

THE MIDLANDERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of 'The Day of Souls, My Brother's Keeper, Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII

Nemesis.

From that night Curran went about his work as if a lamp lit for him...

Janet looked calmly at her brother in his ardor of the fight he had not noticed her preoccupation...

He watched her curiously, noting how her weariness. He wondered if she had come upon that story of Ladeau's which he and Purcell and Rube Van Hart had so successfully kept...

He was busied with plans for the big meeting the night before the election. Curran had never spoken in his home town. He had always evaded it...

Curran had assented; he caught the fire of their ardor. Here, where he had been the failure, he would stung them with his success...

"It can't go wrong," exclaimed Arne. "Not even if every mossback in this town stayed away. We'll take care of that. The Earville bunch will send over enough to pack that dinky opera-house and then we'll overflow on to the court house lawn. Two hands and red fire, and we'll burn up half the district on High street. Rub it in—yell it in their faces damn 'em!"

"The town was talking of that wind-up meeting for two weeks. The old county committee was helpless. Old Thad Tanner might curse impotently in his office; but on the street Curran walked with the consciousness that men looked back at him. The transformation suddenly became acute in the minds of his townsmen; the farmers, over their Saturday trading in the stores, said that 'all the folks would come in to Wiley's meeting.'"

Old Mowry, the undertaker, with his ten years' grievance against the county crowd since they threw him out of the coroner's office, ambled into the News and sat where he could stare at the Widow Stegman—always "waiting." "Busted, Wiley!" he cracked. "Why this mornin' even Dickinson admitted they was busted! Some of these days there'll be a board that'll pay me for that nigger I buried! Wiley, wa'n't I always your friend?"

"Friend? The town, the county, the vast Midlands all voted it. He was getting his mail the day before election when Cal Rice, a white-faced, young-old man, habitually reflecting the last word of his first wife's father, 'Thaddeus Tanner,' detached himself from a group in the postoffice lobby to detain him. His pasty smile was apologetic. "How's prospects, Wiley?" The banker had never before had anything but a grim nod for the editor. "Splendid!" He felt a throb of magnificent condescension. "I suppose you'll want to renew your mortgage on the first?" "I think not, Mr. Rice." Wiley smiled leisurely. "The Merchants' Bank of Earville will take it up."

Rice looked up quickly. "Ah, your friend, Purcell, I suppose?" "Yes, a good many friends over there. Well acquainted these days. So I'll take up that mortgage when it's due. Eight hundred and forty dollars, interest and all, isn't it?" "Something like that. Drop in this morning. We'll look it up." Rice nodded a moment. "There's another matter, Mr. Curran. Come at eleven."

might come out. They were gossiped about, had been for years. And now Curran thrilled with it. He had felt it coming. He had told Arne, and Arne had cried scowling: "Kick the old son-of-a-gun out of your shop if he ever comes to you!"

Rice's next words sealed it. The banker shuffled nervously and then went on: "Curran, you've been dead wrong about the First National's attitude toward your fight. We're not—er—against you—not at all—not at all. And er—you'll come over at eleven?"

"Hardly," Wiley drawled with irritating amiability. "Expecting a telegram from Governor Delroy—something about the campaign." He looked at his watch again, conscious that every man in the group was listening and in fifteen minutes would spread the report that Thad Tanner was going to quit the fight on Curran. Then he said: "Make it eleven-fifteen, Rice. Best I can do today."

"Ah, that will do—that will do!" Rice rubbed his palms and smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Curran." He hurried on as if some elaborate programme was to be arranged for Mr. Curran. Mr. Curran looked about the group of county politicians. The red-necked Boydston was frowning evasively. The others were still. It was Curran's moment of triumph. He went leisurely down the street with his mail. Mrs. Van Hart was driving into the square. She did not notice Curran of St. News, but Curran smiled airily. He could afford to be contemptuous. He could afford to be scornful. He could afford to be scornful.

He kept Rice waiting fifteen minutes—he strolled over to the bank corner. The door—a small one at the side used by the officers—opened before he touched it. He had had an impression that Rice had been watching him from the shade of the window in front and had scurried back to let him in. That was another sense of his winning. Even now Rice bowed and trotted ahead down the gloomy and crooked corridor.

"This was Mr. Curran, ah, late! Not at all—not at all!" He opened the door to his private office and the guest went in. It was rather dark, but Curran knew that a number of men were there. He paused, surprised to see Randall, the editor of the Earville Mercury-Journal. But then, Thad controlled the Journal. Boydston, the supervisor, whom Curran had fought six years, was there. Judge Van Hart was there, sitting obviously ill at ease by the door, and Old Thad, the wisened county boss, in his swivel chair before the bank directors' table. Curran looked them over with a belying calm. They were a representative gathering of his ancient enemies—men of the old regime in politics, in wealth and social place in the county. He was received in a silence that somehow was slowly strangling the fine glow of confidence in which he had come. He felt himself intuitively brace as one does to whom a physical peril is imminent. The air was hostile. It breathed evil; the room was the scene of a trap.

That was cutting a cigar leisurely. He did not rise nor extend a hand. When he spoke it was with a precision as one stating a prearranged programme, a conclusion to which the others had given assent. "Good evening, Mr. Curran. We were expecting you."

"So I imagine." Tanner sat forward, his brows contracted over his narrow eyes. Then, in his raspy voice, with the direct disregard of courtesy which always made his authority, with a weaker man it take the aspect of bullying, he said to Curran: "You're not here to ask for a withdrawal of your candidacy before the people of the eighteenth district."

Curran appeared unmoved. So swift had been his revulsion, so sure was he of a trap, that he had steeled himself. He had an instant struggle to speak with the cool satire which was all they saw. "Gentlemen, you ask a good deal. The other stirred. They had expected amazement, at least. Tanner eyed the victim shrewdly. "It's our duty to ask a good deal. The party's welfare, the good name of our people—I may say the purity of our homes—demand it. I presume you know what I mean."

Curran looked steadily at him. "I presume, in turn, that you mean a story of my early marriage—a story brought to this town and to your attention by Maurice Ladeau?" "That was irritating at this cool pertinacity and frankness. He had boasted a moment before to Judge Van Hart that he would make the News man cringe and crawl. "Yes. An incredible story, Curran. An intolerable story. A girl you deserted—and without marriage."

"There was a marriage?" "There was the fact. They came to light strangely enough. You left this girl—Strandyne Le Galna—in New Orleans in 1891. She died the following year during an epidemic of yellow fever." That was looking at a slip of memoranda, and with each point he tapped the table with his pencil, his face, under the light, pallid, graven mercilessly as that of a prosecutor of an inquisition. He looked up briefly: "Am I right in these facts?" "You are."

Again the group moved at Curran's quiet confidence. Agnate Tanner leveled an eye, for the moment non-plussed, upon him. "You left her and went to Mexico. She lived on at an old woman's house—Madame Artols—and died there the following year, leaving a child!"

The man standing before them did not move. His eye was as steady as Tanner's own. But he twitched inwardly with the shock. "You recall that?" "No. I never knew of that—and it is a lie!"

He had broken from his spell at last. He started forward with a hot menace. Thad raised his hand deprecatingly, but his grin of triumph came. He had made his boast good to the others that he would crush the editor. "There was," he went on laconically, "a child born on the third day of June, in a hospital on Rampart street. We have the name. The child was baptized on the first of August. We have that name—the name of the priest; it was taken charge of by an institution—we have the name of that institution. We have the after history of that child—we know its identity today. Do you follow me, Mr. Curran? Do you believe me?"

"No." "You admit this—marriage?" "I admit nothing except that my wife died during the yellow fever when people were rushing out of the city. I wrote to ask of her—to this same Madame Artols, you mention—yes. But I did not desert her—and there was no child of this union."

He spoke steadily again. Judge Van Hart was studying him. They all were watching. He had impressed them. Even Old Thad nodded appreciatively. Then he went on: "Well, we need not quarrel on the issue. The point is that we, as representatives of the party, of the honorable men and good women of the community—for the good name of that community—ask you to withdraw from the congressional contest. It is not a pretty tale, Mr. Curran, and we have no desire to spread it broadcast. Our people, you know how they detest a double life—a concealment—a lapse in personal morality—the honest wholeness of sense of decency in our country people."

Wiley had raised a hand. "Wait," he retorted, "what if I do not deny the matter?" "There was a pause. Randall, of the Mercury-Journal, muttered, Boydston growled. They had been glib so often by Wiley Curran that they had glutted their imaginations with the picture of him dumbofounded, crushed to earth. "Not deny the matter?" Tanner looked up sharply. "No."

"You dare admit it?" "I do not admit it. But, gentlemen, I will tell you this: You have called me in here in secrecy and menaced me with this story. You have called on me to resign under threat of this story. And I tell you—no!"

He stepped nearer, his eyes flashing. He struck the table before the county chairman's face. "Go ahead with your story!" He whirled on Randall of the Mercury-Journal. "I know what you were brought here for! Go on—spring that damned story tomorrow in your sheet—scatter it over the county! And you"—he faced Boydston—"I've called you a thief for six years, and you've never had the nerve to come to my office and tell me I'm a liar! And you, Cal Rice—a poor dog who rattles his chain when the boss speaks! And you, Judge Van Hart, I'm surprised at you, a good man. Yes, a good man—the most pitiable lack of nerve in American life today—a good man who stands for other men's crookedness. You are all a pack of blackmaling liars!"

Randall was on his feet furiously. Boydston growled hoarsely. Judge Van Hart arose, palling to the lips. But quicker than all, Thad Tanner was on his feet and between them. "Gentlemen! Be still! This heat—this is uncalled for!" "I refuse to withdraw! I call you bluff! I'll print that story myself! The story of my life—all of it—the least of it. And with that story I'll go before the people of this district and say that I was summoned here and blackmailed. That you bought this story of a hound and with it tried to force me out of public life. You, who profess to guard the morals of this community! I'll publish today—press day—my story. It shall have all your names—all your smug respectable faces—and in it I'll fish way. Judge Van Hart hastily reached for his hat. "Gentlemen," he gasped. "We were not summoned here for that! I beg of you"—his voice fell, shall tell that you brought me here and for a consideration, agreed to hush up this villainous awful part of mine—you the Best People, tried to force and bribe me out of politics! That shall be my story."

Cal Rice, of the Presbyterian church, muttered. Boydston moved in a jelly-like lim—"let me withdraw—let me withdraw." Curran's grim smile was on him. "Your honor, it is no place for you."

"A moment." Thad nodded the table. "Let us have this clear. You refuse to withdraw?" "I do. Tell your story! I'll tell mine. Yes, tonight—at my meeting—here among my home people. Let any man of you arise tonight and accuse me—I'll admit it! And by God, I'll ask the people what manner of men you are. I'll appeal to them—their sympathy, their hearts, their reason—with just a story of my youth—a story that might have been any man's! The people—the great, honest heart of the people!"

Thad was smiling coldly. But a curious admiration was in his eyes. He lifted his hand. "Gentlemen, he defies us!" "I defy you!" The little gray boss smiled on. Cal Rice was wringing his hands. Boydston was wriggling uneasily, red-faced, frightened. Judge Van Hart was already in the doorway, lifting his hat with a gesture of deprecating despair. "A moment." Thad waved them to the door. "I shall ask you to withdraw gentlemen. And say nothing of this—nothing whatever. I think"—his voice was now indignantly friendly—"that Mr. Curran will withdraw. We will discuss the matter." He waved them on with his subtle authority. "Eh, Judge Van Hart! I shall ask you to remain. The rest of you"—he smiled and rubbed his white hands—"well, I can assure you that Mr. Curran will withdraw! He will see the wisdom—the urgent need—I assure you."

(To Be Continued.)

Kicker—Some ask for bread and get a stone. Ricker—While others ask for ice cream and get a brick.

Miscellaneous Reading.

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN

Native King of the Bowery—Politician and Patron Saint. "Big Tim" Sullivan, whose body was identified in a New York morgue, was a child of the Bowery. He was born in a Leonard street tenement in 1863, and all his life he resided in the downtown section of New York. He was one of the four children of a fatherless, "Big Tim's" wealth was acquired from many sources. Chief among them were saloon and racing and theatrical interests in which his association was eagerly sought. At one time, says the Springfield Republican, his fortune was estimated at more than \$2,000,000, but his satellites and pensioners were constantly increasing, and during the last few years his ventures were less successful. Worry was the last ailment his friends could associate with Sullivan's sunny disposition, but it was worry, they agreed, that finally broke down his keen mind and probably brought him to his death. The death of his cousin, Alderman, "Little Tim" Sullivan, was the first blow. The treachery of one of his trusted friends cost him, it was said, \$100,000. Then came the death of his wife. He first showed signs of breakdown in August, 1911, and although since then there were occasional flashes of his old wit, his health steadily declined.

Viewed from the Bowery's standpoint, "Big Tim" was, of course, the greatest of the great. While outsiders denied him a professional politician, the East Side regarded him as a statesman and philanthropist, handing out jobs to his followers who worked for him, and free shoes or picnics to the rest. Formerly he was a liquor dealer. In 1889, Thomas Byrnes, superintendent of police, described him as "an associate of thieves." The City Reform club called him a member "of the worst class of bar room politicians." In 1892, two years later stubs of checks payable to him were found in a raided gambling house.

These were merely a few incidents in Sullivan's course. After long service in Albany, he decided to ascend higher than the state legislature and pocketed a Tammany nomination for congress, but he was lonesome in Washington. "Too far from the Bowery," he said, and arranged to return to the New York state senate. All the while, as he held one office or another, he acquired a fortune. The methods of accumulation are not a matter of official record, but it is known that whatever funds he collected in mysterious channels were augmented by theatrical ventures, occasional real estate enterprises, and speculation in Wall street. He always denied that he made his money at gambling. "I'm a steady loser on the ponies," he remarked once, "and any faro banker or expert at poker can take it all away from me in the long run."

Personally the Bowery boss was most likeable, good-natured, and possessed of much dull wit. Until recent years he rarely made a speech, but few Tammany leaders were so adept in the distribution of favors, in helping law-breakers to escape punishment, or in maintaining a reputation for charity by giving aid to suffering families in his walkway.

Sullivan inherited his turn for politics. His father, Daniel Sullivan, whose family had come from Ireland about 1846, organized a political club in the old fourth ward and was a good job-provider for his friends, though he never held public office. He died a poor man. His sons were Patrick and Timothy Daniel, both of whom were afterward in the liquor business. The youngest child, a daughter, became Senator "Tim's" homelike, but his years of prosperity.

For a while Timothy's mother sent him to the old school in City Hall place, but he wanted to go to work, and at the age of eight he stopped studying. The story of how he got his nickname of "Dry Dollar" had many versions, and he admitted the truth of them all. The accepted story is that he brought to school a revenue stamp which he had found plastered on the head of an ale barrel. He thought it was money. It was wet and he was seen holding it against the stovepipe. "Sullivan," said the teacher, "what are you doing?" "Drying a dollar," answered Tim, and his schoolmates called him "Dry Dollar."

Upon leaving school he became a newsboy at Fulton ferry. After learning to know the men who distributed the papers to the newsdealers, he made inquiries as to whether there was any chance of getting a place in the distributing room. He finally found employment with the Commercial Advertiser. To get a larger salary he went to work on the Daily Graphic. From the distributing room he drifted to the press room. From the Graphic he shifted to the Standard and then to the Dial. Then came his active interest in the politics of the district.

When the county Democracy organization wanted an assembly candidate in the 2nd assembly district, Sullivan's friends suggested that he be nominated. He went into the fight against Tammany. His election followed, and even intimate friends were surprised. After that, on six different occasions, the voters of the 2nd assembly district sent him to the assembly. He was only 23 years old at the time of his first election. Each year after that he was elected by a larger plurality than the previous year. In the meantime he opened a saloon on Center street and bought an interest in an undertaking establishment on Leonard street. The foundation of his career as a leader was laid rapidly.

From the beginning he was known as the rare Tammany district politician who used no tobacco and did not drink intoxicating liquors. And he was always in good humor. In whatever role he was appearing, as sport, lobbyist, professional politician or handy bondsman, he never lost his temper and little he cared what men said or wrote about him. When asked once why he did not sue the newspapers for libel he replied: "They don't bother me." And he meant it, to judge from his consistent attitude towards the critics, though, as a part of the political game, "vindicating" speeches were indulged in every now and then.

In 1888, he left the county Democracy and joined Tammany Hall. He was induced to do this by his close friends, one of whom was Thomas Foley. It was in the parlor of Foley's home that the arrangement was made by which Sullivan became a member of Tammany.

The reapportionment of New York county's assembly district in 1892 created a new 3rd district for which a satisfactory Tammany Hall leader was wanted, and Sullivan was asked to move into the new district and assume the reins. He repeated there the political successes which were his in the old 2d. The same attention was paid to his material wants by his constituents made friends for him. Was there one of his followers in need of a job. Mr. Sullivan never rested till he had landed him in some sort berth in the city's employ. Was there a voter held in ball. Big Tim was at his call at any hour of the night or day, and was ever ready to help to square matters. The result of his methods was soon made apparent to the leaders of all political parties in the city, and "Dry Dollar" became a quantity that had to be considered in the political reckoning.

His Accountability for Votes His ability to account to the Tammany organization for every vote in his district was marvellous. On one occasion, at the close of the polls on election day he called upon Richard Croker at the Tammany headquarters and apologized for three votes that had gone astray. Two of the voters, he explained, had got political places through the Republican leader of the district. "I cannot for the life of me account for that third vote," he said.

AN ESTIMATE OF MAYOR GAYNOR

He Was the Most Interesting Man in New York.

Death has suddenly removed from the whirl of this city's life the most striking and extraordinary figure in it; and he was snatched away at a moment when the part that his personality was playing in the city's affairs was at its maximum of distinctiveness and perhaps of importance. If any one had been asked yesterday why there was any prospect of Mr. Gaynor's election as mayor next November, the best short answer would have been that it was because he was the most interesting man in New York. The nature of the interest he excited was not simple; it was compounded of many elements. There was admiration of his courage; there was appreciation of his originality; there was delight in his wit and his almost unparalleled power of terse and pungent expression; there was wonder at the comprehensive range of his interests and sympathies, the readiness of his response to anything that smacks of genuine human interest.

When the group of leaders had finished laughing, Sullivan explained that he was sure none of the Chinamen in the district had voted the Republican ticket, for the reason that all of the Chinamen were his friends. This was true of members of all the other races in the district, too. In Sullivan's district, they were all Sullivans.

From the 3d he moved over to the 6th district, and succeeded Harry Miner as leader in 1893. He made it the banner Tammany district of the city. His strength grew and his shrewdness and wit increased his popularity. Finally he became a state senator.

"Though never a skilled speaker, 'Big Tim' had an effective way with him in the legislative arena. In the course of the debate on the Cable road bill in 1887, when Sullivan was an assemblyman, a speaker who favored the measure, explaining why he had changed front in a twelve-month, said: 'No one can charge this year that stocks and bonds are being distributed to influence members of the legislature.' 'No, Mr. Speaker,' interrupted Sullivan, 'this year it's cash.' The speech was never finished. The bill died.

Charles on the Bowery. Sullivan was a keeper of order with all the lodging house standards in his district to provide from 10 to 15 beds a night for men who said they were his friends. When a Bowery lodging house was burned, he provided funerals for the victims who met their deaths in the fire. Every Christmas he provided a dinner for 5,000 and distributed 1,000 tons of coal among the poor families in his district.

Another yearly affair to which the Bowery looked forward was the Sullivan picnic in August. The clan and its guests went by boat to College Point, where, in a grove, the heeled and furred at long tables, were feeced by gamblers, played games, fought, drank and listened to speeches.

In the autumn of 1907 'Big Tim's' friends were surprised to hear that the owner of thoroughbreds and habitual bettor, who had been known to wager as much as \$20,000 on a single race, had announced his intention of quitting the racing game. He said he was weary of being a "sucker" and he meant to lance that race-meeting man.

Until "Big Tim" spoke the Bowery never suspected that the racing game was not his own subsidized specialty. Out of the few set speeches delivered by Sullivan were to be culled rare gems of expression. Soon after he grew tired of congress, in 1907, and decided he preferred to be a state legislator in Albany, he appeared on the stage of Miner's Theatre and announced that he accepted cheerfully the "King of Kings" given to him by the underworld, but his acceptance magazine writer in the sense intended by the writer. The kingship, as Sullivan pictured it, was standing by the poor when they were down and out. It was one of those "vindicating" speeches.

His Theatrical Ventures. As a theatrical manager, "Dry Dollar" started with the Dewey, which once had been a church, as a burlesque house in East 14th street. He had many a controversy with the authorities—as to water-piping charges, improper shows, Sunday violations and other charges and infractions. He said he had made much money out of the place. The accusations never seemed to bother him. Then he and his partners had a theatre in East 125th street, called the Gotham. There was a big hubbub over its lack of fire protection, and the owners were forced to make certain improvements.

"Big Tim's" smiling adaptability to every turn of the political wheel was evidenced by his friendship for District Attorney Jerome years after they had vilified each other. Jerome, in the red light campaign of 1901, attacked Sullivan unmercifully. In reply Sullivan said: "Jerome is a liar to the heart's core. I knew he was going to make this attack on me four days ago, and some of my friends wanted me to call him off. But I said no. I wanted a chance to answer him openly. His statements about me are nothing but a tissue of falsehoods."

But a few years later both had good words for the other, and it was said that "Big Tim" and "Little Tim" shared the district attorney to return to the Tammany fold and run for mayor.

Ella—What a beautiful moon. Stella—It doesn't look so to me. Ella—You don't seem to realize that the man in it is the only one in sight.

Architect of Paris Claims Many Marvels for His Countrymen.

What nation has created most of the marvels of modern science? A French architect, M. Hanin, replied to this question in the following manner: The first practical automobiles were built by Serpollet and Lebusor, about 1880, both Frenchmen. The first dirigible balloon able to resist the wind was built by Giffard in 1855. In 1883 the brothers Tissandier and in 1884 Renard and Krebs built balloons which could be steered perfectly. All five were Frenchmen. Another Frenchman, Ader, constructed in 1897 the Avion, the first heavier-than-air machine to leave the ground. This was built on the same principle as the aeroplane, which was later practical by the Wright brothers, transformed completely, and made Americans, in 1904.

A Frenchman, Adler, built the first practical submarine in 1897. The telephone was invented by two Americans, Graham and Bell, in 1876, and the phonograph by an American, Edison, in 1877. The elements of the cinematograph were discovered by a Belgian, Plateau, about 1835. A Frenchman, Marey, photographed the movements of living creatures about 1837, and an American, Edison, in 1895, invented the modern moving picture camera. Lippman, a citizen of Luxembourg,

discovered a process of color photography in 1861, and the Lumiere brothers, two Frenchmen, invented a practical method, which was entirely different, in 1904. A German, Roentgen, discovered the X rays in 1895. Another German, Hertz, discovered in 1896 the Hertzian waves, which a Frenchman, Branly, used, which a Frenchman, Marconi, used, which a Frenchman, Pasteur, in 1855, discovered and applied successfully vaccination against hydrophobia. A German, Behring, and a Frenchman, Poux, discovered and applied an antidiphtheria serum and other serums. A Frenchman, Carrel, who settled in America, kept animal tissues alive after separation from the bodies in 1912. The north pole was reached in 1898 by an American, Peary, and the south pole by a Norwegian, Amundsen, in 1911.

The list, drawn up by a Frenchman, therefore mentions thirty-two names (counting those mentioned twice as two), of which nineteen are French, seven American and three German.

"A Border Incident."—The killing of a Mexican lieutenant by two American officials on the international bridge between Juarez and El Paso, over which the Mexican attempted to cross to "kill a Gringo" is one of those "border incidents" to which an English paper recently referred as possible sparks of a flame of war between the United States and Mexico. This particular occurrence will doubtless pass off without serious consequences, but had it turned out as the Mexican intended, it might have been quite otherwise. There is not likely to be any excitement in the United States over the matter, seeing that the "Gringo" was killed instead of the "Gringo," but had he succeeded in his homicidal invasion, there would probably have gone up considerable of a cry for revenge that might have given some concern at Washington. Even as it is, the incident is somewhat disturbing, more in its evidence than in its effect. It shows that there is not only hot feeling on the part of the Mexicans against Americans, but a degree of boldness in its expression that might lead to something really serious should occasion of a Mexican officer to invade the American city on a murder bent, is likely to fire the indignation of American residents along the frontier, and to move them, moreover, to an expectation and a preparation for conflict that may precipitate it. If instead of an individual affair such as this there should be a clash of parties, if Americans in Juarez or Mexicans in El Paso should run afoul of hostile demonstrations and become involved in quarrels with fatal termination, then, indeed, there would have to be a demonstration to bring the jingoes within bounds. The prompt action of the military authorities on the Texas border in ordering troops of United States soldiers to stations at the bridges leading across the Rio Grande river and to those in the garri-sons to be ready for emergency call, show that the situation caused by this occurrence under control and prevent serious developments.—Charlotte Post.

This building was erected in the spring of 1911, all the cost being raised by private subscriptions with the exception of \$25 from the school fund. Mr. T. E. McMackin taught the school for the first six months, during which time he received a salary of \$20 a month.

This building cost complete about \$1,500. It has 27 patent school desks, affording a seating capacity for 54 pupils.

est, from the plainest of astraphanography or a push-cart man to the dreams of a Tolstoy or the theories of a Henry George.

In his public career, whatever its faults—and in our judgment they were many and grave—the dominant note was courage. It was his courage and success in fighting Boss McKane, at a time when bosses were far more difficult to fight than they are now, that first brought Mr. Gaynor into public notice; and we believe it can be said without qualification that from that day to his death he never flinched from attacking what he wished to attack, or defending what he wished to defend. Whatever position he made up his mind to maintain on any subject that position he was never deterred from maintaining by fear either of criticism or of consequence. Signal examples of this will easily occur to any one. Among them are instances which we do not count to his credit, but which, in spite of the condemnation they aroused, unquestionably served with many only to emphasize the identification of his personality with the idea of audacious courage.

Out of this his courage in the Rosenthal-Becker police scandal and its sequel is the most remarkable example. But his career abounded with manifestations of courage and firmness for which unalloyed praise is due him. No politician or group of politicians, dictated his policy; and he was afraid neither of labor organizations nor newspapers. His masterful dealing with the garbage-men's strike was a signal proof of the former; and, though his sweeping denunciations of newspapers in general often overshot the mark, the predominant feature in them was a scathing contempt for yellow journalism. His undeviating and unstained hostility to Hearst is deserving of special recognition and gratitude.

That this rare courage, this unusual independence of mind, and the remarkable power both of thought and of expression with which Mr. Gaynor was gifted, did not result in such a career in the mayoralty as might have been hoped from these qualities, was due to elements of character into which it is the less necessary to enter today because we have so recently discussed them at considerable length. But while his faults were such as sufficed to justify most serious criticism, they were far from being such as in the heat of the present situation, were by some being imputed to him. No appeal to the consideration due the dead is needed for the rejection of any such view of Mr. Gaynor, or for the acknowledgement of much faithful and valuable service rendered by him to the city.

That he would have been unable to render that service had his Tammany associates been elected with him four years ago, as he wished, we feel quite certain; but none the less must it be acknowledged that he set his face grimly against the Tammany idea of city government, stood staunchly by the merit system in subordinate offices, and in a business administration. How profoundly the city was impressed with this when it was fresh was amply manifested in the unqualified praise he received from newspapers

SCHOOL FOR FARMERS

Demonstration Agents Must Undergo Monthly Examinations. At the meeting of the United States farm demonstration agents at Clemson college last week, W. W. Long, state agent, presented each agent with a set of 61 questions on agricultural subjects. These are to be answered at the rate of five a month by each agent, the object being to develop the habit of reading and an ambition for greater efficiency.

The questions follow: 1. Discuss some of the reasons why we should study agriculture. 2. Discuss the formation of the soil and some of the most important agencies that helped form it. 3. Why is not the composition of all soils the same? 4. Why are certain elements in the soil considered more important than others? Name them. 5. Discuss the location of plants to soil in regard to composition. 6. What is a weed? Explain your answer. 7. What is the germination of seed and what are the conditions necessary for it? 8. Tell how plants feed and how they digest their food. 9. Show the sap current by diagram. 10. What are all the sources of plant food, and give some idea of the per cent taken from each source? 11. Discuss the importance of soil moisture. 12. Name and define three kinds of soil moisture. 13. What is the importance of each? 14. Discuss the effect of humus on the soil moisture. 15. What is meant by capillarity of soils, and what is its importance? 16. Discuss the effect of deep plowing, time to plow deep and why. 17. What is a mulch? How does it affect soil moisture and why? 18. Distinguish between available and unavailable plant food. 19. What are some of the ways in which unavailable food can be changed to available? 20. What is the value of a chemical analysis of soil. Why? 21. Explain the importance of bacteria in the soil, and what are some of the ways that we may help the bacterial content of the soil? 22. Explain the difference between soil and subsoil, and the causes of the differences. 23. Discuss the amount of plant food in the soil. 24. What is the effect of plowing soil when wet? 25. Discuss fully, the legumes, and their importance. 26. What is nitrification, what causes it, and what is its importance? 27. Discuss crop rotation, name some advantages and give a good three-year rotation. 28. What are winter cover crops, and why are they important? 29. Tell what you can about drainage and explain three kinds. 30. Explain the importance of commercial fertilizers. What is a complete fertilizer? 31. Name three plant foods in commercial fertilizers, and give some sources of each. 32. Explain how we may cut down our fertilizer bill, and not decrease our crop yield. 33. Discuss the advantages of home mixing fertilizers. 34. Discuss the importance of farm manures. 35. Discuss the care of farm manures. 36. Discuss seed selection. Tell how to test seed. 37. What are some of the reasons why we cultivate our crops? 38. Compare deep and shallow cultivation. 39. What is cotton wilt, and give a remedy? 40. Tell what you know of smuts and the remedies. 41. What are scale insects, name one, and give a remedy? 42. What are true insects, and give the life history of one. 43. What is the method of fighting the boll weevil? 44. Name some beneficial insects and some of the ways in which they benefit us. 45. Name some harmful insects and discuss their work. 46. Discuss insects and health. 47. Discuss the advantages of raising live stock on the farm. 48. Name and describe four breeds of horses. 49. Discuss mules. 50. Name and describe four breeds of hogs. 51. Discuss the advantages of raising hogs on the small farm. 52. Name and describe three breeds of beef cattle. 53. Name and describe three breeds of dairy cattle. 54. Discuss the care of milk on the farm. 55. What is a balanced ration, and what are the advantages of feeding one? What is nutritive ratio? 56. What are some of the things to be considered in growing feed stuffs on the farm? 57. Discuss the home garden. 58. Discuss the methods of growing and harvesting corn. 59. What is inoculation and give three ways that it may be done? 60. Discuss the teaching of agriculture in the common school. 61. Tell how, why, and when we graft trees.

Modern Traveler.—The modern traveler (the heroic explorers of old belong to another class) is formed by leisure, opportunity and a certain eagerness in pecuniary matters—like that plant whose seed vessels burst in heat, so explodes his shell of habit when the sun of prosperity shines warmly, and forthwith he is scattered to the four winds. "It's a small world," quoth he providentially, as he goes to and fro over the earth, and finds therein many delightful persons resembling himself. Like the man in the cabinet lined with mirrors, his reflections are numerous, and all alike. No wonder he feels like Sancho Pancho Panza's hazelnut inhabitant of a mustard-seed world.—C. E. D. Phelps.

Howell—Meat is pretty high. Powell—I should say so. I was in a restaurant today, and I couldn't afford to buy a controlling interest in a piece of steak.

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