CHAPTER XVI.

Confession.

If the impulsive, fighting Bill Dale could have heard across the intervening miles the conversation that took place in his old home the next evening, he would probably have followed Ben Littleford's daughter by the next train if he had had to hold it up at the point of an honest blue gun in order to get aboard it.

John K. Dale and his wife had gone into the library with Elizabeth at her request. The three sat down facing each other. The younger woman was ill at ease; she was glad that the lights were subdued and soft. When the silence had become heavy, she straightened in her chair and blurted out falteringly:

"Bill asked me to m-marry him, and I wouldn't do it. I—I thought maybe I—I ought to tell you."

The Dales exchanged glances; then they looked back at Elizabeth Littleford. Dale smiled a fatherly smile. Mrs. Dale's eyes narrowed. The old stiffness rose within her and began to make stubborn war against her more recently acquired common sense.

"Have you quarreled?" she asked.

"No."

"Well," old Dale said bluntly, "what's wrong?"

"It isn't his fault," Elizabeth told them. "I'm a savage," she went on desperately—"and he isn't my kind."

John K. Dale retired very early that night. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, his wife bent toward Elizabeth and said curiously:

"Why did you call yourself a savage?"

Elizabeth told of her early life in the hills, of the feud between her people and the Morelands and of how she had hated the bloodshed. She told of the coming of Major Bradley, of her burning tairst for education, of the old trainman who had thrown her a newspaper each day, and of the coming of Bill Dale.

"I was lonesome," she continued, "and nobody ever seemed to understand how I felt. That is, until Bill Dale came. After I met him, I couldn't see anything but him; he seemed to me like somethin' I'd had and lost. . . ."

"Then," said Mrs. Dale, "why did you refuse to marry—"

"Wait—you don't know it all," Elizabeth interrupted her. "There was the killin' o' that heathen, Adam Ball. I went to 'tend the trial because I knew

"Then," Said Mrs. Dale, "Why Did You Refuse to Marry—"

I could clear your son if Major Bradley couldn't. You see, Mrs. Dale, I happened to know who did kill Adam Ball, and I meant to tell if it was necessary.

"On the mornin' of the killin' Bill had started up the river by himself. It was dangerous for him to go off like that, on account o' them Balls and Torreys. Back in the Big Pine country there is a tall, thin man named Sam Heck. He's a big eater, an awful liar, and a worshiper of Bill Dale. Sam heard my father say it was dangerous, and he whispered: 'I'll jest sneak through the laurels and gyard Bill from ahind him.' I heard him say it, Mrs. Dale.

"So he went sneakin' along the foot o' the north end o' David Moreland's mountain, with his rifle in his hand, to guard your son. Bill didn't know he was bein' followed, because Heck is as crafty as a cat. I got nervous about Bill, so I went into the laurels and followed Sam Heck. When I overtook him, he was standin' behind a clump o' sheep laurel and lookin' toward the river.

"I whispered, 'Where's Bill?'

"He said, 'Be still, Babe!' And then he thumbed his rifle's hammer back without a sound.

"I looked toward the river and saw Bill Dale a-walkin' up the nearest bank, and I saw Black Adam slip behind a tree not far away. Bill saw Adam, and he slipped behind a tree, too. Adam shot at Bill's hat, and teased Bill. Bill shot at Adam's hat—and then Adam Ball jumped up groanin' like he was done for, and fell, all a-twistin', to the ground. But he wasn't hit. He put his gun out by the tree to kill Bill as soon as he showed himself. It was one o' his old tricks."

Elizabeth Littleford raised her head slowly and went on in a voice that was much shaken:

"I had always talked against killin and yet I stood there and begged Sam Heck to finish him. The rest happened in no time. Ball was already a-lookin along his sights. Bill Dale was nearly out in the open. I—" she faltered, and then came a rush of words: "I wouldn't marry him without tellin' him, because it wouldn't be fair to him; and if I told him, he—he wouldn't have me. The woman he marries mustn't be a—a s-savage."

She stopped and stared at Mrs. Dale almost defiantly. Her head was high and her hands were clasped in her lap so hard that they trembled.

"I think you have made a mountain out of a molehill, my dear," the older woman said gently. 'What you did was right, not wrong; any good woman would have done just what you did, Elizabeth, I am sure."

Elizabeth Littleford faced Mrs. John K. Dale squarely. There was a strange glow in her eyes.

"But I haven't told you everything," she murmured—"I took Sam Heck's rifle from him, and killed Adam Ball myself."

CHAPTER XVII.

Bill Dale Laughs.

Bill Dale sat thinking of what he had done there in the Big Pine country. From the stone-and-clay chimneys of the cabins of the Littlefords on the other side of the river the howling wind snatched sprays of blue woodsmoke. The Morelands had gone to farms lying around Cartersville in the lowland, on each of which a fair-sized first payment had been made, the borrowed capital was to remain borrowed for another year. The Morelands were already losing their outlandishness and growing into universal respect. David Moreland's dream was at last being realized.

Then Dale frowned heavily. If only he could do as much for Babe's people! But he couldn't. The men of the Littlefords still worked the coal mine. They received almost twice the customary wages, but even that wouldn't buy them farms and educate their children.

Under his eyes lay two unanswered letters from his parents. He found little pleasure in answering their letters, for he was still somewhat bitter toward them—toward his father because of his father's ill treatment of David Moreland and David Moreland's people; toward his mother because she had let him go hungry for mother-love as a baby, as a child, as a boy, and as a man; toward them both because he had been reared a do-nothing.

The door opened suddenly, and By Heck came stamping in with a gust of cold air at his back. He carried in one hand the mail satchel; in the other was his ever-present rifle. After throwing the satchel to the floor at Dale's feet, he turned to the glowing wood stove.

"I'm dang nigh friz, Bill," he chattered. "My gosh, I couldn't be no colder'n what I am if I'd ha' clim' the north pole neckid. Say, Bill, why'n't ye burn coal 'stid o' wood? Igod, it's better."

"Coal is worth money. Wood isn't."

Dale ran through the mail hastily. He threw aside a letter from the Alexander Crayfield Coal corporation, which took the entire output of the mine at an extraordinary figure, and picked up a letter which bore the postmark of his home city.

It was from Babe Littleford. Since he paid so little attention to the letters of his parents, they had requested her to write to him—they wanted him to come home for Christmas dinner. Wouldn't he come?

He arose and paced the office floor for two or three minutes, then he sat down at his desk and dashed off a letter that contained only two sentences.

By Heck sat beside the stove and watched his god with thoughtful eyes. He understood, he believed. How any woman on earth could turn down a man like Bill Dale was utterly beyond him. By Heck was a great deal like a good-natured dog. . . .

If Bill would only laugh, it would be good for him. It had been so long since he had heard Bill laugh. By Heck decided that he would make Bill Dale laugh.

"Old boy?"

"Well?"

"Do ye want me to tell ye a funny tale?" drawled Heck. He barely heard the answer:

"I guess I don't mind, By."

Heck's sympathy made him gulp. But he swallowed the lump that came up in his throat and began bravely:

"One time the' was a feller named Smith. Odd name, Bill, ain't it? 'Hossfly' Smith, they called him, 'cause it was said 'at he could easy shoot a hossfly offen a hoss's ear and never break hide on the animile. He was a hellion, too. One time Hossfly, he was a-tryin' to git app'inted the chairman o' some sort o' politics doin's, and on that same day he was a-drinkin' sort o' tol'able heavy. They agreed to make him the temp'rary chairman, but Hossfly, he didn't want that. So he hops right up in the middle o' the meetin', and he hollers out and says:

"'Feller citizens,' he says, 'I want to be the permanent chairman! I ain't a-goin' to act in the cap-acity of a durned temp'rary chairman; I abso-d—n-lutely ain't!'

"His old inemy, Eb Wright, he yells back and says smart-like: 'Set down thar, Hossfly,' says Eb—'you're drunk, and you don't know the difference atween temp'rary and permanent!'

"Well, they knowed Eb had it a-comin' to him right then, and they listened fo' it. Hossfly, he addresses the whole meetin', and this here is what Hossfly says:

"'Feller citizens,' says he, 'Eb Wright thar 'lows I don't know the difference atween temp'rary and permanent. I'll prove to you that I do know the difference. Eb Wright says I'm drunk. I am. That's temp'rary. Eb Wright is a poke-nosed idjit. That's permanent!'"

Heck finished with a lazy laugh: 'Haw, haw, haw! Hee-haw, hee-haw!'

"That story," Dale said wearily, "has been told on dozens of politicians. It has become a part of the history of this state."

"Well, my gosh!" moaned By Heck. He thought deeply for a moment, decided that Bill Dale wouldn't laugh at the story of Tom Jones' pig—which had drank all of a gallon-pail of buttermilk and then gone to sleep in the self-same pail—and went on:

"Here's one, by Jake, 'at ain't been told on dozens o' politics men. And every word of it is the solemn, dyin deathbed truth, too.

"One time I was out in the mountains a-huntin', a-goin' along slow and a-lookin' fo' a squirrel, when all of a suddent I hears a skeery noise right ahead o' me in the laurels—Z-z-z-z-z!

Z-z-z-z-z! Jest like that. I stops. I stops de-e-ad still. I looks keen. Thar was a den o' rattlers, and the very least one was as big around as my left hind laig! Then I hears a turrible growl right ahind o' me. I looks keen. Thar stands a big old she-bear with her teeth a-showin', and two cross-eyed cubs! Then I hears a whine at my left. I looks keen. Thar stands a she-panther as big as a hoss, with her eyes jest a-blazin'! Then I hears a spittin' sound out to my right. I looks keen. Thar was seven full-grown wildcats, and all of 'em had been bit by a mad dawg! Some fix to be in? Yeuh; some fix!

(To be Continued.)

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE

XL.—MONTANA

THE mention of Montana history immediately brings to mind the Custer Massacre as one of the most dramatic incidents in Indian warfare. It occurred in 1876, the Centennial year, when special emphasis was being laid on the cause of peace throughout the world. The Sioux Indians had been driven into Montana by the gold miners, and the United States government took steps to force them back into their reservations. General Custer, with less than 300 men, set out to round up the tribes which were on the warpath, and at the Little Bighorn river, was ambushed by Sitting Bull and 3,000 warriors. Custer and all his troopers were killed. Soon after this massacre the Indians were defeated and many of them fled to Canada.

Gold was discovered in Montana as early as 1852 by the half-breed Francois Finlay near Hell Gate river. This, however, created little stir and it wasn't until five years later when John Silverthorn discovered gold in quantities, that mining settlements sprang up in the mountains. This region had been part of Nebraska territory, which in 1863 was subdivided and became a portion of Idaho territory. The next year it was organized as the separate Territory of Montana.

Virginia City was the capital and here in 1865 was issued the Montana Post, the first newspaper of the state. In 1874 the capital was changed to Helena and ten years later a state constitution was adopted. The state was not taken into the Union, however, until 1889.

Montana comes from the Spanish adjective meaning "mountainous." Its area is 146,996 square miles, making it the third largest state of the Union.

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Ocular Demonstration Desired.—"Because I tell you," peacefully asked the first man, "how many bushels of corn I husked at the prize contest year before last?"

"No," grimly replied the farmer, "but I'd like to have you show me."

WHY OF TEXTILE STRIKE

(Continued From Page One.)

this period of reconstruction to enter into a fight of such magnitude?

The difficulties encountered were the apparent unwillingness of the mill owners to consider whether or not the wages paid the mill workers were sufficient to allow them to purchase the bare necessities of life. Men and women acting as committees met their employers or their representatives and requested that the cuts in wages given them should be lessened so that they might be able to give their children sufficient nourishment.

Not only committees of the workers waited upon the employers, but the Central Labor Union of Charlotte requested the governor, the mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, the Manufacturers' Association, to come as good public minded citizens and endeavor to sett'e the request of the workers for a reduction in the cut in wages given. All to no avail. Every obstacle was placed in the way of adjustment by the employers and the press.

What were the cuts in wages? They ranged from 37 1-2 per cent. to 65 per cent. in two of the chains of mills in Charlotte and vicinity; and in another chain of mills where a bonus was given during the war period of 120 per cent., it was taken away from the workers entirely.

The mill workers complained to their International Union to do something for them. The officers went to the meetings of the workers and told them to bide their time and they would try every method to avoid a strike. This was done and, as stated above, met with complete failure. The workers then told the International that they would not stand for such treatment as was accorded them by the employers. They demanded that the International should endorse their going out with the understanding that the International could not pay the strike benefits called for in their constitution, but would assist to the best of its ability.

On June 1 the workers walked out in three of the largest chains of mills as a protest against the most intolerable conditions and the most drastic cuts in wages that have ever been given to a God-fearing people. These workers are all Americans. All they ask is the right to work and have a say in what they should receive for that work. Surely there is nothing wrong in that request.

I have no desire to add fuel to the already blazing conflagration when I say that in plain dollars and cents the cuts in wages in many instances dropped from $27 per week to $11 per week of 55 hours and 60, and in some cases 65 hours.

Not a country that was engaged in the world war but has given to its citizens a forty-eight hour work week or less, and started investigations to find out the home conditions of its workers—all but the United States.

In the southland where textile mills are situated there you will find the raw material grown in abundance; cotton sufficient to supply the world's needs; cotton at the backdoor of the mills. There, too, you will find the skilled textile workers, men and women, boys and girls, ready at all times to be fair and reasonable toward their employers, taking an interest in the quality of the work they produce.

Why do the mill owners of Carolina refuse arbitration? Why do they spend thousands of dollars telling the workers to not go into a union? Why are the mill owners of the south opposed to legislation that has for its purpose the uplift of humanity? Why are the mill owners insistent that labor is a commodity to be bought and sold? Why are the mill owners not willing to concede to the worker the same right as they have, namely, getting together in an association?

All the above questions would be superfluous if the human factor was allowed to function as God ordained it should be done. It is my opinion that much of the animosities and hatreds are engendered by the workings and manoeuvrings of unprincipled lawyers. These men in many instances are failures when it comes to pleading cases before the courts of our country, or even in attempting to interpret the statutory laws of our land but as lobbyists to secure laws to crucify labor, they are adepts, because of their lack of the virtues of charity and justice.

There are many employers in the south and who wish to be fair, but cannot, owing to their environments. They are members of an association, many of whose members are labor haters, and these labor haters make it very unpleasant for an individual who has the temerity to say that he believes in human equation.

There can never be peace between capital and labor while either presume to say: I will do no business with you.

There is no question but that strikes and lockouts will continue, carrying in their wake waste, suffering, misery and want, while an employer takes the position that an employe is so much chattel, to be used at will.

The uncalled for waste and human suffering caused by strikes and lockouts can be eliminated if men will only sit down and discuss in manly fashion the thing that is causing the trouble. The spirit of being charitable one to the other if practiced at the arbitration table would end in the proper adjustment of any trouble, no matter how serious that trouble might be.

The right of an employer to have his representatives act for him has never been questioned by labor, but let the workers ask for the same privilege, and it is denied them. Is this justice?

The things I have said are not said in a spirit of hatred, but on the contrary are said for the purpose of trying to give an accurate statement of

DEFIED NAPOLEON.

(Continued From Page One.)

was now tied by her infirmities rather than by her affections, she lived in an exclusive boarding house on the corner of Cathedral and Richmond streets. It was the refuge of many lonely and detached members of first families, and colonial quarterings were more necessary to admittance there than mere money.

I was then closely associated with a group of small boys, the oldest about 8, all of whom were vastly interested in the Napoleonic era. I can see the old lady now, as she came out at dusk to sit in the great, neglected overgrown garden or he led about its rambling paths, leaning heavily upon her stick and overlooking with her dark, heavy eyes the little swarm of freckled-faced boys who followed obsequiously in her footstep. Then I went away to school, when I returned she was no longer in the garden, having died in her ninety-fifth year. Now there are only memories of Betsy Patterson, the American girl who might have been a queen.

Blasphemy and Free Speech.—"Is public insult to the Christian religion and its followers defensible as free speech?" To this question, notes the Nashville Christian Advocate, the Supreme court of the State of Maine has returned a negative answer, which the Southern Methodist weekly believes thoroughly justified. As it explains the case calling forth the Maine definition of the limits of free speech:

"Michael Mockus, a Lithuanian, some time ago, in explaining pictures which he was throwing upon a screen, used filthy and insulting expressions concerning God, Christ and the Virgin Mary. He was convicted under a Maine statute which makes it an offense to use 'profanely, insultingly and reproachfully language against God' or against the other members of the Trinity, or the Christian Scriptures. The Supreme court of Maine affirmed the decision of the lower court and in doing so gave a definition of freedom which is remarkable for its soundness and beauty. The definition as as follows:

"'The great degrees of liberty which we enjoy in this country, the degree of personal liberty which every man and woman enjoys, is limited by a like degree of liberty in every other person; and it is the duty of men and the duty of women in their conduct, in the exercise of the liberty which they enjoy to consider that every other man and woman has the right to exercise the same degree of liberty; that when one person enters into society—and society is the state in which personal liberty exists—each gives up something of that liberty in order that the other may enjoy the same degree of liberty. It is a conception that perhaps some people find difficult to understand, but it is the conception of liberty which we enjoy.'"—Literary Digest.

BELGIAN ENTERS CLEMSON

Louvian Graduate to Take Advanced Course.

Emile Cordemans, a graduate of the school of administration at the University of Louvian, Belgium, arrived in New York September 12 with eighteen other Belgian students, holders of fellowships awarded by the commission for relief in Belgium educational foundation, of which Herbert Hoover, is chairman.

Mr. Cordemans will proceed to Clemson Agricultural college to register for a year's advanced work in cotton culture, with especial attention to the growing of cotton in tropical countries. Mr. Cordemans hopes to apply the knowledge thus gained to the development of the cotton growing industry in the Belgian Congo.

His degree from the University of Louvian was awarded magna cum laude. Mr. Cordemans tried to escape from Belgium during the German occupation of that country to join the Belgian army in the field, but was arrested by the Germans and held prisoner until the signing of the armistice.

The fellowships are awarded annually and serve as a perpetual memorial to the work of the commission for relief in Belgium during the war. There are twenty-four Belgian and a like number of American fellowships. American universities name the candidates for fellowships in Belgium subject to the approval of the C. R. B. educational foundation. The Belgian students are selected in like manner by Belgian universities and approved by the Foundation Universitaire, a Belgian organization founded by the national comite, which was associated with the C. R. B. in administering the war relief activities in Belgium.