \\ \hline 549 \end{array}$$

It is evident that this remainder is a multiple of nine, because we see that it is composed of nines. The difference between the multiples of any number must be a multiple of that number, therefore the difference between 567 and 549 must be a multiple of nine. This difference is the sum of the digits of the first number, and the first part of the proposition is proved. Second, the sum of the digits of a number is divisible by nine. By the same operation as before, we have a remainder that is a multiple of nine, and as the sum of two multiples of any number must be a multiple of that number, the sum of 549 and 18 (the digits of the original number) equal 567, must be a multiple of nine. The same demonstration can be made algebraically.

SLAP HIM ON THE BACK.

When you meet a fellow with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back an' holler: "How d'you do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ask him what's a-hurtin' him an' laugh his cares away—
An' tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palavar, but say it right out loud—
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.
This world, at best, is but a hash of pleasure and of pain;
Some days are bright and sunny and some all slashed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be, for, when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright an' smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, an' don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the clouds.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Sky of the Heart.

A fallen leaf on a flowing stream,
And on the water a moment's gleam
Of sunshine—and the chilling gray
O'erspreads more coldly the autumn day.
And once this had brought a pang to me,
A sene of pain in my heart to see
The leafless trees and the stubble sere,
And the darkening face of the dying year.

It is not so now. My heart is glad,
Though every sight and sound is sad,
For I have come to realize
That joy depends not on the skies.
The path of my duty holds along,
Through winter's storm and springtime's song.
And cloudy the day or stormy the night,
The sky of my heart is always bright.

Maltbie D. Babcock, in the Standard.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE

(IN OTHER WORDS.)

My opponents are foolish, or they surely could see
That all worthy knowledge is centered in me.
I've absorbed all the good in this country of ours,
And from Michigan's snows to Florida's flowers,
Or from Maine's piney woods to the fair Lone Star state
'Tis a shame and disgrace to have to relate
That men can be found who can't readily see
That the hope of the nation depends upon me!

My astounding, bewildering, marvelous power
Is the wonder of ages—the talk of the hour.
I've cornered all issues; not one have I left
To my crazy opponents. They're of reason bereft,
And all they can do is to misrepresent—
My acts leave no room for adverse comment.

PANAMA.

Now, Panama offers an instance in point.
Why, the whole blessed scheme would have been out of joint
Had I not behaved in a masterful way
By commanding my subjects to step up and pay
Fifty millions or so for the country's right
To sever the isthmus and the oceans unite.

FOREIGN POLICY.

With my navy I've bluffed the whole civilized world?
When things were unpleasant the flag I've unfurled
In the teeth of offenders. Good treaties were signed.
All these great things were born in my wonderful mind.

EXECUTIVE ENCROACHMENT.

Some obstinate fool has developed the gall
To hint that perhaps I may not know it all,
And really suggests that I ought to consult
The Unitefl States senate. As if the result
Of a conference with it upon matters of state
Could evolve a conclusion where importance is great.

THE CURRENCY.

My opponents are silent; they say not a word
Of this gigantic issue. Not a voice has been heard
In defense of free silver. They know it's no use.
They say 'tis no issue, but that's an excuse.
The only good reason for silence I see
Is a secret intention to all vote for me.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Here again I'm at sea. My opponents declare
They will treat these poor, ignorant dog-eaters fair;
But they haven't a man on their side of the fence
With ability, judgment or common horse sense
To create a policy which would make them content
Or give them assurance of self-government.
Now, for this group of islands good use I have found—
A private political burying ground.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

So far as the rights of the wage workers go,
They must be looked after I very well know.
I'll put forth my best efforts to keep them content
By a marvelous display of the right sentiment.
My opponents talk wildly of what they will do.
But don't take them serious. Their words are not true.
Now, after November I'll do something nice
For both labor and capital. Your votes are my price.

THE TARIFF.

When we take up the question of tariff reform
My opponents go crazy and cause me alarm
By a lot of suggestions that don't coincide
With my own tariff record, which I point to with pride
But don't take them serious. They're only in fun;
Until I change the schedule 'twill never be done.

RECIPROCITY.

My opponents assert they believe it is right
For our glorious republic to use all her might
And by dint of strong effort promote trade relations
On reciprocal lines with all other nations.
But again they're in fun. Do not heed what they say;
If you'll all vote for me I will show you the way
To commercially unite all the nations of earth—
I'll give a performance that really has worth.

THE ARMY.

My opponents consider there's nothing to fear
From foreign invasion; while I am yet here
With a bunch of rough riders to cheer and command.
They feel sure that no danger can come to our land;
And perhaps they are right; but could scarce be expected
That I would thus srve them in case they're elected.
They remember San Juan, where all Spain I defeated,
But such exhibitions will not oft be repeated.
I thought of the White House when I pointed my sword
Up the hill of San Juan. When Spain's colors were lowered
I felt myself raised to that most sublime station—
Executive chief of this glorious nation.
Now, if my opponents should come in control
And send all the soldier boys home on parole,
I will give them a nice little piece of advice—
I protected them once—I will not do it twice.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Why won't my opponents let the voters forget
That I've plunged Uncle Sam forty millions in debt
After spending the surplus—eighty millions or more—
From the year nineteen hundred to the year nineteen four?
They say it's not equaled in political annals.
And declare the funds went into political channels.
All this may be true, but I'll not explain why;
Suffice to say advertising comes high.

THE TRUSTS.

My officials have failed the laws to enforce,
But I cannot be blamed for their actions, of course;
And really, I see nothing bad in a trust
Since the subject with Knox I have fully discussed;
So I'll not disturb the monopolies now,
As 'twould not be politic to stir up a row.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

'Tis true I outrageously smothered my pride
And caused a sensation which reached far and wide.
A message of censure even came from the moon
When I condescended to dine with the coon.
While I don't believe in mixing the races,
Coons can vote pretty well in a good many places,
And while Uncle Sam is still blushing for shame
I'll scoop in the big nigger vote just the same.

J. E. THOMAN.

Fort Worth, Texas.

At Least One Good Has Come of Ingersoll's Attack on the Bible.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

By Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.

"Farewell, Robert G. Ingersoll! Hail, Thou Word of God Which Liveth and Abideth Forever!"

Pathos and Tenderness Should Take the Place of Bitterness."

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

IT is a beautiful sentiment in human nature that leads us to speak well of the dead. I cannot understand the feeling which would try to carry controversy into the next world by assailing the departed.

In these days, close following the exit of the great agnostic, pathos and tenderness and sympathy should take the place of sarcasm and bitterness and harsh prediction.

Notwithstanding Colonel Ingersoll's large book on "Talmagean Theology," and the lectures he delivered in all our great cities under the same title, I cannot now frame in regard to him a sentence acerb or ironical. I imagine that if we had had the same influences around us that Colonel Ingersoll had we might have taken the same course.

Surrounded as many of us have been all our days by benign and gracious and sympathetic people, who took the Bible for their guide and inspiration, it is no credit to us that we believe with our whole heart the Christian religion. It is with religion as with the names of individuals. Henry or William or Ruth or Caroline are pleasant or offensive names to our ears according as the men or women whom we have known by those names were attractive or obnoxious.

The Christianity that Colonel Ingersoll assailed I do not find in my Bible. I hate the Pecksniffian and the "Praise-God-Bare-Bones" religion as much as this agnostic hated it.

I once wrote him a letter asking him to return to the old religion of the cross, and inviting him to preach the Gospel and deliver his first sermon in my pulpit. I am sorry now I did not send the letter. Such a change would not have been as wonderful as that which was wrought in Saul of Tarsus until he became the greatest of Apostles.

At least one great good has come to the world as a result of Colonel Ingersoll's attack. All intelligent laymen were set to work to examine the evidences of Christianity. Hosts of people who had no other reason for believing the Bible except that they were brought up to believe it, went to work for themselves and found the overwhelming arguments in favor of it, and wrote under the old faith, quod erat demonstrandum.

They found out that there was not so much evidence that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," or that Walter Scott wrote "Marmion," or that Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," or that Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis," or that Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha," or that Tennyson wrote the "Charge of the Light Brigade," as there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty, by the hand of prophet and evangelist and apostle, wrote the Bible.

The active discussion started by Colonel Ingersoll called forth the testimony of the mightiest intellects of the ages, and people found out that John Adams, the father of American independence, wrote "the Bible is the best book in all the world;" and Daniel Webster, the great lawyer of his age, said, "My heart assures and reassures me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, said, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influences of the Bible;" and that Shakespeare, the greatest of all dramatists, in his Last Will and Testament commended his "soul to God through the atonement of Jesus Christ;" and that William E. Gladstone said to me at Hawarden, in reply to my question, "Mr. Gladstone, as you go on in years does your faith in Christianity increase or decrease?" Mr. Gladstone, replying, "Mr. Talmage, in England and America we talk about great questions, but the greatest of all questions is how to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ to bear on the hearts and consciences of men. I have been many years, as you know, connected with the Government of Great Britain, and in that time I have been associated with sixty of the greatest minds of the century. Fifty-five of those sixty men were consistent professors of the Christian religion, and the other five were respecters of that religion."

That magnificent testimony I evoked from Mr. Gladstone at the time Mr. Ingersoll was making his strongest attacks upon Christianity. This testimony of the great men of the past and the present would not have been called forth had it not been for the assault upon the Scriptures by our distinguished American sceptic.

Another good that came from the agnostic's campaign was the leading to Scriptural research of millions who seldom or never read the Bible. The old book covered with dust on the top shelf was brought down and people read it to see if all that was said about it was true. The Bible for a time became as new as any popular novel. Literary men and women found out that many of the world's best books were only the Bible diluted.

They found that Goethe, the admired of all sceptics, had the wall of his house at Weimar covered with religious maps and pictures; that Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" was borrowed from the Bible; that Spenser's writings are imitations of the Parables; that John Bunyan saw in dream only what St. John had before seen in Apocalyptic vision; that Macaulay crowns his most gigantic sentences with Scripture quotations; that through Addison's "Spectator" there gleams in and out the stream that broke from under the throne of God, clear as crystal; that Walter Scott's best characters are Bible men and women under different names; that Meg Merrillies was the Witch of Endor, and that Shakespeare's "Lady Macbeth" was Jezebel; that Hobbes stole from this castle of Truth the weapons with which he afterward assaulted it; that Thomas Carlyle was only a splendid distortion of Ezekiel.

Yes, the Ingersollian discussion led to wider Scriptural research. The most popular institution on earth to-day is the Church; the most popular book is the Bible and the most popular name is Jesus.

Farewell, Robert G. Ingersoll! Hail, thou "Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever!"

T. De Witt Talmage

CATHOLIC CHURCH'S AMERICAN GAINS.

Archbishop Ireland Tells the English of Romanism's Advances.

PROSPECTS ARE VERY BRIGHT.

Prejudices Are Breaking Down, He Says, and the Progress in the Social Scale Notable.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 27.—Before leaving England, Archbishop Ireland, who is expected to arrive here on the White Star Line steamship Britannic, gave his views on the condition of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States. He touched on the gains and losses of the church, the question of temperance and social progress, and the subject of ecclesiastical education.

The Archbishop said that between 1820 and the present time 3,000,000 natives of Ireland had emigrated to the United States. Many of these, he said, were Protestants. Many others died from poverty and want, and there were also losses, he believed, because the priests did not follow the arrivals into the new Western territory. Spiritual organization, he said, did not keep pace with the growth of the population in the early '50's.

"There were also some losses in the large cities of the East," the Archbishop said. "The Irish Catholic emigrants who had been disinherited at home and had not had the opportunity of receiving a good education brought with them a strong and fervent faith, but not having had a thorough training, they were not able in some cases to transmit the faith to their children. With all my admiration and love for the Irish church, I must say that from my experience I believe the Irish-Americans came to us without that deep, dogmatic training which safeguards parents and children as mere devotional faith does not when there are perils and temptation.

"Many of the German emigrants were lost to Christianity, but they were the revolutionists who went out in '49; they were not Catholics. The German Catholics who went out never lost the faith, because they were well organized and well instructed. There is a loss to the faith here and there, but I am sure the accessions are greater than the losses. Everything is organized and everywhere there are priests and Catholic institutions.

"The prospects of the church are of the brightest. Prejudice is breaking down and Catholics are moving upward in social and political life. The social advance is the most marked feature of the progress of Catholicity in the United States in the last fifteen or twenty years. The influence of the A. P. A. never amounted to much. Some Catholics paid too much attention to the society. The movement, I believe, was killed by the war with Spain, in which a large number of Catholics took part and fought well.

"Temperance has made wonderful progress in all classes in America. Popular opinion is distinctly in favor of it. The railroads and large corporations will not employ drinking men. The Catholic body has not only kept up with the general social movement in connection with the temperance question, but has gone ahead of the average. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union has done giant work.

"The seminaries have so improved through the widening of studies, the lengthening of time over which the courses extend, and the efforts to secure good professors that a new order of things has arisen. One of the causes of this new order has been the Catholic University, which has lifted up the whole tone of Catholic studies, and has proved a great success. Much more may be expected from this institution. All that is wanting in the university is money with which to increase the professorship, and this will, no doubt, be obtained."

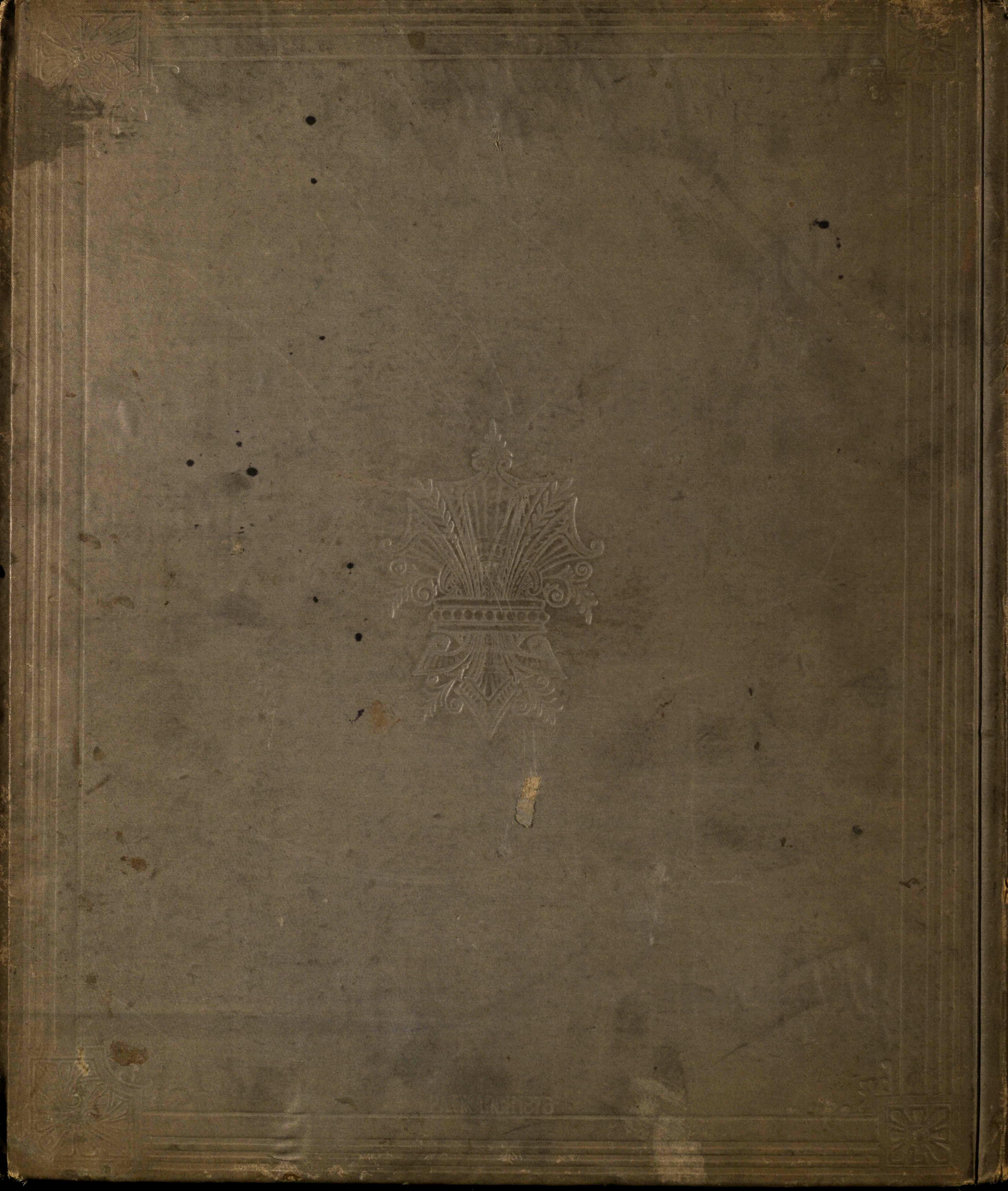
HOW CURLY HEAD FOUGHT THE WAR

He tossed his tangled locks in rage most terrible to see—
This mighty hero of the war, who sat on mamma's knee;
Without, the snow lay drifted deep, but in the cosy room
The firelight and the low-turned lamp made radiance of the gloom.
His white crib in the corner stood, a cherub's downy nest,
All ready; but the hero said he would—*not*—be—undressed!
"*I wonder now!*"—spoke mamma, in that vague, mysterious tone,
That may portend a story or a sermon in a stone:—
As Samson heard Delilah, so intrepid Curly Head
Fell listening—still resolved he did—not—*want*—to—go—to—bed!

"If you'd been Admiral Dewey, dear"—Delilah softly said,
And then began to deftly slip the clothes from Curly Head—
"Would you have been as brave as he, out in Manila Bay?"
"I'd done heaps more 'an *he* did!" cried gallant Curly Head.
"I'd got up on a gweat, big horse—and wide wight up 'n' see
If that old Spanish Animal would come 'n' fight wiv me;
'N' if he got on his big horse 'n' come a gallopin' 'long,
A widin' wight stwaight up at me, 'n' him that big 'n' stwong—
I'd pulled my pistol out and—'Boom!'—'at way—you know, and—Gee!
I'd shoot that Spanish Animal down dead, wight in the sea!"

"But all his ships and sailors"—ventured mamma, doubtfully,
"Would still be there to fight against my little Curly Head!"
"Oh! I don't care for them—no more 'an Animal Dewey did;
'R even Animal Sampson!" sneered the scornful Curly Head.
"You just say 'Boom!'—and 'Boom!'—and 'Boom!'—at Spanish ships, and—bim!
You sink 'em in the ocean and their sailors has to swim.
'N' when they're swimming I can wide awound 'em with my sword
'N' chop their heads off, Zip!—'at way, 'fore they can say a word.
If sailors has their heads cut off, they can't swim good, you know,
'Cause legs without some eyes can't tell just whichaways to go."

"But there'd be soldiers on the land?"—suggestively she said,
"—I'd tell *my* soldiers come on, too!" cried dauntless Curly Head.
"Suppose they were afraid to come?" asked mamma, patiently.
"They won't be fwaid to come wiv *me!*" replied bold Curly Head.
"I'd tell 'em don't be fwaid of all the Spanish 'at they see—
Not even fwaid of *bears*—if they was 'leven, ten or—thwee!
(For bears don't bite the soldiers, if the soldiers has got guns,
But turns awound, wight quick—'is way—and jumps away and wuns;)
'N' then I'd wide my gweat big horse wight to the Spanish there,
'N' shoot 'em—'Boom!'—that way—and 'Bang!'—just like *they* was a bear."

"Suppose," said patient mamma as she peeled his stockings off,
"Some Spanish there had little boys, just like my Curly Head?"—
"Oh, I won't kill a one that's got nice little boys—you bet!
So they could come and play wiv me," said thoughtful Curly Head.
"I'd make 'em all Nunited States and 'Merican soldiers, too,
To go and fight the Bwitish—like we *always* used to do;
Before this war, you 'member, 'twas the Bwitish 'at we killed,
'N' all the Spanish boys could learn to do that when they're dwilled;
'N' all the little Spanish boys, 'n' me, 'n' George, 'n' us,
We'd kill the Bwitish twoops—you bet!—till—next—Chwist-mus!"

"*And now?*" Delilah murmured, and she pressed the curling head
Against her patient bosom on the drowsy road to bed.
"'N' now," he answered, wearily, "I—lay—me—down—to—sleep!—
'N'—kill—the Spanish—'n'—I—pway—I'd kill—a gweat—big—heap!
'N'—Bwitish—too—you bet—'n'—pway—the Lord—my soul—to keep!"
"*And if?*" she asked, in music, sweet, such as the angels make—
"'N'—'en," the hero sighed, "If—I—should—die—before—I—wake,—
I—pway—the Lord—the Bwitish, Spanish, 'n'—my soul—to take!"