YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers. | A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People. | TERMS---$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855. | YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912. | NO. 32.

DR. J. MARION SIMS.

Lancaster Man America's Greatest Contribution to Surgery.

The following article appeared in the March number of the University of Va., Magazine:

About one hundred years ago there was a decade which in some ways is one of the most remarkable that any age has seen. If we say that for some reason the ten years from 1805 to 1815 saw more men of genius born than any other ten consecutive years of which we have accurate knowledge, the case would not be too strongly put. What causes operated to produce this fortunate effect cannot, of course, be ascertained, nor if it were possible would it be profitable to discuss them here. To cite a partial list of great men who were born in this auspicious period would be to do over a work that has been done already. It is the purpose of this article to call attention to the coming centennial of the birth of one of the comparatively few world-figures that America has contributed to the nineteenth century, and in doing so it is well to recall the reasons why this man has a right to the place which the world's verdict has given him.

One hundred years ago on the twenty-fifth of next January, James Marion Sims, B. A., M. D., LL. D., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, decorated by all the sovereigns of Europe, physician, surgeon, discoverer, inventor, and Christian gentleman, was born in Lancaster, South Carolina. The history of the man who merits these honors can in no wise be unprofitable.

In 1832 there were graduated from South Carolina college two boys whose lives had been intertwined and were to be more closely associated for a quarter of a century. They are written on the graduation rolls B. Rush Jones and J. Marion Sims and both are planning to become great men. Both enter Jefferson medical college in the fall, and both are graduated with excellent records in the spring of 1835.

Lancaster, South Carolina, had a warm welcome for "Rush" Jones and "Marion" Sims on their return—we can imagine that no ball was complete without these two elegant young blades—but at the bedside the candle was amply sufficient to change by its flickering beam "Dr." J. M. Sims into "Marion" Sims, and patients found it hard to discern the doctor of a month in the boy of twenty-two, so realizing that the old statement, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," was as true for medicine as for the clergy, the boys set out for a region which was rapidly filling up with some of the best blood of Virginia and South Carolina, America's two celestial empires. This region was the "black belt" of Alabama, a district in which the old feudalism already passing in the southern states to the northward, on account of the exhaustion of the soil was to find a new lease of life in a soil almost bursting with potential riches, but alas, alas, like all other new countries, having frequent swamps where the busy little mosquito might mature his malaria transmitting apparatus, until the population came for him to attack.

So there was reason in the choice of location. In Montgomery, after a time Dr. Jones married Miss Taliaferro, while Dr. Sims went back to Lancaster to wed the beautiful Theresa Jones, the sister of his friend. Dr. and Mrs. Sims settled at Mount Meigs, a charming settlement of wealthy planters about fourteen miles southeast of Montgomery, in a quaint old mansion with big rooms, high ceilings, many paned windows, and galleries upstairs and downstairs and opening out from my lady's chamber. Great oak trees shrouded with grey-beards of Spanish moss still shade the very white, box-bordered walks that wind their way about the house. Box bushes attain great age, so I am sure that those still standing can remember well listening to the half-whispered plans of the young couple as they paced up and down the walks in the afterglow of sunset. I do not think that even a young leaf was rash enough to dream that the two would, before its successors would fall to the call of a score of autumns, be received as honored guests of Napoleon III, Queen Victoria and others of the world's great.

The country planter-doctor, however, did not immediately evince any wonderful amount of talent, and as Mount Meigs proved very healthy for everyone but himself, he moved into the city, where he hoped for a wider field, better health for himself and worse for others. He struggled along in Montgomery without much success and was far outstripped by his brother-in-law, Dr. Jones, who had already built up a flourishing practice and was buying plantations of his own in addition to those of his heiress wife; in fact, rapidly nearing a position to do the crowning act by which the older generation used to convince themselves that riches have wings. In other words he was preparing to go surety for the inevitable friend.

II

Having finished the prologue (which I will assure you for your own peace of mind is quite out of proportion in length to the rest of the play) we are going to watch a drama of the terrific interest, because it is born in Faith, nourished by Hope and achieved in Charity.

Veaico-vaginal fistula is a very formidable looking word. It is the name of a disease which is much more formidable; indeed, it was at this time absolutely incurable, the only treatment being palliative. And it was very common. For years Marion Sims had had an almost morbid interest in the disease, and had very boldly attempted to cure it by operation, but without success; it was impossible so his books said and so his conferees said.

There was a "free nigger," Anarcha, who had a frightful case of it, and with Faith in God and himself he had operated time and again, until the faculty of the city got together and deputed his brother-in-law to dissuade him from a project that they said was useless torture to a human being. The doctor met the protest with Hope and promised that if he failed once more he would give up the idea. He knew his method was right; if he could only find a suture that would hold the work when he had done, he would be successful, and yet what could he do? He had tried every suture known to medical science, but none was permanent.

One morning as he was walking down Dexter Avenue, then Market street, something caught his eye; it was a wire string for a musical instrument, and in a twinkling the banishing forever of one of womankind's most horrible scourges was made possible! He saw it all now! He rushed into the music store and in great excitement explained to the shopman that he must have a string like that he held, but finer and of silver, so that it could not corrode. Could it be procured? It was procured as soon as possible and in less than a month, before a skeptical audience of surgeons, the Charity patient, poor Anarcha, was pronounced cured!

The play really ends here, but, as I said in the prologue, an account of his great triumph cannot be unprofitable, so now for the epilogue.

III.

The devising of the silver wire suture is enough to make a man famous, but genius has a way of doing many things more than are necessary for fame. Dr. Sims invented also that most indispensable instrument, the speculum which bears his name. He devised the position in surgery which is called the "Sims position" and made innumerable improvements here and there in the field. In 1852 a little son was born to him on the 25th of December. A tiny slab in historic Oakwood cemetery tells how "Merry Christmas, son of J. Marion and Theresa J. Sims" died before the New Year. The next year the doctor went to New York and opened a hospital for the treatment of the disease he had conquered. His success and fame were such that in less than two years, the state legislature of New York gave him $50,000 with which to build a hospital where all women suffering might be healed. This is the beginning of the famous "Woman's Hospital."

In 1861 he was called to Paris where he was received with tremendous enthusiasm. After demonstrating his methods and conquering every doubt, he wrought wonders among the nobility and by a touch of his surgical wand brought health to a more exalted personage. The gratitude which the Empress Eugenie felt to him doubtless hastened his being made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by her imperial spouse.

He had now been away from his beloved southland for nearly a decade, but he could not return, for the war for southern independence was in full progress, and the blockade was like the coils of a mighty anaconda, tightening minute by minute. And so he yielded to petitions from other cities and left Paris on a triumphal tour, and was decorated in Brussels, The Hague and Moscow. He was received with tremendous honors in London and Dublin, in which first he lectured and demonstrated his method to the Royal College of Surgeons. He never forgot his relatives in Montgomery, for piles of old letters still recount at first hand the story of the way in which he was "lionized."

In 1870, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, he organized with Florence Nightingale the germ of the modern Red Cross work, the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps, and he was with Napoleon at the surrender of Sedan.

After four years more of adulation in Europe, Dr. Sims returned to Montgomery, where the little city received him with the utmost possible demonstration of respect, pride and esteem. After his return to New York he was in 1878 elected president of the American Medical association, the highest honor that could be given him in this country by his professional brethren. It is among the graceful things our republic lacks, that it has no way of publicly doing honor to its own citizens, by way of knighting or decorating its sons whom European countries seek to ennoble. His last years were passed in charity work and varied by several visits to the scenes of his triumphs. He died rather unexpectedly in the early morning of November 13th, 1883, a sweet, modest, southern gentleman, unspoiled by all the honors that Europe could heap upon him. It is interesting to note that he shared with Lee and Jackson an intense feeling of personal responsibility to a personal God. Whatever the faults of the religion of yesterday, the feeling of responsibility to a more or less antropomorphic Being certainly produced characters that the religion of today cannot, or at least does not, produce.

A magnificent bronze statue in Bryant park, New York, shows a great city's appreciation of a great man. Besides a multitude of contributions to medical journals, Dr. Sims wrote a most charming autobiography, brought down to about 1861. He was too modest to record the great honors that came after and a most fascinating part of his career is missing. The book, "The Story of My Life," was published a year after his death.

Dr. Sims' daughter, Florence, married one of the greatest living surgeons, Dr. John A. Wyeth, a native of Alabama, but for forty years of New York, who almost rivals his father-in-law, in founding the New York Polyclinic. He is the author of "Wyeth's Surgery," without which no medical library can be complete. A son survives Dr. Sims, Harry Marion Sims, a surgeon of New York, who has inherited not a little of his father's ability. —George Platt Waller, Jr.

SOME NOTED FEMALE SPIES.

Women Have Done Remarkable Work In International Service.

The wit of most women serves more to strengthen their folly than their reason," and it is as the result of woman's wit that a brilliant young German officer is at the moment of writing languishing in prison under the terrible charge of high treason, while his sweetheart has also been arrested as his accomplice. The affair is one of the most romantic cases of espionage on record. The officer, who is attached to the garrison at Posen, fell in love with a girl, but owing to lack of money they were unable to marry. A Russian secret agent learned of this, and approaching the officer promised him a sum equivalent to £5,000 for a plan of the fortress at Posen. After a while the officer gave way to the temptation, but found it impossible, on account of the careful watch kept, to get the plans out of the fortress.

In his perplexity he confided in his sweetheart, and her woman's wit suggested a way out of the difficulty. 'You shall tattoo the plans on my skin," she said, "and I will go to Russia with them. They will never discover us in that way."

The officer accepted the fantastic and heroic suggestion, and after a very painful process an accurate plan of the fortress was tattooed on the shoulders of his sweetheart. The girl journeyed to Russia, received the reward and returned to her own lover, and it was the silly extravagances in which they indulged with the money on her return which led the authorities to suspect that they had derived funds from some illegitimate source. They were arrested, and it was when the girl, in accordance with prison regulations, had to be measured and inspected for purposes of identification that their ingenious plan was discovered.

That women pay a very prominent part in many cases of international spying is shown by Mr. H. L. Adam in his remarkable book, "Women and Crime." Mr. Adam gives some startling revelations concerning young and attractive women who win their way into the confidence of youthful military officers, whom they induce to betray state secrets.

"A few years ago," he says, "a young and beautiful woman, named Peterson, was arrested at Kiel, in Germany, on suspicion of being a French spy. Posing as a teacher of languages, she had entered into a love affair with a noncommissioned officer named Dietrich, of the explosives department, for the purpose of inducing him to reveal important German naval secrets. She had, by the exercise of her arts of fascination, attained complete ascendancy over the young fellow, who was found to be supplying her with the formula for the manufacture of German smokeless powder and the situation of port mines. The attention of the authorities was first drawn to her by the ample funds she always seemed to have at her disposal!"

One of the most notorious and successful Russian female spies was Mme. Joutchenko, who began her career as a spy at the age of 23, and was the cause of many people losing their lives and many others being sent into exile. She was one of the most scheming and treacherous of women, her method being to fraternize with Russian revolutionaries and then betray them to the government. "Through her instrumentality a young girl named Frania Froumkin was sent to the gallows in connection with a plot to kill the prefect of Moscow. This contemptible woman would also work her way into the confidence of families and then betray them to the government, as a consequence of which many persons found themselves on their way to Siberia. No work was too dirty for this handsome traitress to do in pursuit of her blood money."

Then there was the case of the notorious French beauty, known as La Belle Lison, who fascinated a young naval officer, Lieutenant Ulimo, who, in order to obtain funds to gratify the expensive whims of this woman, sold some of his country's secrets to a foreign power. He was discovered, put on trial, and the most important witness against him was the woman who had ruined him. In the end the young man was publicly disgraced and sentenced to imprisonment for life, but nothing appears to have been done to the woman, although, as Mr. Adam truly remarks, she ought to have been held guilty as an accessory.—Tit-Bits.

Inexcusable Noise.—Judge William H. McSurely, of the superior court, says the Chicago Record-Herald, told the following at a recent Bar association dinner:

"One day when Judge Gary was trying a case he was very much annoyed by a young man in the back of the room who kept moving about, shifting chairs and poking into corners. Finally the judge stopped the hearing and said: 'Young man, you are disturbing the court by the noise you are making. What excuse have you to offer for your conduct?'

"'Why, judge,' said the young man, 'I've lost my overcoat.'

"'That's no excuse,' retorted the judge. 'People often lose whole suits in here without making half the disturbance.'"

Had No Kick Coming.—An old gentleman who was in the habit of imbibing too freely was sitting one day on the veranda of a village hotel at which he was a regular boarder, says the National Monthly. When dinner was ready the dinner bell, a large one, such as are used on farms, began to ring. A large dog happened to be passing by just then, and, hearing the bell, he stopped and raised his head as high as he could and howled nervously until the bell ceased ringing. The old gentleman looked at the dog a moment as if disgusted with the noise he was making, and then said:

"What are you howling about? You don't have to eat here."

Miscellaneous Reading.

BROKE AT LAST.

Chicago Philanthropist Gave Away Six Million Dollars.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, Chicago philanthropist, who has given his entire fortune of more than $6,000,000 to educational institutions, celebrated his 92d anniversary last Saturday. At the Hinsdale sanitarium, where he resides, he held an all-day reception.

It was just a year ago that the man whom Carnegie called "the prince of givers" announced he had given away the last dollar of his once great fortune. He spent twenty-two years in distributing the money. Today ended his first year of complete rest.

"My! but I feel fine," said Pearsons. He looked the part. His eyes are bright, his cheeks have about the right amount of color in them, and he is happy. "I am much better than I was a year ago," he chuckled. "Within the last three months I gained pounds. The only thing that bothers me is a touch of rheumatism in my knees.

"And I don't owe a cent to anybody. Every pledge I made has been paid. It's a big relief to know you haven't got a lot of money to give away. I'm not an open giver any more. I haven't any cares now. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my money is elevating humanity. There is not a penny of it that is not doing good."

The doctor then spoke of the method he had taken in disposing of his estate. "I suppose it does look funny for a man to spend years accumulating a big fortune and turn around and spend twenty-two years in giving it away," he agreed. "But it was the wisest thing to do. The colleges would not get so much if I had left the money for a lot of people to quarrel over.

Two years ago Pearsons gave an institution $250,000 on condition that it pay him a per cent annual income on the sum during his lifetime. It is his only support and from the $5,000 a year he still is able to aid needy persons.

"I gave one man $500 today," he said. "This person is sick and has lost his property. He helped me many years ago, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to repay him if only in a nominal way."

Pearsons is confident he is going to live to be 100 years old. "Our family always has been long on longevity," he explained. "My mother lived to be 95 years old, and her mother was 96 when she died. I attribute my age to the regularity of my life.

"I used tobacco a great deal until I was 70. I quit it about four months ago. I stopped all bad habits. I'm doing everything I can to prolong my life."

The bulk of Pearson's fortune was made on timber land speculations. The philanthropist favors votes fr women. He believes women eventually will vote, and that it will be a good thing for the country.

"There is just one favor I wish you'd do for me," said the doctor to the reporter. "I wish you to mention I have no more money to give away. I still get about a dozen letters a day from people who want money. I read them if I haven't anything else to do, and then throw them in the basket. I'm broke—yes, sir, broke—but I'm happy!"

WHEN GREAT MEN WENT BROKE

Fame Could Not Save Them From Getting Into Financial Trouble.

A sketch of the life of Thomas Jefferson, recently printed in the papers of the country, tells of the troubles that overtook Mr. Jefferson in his finances that threatened him with extreme poverty in his old age. He was not a man of great wealth, but he married a woman who was the owner of a large landed estate and 125 negro slaves. But he was not what would be called a "good manager," and was in the habit of spending more money than he made.

A dozen years before his death the government, through an act of congress, purchased his library, for which he was paid $23,000, but through having indorsed for a friend he became impoverished, and it was expected that he would have to give up his home at Monticello. Wealthy friends, however, came to his rescue and raised a considerable sum of money. In speaking of this he said: "Not a cent of this is wrung from the taxpayers. It was a pure and unsolicited offer of love."

Some readers will recall how, when through unfortunate investments at the solicitation of a pretended friend, General Grant after he became president, lost his fortune and became impoverished. Wealthy friends came to his rescue, and a sufficient amount was raised to pay all his debts, to purchase a home and to have something upon which to live. There were those at the time, who were not his friends, who criticised him severely for accepting a gift from admiring friends who were rich. But he might have truthfully said, as did Jefferson, that "not a cent of this was wrung from the taxpayers. It was a "pure and unsolicited offering of love," tendered on account of his great services to his country in war and in peace.

But these two were not the only great Americans whose lives in advanced years were relieved of burdens of poverty by admiring friends. It is known that Montgomery Blair advanced a large sum of money—it was large in those days—for the purpose of paying the obligations that hung over the head of "Old Hickory" and to save to him the Hermitage as a home in his old age. Another man, A. M. Lea, grandfather of Senator Luke Lea, also came to the help of the hero of New Orleans in time of trouble and advanced him a handsome sum of money.

An interesting story is told of Henry Clay. On account of having indorsed for friends he becamein debted for about $20,000. He borrowed the money from the Northern Bank of Kentucky. As his note fell due he renewed it time and time again, and was not able to pay even the interest on the loan, so that instead of reducing it his indebtedness grew larger. He was in congress then; but the pay of a congressman was only $8 per day, and that only when congress was in session. He became discouraged and was humiliated, so that it became understood that he was about to quit public life.

Going to the officers of the bank one day, he told them that he was at the end of his row, and asked them to take charge of and sell his estate at Ashland, and to apply the proceeds to the payment of the debt. He was told by the cashier that he owed the bank nothing, and Clay, astonished, asked him to explain. The explanation given was that a friend had paid the note. Asking the name of the friend, Clay was told that the money was paid by a young man upon condition that his name should not be given as long as Clay might live. And he probably died without knowing who it was that had saved his home and opened the way for him to remain in the public service.

And this opens the way for another interesting story. Clay's note had been taken up by a young man named William Pennington, of New Jersey, who acted as the agent of a number of Jersey friends of Clay, who wanted the country to have his services. Henry Clay was the second man who was elected speaker of the house of representatives, the first term of his service, the other being Mr. Muhlenburg, of the First congress. The third man to be thus elected was this same William Pennington, of New Jersey, through whom Clay's note in the Northern Bank of Kentucky had been paid.

Besides those named, it is known that Daniel Webster was never able to live within his income, and time and time again friends came to his assistance when he was in financial trouble.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

THE FOOLISH RABBIT.

One of the Tales Which Have Come Down From Ancient India.

Once pon a time a rabbit was asleep under a palm tree.

All at once he woke up and thought: "What if the world should break up? What, then, would become of me?"

At that moment some monkeys dropped a cocoanut. It fell down on the ground just back of the rabbit.

Hearing the noise, the rabbit said to himself: "The earth is all breaking up!"

And he jumped up and ran just as fast as he could, without even looking back to see what made the noise.

Another rabbit saw him running and called after him, "What are you running so fast for?"

"Don't ask me!" he cried.

But the other rabbit ran after him, begging to know what was the matter.

Then the first rabbit said: "Don't you know? The earth is all breaking up!"

And on he ran and the second rabbit ran with him.

The next rabbit they met ran with them when he heard that the earth was all breaking up.

One rabbit after another joined them until there were hundreds of rabbits running as fast as they could go.

They passed a deer, calling out to him that the earth was all breaking up. The deer ran with them.

The deer called to a fox to come along, because the earth was all breaking up.

On and on they ran and an elephant joined them.

At last the lion saw the animals running and heard their cry that the earth was all breaking up.

He thought there must be some mistake, so he ran to the foot of a hill in front of them and roared three times.

This stopped them, for they knew the voice of the King of Beasts, and they feared him.

"Why are you running so fast?" asked the lion.

"Oh, King Lion," they answered him, "the earth is all breaking up!"

"Who saw it breaking up?" asked the lion.

"I didn't," said the elephant. "Ask the fox—he told me about it."

"I didn't," said the fox.

"The rabbits told me about it," said the deer.

One after another of the rabbits said: "I did not see it, but another rabbit told me about it."

At last the lion came to the rabbit who had first said that the earth was all breaking up.

"Is it true that the earth is all breaking up?" the lion asked the foolish, timid rabbit.

"Yes, O, lion, it is," said the rabbit. "I was asleep under a palm tree. I woke up and thought, 'What would become of me if the earth should all break up?' At that very moment I heard the sound of the earth breaking up and I ran away."

"Then," said the lion, "you and I will go back to the place where the earth began to break up and see what is the matter."

So the lion put the little rabbit on his back and away they went like the wind. The other animals waited for him at the foot of the hill.

The rabbit told the lion when they were near the place where he slept, and the lion saw just where the rabbit had been sleeping.

He saw, too, the cocoanut that had fallen to the ground near by. Then the lion said to the rabbit: "It must have been the sound of the cocoanut falling to the ground that you heard. You foolish rabbit!"

And the lion ran back to the other animals and told them all about it.

If it had not been for a wise king of beasts they might be running still.—From "Jataka Tales, ("Retold by Ellen C. Babbitt) in April St. Nicholas.

Bank Checks In Austria.—Banks of Austria are exempt from liability for payment of checks and bills of exchange to parties who may have acquired unlawful possession of the same and forged the indorsements thereon. The banks are not compelled to identify the bearer, and instances occur of such commercial papers being stolen and cashed with forged indorsement, leaving the owner without redress. A check or bill of exchange, therefore, though payable to order and not indorsed, is a dangerous form for the remittance of money. Liability for payment on a forged indorsement is incurred by a bank only when it is presumed to have knowledge of the payee's signature, as in the case of well-known clients.

☞ A man judges a girl's charms by how she appreciates his brains.

AFRICAN GODDESS OF WAR.

Wild Arab Woman Leads the Fight Against the Italians.

The following stirring account of a special feature of the war between Italy and Turkey, is sent to the London Express by Alan Ostler, special correspondent of that paper with the Turkish army in Tripoli, under date of Senati Beni Adhem, January 20:

When the Arabs chased the Italian infantry out of the trenches at Gargaresh two days ago, they dashed in, Arab fashion, under the fire of the cannon, and got to close quarters almost before their hidden antagonists had realized that for those who did not retire the trenches would afford ready-made graves.

The attackers, with their white draperies tossing and fluttering, and their voices hoarsely shouting war cries, came on like a tidal wave that broke over the trenches.

At their head was a figure, cloaked and hooded in russet brown, who carried no weapon but a staff of olive wood, and whose voice rang high and shrill above the shouts and rattling rifle fire. The face beneath the russet hood was of so deep a brown as to be almost black.

The eyebrows met in a savage frown over keen, glittering eyes; the jaw was square and heavy, the nose short and straight with widely distended nostrils; and a collar of panther's teeth glistened against the brown bosom.

With a voice like the scream of an angry stallion this figure alternately menaced and exhorted the Arabs, and shrieked out terrible curses against the Italians.

The desert men swept up and over the earthworks, and their fearless leader, leaping into the trenches, stooped, plunged an arm elbow-deep in blood, and then stood, with a dripping right hand flung upwards, a statue of the goddess of African battle.

For it was a woman, a Soudanese she-warrior, that fought in the ranks with the men at Gargaresh. It was her voice, bidding cowards hide with children in the tents, and urging brave men to find a sure road to paradise under the Italian guns, that maddened the Arabs as only the voices of their womenfolk can.

She was struck with a fragment of shell before the charge began; but she went forward, shaking her bleeding hand in the faces of the men, and bidding them earn glorious wounds like hers. After the fight she was the heroine of the camp at the Garden of the Children of Adhem, and strode among the tents, one hand bandaged and one brandishing the staff of olive wood.

This woman chanted fiercely, triumphantly, as Deborah chanted through the lines of the Israelite tents when the host of Sisera was overthrown. Turks and Arabs alike praised her courage. But she wanted not praise, but a gun; and she came to the door of the tent of the Turkish leaders and made her petition there. And a carbine was given to her.

She shook it aloft, threw back her head, and closed her eyes, and sent out a high, ringing cry—a musical, long-drawn note. From the Arab tents on every side came shout after shout in answer; the camp hummed like a hive of swarming bees.

The battle of Gargaresh has, in some ways, been one of the most important incidents of the war. It has checked the Italian advance, which was obviously made with the intention of reoccupying Zanzour and cutting the Turkish line of communication with Zouara. It has filled the desert markets once again with loot, and, above all, it has, if possible, increased the confidence of the Arabs and their contempt for the enemy.

It was a scouting party of thirty Ajellat Arabs, led by Emin Bey, that brought the first news of the Italian advance. Or, rather, they sent the news by drawing the enemy's fire, and thus advertising to the outpost camps that the Italians were in the neighborhood of Gargaresh. They had been out all night, and at dawn they saw horsemen and Italian sappers among the palm trees near the village.

"The Italian horsemen rode eastward along the coast" (my information is an Arab who was with the original party), "and presently came back with many columns of men on foot; and as it became lighter, we saw their big guns.

"Then we said: 'Let us shoot at them, spreading out and firing from many different places. They will shoot off their cannon at us, and our brothers at Bu Garesh and Senati Beni Adhem will hear, and come to give battle.'"

Now, the Italians were entrenched breast deep, in front of the palms, and had cannon and Maxims, and their artillery kept back the main body of the Arabs. But about 300 led by Sheik Mohamed Lawi (Zawia), Shiek Arabi (Djebel) and Shiek Sof (M'hamid), dashed in under the range of the big guns and flew at the trenches, the Soudanese woman screaming wildly among them.

Izak Bey led a small force of mounted men right away to the left flank of the Italians. It was quite a small body of men, not more than 150 strong, and for a time I lost sight of them watching the dash of the 300.

I suppose their attack on the left finally decided the wavering Italians, for suddenly, little gray and dun-colored figures came scrambling out of the first line of trenches, and ran towards the palms, and there were the 150 Arabs, with Izak Bey, charging in on the left.

There were four lines of trenches in all, and three times the Italians were driven back. In the first trench the Arabs found nothing but blood and empty cartridges, and twelve dead men. In the second and third were kit, live cartridges, rifles and bottles of wine and loaves of bread. But the strangest thing was that, among the kit left behind, and on the uniforms of the dead men left behind in the first trench, there were the numbers of at least seven different regiments, and I am told today that the number has been brought up to nine.

There certainly were not nine regiments or anything like that number, in the neighborhood of Gargaresh. They had, at most, three battalions of infantry. The evidence that the men were drawn from many different regiments seems to indicate that the column was a sort of corps d'elite—a body of picked men chosen to sever the Turkish lines near Zanzour.

I am requested, for obvious reasons, not to publish the total number of Arabs engaged in the fight. The Arabs who came in on the Italian left assure me that they saw Italian officers on several occasions trying to drive the soldiers back into the trenches with the flat of the sword during the first and second retreats.

The third retreat took the Italians back to their fourth line of trenches, and here they held on, the fight continuing until sundown. But during the night they evacuated Gargaresh. All were gone by daybreak.

Today the aeroplane flew over us early in the morning, and we saw the captive balloon poised over the high road, much farther west than ever it has been before.

There is a busy sale of Italian clothing and kit in the Arab market.

REAL COURAGE.

It Consists In Doing the Right Thing Against Popular Clamor.

We were talking about courage—the courage men display in time of danger—and my friend, a man who had seen much of life, took me into his confidence.

"People talk about courage," he said, "and in nine cases out of ten they do not know what the term means. I am no longer a young man. I have been in all parts of the world, and I've probably had as many chances to show the white feather as the average man, but I want to tell you that, in all my experience, I have never but once had my courage actually put to the test.

"When scarcely more than a boy, Lincoln called for men to go to the front. I went, and I saw my share of active service. On more than one occasion I marched with a lot of other fellows into what seemed to promise sudden death, and I don't think my heart beat much faster than it is beating today. I have heard such acts called courageous, but—take it from me—they do not take nearly as much courage as many people imagine.

"Years afterward I had two experiences with fire—once on a boat at sea and once in an office building in the city. Both times I made up my mind that my day had come, but I don't think that I developed a yellow streak. I knew I helped a good many women out of the burning building, and I have a set of resolutions at home that it was my 'courage' that saved the day during the fire at sea. The use of the term 'courage' makes me smile sometimes—it is so improperly applied."

"But," I persisted, "tell me about the time when you were courageous. There are plenty of men who would be proud of such a record as you have made. What was the real test of courage to which you referred?"

"It was some years after the war," he explained. "I was still a comparatively young man and was working at my trade. Strikes were just then beginning to be rather fashionable. There had been a few of them—some of them had been fairly successful—and the boys in the shop began to show a disposition to try the novelty.

"Mind you, I'm not opposed to strikes on general principles. I have known many occasions when strikes were justified—when, in fact, they were absolutely necessary—labor would have been in a pretty sorry condition today if it had been denied the use of this weapon of defense. But this was a different case. The whole trouble had been started by a natural-born agitator, and, before the boss suspected what he was about, he had inflamed the minds of the workers to a point where nothing would satisfy them but a strike.

"I studied the question carefully, and I made up my mind that the strike was not only unnecessary, but that it was absolutely unjust, and I felt that it was up to me to prevent it. I reached this decision at a meeting where we were discussing our 'troubles,' and every man in the room, apparently, was hot for a strike when I got up and commenced to talk 'peace.' They knew me well—every mother's son of them. They knew I was true-blue, but you'd have thought, had you heard them, that I was a stranger who had been sent to the meeting by the 'boss' to play the part of spy and pacificator. They did everything they could, short of resorting to personal violence, but I won the day, and it was not long before they were all thanking me for having kept them out of trouble.

"But it took courage—more courage by far than it did to face bullets and fire. To stand up in that room—surrounded by a crowd of strike-crazy men—and tell them what fools they were making of themselves—was the greatest test of courage that I have had to meet. I tell you, the courageous man is the man who says 'no!'"—Atlanta Journal.

Foolish Phrases.

Or was "Who Kissed Henrietta?" only one of many queer street cries that are spoken and heard for a season? Who first shouted, "Ah, there!" expectant of the answer, "Stay there!"? In London the foolish cry, "How's your poor feet?" was long in fashion. It was first heard, they say, about 1862. When Henry Irving revived "The Dead Heart," in 1890, some one wrote: "When the play was brought out originally, where one of the characters says: "My heart is dead, dead, dead!" a voice in the gallery nearly broke up the drama with "How are your poor feet?" The phrase lived." Now "The Dead Heart" was first produced at the Adelphi, London, in 1859, so the phrase must have been heard before 1862 if this story be true. Precision in such cases is suspicious. When a man tells you he will repay a slight loan next Wednesday in front of the Pack street church at 11.30 a. m.—"I may be a few minutes late"—you know full well that you will see his face no more. Others say, "How's your poor feet?" dates from the exhibition of 1851.

Or take the Parisian cry, "Ohe Lambert! As-to vu Lambert" The wise men will tell you that on August 15, 1864, a woman from the country, arriving for the Napoleon festival, lost her husband Lambert at the railway station and went about Paris bawling for him. Is the story credible?

When we were young boys we were soundly thrashed at home for saying apropos of nothing, "Widow who?" which was followed by "Under what bridge?" An annotated catalogue of the street phrases of all nations would be entertaining and educative.—Boston Herald.

MEDIEVALISM IN LITERATURE.

It Is Giving Way to Recognition of the Every Day Man.

The essence of medievalism was—class.

The essence of modernism is—democracy, to be written with a little d.

To the medieval mind, the common people do not exist.

Dante's Divine Comedy is a long, rhymed Who's Who in 1300.

Literature those days never mentioned, except with an apology, saving your presence, "anybody less than ambassador," as somebody said of somebody.

The great artists, even in the renaissance, never portrayed plain folks, only dukes and poets, Medici and saints.

When music arose and found itself, its great masters kowtowed to the magnificences; Mozart freezes his heels waiting in the audience room of silly and idle duchesses, and the mighty Beethoven dedicates a sonata to some royal ass to give it vogue.

Medievalism lingers. The sickness is still in our veins. If you don't believe it, read the Paris edition of the New York Herald. If you cannot get hold of a copy of that amazing yellow plush daily, read the society columns of almost any Sunday paper.

The other day I saw in a Chicago Sabbath sheet the picture of the ten most beautiful girls of the city. Not one of them was worth less than a million; that, I suppose, was their beauty; it certainly was not in their faces; you could easily pick out ten waitresses that would eclipse them, if you reallly wanted to see pretty girls.

The most popular thriller in the fifteen cent magazine today still treats of club fellows, dress shirts, and gobs of money. This doubtless catches the mob or it wouldn't be written. But to me, the cheapest, tawdriest device of a story-maker is the bringing in of the millionaire or the famous person or the society leader to stimulate the reader's jaded eye.

The best American novel I ever read was Old Ed Howe's "Story of a Country Town." It was real. It had real meat insides, not sawdust.

And the greatest novelist of the world is Charles Dickens. He wrote of real folks.

"The mortal envelope of the Middle Ages," says Catulle Mendes, "has disappeared, but the essential remains. Because the temporal disguise has fallen, the dupes of history and its dates say that medievalism is dead. Does one die for changing his shirt?"

The rise of democracy is nowhere more noticeable than in modern literature. There is a tone, a spirit, in Zola, Kipling, Ibsen, Anatole France and Howells that never existed before in the world. It is the worth-whileness of the common man.

Realism does not mean that one writes of low, disgusting people. It means one writes of real people.

Realism, in its better signification simply means what is real.

Democracy is a realization of the truth about humanity, a discarding of the artificialities, shams and humbugs. —Dr. Frank Crane, in Atlanta Journal.

Cow Pasture Pool.—"Private John Allen is out of the political game and maybe that accounts for the fact that, coming to Washington on a train recently, he ran into John Sharp Williams for the first time in a year. It has been some time since the private was a member of the house, and for the last congress Senator-elect Williams has been busy developing the toga type of mind after his years of service as house minority leader.

Allen has a place in Tupelo, the town which his wit has made famous, while Williams' acres are spread across a portion of the rich delta of Mississippi, so it came about naturally that the two most famous sons of the Bayou state at present alive should talk agriculture. The Washington Times reports the conversation:

"Been farming, Sharp?" asked Allen.

"Some, John," rejoined Williams, "and let me tell you, John that my land in the delta is the finest land in the world. I drop a seed of cotton in the morning and by night it has attained such majesty and maturity that boll weevils as far off as Texas have heard of it."

"I've some good land around Tupelo," said Allen. "By the way, Sharp fine place, Tupelo. You may have heard of Tupelo. It is"——

"For forty years," interrupted Williams, "and I am not sure that it isn't fifty, I sat in the house and heard you boast of Tupelo, a place, John, that only my desire to protect a colleague kept me from exposing as the land's end of civilization, the finis terra of hope."

"No finer city exists," said Allen warmly, "and so secure are the claims of Tupelo that I will pass to another topic. What do you do, Sharp, besides farm?"

"Oh, I write a little, and think—a little, and talk"——

"A great deal. That's interesting, but natural. Now, Sharp, I play golf."

The brow of the senator-elect raised, his eyes took on an expression of disappointment and sorrow.

"You—play—golf, John," he protested. "You play golf, do you? How do you expect our party to keep the farmer vote in Mississippi?"

"That's all right," assured Private Allen. "I was in Jackson a little while ago, and saw a play there. They discussed golf in the play, and when I heard them call it 'cow pasture pool' I knew that I could keep at it and not hurt the party."

A While for a Time.—A Cleveland school teacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions, "a while" and "a time," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Nobody seemed to have any ideas on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while, mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way to look at it.