



SCRAP  
BOOK

# RAILWAY EMPLOYEES AND THE

**T**HIS article is addressed particularly to railway employes, among whom I began my career as a wage-worker, with whom I spent twenty-seven consecutive years—the complete span of my young manhood—as co-employee, labor organizer and union official, and for whom I shall have an affectionate regard of peculiar tenderness that will end only with my days.

The very relation I bear them inspires me with the liveliest sense of obligation to that great body of brave and brawny men whose hands, as hard as their hearts are soft, first grasped my own in welcome as a recruit to the army of toil; whose honest faces, beaming with approval, first warmed my heart and stirred my blood, and whose applause, the first I ever knew, fired my boyhood years with high resolves. In every dark and trying hour these comrades of my early years stood staunch and true and pushed me on and raised me up that others might see my face and know my name, while they remained unnoticed, unapplauded, the soldiers of obscurity, the rank and file, the lower class, the common herd, who made and move this world and should be, and will yet be, its ruling aristocracy.

I believe it can be said with truth, as I am sure it can without vanity, that I personally know and am personally known to more railroad employes than any other man in the country; and with equal truth, I believe, that the great majority who know me—better than I do, the whole body of them, with few exceptions—feel kindly toward me and may be claimed my personal friends.

In all my travels—and I have been moving almost continuously these twelve years past, over all the railways of the continent, especially since the railway corporations forcibly divorced me from their employes—in all my travels I never made a trip, nor ever expect to, without feeling many times the touch of kindness, oft in stealth, of my old comrades of railroad days.

It is not, therefore, because of any lessening of our mutual regard that I am no longer in active touch with them, but because of the stern decree of fate which commanded me to go where they might not yet follow for a while, but where they will be found in good time, united with their class, and battling manfully for freedom.

I could yet be the grand officer of a railway brotherhood, have a comfortable office, large salary, plenty of friends, including railway and public officials, and read my praises as an "ideal labor leader" in capitalist newspapers, but my convictions would not allow it, and so I had to resign, and, having no choice about it, I am entitled to no credit for quitting a "good" position and plunging recklessly into a career of folly, failure and disgrace.

It was not easy to resign, and I had to insist upon it in a way that hurt me as much as it did the loyal comrades from whom I had to tear myself apart; and it has been the first and almost the only case of voluntary resignation from a similar position.

I had been with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen almost from its birth; had organized the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakeman, now the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen; had helped to organize the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, the Order of Railway Telegraphers, and other labor unions, and was now to organize, with half a dozen others, the American Railway Union, to embrace all railway workers, so that the engine wiper and section man might come in for their share of consideration as well as the engineer and conductor.

There is where I broke with the railway officials. They were perfectly willing that we should have a firemen's union, but they were not willing for us to have a union that would unite all employes in the service in the equal interest of all.

This much by way of introduction. Now a word as to the purpose of this writing. I have something to say to the railway employes of

America. It may not be considered as amounting to much, but I think it of importance enough to ask the railway workers into whose hands, many of them for the first time, this paper will fall, to follow me through with patience and think over what I have to say at their own leisure.

You railroad men are told that I am too radical, that I am dangerous, that as a "leader" I am a failure, and a good many other things, but the time will come when you will know that from first to last I have been true to you, and that because of that very fact the corporations

you work for warn you against me, and you will furthermore know that for the opposite reason most of your present leaders are not true to your best interests, that they are "popular" with the public, and your railway officials sing their praises on every occasion and tell you over and over again how wise and good these "leaders" are and how lucky you are and how proud you should be to command their valuable services.

Time will tell and I can wait. I am not courting your flattery nor evading your blame. I am seeking no office; aspiring to no honors; have no personal axe to grind. But I have something to say to you and shall look straight into your eyes while saying it. I shall speak the truth—as I see it—no more and no less, in kindness and without malice or resentment.

I should tell you what I think you ought to know though all of you turned against me and despised me forever.

I am not wiser than you, but have had more experience with capitalists and more chance to study their system of fleecing and fooling labor than most of you. I am not better than you—not so good, in fact—for there is no better man on earth than an honest workingman. So I shall not preach to you, nor moralize you, nor even venture to advise you, but I shall put a few facts before you that may temporarily disturb your digestion, but if you will stick to them and assimilate them you will feel yourself growing stronger and you will thank me for having changed your mental bill of fare.

Taken in the aggregate, there is no division of the working class more clannish and provincial, more isolated from other divisions of labor's countless army, than railway employes, the workers engaged, directly and indirectly, in steam railway transportation. Nor is there a group or department in the entire working class that, outside of its own sphere of industrial activity, is more ignorant of the true essentials of the labor question or more oblivious of the class struggle and the fundamental principles and objects of the labor movement.

To verify this statement it is not necessary to refer to the unorganized, unskilled and poorly-paid employes; on the contrary, let a dozen engineers and the same number of conductors, picked at random, be put upon the stand and catechized from a primer on economics, and see what percentage of them can give even a definition of the term. They know how to run engines and trains and, as a rule, that is practically the limit of their knowledge. That is all the corporations want them to know and, from their point of view, all they are fit to know.

It is true that they read journals published by their unions in which a five-column account is given of a reception to some "noble grand chief" and as many columns more about babies born and brothers buried, but which may be searched in vain for a line of revolutionary economics to nourish the brain, open the eyes, give cheer to the heart or aspiration to the soul of a corporation slave.

The several unions of railway employes, considered in any militant sense, are not labor unions

at all. Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, worthy successor of the late P. M. Arthur, is on record as having pledged his word to a well-known railway manager that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers should never go out on strike while he was its executive head. The same grand chief is on record as threatening John J. Hannahan, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, with keeping his engineers at work on the Northern Pacific system, virtually scabbing on the firemen, if the latter went out on strike. If the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was a bona fide labor union instead of the fossilized tool of railway corporations its grand chief would be peremptorily impeached for treason to the working class.

The Civic Federation Review loves to print

the portrait of Mr. Stone and idealize him as a "leader of labor" worthy to sit at the feast with, and at the feet of, August Belmont, Andrew Carnegie, Archbishop Ireland and other millionaire labor exploiters who regard workingmen as sheep to be sheared and skinned and slaughtered, and asses to be harnessed and worked and whipped, and, from that point of view, the engineers and the rest of the railway unions are to be congratulated upon their astute leadership.

It is not that Mr. Stone is personally dishonest or corrupt; he may be, and I think he is, perfectly conscientious in what he says and does, and the same is doubtless true of the grand officers of the other railway unions, but that is not the question.

If workingmen are betrayed and defeated and made to suffer, it makes little difference if their misfortunes are due to dishonest or ignorant and incompetent leadership.

The question is not, Are these leaders honest? Let that be conceded. The question is, Are they true to the working class? If their official attitude does not square with the working class as a whole, then they are not in line with the true interests of their own union and not, in fact, the friends, but the enemies, of labor; not serving, but betraying those who trust and follow them.

In saying this and making the further statement that the existing railway brotherhoods are of far more actual benefit to the railway corporations than they are to the employes who support them and that, in some essential respects, they are a positive detriment to their members in teaching them to venerate a "grand" officer, subjecting themselves, bound and gagged, to his "official sanction," and keeping them in economic ignorance—in saying these things it is probable that Grand Chief Stone of the engineers and other grand officials will take issue, and here let me say that nothing would suit me better than the chance to meet Mr. Stone before his engineers, or any other grand official before his followers, at any time, or in any public place, to make good every assertion herein made, and more, too; and I shall not object if the grand officers invite their friends, the railway officials, to occupy their accustomed seats on the platform, but I will not guarantee that the menu will be as agreeable to their corporation palates as that served at the recent Chicago banquet of the Order of Railway Conductors, or at the average brotherhood convention.

Now to another branch of the question. According to the report of the interstate commerce commission there were, for the year ending June 30, 1904, a total of 1,296,121 employes on the railways of the United States, as against 1,017,653 in 1900, an increase in four years of 278,468. How many thousands of unemployed there are, ready to take jobs when they are offered, in event of a strike, or otherwise, the reports do not say. Since 1904 there has been great increase in railroad activities and it is probable that the total has since reached 1,400,000. In 1894 the

number was 779,608. That was during the last period of "hard times." In the ten years since, from 1894 to 1904, from "panic" to "prosperity," the number of railway employes has been almost doubled, the actual increase being 620,392, an average of over 60,000 a year. Fully five hundred thousand (500,000) new railroad men have been made in that time and they have swelled the brotherhoods to unprecedented limits.

Now keep your eye "peeled" for the signal for the return trip from "prosperity" to "panic." That is not a matter of guess, but of arithmetic.

It may not come next month or next year, but it will come, and the longer it is coming the longer will be the backward trip.

Railway employes, as a rule, do not know why there are alternating periods of "panic" and "prosperity," panic that paralyzes, but prosperity that does not prosper, except for the plutocrats, and the reason they do not know is that they are ignorant of working class economics, which are

not discussed by their leaders, nor in their journals, and this accounts for the further fact that nearly all of them vote these sufferings upon themselves, as non-political labor unionists uniformly do, while their unions, vaccinated by the corporation doctor against politics, become parties to "grand balls," such as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has given in Chicago, and the "grand banquet" just held by the Order of Railway Conductors in the same city, where the "grand march" is led by the capitalist mayor and a "grand" officer and "grand" officials of the railroads beam approvingly, while "grand" corporation politicians disport themselves in huge diamonds and swallow-tails and "grand" speeches are spouted about the "brotherhood of capital and labor"—the choicest lobster on the bill—the whole "green goods" affair being concocted by a tool of the corporations who belongs to the union and who, as a smooth politician, is on the pay roll at the city hall, or the state house or capitol. Such nauseating exhibitions—planned by sycophants and patronized by plutocrats—are given to hoodwink the common herd and keep them forever in the capitalist corrals of wage slavery.

Political conspiracy is the term to apply to these doings of the henchmen of capital, masquerading in the garb of labor, who are so fearful that their dupes will wake up and go into politics.

But to return for a moment. Keep your eye open for that signal. When Wall Street says the word you'll see the signal, but it will not prevent you and your little union from going into the ditch. The signal and slump will come together.

Several hundred thousand of you will be left high and dry—no jobs—but plenty of time to tramp and think. What next? Sweeping reductions of wages. Next? Strikes? Probably! And then? Defeat and disaster!

That's the history of all the "panics" of the last thirty years. They have all been ushered in with widespread railroad strikes, and when the crash has come the brotherhoods have burst like bubbles and been crushed like egg shells, utterly powerless to give their members the least particle of protection. This is what has uniformly come to the unions that waste their time at such child's play as "exemplification of secret work" and studying signs and pass-words, as if every union did not have a corporation reporter to inform them of every move worth knowing.

And so it will be again. Mark it! Make a note of it! Ask your grand officer about it and make a note of his answer. Don't allow him to dodge by calling me a calamity howler. He will help you after the lightning has struck your job by certifying that you are entitled to another, but you will have to hunt it alone, and in the meantime the "brotherhood of capital and labor" will have suspended and cannot save your wife from eviction nor your child from starvation.

# CLASS

# STRUGGLE. By Eugene V. Debs

Think it out. Don't let go till you do. Don't take my word; rely on yourself. I can't help you railway slaves. You only can help yourselves. No one else can. If you don't even know that you are slaves in the existing capitalist system, the gods have mercy on you, for your blindness is complete; your condition is pitiable and there is no hope for you but death.

The most pathetic object to me is a corporation slave with a dazzling diamond or a constellation of brass buttons to decorate his deformity and hide the hollows in his gray matter. He swells like a toad as he talks about the good wages "we" are paying; he is a part of the corporation, just as a pimple is part of a plutocrat. He has hinges in his knees. He fawns like a spaniel at the feet of an official, but snarls like a cur at the car inspector or track man. He believes in the "brotherhood of capital and labor;" he is "conservative;" is opposed to politics in the union or the journal; talks about his masters as "our superiors;" is proud of his pusillanimity; does with alacrity what he is ordered to do and asks no questions; is a scab at heart, if not in fact; has no trace of manhood, no self-respect, no honor—craven-hearted and stony-souled—and when he dies Judas Iscariot will have another recruit for his army of the damned.

In his address to the joint committee of the several brotherhoods of railway employes that called at the White House on November 14, 1905, to plead in behalf of the railway corporations, President Roosevelt, among other things, said: "I would be false to your interest if I failed to do justice to the capitalist as much as to the wage-worker."

The president was much impressed by the delegation and the delegation by him. The president was really addressing his own brethren, for, like themselves, he was a brotherhood man, and had the grip, sign and passwords, all up to date; and they were all agreed that no injustice must be done the poor capitalists. The latter were not in evidence. Their president and their brotherhoods would see that no harm came to them.

In his message to the banquet of the Order of Railway Conductors, given at Chicago on December 31, 1905, in behalf of the railroad corporations, and presided over by Major (?) B. B. Ray, paymaster, U. S. A., in recognition of his faithful services in lining up railway employes in support of the corporation ticket on election day, and as smooth a politician as ever came down the avenue—in his communication to this corporation auxiliary, regretting his inability to mingle with the railway presidents and managers who were in attendance to point around at the conductors as evidence that the working class in general, and the railway slaves in particular, were opposed to rate legislation—in his telegram of regret Vice President Fairbanks, once himself a railroad attorney and now a magnate, said:

"The Order of Railway Conductors \* \* \* recognizes in full degree the right of both employer and employe and understands full well that in a large sense the interests of one are the interests of the other, and that the interests of neither can be disregarded without harm to both."

Precisely! "Our interests are one," exclaimed the fox, after devouring the goose. "Same here," answered the hawk, with the feathers of the dove still clinging to his beak. "I'm with you," chipped in the shark; and "I congratulate you upon your wise political economy" was the amen of the lion as the lamb's tail disappeared down the red lane.

Toastmaster Ray, the mortgaged major of the railroads, read another telegram of regret from President "Jim" Hill, of the Great Northern, and

then President Delano, of the Wabash, was introduced and proceeded to orate on "Opposition to Railroad Rate Legislation." The dummies are reported to have nodded in hearty approval every time he looked at them. President Delano might have stayed at home and used a string to operate his puppets.

Upon this important point of "identity of interests" between lion and mutton, President Roosevelt, Vice President Fairbanks and all the railroad presidents, corporations and brotherhoods are a unit.

The railroads furnish the lion and the brotherhoods the mutton.

It is upon this false basis, this vicious assumption, this fundamental lie, that the railroad brotherhoods are organized, and in that capacity they are of incalculable value to the railroads, the very bulwarks of their defense, and the sure means of keeping the great body of railway employes in economic ignorance, and, therefore, unorganized, divided and helpless.

It means organized strength for the railroads and organized weakness for the employes. And the latter foot the bill. No wonder their grand officers get annual passes and their delegates free trains. The stupid employes pay for them all an hundredfold.

And to what base purpose the railroad magnates put these brotherhoods to still further trench their power and perpetuate their reign of robbery!

At this very moment they are using them as political pokers to stir up the fire of public sentiment against rate legislation. And the poor dupes that pay the dues don't even know that their unions are in politics, corporation politics, the dirtiest kind of politics.

On their own account the unions are forbidden to have anything to do with politics—that would fracture their delicate diaphragm—but when the corporations need them as political tools—ah, that's different; that's what they are for!

Can not you hoodwinked railway slaves begin to see something?

In all the history of organized labor, from the earliest times to the present day, no body of union workingmen ever served in a more humiliating and debasing role than that in which the railway unions appear at this very hour before the American people and the world.

It is a spectacle for the gods, and future generations will marvel that such an exhibition of servility was possible in the twentieth century.

Union workingmen rallying round the robbers of the working class and defending them against their own people!

It is true that there is nothing in rate legislation for the workingman, but the incident loses none of its significance on that account.

The free use of the brotherhoods by and for the corporations, at election time, when the legislature meets, when congress is in session, whenever and wherever required—that is the point.

How smoothly this emergency appliance works!

The corporations sniff danger; they send for their officials—the officials for the "grand chiefs" of the brotherhoods—the "grand chiefs" for their decoy ducks, and presto! a joint committee—and it is a "joint" committee—serves notice on the president and the country that the million and more railway employes want no interference with the divine right of the railroad robbers to hold up the people.

Then another set of political tools of the same robbers take their cue and bound to their feet in the capitalist congress and in a serio-comic burst of paid-for passion, exclaim: "Don't you see, gentlemen, that organized labor, the horny-handed nobility of the land, the muscle and sinew, the very backbone of the nation, recognizes this measure as a menace to its 'full dinner pail' and interposes its righteous indignation? Gentlemen, we dare not make such an assault upon the dig-

nity, the sacred rights, aye, the very life of honest toil!"

That settles it! The trick is done. The Goulds and Vanderbilts and Harrimans on top, their slaves at the bottom, and their "identity of interests" once more triumphantly vindicated.

I propose now to deal briefly with that ghastly lie itself.

In what way, Mr. Railroad Slave, is your interest identical with that of "Jim" Hill, your master?

He owns the railway system that you workmen built and now operate.

He pulls every dollar of profit out of it for himself he can and leaves you not one dollar more than he must.

If you don't suit him, he discharges you, and you then have to pull up stakes and hunt another master. He gets the lion's share; you get what's left, and in the aggregate that is fixed by what is required to fill your dinner pail, cover you with overalls and maintain a habitation where you can raise more wage-slaves to take your place when you are worn out and go to the scrap heap.

The "Jim" Hills live out of your labor—out of your ignorance—for if you were not densely stupid you would not be their dumb-driven cattle.

Now they and their politicians and preachers and "labor leaders" tell you how bright and smart you are to flatter your ignorance, and keep you from opening your eyes to your slavish condition, and, above all, to the wage-system, that is the cause of your poverty and degradation.

Your interests as wage-slaves are not only not identical with, but are directly opposed to, the interests of the "Jim" Hills and the railroad corporations, and I challenge any of your "grand chiefs" to deny it in my presence on any public platform in the country.

You have got to get rid of the capitalist leeches that suck your hearts' blood through the quill of "identity of interests."

They are in the capitalist class; you are in the working class. They gouge out profits; what's left you get for wages. They perform no useful work; you deform your bodies with slavery. They are millionaires; you are paupers. They have everything; you do everything. They live in palaces; you in shanties. They have abundance of leisure and mountains of money; you have neither. Finally, they are few; you are legions!

Poor, dumb giant, you could in a breath extinguish your pigmy exploiter were you only conscious of your overmastering power!

The workers made and operate all the railroads; the capitalists had and have nothing to do with either. They pocket the proceeds on a basis of watered stock and other "stock," in the form of employes, and then issue fraudulent reports to show on what a small margin of profit they are actually doing business.

In this connection it should be said that the railroads pad their "operating expenses" outrageously to deceive their employes and the general public, and their reports can be shown to be full of duplicity and fraud. They are not required to itemize their "operating expenses" in their reports to the interstate commerce commission; this they only do in the reports of the directors to the stockholders, and an examination of these will disclose the swindle and show how much reliance can be placed in the public reports of private grafters.

Mr. Railway Slave, to resume our interview, you are not in the same class with the "Jim" Hills of the railroads. You don't visit at their homes; nor they at yours. You don't ride in their private cars and yachts and automobiles. Your wives don't wear the same kind of clothes and jewelry and move in the same circle with theirs. You don't join them in their luxuriant travels to Europe when they are received by the crowned heads of other parasites and given a private audience by the pope. You stay at home and sweat and suffer to foot all the bills; they do all the rest.

To sum up: They are in the capitalist class; you in the working class. They are masters; you slaves. They fleece and pluck; you furnish the wool and feathers.

That is the basis of the class struggle.

Upon that basis you have got to organize and fight before you can move an inch toward freedom.

You have got to unite in the same labor union and in the same political party and *strike and vote together*, and the hour you do that the world is yours.

The railroads will oppose this; they want to keep you divided and at their mercy. Your grand officers will oppose it; they want to keep you divided and draw their salaries.

When you have a little time figure out the amount annually paid to the grand officers of the railway unions in salaries and expenses and you will be amazed; you will also understand why railroad employes will never get together as long as their grand officers can prevent it.

By the way, why do you persist in calling your officers "Grand Chiefs" and "Grand Masters?" Are they "grand" because you are petty?

The working class, the rank and file, are grander than all the labor leaders, good and bad, that ever lived.

A "Master" implies slaves. It is bad enough to be slaves without glorying in it. A "Master" is bad enough; a "Grand Master" is the limit, especially if the title is voluntarily conferred by the slaves.

There was a time when I did not realize this and many other things I now do. The difference is that I have learned to think and can now see these things as they are.

*The capitalist class! The working class! The class struggle!* These are the supreme economic and political facts of this day and the precise terms that express them.

These are the grim realities in the existing capitalist system, and the sooner you drop your brotherhood toys and deal with the labor question, to which most of you are strangers, the better will it be for you.

What is the labor question?

It is the question of the working class organizing to overthrow the capitalist class, emancipating itself from wage slavery and making itself the ruling class of the world.

Can this be done?

Anything can be done by the working class.

Labor has but to awaken to its power. Then the earth and all its fullness will be for labor. Now the exploiters of labor have it; and they must be put out of that business and into useful service.

First of all, you railroad workers, you million and almost a half of slaves, must wake up; realize that you are a part of the working class and that the whole working class must unite, close up the ranks and present a solid front, every day in the year, election day, especially, included.

As individual wage-slaves you are helpless and your condition hopeless. As a class, you are the greatest power between the earth and the stars. As a class, your chains turn to spider-webs and in your presence capitalists shrivel up and blow away.

The individual wage-slave must recognize the power of class unity and do all he can to bring it about.

That is what is called *class-consciousness*, in the light of which may be seen the *class struggle* in startling vividness.

The class-conscious worker recognizes the necessity of organization, economic and political, and using every weapon at his command—the strike, the boycott, the ballot and every other—to achieve his emancipation.

He, therefore, joins the union of his class and the party of his class and gives his time and energy to the work of educating and lining up his class for the struggle of his class.

You railroad men may think you are doing this now, but you are not. You are wasting most of your time and money for that which will bring no returns.

Let me tell you a few of the things the railroad corporations and your leaders, between whom there is an "identity of interests," are having you do to occupy your time and keep you chained to the kennels of your masters.

First, they have you divided into petty groups, each trying to be *it*, and not one having any real power for working class good.

Second, they have you quarreling about jurisdiction and about an "open door," and the corporations smile serenely while you play with these toys.

Your jurisdiction squabbles never will be settled, but grow worse. At places the B. L. E. and B. L. F. are at swords' points, and the O. R. C.

and B. R. T. are ready to fly at each others' throats; and so intense is the petty craft jealousy that they are ready to scab on one another.

And if they ever go out on strike, particularly the B. L. E., their own former members, victimized by them, will rise up to smite them.

The other day I met a man who had an official position that paid him \$5,000.00 a year. Said he to me: "I will quit this job for but one thing, and that will be to take an engine when the B. L. E. go out on strike." He used to belong to it.

There are any number of men scattered over the country, most of them its own former members, waiting for the B. L. E. to strike. The day is not distant when the B. L. E. will reap the crop it has sown.

Third, you are kept apart from other workers, for it would be dangerous if you affiliated with them and got an idea above the round-house or caboose or cab you work in. Besides, you might get class-conscious and that would endanger your slavery.

Fourth, you spend hours in the lodge room, "riding the goat," getting the secret work "down fine," giving "passwords" and "signs," and unpacking job-lots of "secret work" that any railroad official in the country can have any day he wants it.

These are bibs and rattles for mental babies, and the more time you amuse yourselves with them the less danger there is of your thinking about anything that will break your chains and set you free.

These are a few of the things; I have not space for more. The hundreds of columns of stale stuff reshaped for years in your journals that might be called goose gossip would, perhaps, be excusable in the official organ of some feeble-minded institution, but it is woefully out of place in a working class publication.

Now let me say a few more things—and space will allow only a few of the many that might be put down—that you may think about at your leisure.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is forty-two years old and has never won a railway strike of any consequence in all its career.

It is called a success because the corporations make some concessions to it so as to use it as a battering ram against other employes in the service; and this is substantially true of all the brotherhoods.

Then, again, the brotherhoods are used against each other.

The union switchmen on the Denver and Rio Grande, at Pittsburg and other places; the engineers on the C. B. and Q.; the telegraph operators on the A. and P., M., K. and T., Great Northern and Northern Pacific, and the machinists on the Santa Fe are but a few of the long list of victims of the "dog-eat-dog" method of unionism, a quarter of a century behind the times.

But the grand officers of the several unions attend one another's conventions and join in solemn chorus in telling the delegates of each others' unions what wise grand officers they have, how kind the corporations are to them and how proud they ought to be of their noble brotherhoods.

In the next few years locomotive engineers will become motormen and firemen will disappear. It is safe to say that in another twenty years locomotive firemen will be practically of the past. They can then cling to their last straw—their insurance policy—and that is the main thing that holds them together today. But for that they would soon cave in, and that is true of them

all. They are then, primarily, coffin clubs and not labor unions. They care for the sick and bury the dead—a good thing, incidentally, for the corporations. To get the full benefits it is necessary to be maimed or killed.

It is well to bury the dead, but the living are infinitely more important.

One effective blow to break the chains of wage-slavery is better than a century of attention to dead bodies.

Class-consciousness is better than corpse-consciousness.

A great deal more that should be said must be omitted for the want of time and space.

It is my hope that the facts here presented will lead the railroad workers to study the real labor question. A few of them only know what Socialism is and they are Socialists. The rest are opposed to it because the little they know about it is not true.

No honest workingman understands Socialism without embracing it.

The railroad workers, if they want their eyes opened, must read class struggle literature.

The paper in which they are reading these articles, the APPEAL TO REASON, with a circulation of almost three hundred thousand copies, can be obtained for a trifle—fifty cents for a whole year—and if they can't afford that, they can send ten cents for a trial subscription.

They cannot afford to remain in ignorance of the class struggle, or of what Socialism really means.

A mighty social revolution is impending—it is shaking the earth from center to circumference and only the dead may be deaf to its rumblings.

Revolutionary education and organization is the vital need of the working class.

Let every railroad employe who is alive enough to want to know how the working class can emancipate the working class and walk the earth free, and enjoy all its manifold blessings, subscribe for a revolutionary paper and read it for a year; and he will then find himself with the rest of us, in class-conscious array, in the struggle for freedom.

The APPEAL TO REASON, already suggested, will make an excellent beginning. There is a long list of other papers and magazines that can be read with profit.

Drop a postal card to W. E. Trautmann, National Secretary of the Industrial Workers of the World, 148 West Madison street, Chicago, and ask him to send you printed matter explaining this great and growing industrial union; ask him also to send you a copy of the "Industrial Worker," its official paper, which every workingman should have.

Drop another card to J. Mahlon Barnes, National Secretary Socialist party, 269 Dearborn street, Chicago, asking him to send you printed matter in regard to this working class party, and also to send you a list of Socialist papers and magazines, and a catalog of working class books and pamphlets.

Great is the privilege we enjoy in being permitted to take part in this mighty historic struggle.

The base and cowardly will sneer and sneak to the rear, but the brave and true, though hell itself gap, will do battle with all the blood that flows in their veins, and write their names in living letters on the shining scroll of Labor's Emancipation.

This much may be said as to the purpose of the something to say to the railway employes of



FORMER GOVERNOR J. S. HOGG, Orator of the day at Labor Day celebration held by Houston Unions at La Porte.

# HOGG AT LA PORTE

### Former Governor of Texas Addresses the Houston Labor Union Celebration.

## ALL SHOULD TAKE PART IN POLITICS

#### Advises Workingmen to Assert Their Rights at the Ballot Box—Reiterates His Houston Speech and Scores the Corporations for Corrupting Legislatures.

LA PORTE, Tex., Sept. 5.—Ex-Gov. James Stephen Hogg today reiterated with emphasis the declarations which he made in his speech before the Democratic State convention at Houston not long since, and his utterances were received with applause by his hearers.

Mr. Hogg was the orator of the day at the Labor Day celebration held at this place by the Houston labor unions, and he spoke to thousands of persons.

The ex-Chief Executive of this State came to La Porte from Houston today at noon. He did not go directly to the scene of festivities at Sylvan Beach, but instead, as he expressed it, repaired to "the Widows' Retreat and caught forty winks of sleep." "By gathins, I'm feelin' fine," he exclaimed, as he got out of his carriage on the grounds at 4 o'clock this afternoon. A blast from the musical "flyin' jinny" rent the air. "Umph," grunted Mr. Hogg, "nobody on earth could talk against that machine."

The committee in charge immediately issued orders to have the "flyin' jinny" man and his outfit suppressed.

Thereafter for several hours neither was heard from.

Repairing to the pavillion, a band was found furnishing music for some two hundred dancers.

"Don't stop that," said the guest of the occasion, as he seated himself on a piano stool and kissed a baby proffered him by an enthusiastic mother, "I would not for the world put an end to such hugging set to music. I tell you it's great. Do you know, I used to dance myself. It's a fact. I used to cut a pigeon wing just as good as anybody. But I guess all that's past and gone for me now, although I would like to show some of these young bucks how it ought to be done."

"Please, Mr. Hogg," said two young ladies who were decidedly good looking. "Won't you come and dance with us?"

"Now, you girls run along," said Mr. Hogg, a wide grin twisting his features. "The first thing I know you'll have me making a circus out of myself."

### DUTY OF THE WORKINGMAN.

He Should Take an Active Part in Politics and Vote for None but Clean Men for Office.

Mr. Hogg spoke in the open air. He was sheltered from the rays of the sun by the spreading limbs of an oak tree. With his back to the sea, he faced a vast crowd of people. After the introduction by Hon. Presley K. Ewing of Houston, he said:

Ladies and Gentlemen—This great throng of *freemen* would do honor to any human under the sun of free America. I am glad to look into the faces of men and women who sweat and bleed for their bread (Applause.) *After all*, without flattery to them, every man who aspires to political honors in the future, every man who expects to go through the gateway of official life to official honors, must look to these for his support. (Applause.) Labor, laborers—these terms are not confined to a few men or to any special class of men except to that class spreading out as broad as the ocean's sweep, taking in all classes of men who labor by their hands or by their brains for the sustenance of life, for the education of their children, for the support of the Government. And I

should hate to see the day in Texas, imperial old Texas, as she grows on and ward to supremacy among all the States—I should hate to see any distinction between the great men of this State except upon that one of merit alone.

Let a man, whether he is a street sweeper or whether he is a manufacturer of iron or material, or whether he is a laborer or whether he is a man who stands behind the wheel in the counting room, let him be counted equally in this great government upon the principle of merit, without reference to the method or the kind of labor in which he has been engaged. That is American citizenship upon a solid basis, that men are equal before the law, that men are equal when they merit equality among themselves.

No laborer can belittle himself without incurring the contempt of his neighbor. No man should underrate his own importance in the great Government. The Government is made up of units, and these units are the ballots in the hands of free men. (Applause.) If you want to hold the scepter of justice in your hands, if you want to hold the great weapon of defense, you must be able as a freeman, untrammelled, un-intimidated, to go to the open ballot box and have a free count, that you may control your Government according to your will. (Applause.)

After all it is the duty of every man to become a politician. I mean by that to the extent of taking an interest in the affairs of his government, from the municipal government on through to the highest government that we have.

You can control the Government only through the ballot box; you can preserve your liberties only by the ballot. You can preserve the ballot intact by having nothing but a free ballot, a fair ballot, a clean ballot, and a ballot that is put there in the cause of justice to support the Government and the officers of the Government whom you are proposing to elevate.

You talk about the laborer as if that means some hard person engaged in some dirty work. A man told me that not long ago—a few years ago—that a man who was a day laborer could hardly get a good place in a boarding house in some of these towns. They were afraid he would spoil the sheets. If organized labor did nothing else than to give strength and stability and respectability to the classes, a splendid social governmental purpose, a splendid social purpose. And, boys, you have got the power if you will only exercise it, of making the highest in the land respect you and take off his hat to you. (Cheers.)

You can't do it by bulldozing; you can't do it by the hand grenade of the anarchist. You must do it by the knife that belongs to the assassin. You must do it by an open, manly combination of intelligence, muscle, and manhood in a united cause in the interest of labor, which means the cause of good government. You can't do it by resorting to brute force, because, when this government resolves itself into brute force, the military arm of the Government will be the one that will become supreme.

Then I say to you that you have got the power to end imperialism, to end manipulation, to end sensationalism and to make this the finest Government under which free men ever lived (applause), and that power is the ballot. (Applause.)

If you would protect your liberties, educate your children, educate them to believe that this is their government, teach them to abide the commands of God, to support good government and to struggle on and on for a better one.

Teach your children that they are as good as anybody else's children, no odds from which class they spring. Teach your children that it is honorable to labor and that an honest laborer is the equal of the man, and if you look into the faces of the people in this audience so many will say that advice is superfluous, because that doctrine has been already taught.

Among the first things I would advise you to do, which perhaps you have not done, is to quit renting. Buy your homes. Localize. Become stationary. Settle. Get a home. Teach your children to love that home. You will not have that lesson to teach them, because God has placed in the heart of every child a longing for a home.

If you have not a dollar upon the face of the earth, go in debt for a home. If you have not a dollar with which to pay for a home, but one upon credit, and cut down your living expenses. Get your home white-lots are cheap in this State, and as you get your homes and raise your children there you will raise a stalwart class of people that will control old Texas against the oppression of monopolists. And when you get a home pay for it. There is not a man in the sound of my voice that gets 2 per cent day that can't get a home, and he can get it in any of these towns in this State where he works.

Pay for the lot out of your earnings if you have to resort to economy in the foods you eat until you get it paid for. And after you get your home your wife will embellish while you are at work attending to the affairs of life, and when you get a home, a lot of cash back with a bottle of red eyes in your pocket of Saturday nights, so back with something in your hand as a souvenir for that dear little child that you left at the doorway when you parted in the morning. (Applause.) Blot out of your wife's cheek the wrinkles. Take the claw scratches from her brow. You can do that by letting them know when you are near, and you return homeward you are thought of them one time during the day anyhow, and you can do it with only a lot of rose slips.

Gov. Hogg continued his address along these lines for some time, advising the laboring man after they had acquired homes to raise big families.

I shall not discuss labor strikes, nor suggest the causes and remedies for them, except where they directly affect the people of Texas.

True, we were deeply concerned in the Pullman strike of 1894, which gave occasion to the President, elected as a Democrat, to cut down State lines and thrust the military arm into the vitals of the Constitution; and it is true that we were interested in the anthracite coal strike of 1902, which afforded a Republican President a chance to ignore that precedent and to play his first hand of diplomacy on the striking laborers and by his magic wand to hush them into docile submission and peaceful servitude to the merciless coal barons; and, furthermore, it is true that the people everywhere are concerned in the dreadful conflicts of late years between organized labor and the trusts, from which such enormous losses occur and the tranquility of our civil institutions is menaced. But, after all, we must keep within our sphere, attend to our domestic affairs, put our own house first in order and probably our neighbors will follow the excellent example to their own advantage. All that we can write and say; all the scolding and complaining we may do, and all the advice and lectures we may give can not affect the people's affairs in other States.

Rectify wrong conditions in Texas and thus let the light of hope into the hearts of the struggling masses everywhere. Good may result from this, but not from intermeddling with economic conditions beyond our control.

Almost all of the important strikes have been by the employes of corporations. In nearly every instance they have been precipitated by actual or threatened reduction of wages, or by the unjust increase of daily hours of labor or by the wanton arbitrary discharge of the employes.



Constitution of our country has placed in your hands, by maining away from the polls and political assemblies and permitting these designing corporate emissaries to secure pay-  
... by and through which they betray you and your interests to your undoing. Do you know how they succeed? They act as one man. There is no strife between them in the accomplishment of their designs. While you waste your power in unprofitable strife between each other and offend all to recognize your true and honest friend. But you too often listen to the in-  
... missaries, who seek to destroy the power and influence of the man who dares to champion your cause and shows himself your friend. They play upon your prejudices and poison your minds by slander and lying. Let me admonish you when you find a man who is willing to stand by you, you stand by him and close your ears to the  
... lars.

"My friends, it requires no superior wisdom to recognize that the next political campaign in this State will be another great fight of the people to drive the railroad corporations from the control of the politics of Texas. The people can not hope for relief from the pernicious and corrupting influence of the railroad lobby until they make this an issue and elect an administration and a Legislature committed to this great reform. In this contest there will be live and burning issues, as were the campaigns of 1890 and 1892, when the people under the inspiration of Jim Hogg and other distinguished citizens led the fight for the great reforms which followed these contests.

In this campaign I promise you the in-  
... tions methods of corporations will be ex-  
... posed to public gaze, and the enormities which have been boldly practiced will be ventilated, and when we shall have once again placed the welfare of this State in the hands of the people, let's hope that it will so remain and that the free pass pack-  
... ing official and hired lobbyist and the political time servers will have forever passed from us; that we will have no more of their deep, nefarious schemes to exploit our people.

Again, if the railroad corporations can issue more than three hundred thousand free passes to the privileged classes in this State they can carry the passengers who pay their fares at the rate of 3c per mile, and the fare should be reduced to that rate and the Pullman car fares at the rate of \$1 per night.

Already it is given out by the railroads that they will make a strenuous effort to amend the stock and bond laws of this State at the next session of the Legislature, so that they can reissue their bonds now soon matured, and they boldly announce their purpose should they fail to do this that they will let their matured bonds run and continue to pay the interest thereon and thus evade the stock and bond laws and continue to levy their unjust tribute upon the people for said purpose.

"You see how soon is demonstrated the wisdom of Jim Hogg's proposed amendments to our Constitution as to insolvent corporations, so that should they thus attempt the evasion of the law they can be placed in the hands of a receiver and their affairs wound up.

Now, my friends, when this fight is pitched, while your labor organizations are not political, you should stand with the people and put your ballots in one solid column and aid in wresting your State from plutocratic control. Do you know that when Sul Ross ran for Governor of Texas his campaign expenses were about \$250,000 and do you further know what it costs to be elected or nominated Governor of Texas under present corporate domination—not less than \$25,000? And I have heard of one campaign fund of over \$60,000 in this State. Now, who puts this money up? Not the people. You know and I know that the corporations put up the most of it, and for what? In order that we may have good and honest government for all the people? Nay, verily, you know and I know they have no such patriotic purposes. That they expect and demand that in consideration of their money they have a controlling say in all matters affecting their interests.

The courts of our country ought to be the strongest bulwarks of human liberty; they ought to be the place where the citizen will make his last stand; where the oppressed and weak and the friendless can feel, however poor and humble, that he has at least in its sacred precincts an equal chance with the powerful, the influential and the strong, but instead of this he feels that he who is poor and unimportant leaves hope behind when he enters its cruel portals. As for myself, I trust the day will come, as I believe it surely will, when Federal Judges will be elected and will owe their positions to the untrammelled and sovereign will of the people, over whom they preside; when they will be our servants, instead of our masters; then our liberties, our rights, our good names and characters will be free from the blighting touch of their secret inquisitions. I trust to live to see the day when their jurisdiction will be reduced to only revenue and maritime questions, and their unrestrained power will no longer be held over the heads of our people, like the sword of Damocles.

"I am a friend to all laboring men. I believe to them as much as to capital we owe all of our splendid advancement and development. I do not forget the brawny, brave men whose industry and toil has made these luxuries possible, notwithstanding he has not and does not enjoy the just proportion of the fruits of his honest toil. Until he does we will never reach the highest ideal of a free Republic. I hold that all men are equal, not only before the law, but in fact and in truth, and that each and every man has a right to work when and where he pleases and for whom he pleases and for what wages he pleases, and that no man or set of men has the right to make him afraid. His family necessities, his own individual wants and those con-  
... straints which influence the hearts and minds of men must be the only guiding in-  
... fluence to dictate to him what he shall do in this free land. But while I hold this to be true, I believe all laboring people should organize, the farmer as well as the railroad  
... man, the artisan and the mechanic, and be enabled to act together for a com-  
... mon good.

To succeed you must be law-abiding citi-  
... zens of the loftiest ideals, protect the weak and defenseless, uphold the law with your brawny arms and brave hearts, for if you ever succeed in securing your rights you must do it by the law. The ballot must be your weapon; logic and reason your argu-  
... ment; right and justice your claim; you must not forget there are only about twenty millions of laborers in America, all told, and about 65,000,000 of people who are not day laborers or belong to any organization or will ever belong to them, whose co-operation and sympathy organized labor must have in order to succeed, but when violence and force are resorted to all these people will turn from you and you fall in your hands.

"I think I can see a growing antagonism between organized and unorganized labor. I deem this of the most serious conse-  
... quence, for if success such as you desire is ever come, it must come by concert of action and universal co-operation, and this can never be where there is a feeling of antagonism between any class of laboring people. I can see the justice of the unions, to work and strive, first for the advantage of their organization and to secure for them all legitimate privileges and prefer-  
... ences, but in doing this you should never forget that all working people are your fathers, and entitled to your sympathies and aid in the pursuit of your sym-  
... pathies. I have nothing to say to the rail-  
... road unions.

and assistance in an honest effort to better their conditions. Make the Golden Rule the basis of all your actions, and thus serve both God and man.

"Above all things, my friends, let me ad-  
... monish you not to be jealous or envious of men who have more of the world's goods than you. Remember that in this blessed land there is no class distinction by the law, and none can ever be successfully maintained by any sort of rule, and no distinction is felt by any man who has brains in his head or a heart within his bosom.

"In conclusion, my benediction to you is to stand together. Be men; hold up your manly heads and keep a brave heart, and, once united, all the plutocracy of the earth can not destroy your liberties or defeat your just and righteous demands."

The day's program concluded with a dance tonight.

The Labor Day committee was as follows: A. C. Palmer, chairman; Jack Thompson, recording secretary; E. H. Cogdill, financial secretary; G. E. Allgaier, treasurer; C. W. Woodman, A. G. Brown, T. E. Moore, John Aldridge, Miss Belle Hart, Mrs. Ida Williams, V. Greene, J. W. Stine, C. J. Hess, Frank Swor, J. M. Belzner, L. J. Lewis, R. F. Purdy, William Drechsel, F. Schumacher, E. H. Donahoe,

G. A. Bishop, G. A. Shankle, Grant Stegall, J. H. Lahey, F. C. Southers, C. C. Hall, R. A. Massey, Joe Meyers, H. E. Osborne.

Whereas, James S. Hogg during his lifetime was a courageous and unfaltering champion of the rights of the people and as a public officer and private citizen fearlessly resisted every effort of special interests to secure for themselves unfair advantages, and

Whereas, The public policies advocated by him and which his indomitable energy and resources enabled him to execute, have been of immeasurable benefit to the people of Texas and especially to the laboring people of this his native state, therefore be it

Resolved by the representatives of all labor organizations in Texas in joint convention assembled, That in his death the people of Texas have lost a true statesman, whose constructive genius has left an ineffaceable impress upon her institutions, the cause of popular government a valiant champion, and the laboring people a true and sympathetic friend who was ever ready to extend a helping hand in all their

righteous undertakings. Be it further Resolved, That this resolution be entered upon the minutes of this meeting, a copy be sent to the family of our deceased friend, and a copy be given to the press for publication.

E. P. Curtis,  
O. L. Kingsley,  
F. W. Phelps.  
Walton Peteet, Chairman; H. G. Wagner, secretary.

## E HOUSTON CHRONICLE

### LEGISLATION RECOMMENDED

#### Joint Committee of Railway Organizations Has Finished Labors.

Having finished all the business for which they gathered in biennial session in Houston, the joint meeting of the four railway organizations of Texas adjourned finally yesterday evening. The members are spending the day in Galveston as the guests of the Galveston local lodges. They went down at 10:30 o'clock over the Southern Pacific and will return about 7 o'clock this evening so as to be able to catch outbound trains for their homes. Colonel T. J. Anderson of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railway accompanied them.

As predicted in The Chronicle nearly a month ago, the principal subject for preferential legislation discussed by the general joint session was the "full crew bill," which has for its ends the compelling of railway companies to place additional trainmen on all trains over a certain length. At present, on the longest freight trains, there are but two brakemen employed and these, it is said, are not enough to transmit rapidly and intelligibly the signals that must pass from the rear to the front of the train. As understood, it is desired to have three brakemen, and four when needed on very long trains. A bill embodying these changes will be presented to the legislature during its next session by Walton Peteet of the State Federation of Labor.

Other subjects for preferential legislation included a bill requiring all railroad companies to equip their engines with electric headlights; a bill creating a labor commissioner, and another authorizing a mine inspector. Upon the coming to order of the joint session yesterday afternoon in the Labor Temple, Walton Peteet was made chairman, and H. G. Wagner of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen was named secretary. Subsequently a joint legislative board, composed of the chairmen of the individual orders, was appointed to look after the work of preferred legislation. This board is composed as follows:

C. D. Johnson of Temple, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; H. G. Wagner of Temple, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen; C. F. Goodridge of Austin, Order of Railway Conductors; Joseph S. Myers of Fort Worth, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; Walton Peteet of Dallas, State Federation of Labor; and J. S. Montgomery of the Farmers' Union. The order of Railway Telegraphers will have a representative also, making a board of seven members who will form the workingmen's lobby during sessions of the legislature.

Fully 200 delegates in all were present at the joint meeting, at which there was representation for the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the State Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Union and the Order of Railway Telegraphers. Just prior to the general meeting, committees of greeting from the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen were named to visit the other meetings and extend greeting. These committees were:

Greeting committees to engineers—F. W. Phelps, J. M. Grant, J. H. Hollo-way.  
To firemen—Rev. J. J. Ferdinand, William Watson, E. O. Farrell.  
To conductors—W. H. Denning, J. W. Moss and C. H. Bronson.  
Resolution committee—J. W. Wilder, E. R. McElrath and J. D. Wodleigh.  
Auditing committee—E. M. Hanke, Mr. Roach and A. M. Sargent.  
Press committee—C. H. Bronson.

At the joint meeting a committee was named to draw up resolutions on the death of ex-Governor Hogg. The report of the committee is as follows: Walton Peteet, Chairman Joint Labor Board.  
Houston, Texas, April 12.—Dear Sir and Brother: We, your committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of James S. Hogg, beg to submit the following:









SOME POSITIONS TAKEN IN ATHENS SPEECH.

Prohibition not an issue and favors local option laws.

People want blanket primary and emancipation from machine rule, and he favors it.

Better provision should be made for organization and maintenance of National Guard.

Would enforce all laws, regardless of whether they please or hurt.

Would limit jury-exemptions to secure better juries.

Favors creation of state department of agriculture and horticulture and eliminate useless officials.

Opposes convict lease system; would work convicts on roads and those inside walls in manufacture of articles made by trusts.

Declares Farmers' union not a political organization, but admits it is potent in politics.

Says labor union, farmers' union and agricultural societies are in no sense trusts.

Country schools are without adequate support and sessions should be lengthened.

Favors a constitutional amendment enabling counties to levy an ad valorem school tax.

Would change Confederate pension laws so that old soldiers would not have to swear they are paupers and favors home for widows of Confederate soldiers.

Says new avenues of taxation should be sought with a view to ultimately relieving all Texas homesteads of taxation.

Favors state taxing board to equally assess steam, street and interurban railways, com-

puting value on physical property and franchises.

Indorses Williams, Love and Kennedy corporation tax laws.

Says Texas has a good railway commission law which should be perfected.

Denominates private car lines as graft and says railways should be compelled to own and operate cars used by them.

Charges interstate railways having lines in Texas with crediting big earnings and small expenses to mileage outside of Texas and little earnings and big expenses to mileage operated in Texas.

Opposes all railway mergers and declares Texas railways biggest and most oppressive trust in the state.

Inveighs against pass evil, while admitting many are not consciously influenced by passes.

Favors reduction of passenger fares to 2 1/2 cents per mile straight and 2 cents a mile on interchangeable tickets.

Denounces professional lobbyist as a menace.

Says insolvent corporations should be shown no more consideration than insolvent individuals.

Says the grafter is against him, the machine politicians will fight him, every railroad corporation and every newspaper in Texas under their domination will oppose him with untiring effort for the fiat has gone forth that he shall never be governor of Texas.

At Athens, Texas, yesterday, Colonel Thomas M. Campbell, of Palestine, candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, delivered his opening speech, in which he outlined his policies. His speech follows:

Fellow Citizens: I am here today, upon the invitation of the people of Athens and Henderson county, to formally open my campaign for the Democratic nomination for the office of governor.

With grateful appreciation I accept this invitation and I must now be permitted to acknowledge the honor you do me by your presence at this time. Since announcing my intention to become a candidate for governor I have been honored with many invitations to address the people on public questions. I have accepted as many of these invitations as was practicable, and I have taken occasion heretofore to discuss some of the questions which will necessarily enter into the contest before opening before us. With the people I have always spoken candidly, frankly and without any sort of reservation. I shall today, without

qualifying any proposition heretofore laid down, and without modifying any doctrine heretofore announced, undertake a faithful discussion of conditions and of issues which I deem most important and which should be in my opinion receive the attention of the people of Texas in the present campaign.

This is San Jacinto day, a day made memorable by the triumph of liberty over tyranny on San Jacinto's bloody field. The time is opportune and the day appropriate for beginning over again the fight for Texas. Indeed no man should seek the high office of governor of this state without acquainting the people with his position on all governmental questions with which he may have to deal. This he should do in an open and candid way. He should stand face to face with the people. He should make known his plans and policies. This I shall attempt to do. If I am right, if the stand I take meets with the approval of my countrymen, then I have just ground for expecting that my cause will be made their cause. If I am wrong, or if I am actuated by unworthy motives, then I deserve defeat. Upon the soundness of my position as to the needs of my native state I am willing to stand or fall. The good of Texas and the welfare of the people should be the supreme aim of every voter.

Administering this government.

Those who would debauch popular government in this country and make it the instrument of avarice and greed, who would make our constitution a toy and the plaything of monopoly, of laws the hiding places of trusts and the shield of grafters, and those who would make Texas only a "breeding ground for more millionaires and millionaires" will, with money and with all the arts of machine effrontery and corporate cunning, oppose my candidacy. They will seek and are now seeking to obscure important issues. They will, if they can, divert public attention from every proposition that checkmate their schemes of rapacity and plunder. If they succeed in their efforts to deceive the people and conceal the truth they can elect men of their choice, dominate legislation, control Texas, defy our laws and continue to exploit our people.

**Citizenship Rights and Duties.**

The people have the right to elect their public servants without dictation from either the corporations or the political manipulators. It is the duty of the citizen to exercise this right in the interest of good government and with an intelligent regard for his own interest and the welfare of the people.

Every right enjoyed carries with it a corresponding obligation. We should

not only perform those duties in the observance of which happy homes are made and maintained; we should not only educate our children and provide for those dependent upon us, but we should study our duty to our government and to our fellow man. Every good citizen should take an interest in politics. We should perform our political duty, that good government may be secured and perpetuated. When the people fail to support good measures and sound governmental policies and when they refuse to uphold men who will enforce them, when they fail to vote their honest convictions, when they neglect to have their will registered at the ballot box, then they cease to rule and popular government is at a fallow. With us the people constitute the true source of all political power and our theory of government contemplates that every law and every governmental policy should be founded on their authority, formulated in their interest and enforced for their benefit.

If we have good government, if by just laws prosperity and public happiness is promoted, the voters deserve the credit, if on the other hand, we have bad government, if the law is ignored and crime holds high carnival, if avarice and greed should ride "booted and spurred" over our cherished institutions and freedom perish from the earth forever, then the blame rests upon those who fail to sound the alarm, as well as upon the voters who fail to exercise their power in the lessons of patriotism. When our forefathers struck from this country the shackles of British tyranny, when they broke the bonds that bound them to freedom, industrial as well as political freedom, was their hope and inspiration. Popular government was their ideal. In the fear of God and to preserve their inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, they fought the good fight and laid the foundation for the greatest and freest government that has ever appeared in the combined plans of genius and patriotic statesmanship.

In a few years thereafter, measured by the life of states and nations, Texas, inspired by the same motives, determined to be free, and by valor and privations theretofore unsurpassed in the history of warfare, Texas was freed from Mexican despotism and in due time took her proud place in the sisterhood of states.

Those old heroes, those who fought our first great battles, civil and military, gave to us Imperial Texas, free and independent, with a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Let Texas remember that we are charged with the duty of preserving and transmitting this sacred heritage to our children.

The greatness and the possibilities of our state under just laws and good government stagger the most vivid imagination. In area, in climate, in livestock, in mineral resources, in lumber, in fertility of soil, in quantity, quality and variety of products, Texas stands without a rival. We can, if we will, be the most independent people on the face of the earth, independent in education, agriculture, commerce, manufacture, finance and transportation. If we do not prosper and if in the exercise of our sovereign will we do not assert our power and provide and maintain good government, with proper safeguards, then the fault is ours.

**Time for Action Now at Hand.**

That the time for action is at hand no student of history will deny. In substance I have said before, and I now repeat, that there is cause for complaint and apprehension in Texas and throughout the country. No thoughtful, patriotic citizen will deny this statement. More than one-half the wealth of our country is owned by a fraction of our people too small for accurate estimate, sometimes stated at less than 1 per cent. Great fortunes are growing greater and the poor are growing in numbers. Monopolies and trusts are flourishing everywhere. The railroad trust, the beef trust, the steel trust, and hundreds of other trusts are preying upon the people of Texas and of the union, and are thriving under the protection of political trusts with which our country is cursed today. They rob the people and defy our laws. The railroad free-pass is king; over-capitalized and insolvent corporations are bleeding the people. Incompetency and corruption stalk in high places and illegal combinations, organized for plunder, impoverish the people and degrade the state. Corrupt lobbyists infest the capitol of the states and at Washington. Corporate power is the recipient of governmental advantages not accorded the citizen. With money and favors selfish interests are dominating elections and conventions, shaping legislation, escaping taxation, and either under the forms of law, or in violation of the law, they rob labor of its reward and impoverish the producer and consumer. These conditions appeal to an intelligent and liberty-loving people and admonish them that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

**Graft and Machine Politics.**

The corroding influence of graft is eating its way into the affairs of the people. Graft in business, graft in politics, graft in everything, shocks honest men the world over. Hardly a day passes that we are not regaled by the newspapers with an exposure of either the petty grafter or the grand grafter. The grafter is a thief. The bootler is a thief. These polite names were doubtless invented for well appearing gentry who had been trusted and who were caught robbing and stealing. Machine politics is the forerunner of graft. Machine and corporate rule breeds bootlers and grafters. Honest government will take the grafter and the bootler from high places and send them to jail along with the petty thief. Until recently we have not heard of graft in official life in Texas. The charge that there is graft going on in Texas is now being freely made and having been made, I promise if elected governor to use all the power and influence of that office to secure an effective investigation. It is but just both to the people and those in authority that such investigation be had. If the charges are found to be true the guilty should not only be driven from office, but should be punished like all other criminals. If not true, then we would all rejoice in the fact that Texas is clean. Texas should be kept clean. If the people control the government, elect their officers and see to it that they perform their duties faithfully, then Texas can always be kept clean. The

honest officer is a matter of course. The efficient officer is never a failure. The efficient officer and honesty should be sought and maintained in the public service as the first requisite.

While here as everywhere organized corporate power is seeking to fasten its iron hold upon the people's government, while the trusts are forging their merciless shackles upon the industry and energies of the patriotic people of this commonwealth and stifling individual effort, while their unscrupulous and unscrupulous ally, machine politics, is plotting and planning for a government of the corporations, for the corporations and by the corporations, still there are indications that the sleeping giant, the people's power, is again astir. The whole people of Texas are again manifesting a disposition to take an active and firm hand in public affairs that present evil tendencies may be checked.

My fellow-citizens, in the face of these conditions we are told by that part of the press dominated by the corporations, and by those in league with the special privilege class and corporate lawbreakers, that there are no issues of commanding importance in this campaign. Indeed, many well-meaning people have listened to that siren song until they believe and are saying that there are no questions of moment now calling for settlement in this country. If you point out the evils lurking in the way of good government and suggest a remedy you are stigmatized as the patron of an ancient prejudice and as a demagogue.

**Democratic Duty and Platform Demands.**

Democrats have the right and it is their duty to express their views upon all the questions involving good government, and they can discuss their differences without peril to their standing in their party, and this should be freely and fearlessly done to the end that the integrity of our great party be maintained and that our government, whose foundations are embedded in its undying principles of liberty and law, may live to bless freemen forever. The will of Democrats should be written in the platform and those who fail to stand by that announcement of principles should never again hold your commission in an office of trust. If once elected to office and his best intelligence and energies are not put forth in an effort to execute the will of Democrats as thus expressed, he should be exposed and driven from power. When we assail a traitor to our principles we are not warring on our country, but seeking to protect it. When we denounce a traitor to our party we are not warring against the party, but seeking to save it from those who would betray it into the hands of its enemies. If mistakes are made within the party then Democrats can in safety point out the mistakes of Democrats in office and honest men will mend their ways. There is little hope, however, for the man who breaks faith with the people by willfully violating his pledges or for the man who ignores the explicit instructions of the people. If Democrats seeking Democratic nomination will not agree in advance to carry out your platform demands to the best of their ability, defeat them.

There are many issues demanding attention. There are many serious problems with which we should deal now and we should not be entrapped into a discussion of false issues, or of questions having no legitimate place in the domain of party politics. And this reminds me of the effort of the "field marshals" of the corporations and the trusts to use prohibition and local option as a decoy in this campaign.

**Prohibition Not an Issue.**

On all suitable occasions I have stated that I looked upon prohibition as a moral question rather than political, and as having no appropriate place in a contest for political preferment, and I still hold that view. Even if political and suitable to political discussion, I know of no one urging state prohibition at this time, and therefore can see no chance for any such issue and no excuse for its agitation. I am therefore opposed to luggering the prohibition question into this campaign.

Local option is an established policy of our state. I anticipate no effort and would not indorse any proposition to impair the efficiency of the local option laws. No such proposition has been made nor will be seriously made, hence local option is not an issue. I believe that when any county or subdivision thereof adopts local option the law should be enforced. If the laws are not strong enough to give full force and expression to the will of the people as indicated by their ballots, then it is their right to have the law strengthened.

All men who indorse and are willing to uphold the right of local self-government are agreed upon this point. Therefore I see no opportunity for any legitimate issue involving this undisputed right of the people. Now, that no one may suggest that I am seeking to dodge responsibility for my own individual action upon this question in the past, I will say that I voted for the proposed constitutional amendment in 1887, and have always voted for local option in my home county. This question has no appropriate place in this campaign. It is not an issue and the Democrats of Texas should not permit selfish interests to wedge it into this campaign. The scheme should deceive no one. They have been untiring in their efforts to enkindle into flame the passions of the people over prohibition for the sole purpose of obscuring appropriate and all important issues. I will not be drawn from my purpose to discuss questions now pressing for attention.

**Issues and Policies.**

I believe in a public policy and in a system of laws that will amply facilitate business progress and promote a wholesome development of our resources. Our agricultural and commercial interests, our mineral and manufacturing possibilities, our livestock interests and other varied industrial enterprises should be given ample opportunities for legitimate progress and prosperity. Nepotism should be effectually prohibited by law. The freedom of the press should be maintained that the truth may always be published without risk.

The unfortunate insane now suffering in county jails should be provided for by additions to the asylums and provision should be made in advance so that this inhuman spectacle will never again be witnessed in Texas.

The people want a blanket primary

their interests lie in the same direction as those of the brewers. It goes with the laws and all bills enforced within the state of Texas, without regard



dates and free government will soon become a reminiscence. So that its terms may remain inviolate every man who takes office in Texas swears that he will support the constitution. If I am honored by election to the office of governor the constitution will be observed and obeyed. If you want a governor who will shut his eyes to violations of the constitution either by public officers or organized plunderers, then don't vote for me. No legislative scheme of doubtful propriety or about which hangs even a doubt of its constitutionality will ever be fastened upon the people either by my approval or by my silence.

### **Enforce the Laws.**

Obedience to the constitution and laws is the first element of good citizenship. A rigid enforcement of all the laws is essential to the social well being and demanded as the only safe guarantee of life, liberty and prosperity. All laws can be enforced and should be enforced fearlessly, impartially and without respect to persons. The high and the low, the trust magnate and the crap-shooter should all come under the law and answer for their crimes. All officers charged with the enforcement of the law should be selected with a view to their especial fitness for such positions and then they should be held to a strict accountability for the manner in which their duties are performed. To say that the laws can not be enforced is

abel Wyatt.

Dr. S. R. Burroughs, president of the state board of medical examiners, accompanied by Mrs. Burroughs, will be the guest of Mrs. J. F. Lyons during the meeting of the medical association.

Drew Pruitt Jr. is at home from the state university for a few days' visit with his parents.

Misses Ross and Eva Poe are visiting friends in San Antonio.

Mrs. T. Schloss will leave next week for a visit to St. Louis friends.

Miss Bertha Hutchins is at home from visit to her cousins, the Misses Smith at Mineral Wells.

Mrs. James Harrison, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. H. Ransom, has returned to her home in Sherman.

Mrs. W. A. Scoble left Thursday for a visit to friends in Navasota.

Miss Mary Montague has returned to Dallas, where she will re-enter St. Mary's convent.

Dr. and Mrs. Yancy of Dallas attended the Waples-McKee wedding, remaining over Thursday.

Mrs. John Harrison is entertaining Mrs. Waller M. Dake and Miss Woody of Denver, who are here on an extended visit.

Wirt Paddock is up from Houston for a visit to Captain and Mrs. B. B. Paddock.

Mrs. L. C. Fogle is visiting friends in San Antonio.

Miss Bessie Wombwell has gone to visit friends in Kansas City.

Miss Florence Yarborough of Vernon











# St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1898.

## WE SHOULD KEEP THE ISLANDS.

Robert G. Ingersoll's View of the Territorial Expansion Question—No Constitutional Impediment.



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

As I understand it, the United States went into this war against Spain in the cause of freedom. For three years Spain had been endeavoring to conquer these people. The means employed were savage. Hundreds of thousands were starved. Yet the Cubans, with great heroism, were continuing the struggle. In spite of their burned homes, their wasted fields, their dead comrades, the Cubans were not conquered and still waged war. Under those circumstances we said to Spain, "You must withdraw from the Western world. The Cubans have the right to be free!"

It was understood and declared at the time that we were not waging war for the sake of territory, that we were not trying to annex Cuba, but that we were moved by compassion—a compassion that became as stern as justice. I did not think at the time there would be war. I supposed that the Spanish people had some sense, that they knew their own condition and the condition of this republic. But the improbable happened, and now, after the successes we have had, the end of the war appears to be in sight, and the question arises: "What shall we do with the Spanish islands that we have taken already, or that we may take before peace comes?"

Of course, we could not, without stultifying ourselves and committing the greatest of crimes, hand back Cuba to Spain. But to do that would be no more criminal, no more infamous, than to hand back the Philippines. In those islands there are from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 of people, and they have been robbed and enslaved by Spanish officers and soldiers. Undoubtedly they were savages when first found, and undoubtedly they are worse now than when discovered—more barbarous. They wouldn't make very good citizens of the United States; they are probably incapable of self-government, but no people can be ignorant enough to be justly robbed or savage enough to be rightly enslaved. I think that we should keep the islands, not for our own sake, but for the sake of these people.

As far as the Philippines are concerned, I think that we should endeavor to civilize them, and to do this we should send teachers, not preachers. We should not endeavor to give them our superstition in place of Spanish superstition. They have had superstition enough. They don't need churches, they need schools. We should teach them our arts; how to cultivate the soil, how to manufacture the things they need. In other words, we should deal honestly with them, and try our best to make them a self-supporting and a self-governing people. The eagle should spread its wings over those islands for that and for no other purpose. We can not afford to give them to other nations or to throw fragments of them to the wild beasts of Europe. We can not say to Russia, "You may have a part," and to Germany, "You may have a share," and to France, "You take something," and so divide out these people as thieves divide plunder. That we will never do.

There is, moreover, a little sentimentality about this matter in my mind. Man-

illa Bay has been filled with American glory. There was won one of our greatest triumphs, one of the greatest naval victories of the world—won by American courage and genius. We can not allow any other nation to become the owner of the stage on which this American drama was played. I know that we can be of great assistance to the inhabitants of the Philippines. I know that we can be an unmixed blessing to them, and that is the only ambition I have in regard to those islands. I would no more think of handing them back to Spain than I would of butchering the entire population in cold blood. Spain is unfit to govern. Spain has always been a robber. She has never made an effort to civilize a human being. The history of Spain, I think, is the darkest page in the history of the world.

At the same time I have a kind of pity for the Spanish people. I feel that they have been victims—victims of superstition. Their blood has been sucked, their energies have been wasted and misdirected, and they excite my sympathies. Of course, there are many good Spaniards, good men, good women. Cervera appears to be a civilized man, a gentleman, and I feel obliged to him for his treatment of Hobson. The great mass of the Spaniards, however, must be exceedingly ignorant. Their so-called leaders dare not tell them the truth about the progress of this war. They seem to be afraid to state the facts. They always commence with a lie, then change it a little, then change it a little more, and maybe at last tell the truth. They never seem to dare to tell the truth at first, if the truth is bad. They put me in mind of the story of a man telegraphing to a wife about the condition of her husband. The first dispatch was, "Your husband is well, never better." The second was, "Your husband is sick, but not very." The third was, "Your husband is much worse, but we still have hope." The fourth was, "You may as well know the truth—we buried your husband yesterday." That is about the way the Spanish people get their war news.

That is why it may be incorrect to assume that peace is coming quickly. If the Spaniards were a normal people, who acted as other folks do, we might prophesy a speedy peace, but nobody has prophetic vision enough to tell what such a people will do. In spite of all appearances, and all our successes, and of all sense, the war may drag on. But I hope not, not only for our sake, but for the sake of the Spaniards themselves. I can't help thinking of the poor peasants who will be killed, neither can I help thinking of the poor peasants who will have to toil for many years on the melancholy fields of Spain to pay the costs of this war. I am sorry for them, and I am sorry also for the widows and orphans, and no one will be more delighted when peace comes.

The argument has been advanced in the National Senate and elsewhere that the federal constitution makes no provision for the holding of colonies or dependencies, such as the Philippines would be; that we can only acquire them as territories, and eventually must take them in as states, with their population of mixed and inferior races. That is hardly an effective argu-

ment.

When this country was an infant, still in its cradle, George Washington gave the child some very good advice; told him to beware of entangling alliances, to stay at home and attend to his own business. Under the circumstances this was all very good. But the infant has been growing, and the republic is now one of the most powerful nations in the world, and yet, from its infant days until now, good, con-

servative people have been repeating the advice of Washington. It was repeated again and again when we were talking about purchasing Louisiana, and many Senators and Congressmen became hysterical and predicted the fall of the republic if that was done. The same thing took place when we purchased Florida, and again when we got 1,000,000 square miles from Mexico, and still again when we bought Alaska. These ideas about violating the constitution and wrecking the republic were promulgated by our great and wise statesmen on all these previous occasions, but after all the constitution seems to have borne the strain. There seems to be as much liberty now as there was then, and, in fact, a great deal more. Our territories have given us no trouble, while they have greatly added to our population and vastly increased our wealth.

Beside this, the statesmen of the olden time, the wise men with whom wisdom was supposed to have perished, could not and did not imagine the improvements that would take place after they were gone. In their time, practically speaking, it was further from New York to Buffalo than it is

now from New York to San Francisco, and as far as the transportation of intelligence is concerned San Francisco is as near New York as it would have been in their day had it been just across the Harlem River. Taking into consideration the railways, the telegraphs and the telephones, this country now, with its area of 3,500,000 square miles, is not as large as the thirteen original colonies were; that is to say, the distances are more easily traveled and more easily overcome. In those days it required months and months to cross the continent. Now it is the work of four or five days.

Yet, when we come to talk about annexing the Hawaiian Islands, the advice of George Washington was again repeated, and the older the Senator the fonder he was of this advice. These Senators had the idea that the constitution, having nothing in favor of it, must contain something, at least in spirit, against it. Of course, our fathers had no idea of the growth of the republic. We have, because with us it is a matter of experience, I don't see that Alaska has imperiled any of the liberties of New York. We need not admit Alaska as a state unless it has a population entitling it to admission, and we are not bound to take in the Sandwich Islands until the people are civilized, until they are fit companions of free men and free women. It may be that a good many of our citizens will go to the Sandwich Islands, and that, in a short time, the people there will be ready to be admitted as a state. All this the constitution can stand, and in it there is no danger of imperialism.

I believe in national growth. As a rule, the prosperous farmer wants to buy the land that adjoins him, and I think a prosperous nation has the ambition of growth. It is better to expand than to shrivel; and, if our constitution is too narrow to spread over the territory that we have the courage to acquire, why we can make a broader one. It is a very easy matter to make a constitution, and no human happiness, no prosperity, no progress should be sacrificed for the sake of a piece of paper with writing on it; because there is plenty of paper and plenty of men to do the writing, and plenty of people to say what the writing should be. I have more interest in people than I do in constitutions. I regard constitutions as secondary; they are means to an end, but the dear, old conservative gentlemen seem to regard constitutions as ends in themselves.

I have read what ex-President Cleveland had to say on this important subject, and I am happy to say that I entirely disagree with him. So, too, I disagree with Senator Edmunds and with Mr. Bryan, and with Senator Hoar, and with all the other gentlemen who wish to stop the growth of the republic. I want it to grow. Sometimes I have thought that there is only air enough on this hemisphere to float one flag, and in time that dream may come true.

As to the final destiny of the island possessions won from Spain, my idea is that the Philippine Islands will finally be free, protected, it may be for a long time, by the United States. I think Cuba will come to us for protection, naturally, and so far as I am concerned, I want Cuba only when Cuba wants us. I think that Porto Rico and some of those islands will belong permanently to the United States, and I believe Cuba will finally become a part of our republic.

When the opponents of progress found that they couldn't make the American people take the back track by holding up their hands over the constitution, they dragged in the Monroe doctrine. When we concluded not to allow Spain any longer to enslave her colonists, or the people who had been her colonists, in the New World, that was a very humane and a very wise resolve, and it was strictly in accord with the Monroe doctrine. For the purpose of conquering Spain, we attacked her fleet in Manila bay, and destroyed it. I can not conceive how that action of ours can be twisted into a violation of the Monroe doctrine. The

most that can be said is that it is an extension of that doctrine and that we are now saying to Spain, "You shall not en-

slave, you shall not rob, anywhere that we have the power to prevent it."

Having taken the Philippines, the same humanity that dictated the declaration of what is called the Monroe doctrine will force us to act there in accordance with the spirit of that doctrine. The other day I saw in the paper an extract, I think, from Goldwin Smith, in which he says that if we were to bombard Cadiz we would give up the Monroe doctrine. I do not see the application. We are at war with Spain, and we have a right to invade that country, and the invasion would have nothing whatever to do with the Monroe doctrine. War being declared, we have the right to do anything consistent with civilized warfare to gain the victory. The bombardment of Cadiz would have no more to do with the Monroe doctrine than with the attraction of gravitation. If by the Monroe doctrine is meant that we have agreed to stay in this hemisphere and to prevent other nations from interfering with any people on this hemisphere, and if it is said that, growing out of this, is another doctrine, namely, that we are pledged not to interfere with any people living on the other hemisphere, then it might be called a violation of the Monroe doctrine for us to bombard Cadiz. But such is not the Monroe doctrine. If, we being at war with England, she should bombard the City of New York, or we should bombard some city of England, would anybody say that either nation had violated the Monroe doctrine? I do not see how that doctrine is involved, whether we fight at sea or on the territory of the enemy.

This is the first war, so far as I know, in the history of the world that has been waged absolutely in the interest of humanity; the only war born of pity, of sympathy; and for that reason I have taken a deep interest in it, and I must say that I was greatly astonished by the victory of Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay. I think it one of the most wonderful in the history of the world, and I think all that Dewey has done shows clearly that he is a man of thought, of courage and of genius. So, too, the victory over the fleet of Cervera by Commodore Schley is one of the most marvelous and the most brilliant in all the annals of the world. The marksmanship, the courage, the absolute precision with which everything was done, is to my mind astonishing. Neither should we forget Wainwright's heroic exploit, as commander of the Gloucester, by which he demonstrated that torpedo destroyers have no terrors for a yacht manned by American pluck. Manila Bay and Santiago both are surpassingly wonderful. There are no words with which to describe such deeds—deeds that leap like flames above the clouds and glorify the whole heavens.

The Spanish have shown in this contest that they possess courage, and they have displayed what you might call the heroism of desperation, but the Anglo-Saxon has courage and coolness—courage not blinded by passion, courage that is the absolute servant of intelligence. The Anglo-Saxon has a fixedness of purpose that is never interfered with by feeling; he does not become enraged—he becomes firm, unyielding, his mind is absolutely made up, clasped, locked, and he carries out his will. With the Spaniard it is excitement, nervousness; he becomes frantic. I think this war has shown the superiority, not simply of our ships, or our armor, or our guns, but the superiority of our men, of our officers, of our gunners. The courage of our army about Santiago was splendid, the steadiness and bravery of the volunteers magnificent. I think that what has already been done has given us the admiration of the civilized world.

I know, of course, that some countries hate us. Germany is filled with malice, and has been just on the crumbling edge of meanness for months, wishing but not daring to interfere; hateful, hostile, but keeping just within the overt act. We could teach Germany a lesson and her ships would go down before ours just the same as the Spanish ships have done. Sometimes I have almost wished that a hostile German shot might be fired. But I think we

will get even with Germany and with France—at least, I hope so.

And there is another thing I hope—that the good feeling now existing between England and the United States may be eternal. In other words, I hope it will be to the interests of both to be friends. I think the English-speaking peoples are to rule this world. They are the kings of invention, of manufactures, of commerce, of administration, and they have a higher conception of human liberty than any other people. Of course, they are not entirely free; they still have some of the rags and tatters and ravelings of superstition; but they are tatters, and they are rags, and they are ravelings, and the people know it. And, besides all this, the English language holds the greatest literature of the world.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Let Us Have Peace!"

The immeasurably larger number of our citizens will regret to learn that arrangements are made to re-foist upon the unwilling friends at home and abroad numerous copies of Rev. A. E. Baten's ill-advised indictment of Amarillo, which is known as his "Why Amarillo failed to get the Baptist college," and already printed once too often in the Champion. This time it purports to come through the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

It is impossible for other than harm to come of this persistent exhibition before the public of our closet skeleton. It can only bring offense and sneers from anybody—and detriment to our peace of mind and prosperity of the city. The good women—of themselves—purpose, of course, only the furtherance of prohibition, but they are making a woeful mistake in not burying the Baten slump in the potters' field, and covering the grave with a disinfectant.

Baten has already injured the chances for prohibition, by his rule or ruin policy, and the citizens may come to the conclusion that if prohibition drives people crazy they will not want any more of it.

We had thought that Mr. Caldwell's reply to Baten was ample to allay the trouble, and decided to reprint his article in supplement to send abroad to spread the truth. His defence of the city was complete, and unprejudiced to all the parties. It contained a vein of innocent humor that enlisted interest without offense to any one, not inordinately sensitive. It was certainly instructive, and is eulogized by those of our citizens best fitted to judge. If it only served to reduce the surplus self-conceit anywhere, it was worth all its cost. But without it was one of the best of advertisements for Amarillo.

Amarillo must learn what older places had to learn, that unwisdoms cannot help reforms, as Paul says they knock the fat into the fire.

The rational element of our town will have to set the regulator to work—as well as to suffer brother Caldwell to continue to run at large. The Star does not presume to criticise the W. C. T. U. We know beyond doubt they believe they are acting wisely in disseminating the Baten article, but we beg them to pay the printer for the work he has done, then pause. They must be sure how best to accomplish their purposes. Christian charity should be used as the lovely mantle it is to cover our iniquities from the outside world. Do not be used as a vehicle by the overzealous to spread diatribe, invective harangue, before the public.

Let us have peace!

In the article on another page headed, "Let Us Have Peace," no slur was intended at Rev. Baten or any one else as not having paid the printer. That part of the article was put in by the one who set the type and without reference to the gentleman above mentioned. It was done in the absence of both editor and publisher and not discovered until too late to correct. Neither Rev. Baten nor the ladies owe us anything.

### The Star Criticized.

Yesterday, much to the surprise of the publisher a preacher, and a very nice gentleman, protested against the sentiment in three articles that appeared in the Daily Star of September 30, as being against the reform so much needed in Amarillo. We reproduce the three articles here and ask the public to carefully consider them and see if it is not quite a stretch of imagination that puts in these articles a sentiment in opposition to reform, or encouraging lawlessness.

The strongest comment to be made on the first is that it does not endorse Rev. Adams' manner. In this we have the advantage of Christ on our side. See the quotation from the "Sermon on the Mount."

We believe if it was good when He uttered it, it is good now. Here we give the first:

"Tuesday J. H. Dunbar of Canyon was a caller at the Star office and in course of conversation he said that Rev. Adams, the gentleman who made Canyon City hot just before the prohibition election there, is there warming them up again, and says that he is coming to Amarillo and will lecture in the streets if he can't get a better place. He is a warm number and if he comes, there will be a 'hot time in the old town.' In this connection we quote the language of Christ as apropos: 'Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God.'—Matthew 5:9."

"We believe it the part of wisdom to appeal to the better part of man if we really want him to mend his ways. There are but few who can be driven into anything by abusing and bemoaning them while the great bulk of mankind are highly susceptible to kind treatment and when their better nature is aroused it is quickly manifested."

The second is merely an endorsement of some of the methods employed by the Salvation Army people, and it also has a quotation from the Bible: Here it is:

"Some of the good people who are spending their lives trying to reform the ungodly and persistent law-breakers should take a lesson from the Salvation Army people. They do not depend upon preaching to reach the fallen and to reform the criminal, they feed and clothe him first, fill his stomach and give him a practical exhibition of charity before they undertake to preach the gospel. You can not hope to reach every man through fear of God's anger, too many feel the anger of uncharitableness of man to care much about the evils that may come hereafter. It gives the downtrodden sinner much more respect for God's laws to feel that man respects the law our Master gave. 'The poor ye have with ye always,' and 'Feed My Sheep.'

"A man suffering from a diseased stomach is in no position to realize the beauty of the 'Land flowing with milk and honey.' Preach rather to him that he must rid himself of the stain that caused his sickness and the sickness will fall from him like a worn garment and he can then appreciate the delights of 'The house beautiful.'"

The third has the same idea as the first and is expressed in different language. As we see them they only call attention to the Christian manner of dealing with these vexatious questions. Put aside strife. Here is the third article:

"If the average prohibitionist could only realize that a man could differ from them in opinion and still be honest, much of the heart-burning and bitterness engendered by these contests would not exist. The great trouble is, with the majority of reformers, they start out on the hypothesis that all men must see and acknowledge that they can not see with other than the glasses through which they themselves see, and if anyone ventures to differ he is at once branded as a wicked man and a criminal, which materially lessens the possibility of that man's conversion to other views. There is something inately repulsive to the average American citizen in being forced to give up what he considers his inalienable right to eat and drink and clothe himself as he pleases. Let us try, therefore, to look not upon our fellowmen as criminals because they do not see through our glasses, but as mistaken maybe and undertake to reach their reason, not by force, but by education."

The gentleman's position bears out our contention, that with the great majority of the people they think they would like to have the laws enforced until it affects them individually and then they are ready to apply a different rule. Christ taught charity, forbearance, peace and love, and saw that it was and ever would be the correct doctrine. Now it turns out that some of those who hold themselves out as teachers of His Word think it not expedient to observe it in this particular case and set it aside. This is exactly the way the people are about an officer enforcing the law. Whenever it meets with their approbation it is all right but when it goes against their ideas a different rule applies. We insist here upon the doctrine as taught in the quotation: "Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God."

Some of the preachers have been doing other than peace-making lately. They have stirred up the devil and this does not look to us like the teaching of the Master.

We candidly submit that if we are to be accused of encouraging lawlessness because we insist on following the teachings of the Master, as announced in this Sermon on the Mount, that is strong evidence that our accusers have drifted a long way from their moorings.

# The Livestock Champion.

AMARILLO, POTTER COUNTY TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

### The Real Situation.

BY A. E. BATEN.

It looks as if some people are determined to put our town in the worst possible light before the public. Their last utterances are direct assaults upon christianity as such.

In one breath they advocate the open saloon, and in the next breath attack the churches and revival meetings. The churches of Amarillo have seen fit to erect a tabernacle for the use of all the denominations. This they have done at considerable expense to themselves and well wishing friends. A series of revival meetings has been held through the summer for the benefit of the public in general. The churches have co-operated with the most beautiful harmony. Distinguished evangelists have been secured, and they have given our city the benefit of their best efforts. The music also has been of a very high order. If such talent had held forth at the opera house and charged admission fee, 50 cents a seat would have been considered cheap. But it all has been free. Nobody has been requested to pay anything. The churches and their congregations have borne all the expenses and have done it gladly. While these meetings have been highly entertaining to the public, yet this has been only an incident. Entertainment has been one very small feature of these meetings. The one great end and object of the meetings has been to save men from wrongdoing and point them to a better life; to make better husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons; to lift the fallen; to encourage the dispondent; to comfort the sorrowing.

This work has been a most beautiful commentary upon the good morals and broad charity of our people. Visitors to the city have noticed it and have spoken in praise of our citizens. They have been pleased to note how harmoniously the different churches get along together. They have said, "Well, there is one good thing about Amarillo, there is no sectarian bickerings, but a most beautiful charity upon the part of all the church people of the town." The same broad charity has prevailed in the matter of remunerating evangelists and singers for their services. The church people and their friends have shown an entire lack of sectarian bias in their contributions. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians and Disciples have freely helped each other, without any effort to keep an account as to what particular church paid the most. In some respects it has been as it was in apostolic days, when, it was said, "they had all things common."

And these meetings have been a blessing to the sick and the poor, several times collections have been taken for these people in Amarillo.

These collections have gone to the purchase of groceries, medicine and nurse hire for the poor and the sick.

Besides all this, many people have been rescued from a life of wrong doing. Many have been converted to God, and have been cheered by the hope of heaven.

But now fleir comes an assault upon all this good work, and a direct assault upon christianity, "per se." Who makes the assault? Not the church people themselves. Not the friends of the churches. Not those who have been supporting the churches and the revival meetings. But the assault comes from those who have chosen to act as spokesmen for the cause of anti prohibition; from those who advocate the open saloon.

Citizens of Amarillo, has it come to this? Has the time come when the moral and christian people can't carry on their church work, at there own expense, without being held up to ridicule by their fellow townsmen? Some of our citizens, including some county officers, had sent out dodgers which went to all parts of the state, alleging that great lawlessness prevailed in Amarillo. One of said dodgers advised neighbor communities to avoid such a state of things as exists in Amarillo as "they would avoid the plague." We thought this was simply a mistake on the part of the signers to that dodger. We did not believe that they really aimed to injure our town—and we still believe that a majority of the signers of that document did so without foreseeing all its consequences—but the very moment that attention is called to this dodger, here comes a vigorous howl and an unmasked attack on the churches, revivals and christianity.

We thought that, to let it be known that these dodgers did not reflect the sentiment of all our citizens, would have a good effect upon the public at large. We thought it would give our town a better name abroad to let it be known that we regretted that these dodgers had been sent out; that we thought Amarillo and her people are not nearly so bad as said dodgers would make it appear; that the majority of our people are good people, whether church members or not; that Amarillo is a good place for Colleges, Y. M. C. A's., and Churches. Believing this, we always defended our town. The pastors and others have received many letters from various portions of the state, enquiring about Amarillo, as to its morals, etc. Every time, in our replies, we have defended the town and have pointed out its many advantages; calling attention to the fact that the citizenship is composed, largely, of the best and most enterprising people from other states and from other portions of this state; that good people are all the time moving in; that we have excellent schools with a fine corps of christian teachers; that the laboring men are all

well paid for their work; that the growth of the town is steady; that buildings are going up all the time.

This is the manner in which we have written. And we have on several occasions, got long lists of signatures to such a statement of facts. Then, seeing that persons from other counties had sent us by mail, copies of the fore-mentioned dodgers, this writer felt that there ought to go out from this town some elaborate statement of the real situation in Amarillo. Believing thus, an address was delivered at the tabernacle, which address was approved by vast numbers of our citizens, and many were the requests to have it published. It was published, and, lo and behold! The former injuries done our town were augmented by an open attack upon the churches, and christianity! What sort of effect must this have on the public? If we allow the matter to stand thus the public will say, "Amarillo is not only in the hands of the liquor traffic, but she is a town in which christianity, churches and revivals are regarded as a public nuisance."

Whither are we drifting? Is it possible that church people and moral people can't have public meetings without being thus attacked by those who bear no part of the financial burdens of such refining and uplifting exercises? Surely the time has come when all good citizens of Amarillo, whether church people or not, ought to rally. Some good people have heretofore voted the anti ticket. They really thought it best. But, gentlemen, I don't see how you can do so again. Things have gotten into such shape that to vote the saloons back will be to surrender the town at the demand of those who are not only in favor of saloons and against the enforcement of law but also stand as avowed opposers of churches and all the refining influences that go hand in hand with christianity. O, people of Amarillo and Potter county! let us prove that our community is a friend to churches, christian colleges, young men's christian associations and everything that tends to elevate, refine and ennoble humanity.

# THE EVENING STAR.

Amarillo, Texas, Friday, September 11, 1903

BROTHER BATEN A LITTLE

of enforced free-will offerings, is adequate

let boldly enter the field of political economy—which means "how to get a living,"—so defined by the apostle nearest the Throne, of modern days—Henry George, the foremost friend of the human race.

pastor of the Baptist church of Amarillo, Texas since 1902, that was published in the Live Stock Champion, a paper published by

Christians and sinners. I further more believe your conduct has impeded the success in some respects, the law not being executed in the local option cases in Amarillo.

## Why Amarillo Lost The Baptist College.

By A. E. Baten.

Published by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

If Amarillo was entitled to the Baptist College, then I claim, and we all agree that the claim is just, that in its being located elsewhere our town has suffered a real loss and a great set-back. If the College had been located here it would, no doubt, have brought into our town within two or three years at least 2000 people, who otherwise would not have come. This thing has been to our detriment. It was often stated that the College would be worth more to Amarillo than a railroad. This I verily believe. This being true, the progress of our city has greatly suffered. All classes have suffered, but specially the poor men—the laboring men—of this metropolis. But why did we lose the College?

Was it because of a small bonus? No, our bonus was larger, by several thousand dollars, than any other. We presented a neat guaranteed bonus of \$20,000 in cash and \$10,000 in land. This is more remarkable when we consider that we had only a few days in which to canvass our people, and we never did get organized.

Did we lose because our people were not liberal? No, our people were exceedingly liberal. The subscriptions were all that could be desired from the standpoint of liberality.

Nor was it due to our not being united. There was never, perhaps, a more united move on the part of the people of Amarillo. The merchants, bankers, real-estate men, lawyers, doctors, teachers, livery men, railroad officials, office men, shop men, carpenters, brickmasons, blacksmiths and the laboring classes of every name and order were liberally represented on our subscription lists. This was one movement that had already become a bond of union among our people.

Did we lose because our town was badly located? No, Amarillo is almost exactly in the middle of the Panhandle. Lines stretched across this section from the center of the northern boundary south, from the center of the eastern

boundary west, and diagonally from the corners would intersect each other within a few miles of Amarillo. Again, Amarillo is the junction point of four railroads, and another road has already been chartered and will soon be built. Amarillo is the one, and only, town in the Panhandle to which all parts of the territory has ready access. Despite the many jokes that are made about the "hubs," it is a fact that Amarillo, with its converging railroads, is like a great hub with six spokes. We called the attention of the Education Commission to this fact, and they seemed to feel it force. This shows that we have the very best location to secure students from abroad.

Did we lose because we had poor showing for local patronage? No, our local patronage would have been equal to that of all the other competing towns combined. There were five other towns competing. Three of these town averaged about 1000 inhabitants apiece. The other two towns had each a population of 2000. But each of these places has a Christian college, with a good patronage already established. Granting that our college would have got half the local support from these towns, which is more than we could expect for several years, then that would give a constituency of only 1000 from each of the five competing towns, or an aggregate of 5000 from all. Now, Amarillo has, right here within our two miles square, 5000 people; and at the present rate of increase, our population will be 7000 within one year from this date. If we had secured the College our population would have been 10,000 within 24 months from the present hour.

It is a fact that our location is such as to give five times the local patronage of any other competing town, and more than five times the patronage from other towns and communities. So we did not lose the College for want of a suitable location. Did we lose for lack of waterworks, electric lighting and sewerage? No, ours is the only one of the competing towns which

can, for many years, hope to have all these well equipped and in good running order. We already have a good system of waterworks and electric light plant, and will soon have a thorough and efficient sewerage system. Some of the other towns have a more rolling surface than ours. But surface sewerage is no sewerage at all, specially in this country where heavy rainfalls are so seldom. A town might rest upon seven hills with deep valleys between, and yet refuse matter might lie upon the surface for a month or three months at a time. The only efficient sewerage system is that in which there lies, under ground, a net work of large mains and laterals—ample pipes, ramifying the whole city—connected with a powerful waterworks plants, so that the entire system of pipes can be flushed—washed out—every twenty hours. Now, Amarillo is the only town, of all the six competitors, that can create bonds enough to put in a sewerage system. Amarillo can and will do this within the next two years; and neither of the others could hope to do such a thing for many years to come.

Did we lose because of the lack of good citizens? No, the commissioners all recognized the fact that there are more good people in Amarillo than in any other town in this section. Nearly all our business men are members of Christian churches. The body of our citizenship is all right, no better people can be found anywhere.

Neither was it because Amarillo would not be able to sustain the College when located? In fact we have more well-to-do people than in any other town in the Panhandle, and these men promised the commission that if the College were located here it should be maintained and even endowed. The other towns had been well canvassed, and the outside limit of their financial strength had been strained in getting up their bonuses. Our canvass was not completed, only about two-thirds of the field had been gone over. We

Jr., & Co. Recognized that neither this article by the will ever be accepted biography of great opist of the president, yet I believe this can not say whether of the issues in the profound inter among the people. I further desire to very highest reverence the sincerity of an act clothed in sin and do no injustice intentionally if he be one who been called to preach od.

Mr. Baten kept in the profession and spoke observed the rules overn those who flossion and are looked ssful men, recognizmen, without prejbe made no thrust at ave never opened my ly. But as he has essional armor and nt the second time airs in a manner to the calling of a n pastor, adopting usures of a very und indiscret man of ould not have deemge to protect mynd my position now I propose to deal ay candidly I do not morality of Amarillo, e cause of Amarillo ure the Baptist col I believe the immorillo in as bad a congentleman has handough the press and ch be the state of af

early the most trying of all callings, for the reason they not only have to mix with men, but to force men, and often to force them against popular sentiment, as well as against their own interest. They have more reason to complain of preachers than the preachers have of them, for the reason that the preacher is supposed to stand more than all others for righteous economic conditions, but for which, more than all others they are most derelict. I am not speaking of local officers and preachers, but of all. To pull the preachers to their duties is the supreme work of the hour. Negro slavery never would have been abolished had the preachers not been dragged into action. That they were dragged admits of no denial—but when they got in negro slavery got out. When they enter the fight for industrial freedom industrial slavery will go—and not before, without a bloody revolution. What a responsibility! what a need for an awakening, to be sure! For cowards, don't point us to our civil officers, please!

Getting back to the matter that immediately interests us, I am obliged to insist that, like with prohibition, the time isn't ripe for the Single Tax, but that it must ripen and be secured before temperance, or any other virtue can be perpetuated. True manhood and womanhood must first be had to build upon. Because, for instance, should liquor be abolished from the face of the earth, the people—poor, miserable victims of monopoly, would resort to opiates, cocaine etc. to drown their poverty troubles. People are humans, not angels. They fall when hardships overburden them. We would lighten their burdens! While we advocate temperance

and shake ourselves, and write a book as a kind of counter-irritant, an antidote, as it were, to get that Baptist college. Canyon has not built it yet, as Bro. Dodson says. She can't afford to have it, and Amarillo can't afford to do without it. Nor can the church afford to ignore these facts? We will put into that book that prohibition will fall to us when it ripens. It is ripening elsewhere faster than it can be gathered, and in time will ripen here. But say, in looking out for other items for that book, remember we will choose rather to promenade the boulevards; will pass unseen the rubbished rears and go around to the front yards to sit, to rest, and to gather among the roses.

J. L. CALDWELL.

Friday, September 18, 1903

### Notice.

Persons writing articles to be published in the STAR will have to avoid all statements that reflect discredit on any one or the matter will not be inserted. This rule will not knowingly be violated.

### Judge Marrs Replies to Rev. Baten.

At this time, I desire to speak for myself individually and officially very briefly, in reply to an article written by Rev. A. E. Baten,

fairs, the man who placed Amarillo in nomination before the committee knowing these facts to exist, endeavored to lead the children of Israel into the lions' den. Yet, if these conditions are true as pictured in the papers by him and dashed out where the word of God should have been preached, no doubt but what the committee acted wisely and honestly in not selecting Amarillo; especially do I believe so if that college had to be chaperoned by the local pastor for the lack of home influence. God must have directed that committee by a pillow of cloud by day and a pillow of fire by night instead of being directed by our chieftain. I will admit that the

morals of Amarillo are not in as good condition now as they were the day you made your advent into Amarillo, nor do I observe any marked improvements or very much reformation among the people where you have associated.

I believe your preaching and tirades have prevented men and women from attending the Baptist church in Amarillo, in fact, I believe today you are a stumbling block in the way of both

One statement made by the author of the masquerading article to which I refer specially, substantiated by good evidence sufficient, I think, to convince any fair minded man that this statement is false:

"Once more the ladies have gone to the court house during the 'farical trials' going on the last few days and have shown their good faith and their anxiety to save Amarillo from the curse of lawlessness. Well I will tell you what a great many people believe—they believe the blame for the lawlessness of Amarillo rests almost entirely upon the county court."

I believe any man who would make and publish such an article directed as we receive it, applied as it is taken, must controvert the statements of the following men who were directly interested and connected with the trial of these cases.

The jury commissioners appointed by me to select the juries for the May and August terms of court were: Henry C. Hardin, A. B. Spencer, R. D. Gamble; I consider honest men who would not violate an oath for such an infamous purpose as has been reported, and for which I have been censured. The following is a list of the venire for the August term, 1903: C. E. Forbes Jr, W. A. Barlow, Chas. Brinkman, George Hayden, C. L. Berry, R. W. Gra-

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Neither was it because Amarillo would not be able to sustain the College when located? In fact we have more well-to-do people than in any other town in the Panhandle, and these men promised the commission that if the College were located here it should be maintained and even endowed. The other towns had been well canvassed, and the outside limit of their financial strength had been strained in getting up their bonuses. Our canvass was not completed, only about two-thirds of the field had been gone over. We

could and would easily have raised \$10,000 more to put into the first building.

Did we lose because the commission's attention was not directed to the danger of losing money put into College buildings in small towns with poor railroad facilities? No, that matter was duly attended to, we pointed out that danger, we showed that the Baptists of Texas lost over \$100,000 in buildings erected at Independence; \$10,000 at Jacksboro; \$15,000 at Rusk; that the Methodists lost \$50,000 in Soule University at Chappell Hill, and \$20,000 in Centenary College at Lampasas; that the Cumberland Presbyterians lost \$75,000 at Tehuacana; that the Christian Church people lost \$65,000 by locating Add-Ran College at Thorp Springs. We showed that all the great and expensive buildings at these places had to be abandoned. The force of these facts the commission deeply felt.

Did we lose for lack of honesty or sincerity on the part of the commissioners? No, they are good men. They wanted to do the right thing, and they did what they honestly believed, under the circumstances, to be best.

They knew all the things about which I have been speaking; all our claims were duly presented, and all objections were duly met, as best we could meet them.

WHY, THEN, DID WE LOSE THE COLLEGE?

I will now tell you some things that were said. It was charged, everywhere, that great immoralities prevailed in Amarillo. We met these charges as best we could. But there were some sore embarrassments—some severe difficulties—that worked to our detriment. It was alleged that the law was openly and flagrantly violated in our town. It was stated over and over that our county officers were very corrupt men or else very weak men; that they had made oath and given bond to guarantee the enforcement of law: that to wilfully fail to enforce was to violate their oath of office and greatly impose upon their bondsmen; that it must be awfully hard on good bondsmen to carry such a load. But it has been said, if the officers were really unable to enforce the law, then they must be a very weak—a very feeble—set of officers. Well “feebleness”

is a great misfortune. It would not be far away from Scripture to say “a feeble-minded man is unstable in all his ways.” How badly I should feel to be thought a feeble officer, ah! “feebleness!” “feebleness!” But that term has oftentimes been applied to some of our county officers.

It was also said by a prominent man in a public address before our commission, that, with present tendencies, it would not be long before mobs would dominate all such towns as Amarillo; that human life would be so lightly esteemed that a College would be unsafe in such a place; that murders would be committed with impunity, and that officers and juries would be powerless to bring the murderer to justice. It was said that drummers, railroad men and the traveling public in general, were complaining of our alleged lawlessness. Several railroad men expressed themselves to the effect that there were some of the rottenest dives in Amarillo that they had ever seen.

It was said, moreover, that this state of things was known not only to citizens of Amarillo but to people all over the state; that in fact, our lawless condition is the boast of the lawless element in every county where there is a struggle going on between the refined people and the tough contingency. Quite a number of letters have been written by citizens of other counties to men of Amarillo, inquiring if these things were true.

Now, all these things were said about Amarillo. They were talked by citizens of competing towns, by drummers, by trainmen, by travelers, sight seers and prospectors. How could we meet these things? We did our best, but lost out when the ballots were spread. Here lies the great secret.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

This question is now up to us, as never before. Our town has suffered a severe set back. It has been thoroughly advertised all over the state as the haunting place for toughs and outlaws. It is known everywhere that this reputation lost us the Baptist College. Some people seem to think, not only that this state of things exists, but that it is getting worse, and that it will continue to grow worse

as the town increases in population. But who or what is responsible for all these things being said about Amarillo? I do not believe that our town has gone nor that it is going to the bad. I know that a very large majority of our citizens are truly a good and refined people. I believe, moreover, that they have borne these things just about as long as bearing and forbearance can be endured. I believe that good people of every political party, of every creed, and of no creed are about ready to come together in a lawful and orderly way, set their feet down firmly and say this thing must stop.

WHERE DOES THE RESPONSIBILITY REST?

The blame does not rest upon the law. The prohibition law is very good. Especially is this true of the so-called “blind tiger” law, enacted by the last legislature. That law empowers any citizen to make complaint before a Justice of the Peace or County Judge, then it becomes the duty of the officer to issue a search warrant. This must be put into the hands of a Constable, Sheriff or Deputy whose imperative duty it is to enter such place, seize any liquor he finds there, and arrest all persons found engaged as keepers. If admittance is refused, the officer has a right, and is under obligations, to force open the doors. So the blame for the alleged lawlessness does not rest upon the law. Any sheriff, with just a small fragment of even a very soft backbone, could smash every liquor joint in any prohibition town inside of three days.

Neither does the blame rest upon the prohibitionists of this town. In the first place, they went to the ballot box and turned in a majority vote for prohibition. They did their best so far. In the second place, when the liquor dealers began to violate the law, the prohibitionists put up large money and employed able lawyers to prosecute the offenders, and thus far they have done their best.

The blame does not rest upon the grand juries. The grand juries have found multiplied scores of indictments against the violators of the law in Amarillo. They have done this in the face of much opposition. I am told that some of the county officers have raised a

vigorous howl about the grand jury's remaining in session so long, and finding so many bills, but they stuck to it and did their duty, all the same,

The blame does not rest upon the Mayor and City Council. That body has been vigilant in ferreting out crimes and punishing criminals, to the limit of its jurisdiction. But the Council has no jurisdiction to prosecute violators of the local option law. The Marshal has authority to arrest and the Mayor to bind over to the County Court the breakers of these laws. This is as far as they can go. And this they have done in a vast number of cases.

The fault does not lie with either the Justice or District Court. Neither of these Courts has jurisdiction over local option cases.

Again, the blame for alleged lawlessness in Amarillo does not rest upon the women and children. The women and children went to the polls on election day and begged the men to vote whiskey out of Amarillo. A part of the day was spent in prayer by these good women. These mothers, wives and daughters of Amarillo went down on their knees and begged God to lend his help in driving liquor out of this town. Not only so, but the women recently presented to the county officers a petition signed by 434 good women, begging said officers to enforce the law. They appealed to the officers in the name of the sacredness of official integrity, in the name of gallant, chivalrous manhood and helpless womanhood to enforce the law. And the school children in great numbers, got up a petition begging the officers not to allow whiskey sold in Amarillo.

Moreover the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union got up a strong and beseeching petition to the Governor of this state, begging him to do whatever he might be able to do to secure the enforcement of the law in Amarillo.

Once more, the ladies have gone to the court house during the "farcical trials" going on the last few days, and have shown their good faith and their anxiety to save Amarillo from the curse of lawlessness. One mother took the wit-

ness stand and testified in the interest of her son whom liquor has tried to ruin. No, the women and children are not to blame.

#### WELL, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Not the law; not the prohibitionists; not the grand juries; not the mayor and city council; not the justice court; not the district court; not the women and children. Well, I'll tell you what a great many people believe—they believe the blame for the lawlessness of Amarillo rests almost entirely upon the county court. I must say for the county attorney, that I believe he is doing his best. A great many people believe that, at least, some of the county officers are either in favor of lawlessness or else they are too "feeble" to enforce the law. Are they in line with law-breakers, or are they too "feeble"? What say you, citizens of Amarillo?

Well, before I press for an answer, I shall read a statement which was sent out from this town a few months ago. This statement was sent to Wilbarger county, Grimes, Smith, Falls and I suppose to other counties, and it is signed by people living in Amarillo. Three of the men whose names appear on this paper were county officers at the time, and two are at present. Besides these, there was one deputy county officer and two county commissioners. This statement was sent to the anti-prohibition committees in the counties named to be used against prohibition. The statement reads as follows:

"We the undersigned citizens of Amarillo, after having carefully observed the operation of the local option law in our community for nearly a year, are of the opinion that the licensed saloon is in every way preferable for the prosperity of a growing town or city. We believe that more whisky and beer are drank here under the local option law than when we had seven licensed saloons. There have also been numerous violations of the law in the way of bootlegging and the illegal conduct of cold storages, as shown by the action of the federal court at its last session. Judging from the general expressed public sentiment, the result of the recent county election, when the line was

strictly drawn by the voters on the individual candidates, as well as careful observation of conditions on our part, we are convinced that local option will be defeated here at the next election by an overwhelming majority. We would advise any sister community to avoid the local option proposition as they would the plague. None of the signers hereto are in anyway interested in the liquor traffic, and some even voted for prohibition at the last election. Wet town gets the money, dry town gets the drunks."

(Signed)

I call attention to several features of this statement. First, these people are willing to SIGN such a document and send it out, declaring that the law is openly violated, and yet you can't get one of them to say, on the witness stand, that the statement is true. In the next place, is it not strange that county officers will put their names to a thing like that? They are under bond and oath to enforce the law. What has become of their oath, bond and conscience?

But here is the worst passage in the whole paper—hear it, ye people of Amarillo? Here it is:

"We would advise any sister community to avoid the local option proposition as they would the plague." What do these people mean? Why do they wish to give our town the black eye? Where is their patriotism? Avoid prohibition as a plague! How could we expect commissioners to locate a college here when some of our citizens and even some our county officers have signed up a paper that virtually says that Amarillo is in the throes of something equal to a plague? What sort of a plague? Yellow fever, smallpox, cholera, or what? Well, just the word "plague" is enough to frighten good people away from such a town. The Standard Dictionary defines the word thus: "Plague, 1. Anything troublesome or harassing, producing mental misery; an annoyance or vexation. 2. A pestilence or epidemic disease; specifically, the fever of the le-vant, an intensely malignant epidemic disease attended by violent fever and burning buboes or carbuncles in the glands \* \* \* often fatal in 24 hours."

And our "sister communities" are advised by our officers, who are sworn and under bond to maintain the peace and dignity of the state, to avoid a place like Amarillo as they would the plague!!!

Is it any wonder, good citizens, that the locating commission should avoid a place whose officers send out such a warning?

Another statement was given to the public within the last fifty days—a statement along the same line as the former one. I have not seen the signature to this statement. I don't know who wrote it. But it was published in Falls county and afterwards, in one of our town papers. It purports to have been made by a citizen of Amarillo, and is addressed "To whom it may concern." That means to the public at large. Here is the document:

"Marlin, Texas, July 16, 1903.

To whom it may concern:—This is to say that we are in business at Amarillo, from which place we arrived today. As to the effect on Amarillo of prohibition will say: There are eleven blind tigers, three of which I have been in and they are running wide open without license. I saw more drunken men on main street than I ever saw in Rosebud (my home). Everything is run wide open and you cannot tell that the town is under prohibition laws. Ten pin alleys and pool rooms are numerous. (Signed)"

Now, fellow citizens, when our own people and officers send out such documents as these, is it any wonder if Amarillo has got the name, all over the state and even in other states, as a rotten hole, and a place where a college ought not to be located? These statements have beaten our city out of a college, and possibly a Y. M. C. A. Our city is injured. Its fair name has been besmirched, and its progress retarded. Our laboring classes, specially, have been cheated and their children deprived of the possibilities of a college education. Who is responsible? Not the prohibitionists; not the mayor's court; not the grand juries; not the women and children.

O, my people! how long shall this thing continue? I do not wish to scold our citizens who sent out these statements. I

say this, however, gentlemen, you made a prodigious mistake. Now, let us all, as good citizens, come together and redeem the good name of our town from the odium that has been heaped upon it. We must do this or we will be blockaded in every attempt to build up any permanent enterprises for the intellectual and moral advancement of our town

#### WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

Some say vote the saloons back! O, worse and worse! Would not that be an advertisement for our town sure enough? The eyes of all Texas are upon us. They see we are trying to advance; that we are trying to get rid of liquor; that we are trying to make this a home for the best classes of people, and for colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s, Chautauquas, summer institutes, public libraries, and such like. Now citizens of the state are asking, "will the good people of Amarillo be able to win, or will they not have to fall back into the hands of the open saloon?" Well, suppose we give up, and bring the saloons back—that will be a sad blow to us, indeed. The public will begin to say, "well, Amarillo is gone. She is unable to keep herself decent." They will say, "it is now perfectly apparent that whisky is in the saddle in that town." O, my people, can we afford that? No.

These people who have been running these dives, and their abettors, are a lawless crowd. They have done all in their power to give our town a bad name. They have shown that they have no respect for law. Shall we, because they have done this; because they have made our city a hiss and a by-word, and a stench in the nostrils of the public—because they have done all this shall we just move out and let them bulldoze and run the town to suit themselves? Shall we lie down and let them walk over us? No! a thousand times, no! This statement, sent out by county officers and others, has already given notice what they aim to do. They say, "prohibition will be defeated by an overwhelming majority." No, gentlemen, I hope you are mistaken. You have disgusted many of your best friends. Many of these are good people. Some of them voted the anti ticket because they honestly thought that was best. But their

confidence has been abused. The leaders whom they supported have deceived them and have tried to lead them into flagrant lawlessness, and now these good citizens who honestly voted the anti ticket are becoming indignant. They see an awful crisis is coming, and I tell you, a powerful change of sentiment is coming. Good pros and good antis are beginning to say, "It's time to call a halt."

It seems that local professional politicians claim—and it seems to have been intimated oftentimes—that they have the railroad men and the laboring men, generally, in their vest pockets. Gentlemen, you are mistaken. These men have sense and a high code of honor. They cannot be led about by the nose in that fashion. They may be misled for awhile; but they are already getting mighty tired of this thing. And I confidently believe that the first chance they get they are going to get up and sit down on this liquor business, and the officers that yield to it, like a mighty avalanche. God hasten the day, for Amarillo's sake, for good morals'sake, for the women and children's sake, and for Heaven's sake!

O, Amarillo! Thou art in many respects, a Queen City. Thou sittest as a gem upon the midst of the plains. Thy climate is a tonic and thine atmosphere a cordial. Thy summer breezes are sweet. Thy Cerulean skies are soft as the dome that bends over the ancient kingdom of Eneas. Thy men are noble and thy women are fair. Thy sons are patriotic. Thy daughters are, for beauty, as the young women of ancient Greece and for purity as the virgins of Israel in Queen Esther's Court.

But, O, Amarillo! an enemy hath assailed thee! A foul dragon hath uncoiled himself from the quagmires and cess-pools of iniquity; he hath dragged his sinuous slimy form to our very doors. He openeth wide his huge jaws fasteneth his malicious eyes upon the babe in its mother's arms, and greedily watches his opportunity to devour the mother's hope.

This dragon is the liquor business. Shall we sleep while he devours our children and ruins our homes? No, citizens of Amarillo! No!



# THE EVENING STAR.

Amarillo, Texas, Friday, September 11, 1903

## BROTHER BATEN A LITTLE OFF.

Editor Evening Star:

It is scarcely probable that any considerable number of our people approve of Bro. Baten's "hold up" of Amarillo at the Tabernacle Friday night and printed in the Champion of Saturday. Instead, it is rearded by many as inopportune—unnecessary. It is attributable, doubtless, to his exuberent enthusiasm for prohibition—impelling, inadvertantly it may be, to the overstepping of the bounds of discretion, and opening to the suspicion of a flagrant failing to observe the proprieties.

Many of us had by no means abandoned the hope of yet securing that Baptist college. But now that Bro. Baten has turned the hose so mercilessly upon us we must hustle from the field for a time to recover breath; and, too, will have to double our rustle ever to regain the "where we were at." Indeed, his gratuitous hose bath cools to confusion our chances for anything good, very soon. It seems he purposes Amarillo shall grow no further up until she is purged of all the antis in her anatomy—that she must first get good along his lines before doing other things on other lines.

Bro. Baten arraigns the antis for advertising our bits of sins to the discredit of the town, then, lo! himself turns and seizes the dirty shovel and proceeds to pile those bits together, and many others lying around loose, not before disturbed, and in float loads hauls and dumps them, in a heap right onto the would-be campus of the Baptist college, or such others we might have aspired to secure. Had the good brother contented himself to the confines of the Tabernacle, or even to that of the city, through the local evening paper, it wouldn't be so bad; but, instead, he loaded the columns of the paper having the widest out-of-town circulation, and dumped the unsightly mass onto the inoffending public.

This dragging of our skeletons from the closet can only shame us, but will offend the esthetic impulses of even our enemies and disgust our friends abroad. Skeleton exhibits weaken pride for temperance, or any other virtue. They never encourage to nobler efforts but are always disparaging.

The surest way to spoil a dog, even, is to kick him.

It is feared the City's 'weak conscience' has received a wound instead of a vitalizing balm.

With a purpose of honorable emulation and a spirit of commendable pride, Amarillo has been inviting nice strangers to visit her, and have shown them her fairest things to look upon. We take them to hear our ablest preachers and talk with our worthiest business men. We present them to our brightest matrons and sweetest damsels. (But not to the bums.) We take them to our prettiest homes and other inviting places. (But not to the slums, if we should ever have them.) We pass them along our most sightly thoroughfares. (But never through the alleys.)

Good words may be spoken about almost any town, much less our own. To do so is helpful, and never leaves a sting. Pleasant memories are an inspiration. Recriminations make sad reminiscences.

"Apples of gold in pictures of silver"—a treasure, to be sure!

The well-informed citizen resents the inference that Amarillo is a worse place than the average towns of the State, which are under similar enterprises and phenominal growing conditions. My personal experience, of nearly thirteen years in the county and forty-nine years in the State, is, that Amarillo is the most moral, peaceable town, of its size, I have ever known—whiskey or no whiskey. Fewer killings, fewer carousals, fewer insults than, probably another town in the State. One town near Dallas, with less than 2000 population, has had a killing of four men within the last four months—as many it is thought as has occurred in Amarillo in its sixteen years' existence. Good people come here to live because it is exceedingly peaceful. No evangelist, ever, misses hitting the town because his nest is always liberally feathered—more's the pity. But on this line we hope for a reform, with as few cuss words as possible. That four of them, within four months, have waddled away with four hundred dollars each

of enforced free-will offerings, is adequate evidence, anyhow, that we are an exceedingly innocent and long-suffering people.

As for saloons, when the time is ripe, they, for a time, will also go. Dr. Carroll, after the great State campaign of '87, in which he fought like a Trojan, seeing the people were not ready, philosophically held up and went to other duties until the country should get ready for prohibition. That is just what the pros in Amarillo must do. Nevertheless, I have little hope of ever seeing real reform, from liquor or other evils, until a better manhood is built up among the people. Under the present monopoly times that drive men to the extreme to live, even the preacher makes it a first duty to secure double the pay of his more worthy and doubly useful brother mechanic, which means that he as much as the public officer is living under the rule of "every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost." So long as excessive salaries are paid to elective officers, just so long will they reach for the votes to maintain that salary, under the same devil-taking rule that the preacher follow. So, also, it is with the business man: he is not going to jeopardize his chance for the dollars by returning the whisky man, nor to witness against him, either—not much.

Whenever the prohibition sentiment gets in the majority—and sure to stay—then the veriest bloke of an officer will enforce the law, because he gets votes by so doing. Then the business men will do some to help, but not much.

Immunity from drunkenness, prostitution, robbery, suicide, or other prevailing evils can never be expected of a monopoly-ridden, poverty-stricken, overworked people. Then what an imperative duty devolves upon us to seek the remedy. Clearly to my mind it is by making men free—free to hold the full fruits of their labor. This can be done—whatever else may be—only by freeing to them the opportunity of nature—the land—a God-given right.

With the freedom of men, tadyism and fawning, and office-seeking, and whisky selling would go, as would involuntary poverty and all evils of civil government. Freedom is the only possible panacea for civic ills. When freedom is established manhood will be, and manhood pride will lift the drunkard to his feet, and men to wives, women to husbands and homes, and all to plenty, peace, brotherly love—and that is the Christ—now so hard to find. When the clergy understands this wonderful truth they will abandon their schemings for converts. Until then, however, they must keep up the propping of the houses buided upon the sand.

Farther as to public officers, we must keep reminded that their duties are necessarily the most trying of all callings, for the reason they not only have to mix with men, but to force men, and often to force them against popular sentiment, as well as against their own interest. They have more reason to complain of preachers than the preachers have of them, for the reason that the preacher is supposed to stand more than all others for righteous economic conditions, but for which, more than all others they are most derelict. I am not speaking of local officers and preachers, but of all. To pull the preachers to their duties is the supreme work of the hour. Negro slavery never would have been abolished had the preachers not been dragged into action. That they were dragged admits of no denial—but when they got in negro slavery got out. When they enter the fight for industrial freedom industrial slavery will go—and not before, without a bloody revolution. What a responsibility! what a need for an awakening, to be sure! For cowards, don't point us to our civil officers, please!

Getting back to the matter that immediately interests us, I am obliged to insist that, like with prohibition, the time isn't ripe for the Single Tax, but that it must ripen and be secured before temperance, or any other virtue can be perpetuated. True manhood and womanhood must first be had to build upon. Because, for instance, should liquor be abolished from the face of the earth, the people—poor, miserable victims of monopoly, would resort to opiates, cocaine etc. to drown their poverty troubles. People are humans, not angels. They fall when hardships overburden them. We would lighten their burdens! While we advocate temperance

let boldly enter the field of political economy—which means "how to get a living,"—so defined by the apostle nearest the Throne, of modern days—Henry George, the foremost friend of the human race, Withal, let us be diligent with our propping—our substufuses—as, for the present, we can do no better. We must push along our subhools, and such other civilizing factor as are at hand, in order to strengthen as much as we may the fortresses of defense against the cussedness of the times.

We grow in spite of the saloons. Because they will not pick up and move out is no reason why we should "lay down," and Bro. Baten will think so, too, after a few punches to arouse him. All of us wabble more or less, let the next fellow bump against him, and bring him upright into the ranks. Let the bump be hard—sudden enough to stand him erect. We all have faith in Bro. Baten, because he does try to move things, while too many stand aloof. While he is comparatively a kid all regard him as an exceedingly precocious one, and so helpful among the moss backs we always seek his company. This is no "tub to the whale," but an honest statement. While he may now think saloons must go before the college comes, he may yet be convinced to the contrary. That is partly the purpose of this article.

In retrospect I fail to recall an instance where the successful college preceeded the saloon. Fact is the town large enough to support the most saloons is the place that is possible to give the best support to the college, and is where the college can do the most good.

They took the college from Amarillo city to Canyon village, to get into a "cleaner" place! Why didn't they take it to where no one lives, and get a still cleaner place? Fact is, the Baptist church is apt yet to bend every one of that locating committee across her lap, and spank some subordination to common sense into them. Teach them that colleges must go among people, bad people, whiskey people, as there is no use for them in no-man's land, nor in angels' land. They did not want to bring the pupils into "bad environment" Why, pray? To educate them in Paradise would not fit them for this world's work, and they would be without a job!

Wonder if that delectable committee will ever recover from the contamination of their late visit to Amarillo? They need to be rebaptised, and kept under water 'till truly converted to terrestrial Christianity like the rest of us—or until Amarillo lifts them out. Paul thought best to preach to sinners, but right there is where they differ with Paul. Reckon they count on leaving this world like Enoch and Elijah! Bro. Baten, don't you stand where there's any danger of any of their mantles falling on you. We don't want any more like them.

Now, Brother Baten, let's brace up and shake ourselves, and write a book as a kind of counter-irritant, an antidote, as it were, to get that Baptist college. Canyon has not built it yet, as Bro. Dodson says. She can't afford to have it, and Amarillo can't afford to do without it. Nor can the church afford to ignore these facts? We will put into that book that prohibition will fall to us when it ripens. It is ripening elsewhere faster than it can be gathered, and in time will ripen here. But say, in looking out for other items for that book, remember we will choose rather to promenade the boulevards; will pass unseen the rubbished rears and go around to the front yards to sit, to rest, and to gather among the roses.

J. L. CALDWELL.

Friday, September 18, 1903

### Notice.

Persons writing articles to be published in the STAR will have to avoid all statements that reflect discredit on any one or the matter will not be inserted. This rule will not knowingly be violated.

### Judge Marris Replies to Rev. Baten.

At this time, I desire to speak for myself individually and officially very briefly, in reply to an article written by Rev. A. E. Baten,

pastor of the Baptist church of Amarillo, Texas since 1902, that was published in the Live Stock Champion, a paper published by L. B. Russell, Jr., & Co. Recognizing the fact that neither this nor the mammoth article by the Rev. Baten will ever be accepted as a memorial biography of great men philanthropist of the present generation, yet I believe this will be read, I can not say whether by the magnitude of the issues involved or by the profound interest manifested among the people.

In the outset I further desire to say I have the very highest regard for and reverence the ministry and respect the sincerity of every Christian act clothed in sincerity and honesty and look upon our pastors as teachers, instructors, who will try to do all the good they can and place obstacles in no man's path and do no injustice to any person intentionally and he will not if he be one who has truthfully been called to preach the word of God.

Now, had Mr. Baten kept in the bounds of his profession and spoke the truth and observed the rules that should govern those who follow his profession and are looked upon as successful men, recognized as capable men, without prejudice. Had he made no thrust at me I should have never opened my mouth in reply. But as he has shed his professional armor and gone into print the second time discussing affairs in a manner purely foreign to the calling of a good Christian pastor, adopting plans and measures of a very uncharitable and indiscret man of the world, I would not have deemed it my privilege to protect myself and defend my position now and hereafter. I propose to deal squarely. I say candidly I do not believe the immorality of Amarillo, alone, was the cause of Amarillo failing to procure the Baptist college. Nor do I believe the immorality of Amarillo in as bad a condition as the gentleman has handed it out through the press and pulpit. If such be the state of affairs, the man who placed Amarillo in nomination before the committee knowing these facts to exist, endeavored to lead the children of Israel into the lions' den. Yet, if these conditions are true as pictured in the papers by him and dashed out where the word of God should have been preached, no doubt but what the committee acted wisely and honestly in not selecting Amarillo; especially do I believe so if that college had to be chaperoned by the local pastor for the lack of home influence. God must have directed that committee by a pillow of cloud by day and a pillow of fire by night instead of being directed by our chieftain. I will admit that the

morals of Amarillo are not in as good condition now as they were the day you made your advent into Amarillo, nor do I observe any marked improvements or very much reformation among the people where you have associated.

I believe your preaching and tirades have prevented men and women from attending the Baptist church in Amarillo, in fact, I believe today you are a stumbling block in the way of both

Christians and sinners. I further more believe your conduct has impeded the success in some respects, the law not being executed in the local option cases in Amarillo.

I believe the local option law has been violated promiscuously and in fact, I know it has just as well as I know anything that I do not know. No good and substantial man will sit and howl and permit his good wife and children to go after these things if they can be gotten at lawfully. Our town has been advertised to its discredit and mostly by those who never paid or contributed one cent towards the support of the state, county or town since they have been a citizen.

I do not undertake to say who should be censured for these violations, but when any man imputes it to my official misconduct, I halt just long enough to pronounce him a liar. I have never caused any man to violate this law. I have never patronized any of these places. I have never been in a "Blind Tiger." I have no interest in any, I have never loaned any of them one dollar to run their business. I have never endorsed or signed the bond of a man in the saloon business of any character. I have never gambled. I also believe any man who would originate and tell that I had any interest in these things or ever had would prostitute the virtue of his family for a five dollar bill. The good women who presented that petition to the officers to enforce the laws and prohibit the unlawful selling of liquor in Amarillo were right and had a justifiable cause to do what they did and have it yet. I am not the supporter nor defender of any man who violates any law; and no honest man with any degree of intelligence and fairness has ever said so. I have never signed any statement that was "circulated" concerning the local option law, in any manner.

One statement made by the author of the masquerading article to which I refer specially, substantiated by good evidence sufficient, I think, to convince any fair minded man that this statement is false:

"Once more the ladies have gone to the court house during the "farical trials" going on the last few days and have shown their good faith and their anxiety to save Amarillo from the curse of lawlessness. Well I will tell you what a great many people believe—they believe the blame for the lawlessness of Amarillo rests almost entirely upon the county court."

I believe any man who would make and publish such an article directed as we receive it, applied as it is taken, must controvert the statements of the following men who were directly interested and connected with the trial of these cases.

The jury commissioners appointed by me to select the juries for the May and August terms of court were: Henry C. Hardin, A. B. Spencer, R. D. Gamble; I consider honest men who would not violate an oath for such an infamous purpose as has been reported, and for which I have been censured. The following is a list of the venire for the August term, 1903: G. E. Forbes Jr, W. A. Barlow, Chas. Brinkman, George Hayden, C. L. Berry, R. W. Gra-



ham, H. B. Jones, F. T. Denson, John Arnott, J. T. Holland, T. A. Cheal and Jimmie Lee. I ask does the average citizen of Potter Co., believe these men would violate an oath to set free a violator of the law for a misdemeanor. Here is the further proof that these were not "farical trials" as denounced by the gentleman.

"We the petit jurors of the county court at the August term 1903 desire to make the following statements: That all trials of cases had before us for the violation of the local option law as all other criminal cases was fair, just and impartial and that the rulings and charges of the county judge in said cases was fair and impartial and just and if there was any difference shown it was more favorable to the prosecution; and all evidence offered by the prosecution was permitted to go to the jury. That all verdicts rendered by us was honest and rendered according to the evidence. The failure of convictions was for want of evidence to convict under our oaths." Signed:  
W E Neal John Reed  
J S Fox M G Agee  
E F Scott Chas. Brinkman  
Wm. Warlick R W Graham  
Chas. Tolleson E Yarbrough  
Don Crossett Dick Connally  
J J Shaw L T Connally  
O K Gilvin Walter Barlow  
H B Jones Amzie Baker  
C W Wilson J A Small  
George Hayden

STATEMENT OF THE ATTORNEYS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"This is to certify that the undersigned firm were associated with the county attorney of Potter county, Texas at the recent August term of the county court of Potter county in the prosecution of three cases in which the defendants were charged with violating the local option laws, and during the trials of these cases the rulings of the court, both on questions of law and of evidence were on the whole fair and impartial to both the State and the defendant. (Signed) Bowman & Merrill."

STATEMENT OF COUNTY ATTORNEY.

"I hereby agree that the above statement is true as to all local option cases tried at said term of the county court. (Signed) W. W. Gowin, County Attorney Potter Co. Texas"

The other and only jury commissioners appointed by me to select juries since the local option law went into effect was on June 14, 1902, consisting of R. W. C. Lowery, H. T. Cornelius and R. W. Graham. All other jurymen have been selected by the sheriff under oath. Then may I ask for fairness sake and what is just and true to the county court, how can any man make such statement as "farical trials" unless it be to defame and place unjust criticism on some one contrary and derogatory to what I believe to be the truth. Such is contemptible, unfair and unjust.

Under the law the defendant alone chooses whether he shall be tried by the judge or a jury and so far no defendant in any local option case has permitted me to try a case. I know that an ex-cow thief, a defaulting county officer, have abused and criticised the jury, who tried some of the cases. Yes, these juries were composed of working men and laborers, but I believe they are honest men and

did what they believe was right under the evidence, I believe they acted consciously though it may have been a different view to what the Mr. Baten saw it while he is not admitted to be very high authority. No honest man unless he be a simple Simon, heard the trial of these cases and would call them "farical trials" and claim the county court is responsible for all the lawlessness in Amarillo. The men who tried these cases live by the sweat of their brow and are not paid to misrepresent the doings and affairs of other men. How can a man who is respectful pass judgment in the trial of these cases that neither heard the evidence nor the charges of the court.

No I do not censure Mr. Baten for discussing the violations of law and spending his opinion when ever he chooses to do so and when ever he may wish but when a man goes to bush-whacking, if he shoots at me I want to know it. The "county officers" includes me and that was why I have been forced to write these lines. Tell who you mean and present your charges to whom you refer and what "violations of oath" you refer.

You no more truthfully desire the violations of law stopped in Amarillo than I, and you can go no farther than I exercising my official authority as a judge. I have not and do not intend to sacrifice my oath, my honesty and commit a wrong by convicting an accused unless the evidence proves him to be guilty. If your son were to be tried for his liberties you would like for the evidence to prove his guilt before he was penned, would you not? I do not believe there is a good man in Potter county but what would like to see the local option law enforced in Amarillo let him be a pro or an anti. Nor will any good man censure Mr. Baten for any effort he may make along this line. I will never.

Mr. Baten may have acted from the dictates of his own conscience and so have I, and that is why I am defending the defamatory and untrue remarks made about the county court. It may have been best had this and the two articles he published been locked forever in our own mind, but I felt that my conduct was such that I could set myself right before those that might read his article and accept his statements as true, occupying the position he does and being a member of the worthy and honorable profession he enjoys.

I will undertake to say and use all efforts at my command to stop the violations of the local option law in Amorillo if he and one, other will hide their faces and bridle their tongue or tell the truth and make no statements that are false and defamatory.

Nor can the assistance be procured to stop these violations of law that is needed until this "nagging" has been stopped.

Be honest, be charitable, be true to your country and to your God; and do not bring the children and women into this matter and remember "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Sincerity, honesty and truthfulness, free from the slimy kiss of hypocrisy, is the true metal that will win. Nothing but cheap notoriety and a damaged town and injured people can arise from the course that has

been pursued in these matters. Respectfully,  
LON D. MARRS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Evangelist Waugh To Men Only.

EDITOR STAR: Evangelist Waugh's sermon Sunday may be pronounced a good sermon, as sermons go. But it would seem to a progressive thinker that sermons ought to keep up with the procession.

Quoting the scripture, "The love of money is the root of all evil," he declared that men committed more crimes and women sell their virtue more for the love of money than for anything else, and hence; it followed that "The love of money was the root of all evil." He did not seem to know it was the thing money would buy that they loved instead of the money, itself. This being a fact then it is the things that supply men's needs that is so loved and so eagerly sought for; and this being so, it is to that extent, not an evil at all, but a blessing. If men get money wrongfully it is needful for the preachers to tell them so, to that extent his sermon does good. But if the man replies that he can not get enough money honestly to supply his material wants, which 95 men out of every 100 can truthfully tell him—then the text entirely fails of the truth—not love of money at all that is root of all evil, but POVERTY! Then we must not stop there, but go on and enquire what is the curse of poverty. Logical reasoning will soon convince anyone that poverty is caused by monopoly. Then we have hit the button, the real cause. Then the text would read "The love of monopoly is the primary cause of all civic and moral evils." We must either do this or place evil upon the shoulders of the Creator, and not believe that, when he finished his work and pronounced it good, the truth was declared.

The lack of chastity, Bro. Waugh said, was the next greatest evil in existence. He advised men to get homes and wives; but should the men reply, which most can truthfully do, that they cannot get money enough, honestly or dishonestly, to support himself decently, it is out of the question to support that greatest of all luxuries, a wife—besides the care of incidental "responsibilities;" then the preacher must be at the end of his rows as a safe adviser under that remarkable "love-of-money" text.

That text of "the love of money," close akin to the one "the poor we will always have with us," must have a more rational exegesis than the ones commonly given by the clergy, else expectation ever of of His coming by any effort the preachers make, will be, not only futile, but exceedingly silly.

I am not a preacher by virtue of any ordination or laying on of hands but a preacher nevertheless; called of God, through pleading vox populi, to stand for freedom and the rescue of the beautiful goddess Justice from the pit of midnight ignorance, as well as from the brutal grasp of educated, ravishing Monopolists. I claim to be only a plain preacher, of simplest political economy, the "how to get an honest living," the easiest way, for everybody, of whatever race or color, under the inalienable law of Equal Rights, now

so in jeopardy in this co-called free country of ours. And why should I not feel "woe is me" if I act the Jonah in the Ninevah I may be obliged to encumber?

It is as clearly manifest that the true political economist can no more ignore the Bible than can the preacher ignore political economy—the law-making in the society in which he lives. Religion and politics is less inseparable than bread and life—because religion and politics are absolutely one and the same—as is prayer and praise the same.

The main reason the preacher is herded off of the political field by the congregation, is, either that he stands for restriction of equal rights of the democratic citizen or for too little restriction for the interest of the plutocratic citizen—between the devil and the deep sea. The time is fast approaching when they must choose, either voluntarily or by force, whom they will serve. With the intelligent, and truly devout preacher, does the destiny of of the country rest, and they soon must see that politics and religion is a marriage by righteousness—and that "whom God has joined together let no man put assunder."

Then we will begin to see that in this bountiful world, men who get money through evil method from poverty and the fear of poverty, will acquire it so easily—with efforts sufficient only for recreation—will understand how it would be more pleasure to give than to receive; how our measure of happiness could possibly be filled, pressed down and running over, and the making it for all easier to do right than wrong.

Then will Bro. Waugh, instead of supposing the poor, storm-tossed girls selling themselves for money, will realize to a certainty that a vast majority sell from sheer necessity—a matter of life and death, and rationally chose the former in shame, preferably to death—or to ever living slavery. They are little less culpable than those who marry for money.

As to this discussion the reader is kindly asked to reflect and judge for himself whether Bro. Waugh or the humble writer is on the hotter trail; and when a call for penitents is made be ready to respond. No collection.

J. L. CALDWELL.  
Amarillo, Texas.

In Mr. Caldwell's "sermon," answering Brother Waugh through The Star, he concluded by inviting his hearers to "reflect over propositions so as to be ready, when converts were called, to respond. He says today that scores of these most intelligent of the reprobates have given their hands without waiting for a call.

For reason that many more applications than can be met for copies of The Star containing Mr. Caldwell's "sermons," we have concluded to print a quantity in supplement, and after today can supply them at the price of five for five cents—and one cent a copy in any quantity. His answer to Brother Baten is the best advertisement possible for Amarillo, and should be enclosed in letters to friends and prospectors.

Engine 202 with Engineer Fisher arrived from the north at 8:30 p.m.

LIVESTOCK CHAMPION.  
Established in 1887.

NOVEMBER 24, 1903.

A PIOUS TRAP.

The infamy of the liquor business is well illustrated in a trap which the said business has set for the voters of Amarillo. A remarkable thing about this trap is that the operators have set it in broad open daylight in sight of the game they hope to catch. After setting the trap they have thrown over it a very thin and ragged piece of gauze, and they have actually baited the trap with passages of scripture and pious (?) references to the "lowly Nazarene." They thus pay the voters an unintentional compliment. They believe that the majority of the voters are good people, who respect the Bible and reverence the Christ. In this they are correct, for such are the majority of our citizens. But our people are not going to be led around by the nose by the liquor business just because the hired organs of the said business attempt to quote scripture. They manage it on this wise: They publish everything they can get hold of against the Christian people. They eagerly circulate the most infamous insinuations against the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, against the churches and the preachers; anything, however libelous, that any enemy of Christianity desires to publish, these exponents of the liquor business gladly circulate. Then, after a few days, they begin to hand around pious (?) advice. They advise everybody to be good and speak kindly one of another. They refer to the teachings of Christ and His apostles, and advise preachers and church people generally to follow these holy examples. They grow very tender over the sacredness of the home and motherhood. They pathetically counsel the mothers to stay at home, rock the cradle, and bring up their little ones in the way they should go!!!

Of all hypocracies this is the climax. Think of it—an infamous sentiment, which would burn every bible in the land, sell and crucify Jesus Christ, perpetrate infanticide; a sentiment stained all over with crime, heart as black as midnight, hands gory with iniquity—this sentiment would stalk into the

holy precincts of home, lay its foul hands upon the unsullied lives of our mothers and tell them how to raise their children! This sentiment is infamous, hypocritical and sacrilegious to the last degree. Wonder if its propagaters really think anybody is going to be such a simpleton as to be influenced by this effrontery. No. It is a sorry trap at best. Being set in full view of the game to be caught, it is not apt to gather any spoils, it is too thin and too absurd to catch even suckers. No, gentlemen, the people of Amarillo are not to be misled so easily. Those, if any, who think we are going to lie down and let liquor drown us are greatly mistaken. We are going to work. Merchants, professional men, bankers, teachers, laboring men, preachers, women and children are going to be busy. And we are not going to be frightened away from the post of duty, even if the liquor sentiment does shake red rags and cry booh. So the exponents of liquor would

just as well adopt some other tactics. We are fully onto the "pious trap" performance.

Prohibition Means Protection.

To prohibit the liquor traffic to protect the home. All government of the people, for the people and by the people is for the purpose of protecting the people their inalienable rights,—the right of life liberty and pursuit of happiness. There is no greater enemy to these rights than the saloon; therefore to abolish a saloon is to guard and protect the rights. That fallacy and argument of the devil which says, let liquor alone and it will let you alone, keeps bobbing up at every local option election, and must therefore be exposed. Are those mothers who let it severely alone, neither touch taste nor handle the ungodly stuff, let alone by the iniquitous traffic which entices their sons into its deadly trap? Are the good law-abiding people of Amarillo who never enter the unlawful dens of this infamous business, let alone by the traffic? Why this expenditure of hard and honestly earned money for the purpose of having our laws executed? Did not the people of this city by regular and legal process of law decide two years ago that they would let the infernal stuff alone? Did it at the hands of its anarchistic vendors let this city alone? The thief who enters my house may advise me to just let him alone and he will let me alone. I take his advice, and he leaves me untouched, simply taking what he can find of my possessions. To eject the thief is to protect my possessions; to eject the liquor traffic is to protect those rights which the traffic menaces.

The El Paso Herald seems to think saloons are pretty good things, but that gambling is a terrible crime. The Herald is not too severe on gambling. What it says about that profession is true and worthy of repeating:

"Professional gamblers are enemies to society; they are perpetrating a continuing crime, a crime that is hardly to be distinguished from theft. They are taking what does not belong to them by virtue of any fair exchange, and the law does not recognize contract that all one sided. They inveigle the weak-willed into their parlors of infamy, and accomplish ruin, and their "work" never produces a cent to add to the world's wealth. A city might just as lawfully and honestly maintain at the public expense a gang of highway robbers and pickpockets, to "entertain" travelers and take money from the unwary, as to lend official sanction to, or in any way tolerate, the continuance of the conditions that exist in this city with the permission of Mayor Morehead and the police force, and under a system of "fines" that are really licenses." Every word of the foregoing may be truthfully said of saloons. In one respect, at least, the saloon is worse than the gamblers den, since the saloon is the father of the gambling dive and the brothel besides. Yet some folks want saloons in Amarillo.

The Duty of the Hour.

1. For every lover of Christ home and country to make up his mind firmly and thoroughly that his vote shall be against the re-

of the licensed saloon to the territory in our county from which it has been banished by law.

2. To use every legitimate means, argument and influence to induce the other fellow to do the same thing.

3. Never to repeat, save for the purpose of refutation, the silly, sophisticated, satanic, mutterings of "Better have a few decent regulated saloons than a score of 'blind tigers.'" "Decent devil" may not be such an un-heard-of entity; but "decent saloon"! As well speak of decent corruption, perfumed pestilence, dazzling darkness, virtuous vice. The devil may get into the ascendancy, but not by the votes of decent, home-loving people, God fearing voters. "Blind tigers" are not my institutions. Saloons are, if I vote for their existence, and I become responsible before God and my fellow man for every diabolical evil that comes from its womb of misery, woe, anarchy, pauperism. and death

4. Earnestly desire, pray for an manifest the spirit of Him whose meekness was symbolized by the gentle lamb, and whose courage was symbolized by the lion. Who was revealed that he might destroy the work of the devil, and bind up the broken hearted.

5. Remember that there is no central ground with reference to this question. "He that is not with me is against me" said the Savior. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon". "If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, serve him. Choose you this day whom you will serve. "Quit you like men." "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

## LIVESTOCK CHAMPION.

Established in 1887.

DECEMBER 1, 1903.

### THE W. C. T. U. SPEAKS.

We, the local W. C. T. U. of Amarillo, believe it necessary that we should publish a statement setting forth the situation as it is, regarding the local option question.

Everybody knows the state of lawlessness that has been allowed to exist in Amarillo for more than a year. This state of affairs having become intolerable to our citizens, legal proceedings have been instituted, by which a change has been brought about in the sheriff's office. Concerning the complaint made in this case, we know nothing. We do not know who the plaintiffs are nor anything contained in the petition filed in the court. And if we did know we would not feel it our duty to discuss the merits of the case. But we are aware that an effort is being made to arouse sympathy for the defendant and to so manage this current of sympathy as to defeat prohibition on the twelfth of next month. It seems to us that sympathy is a little late in making its appearance and that it takes the wrong direction. It seems to us that some sympathy ought to have been shown the women and children of Amarillo, many of whom have suffered on account of the lawlessness which has been allowed to exist. They have begged the officers to enforce the law but their appeals have been ignored. Moreover, effort has been made to cast odium upon the women and children because they ventured, even, to beg that law be enforced. Is it possible that we have come to a time when an officer sworn, and under bond to enforce the law may disregard both the law and the wishes of the people so far as to allow the grossest violations of the law? Must such an officer be patted on the back as a public benefactor? And must the women and children, who appeal for the protection of the homes, be held up to coarse criticism?

### SOME FACTS.

About two years ago the majority of the citizens in precincts one and three of this county voted to prevent the sale of liquor in these precincts and prohibition

then became the law in this town. The people had a right to expect this law enforced, since this privilege was guaranteed by both the constitution and statute laws of Texas. But the people of precincts one and three have been beaten out of that which they won by honest ballot. They have not been treated fair in this matter. And when they mildly insist upon the rights for which they voted they are accused of disturbing the peace and creating mischievous agitation.

### ANOTHER FACT.

About a year ago a statement was sent out from Amarillo to the effect that the law was being violated, and that liquor was being unlawfully sold in great quantities. One sentence in that published statement reads as follows: "We would advise any sister community to avoid the local option proposition as they would the plague." This statement bore, among its signatures the name of the sheriff of our county. If he knew that the law was being thus violated, and knew it well enough to sign such a statement, why did he not stop these violations of law? He alone had the right and power to do it. For this very purpose he was elected.

### ANOTHER FACT.

After 434 women in Amarillo had signed a petition to the officers to enforce the law, and this petition had been duly presented by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; after a similar petition, signed by several hundred children, had been published, a good many business men of Amarillo called upon the sheriff and urged him to enforce the law. He told them that he would not make complaint against the joint keepers and that if the people did not like the way he was doing they could just help themselves. It seems that they took his advice and proceeded to help themselves, and now comes the booby act. A piteous wail for sympathy! Voters of Amarillo, we do not ask you to sympathize with us. If saloons should be voted back into Amarillo, many boys would be led into drunkenness, gambling and de-

bauchery; many a man would spend his earnings for liquor and let his family suffer; the hearts of many wives and mothers would be crushed; many lives would be ruined; the happiness of many homes would be wrecked—these are worthy of all sympathy, and ought to arouse every honest voter to cast his ballot against saloons.

### ANOTHER FACT.

We are reliably informed that a saloon keeper in precinct two has been allowed for a long time to sell liquor without a license and that he has continued in the saloon business without license until about or just after the time that the present acting sheriff went into office. If one man be allowed to run a saloon without license what assurance have we that all the saloon keepers in the town, if it had gone anti would not have been allowed to do the same? So all this talk about "regulating the saloons under license" is a farce and a fraud. The same officer who has allowed blind tigers in Amarillo, a local option town, and allowed a saloon to run without license in precinct two, an anti district, would no doubt allow any number of saloons to run in Amarillo, if the town should go wet, without license. If you give the lawless element a chance they will violate the law and run rough shod over the will of the people whether the town goes wet or dry.

The only way for our citizens to do is to vote liquor out and put in officers who will keep it out. The present acting sheriff is enforcing the law, and if our voters vote against saloons the law will continue to be enforced.

### ANOTHER FACT.

It is currently stated, and on what we believe to be good authority, that, on the night before the present acting sheriff went into office, a great deal of liquor was hauled out of Amarillo to some other point. If this be true, and if it means anything it means that the joint keepers in our town had no fear of being arrested as long as the former sheriff held office, and they believed the man now acting sheriff would enforce the law. He is enforcing, although, it is said, the liquor men are telling it that the law is not being enforced.

### ONE MORE FACT.

If the sheriff had needed any more help than his regular force of deputies, the state rangers, some of whom have had headquarters here all the while, stood ready and willing to aid him in the enforcement of the law. If these had not been sufficient, other rangers could have been called. But the rangers could not act unless the sheriff called for their assistance—all depended upon him.

### FINALLY.

If an officer fails and persistently refuses to do his duty—does this despite his official oath and bond; does this in the teeth of a law, created under the constitution and statutes by a majority of the voters; does this in the face of the advice of many business men of the town; does this against the petition and protest of over 400 women and several hundred children; does this, and then sends out to other counties a statement that he knows the law is being violated, and that the condition he allows is worse than a plague; does this, and when urged to enforce the law tells citizens just to "help themselves;" does this, when he had the power to call the state rangers and clean out every dive in his town—If an officer, we ask, does all this, and gets suspended from office, whose fault is it? His own. If sympathy is to be aroused, it ought to be in behalf of a long suffering public. To that public we appeal. Gentlemen of Amarillo, will you not rise up in your manhood and protect the women and children by voting to keep saloons out of this town? The law can now be enforced. Let us give it a fair trial.

The foregoing paper was adopted by the local W. C. T. U. and enthusiastically endorsed in a rising vote at the big prohibition mass meeting last Friday evening.

## LON D. MARRS

Was born in Logan county, Kentucky, in 1865, near the close of the great uncivil war. He lived at South Union until he came to Amarillo in 1890, having lived all his life at Amarillo and South Union.

Judge Marrs is a graduate of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., one of the best institutions of learning in the south.

At the fall election in 1890, he was elected county attorney of Potter county, which position he acceptably filled six years, being elected county Judge in 1896, which office he now occupies, the present, being his fourth term.

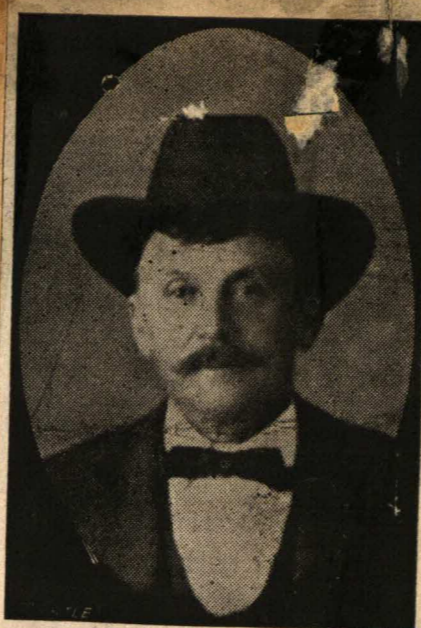
At the time of Judge Marrs' election to the county Judge's office, the county owed something like thirty-five thousand dollars. To day the county is practically clear of debt—this speaks volumes in praise of his able and economical conduct of Potter county's affairs.

The county is now in a position to issue 65 or 75 thousand dollars in bonds. It is conceded that a court house is badly needed. The present commissioners court, of which Judge Marrs is the head, contemplates building a court house, to cost between 35 and 45 thousand dollars, equipped. The proposition to issue bonds will be submitted to the voters, who will no doubt, seeing the necessity of the same, vote for a court house commensurate with the needs of the county.

By the way, the Judge is a bachelor, but he does not allow this to interfere with an efficient administration of his duties.

### County Officers.

Lon D. Marrs - - - County Judge.  
J. E. Hughes, Sheriff and Tax Collector.  
C. G. Landis, - County and District Clerk.  
J. P. Floyd, - - - Tax Assessor.  
N. H. Tudor, - - - Treasurer.



J. E. HUGHES.

Capt. J. E. Hughes is an Alabamian by birth, having first seen the light of day in that grand old state in October, 1852. As most young southern men, just after the civil war, he had at an early age to face life's responsibility on his own hook. Securing a fair education from the schools of his native state, in 1892 he came to Lamar county, Texas, and entered the mercantile business at Paris. At this place he continued to live until 1892, when longing for the free life of the great northwest he came to Amarillo, where he has since made his home. In 1896 he was elected sheriff and tax collector of Potter county, which place he has since filled in a most efficient manner. Captain Hughes is a gentleman, who has a wide circle of friends and one in whom all those who have dealings with him have the utmost confidence, both as an official and a citizen.

*"Ingersoll"*  
was 10 years old, the family finally settled in or near Shawneetown, Ill. Necessarily the educational opportunities of the children were meager enough. In Robert's case they were limited to the common schools of Shawneetown. But he supplemented what he learned in the schools by a course of careful home reading.

### His Favorite Author.

Burns was his favorite author. To Burns he always attributed the early awakening of his mind to a scorn of shams and hypocracies, and a hatred of tyranny and oppression.

On leaving school he took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar when only 19. With his older brother, Eben, as a partner, he began practice in Shawneetown. Meeting with little success here the two brothers removed in 1857 to Peoria, where a larger field gave them opportunities of which each was able to avail himself.

Robert soon made a reputation as an orator, but Eben was looked upon as the better lawyer and the sounder man. Both interested themselves in politics and became the acknowledged local leaders of the Democratic party, to which both belonged at that time.

Eben represented his district for some years in the State Legislature. In 1860 Robert ran for Congress against William Kellogg. But though he conducted a brilliant campaign, which earned him fresh laurels as an orator, the Republican constituency was too strong to be beaten. It was the last time he ever ran for an elective office.

With the outbreak of the Civil War Robert, always an anti-slave man, threw his lot with the Union. He was elected to the position of adjutant general of the 10th Illinois Cavalry, and held that position for several years. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1872, and served in that position several years. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1872, and served in that position several years. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1872, and served in that position several years.

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Colonel Ingersoll was offered numerous appointments in the diplomatic service of the United States, but declined them all. After his unsuccessful campaign for the governorship of Illinois, which failed at the last moment because of the threatened bolt of a portion of the delegates who had taken offense because of his first book, "The Gods," Colonel Ingersoll removed to Washington and a few years later he settled in New York. Since then he has devoted himself to the practice of law and to lecturing. He made it a rule to visit St. Louis at least twice a year and sometimes oftener and made many friends there.

Ingersoll's income ranged from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year. He did not believe in saving money, as, in his opinion, the moment a man started out to save money he became selfish and began to petrify.

Nevertheless it is probable that Colonel Ingersoll has left his family in easy circumstances.

In early life his great ambition was to serve in Congress. This ambition was never fulfilled, but his brother, Eben, was elected as a member of the House of Representatives from Illinois and Robert G. Ingersoll's oration at the bier of his brother, who died in June, 1869, is among his most brilliant utterances.

### STORIES ON INGERSOLL.

Mr. Ingersoll's peculiarities were well known and frequently commented upon by his friends, and still more frequently those who met him for the first time.

One of his eccentricities was his habit of giving to those who interviewed him or were introduced to him and conversed with him socially, little printed cards bearing strange compositions. This is one of them:

"My dear friend:  
I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeletons from a feast or painted landscapes on the brain of men. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June; the carol of the lark; the dews of night; the wealth of summer and autumn rich content all golden and imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'harvest home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will find within your blood the star-lit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days.

"For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men."

### FAMOUS AS A LAWYER.

Ingersoll was famous as a lawyer of great eloquence and influence with juries. Stories are told in Illinois of his power over juries that rival the strongest illustrations of the American bar. Here is a case in point: a farmer, who had shot one of his neighbors dead, was on trial for murder. The evidence was conclusive as to the killing and who did it, but it could be construed to show that the slayer might have had cause to think that he was acting in self-defense.

When Colonel Ingersoll was addressing the jury he drew a poetical picture of the client's wife and children at home—he refused to allow the wife and children to be present, as a less skillful advocate would have done—and then he said that, even at that moment, the loving wife was standing at the door with the sunlight on her face waiting to welcome her husband back to her fireside, and the little ones were swarming on the gate and looking from time to time along the road, expecting to see him.

EX-GOV HOGG'S AMENDMENTS ARE ADOPTED

Another Day of Excitement and Turmoil at the Convention--Platform Also Adopted and Other Resolutions Passed--Election Of State Officers Today.

Waco, Tex., Aug. 10.—(Special)—The great state convention of dem...

The nomination of a state ticket is yet untouched, but will be the order of business today.

Last night's session was given to a pyrotechnic display of oratory by ex-Gov. Hogg, Congressman Ball and Senator Odell.

A great many ladies have been in attendance during the entire session and yesterday more than ever, for they like the men enjoy having a scrap.

The Hogg amendment to the constitution was the topic for the fight last night. It was a bitter one, but the amendment won by a vote of 559-1-4 to 403-3-4 and Hogg is not under the bottom, by a long shot, but a much bigger man in Texas now than when he reached the convention.

Immediately after the adoption of the minority report, which is Hogg's amendment instead of section 10 of the platform the entire platform was adopted.

The convention then adjourned to 9 o'clock this morning, it being then nearly 2 o'clock.

him through the key hole. In reply to Farmer Shaw's remarks as to Mr. Hall's boom for governor, the gentleman from the Panhandle said: "I did have a boomlet but it was started by certain Dallas politicians."

The roll call was a noisy proceeding and there was about thirty counties challenged, but to save time it was decided to wait until the roll call had finished before they were passed upon.

The committee on permanent organization made its report the first thing after dinner and Temporary Chairman Hicks yielded to gavel to Hon. R. E. Prince of Navarro, who will be the next speaker of the house.

Under the report of the committee on rules and order, the report on the committee on platform and resolutions would be the first to be heard. It was announced that this committee would soon be ready to report and the convention would wait.

Cries were immediately set up for R. W. Hall of the Panhandle. That gentleman appeared amid much applause, but soon gave the convention to understand that he was going to steer clear of the Waters-Pierce Oil business.

Mr. Hall also thanked the convention for the vote on the proxy but he said if the Shaw amendment had carried that the entire western country would have been driven to the republican party or turned over to the railroads.

Word then came to the convention hall that the committee on platform and resolutions would not be ready to report until 9 o'clock, when Mr. Ballico moved that the convention reverse the order of things and go into the election of state officers.

resolution on the quarantine was brought up. Dr. J. T. Massey of Houston attempted to speak. He was cried down.

Judge V. W. Grubbs of Hunt attempted to speak and mounted a chair, but there was so much noise that his friends induced him to sit down.

Colonel C. H. Willingham of Runnels county was recognized by the chair. When he appeared the same yells began, but Judge Willingham did not sit down. He stood there and the howling continued.

The hoodlum spirit broke out again when ex-Governor Hogg got up to discuss his amendment. When the big statesman appeared it started up. For the first time no doubt in the life of the gentleman whom Texas has honored so much the convention would not listen to him.

Finally he started, notwithstanding the noise. He began in this way: "You fellows that are trying to cry me down are scoundrels, cowards and the hirelings of corporations. You have not the manhood to stand before me, but you try to cry me down. You are not democrats, but you are damn fools!"

The second scrap on the Waters-Pierce Oil company will not come up, notwithstanding the fact that several thousand people expected that it would. Every delegate to the convention and a large part of the populace of Waco were at the convention the entire day and night with the hope that it would come, but it didn't.

Now, who has won? The people must judge. The fight is not ended, but just where it will bob up in this convention can not be told.

The race for railroad commissioner will no doubt be decided today. The Storey men claimed that they had an inning yesterday when the convention voted down the anti-proxy resolution, but this was no proof.

Many of the strongest counties in the state that are for Curtis voted to admit the proxies. An example of this is Williamson, McLennan, Colorado, Bexar, Harris and others.

There will be a resolution introduced today that all state officers that have no opposition be elected by application. This is going to carry, for the delegates are already growing weary and are anxious to go home, yet the biggest part of the real work of the convention is yet to be done, viz, the adoption of the platform and the nomination of state officers.

The state convention was called to order at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning by Temporary Chairman Hicks. The delay was caused by some hitch in the committee on credentials and they were not ready to report until 10:35 o'clock and when they did they were divided and presented a majority and a minority report.

The minority report was presented by Farmer Bill Shaw and signed by himself and several others. The minority report provided that no proxies of any kind be allowed except the bona fide residents of accredited delegate or delegates.

The delegates became impatient and kept calling for the question while Mr. Hall tried to explain to the convention some of the witticisms of Farmer Shaw. The convention was thrown into a turmoil and refused to come to order and it was with great difficulty that Chairman Hicks finally succeeded in restoring order.

The committee on credentials and basis of representation presents a majority and minority report, said the chairman, "and the question shall we vote on the adoption of the minority report which is offered as an amendment to the majority report."

While the delegates were discussing the matter Judge John H. Reagan moved that the minority report be laid on the table and the roll call was proceeded with. After calling about six counties confusion arose as to ruling of the chair presenting counties affected by decision of the question.

The chair stated that he had not ruled on the question. Some of the delegates stated that he had ruled that counties holding proxies affected would not be permitted to vote. The chair stated he had not and would rule that proxies would be allowed to vote and that the votes could be challenged.

The majority report was then unanimously adopted and the convention adjourned to 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

It was 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon when Chairman Hicks called the convention to order. The chair announced that the committee on permanent organization and order of business was ready to report.

Report of committee on permanent organization and order of business: Hon. Marshall Hicks, temporary chairman democratic state convention: Your committee on permanent organization and order of business beg leave to recommend for permanent chairman of the convention Hon. Robt. E. Prince of Navarro county, for permanent secretary Mark Logan of Hamilton county; assistant secretaries, Homer D. Wade, McLennan county; Geo. M. Scarborough of Jones county, J. S. Henderson of Nueces county, N. W. Mitchell of Lavaca county; Harvey C. Taibott of Navarro county. Sergeant at arms, Tom Bell of Hill county; assistants, Dick Ware of Mitchell county, J. E. Lucy of Travis county, Maurice Coffee of Galveston county, Captain Rogers of State Rangers, Captain Brooks of State Rangers.

Vice presidents of the convention: First district—W. W. West of Bowie. Second—Howard Templeton of Hopkinds. Third—W. A. Bramlette of Fannin.

Fourth—I. M. Standifer of Grayson. Fifth—T. D. Montrose of Hunt. Sixth—Richard Morgan of Dallas. Seventh—Horace Oate of Wood. Eighth—W. J. Graham of Rusk. Ninth—A. B. Watkins of Henderson. Tenth—W. C. Ware of Hill. Eleventh—R. H. Hicks of Milam. Twelfth—J. L. Wortham of Limestone. Thirteenth—S. J. Collins of Houston. Fourteenth—Lee Blanchette of Jefferson. Fifteenth—R. D. Levy of Leon. Sixteenth—S. H. Brashear of Brazoria. Eighteenth—R. H. Harrison of Colorado. Nineteenth—Ed R. Sinks of Lee. Twentieth—Sam Hill of Travis. Twenty-first—Wm. Clemens of Comal. Twenty-second—E. W. Nash of DeWitt. Twenty-third—E. A. Atlee of Webb. Twenty-fourth—A. W. Nowsend of Gillespie. Twenty-fifth—O. E. Ellis of Uvalde. Twenty-sixth—J. R. McGee of Brown. Twenty-seventh—J. C. Frazier of Bosque. Twenty-eighth—W. C. Sebastian of Stephens. Twenty-ninth—R. E. Huff of Wichita. Thirtieth—Geo. Armstrong of Tarrant. Thirty-first—R. H. Hopkins of Denton.

Order of business: First—Report of committee on platform and resolutions. Second—Nomination of state officers in the following order: Governor, lieutenant governor attorney general, commissioner of general land office, comptroller of public accounts, treasurer, superintendent of public instruction, chief justice of the supreme court, associate justice of supreme court, judge of the court of criminal appeals, railroad commissioner. Third—Election of chairman of state executive committee, selection of member of executive committee by senatorial districts. Respectfully submitted, S. J. HENDRICKS, Chairman.

JOE LEE JAMESON, Secretary. Hon. R. E. Prince in accepting the nomination made a short and telling speech in which he condemned the republican party for its attitude towards trusts and its imperialistic policy.

The permanent secretary, Mr. Logan, then assumed the duties of his office. The first act of Permanent Chairman Prince was to ascertain if the committee on platform and resolutions was ready to report.

On motion of Delegate Fields of Hill county a committee of three consisting of W. A. Fields of Hill, Captain Hill of Navarro, J. D. Rudd of Harrison were appointed to learn how soon the committee on platform and resolutions would be ready to report.

In the interim Hon. John H. Reagan was invited to address the convention, which he did. He expressed his well known sentiments on the tariff question. Sergeant at Arms Tom Bell assumed the duties of his position in a neat speech.

The committee appointed to ascertain when the committee on platform and resolution would be ready to report came in and stated it would be 8 o'clock tonight before said committee would be ready.

Hon. R. W. Hall of Vernon was called and delivered one of his characteristic speeches which abounded in humor. Delegate F. B. Ballico of Johnson county moved that the order of business be transposed and that the convention proceed to the nomination of state officers.

This motion was opposed to a certain extent, but it was evident that the convention was becoming impatient and the chair stated that if a majority of the convention want it, then he shall abide by their wishes.

The point was raised that the rules could not be suspended until they give one day's notice. The chair stated that the convention was a law unto itself and could do as it pleased in the matter.

The previous question was moved and the matter to decide the question the roll was called and resulted in the convention transposing the order of business by a vote of 530 to 441. Delegate Will Wear of Hill county made a point of order that it required a two-thirds vote.

After a useless expenditure of time the convention adjourned until 8 o'clock last night.

NIGHT SESSION. The convention was called to order last night at 8:20 o'clock by Chairman Prince. A few minutes later Chairman Prince announced that the committee was ready to report.

Chairman Cecil Smith of the committee then advanced to the stage and stated that the committee had discussed at great length and were almost unanimously in favor of the adoption of the committee's report which was accompanied by a unanimity report. The majority report is as follows: STATE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

I. Recognizing that the American people are now confronted by issues the decision of which will mark an era in the life of our republic, the democracy of Texas, in convention assembled, desires to emphasize its endorsement of the platform of the party set forth by the Kansas City convention as being wise, patriotic and expedient, and as presenting a righteous solution of the great questions involved, and invites the co-operation of all classes of our citizenship in maintaining the fundamental principles of government as announced therein.

II. We congratulate our people upon the nomination by our party of a man for president whose splendid statesmanship knows no section and whose lofty patriotism has elevated American manhood, and we pledge to the democracy of the nation fifteen electoral votes for William J. Bryan and Adlai E. Stevenson.

III. We especially commend the manner of their selection as voicing the spontaneous will of a free people uncontrolled by the whip of a party boss and uninfluenced by organized greed.

IV. Believing that United States senators ought to be elected by a direct vote of the people we instruct our delegation in congress to work for the submission of a constitutional amendment having this end in view.

V. Recognizing that Texas is the natural gateway for the commerce of the trans-Mississippi states, we commend our senators and members of congress for their earnest efforts toward obtaining federal aid in deepening our harbors and improving our waterways, and we urge them to use all honorable means to further these enterprises.

VI. In the confident expectation that the ownership, construction and control of the Nicaraguan canal by the United States government would be of great, substantial and permanent benefit, not only to the entire country, but to Texas especially, our senators and representatives in congress are requested to give their earnest and active support to such legislation as will accomplish the purpose.

VII. We indorse and commend the admiration of Governor Sayers as being wise, patriotic and economical, and we especially approve of the enlargement and the maintenance of the state eleemosynary institutions, putting them in the highest degree of efficiency, and enable them to properly and promptly meet every demand; the successful management of the penal institutions; the reduction of taxation to the lowest rate of any state in the Union save one; the energetic enforcement of the criminal laws, giving protection to life and property without regard to race or condition; the making of needed reforms in the method of purchasing supplies for the state institutions; the inhibition upon counties, cities and towns to issue bonds without authority from a direct vote of the people, and the requirement upon the part of the treasurers of counties, cities and towns to make annual reports of all bonded indebtedness and of the disposition of the sinking funds; the honest effort to equalize taxation; the enactment of a law making rebating and discriminating by railroads a felony, thereby stopping the pernicious practice for the first time in the history of any American commonwealth; the quieting of land titles and providing for the issuance of patents to homestead locations and pre-emptions; the settlement of the deficiency due the permanent school fund, and the large increase in the available fund through the recoveries of monies due for past illegal occupancy of the school lands and also through the lease of additional lands; the present cash balance in the treasury, for general revenue purposes of \$1,215,000, notwithstanding the heavy and much needed appropriations by the Twenty-sixth legislature for the betterment of the eleemosynary institutions and of the Agricultural and Mechanical college, and for the construction of an epileptic asylum, and for the payment of ex-confederate pensions; the enactment and enforcement of an anti-trust law; the building of cotton factories, resulting in the incorporation, within the present year of ten companies having a total capital stock of \$950,000, which means an uplifting of the price of this commodity and the general improvement of the condition of the agricultural and laboring population; the encouragement given to every form of industrial enterprises evidenced by the inauguration of enterprises of many kinds, the construction of 146 miles of railroad during the first half of the present year and the general development of our commercial institutions.

VIII. Recognizing the existence of gross inequalities in our present tax system, we favor such legislation as will equalize taxation without increasing its burden, and also secure the complete rendition for taxation of all property of whatsoever description except such as may be exempted by the constitution, and the prompt and certain payment of all taxes imposed thereon—to the end that every individual and every interest may be compelled to contribute in just proportion to the support of the government.

IX. The educational system of our state, conceived by the fathers of the republic and fostered by democratic statesmen, has become the just pride of our people, and we pledge our continued efforts to strengthen and maintain it in all of its branches, and to keep it clear from partisan politics. To this end we favor the submission by the legislature of a constitutional amendment, looking to the election of school trustees and appointment of the members of the governing boards of the higher institutions of learning for a term of six years, as contemplated by the law and practiced by each administration until declared unconstitutional by a recent decision of the supreme court. Feeling a just pride in the increased usefulness of the University of Texas, the Agricultural and

Mechanical college, including its branch, the Prairie View normal, and other educational institutions, we favor such liberal appropriations by the legislature for their support and maintenance as will secure their greater efficiency and advancement.

X. Believing that the free pass system is hurtful to the best interests of the masses we demand that the democratic members of the next legislature enact a law prohibiting railroads from giving free transportation except to sheriffs, constables, marshals and their deputies, or persons in the employ of a railroad, and their immediate families; and we further demand a reduction in passenger fares corresponding to any increase in passenger earnings by reason of the discontinuance of the free pass system.

XI. We favor the enactment of a law prohibiting the operation of double header trains, that is, two or more locomotives on one train over any line of railway in this state, except on divisions where heavy grades necessitate the use of two or more locomotives to handle a reasonable number of cars.

XII. We demand that the next legislature pass a law whereby the hiring of any person to work or electioneer in the interest of any candidate seeking a nomination at any primary election held by authority of any political authority shall be absolutely prohibited; and that such law require that each candidate at a primary election file with some proper officer, within a given time after such primary election, an itemized statement on oath, showing a complete account of all his expenses connected with his candidacy, and that a violation of such law be punished by such penalty as will secure the enforcement thereof.

XIII. We renew our endorsement of the principles of reform in official fees, but recommend such changes in the present law as will correct inequalities in the present law as will correct any inequalities of compensation for services that experience may demonstrate to be necessary, a reasonable maximum to be fixed where not now provided.

XIV. We favor the establishment by the state of an industrial school for girls.

XV. We demand a law limiting the hours of daily service of laborers, workmen and mechanics employed upon public works, or work done for the state of Texas to eight hours a day.

XVI. We favor a law creating a state board of arbitration or conciliation vested with power to settle differences between corporations and their employes.

XVII. We recommend the enactment of a law defining civil libel that will be fair and just both to the public and the press.

XVIII. We pledge to the people an honest economical and efficient administration of the public service in all of its branches.

Mr. Smith of Grayson then presented a resolution recommended by the committee which was as follows:

Resolved, That whereas there is great difficulty in determining as to the liability for expenses incurred in quarantine regulation instituted for the contest of contagious diseases. Therefore we recommend the next legislature pass a law more fully defining the duties and liabilities of municipal and county governments thereto.

The resolution was opposed by Dr. J. B. Massie of Houston. The convention would not listen to him and he was compelled to sit down and the band played.

After considerable difficulty Dr. Massie moved to table the resolution.

Delegate Grubbs of Hunt wanted to know what would be accomplished by the adoption of the resolution. He was greeted by cries of sit down; and the convention was in an uproar.

After some filibustering the resolution was adopted.

Just prior to the adoption of the resolution C. H. Wellingham of Runnels county tried to address the convention against the resolution and he hooted down.

Disorder and confusion now reigned supreme and it took 15 minutes to restore order.

When order was finally restored Smith of Grayson questioned the following resolution which had been recommended by the committee and moved its adoption:

Resolved, That the democracy of Texas favor uniform primary elections and conventions as the best method of securing a fair and unbiased expression from democratic voters in the selection of candidates for state offices. The state executive committee is hereby directed to order primary elections or conventions as the several counties may elect to be held upon the same day throughout the state for the selection of candidates for state offices and provide that the vote of no county shall be received or counted in determining the result of such primary election or convention where the election or convention has not been held in such county upon the day ordered by the executive committee.

CECIL SMITH, Chairman. Smith then offered the following resolution which was adopted:

Resolved, That the democratic party is unalterably opposed to the use of money by corporations in either primary or general election or to their contribution of funds for such purpose and demand the enactment of such a stringent law as will absolutely prohibit their use of money or contribution of funds for such purpose.

Mr. Smith presented the minority report of the committee favoring the adoption of the Governor Hogg's constitutional amendments.

At this point the trouble arose.

Mr. Smith of Grayson moved that each side of those favoring and against the amendment be allowed one hour and a quarter to discuss the amendments. The convention declined to grant the time and Governor Hogg attempted to speak anyway, but for the first time in his political life he was hooted down and not permitted to proceed in his discussion.

The motion to allow time was withdrawn and Governor Hogg became angry and the convention was in a tumult during which two delegates from Tarrant became involved in a personal encounter and the convention was turned into a wild mob.

Governor Hogg was not to be out done and he finally got the ear of the

convention and proceeded to explain his constitutional amendments.

He spoke for some time, after which Hon. Tom Ball of Huntsville spoke against the amendments. On the amendment providing for the abolishment of lobbies at Austin, Mr. Ball stated that no amount of undue influence could be brought to bear on the law makers to change this vote, not even the influence of the big ex-governor. Mr. Ball stated that he was against the amendments because they were unwise and unnecessary, unjust and illegal and against the sound public policy.

He was followed by Odell who opposed the amendment. Gov. Hogg rejoined and when he concluded the question recurred on the majority and minority reports which are the same with the exception that the minority report is for the amendment of ex-Gov. Hogg.

Mr. Smith of Grayson moved the adoption of the majority report. A substitute prevailed that the minority report substituted for the majority report which carried by a vote of 550 1-4 to 401 3-4.

The majority report was then adopted with the Hogg substitute recommending the amendment. Adjourned at 1:50 a. m. to 10 tomorrow.



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

**GREAT AGNOSTIC GONE**

**COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL YESTERDAY BREATHED HIS LAST AT HIS HOME ON HUDSON.**

**ARRESTED BY DEATH ANGEL**

**END WAS VERY SUDDEN—SMITTEN WHILE SITTING IN A CHAIR. HIS LAST WORDS.**

**RENOWNED AS A BRILLIANT ORATOR**

**His Death Was Exactly as He Had Wished It to Be—A Sketch of His Career.**

New York, July 21.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll died at his home, Walston-on-Hudson, near Dobbs Ferry, to-day. His death was sudden and unexpected and resulted from

the heart disease from which he has suffered since 1896. In that year, during the republican national convention, he was taken ill and had to return home. He never fully recovered from the attack of heart disease and was under the care of physicians constantly.

For the last three days Mr. Ingersoll has not been feeling well. Last night he was in better health and spent a portion of the evening playing billiards with Walston H. Brown, his son-in-law, and C. P. Farrell, his brother-in-law and private secretary. He seemed to be in better health and spirits when he retired than he had been for several days.

This morning he rose at the usual hour and joined the family at breakfast. He then said he had spent a bad night, but felt better. He had been suffering from abdominal pains and tightness about the chest. He did not think his condition at all dangerous. After breakfast he telephoned to Dr. Smith, his physician, who is at Bellevue, and told him of his experience during the night. Dr. Smith told him, he said, to continue the use of nitro-glycerine, and that he would see him during the day. Col. Ingersoll spent the morning swinging in a hammock and sitting on the veranda with the members of his family. He said he was better and had no pain. At 12:30 he started to go upstairs.

On reaching the head of the stairs Col. Ingersoll turned into his wife's room. Mrs. Ingersoll was there and together they discussed what they would have for luncheon, and Col. Ingersoll said he had better not eat owing to the trouble with his stomach. He seemed in good spirits then. After talk-

ing for a few minutes Col. Ingersoll crossed the room and sat down in a rocking chair. He leaned his head upon his hand, which rested on the back of the chair. Mrs. Ingersoll asked him how he was feeling and he replied: "Oh, better."

These were his last words. A second after they were uttered he was dead. The only sign noticed by Mrs. Ingersoll was that the whites of his eyes suddenly showed. There was not even a sigh or groan as death came. Doctors were hastily called, but their verdict was that death had come instantly.

No arrangements have been yet made for the funeral, but it will probably take place on Monday at the house and the interment will be in Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Tarrytown. Those present in the house at the time of his death were his daughter, Miss Maud Ingersoll; his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Brown; Mr. Brown, Mrs. D. W. Parker, mother of Mrs. Ingersoll, and Mrs. C. P. Farrell and daughter. Mrs. Ingersoll was the only person in the room with him when he died.

Death came to him as he had recently expressed a desire that it should. He often, in old times, said he wished to die slowly with a full consciousness, so he might tell those about him how it felt. Recently he expressed a change of desire—to die painlessly and without warning.

**Caused Profound Sorrow.**

Peoria, Ill., July 21.—The death of Robert Ingersoll was received here with profound sorrow. His early life was spent in this county and it was here that he established

his reputation as a public man. Immediately on the receipt of the news of Col. Ingersoll's death the flag on the courthouse was flung at half-mast and arrangements were started for the holding of a memorial meeting.

Rev. John Ingersoll, father of the deceased, died in Peoria May 5, 1859, and his body was laid to rest in Springdale cemetery here. It is expected by his relatives in this city that the interment will be in the family lot in this county.

**Sketch of His Career.**

New York, July 21.—Robert Green Ingersoll was born in Dresden, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1833. His father was a Congregational clergyman of such broad views as frequently to cause dissension between himself and his parish. The son's boyhood was spent in Wisconsin and Illinois, where the family removed in 1843. After studying law he opened an office in Shawneetown, Ill., with his brother, Eben, who was subsequently a member of congress. Both engaged in politics, but the surroundings were uncongenial, and in 1857 they removed to Peoria. In 1860 Robert was a democratic candidate for congress, but was defeated. In 1862 he became colonel of the eleventh Illinois cavalry, and a year and a half later united with the republican party. In 1866 he was appointed attorney general for Illinois. At the national republican convention of 1876 he proposed the name of James G. Blaine for the presidential nomination in a speech that attracted much attention. From that time his services as a campaign orator have been in demand throughout the country. In 1877 he refused the post of minister to Germany. He has taken part in numerous noted lawsuits in all parts of the country, and was counsel for the so-called star route conspirators, whose trial ended in acquittal in 1883. He is well known by his books, pamphlets and speeches directed against the Christian religion. He has published "The Gods" (Washington, 1873); "Ghosts" (1876); "Some

Mistakes of Moses" (1879); "Lectures Complete" (1883); "Frost Poems and Selections" (1884); a large number of minor works, and introductory chapters for two books entitled "Modern Thinkers," compiled by Van Buren Denslow (Chicago, 1881), and "The Brain and the Bible," by Edgar C. Beall (Cincinnati, 1882).

**COL. INGERSOLL'S SUDDEN DEATH**

**THE GREAT AGNOSTIC WHO HURLED HIS DEFY AT THEOLOGY AND DENOUNCED SUPERSTITION.**

**WITH POWERFUL ELOQUENCE**

**Is Suddenly Called—"Whither"—Died With a Pleasant Word to His Wife on His Lips.**

New York, July 21.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll died at his home, Walston-on-Hudson, near Dobbs Ferry, today. His death was sudden and unexpected and resulted from heart disease from which he suffered since 1896. In that year during the republican national convention he was taken ill and had to return home. He never fully recovered from the attack of heart disease and was under the care of physicians constantly.

For the last three days Mr. Ingersoll has not been feeling well. Last night he was in better health and spent a portion of the evening playing billiards with Walston H. Brown, his son-in-law, and C. P. Farrell, his brother-in-law and private secretary. He seemed to be in better health and spirits when he retired than he had been for several days. This morning he rose at the usual hour and joined the family at breakfast. He then said he had spent a bad night, but felt better. He had been suffering from abdominal pains and tightness about the chest. He did not think his condition at all dangerous. After breakfast he telephoned to Dr. Smith, his physician, who is at Bellevue, and told him of his experience during the night. Dr. Smith told him, he said, to continue the use of nitro-glycerine and that he would see him during the day. Colonel Ingersoll spent the morning swinging in a hammock and sitting on the veranda with the members of the family. He said he was better and had no pain. At 12:30 he started to go up-stairs.

On reaching the head of the stairs Colonel Ingersoll turned into his wife's room. Mrs. Ingersoll was there and together they discussed what they would have for luncheon, and Colonel Ingersoll said he had better not eat, owing to the trouble with his stomach. He seemed in good spirits then. After talking for a few minutes, Colonel Ingersoll crossed the room and sat down in a rocking chair. He leaned his head upon his hand which rested on the back of a chair. Mrs. Ingersoll asked him how he was feeling and he replied: "Oh, better."

These were his last words. A second after they were uttered he was dead. The only sign noticed by Mrs. Ingersoll was that the whites of his eyes suddenly showed. There was not even a sigh or groan as death came. Doctors were hastily called, but their verdict was that death had come instantly.

No arrangements have been yet made for the funeral, but it will probably take place on Monday at the house and the interment will be in Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Tarrytown. Those present in the house at the time of death were his daughters, Miss Maud Ingersoll and Mrs. W. H. Brown, Mr. Brown, Mrs. D. W. Parker, mother of Mrs. Ingersoll, and Mrs. C. P. Farrell and daughter. Mrs. Ingersoll was the only person in the room with him when he died. Death came to him as he had recently expressed a desire that it should. He often, in old times, said he wished to die slowly, with a full consciousness so he might tell those about him how it felt. Recently he expressed a change of desire to die painlessly and without warning.

col there were miss... ingersoll, Mrs. Ingersoll, into peripatetic habits, usual, when Robert





# ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL DIED ALMOST A POOR MAN.

No Will Has Been Found and There Is Practically Nothing but the Insurance on His Life.

HE SPENT \$50,000 A YEAR.

Mailed a Check to the Equitable for Life Insurance on the Day He Died for Premium Not Yet Due.

FUNERAL PUT OFF TILL TUESDAY.

Hundreds of Messages of Love and Sympathy from All Over the World.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll died a comparatively poor man. There is, it is said, an insurance of \$100,000 on his life, that is all. Yet the great agnostic made from \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year every year since the war. But what he didn't spend on his family he gave away.

He had a moderate account at the Bank of New Amsterdam, in this city. He owned no real estate. If he left a will it cannot be found, though, of course, after the family recovers from the awful shock of his death the missing document, if there is one, may be found.

"I don't think the Colonel left a will," said his brother-in-law and private secretary, C. P. Farrell, at the Dobbs Ferry home yesterday. "If he did I don't know of it. Col. Ingersoll died poor. He was a great money-earner, but a poor money-saver. For years and years, perhaps thirty years, his income was immense. I can't recall any lawyer who is his equal at earning money. Others have made larger fees at times, but no lawyer's fees that I know of have run so high in the general average.

"He has not left any estate worth speaking of. His life was insured for his wife. Others have had the benefit of all that he earned in the law and in lecturing. What he did not spend on his loved ones he gave away in charity."

**Knew Death Was Imminent.**

It needed not Mr. Farrell's word to prove Col. Ingersoll's constant thoughtfulness for his family. He knew he was ill—worse than he told a soul. He feared the worst. His physician, Dr. A. Alexander Smith, had told him that his trouble, angina pectoris, might carry him off at any moment. So he made all the provision he could in the short time that was vouchsafed to him.

A check received at the office of the Equitable Life Assurance Society's office yesterday proved that. It must have been mailed the day before from Dobbs Ferry. It was dated ahead, and was for \$56.49, the amount of the premium on a \$5,000 policy due Aug. 4. This showed Col. Ingersoll felt that the end might be near. The check was on the Bank of New Amsterdam. It is likely the widow will receive the insurance on her husband's life before it is legally due.

The check sent by Col. Ingersoll will never be paid. It is a rule of New York banks not to cash any check of an individual depositor after his death.

**A Grief-Stricken Household.**

The great house at Dobbs Ferry, Wall-ston, was a stricken home yesterday. Upstairs lay the head of the household smiling in death as he had in life. The body had been embalmed and lay on the bed where it had been tenderly lifted five minutes after Col. Ingersoll passed away. So grief-stricken were the widow and her two daughters, Mrs. Walston H. Brown and Miss Marie Ingersoll, that no arrangements could be made for the funeral.

In their awful affliction the woman in them had triumphed over their brave disbelief of many years. It was one thing when he was hearty and in the flesh; another when he lay before them, silent and cold.

All day on the bed beside the body sat the widow, fanning the face of the dead. The two daughters were there, too, holding their father's cold hands. All their bravery was gone now. All they knew was that their loved one was gone; they could not give him up.

At nightfall all three were utterly exhausted. It was necessary to summon a physician. They were semi-hysterical and stony-eyed. No one could touch the cold body but they. The tears could no longer flow, but there they watched, comfortless and alone. Love, for once, had conquered reason as they saw it.

**Funeral on Tuesday.**

They could not let him go forever so soon. Monday had been settled on for the funeral by the male members of the family, but now and daughters forbade it. So it will be Tuesday now. It will be a private funeral. No one will be invited but those nearest and dearest to the dead. It will be held at the home, in Dobbs Ferry—the beautiful country spot overlooking the mighty Hudson that Col. Ingersoll loved so well.

It will be a secular funeral. Yesterday there came many offers from musicians of note to bring their orchestras and play the last sad strains, but the family declined them all. There will be no music; perhaps not even an address. No singing, no prayers; nothing but a last leave-taking by those who loved him in life.

It is possible that Col. Ingersoll's body may be cremated. He preferred that in life himself and his wish may be followed. But the widow, when she can, will have all to say.

"We can do nothing about the arrangements," said Mr. Farrell, "till Mrs. Ingersoll is able to say what she wishes done. The Colonel often told me that he preferred cremation as the most sanitary and satisfactory way of disposing of the

dead. But he also told me that he didn't believe he could bring himself to cremate one of his own loved ones if he survived, though he knew it to be the rational way.

**Pall-Bearers Not Chosen.**

"He told me, too, that for himself he cared nothing after he was dead. His family, he felt, could do as they pleased. For that reason I can't say now what will be done. At any rate, the interment will be in Woodlawn or in Sleepy Hollow, the beautiful spot he loved so well. We have done nothing about the last arrangements, though—even the pall-bearers have not been selected."

There were many callers yesterday—Gen. Samuel Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, Major and Mrs. Smith, Frank L. Montague, President Elchorn, of the village, and all the neighbors, with cards and words of sympathy for the household.

John Brisben Walker had called the night before. His trap rattled up before the door and he jumped out with a smile on his face. Mr. Farrell met him.

"Perhaps you've forgotten me, sir," the visitor laughed. "I'm Mr. Walker. Is the Colonel in?"

For a moment Mr. Farrell stood silent. Then he spoke.

"My God, Mr. Walker, the Colonel is dead," he said.

Mr. Walker was utterly taken aback. He had not heard the news, because he had been to town, and he had not seen the late editions of the New York evening papers. He went away at once, after confiding a message of sympathy for the stricken ones upstairs.

Besides the callers with their messages of sympathy 200 telegrams were received from all over the world. Some were from unknown persons who had known Col. Ingersoll and loved him; others were from those highest in the land. Here are some of them, all addressed to Mrs. Ingersoll:

We all send heartfelt sympathy. I am glad he lives. I know he is living now.  
MINOT J. SAVAGE.  
(Pastor Church of the Messiah.)

Lowell, Mass.  
Please accept my deep sympathy in your bereavement. All who knew your husband saw in him a philanthropy broader and better than creeds and an honesty and honor equalled only by his fearlessness in the expression of his belief.  
S. V. WHITE.  
All our family unite in profound and loving sympathy. Millions mourn with you in your great bereavement.  
EUGENE V. DEBS.  
We all grieve with you in your irreparable loss.  
CLARK E. CARR.  
(Ex-Minister to Denmark.)

Galesburg, Ill.  
We tender you our most heartfelt sympathy in this hour of great bereavement.  
A. M. PALMER.  
Stamford, Conn.  
It is with sincere regret that we learn of your husband's sudden end. We all sympathize with yourself and family in your sad bereavement.  
JOHN W. MACKAY.  
With all my heart I condole with you, and a flood of tender recollections fills my mind connected with your husband's lovable nature when we were men together in Illinois.  
WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG.  
(United States Senator.)

Washington.  
My heartfelt sympathy is with you all.  
A. MORRIS BAGBY.  
You and yours have the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. King and myself in your bereavement.  
WILLIAM F. KING.  
(President Merchants' Association.)  
Am overwhelmed with your loss. Our greatest sympathy with the family.  
WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.  
Saugatuck, Conn.  
Your grief is as boundless as civilization, and supported by infinite sympathy.  
RAYMOND S. PERRIN.  
My heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement.  
ALEXANDER LAMBERT.  
Lake Hopatcong  
My profoundest sympathy is with you all.  
JOSEPH HAWORTH.  
Accept my deepest sympathy. The greatest and best of earth has gone.  
Chicago.  
FRANK GILBERT.  
We tender our sympathy in your deep affliction.  
HARRY KELLAR.  
Paris.  
You have my deepest sympathy.  
JOHN WARNER (Mayor).  
Peoria, Ill.  
Am deeply pained to hear of your great loss and sorrow. Be assured you and your family have the sincere sympathy of our entire family.  
STEPHEN B. ELKINS.  
We are all very sad over the death of our old friend. Can I be of any service in arranging trains for the funeral? Pray, command me if in any way I can serve you.  
S. R. CALLAWAY.  
(President New York Central.)  
Spring Lake, N. J.  
Myself and family are profoundly grieved over the awful blow which has fallen upon you and your family. We offer you our tenderest and heartfelt sympathy.  
JOHN F. DILLON.  
Be careful be the slumber of the great warrior. Our thoughts are for you.  
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.  
Words cannot express our sorrow and our sympathy.  
HARRISON and MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.  
You all have the sincere sympathy of mother and myself.  
OTTO GRESHAM.  
I have read with emotion of the death of your brave, good husband, my generous friend. Receive assurance of my profound sympathy for the bereaved children and yourself.  
MIRAT HALSTEAD.  
Words are weak, but you know we all loved him and we mourn with you.  
ALICE FRENCH.  
(Octave Thanet).  
Send heartfelt and deep sympathy. My family will grieve with me in hearing of your irreparable loss. Strength to you and yours.  
OSWALD G. VILLARD.  
(Son of Henry Villard.)  
Words fail to express my deep sympathy for you all and my own sense of loss in the world's loss of such a noble man.  
GAMALIEL C. ST. JOHN.

**CLERGYMEN ON INGERSOLL.**

(By Telegram to the Editor of The World.)

WATCH HILL, R. I., July 22.—Of Mr. Ingersoll as a lawyer and politician I have nothing to say. Of course, the only reason why you have asked a clergyman to express an estimate of his life is because that life has concerned itself to some extent with religious questions. He himself deemed religious dogma to be mischievous absurdity. No man in our day has attacked it so venomously and persistently.

**This pertinacity was due to the fact**

that he was a born dogmatist himself. No man ever had the "theological temper" more conspicuously developed. He had a theory of life, death and futurity of his own to which his conception of Christianity opposed itself. But then the "Christianity" which he attacked so ferociously was not Christianity at all. More is the pity; it was that of the sect in which he had been born and reared and had suffered soul torture. Of historical and Catholic Christianity he was absolutely ignorant. He had a superficial acquaintance with the Bible and with popular beliefs. These were his stock in trade.

In the overthrow of popular religious mistakes he has been one of the most potent influences. In this destructive process he displayed little depth, dignity or earnestness of motive. In doing so also he "offended the little ones." He mowed down briars and vines alike in his blind zeal. But it may very well be that the soil will in the future produce a more wholesome crop of religious belief because of his coarse work. Personally he is said to have been a good man. We may well leave him to his future, remembering that "a man is judged not according to that which he hath not, but according to that which he hath."

S. D. MCCONNELL,  
Rector of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn.

**Not Unaffected by the Influence of Christian Civilization.**

(By Telegram to the Editor of The World.)

EDGEMERE, N. Y., July 22.—Col. Ingersoll was the best-known American infidel of this generation. Atheist though he seems to have been, he was not unaffected by the influence of Christian civilization, and glad recognition should be accorded to his personal liberty and the attractiveness of his home life. Neither scholar nor philosopher he still possessed brilliant talents and was an accomplished orator. Although his tirades against the Christian religion were borrowed from others, he cleverly presented his dreadful cause with all the might of his manifold gifts. In fighting the noblest programme of belief and conduct he must have discovered that he did not make much headway. In his public career as a writer and lecturer he is justly supposed to have done more harm than good, and the harm, serious as it is, has been vastly exaggerated.

HENRY C. SEWENTZEL,  
Minister of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Clinton avenue, Brooklyn.

## AGNOSTIC'S VIEWS OF DEATH.

It Is Not All Evil, He Told a Friend, but Sweeps the Finest Chords of the Human Soul.

"What do you think of Death?"

The question was put to Col. Ingersoll by an old friend, as he sat in his easy armchair on the broad veranda of his home at Dobbs Ferry on a recent afternoon.

"What do I think of Death?" he echoed. "Why, my first thought is like yours, no doubt, like every man's who has looked into an open grave, where he has just put a beloved son or daughter, or friend—I would like to abolish it."

The great agnostic paused and his eyes rested for a few moments, thoughtfully, on the beautiful valley below.

Then he continued:

"But my second thought about Death is different. If you and I could abolish it would we not lose more than we should gain? Imagine us all living on and on, and never dying, never having to say the last 'Farewell,' never knowing the pain of parting. I fear that we should become too satisfied with ourselves; too selfish. With nothing before us but the prospect of happiness and pleasure, to which the years would bring neither interruption nor end, we should surely lose the strongest stimulant to our higher affections. Death is not all evil. It sweeps the finest chords of that wonderful harp which we call the human soul as nothing else could do. There are two great master musicians that play upon our hearts—Love and Death. And I look at Death as the greater of the two. If there were no Death in the world there would be no Love."

"Death is the sternest, coldest, most pitiless fact in human experience. It is the great, hard rock of universal pain and sorrow. But around it, growing out of it, and, as it seems, depending upon it for their very existence, are the tenderest, sweetest and grandest emotions of which our hearts are capable spring into being. Just as the tendrils of the loveliest ivy vines fasten their gentle fingers clinging to the face of the rudest and hardest granite boulders, so Love's tendrils reach out and cling with eternal tenacity to the face of Death."

## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Peoria, Ill., July 24.—Memorial services to the memory of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who was for many years a prominent resident of Peoria, were held in the tabernacle here yesterday afternoon. Over 500 of the dead orator's old-time friends were in attendance, quite a number being members of his old regiment, the Eleventh Illinois cavalry, of which he was colonel, from out of the city. Addresses were delivered by about twenty of his old associates, neighbors, comrades and friends, and lengthy resolutions, lauding his works of charity and his courage in upholding his belief concerning freedom of thought and speech on all questions, and extending sympathy to his bereaved family, were adopted by a rising vote. A movement toward the erection of a monument to his memory in Glen Oak park in this city by popular subscription was inaugurated by the appointment of a committee of fifteen, to be known as the Ingersoll memorial committee, to take charge of the soliciting of funds and the erection of a suitable monument.

# ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL, PRINCE OF ORATORS, IS DEAD

The Brilliant, Witty Agnostic Dies Suddenly of Heart Disease—His Great Speeches, His Beliefs and His Hope, His Loving Kindness and Honesty.



THE FAMOUS AGNOSTIC.

There are no records, however complete, that can fully encompass the bewildering phases of Ingersoll's character. Publicly, he appears in individual greatness, renowned for his agnostical dogma, his novel intelligence, his shrewdness, wit and toleration. In all this he was well known. But it was only one side of his character. There was the other—the hidden side. No one knows the multitude of his kindly acts, his silent charities or of the aid and advice he gave to all that sought for it. These he regarded as confidences, and even his family and intimates heard little of them.

There is little wonder that those who decried his views should love and honor him. Although his prevailing idea was constantly advanced, it was with a sense that every man is entitled to his own views. Ingersoll never forced his opinions upon his associates; if they chose to listen to him he would illustrate his mind for the matter. Otherwise he was silent. Bigoted effrontery was not a part of his method.

*Robert G. Ingersoll*

**A CHARACTERISTIC MOTTO OF COL. INGERSOLL.**

The above is a fac-simile of one of the great agnostic's contributions to "The Examiner." Robert G. Ingersoll was asked in the latter part of 1892 by "The Examiner" representative in New York for a "watchword or motto for the American people." The Colonel tore off a piece of legal cap, and after a moment's hesitancy quickly wrote, "Liberty—R. G. Ingersoll."

**NEW YORK, July 21.**—Robert G. Ingersoll died suddenly of heart disease at his summer home at Dobbs Ferry to-day.

He died without an instant's warning and with an unspoken word on his lips. He had frequently expressed a wish to die slowly. He said he wanted, with un-

paired faculties, to watch the approach of oncoming death. He wanted to observe its manifestations, its feelings; he wanted to see its hidden sights, its inward eye any signs were shown.

He died without a word. He was smiling as he died. Since 1896, when he was attacked by heart trouble, while in the West, he had not been entirely well, and from time to time had received medical treatment. On Wednesday, when he left his New York offices for Dobbs Ferry, he was feeling indisposed, but paid no attention to it. He was in particularly cheerful spirits on Thursday night. He played billiards until nearly 12 o'clock. He talked. He told stories. He was unreservedly happy.

In the night he had an attack of nausea, and was ill for an hour or so. After that he dropped off into uneasy slumber, and did not wake till nearly 10 o'clock; then he dressed and went down stairs.

His niece, Eva Farrell, first greeted him. "I hear you have had a bad night, Uncle Robert," she said.

"Oh, it was nothing of any consequence," he replied cheerfully, and went into the dining-room. He swallowed a cup of coffee but ate nothing. He then went out upon the big porch, spoke to other members of the family, sat down and read his morning mail and then remarked that he felt a severe pain in his chest.

He called up on his house telephone his physician, Dr. A. A. Smith, who is spending the summer at Greenwich, and told him of







Chaprooms under the auspices of the Dallas Free Thought Association, numerically very large body. The meeting was attended by several hundred residents of Dallas. Among them some of the most prominent men of the city.

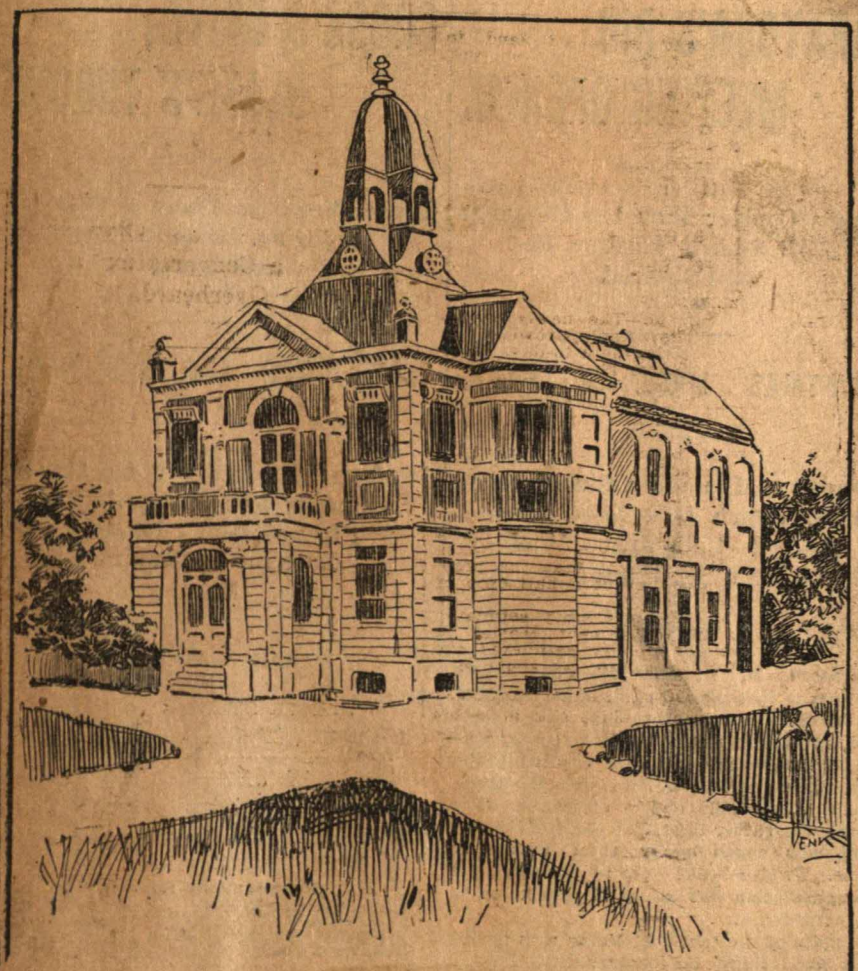
The following paper was adopted, after numerous short addresses had been made: "We, the Free Thinkers of Dallas, Tex., being advised of the death of that noble champion of human liberty, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in mass meeting assembled, do hereby express our profound regret at the loss sustained by the world in the death of this man, the foremost thinker and bravest champion of human rights of the Nineteenth Century, and we extend to his family our deepest sympathy in this hour of their bereavement. And we pledge ourselves each and all to take up the burden where he laid it down and carry it to the goal to which he struggled, perfect and absolute "Liberty for man, woman and child."

**INGERSOLL AT MOUNT VERNON.**  
An Omniverous Reader and Fairly Successful Teacher.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Mount Vernon, Ill., July 22.—Robert G. Ingersoll at one time lived here. He taught school for two years. From old citizens who remember him it is learned that he was an omniverous reader, a fairly successful teacher and very popular with his pupils. His father was a minister and frequently preached here. Ingersoll's father, when a widower, married Miss Willard, who taught a private school here at the time. The marriage was not a happy one, it is said, and about a year after it took place the Reverend Mr. Ingersoll left his wife, much to the annoyance and chagrin of his family. This fact is believed to have had much to do in making young Ingersoll an agnostic and turning him against the Christian religion.

Some time after Ingersoll, Sr., left his wife, she died at Alton, it is said, in extreme poverty.

**THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1899**



WHERE ROBERT INGERSOLL'S BODY WILL BE CREMATED.

**ONE CLERGYMAN DEFENDS INGERSOLL.**

Rev. Minot J. Savage Says That Agnosticism Is Better Than Some Creeds.

**POINTS SPECIALLY TO TWO.**

This Minister Would Rather Find His End in Dust Than That Any One Should Be Eternally Punished.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Boston, July 26.—The Reverend Minot J. Savage, now at his summer home in Billerica Centre, Mass., says in an interview regarding Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll: "I believe that Ingersoll was as honest a man in his religious opinions as ever lived. I do not think it is fair to refer to him as either an atheist or an unbeliever in the future life. My point is that he was not dogmatic in those directions so much as what is properly called agnostic. He said, 'I do not know,' and the God he denounced and so loudly proclaimed he did not believe in was the God of the popular creeds.

"The Presbyterian confession of faith teaches the damnation of non-elect infants, and the Episcopal prayer book teaches, early, by implication, the damnation of baptized infants. As against the kind of

God who is represented in such creeds Ingersoll's position is unassailable, and I will say frankly, if I had my choice between the agnosticism of Ingersoll and a belief in any of the old Calvinistic creeds, I would side with Ingersoll every time. I would a great deal rather die and go to dust, and that be the end of me, than to take any heaven that the old creeds offer me at the price of an endless hell for the meanest man that ever lived.

"Ingersoll would have been glad enough to have believed in a future life, and one of the last things that he ever wrote—it was in the form of a poem—was a summing up of his creed, and in the main (of course, on the humanitarian side) it is one of the grandest, sweetest things I ever read.

"One expression of his that I remember hits off his attitude toward the future. He said that in view of a belief like that, every funeral would be a harvest home."

**CREMATION TO-DAY.**  
Mrs. Ingersoll Urged to Remain at Home.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, July 26.—Final arrangements have been made for the cremation of the body of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll tomorrow. A special train bearing the funeral party will leave Dobbs Ferry at half past 9 o'clock in the morning. The body will be taken to the crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I.

Besides the members of the household at Walston, the following persons will be admitted to the columbarium: Herbert Brown, Clarence Brown, John Hazeltine and Frederic C. Penfield, former United States Consul at Cairo. There will be no music and no pallbearers. The body will be borne by the undertaker's assistants.

Mrs. Ingersoll received to-day a box of wild flowers from Bellport, L. I., accompanied by a card bearing these words:

"This life ended all and that total annihilation followed death, that after this life taken. He believed in this they are mistaken. He believed in a greater and grander existence in another sphere. He looked upon death as a transition from a lower to a higher form of existence. I must confess that I entertain similar religious views, but have no faith in the ordinary orthodox teachings of eternal damnation and irrevocable judgments. What we are, is the result of accident, and not our own responsibility, and it seems to me incompatible with the idea of mercy and justice to make one suffer eternal damnation for errors that are the result of innate characteristics, for which one is not responsible and over which he has no control."

**MORNING, JULY 30, 1899.**  
**TALMAGE WRITES OF INGERSOLL.**

Famous Divine Finds Much to Admire in the Agnostic's Career.

**THE EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT.**

It Had Much to Do With His Life—His Writings Led to a General Study of the Bible.

BY REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, July 29.—It is a beautiful sentiment of the 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 "Talmage and 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 the same influence 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-barebones" 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 evidence 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 Dan 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 lisn verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style of thought to be commended the credit is due to my kind parents instilling into my mind an early love for the scriptures," and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, said: "The whole scope 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 B. Gladstone said to me at Hawarden, in reply to my question, "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."

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!



Death Mask of Robert G. Ingersoll. Made by John H. A. Walthausen for George Gray Barnard, Sculptor.

**INGERSOLL'S BODY REDUCED TO ASHES.**

Widow and Other Relatives Followed the Remains to the Crematory.

**NO SERVICES WERE HELD.**

Another Funeral Party Observed Christian Funeral Rites During the Incineration—Miss Ingersoll Fainted.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, July 27.—All that is mortal of Robert G. Ingersoll rests tonight in a bronze urn at the home of Walston H. Brown, in Dobbs Ferry.

The body of Colonel Ingersoll was cremated during the day, and the ashes were taken back by the family to the scene of his death.

When the crucial moment came this morning much difficulty was experienced in inducing Mrs. Ingersoll to consent to the removal of the body from the house.

The body was placed in a black coffin and was conveyed to a special train. The train left Dobbs Ferry at half past 9 o'clock and reached the Grand Central Station at 15 minutes after 10 o'clock. There the body was transferred to a hearse, which was in waiting. There was also five carriages.

The procession went to the Green Point ferry at East Twenty-third street. The crematory at Fresh Pond was reached at 11:25. There was no service of any kind at the crematory. Those who stood in the Columbarium were Mrs. Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Walston H. Brown, Miss Maude Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton B. Farrell, Herbert P. Brown, Frederic C. Penfield, John Hazeltine, Major Orlando J. Smith and two members of the Cremation Society, required to be present by law.

After being taken to the incinerating room, the body was wrapped in an aluminum sheet and placed upon an iron cradle. The cradle was shoved into a retort glowing at white heat, and at ten minutes before noon the furnace doors were closed.

It was the plan that the funeral party should remain in the building until the incineration was completed.

The arrival of another party where music and services were desired came and changed the plan. On account of the crowd which surrounded the crematory the Ingersoll party was unable to reach the hotel and returned instead to the carriages, where it remained until the conclusion of the services. Attendants announced at 2 o'clock that the process of combustion was complete.

The doors were thrown open, and in two hours more the retort had cooled sufficiently to permit the removal of the ashes. They were placed in a canister and then transferred to an urn, of which Mrs. Ingersoll insisted upon taking charge.

The urn is of bronze. It was selected by George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, for temporary use. The funeral party reached Dobbs Ferry at 7 o'clock to-night.

was met by carriages. The urn containing the ashes of Colonel Ingersoll will be kept at Walston for the present.

Mrs. Ingersoll bore the ordeal to-day much better than was expected. At the crematory and on the journey she bore up remarkably well. Miss Ingersoll fainted twice, however, and is now under the care of a physician.

**MORNING, JULY 31, 1899.**

**INGERSOLL THE TOPIC OF SERMONS.**

Springfield, Mo., Ministers Discuss the Agnostic, His Teachings and Ideas.

**HOSTILITY TO THE CHURCH.**

Doctrine of Spiritualism Also a Pulpit Theme—The Rev. W. T. Allen Sharply Scores Both.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Springfield, Mo., July 30.—In many of the churches here to-day Robert G. Ingersoll and Spiritualism formed a joint topic of sermons. This results from the two weeks' Spiritualist camp meeting, which closed here to-night, the death of Ingersoll and the purporting message from Ingersoll in spirit land, which was delivered here to thousands of persons last Sunday night.

Every pastor who had announced these timely subjects spoke to a crowded house. There was also an immense crowd at Zoo Park in the afternoon to hear C. W. Stewart, one of the leading Spiritualists, talk on agnosticism.

Probably the most striking sermon of the day was the discourse delivered by the Reverend W. T. Allen, rector of Christ Church, who scored the teachings of the great agnostic. The Reverend Mr. Allen read the Fifty-fourth Psalm and took for his text: "The fool sayeth in his heart, 'There is no God.'" He said:

**Ingersoll's Religion.**  
"In what I shall say to-day there is naught of malice. Mr. Ingersoll is dead and cremated. Peace to his ashes. May he find mercy at the hands of the orthodox God, whose existence he ridiculed and denied, and at whose revelations he scoffed. I should not have referred to his teachings at all to-day if the newspapers had not been filled with his teachings. A greater injustice could not have been done him, for by this time he has doubtless found out the mistake he made and would like to undo if he could.

"I grant all that is said of Mr. Ingersoll's goodness for the sake of argument. I know nothing to the contrary that he was a model husband, father and friend. I shall endeavor to show you to what he owes his character.

"Mr. Ingersoll said that love, liberty and justice were his religion and asserted that Christianity was and always had been a

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POEM BY INGERSOLL ON ROBERT BURNS

*The Birth Place of Burns*

*Though Scotland boasts a thousand names  
Of patriots, King and peer  
The noblest, grandest of them all  
Was loved and cradled here.  
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince  
The loving Cotter King  
Compared with whom the greatest lord  
Is but a titled thing.  
His hut a cat-roofed in with straw  
A novel made of clay  
Our door shuts out the snow and storm,  
One window greets the day  
And yet I stand within this room  
And hold all thrones in scorn  
For here beneath this lowly thatch  
Loves sweetest bard was born  
Within this hallowed hut I feel  
Like one who clasps a shrine  
When the glad lips at last have touched  
The something deemed divine.  
And here the world through all the years,  
As long as day returns,  
The tribute of its love and tears  
Will pay to Robert Burns.*

August 19 1898.

This poem was written by Robert G. Ingersoll in 1878, while he was at the birth-place of Robert Burns, in Scotland, whither he had gone to collect material for a lecture on Burns.

A copy of it was sent to James Redpath, under whose management Colonel Ingersoll lectured in 1879 and 1880. He mislaid it among his papers. Meeting Colonel Ingersoll some time later he told him that he had not been able to find the poem, and asked for another copy. Colonel Ingersoll jocosely replied that if his friend had taken such poor care of the only poem he had

ever written he wouldn't give him another copy.

After Mr. Redpath's death his papers came into the possession of his brother, John V. Redpath, who found the missing poem among some old papers. He has had it in his possession for about ten years.

Light. When they spoke of the love of humor they realized the mockery of laughter. Downstairs Eva Brown, who had been named in honor of her mother and grandmother, and whom her grandfather called Eva, the Third, swung in the hammock and sang in childish ignorance of her loss. They put their hands over their ears to shut out the joy that found such discord with their woe. Eva had inspired her grandfather's most quoted homily, that on "Life." The three wept anew at the thought.

Little Robert G. Ingersoll Brown clamored to be allowed to "go upstairs and see grandpapa." The futility of his wish tore their heartstrings. They could not bear to reveal the mystery and sadness of the death that knows no hope to these little ones. So in their childish ignorance the babies stabbed anew the hearts of the mourners.

There were flowers in the room. The blooms were heaped in mountainous profusion about the bier. There was the muffled tread of watchers. Servants tapped lightly upon the door and left a new flurry of the snowfall of sympathetic messages and departed silently. There were true mourning hearts in the room of death, and in the rooms below and in the world outside. It was like other chambers of death in which lay the remains of the brilliant and the loved.

But there was a difference—such a sad, chilling, hopeless difference. No man of God brought his message of hope to the chamber door. No soft hymn of faith and promise soothed the tortured hearts. Not once were spoken the words, "We shall meet again." Love glids life, but it makes death the darker. It is hope of a meeting afterwards that makes the burden of death endurable, and the widow and daughters of Colonel Ingersoll have not that hope.

So they clung to what stood to them for the man, who had been their joy of life, the old, pale, irresponsible figure by the window.

"Why can't we keep him with us always?" they wept. And then Science said: "You may not." And day by day and hour by hour they combated every effort to take him away.

"Only a little longer! Oh! Why must he go at all?" they said, and the three women, weak in their unfaith, had no word of consolation for each other.

It was an awful hour when they left the house with the body. It was a bitter hour when they returned without the small solace of the ghastly presence. But stronger than a cable are the chains of unfaith. In the depths of her sorrow Mrs. Ingersoll sent her message of hopelessness to the press.

toe to each. I assert that Christianity is the basis of all true liberty, love and justice. He defined liberty to be the right to speak, think and act as you chose, as long as you did not injure your neighbor.

"A very good definition. It is a pity he did not keep within the limits of liberty in making his speech. Some words are actionable at law. Blasphemy is illegal and where did Mr. Ingersoll get the moral or legal right to assault with wounding words and blasphemy that cut deeper than a knife into the hearts of two-thirds of his audience? That he could so outrage one's most sacred feelings and not be torn to pieces, he owes to the Christianity he was trying to destroy. In any heathen country, he would never have finished his speech. Witness the great Socrates executed for speaking his mind in Athens, the seat of republican liberty and enlightenment.

"If your father were called a liar in your presence, would you consider it liberty not to resent it? Yet, he twice said Christ taught so and so, remarking: 'That's a lie.'

Products of Environments.

"Are Mr. Ingersoll's ideas of love, liberty and justice found outside of Christianity in any other religion? If Mr. Ingersoll had been handed over to the Fiji Islanders when five weeks old to be reared by them in the midst of their civilization, would he have had these ideas? He would certainly have had the Fiji Islanders' standards and notion of love, liberty and justice. No sane man will deny that, notwithstanding he had two thousand years of heredity and Christian civilization back of him. You and I know he would have been a slave and eating his enemies and in all respects leading the life of a Fiji Islander. What does this prove? That Mr. Ingersoll, however he may have been ignorant of and denied the fact, was in his mental and moral make-up, the product of his environments—of the civilization that surrounded him from infancy. Now, whence comes this civilization? Mr. Ingersoll asserts that Christianity was its foe. Let us see. Great and impartial authors and circumstances and facts, tell us that our civilization is the offspring of Christianity. I might quote the great Guizot, Carlyle, Rollin and a host of others, but first, what is civilization in the true sense? It is more than progress in the arts and sciences. It is the development of individual life, the development of the human mind and its faculties; the development of the man himself. The movements of providence are not restricted by narrow bounds.

"Providence works through time as the gods of Homer through space. It moves a step and ages have rolled away. How long a time, how many circumstances intervene before the regeneration of the moral powers of man by Christianity exercises its great, its legitimate influence upon social conditions? It has taken Christianity all these centuries to leaven the Caucasian race with its ideals, to develop them from Grecian immorality and vice and yet we are not living up to the full Christian standard.

"Ingersoll would give back to death its fatal sting, to the grave its pangs of victory and involve this only life in clouds of darkness, destined to deepen into the blackest night of eternal annihilation. At the grave of his brother Ingersoll did not talk about the hope and glory of annihilation, the beauties of this self-existent, impersonal, atomic system. He fills in the darkness landscapes with beautiful word painting of empty nothingness. There is neither hope nor glory in that awful night of annihilation, so he reaches out to the Bible and speaks about the angels. In the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. Oh, my friends, what hope, what star can annihilation see? Stars of hope are for the Christian. He has the promise of the world that now is and of that which is to come."

Opposed to the Church.

The Reverend C. N. Scrivener, pastor of the Campbell Street Methodist Church, spoke in substance as follows:

"The general subject of a spirit world and a world of spirits is not denied by any believer of Christianity. The church has always taught this doctrine and defended it against all enemies.

"Many persons embraced spiritualism because they say it is comforting for us to think that our departed loved ones, instead of being in the heaven of the Christian—the father's house above—are still floating around in this old world of sin, thumping in cellars or following some medium from place to place, materializing out in the corner of some old house.

"Nearly all of the tricks practiced by modern Spiritualists have been detected and exposed from time to time. Spiritualism has done nothing for the intellectual or moral welfare of mankind. Spiritualists set themselves against churches and nearly all church teaching, denying the inspiration of the scriptures, the divinity of Christ and the scriptural teachings of heaven. They have wrecked the faith of some believers of Christ and have been neither a benefit nor a blessing to society."

The Reverend A. O. Cassade, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, was more liberal in his views of Ingersoll than any of the other pastors. He spoke of the departed agnostic as a giant in intellect and a model in home life and bearing toward his neighbors.

As to Ingersoll's intellectuality, he spoke in the highest terms, but he did not endorse the agnostic's views. The Rev. Mr. Cassade's sermon leaves the impression that Ingersoll did not do so much harm on earth as many persons supposed.

The Spiritualist camp-meeting closed tonight with a lecture by D. W. Hull and demonstrations by test mediums. C. W. Stewart's speech on "Infidelity," at the afternoon session, was no departure from the usual Spiritualistic doctrine, as set forth in the preceding lectures.

"I have in no way changed my belief. I do not know whether I shall ever see my husband again. My consolation is in memory. I have as much consolation as any one who is bereaved. I know as much as they do about the hereafter. It is nothing."

They were cheerless words, falling as dully on the heart as clouds upon a coffin. Mrs. Ingersoll clung to her dead as long as the awful process of dissolution would permit. He died Friday, July 21. She would not permit the remains to be taken from the house until the next Thursday. It had been arranged that they should be taken to the crematory after the funeral services, Tuesday, but the widow could not yet bring herself to part with them.

"Good-by" is infinitely sad when its echo whispers, "Forever!"

DEATH HAS NOT BROUGHT HOPE TO MRS. INGERSOLL.

She Says That She Does Not Know Whether She Shall See Her Husband Again.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 29.—There can be no sadder home in America than the one from which the body of the great agnostic, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, was borne to the crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., Thursday. There are left in the big, castlelike gray house among the cedars overlooking the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry three women who refuse to be comforted. For Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughters there is no star in their night of grief.

It was rumored that in Mrs. Ingersoll there had awakened a hope that she would meet her husband again; that the hope which supports the Christian was sustaining her. This proved to be untrue.

To a question about this alleged change of belief she replied:

"I have in no way changed my belief. I do not know whether I shall ever see my husband again. My consolation is in memory. I have as much consolation as any one who is bereaved. I know as much as they do about the hereafter. It is nothing."

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"Another day! Let me have one more day with him," she pleaded from the first. Another day became well-nigh a week, and then only necessity drove her to consent to a final disposition of the body. Two days after the strange funeral services—the body said in the reading of the agnostic's last poem, his "creed" and his funeral oration over his brother Eben—the remains were taken to Fresh Pond and cremated, and then only because nature would permit no further delay.

Last, Sad, Hopeless Vigil.

The week was one of night and tears and hopelessness. When the bud of hope blossomed for a moment in the hearts of the widow and her daughters it was blighted by the memory of some cold, splendid railery from the dead man. If some simple utterance of faith rang through the chamber of memory, it was echoed by the laughter of the dead.

Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughter seldom left the room of death. They watched together, and for what? It was a longer, lonelier and sadder vigil than that of Mary at the tomb of Christ; for no angel rolled away the stone from that tomb of doubt, not even in their dreams.

They sat by the still form in its shroud amid its massed tribute of flowers. They talked of his life, of his battle for truth as he saw it, of his tenderness to his family, of his love for humanity. They said that the end was so pitifully sudden. They recalled the doctor's attempt at comfort. He said that if the Colonel had lived ten years longer they would have been years of suffering. But mourners are apt to think that doctors are mistaken. This was to comfort what grimace is to a smile.

When they spoke of the sunniness of his nature they were reminded that it was now

memory. Whatever the great agnostic's errors of faith, he was a model of fidelity as a husband. Octave Thanet says of him: "It made one better to know a man the life-long lover of one woman." No one ever denied that such Colonel Ingersoll was, and that the one woman was his wife. "I love St. Louis," he said to the writer, because it is one of the places I visited on my honeymoon. Ah! that was a honeymoon that will last for life!" "I fancied he was going to say forever; but the orator disappointed me."

His Home Life.

The story of Colonel Ingersoll's romance was told by Mrs. C. P. Farrell, the sister of Mrs. Ingersoll.

"Our father, Benjamin Parker, was a free thinker. He was born in Boston, and in his studies there became an agnostic. He moved to Groveland, a village seven miles from Peoria, Ill. There he heard of a bright young orator named Ingersoll. He heard him plead a case once, and after that always went to hear him wherever he made public addresses.

"A Groveland man let his pigs wander into his neighbor's yard. The neighbor became angry and drove the pigs to the city pound. The owner found them there. He quarreled with the neighbor and killed him.

"He was tried for murder and Mr. Ingersoll defended him. Father went to hear him, as usual. He invited him to dinner, and there he met my sister. He had then begun collecting his regiment and was almost ready to go to the front. They soon became engaged, and they went to St. Louis, where his regiment was, on their bridal tour. My sister traveled a great deal with him during the war.

"How strange these chance meetings are

and what consequences follow! If it had not been for those pigs Colonel Ingersoll and his wife would never have met."

"There was never a happier family than the Ingersolls. I have lived with them since I was 5 years old," said Mrs. Farrell. "Neither I nor any one else ever heard him speak an impatient word."

She pointed to an engrossed Ingersollian sentiment upon the wall. It took the place of the scriptural mottoes that hang on some home walls:

"Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star."

"He believed that," she said, simply, "and he lived it."

Mrs. J. Walston Brown is the elder daughter of the dead agnostic. She is a beautiful woman and has a rare soprano voice. She has sung duets with Campanini. Critics have styled her "the best amateur soprano in America." The Ingersoll love of home is strong in her. When she married Mr. Brown it was upon the condition that their home should always be with her parents. He has kept his promise.

With them also lived Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Farrell and their daughter, Mrs. Ingersoll's niece and namesake.

Perhaps no one mourns the dead man so wholly as his younger daughter, Miss Maud Ingersoll. She was his "chum." She studied and read and wrote with him. She always came from Dobbs Ferry with him on his trips to town.

"Maud has lost her object in life," her aunt faltered.

Miss Ingersoll has inherited much of her father's intellectual strength and brilliancy. Like the rest of his family she was wholly in accord with his views. She is a young woman of firm convictions and quick decision. She is a member of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She jumped from a Broadway cable car one day and ordered a policeman to arrest a man who was mistreating a horse. She went bravely to court the next morning and gave her testimony against the cabman. She secured his punishment. It was noticed that she refused to take the customary oath, but affirmed that her testimony was true.

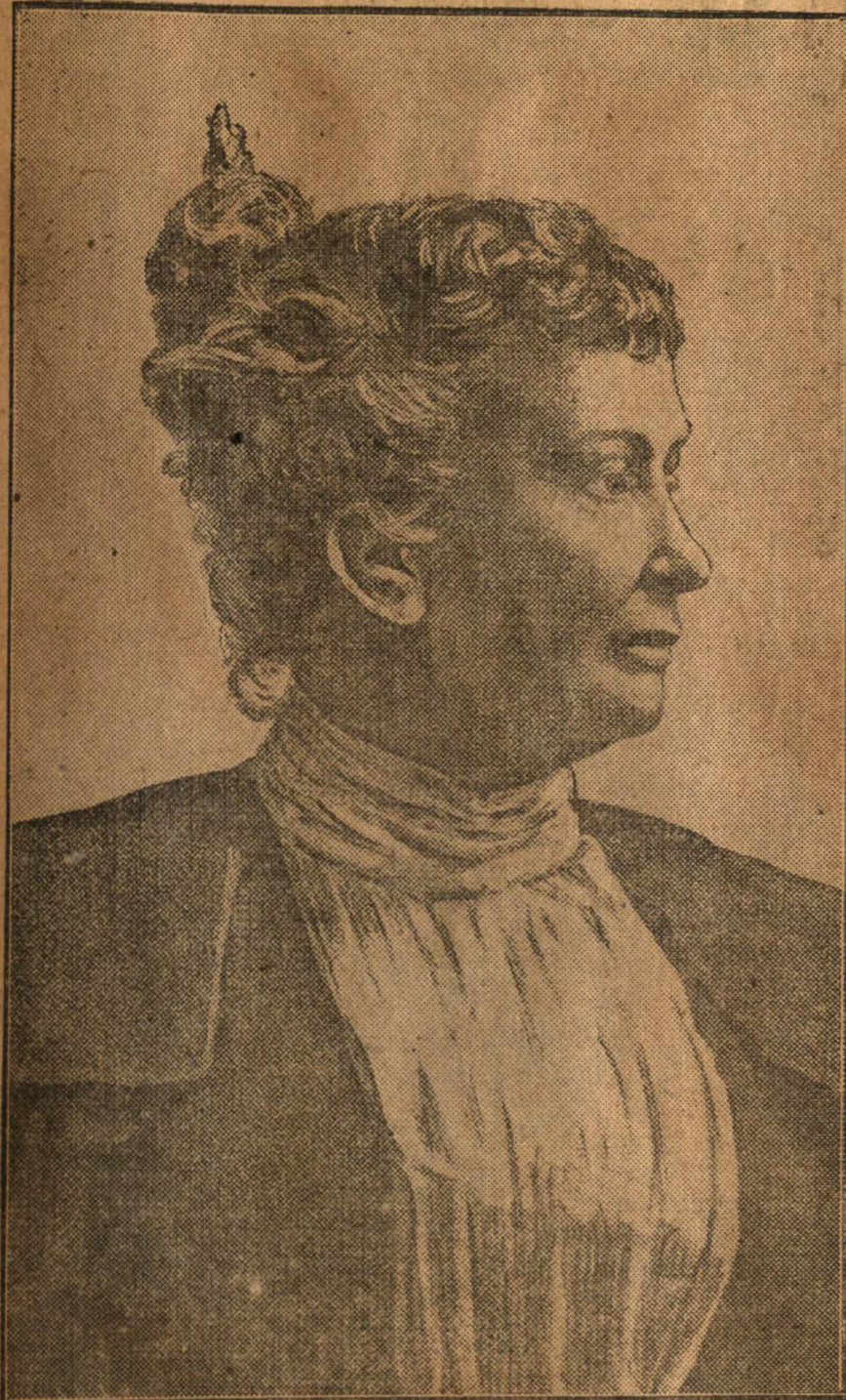
Miss Ingersoll's father was her friend. She, more than any one else, perhaps, claims the fitness of this sentiment, uttered by him of another, as applied to himself:

"Farewell! If this is the end, then you have left us the sacred memory of a noble life. If this be not the end, there is no world in which you, my friend, will not be loved and welcomed. Farewell!"

# MRS. RICHMOND SAYS THAT SHE HAD A COMMUNICATION FROM INGERSOLL, THE SPIRIT.

Certain Other "Spooky" Folk Do Not Agree That Such an Event Occurred.

At last week's meeting of Spiritualists at Springfield in this good State of Missouri the somewhat celebrated Mrs. Richmond presented what purported to be a communication from the spirit of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. The whole of Mrs. Richmond's alleged communication will be found herewith: Treating the subject seriously for the sake of presenting all the points connected with it, it may be stated that students of Colonel Ingersoll's literary style will readily see that he has not maintained his standard in the spirit world. Several St. Louis Spiritualists who have been consulted in regard to this achievement attributed to Mrs. Richmond, contend that the spirit of Colonel Ingersoll has never visited Springfield. The plenilunary countenanced Mr. Babcock of this city asserts with considerable warmth that the Colonel's spirit still lingers at Dobb's Ferry. Mrs. Richmond's communication follows:



MRS. RICHMOND, SPIRITUALIST.

## Mrs. Richmond's Alleged Message from Colonel Ingersoll.

"Mr. Chairman and Friends: Through an unaccustomed brain, in manner of speech that is unusual, with a voice that is not my own, but borrowed for this occasion, and from the convictions of another world, into which I was ushered suddenly by the white, silent messenger, I greet you at this hour.

"All that was of me in the earthly state, from which I have just arisen, lies behind me; all that is has not been sufficiently in consecutive consciousness for me to declare, while all that is to be lies before me still unexplored, and the great realm of immortal life is still a mystery. But when suddenly that shock came which cut off as in a single instant, with a blade of lightning, my physical form, my spiritual and mental being was not even for one moment lost, not for one instant was the cessation of consciousness in the brain, not for one instant was there any lack of throbbing, pulsing life. It is true that before and beneath me I saw the mortal body, all that is known of me in human life was lying there, and to my great surprise I, conscious, thinking, living, wondering Robert Ingersoll stood outside of my body. There was just the same as when I occupied it, excepting that it was prostrate and lifeless. In an instant I had been transferred into another body. There was the body that I knew to be mine, though not the glass of fashion and mold of form; there was the brain which I had supposed was the seat of all the intelligence that I possessed now powerless within that cranium, not one cell of which could give forth a thought; there were those lips with which I had been accustomed to respond to words of affection; now, when those words called, my name could not answer with those lips; there the

eyes with which I had gazed upon the mysterious, boundless, wonderful universe of life, utterly and absolutely without sight, and there was the heart pulseless and still.

"Oh! I said, 'Is that you, that thing that lies there helpless and without possibility of speech, or heart throb, or language, or affection—is that the boasted thing that you called yourself, lying there now so prone, so powerless? Have we parted company then? Am I alive and conscious to go on without you? Why, you were my hands, and you were my feet, and you were my heart, and I thought you were my intelligence and my life. Poor body, what shall I do with you now? I cannot again reanimate those nerves; I cannot again cause that heart to pulsate; I cannot again think with that brain; I cannot again move that body to do my bidding. It is dead.

"But who am I, then? What form is this that I possess? What is the semblance of this form? What is this that is thinking

now? It is not the form that is cold and lifeless there, and what these heart throbs which go out with such ineffable and wonderful compassion? Oh, I am not dead! "There were the beloved, into whose presence I will not introduce you to-night, excepting to say that they thought me dead. I myself had taught them that it would be so. Save for that ineffable hope, that divine and wonderful prompting in every heart that seems to yearn toward a higher and diviner life, did I know it? Now, by all the powers in earth and air and sky, I did not know it.

"Mr. chairman and friends, I have heard it said in this convention and in many councils of Spiritualists while I was still upon earth, that had I been true to my convictions I would have avowed a knowledge of spirit life and spirit communion. I did not know of it. I know what Spiritual-

ists think, I know what they believe, I knew that there were many of them honest and true to their convictions. I spoke upon their platforms and in their camp meetings, because we were engaged in a common cause, viz, that of breaking down the errors and bigotry of a blind theology; but I did not know concerning the future life.

"However, I will say now, as some of you may have heard me say in human speech, in my own particular person, that I never stood before the lifeless form of a friend, never bent above that image of clay from which the breath had taken flight that all the yearning of my nature did not go out in one great hope for immortality. I never stood beside the casket containing a loved one, that I did not remember that the great beneficent life of nature holds all life in her keeping, and I believed that somewhere and some time those beautiful thoughts and images would be conserved, but I had no knowledge of the life beyond death. I had no evidence that appealed to me as many of you have. There were my affections, my intentions if you please, that led me through the divine gifts of the imagination and poetry to dream of a future life. There was the intellect, however, and it was trained in such a school of logic and evidence that nothing could be accepted which was not passed through that particular training school, and that part of me never had the proofs which spiritualists claimed to have.

"That is why I am here; that it why the first moment it is possible I come to declare that I was mistaken. I was not mistaken in my estimate of what was not true. Because I have found that the future life was not guarded by wardens upon either side, who were waiting to conduct me either to hades or heaven, I have not found a yawning abyss opening to receive and devour me with its everlasting flame in the midst of torturing devils; I have not found a far-off heaven with walls and gates of precious stones, with an alabaster

throne upon which a personal God is set, whose angels forever sing His praise and play upon harps of gold; I have not found any condemnation from any angel or spirit with which I have come in contact since the cessation of my mortal breath, but I have found—oh, joy ineffable!—such a light as comes to the mariner when out upon the storm-tossed sea he has battled with the elements and has almost been engulfed by the waves, and no star shining above to guide him, when the polar light refuses to shed its radiance across his pathway, and then, in the gray dawn of the morning, over the mysterious, beckoning, storm-tossed waves, a ray of light is seen, at first through the long, gray, trailing mist of gloom, then, one by one, piercing shafts of light arise toward the zenith, and at last the world is thrilled and the waters are pervaded with a sense of the approaching day; and then from the great throbbing bosom of the sea, from the storm-crested waves, from the billows which seem to blend the earth and sky, at last the chariot of the day is seen, and Phoebus, the mighty god of light, rises in triumph above the waves, and the world rejoices that it is day. Suddenly in the midst of the great, solemn silence of death, in the midst of the whirling thoughts that went surging through the brain into a shadowy something unknown, in the midst of the pulsing tides of affection that sought to reach the loved ones who were left behind, in the midst of this which shut off the mortal breath, came the surpassing glory of spirit life. This sun of splendor rose suddenly, clear and cloudless; there was nothing that could mar its beauty or its perfection, and sweet strains of music, like those that Apollo might have given on his harp of light among the stars, floated toward my consciousness, and seemed to upbear me from the mortal thought.

"Wonderful thoughts came pulsing like argosies of light, freighted with dreams of prophecy and hopes of immortality, and these bore the images of loved ones, whom I had known in childhood, those who had gone into the white silence of death and from whom I had heard no more. They came toward me, not as strangers, but as those who were aware of my coming, and hastened to welcome me.

"We did not pass through space, we traveled to no distant land, we did not enter any sphere that I am aware of, but right there in the ineffable and wonderful awakening of all our attributes and powers. Instead of fading when the senses faded, it seemed to me that every pulse was quickened, every nerve was performing a thousand-fold more duty. I could hear the voices of the loved ones saying softly and with hushed voices, 'Is he really dead?' I could also hear the heart-beats and feel the throbbings of their minds as, with great intensity of love, they asked the man of medicine, if he could cure me.

"Ah! but I could hear more plainly that music of the bending spheres, that sound of beloved ones calling and winning me into this wonderful realm, and those whom I had loved and restored youth and wonderful delight, welcoming me unto the land or realm of spirit.

"Was it a dream, could this be another phantasm of the brain? Was it possible that my indisposition had taken on such shape and form? Was I really not out of my body, but imagining all this? Sometimes it would flash upon me, this is not music, I hear; these are not my friends who have died that I see before me, but only the memory of them, my brain is diseased, and I will be restored, and I will be again among the members of my household and my friends on earth as before. But as soon as this thought would come to me there would be the body lying there prepared or being prepared for sepulcher; and there those spirits pointing me to that form and saying: 'No, you will no longer rehabilitate yourself with that form, you

will no longer pervade that brain; you are alive in the realm of spirit.'

"Then, oh! such vast areas as seemed to sweep before my vision, the sun-kissed rain-

bow that crowned the universe seemed throbbing and pulsing with light, and thoughts greater than I had dared to think in that house of clay came through my teeming brain as I realized that I was no longer an inhabitant of the dust, but an immortal human spirit.

"Have you ever been in the confines of a closed room, or possibly in the depths of the earth, scarcely able to breathe from an atmosphere so close and damp? Have you ever been shut up in a noisome place, where many persons were congregated and not able to breathe the air so vitiated? Have you ever felt tethered and fettered by your environment of dust? If you have, you know what it is when you set your feet upon the broad, green earth and can breathe the air of heaven and see the mountains beyond and all the bright verdure, and know that you are free. Not one thousandth part of this freedom did I ever feel before; not one millionth part of this great joy. I seemed to be let loose from the fetters of the dust; I seemed to let something fall that was a clod, and I entered the realm that was my native element. Have you ever let a bird free from the cage where it was reluctant to sing its song, and then heard it warble in its native air? Have you set free a spirit that was in sorrow or in bondage in the earth life, weighted down with human cares and, perhaps, with poverty and want? Then you know something of the great tide of freedom that swept in and through my consciousness.

"It seemed to me that the chain of thought was limitless; it seemed to me that retrospect and prophecy were one; it seemed to me that all the things that I saw or did were before my consciousness, and each unworthy act burned into my spirit with a bitter pang, and much that I had done was brought to my consciousness with added joy, for there were those who seemed to think I had done them good. Whomsoever I had helped in any way came toward me with added love, and upon whomsoever there had been bestowed a benefaction, even with my feeble earth hands and brain, that benefaction seemed doubled a thousand fold.

"Do not deceive yourselves, friends, I did not think that I was perfect, and my human imperfections came out to meet me in the most distant and glaring manner; everything that had bordered upon selfishness, everything in human life whatsoever that I had thought or done came before me as a part and portion of my spiritual inheritance, came before me like children saying, 'I am yours, you have thought me, you have acted me, and if it is not worthy it proves a shadow and a barrier to my further joy in this realm of the spirit.'

"I have not confronted that retrospect yet, dear friends, and the time is still coming when we must meet that introspection, which I understand must come to every spirit. I must meet the deeds, the thoughts and words of my mortal existence. But, friends, I am willing to suffer for them if need be. I shall require to have this introspection before I can take this vast thread of life, which opens up before me, and intelligently bear it forward to its fruition. I shall require to understand who I am in this realm which is freer and greater than human life. I shall require to comprehend more and more of the great realities of life to life and mind to mind.

"But, friends, it is not appalling, I find nothing before me that is discouraging; one of the least of those souls that are set free, of these spirits that surge and throng around me in the kingdom of immortal life, I still put my feet firmly upon the foundations of spirit life, and I am not afraid. There is nothing in this spirit life that can appall or make afraid; you enter

upon your own inheritance, and I am happy to say that of all the things I may have committed that were wrong, of all the thoughts that may have been unworthy, I have tried to think and act with integrity and justice to my fellow-man.

"So I find myself here upon the threshold of immortal life, not with any great spiritual possessions, for I did not have them; not with much understanding of the life that opens up before me, for I did not have it. But I find that the dreams that I dreamed, even from early youth and manhood, and the great tides of hope that have uplifted me even in the hour of contact with mortal death are realities, and this the fulfillment of that hope in the reunion of beloved friends and the fulfillment of that aspiration and dream in the great world or realm upon which I have entered.

"I cannot tell you, as other spirits can, of added experiences in the spirit state; they must come to me. I must wait until the last sorrow has been hushed, until the tears over the casket are dried, which as yet are not fully parted from me. I must wait until I can take up the great inheritance of spirit life worthily and understand its true value and meaning.

"But, friends, I realize at this moment, in the first hour of my spiritual existence, that I am not separated from the great bond of sympathy, am not separated from my kind because I am dead, and I hasten to remove any barrier that a word or thought of mine may have placed upon the mind of any of you concerning that future life. If there is, let it be removed from this hour.

"I hasten to tell you that unbelief, although sincere and honest, is not the correct attitude of an intelligent mind which may not have knowledge, for without knowledge what right have we to disbelieve? Doubt is the great agitator of thought and the commencement of wisdom, and the doubts of the past have enabled man to explore the avenues of human science and knowledge to the fulfillment of the laws of an all-bountiful nature. But to say that there should be active disbelief in a thing which one knows nothing of is now revealed to me as being unworthy an intelligent mind. I here retract or retrace any word or footstep that I may have taken in the realm of mind against the knowledge of a future life.

"I take back no word that I ever spoke concerning the degrading nature of theological fear. I take back no word that I ever spoke against that fear that enthalls mankind and refuses to let him go free in the realm of thought and active human life. But the difference between the theological heaven and hades and this realm into which I have now entered is the difference between darkness and light, between death and life, between annihilation and existence forever. I still say, as I often said when in human life, that between the hades of orthodox theology and the limited heaven into which only a privileged few could enter, give me hades, for my friends would be there. But we are not there, we are neither in hades or the burning pit, nor are we in the heaven that would dwarf our hearts' sensibilities by a selfish immortality based upon the foundation of perishing souls. We are in the midst of the universe of boundless life, we are in the midst of all the souls in the universe which are related to us. We clasp hands with infinite and eternal possibilities, we approach the great mountains of life, which are spiritual thoughts and there sun-kissed and sun-crowned with the immortal splendor of truth stretching far away before my vision and ever and anon turning earthward for the consolation of those that are in human life, stretching far away are those wonderful legions of spiritual consciousness, I see them rank and file in serried columns of invincible thought advance, not like armies of might upon an unsuspecting world, but

with messages of peace and joy, and love divine.

"I hail you, brother chairman and friends, for the light that is being shed upon human pathways concerning this spiritual realm. I wish it could be broadened and deepened, and opened into every human consciousness. In my feeble way at this time and at this hour I promise you that I will enjoy no heaven; that I will depart to no far off realm; that I will not separate myself from human existence until I, too, have made people aware that death is not death, but eternal life.

"But for the time come with me unto this to where you can know they are restored; that life is life for evermore; that the mother's love poured out upon the heart of the weeping child binds up the wounds of the aching heart.

"Come with me, weary man of the world, weary of plodding day by day in the pursuit of worldly wealth, let me show you how your energies may be quickened, how your mind may be uplifted from the dreary

treadmill of seeking for your daily bread, let the consciousness of this life, which I find has been closed to the world, uplift and strengthen your hearts that you may follow your daily vocations with stronger hands and more willing hearts, and know that life immortal is not far away.

"Come with me my intellectual friend, you who have endeavored to cope with the problems of material life, let me show you where behind this thin film of the senses, behind this glamor of the intellect that binds you to-day as it blinded me through my life, is the great spiritual solution of all problems.

"O thou beautiful angel misnamed Death; thou art the mother of life; thou art the inheritance of all souls; thou art the baptism, the supreme, eternal comfort; thou art the enfolding glory when on earth; thou art named Death; men behold not thy rare countenance, see not thine image of loveliness, but thou art all of the stars and worlds of the universe of life; beautiful angel of life, I am thine forever."

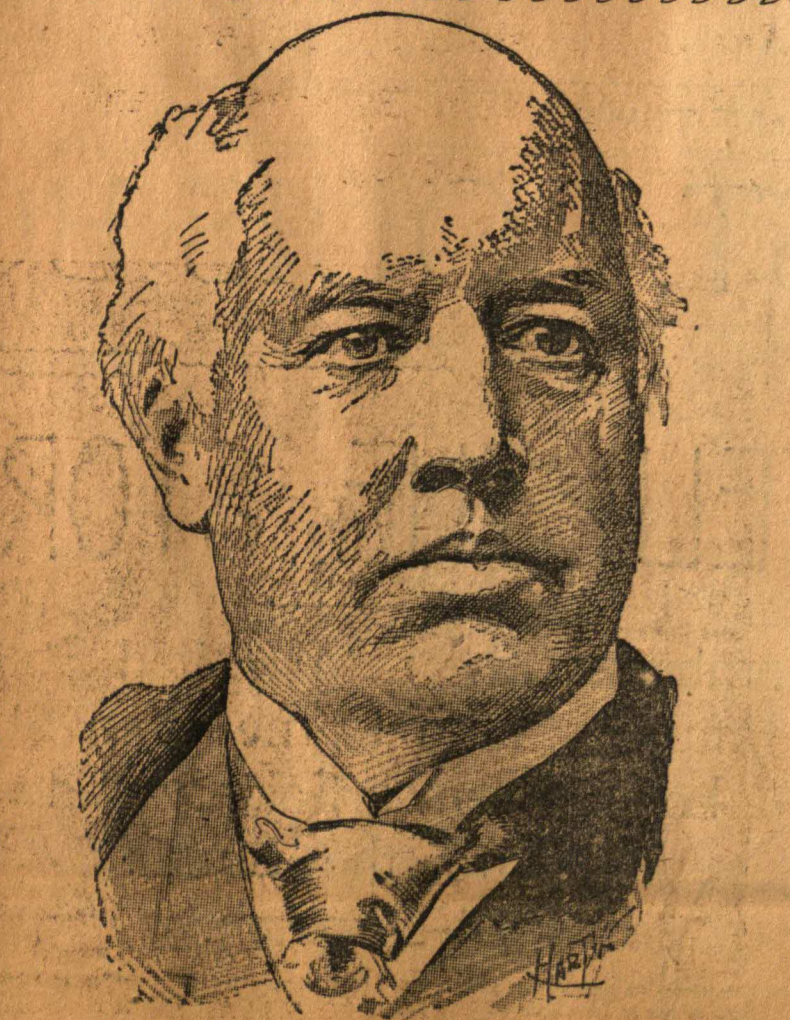
# DID INGERSOLL

## SEND A MESSAGE, AFTER DEATH, THROUGH MRS. RICHMOND.

Full Text of the Address Delivered at Springfield, Mo.,  
by a Chicago Medium, Who Said She Was In-  
fluenced by Col. Ingersoll's Spirit.



MRS. RICHMOND.



INGERSOLL.

**M**RS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, a professional medium from Chicago, delivered what she called a message from the late Robert Gillespie Ingersoll in the Springfield (Mo.) Spiritualists' camp-meeting last Sunday night. The full text of this message follows. Mrs. Richmond says she knew Col. Ingersoll and that he promised her in life that he would communicate through her if, after death, he found it possible. She claimed to have had a communication from him on Saturday, 35 hours after his death. She announced in advance the message delivered Sunday night and nothing in her manner during the deliverance indicated spirit control. Those who are firm in their faith believe the message to be authentic and it is here presented verbatim that the readers of the Sunday Post-Dispatch may study "the internal evidences" which Spiritualists claim prove the author was the spirit of Robert Gillespie Ingersoll:

**MRS. RICHMOND'S ADDRESS.**

"Mr. Chairman and Friends: Through an unaccustomed brain, in manner of speech that is unusual, with a voice that is not my own, but borrowed for this occasion and from the convictions of another world, into which I was ushered suddenly by the white, silent messenger, I greet you at this hour.

"All that was of men in the earthly state, from which I have just arisen, lies behind me; all that is has not been sufficiently in consecutive consciousness for me to declare, while all that is to be lies before me still unexplored, and the great realm of immortal life is still a mystery. But when suddenly that shock came which cut off as in a single instant, with a blade of lightning, my physical form, my spiritual and mental being was not even for one moment lost, not for one instant was there cessation of consciousness in the brain, not for one instant was there any lack of throbbing, pulsing life. It is true that before and beneath me I saw the mortal body, all that was known of me in human life was lying there, and to my great surprise I, conscious, thinking, feeling, wondering Robert Ingersoll, stood outside of my body. There it was, just the same as when I occupied it, excepting that it was prostrate and lifeless. In an instant I had been transferred into another body. There was the body

that I knew to be mine, though not the glass of fashion and mold of form; there was the brain which I had supposed was the seat of all the intelligence that I possessed now powerless within that cranium, not one cell of which could give forth a thought; there were those lips with which I had been accustomed to respond to words of affection; now when those words called my name I could not answer with those lips; there the eyes with which I had gazed upon the mysterious, boundless, wonderful universe of life utterly and absolutely without sight, and there was the heart pulseless and still.

"O! I said, 'Is that you, that thing that lies there helpless and without possibility of speech, or heart throb, or language, or affection, is that the boasted thing that you called yourself, lying there now so prone, so powerless? Have we parted company then? Am I alive and conscious to go on without you? Why, you were my hands, any you were my feet, and you, tethered and encased in that clay, were my heart, and I thought you were my intelligence and my life. Poor body; what shall I do with you now? I cannot again reanimate those nerves, I cannot again cause that heart to pulsate, I cannot again think with that brain, I cannot again move that body to do my bidding. It is dead.

"But who am I then? What form is this that I possess? What is the semblance of this form? What is this that is thinking now? It is not the form that is cold and lifeless there, and what these heart throbs which go out with such ineffable and wonderful compassion? O, I am not dead.

"There were the beloved into whose presence I will not introduce you to-night, excepting to say, that they thought me dead. I myself had taught them that it would be so. Save for that ineffable hope, that divine and wonderful prompting in every heart that seems to yearn toward a higher and diviner life, did I know it? Now by all the powers in earth and air and sky I did not know it.

"Mr. Chairman and friends, I have heard it said in this convention and in many councils of spiritualists while I was still upon earth, that had I been true to my convictions I would have avowed a knowledge of spirit life and spirit communion. I did not know of it. I knew what spiritual-

ists think, I knew what they believe, I knew that there were many of them honest and true to their convictions. I spoke upon their platforms and in their camp meetings, because we were engaged in a common cause, viz.: That of breaking down the errors and bigotry of a blind theology, but I did not know concerning the future life. However I will say now, as some of you may have heard me say in human speech in my own particular person, that I never stood before the lifeless form of a friend, never bent above that image of clay from which the breath had taken flight that all the yearning of my nature did not go out in one great hope for immortality. I never stood beside the casket containing a loved one that I did not remember that the great beneficent life of nature holds all life in her keeping, and I believed that somewhere and some time those beautiful thoughts and images would be conserved, but I had no knowledge of the life beyond death. I had no evidence that appealed to me as many of you have. There were my affections, my intentions if you please, that led me through the divine gifts of the imagination and poetry to dream of a future life. There was the intellect, however, and it was trained in such a school of logic and evidence that nothing could be accepted which was not passed through that particular training school, and that part of me never had the proofs which spiritualists claimed to have.

"That is why I am here; that is why the first moment it is possible, I come to declare that I was mistaken. I was not mistaken, or I have not found that I was mistaken in my estimate of what was not true. Because I have found that the future life was not guarded by wardens upon either side who were waiting to conduct me either to hades or heaven, I have not found a yawning abyss opening to receive and devour me with its everlasting flame in the midst of torturing devils; I have not found a far-off heaven with walls and gates of precious stones, with an alabaster throne upon which a personal God is set, whose angels forever sing His praise and play upon harps of gold; I have not found any condemnation from any angel or spirit with which I have come in contact since the cessation of my mortal breath, but I have found, O! joy ineffable, such a light as comes to the mariner when out upon the storm-tossed sea he has battled with the elements and has almost been engulfed by the waves and no star shining above to guide him, when the polar light refuses to shed its radiance across his pathway and then in the gray dawn of the morning, over the mysterious, beckoning, storm-tossed waves a ray of light is seen, at first through the long, gray, trailing mist of gloom, then one by one piercing shafts of light rise toward the zenith and at last the world is thrilled and the waters are pervaded with a sense of the approaching day; and then from the great throbbing bosom of the sea, from the storm-crested waves, from the billows which seem to blend the earth and sky, at last the chariot of the day is seen, and Phebus, the mighty god of light, rises in triumph above the waves, and the world rejoices that it is day. Suddenly in the midst of the great, solemn silence of death, in the midst of the whirling thoughts that went surging through the brain into a shadowy something unknown, in the midst of pulsing tides of affection, that sought to reach the loved ones who were left behind, in the midst of this which shut off the mortal breath, came the surpassing glory of spirit life. This sun of splendor rose suddenly, clear and cloudless; there was nothing that could mar its beauty or its perfection, and sweet strains of music, like those that Apollo might have given on his harp of light among the stars, floated toward my consciousness and seemed to upbear me from the mortal thought.

"Wonderful thoughts came pulsing like argosies of light freighted with dreams of prophecy and hopes of immortality, and these bore the images of loved ones whom I had known in childhood, those who had gone into the white silence of death and from whom I had heard no more. They came toward me, not as strangers, but as those who were aware of my coming and hastened to welcome me.

"We did not pass through space, we traveled to no distant land, we did not enter any sphere that I am aware of, but right there in the ineffable and wonderful awakening of all our attributes and powers, instead of fading when the senses faded, it seemed to me that every pulse was quickened, every nerve was performing a thousand fold more duty. I could hear the voices of the loved ones saying softly and with hushed and tremulous voices, 'Is he really dead?' I could also hear their hearts beat and feel the throbbings of their minds as, with great intensity of love, they asked the man of medicine if he could cure me.

"Ah! but I could hear more plainly that music of the bending spheres, that sound of beloved ones calling and winning me unto this wonderful realm, and those whom I had loved, and restored youth and wonderful delight welcoming me into the land or realm of spirit.

"Was it a dream; could this be another phantasy of the brain? Was it possible that my indisposition had taken on such shape and form? Was I really not out of my body, but imagining all this? Sometimes it would flash upon me: This is not music I hear; these are not my friends who have died that I see before me, but only the memory of them; my brain is diseased and I will be restored, and I will be again among the members of my household and my friends on earth as before. But as soon as this thought would come to me there would be the body lying there prepared or being prepared for sepulcher; and there those spirits pointing me to that form and saying: 'No, you will no longer rehabilitate yourself with that form, you will no longer pervade that brain; you are alive in the realm of spirit.'

"Then, O! such vast areas as seemed to sweep before my vision, the sun-kissed rainbow that crowned the universe seemed throbbing and pulsing with light, and thoughts greater than I had dared to think in that house of clay came through my teeming brain as I realized that I was no longer an inhabitant of the dust, but an immortal human spirit.

"Have you ever been in the confines of a closed room, or possibly in the depths of the earth, scarcely able to breathe from an atmosphere so close and damp? Have you ever been shut up in a noisome place where many persons were congregated and not able to breathe the air so vitiated? Have you ever felt fettered and fettered by your environment of dust? If you have, you know what it is when you set your feet upon the broad, green earth and can breathe the air of heaven and see the mountains beyond and all the bright verdure, and know that you are free. Not one-thousandth part of this freedom did I ever feel before; not one-millionth part of this great joy. I seemed to be let loose from the fetters of the dust; I seemed to let something fall that was a clog, and I entered the realm that was my native element. Have you ever let a bird free from the cage where it was reluctant to sing its song, and then heard it warble in its native air? Have you set free a spirit that was in sorrow or in bondage in the earth life, weighted down with human cares and, perhaps, with poverty and want? Then you know something of the great tide of freedom that swept in and through my consciousness.

"It seemed to me that the chain of thought was limitless; it seemed to me that retrospect and prophecy were one; it seemed to me that all the things that I saw or did were before my consciousness, and each unworthy act burned into my spirit with a bitter pang, and much that I had done was brought to my consciousness with added joy, for there were those who seemed to think I had done them good. Whosoever I had helped in any way came toward me with added love, and upon whomsoever there had been bestowed a benefaction, even with my feeble earth hands and brain, that benefaction seemed doubled a thousand fold.

"Do not deceive yourselves, friends. I did not think that I was perfect, and my human imperfections came out to meet me in the most distinct and glaring manner; everything that had bordered upon unworthiness, everything that bordered upon selfishness, everything in human life whatsoever that I had thought or done came before me as a part and portion of my spiritual inheritance, came before me like children saying, I am yours; you have thought me, you have acted me, and if it is not worthy it proves a shadow and a barrier to my further joy in this realm of the spirit.

"I have not confronted that retrospect yet, dear friends, and the time is still coming when we must meet that introspection, which I understand must come to every spirit. I must meet the deeds, the thoughts and words of my mortal existence. But, friends, I am not afraid to meet them; they are mine, and I am responsible for them; I am willing to suffer for them if need be. I shall require to have this introspection before I can take up this vast thread of life, which opens up before me, and intelligently bear it forward to its fruition. I shall require to understand who I am in this realm which is freer and greater than human life. I shall require to comprehend more and more of the great realities of life to life and mind to mind.

"But, friends, it is not appalling. I find nothing before me that is discouraging; one of the least of those souls that are set free, of these spirits that surge and throng around me in the kingdom of immortal life, I still put my feet firmly upon the foundations of spirit life, and I am not afraid. There is nothing in this spirit life that can appall or make afraid; you enter upon your own inheritance, and, I am happy to say, that of all the things I may have committed that were wrong, of all the thoughts that may have been unworthy, I have tried to think and act with integrity and justice to my fellowman.

"So I find myself here upon the threshold of immortal life, not with any great spiritual possessions, for I did not have them, not with much understanding of the life that opened up before me, for I did not have it. But I find that the dreams that

I dreamed, even from early youth and manhood, and the great tides of hope that have uplifted me even in the hour of contact with mortal death, are realities, and this the fulfillment of that hope in the reunion of beloved friends, and the fulfillment of that aspiration and dream in the great world or realm upon which I have entered.

"I cannot tell you, as other spirits can, of added experiences in the spirit state; they must come to me. I must wait until the last sorrow has been hushed, until the tears over the casket are dried, which as yet are not fully parted from me. I must wait until I can take up the great inheritance of spirit life worthily and understand its true value and meaning.

"But, friends, I realize at this moment, in this, the first hours of my spiritual existence, that I am not separated from the great bond of sympathy, am not separated from my kind because I am dead, and I hasten to remove any barrier that a word or thought of mine may have placed upon the mind of any of you concerning that future life. If there is, let it be removed from this hour.

"I hasten to tell you that unbelief, although sincere and honest, is not the correct attitude of an intelligent mind, which may not have knowledge, for without knowledge what right have we to disbelieve? Doubt is the great agitator of thought and the commencement of wisdom, and the doubts of the past have enabled man to explore the avenues of human science and knowledge to the fulfillment of the laws of an all bountiful nature. But to say that there should be active disbelief in a thing which one knows nothing of, is now revealed to me as being unworthy an intelligent mind. I here retract or retrace any word or footstep that I may have taken in the realm of mind against the knowledge of a future life.

"I take back no word that I ever spoke concerning the degrading nature of theological fear. I take back no word that I ever spoke against that fear that enthralled mankind and refuses to let him go free in the realm of thought and active human life. But the difference between the theological heaven and hades and this realm into which I have now entered, is the difference between darkness and light, between death and life, between annihilation and existence forever. I still say, as I often said when in human life, that between the hades of orthodox theology and the limited heaven into which only a privileged few could enter, give me hades, for my friends would be there. But we are not there; we are neither in hades nor the burning pit, nor are we in the heaven that would dwarf our hearts' sensibilities by a selfish immortality, based upon the foundation of perishing souls. We are in the midst of the universe of boundless life; we are in the midst of all the souls in the universe which are related to us. We clasp hands with infinite and eternal possibilities; we approach the great mountains of life, which are spiritual thoughts, and there sun-kissed and sun-crowned with the immortal splendor of truth stretching far away before my vision and ever and anon turning earthward for the consolation of those that are in human life—stretching far away are those wonderful legions of spiritual consciousness, I see them rank and file in serried columns of invincible thought advance, not like armies of might upon an unsuspecting world, but with messages of peace and joy, and love divine.

"I hail you, Brother Chairman and friends, for the light that is being shed upon human pathways concerning this spiritual realm. I wish it could be broadened and deepened, and opened into every human consciousness. In my feeble way at this time and at this hour I promise you that I will enjoy no heaven; that I will depart to no far off realm; that I will not separate myself from human existence until I, too, have made people aware that death is not death, but eternal life.

"But for the time come with me unto this, to where you can know they are restored; that life is life for evermore; that the mother's love poured out upon the heart of the weeping child binds up the wounds of the aching heart.

"Come with me, weary man of the world, weary of plodding day by day in the pursuit of worldly wealth, let me show you how your energies may be quickened, how your mind may be uplifted from the dreary treadmill of seeking for your daily bread; let the consciousness of this life, which I find has been closed to the world, uplift and strengthen your hearts that you may follow your daily vocations with stronger hands and more willing hearts, and know that life immortal is not far away.

"Come with me, my intellectual friend, you who have endeavored to cope with the problems of material life; let me show you where, behind this thin film of the senses, behind this glamour of the intellect that blinds you to-day as it blinded me through my life, is the great spiritual solution of all problems.

## A SPIRITUALIST On the Richmond Message.

To the Editor of Sunday Post-Dispatch.  
**F**EW if any of the Spiritualists of St. Louis believe that the spirit of Col. Ingersoll spoke through Mrs. Richmond. The spirit of a Baptist minister, who claimed to have been present at Springfield when Mrs. Richmond spoke, was at Jefferson Hall on Thursday and told a congregation of Spiritualists that Col. Ingersoll was not at Springfield when Mrs. Richmond delivered the supposed communication from the departed agnostic. Spiritualists here express regret that Mrs. Richmond should have permitted herself to be controlled by a deceiving intelligence. The general spiritualistic opinion is that Col. Ingersoll is with his family and that nothing would for the present draw him away from them.  
 DONALD PADMAN.  
 St. Louis, July 28.

## FORT WORTH MAIL- TELEGRAM, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1899.

### INTERVIEWED INGERSOLL.

John Quinn, in Tammany Times.  
 "The infidel is dead," triumphantly cry some. The more liberal speak of "the dead agnostic." Many of the comments of the clergy are unforgiving, uncharitable.  
 There are a few exceptions, and it is with pleasure that I read the words of Mgr. Martineelli, who said:  
 "I have heard of the death of our great agnostic. I sincerely hope that he is saved;" and of the Rev. D. J. Stafford, of St. Patrick's church, Washington, whose Christian charity found expression in the words: "Poor Bob Ingersoll. I hope he was honest. If he was honest, there is a chance for him."

These distinguished representatives of Christianity can be Christians while discussing an enemy of the faith.  
 That Robert G. Ingersoll did much to merit severe criticism from the pulpit is true. His attacks upon orthodoxy were sometimes bitter; always tantalizing; never comforting. He did much to shake the faith of the young, and for this he was most justly criticised.

Yet, who could have met and conversed with Colonel Ingersoll without admiring his generous nature, his radiating intelligence, the charm of his words, and the effulgence of his thoughts?

Let us turn from Ingersoll the agnostic, to Ingersoll the citizen, the poet, the orator, and there find the man who can be praised without explanation, applauded without apology.

We recall the departed as we knew him in life. Above all, we recall our first impressions. I cannot forget the kindness with which the great controversialist received me when, as the representative of a Western newspaper, I called upon him to obtain an interview on the Blaine-Cleveland campaign. He had refused to discuss politics in the large cities through which he had passed on his way westward, and I felt that I was on a hopeless mission. However, I mustered courage for the attempt. It was the morning after the delivery of his lecture on "Orthodoxy," and but an hour before the arrival of the train upon which he was to depart. Instead of encountering unapproachable dignity, I found a warm, hospitable, democratic combination of sympathy and sunshine. Whether through compassion for the reporter or a desire to take a hand in the campaign, he promptly consented to an interview.

"Write out your questions and I will write the answers," was his good-natured command. The questions were presented. Glancing over the paper, he said:

"Very well; return in a half hour and you will receive your interview." Less than three-quarters of an hour remained for him in town. As the train whistled, I entered the hotel lobby to find the colonel handing a large envelope to the clerk. It was the interview, which was the feature of the paper on the following day. It was thoroughly Ingersollian—bright, epigrammatic and forcible. Of course,

he was for Blaine, reports of a growing coolness between his "plumed knight" and himself to the contrary notwithstanding. It was a comparison between Blaine and Cleveland and an appeal to the young men of the country. He painted Blaine as an ideal patriot, saying of him, "the 4th of July courses through his veins," a remark which, had it been printed in New York instead of in Dakota, would have become a vote-winning catchphrase throughout the nation.

This is but one of hundreds of instances that could be related by newspaper men throughout the country who, no matter what their creed, loved the true humanity of the man. No struggling reporter ever visited him without departing with a lighter heart and a better opinion of mankind.

## THE WORLD: SUN DAY, JULY 30, 1899.

## COL. INGERSOLL'S LAST LETTER.

Its Postmark Shows that It Was Mailed One Hour After His Death.

### HIS VIEWS ON THE FILIPINOS.

"I Think the Treatment of Them Is Wrong—Foolish," He Says in the Letter.

### WANT THE CUBANS IF THEY WANT US

"At the Same Time, I Think Our Forces Should Be Immediately Withdrawn from Cuba."

(Specim. to The World.)  
 NASHVILLE, Ill., July 20.—Perhaps the last letter written by the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was one received by William Matlack, editor of the Chester Clarion, on last Sunday. It was dated July 20, and the postmark shows that it was mailed at Dobbs Ferry on the Est. at 1 P. M., just one hour after the noted agnostic's death.  
 In the Clarion of June 23 an article appeared in reference to Col. Ingersoll's expression on the war in the Philippines, which had been clipped from a Chicago paper.  
 Col. Ingersoll was a subscriber to a newspaper clipping bureau, and the clipping was sent him by the bureau. The letter in full is as follows:  
 "Editor Clarion:  
 "My Dear Sir: I inclose a clipping from your paper. Of course you copied it from some exchange. The words attributed to me I never uttered or wrote. I have one sentiment for soldiers—cheers for the living and tears for the dead. This is mine, but all the rest is by some one else. It is true that I think the treatment of the Filipinos wrong—foolish. It is also true that I do not want the Filipinos if they do not want us. I believe in expansion if it is honest. I want Cuba if the Cubans want us. At the same time I think our forces should be immediately withdrawn from Cuba and the people of that island allowed to govern themselves. We waged the war against Spain for liberty, for right, and we must wear the laurel unstained. Yours always,  
 ROBERT G. INGERSOLL."  
 This letter perhaps contains the only sentiments in regard to the Filipinos and Cubans ever publicly expressed by Mr. Ingersoll, the previous published interviews and statements, according to his last statements, being false.

## THE INFIDEL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Suggested by reading a newspaper paragraph describing the scene between Ethan Allen and his daughter on the eve of her death. She asked the stern infidel in whose faith he would have her die, his or her mother's:

"The damps of death are coming fast,  
 My father, o'er my brow;  
 The past, with all its scenes, has fled,  
 And I must turn me now  
 To that dim future which in vain  
 My feeble eyes descry;  
 Tell me, my father, in this hour,  
 In whose stern faith to die?"

"In thine, I've watched—he scornful smile  
 and heard the withering tone,  
 Whene'er the Christian's humble hope  
 Was placed above thine own;  
 I've heard thee speak of coming death  
 Without a shade of gloom,  
 And laugh at all the childish fears  
 That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?  
 How fondly do I trace,  
 Through many a weary year long past,  
 That calm and saintly face!  
 How often do I call to mind,  
 Now she is 'neath the sod,  
 The place, the hour in which she drew  
 My early thoughts to God.

"'Twas then she took this sacred book,  
 And from its burning page,  
 Read how its truths support the soul,  
 In youth and failing age!  
 And bade me in its precepts live,  
 And by its precepts die  
 That I might share a home of love  
 In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,  
 Amid this gathering gloom  
 To him whose promises of love  
 Extend beyond the tomb;  
 Or curse the being who hath blest  
 This checkered path of mine,  
 And promises eternal rest,  
 Or die, my sire, in thine?"

"The frown upon that warrior brow,  
 Passed like a cloud away,  
 And tears coursed down the rugged cheek  
 That flowed not till that day,  
 "Not—not in mine," with choking voice,  
 The skeptic made reply—  
 "But in thy mother's holy faith,  
 My daughter, may'st thou die!"

A copy of the above poem was sent to The Sunday Republic by Mrs. A. J. Tommerson of this city, who has kindly sent copies of other favorite poems.

## IS, MO., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1899

# MR. INGERSOLL'S LAST VISIT TO ST. LOUIS

From The St. Louis Republic, March 13, 1899.  
 Robert G. Ingersoll, the man who has created in the breast of the American people the extremes of those conflicting passions, love and hate, and who is, among a certain class of thinkers, the most popular man in the United States, delivered at the Olympic Theater last night, for the first time in this city, his lecture "Superstition."

No greater compliment was ever paid to any man than to Mr. Ingersoll when, after he had finished, the crowd, which had filled the theater from the first rows of the pit to the top tiers of the galleries, lingered to catch a glimpse of him as he came from the theater; waited to see him face to face. These people waited a full half hour, too, for Mr. Ingersoll stopped to talk with Olga Nethersole and her brother, Louis, and with Mr. and Mrs. Clay Clement and others who had listened with rapt attention to the words which dropped from the lips of the great orator.

Then this crowd pushed and jostled to see the man. They watched him as he stopped to light a cigar—with a sulphur match, too, which caused some comment—and elbowed nearer to have a better look at him. They saw the same Ingersoll this generation has known always. Perhaps the lines were drawn a little deeper in his face, but there was the same merry twinkle in the eye, the same smile of good nature, the same look of contentment.

Nor did Mr. Ingersoll show his age on the stage—and he is getting on in life. He himself recognized the fact, for, as he shook the hand of Pat Short last night and bade him good-by, he drew the manager's head over toward his own and whispered:  
 "This may be the last one—and then—"  
 He shrugged his shoulder. For a moment the mouth showed its firm lines, then relaxed into its old smile.

But on the stage last night Mr. Ingersoll was the same Ingersoll as of old. The energetic nod, the Ingersollian sneer, the expressive wave of the hand, the grand physique, the brilliant metaphor, the liquid-like sentences—not once were missing. There was strength in every word he uttered, youth in every posture, health shone from his bright blue eyes and ruddy cheeks. And because of these it seemed strange that he made the remark he did to Pat Short. \* \* \*

### FATHER PHELAN'S BITTER WORDS.

Father Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, when asked his opinion of Ingersoll, said:  
 "Dead! And of apoplexy? Well, it was

predicted that he would die suddenly. Ghostly and other things! Well, he is a 'ghost' himself now, and whatever 'other thing' he is mortal man cannot tell. The questions of the soul are the most serious of all, but Ingersoll burlesqued them.

Paine was a cursing blasphemer. Voltaire was a grinning blasphemer. Ingersoll was a vainglorious, burly blasphemer. Paine hated the world. Voltaire hated the church. Ingersoll hated the Bible. Paine shuddered at his conclusions. Voltaire tried to evade them by hypocritical repentance. Ingersoll was the most cowardly of them, and, although he declared he would die an infidel and passing out of life would shoot a Parthian arrow into the ranks of the believing host, I feel sure if he had had time to think of himself he would have asked for help from on high.

"There are deep and mysterious problems in philosophy, over which the theologian and thinker ponders long and perplexedly; but nothing that Ingersoll ever said or wrote will ever appear among the 'difficulties' on theological or philosophical textbooks. There is a God of the Bible; Julian denied him. There is a God of christianity; Jean Jacques Rousseau denied him. There is a God of nature; the Atheist denies him. Ingersoll denied them all, and apostasized from the God of the soul, turning him into a harlequin, and exhibiting him at so much an exposure.

"Only serious people read Tom Paine. Only literary people read Voltaire. Ingersoll was the Don Quixote of the dogmas, and his literary antics delighted the groundlings. Ingersoll never made an infidel, but he furnished amusement to insurgents against established order by persuading them that they were the only thinkers, and, if something was not done to make his lectures better known, that wisdom would die with them. Outside of a lunatic asylum more sages could not be encountered than in one of Ingersoll's audiences.

"They say he was a great speaker. He was a fair comedian. There was a trick in the construction of his periods that rhetoricians could easily detect; startling substitutions of the adjective for the substantive and a clever marshaling of words according to size and sound. He is repeated; never quoted. His philosophy is the draught of wine given to the condemned on the scaffold. His gospel is the phosphorescent light that glows over battlefields and the graves of the half-buried dead. The world owes nothing to Ingersoll, but a sigh of relief that his well-fed face will never again meet its gaze on dead walls, nor his clap-trap logic offend its ears in hall or theater, or re-echo in mouths resonant of the emptiness behind them."



# REPUBLIC.

IF you are interested in automobiles (and who is not nowadays?) you will find an engaging feature on the subject in The Sunday Republic to-morrow.

PRICE In St. Louis, One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents. On Trains, Three Cents.

2, 1899.

## INGERSOLL DIED SUDDENLY.



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

End Came Painlessly and Peacefully as He Had Wished.

WIFE WAS PRESENT.

"Oh, Better," Were the Last Words of the Dying Agnostic.

HEART AFFLICTION.

Ailing for Several Days But Seemed Much Better Yesterday.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 21.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, lawyer, doubter and the most brilliant word painter since Shakespeare, dropped dead to-day in the residence of his son-in-law, Walston H. Brown, at Dobbs' Ferry, New York, where he has made his summer home in recent years. Heart disease came upon this famous American with the suddenness of an electric shock and in a moment his spirit had fled.

While Colonel Ingersoll had suffered from heart trouble for a long time, the end was believed to be far removed and the suddenness of his death was a terrible blow to the members of his household.

He had left his son-in-law on the porch with the remark that he would soon return and play a game of billiards. Ten minutes later, as he was conferring with his wife as to what they should have for lunch, the Colonel having been dieting, he fell dead from his chair.

Doctors were hastily summoned, but they could only say that Colonel Ingersoll was past human aid. Angina pectoris was what the doctors called the ailment to which he had succumbed.

It was in 1896, at the Republican National Convention that sudden faintness and pains at his heart gave Colonel Ingersoll the first warning of his condition. On November 20, 1898, he was stricken with paralysis after delivering a lecture at Freeport, Ill. He was taken to the Great Northern Hotel and was in a precarious condition for some time.

He has been since under the care of Doctor A. Alexander Smith of this city. Doctor Smith is at present at his summer home in Belle Haven, near Greenwich, Conn., and Colonel Ingersoll had not seen him recently. The Colonel's condition became worse several weeks ago, and he could take little or no exercise without suffering severe pain. He had been dieting in the hope of reducing his weight and this possibly aggravated his condition.

Had Planned for the Future. Nevertheless, he was able to talk about and plan for the future with his associates. It had been planned for him to begin active practice again and abandon the lecture platform, which of recent years held his almost undivided attention.

Colonel Ingersoll on Thursday night was attacked with nausea. This morning he was somewhat better, but complained of a feeling of tightness about the chest. His daughter Miss Maude Ingersoll suggested that the attack of nausea might have been brought on by her father having eaten an apple before going to bed. He said he would confer with Doctor Smith, and called him up on the telephone about 10 o'clock.

Doctor Smith advised him to continue the use of the nitroglycerin tablets he had prescribed to aid the action of the heart.

"I'll come over to see you to-morrow," said the Colonel. "The trolley ride will do me good, and I'll take the children along," meaning his grandchildren.

After his talk with the doctor, Colonel Ingersoll spent the morning in a hammock and on the veranda with members of his family. At half past 12 o'clock he started upstairs. Mrs. Ingersoll was in her room at the southwest corner of the house, which is called Rawlston, and the Colonel stopped to discuss what they should have for luncheon.

He thought it would be unwise for him to eat any heavy food, owing to his stomach trouble.

His Last Words.

After talking a couple of minutes, Colonel Ingersoll crossed the hall and sat down in a rocking chair. He leaned his head on his hand, which rested on the back of the chair.

"How are you feeling?" his wife asked.

"Oh, better," he replied.

Those were his last words. A second after they were uttered Colonel Ingersoll fell forward, dead, without a sigh or groan.

Death came, as he had recently expressed a wish that it should, painlessly and without warning.

All the members of the household were at home at the time. Besides Mrs. Ingersoll there were Miss Maude Ingersoll, Mrs.

Walston H. Brown, another daughter, her husband and their two children, Robert G. and Ida; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Farrell, the latter a sister of Mrs. Ingersoll; Miss Eva Ingersoll Farrell and Mrs. B. W. Parker, the mother of Mrs. Ingersoll, and Mrs. Farrell.

Messengers were quickly sent for a physician. Doctor C. H. Gudsan was the first to arrive from the village. He was followed by Doctor Joseph Hasbrouck and Doctor Salisbury. Efforts were made to induce respiration by the use of oxygen, but without avail.

Mrs. Ingersoll was almost prostrated. She would not allow herself to be led from the room, but embraced her lifeless husband until the undertaker arrived from New York at 5 o'clock, and persuaded her to leave that the body might be prepared for burial.

The death of his brother, Doctor John L. Ingersoll, a year ago was a great shock to Colonel Ingersoll, and he never fully recovered from it.

Funeral arrangements have not yet been completed, but it has been decided that the interment shall be on Monday afternoon in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

From a touching little poem, written only two weeks ago, it may be inferred that Colonel Ingersoll fully realized that the heart pains he suffered oressed quick death. The lines were written on the border of a crayon portrait of himself, which he presented to his daughter and which hangs in the billiard-room of the Dobbs Ferry house. These are the lines, probably the last penned by the great agnostic:

IMMORTALITY.

With its countless hopes and fears beating against the shores of time and faith.

Was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion.

It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow.

Beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

It is the rainbow hope, shining on the tears of grief.

Colonel Ingersoll's last appearance on the lecture platform was in Brooklyn at the Montauk Theater on May 14. His topic was "Liberty," and he donated the proceeds to sick soldiers and their destitute families. Many messages of condolence were received by the members of Colonel Ingersoll's family this evening.

Sketch of His Career.

Robert Green Ingersoll was born in Dresden, a small town in Western New York, on August 11, 1833. He thus lacked less than a month of completing his sixty-sixth year. He was the youngest of five children. His father was a Congregational minister, brought up in his Calvinistic principles, but inclined in his later days toward a tentative liberalism that alienated many of his flock.

The son repeatedly denied a story, frequently told, that it was the sternness and severity of his father which drove him to infidelity. "My father," he wrote, "was a kind and a loving man. He loved his children tenderly and intensely. There was no sacrifice he would not and did not gladly make for them. He had one misfortune, and that was his religion. Seeing the effect upon him, seeing that religion simply made men unhappy, I learned to hate what is generally known as orthodox religion."

The ministerial father was of limited means and was forced by circumstances into peripatetic habits, until, when Robert

*Her remainder of this is on a page marked Ingersoll at heading of piece*

Vain Terrors of the Human Race, as the Famous Agnostic Called Them, Were Phantoms Embattled.

He Was No Atheist; He Never Denied That There Was a God, but Always Admitted He Did Not Know.

He Was a Temperance Man, but Not a Prohibitionist, and Was an Ardent Advocate of the Tobacco Leaf.

Liberty is the blossom and fruit of justice—the perfume of mercy. Liberty is the seed and soil, the air and light, the dew and rain of progress, love and joy. Epicure, in the ancient world, said things like these. He also tried to free the world from vain terrors. His name is a synonym for "gourmet." But that is not his fault. He was really an antique Ingersoll.

### INGERSOLL'S WILL

Has Not Been Found—He Probably Left None.

New York, August 1.—A man who is closely connected with the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's family says that no will of Colonel Ingersoll has been found and that nobody who knew the colonel thought there was one.

"The colonel did not believe in wills," he said. "All who knew him well have heard him say so frequently. His theory was that a man's estate should be settled and distributed by the machinery of the law constructed for that purpose."

"Do you know whether he ever expressed any wishes about the disposition of his estate?"

"No, sir; it is very improbable that he did. I do not think he ever thought much about that subject. He considered the law and was willing to trust it."

As to what Colonel Ingersoll left the man said he did not believe anybody knew yet. He thought it extremely unlikely that the family had made any investigations.

### LAST OF INGERSOLL.

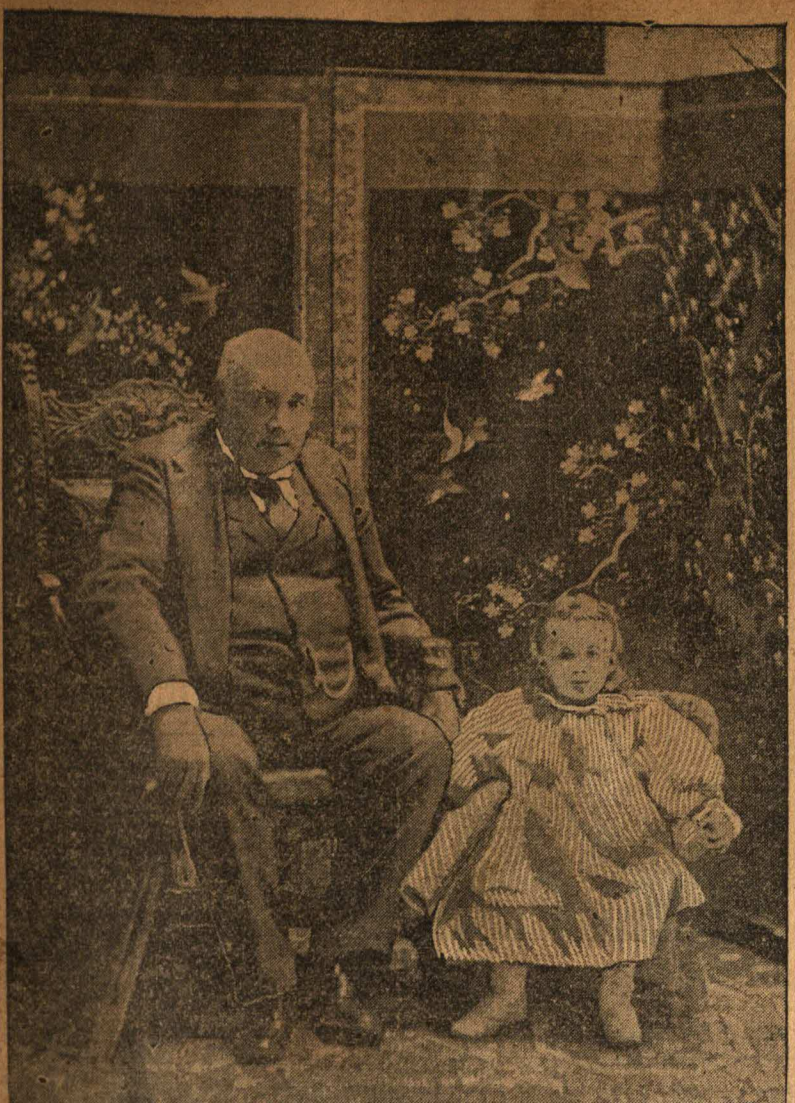
His Body Was Placed in the Retort of Freshpond Crematory.

New York, July 27.—The body of Robert G. Ingersoll was removed from Dobbs Ferry to the Freshpond, L. I., crematory this morning. The body was in a plain black coffin without ornament. The top of the coffin was covered with roses.

The funeral party included Mrs. Ingersoll, her two daughters, Clinton B. Farrell, Walston H. Brown, Major O. J. Smith and Mrs. Smith and F. C. Penfield.

The body was placed in the retort in the Freshpond crematory shortly after noon. Only the members of the funeral party were allowed in the crematory.

When the retort had sufficiently cooled the cradle was drawn out and the alum-soaked sheet was opened. The ashes were then placed in the usual canister and then in the urn. Both were sealed and the urn taken in charge by the Ingersoll party. The return trip was then begun. Mrs. Ingersoll bore up well. The funeral urn is a beautiful one, wound with laurel leaves and berries in bas relief and set with cypress leaves fashioned of green bronze. It is oval and set on a red porphyry base that rests on a brass plate. On one side is the simple inscription: "Robert G. Ingersoll." On the other in French are the words: "This urn holds the dust, the heart, the memory."



Ingersoll and His Granddaughter (an Unpublished Picture).

### DOES INGERSOLL KNOW?

It has been a common remark since the death of the noted infidel and orator that "he now knows whether there is another life and a heaven and a hell."

This remark recalls the ultimate conclusion of the "searcher after evidence" in Howells's strong novel "The Undiscovered Country." After taking up with Spiritualism, and thoroughly believing in its "communications" from the other world, only to be sadly disillusioned, the old man turned, in his last sickness, to a patient study of the Scriptures, but was compelled to say, as his last word on the subject: "If we wake we shall know. If we do not wake we shall not even know that we have not wakened."

It is probable that Col. Ingersoll, if alive, would say of another who had just died: "Does he know? Or does he only not know that he is done with knowing?"

Col. Ingersoll—to do him justice—did not deny the immortality of the soul nor the existence of a Supreme Being. He was an infidel, not an atheist—an agnostic rather than a dogmatic denier of the future life. Religious men have called the doctrine of immortality "a Great Hope," and Ingersoll went as far as that. In one of his beautiful, brief funeral orations he said:

If the grave ends all, if all that was our friend is dead, the world is better for the life he lived. Beyond the tomb we cannot see. We listen, but from the lips of mystery there comes no word, darkness and silence brooding over all. And yet because we live we hope.

And his last published verses conclude with these lines:

Is there beyond the silent night  
An endless day?  
Is death a door that leads to light?  
We cannot say.  
The tongueless secret locked in fate  
We do not know. We hope and wait.

### THE GREAT AGNOSTIC DEAD.

Call for Mass Meeting of Free Thinkers and Liberals.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll had many admirers in Dallas. He had filled engagements here on several occasions and had a number of intimate friends who are residents of the city. On his last visit the Dallas opera house was thronged with ladies and gentlemen, who were seemingly glad to be within range of his magnetism and under the spell of his eloquence. On the wall of Liberty hall, the headquarters of Dallas freethinkers, there is a life-sized picture of the great agnostic, a gift to the society from the hand that is now lifeless as the values that has been stilled by death. The Dallas freethinkers and liberals idolized Ingersoll. He was the greatest man within the range of their vision, and his death has filled them with grief. When the news came yesterday that the spirit of Ingersoll had taken its flight to that other bourne, it only whetted the public appetite, and there was a general demand for the details of what he did and what he said in his last moments. A few leading freethinkers and liberals got together, expressed regret that the champion of free thought had been called away, and resolved to hold a mass-meeting to-night. The following call is self-explanatory:

To the freethinkers and liberals of Dallas: You are earnestly requested to attend a meeting of the Dallas freethinkers to-night at 8 o'clock at the Commercial club rooms, corner of Main and Austin streets, for the purpose of giving public expression to the sentiments of all liberals upon the death of that grand apostle of human liberty, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Signed by O. Paget, president; D. F. T. A.; David Mackay, vice-president; J. O. Scott, secretary; Morris Dinkelspiel.



### "HOW DO I DO IT? I KNOW NO MORE THAN YOU," SAYS JACQUES INAUDI

**N**ATURALLY the first question put to me after giving an illustration of my abilities as a mathematician is, "How do you do it?" I will say that it is as much of a mystery to me as to any one else, and I can no more give a rational explanation than a composer could answer why it is that he can bring harmonies out of the depths of his inner consciousness and charm the world with them.

I only know that from my infancy I have thought in numbers, as the poet is said to "Hisp in rhyme," and whereas I have never had very much general schooling, I have exercised this one gift to such a degree that I feel that any problem within the range of finite understanding is not impossible to me.

I learned the sound of numbers before I learned the looks of them on paper, consequently to figure with pencil is an arduous task with me, for the very sight of the figures, so necessary for others in computation, only distracts me.

Of course, some problems require seconds while others require hours to compute, but the average is not more than thirty or forty seconds, and covers a vast range of computation, from astronomical paradoxes down to simple sums. Some of these put to me are unique, as, for instance, one given me the other day. It was as follows:

Supposing that there are 2,574 drops of water in one pint, how long will it take to empty a cistern containing 31,462 gallons, one drop falling every thirty-nine seconds, allowing one-sixteenth of 1 per cent for evaporation? In just five and one half minutes I arrived at the correct answer—25,266,743,307 seconds, or 801 years, 2 months 14 days, 3 hours, 48 minutes and 27 seconds. Anybody that likes may verify this at his leisure, if he has that much leisure at his disposal.

I am often asked if my memory extends in other directions as in figures. I must confess that it does not. If you ask me to remember a sum containing 400 numbers and repeat them one month from to-day, I can do so, providing, of course, that I fix them in mind with that definite end in view, otherwise they are speedily lost. But if you ask me to repeat ten lines of "Paradise Lost" or to recall some picture in the Louvre I am at sea.

JACQUES INAUDI  
(Translated from French as written by M. Inaudi.)

### PROFESSOR STRINGHAM EXPLAINS INAUDI'S PHENOMENAL POWERS

**M**ONSIEUR INAUDI'S phenomenal powers of mental calculation appear to be due to a prodigious memory more than to any other cause. His methods are straightforward, such as any computer would use if forced to do his work mentally. They are not tricks which will do astonishing things with special numbers, but general methods applicable to all numbers. His work is therefore conscious mental computation and not the instinctive reading off of results, a faculty for which has been claimed for some of the calculating prodigies of the past.

Most interesting is the fact that M. Inaudi's memory is wholly auditory. His mental pictures of numbers are always sound-images, so much so that the sight of numbers on the page or blackboard is a disturbance, not a help, to his computations. From this auditory record, which he makes permanent or temporary at will, he reads off his numbers as the ordinary computer reads from a printed page, only M. Inaudi's readings are enormously, almost incredibly rapid. A page, only M. Inaudi's readings are enormously, almost incredibly rapid. A thousand items are held easily to the attention of his mind's ear, where only one item is possible to the person possessed of an ordinary memory.

In contrast to M. Inaudi with his auditory memory stands Dr. Newell Perry, a recent graduate of our University, who, though blind, has a distinctively visual memory. Totally blind since the age of eight years, he is able to hold before his mental vision, and dictate to another, the most complicated geometrical configurations. He has recently astonished the professors at the University of Munich by solving a most difficult problem in the higher mathematical analysis essentially geometrical in character.

With the advance of years the speed of faculty of rapid computation frequently declines. Such was the case with Zerah Colburn (1804-1840) who had only ordinary arithmetical abilities after he had grown to manhood. M. Inaudi is an exception; although his special abilities had already developed remarkably as a child, at the age of thirty-four they are still strong and fresh. Something of this must be due to the continuance of practice.

First and last figures of a problem—the first figure, three billions; the last figure, one—and asked to find the cube root of it. In thirty-seconds his sharp, snappy "Finish" brought a start of surprise from the assembled professors, for it was nothing short of astounding, even to them, to hear him announce the correct answer—1511—and then smilingly supply the missing numerals between the three billions and the terminal figure one that made up the complete example which they had propounded to him only in part—3,449,786,831.

"Ah, that was still a little more difficult. Eet eet not so?" he asked, warming up to the tests which were really beginning to tax his brain.

Then, while the other professors were eliciting from him the information that he is supposed to have a double brain though he has never been interested enough to learn the exact circumference of his head, and that he speaks Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese and French fluently and is now engaged in the study of English, though his memory is very bad for anything but figures—he worked out a problem for Professor Haskell, who asked him to find the sum of two squares that is equal to the square of another, without interrupting the conversation for more than a few seconds.

The answer is shown on the blackboard just above the heads of the professors in the picture on this page. It is 27 square plus 364 square equals 385 square.

"Raise 216 to the third power and 216 to the fourth power and add the totals." This was of a kind with the second example given him and with wit sharpened by the first few minutes of the test Inaudi smilingly announced the solution in ten seconds. "Finish. Ze first. Eet eet 31,554,496. Ze second. Eet eet 3,971,220,736. Total—10,002,775,262. Eet eet not so?"

Then the lightning calculator was virtually bombarded with problems, one of which was a feat in performing five separate problems at once.

Multiply 49,748 by 7,279; subtract 48,497 from 68,006; divide 60,564 by 48; find the cube root of 129,554,216; add 4,678, 6,346, 7,894 and 16,241. Answers in every case were correct. Time 51 seconds.

In one or two problems, however, Inaudi made slight mistakes, as he began to tire, for he had foolishly gone to Berkeley without breakfast and the test had been a staggering one, though as a final proof of his remarkable memory for numbers, without turning to the blackboard, where the problems and answers were written, he read off every word of the Professors' desired it. He can remember as high as four hundred figures in a score of distinct problems for months. This is one of the most astonishing features of his wonderful mental feats.

Some other problems which illustrate his strange powers are the following: Problem 1—What is the square root of 642,521,104? At the same time answer questions to be put by various listeners as to the day of the month of any year—a feat of dual calculation carried on at the same time.

Questions Answered—April 19, 1895? Wednesday. January 13, 1887? Thursday. July 2, 1881? Saturday. Four more similar questions.

Answer to Square Root Problem, 25,248. Time, seventy seconds.

Problem 2—What is the cube root of 16,348,384,872?

Answer, 2,538. Time twenty-four seconds.

Problem 3—Another and more difficult feat of performing a problem with one-half of the brain while the other half answers questions as to the day of the week of any date of any year. What is the cube root of 3,625,214,566,512?

Date Questions Answered—July 1, 1862? Wednesday. May 26, 1857? Saturday. January 30, 1887? Saturday. Christmas, 1867? Thursday. Eight more similar to these.

Answer to Cube Root Problem—20,568. Time, fifty-seven seconds.

This is not guess work. Inaudi has to go through an incredible number of calculations to arrive at correct solutions and this he does with astonishing speed.

The opinion of the professors who conducted the test at Berkeley is practically summed up in the article written by Professor Stringham and printed herewith.

### "OLD GLORY" WAVES ON HIGH.

Words of the Chorus by Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll  
EDOUARD-REMÉNYI.  
Macintosh  
PIANO.  
Solo  
Oh, Flag of Freedom grand! Oh, Flag that free-oms love!  
On land and sea we honor thee all For Right and Liberty "Old Glory"  
With joy we hail thy stars unfurled In light of peace, in cloud of war, "Old Glory" waves on high.  
Land and sea we honor thee all For Right and Liberty "Old Glory" waves on high.  
With joy we hail thy stars unfurled In light of peace, in cloud of war, "Old Glory" waves on high.  
Copyright 1895, by Lehmann, Eisner & Thomas.

### The Poem Written by Ingersoll and Set to Music by His Friend Remenyi, the Violinist, Who Also Died a Sudden Death.

**W**ORDS of the patriotic song by Ingersoll, put to music by Edouard Remenyi, the violinist, who was his friend, and, like him, died suddenly, are as follows:  
Oh, Flag of Freedom grand! Oh, Flag that free-oms love! With praise we follow thee, to nobly do or die,  
On land and sea we honor thee all For Right and Liberty "Old Glory" waves on high.  
With joy we hail thy stars unfurled In light of peace, in cloud of war, "Old Glory" waves on high.  
For liberty was born with thee, thou flag of patriots true. In light of peace, in cloud of war, "Old Glory" waves on high.  
Remenyi died at San Francisco while playing "Old Glory" to one of the most enthusiastic audiences that playhouses have held.

### The Giggling Girl.

If you tell her she's modest or tell her she's vain,  
She'll giggle.  
She heeds not the fact that it gives you a pain.  
That giggle.  
Though you may address her in serious key,  
Make speech that presents no occasion for glee,  
Or even for smiling, her answer will be  
A giggle.  
She runs to the door when her Chawley boy rings  
And giggles.  
While helping him take off his cold winter things  
She giggles.  
When seated for sparking within the bright rays  
Of dollar per gas or the grate's cheery blaze  
She answers the sugary things that he says  
With giggles.  
In church if she catches a girly chum's eye,  
She giggles.  
There's no provocation, she doesn't know why,  
Just giggles.  
She'll arch up her eyebrows like back of cat  
That stands off the dog in the rear of the flat  
And give here eyelashes a humorous bat  
And giggle.  
If called to the bier of a dead, silent friend,  
She'd giggle.  
If Gabriel's trump should bring time to an end,  
She'd giggle.  
If up to the great judgment bar she were led  
To list to her fate with the quick and the dead  
She'd think it was funny and shake her fool head  
And giggle.  
—Denver Post.

# AN UNBELIEVER

THEY say the world is growing worse,  
I don't believe it, though;  
They say men worship but the purse,  
I don't believe it, though;  
They say that greatness is no more,  
That all the wise have gone before,  
And only trouble is in store—  
I don't believe it, though.  
They say there are no saints to-day,  
I don't believe it, though;  
They say we tread a downward way,  
I don't believe it, though;  
They say there's only gloom ahead,  
They say that all the knights are dead,  
They say men's sweetest joys are fled—  
I don't believe it, though.  
Men had their troubles long ago,  
And that's what I believe;  
We're cared for still while here below,  
And that's what I believe;  
Old Homer, of the sightless eyes,  
And Cæsar lie 'neath other skies,  
But greater men than they will rise—  
And that's what I believe.  
The world grows fairer day by day,  
And that's what I believe;  
The good have not all passed away,  
And that's what I believe;  
Though many a one we loved is gone,  
Fond hearts and true are beating on,  
The happiest days are still to dawn—  
And that's what I believe.

-ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH-FEBRUARY 11, 1906

## Noted Kentucky Infidel Dies While His Home Is Barred to Preachers

Charles Chilton Moore, Ideal Husband and Father, Insisted That Ministers Be Kept Away From Death Room, Lest They Misinterpret Some of His Talk During Unconsciousness as a Renunciation of His Agnosticism.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 10. CHARLES CHILTON MOORE who died at his country home, Quakeracre, near Lexington, Wednesday, was one of the most widely known infidels in America and, indeed, his fame was not confined to the country of his birth, but he was known in many parts of the world where his writings on agnosticism were read.

He was several times in Jail because of his religious beliefs and writings and, five years ago, was sentenced and served a portion of a term in the Federal Prison at Columbus, O., for the alleged sending of obscene matter through the mails.

He was pardoned by President McKinley.

Once he was called away from home and whipped by the friends of a Paris, Ky., minister whom he had assailed in his paper, and several times he was attacked and whipped in the streets by citizens whom his writings nettled.

He was 67 years old and leaves a family.

He was the champion of Miss May Collins, a Midway (Ky.) girl, who, at an early age, became famous as an infidel lecturer and who later lost her life in a Boston hotel by escaping gas.



C. C. MOORE.

Moore was an ideal father and husband having no habits that were in the least objectionable, and wrote and fought for his opinion only, giving the proceeds of his newspaper to his printer and publisher.

When it became known that he was ill scores of ministers went to his home and asked to talk with him.

He refused to see them and had his friends denounce them for "taking advantage," as he expressed it, of a man who might not be in his right mind from long suffering and the approach of death.

He was stout in his renunciation of religion to the last.

Death came to him while seated in an arm chair. Owing to the condition of his heart he had been unable to lie down for several weeks.

### What is Life?

What is life? 'Tis a delicate shell  
Thrown up by eternity's flow,  
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,  
And a moment loveliness show.  
Gone back to its element grand  
In the billow that brought it on shore  
See! Another is washing the sand,  
And the beautiful shell is no more.  
—Select









VOL. XXIII. NEW YORK NOT INSTRUCT TAMMANY LEADER DETERMINED TO SEND AN UNRESTRICTED DELEGATION TO DENVER. BRYAN MEN ARE SHUT OFF

TAMMANY LEADER DETERMINED TO SEND AN UNRESTRICTED DELEGATION TO DENVER. BRYAN MEN ARE SHUT OFF

NEW YORK, April 14.—Sharp political skirmish during the first session of the Democratic State convention today, which developed into a full-scale battle over an instruction of New York delegates to the Denver convention, was followed tonight by a general engagement of all the Bryan forces to compel the committee on resolutions to endorse the candidacy of W. J. Bryan for President by instructing the delegates to the National convention for him.



IN FRONT OF THE GROUP ARE PRESIDENT ERNEST STEVENS OF SAN ANTONIO AND SECRETARY SWINFORD OF HOUSTON—Photo by Cygenson.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE WINS IN DENMARK Copenhagen, April 14.—By a vote of 84 to 85 the Folketing today passed the Government franchise bill. The measure already has been adopted by the Landething. Under it all taxpayers, both male and female over 25 years of age, and all married women whose husbands are taxpayers, are entitled to vote in all communal elections.

DEPOT FOR DALLAS ACTION POSTPONED TO JULY AFTER McDOWELL READS LETTER.

Resolutions Are Telegraphed to Congress Protesting Against Its Passage—Hear Reports.

THE LUMBERMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF TEXAS, which has a membership of more than eight hundred, and whose members represent more wealth than any other industrial or commercial organization in the State, not even excepting the Cattlemen's Association, began its twenty-second annual convention in Dallas yesterday.

TEXAS LUMBERMEN GATHER IN DALLAS

RESOLUTIONS ARE TELEGRAPHED TO CONGRESS PROTESTING AGAINST ITS PASSAGE—HEAR REPORTS.

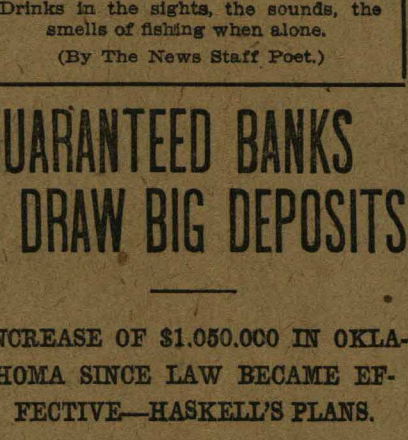
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GUARANTEE BANKS DRAW BIG DEPOSITS

INCREASE OF \$1,050,000 IN OKLAHOMA SINCE LAW BECAME EFFECTIVE—HASKELL'S PLANS.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Forecast: Dallas and vicinity: Fair Wednesday. East Texas: Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday; fresh south winds on the coast. West Texas: Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday, except possibly showers Wednesday night or Thursday in extreme west portion.



GOVERNOR CAMPBELL ADDRESSES WORKERS

DELEGATES TO LABORERS' CONVENTIONS IN FORT WORTH COMPOSE APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE. "LABOR ITSELF IS WEALTH"

SMITHVILLE HEARS DEFENSE. SENATOR ARRIVES AMID GREETINGS OF CHILDREN—CANDIDATES OPPOSING HIM APPEAR AT MEETING.

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JUDGE LANDIS SETS HEARING FOR APPEAL OF STANDARD

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FEAR OF TROUBLE; BAILEY CRITICISES

EXCITING INCIDENT DURING TALK AT SMITHVILLE WHEN SENATOR IS QUESTIONED BY CITIZEN.

ROOSEVELT WANTS FOUR BATTLESHIPS

TO AVOID INSULT, WE MUST BE ABLE TO REPEL IT. HE SAID. HOT MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

Calls Attention to China, Which Has Adopted No Aggressive Naval or Military Policy.

POINTS FROM MESSAGE. "I earnestly advise that Congress now provide four battleships of the most advanced type."

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Compressed into what would be not more than a ten-minute speech on the floor of Congress, President Roosevelt today urged in a special message to provide for the construction of four battleships of the largest and most approved type at once.

THE TEXT OF THE MESSAGE FOLLOWS: To the Senate and House of Representatives: Let me again repeat my anxiety to provide for the construction of four battleships of the largest and most approved type at once.



# The PASSING SHOW

THE STAR PRESENTS

No. 42.



Governor Thomas Mitchell Campbell  
In "THE TOILERS"

## Campbell Defends Thirtieth.

Governor Campbell's speech at the city hall Tuesday afternoon was a tribute to labor, and a defense of the acts of the Thirtieth legislature.

He was introduced by C. W. Woodman as a man who had kept every one of his campaign pledges upon which he was elected. Throughout his talk Governor Campbell was given the closest attention, and was applauded often and with enthusiasm.

The governor declared that there was an organized effort to elect delegates unfriendly to organized labor and friendly to the "trusts." "Search your candidates," he said, "search them clear down to the ground. No man has a right to offer for any law-making office without telling the people what he stands for."

The governor enumerated the measures passed by the last session of the legislature, and outlined his future policy. He said there would be no compromise with the "trusts," and predicted that the tax rate would be reduced to 6 cents. He commended the Farmers' union, and advised cooperation between the laborers of the city and those of the country. His reference to the commercial secretaries' campaign for fewer and saner laws was not unmingled with sarcasm. At the close of his speech the governor was accorded an ovation.

## Panama's Perplexity.

In 1903 President Roosevelt turned aside on one of his busiest days to build the republic of Panama. Of course, he had to rent it out until the surroundings could be made more sanitary, and many people thought that in the press of other business he would neglect or forget the new policy form. But not so.

Panama is three-fourths as big as Ohio, mostly jungles, but with enough cleared land along the coast to make the cultivation of Roosevelt diplomacy a thriving business. The climate is moist and revolutionary, the soil a rich Latin-American loam capable of producing two or three crops a year when properly stirred. The entire plantation is, in fact, one that any statesman engaged in Burbanking governments with a view to evolving the spineless Bolivar insurrection would naturally be proud of. Hence the plat of Panama, with the deed that the Columbian president forgot to sign, was laid away by Mr. Roosevelt as carefully as the congratulatory cablegrams regarding Portsmouth and the flattering newspaper references to the big stick. Moreover, he made it a point to get regular reports from Panama, sending a man down now and then to see that the somewhat Omar Khayyamish lessees were not dividing their whole time between the wassail and the siesta and letting the place grow up in weeds.

The original lease was drawn very binding, it is true, with the right of cancellation and ouster unequivocally reserved and handy to get at, but Mr. Roosevelt rightly opined that hardly any contractual terms were strong enough to keep the dreamful and fandangorous Central American mind concentrated on the useful employments of life without a boss, present or liable to appear at any time.

Owing to the press of politics at home and to the working out of elaborate plans for the isolation of Col. Stewart, routine business at Panama was in some measure neglected for several months, and the present leaseholder, Senor Amado Guerrero, got to riding a pretty high horse as though he owned the place. It was to disabuse his too highly receptive mind of this hallucination that Secretary Taft recently journeyed to Panama with a copy of the contract and a spanking paddle under his toga. The government of Panama is constructed on delightfully adjustable, ball-bearing plans. It is composed of municipalities presided over by mayors appointed by the President and removable by him. The mayor's subordinates are appointive under them. The President is put in by the people of Panama, he taking all the chances of being removed by the government of, for and by the people at Washington. It is a most interesting arrangement, where everybody slides out when necessary with a quo warranto and a club. The result is a most significant and what keeps the place after the fashion of a White House.



## Now for the Crowds for EASTER MILLINERY



Next Sunday, when everyone else will be wearing one, we advise you until Friday or Saturday. When this store gets all the orders that not do as many stores do, take more orders than we can finish. Dainty styles that we have now on show in our Easter opening, your than if you wait until the very last moment for the choice of a hat which becomes you.

## Voile Skirts

the good bargains which we place on sale tomorrow. Every woman who cares to own a skirt (4½ yards), bound at both ends of good taffeta silk.

to \$10 last... **\$5.98**

Dark Dresses Cause a  
Priced at  
**\$25.00**

at Purchase of High  
at a Third Off in price



sent a message to all the orders assembled, praying for the privilege of having a delegate on the joint legislative board. Favorable action was taken by all the organizations.

The committee on rules reported that no delegates should be allowed to talk more than five minutes on any question, and could not speak twice without the consent of the chair. All delegates must vote on all questions unless excused by the chair.

The auditing committee took occasion to compliment Secretary Frank Graves upon the common-sense manner in which he had kept the books during the past year.

A letter was read from the Corpus Christi Commercial club expatiating upon the wonderful bay and other too-numerous-to-mention advantages as a convention city, and inviting the State Federation to come there next year. Corpus Christi and San Antonio are both in the race strong.

In the report of the legislative board the principal recommendation was that the practice of questioning candidates be continued. It was recommended that a legislative committee be appointed in each labor community to propound questions to the various candidates for office, and that when the answers are received the widest publicity be given the replies.

C. W. Woodman, delegate from

# WALL PAPER

Imported Wall Paper, per single roll, \$1.00 down to .....	25c	Good Gilts in all ble roll, 75c to .....
Heavy Tapestries in crown effects, per double roll, \$3.00 down to .....	75c	Dainty Bed Room 75c down to .....
Heavy Embossed Goods, per double roll, \$1.00 down to .....	35c	Good White Blinds 25c down to .....

SPECIAL SALE OF \$2.00 Landscapes in PICTURES MONDAY 25c and 50c Passepartout

## DOWN & V

Main Street, Between Tenth and Eleventh

Haven.  
"That is all there is to it," said Green.

### TALKS TO REPORTERS.

Taft to Seek Advice as to Making Speeches.

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 20.—After luncheon this afternoon at his brother's residence Secretary Taft gave an audience to the newspaper men. He seemed in fine health and said he would leave for New York for New York.

thrown open to the pupils of the schools and for several hours the entire city was like ancient Greece during the period of athletic idealism.

Nearly 100,000 embryo athletic gathered in the numerous playgrounds and contested in games, hammer-throwing, wrestling, foot racing, acrobatic feats on suitable apparatus and pastimes suitable to the open air. The prevented larger participating.





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