

TILLMAN TALKS

To the Members of the Farmer's Union of Chester

THE SENIOR SENATOR

Discusses the Legislature, Denounces Compulsory Education, Speaks Pleasantly of President Taft, Defends Clemson and Scored Some of the Newspapers.

A special dispatch from Chester to the News and Courier says an audience variously estimated at from 2,500 to 4,000 persons gathered on the grounds of Union A. R. P. church, near Richburg, Tuesday to attend the rally of the Chester County Farmers' Union and to hear Senator B. R. Tillman and the other speakers engaged for this occasion.

He denounced the efforts of those who favor compulsory education as a scheme to give the ballot to negroes, which it surely will, he said, by compelling them to go to school and overcome the educational qualifications, which alone stand between them and the ballot.

President Taft, he said, is a splendid gentleman, a great improvement over his predecessor, but is "spreading all the molasses he can to catch flies."

He described conditions at the North as regards social problems and drew a beautiful picture of the comparative purity that obtains in the South. The divorce evil he particularly denounced and called on his hearers to hold fast to the present practice in South Carolina on this subject.

Touching on Clemson College, the Senator denounced the newspapers that have been meddling with the situation there, as he described it, for the sole purpose of stirring up discord, and offered to compare records of life trustees with those of elected trustees.

He also said that no instance could be shown where life trustees had lined up en masse on one side of a question and the elected trustees on the other. He hoped that certain defects at Clemson have been remedied, and the future of the College made brighter.

Certain political foemen in South Carolina, he said, want to write his obituary, but he is well and hearty and won't go until he has to. He warned the people against the "rascals" and bade them keep their eye on the State Legislature and the lawmakers at Washington.

Other speakers were Editor W. F. Caldwell, of the Chester Lantern; Solicitor J. K. Henry, Col. T. B. Butler, of Gaffney; Mr. J. G. L. White, president of the Chester County Farmers' Union, and Prof. W. S. Morrison, of Clemson College. The day passed off quietly, the most perfect order prevailing.

Hasn't Long to Stay.

Man is a little cuss and hasn't long to stay. He sits around and makes a fuss and then he hikes and makes a fuss and then he hikes away. Some men imagine they are great and try to tear up Jack, but each one meets the same old fate, and treads the same old track. Great Caesar's dead and tumbled to clay, and so is Cicero. Alexander has gone the way the rest of us must go. The sages, poets, heroes, all the men of the world, into an open grave must fall and crumble back to earth. Then let's not join in the affray and struggle like the deuce and agonize our lives away; for really what's the use? Let's live and love and sing the while, and work some now and then, and give to every one a smile that cheers the hearts of men. And whether we are crowned with flowers or chilled with winter snows, with happiness let's fill the hours ere we turn up our toes.

His Little Joke.

Under the sweltering summer sun he stood in the middle of the blistered street.

"Gone!" he shouted wildly. "Gone! Gone! Gone!"

Ten strong men emerged from under a sheltering awning and offered their sympathy.

"Did your cashier skip with all your funds?" queried one.

"No."

"Did you run away?"

"No."

"Did you lose your watch or pocketbook?"

"No."

"Did you lose your hat?"

"No."

"Did you lose your shoes?"

"No."

"Did you lose your money?"

"No."

"Did you lose your health?"

"No."

GOES OVER FALLS

NIAGARA RAPIDS SWALLOW UP ONE MORE VICTIM.

Young Man's Brave Efforts Prove Useless, Giant Waves Finally Overcoming, Driving Him Under.

Niagara rapids claims one more victim. A dispatch from there says August Sporer, an eighteen-year-old boy, a resident of Niagara Falls, went to his death Monday in the whirlpool rapids after a gallant battle with the giant waves between the lower bridges and the pool. With three companions Sporer went for a swim in the river. He struck out at once for the middle of the stream and then turned toward the bridges. His companions called to him to turn back, for the current is very swift at that point, but he kept on down stream and was caught in the great sweep, the first break from the smoother waters to the rapids.

The boy struggled for a time against the current but to no avail. Then, realizing that he was beyond human help and was to be carried through the rapid which took the life of Capt. Webb, and which have resisted every unaided human effort at passage, he deliberately turned down stream and began a grim fight for life.

Not in all the history of the river has such a brave effort been witnessed. Although but a frail boy, he went into the rapids swimming strongly and held his own until he struck the giant wave which curls up opposite the Old Battery elevator. Then he went under and for a second was lost to sight of the score of people who stood on the lower arch bridge.

Again and again he disappeared only to reappear, each time fighting desperately against the terrible current. Then when within 200 yards of the whirlpool his strength gave out and he sank and was lost to view.

Even then he had swum perhaps 100 yards farther than did the great English swimmer, Capt. Webb.

THEY WERE SENT BACK.

Uncle Sam Detains a Runaway Couple From Prague.

At New York the immigration officials have shattered the romance of nineteen-year-old Beatrice Mayer, who left her husband of a few months and eloped to this country with her first sweetheart, Adolph Grohman, a youth of twenty-three. The young couple who have a plentiful supply of money, and whose relationship apparently verifies their claims to kinship with prominent families at Prague, arrived in New York on Monday. Mrs. Mayer was accompanied by her maid and all of them had first cabin passage.

They would not have been disturbed in their desire to land had not a cablegram preceded their arrival. It was from Mrs. Mayer's husband, and asked that they be detained at New York. A special board of inquiry has decided that the man and Mrs. Mayer and her maid must be deported. Before the board, Mrs. Mayer made an impassioned plea to be allowed to land.

"Adolph was my school companion and we have loved each other for years," she said. "We wanted to marry, but my folks objected. I resisted as long as I could, but in the end they forced me into this objectionable marriage. I never loved my husband, but I do love Adolph. After four months of marital trouble, I decided that the only way to avoid a life of trouble and unhappiness was to run away with Adolph."

RELICS OF TRAGEDY.

Fifteen Skeletons Are Found in Excavation.

In Washington fifteen skeletons lying together in such a position as to indicate hasty burial and three English copper coins bearing the date 1720, found with them during the excavating for the United States Medical School Hospital near the banks of the Potomac, brings to light, it is believed, some Indian or piratical tragedy of early American days.

An authentic history sheds no illuminating ray on the case, the finger of suspicion wavers in its pointing looking first toward the rem man, who stole silently along the wooded Potomac banks a century and a half ago, then to a mythical pirate crew which is believed to have made its rendezvous in the upper Potomac, and lastly to a mutiny-infested cave trading vessel.

But the bones may remain forever as silent as when they were in their grave.

Fiend Will Hang.

Rogers Merritt, a negro, was Tuesday convicted in the Superior court at Atlanta of criminal assault upon Miss Maggie McDermott, 16 years old, on the night of June 20 last. The negro will be sentenced to hang. The assault occurred in the heart of Atlanta. Miss McDermott being en route to her home when the negro attacked her.

Killed by Lightning.

Two men were killed by lightning at Trion Factory, Ga., on Tuesday. Seven men were sitting in a row in front of the depot when the bolt descended, killing Sam Ray and Clarence McCants and seriously injuring Jeff McCants. Other men were knocked down, but not seriously injured. Lightning damaged the depot of the Central of Georgia and a lively stable near by.

Killed Near Williston.

Dan Gaines was shot and instantly killed by another negro, named Peter Green, near Williston Saturday night. The men were playing whist when Green pulled out a pistol, saying, "I believe I will shoot you." Gaines said, "Well shoot," he did so, with deadly effect. It seems that it was an unprovoked murder.

After all, the light Pole may not be what you'd call polite.

RESCUED SAILORS

SEVEN SNATCHED FROM DEATH BY THE LIFE SAVERS.

Captain of Schooner Drives His Vessel on Shore Thinking Hotel Clare Was Liner's Light.

Long Island life savers, after a six hours' battle, added another victory against the sea to their long list of remarkable rescues Tuesday, when they brought safely to land the captain and crew—seven souls in all—from the three-masted schooner Arlington, of Boston, which went ashore early Tuesday morning in the driving rain and fog of Long Beach, on the South shore of Long Island.

The eighth member of the crew, Madden Pierson, a Swede, put off from the schooner on a raft a line, but was swept out to sea and lost sight of. It is believed that he perished.

The rescue from the schooner was witnessed by cheering guests of the Nassau Hotel at Long Beach and by hundreds of cottagers. The hotel was indirectly responsible for the vessel's plight, for Capt. Ira Smith, after having lost his bearings, mistook the glimmering lights in the structure for those of a liner in mid-ocean, and thus misled ran aground.

The schooner, heavily laden with Anthracite, bound from New York for Mayport, Fla., struck a sand bar, and was driven by a heavy sea while a terrific easterly gale was blowing. She began to yield immediately. The captain and crew climbed out on the bowsprit. The life savers reached the scene soon after daylight.

They worked frantically, but in vain trying to shoot a line to the wreck. The high wind and seas made this impossible, but after six futile attempts they succeeded in getting a surf boat through the breakers to the lee of the wreck and the rescue of the imperilled sailors followed.

Aside from a broken ankle sustained by the cabin boy and the suffering incident to exposure, which all sustained, no one was seriously injured. The Arlington will be a total loss.

WOMAN FINDS SNAKE IN BED.

Was Awakened by Reptile Crawling Over Her Face.

Mrs. John McKnight of Shartlesville, Pa., had an experience with a black snake which she is not likely to forget for some time. The family retired as usual and when Mrs. McKnight had been in bed but a short time she heard a peculiar noise back of her pillow.

Thinking it was an insect of some kind she thought no more of the matter and went to sleep. She had just fallen into a doze when she felt a peculiar sensation on her face. Reaching up to her forehead she was horrified to find a snake crawling over her face.

Grabbing it, with a shriek she hurled the reptile across the room. Arising, she found the snake lying in a corner of the room and killed it with a cane. The snake measured three feet, four inches in length.

END OF THE WORLD NEAR.

According to the "Holy Ghost and Us Society."

The Holy Ghost and Us Society whose principal base of operations is at Shiloh, Me., has received advice that the end of the world is to come at 10:20 a. m., Wednesday, September 1.

The Rev. Frank Sandford, who originated the sect and calls himself "Elijah," says that this will happen. The Holy Ghost and Us society at Shiloh is making preparations to don the pure white robes, pass to the housetops of their villages, and there await the dread moment.

When it comes they expect to see the sky fall, and the earth, moon, and sun disappear, and they themselves transplanted into the realms of eternal bliss, while all others pass into destruction.

How It Hurt.

One of the private cables received by a New York cotton dealer from Liverpool on Monday said that "the South was an anxious seller of spot cotton at present prices and that this was given as a reason why prices would be lower as soon as the contracts sold by the farmers were due. The fact that cotton advances in price in the face of these outstanding contracts shows how strong it is. If it was not for these contracts the demand for spot cotton would be much greater, and there is no telling where the price would go. But these outstanding contracts, which many farmers have sold, will keep buyers off the market, unless they can buy cotton at a lower figure than that sold in these contracts. They hope in the meantime that cotton will decline in price."

Never Too Old to Marry.

Claiming that she could have married several younger fellows, but that she thought her choice the best, Mrs. Evaline Hall, aged eighty-one years, who has a son aged sixty-two years living, was married to Robert Wright, fifty-one years old, at Pittsburg, Pa., on Tuesday. When seen by a reporter, the aged bride was calmly smoking a pipe and laughingly remarked that she expected to live until she became 100 years of age.

Pellagra at Durham.

A report from Durham, N. C., says an epidemic of pellagra resulted in the fifth death there a few days ago, that of Mrs. D. C. Mitchell, a native Georgian, and the wife of an extensive lumber dealer. Physicians are not able to assign any cause for the disease. There have been eight deaths from pellagra in Durham and adjacent territory.

The prisoners cannot act familiar, for that would be making themselves too free.

A "tidy" generally believes its name after a man has been up against it.

POLICE GRAFT

In New York Amounts to a Million of Dollars in

HARD CASH PER YEAR

General Bingham, Police Commissioner of New York, Says That He Could Have Made at Least Six Hundred Thousand Dollars in His First Twelve Months in Office.

"I am asked to estimate the money value of graft and blackmail in New York each year. No one can make such an estimate with accuracy, but my belief is that the total is not less than \$100,000,000. During my first year at the head of the police department it would have been an easy matter for me to have made \$100,000 in bribe money, and \$1,000,000 would not have been an excessive figure at all."

Thus writes General Theodore Bingham in an article to be published in the September number of the Hampton's magazine. It is the first public statement made by General Bingham since his removal by Mayor McClellan from the office of Police Commissioner. He writes:

"The power of Tammany Hall rests, and has rested for forty years, upon its ability to control the police, by fair means or foul. A strong honest, fearless Police Commissioner, supported by Police Magistrates of ability and integrity and a mayor big enough to conduct his office without fear or favor, can sap and utterly destroy Tammany influence in ten years or even less, provided he is empowered to dismiss and transfer his subordinates for cause, without recourse to the courts."

"I do not believe I am unfair in estimating that from fifteen hundred to two thousand members of the force are unscrupulous grafters, whose hands are always out for easy money."

That this is known by the head of the department and apparently ignored is because the commissioner is only nominal head of the force, he states, while a policeman has office for life. Discipline and the question of vested interests should be kept separate, he declares. Graft is hidden in most city ordinances, he says and those who could make money from them. He continues:

"One day, shortly after my arrival at Police headquarters an acquaintance dropped into my office. 'Commissioner,' he said, 'There is a house at No. West Thirty-third street, run very quietly. It will be worth \$10,000 a month to you'—but the sentence was never finished to my knowledge."

"As a matter of fact, the place had never been opened, and the man had been used as an agent to feel out the department."

"A few months later I was offered \$5,000 in cash and \$500 a month merely to be seen shaking hands with the proprietor of an upper Broadway cafe."

General Bingham states as his belief that gambling cannot be eliminated, but that a reasonable law, imposing heavy license and ironclad restrictions can be enforced. Concerning the Rogues' Gallery, the controversy over which proved his stumbling block, he states that it is necessary to photograph criminals, but adds that it should be settled by a law not drawn in the interest of criminals.

FEET TOUCH ON BODY.

Man Thus Located Under Water and Was Rescued.

When Miss Ruth Rogers leaped feet foremost from a raft on Manhattan beach at Chicago she touched one of her feet on a body lying in the bottom of the lake. Her cries when she reached the surface brought former Congressman Chas. S. Wharton, Dr. W. H. Falke and Dr. H. B. Clapp, who were swimming near.

Mr. Wharton dived and assured himself that what Miss Rogers had touched was really the body of a man and after repeated efforts the rescuers were successful in bringing it to the surface. They were astonished to find that breath still remained, although the victim was unconscious.

When he had been resuscitated after an hour's work, he said he was John Tubock, twenty-three years old. He was unable to say how he came into his plight, but it is believed by those who were at the beach that in diving from a post he struck a great rope stretched as a life line and was rendered unconscious.

The Social Life That Was.

While country life has gained so many in many ways it has also lost in large measure some social features which were the joy of young people in former days. Thirty or more years ago, and less than that in some sections, spelling bees, singing schools, debating societies and other similar doings were numerous, affording untold pleasure and no small benefit. They made a useful break in the ordinary routine of farm life, and today many look back longingly to the times of their youth when merry parties of young people, after the day's work was over, drove to the country school to hear or take part in singing, debating questions, or in spelling one another down. Country life today, socially and in other ways, is unquestionably better than it was, and books, papers and other material are now plentiful in the farm home as once they were scarce. Still it is doubtful if any of the young people of today get more genuine satisfaction out of the advantages they possess, than their fathers, and mothers got from their youth from the social doings which brightened many a long winter night.

The prisoners cannot act familiar, for that would be making themselves too free.

A "tidy" generally believes its name after a man has been up against it.

AMAZING GROWTH

IN THIRTEEN YEARS OF RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

Over Forty Thousand Routes Now in Operation, Serving Over Twenty Millions of People.

On October 1, 1909, the thirteenth anniversary of the installation of rural delivery in the United States will be reached. In commemoration of the event some suitable recognition is suggested, as no branch of the postal service has had so recent a beginning with equally remarkable results.

The honor of the first attempt to test the practicability of such a radical broadening of the operations of individual delivery rests with five routes from three postoffices in West Virginia.

The innovation was so great that it took some time for the people to be benefited to realize the advantage in store for them. By the end of the third fiscal year after this service began, but 391 routes were established, at an annual expenditure of \$150,012. The convenience, as well as the economical, commercial and educational benefits incident to this public utility were now so forcefully demonstrated that expansion went on rapidly, the cost aggregating up to the present time no less than \$170,000,000.

The 40,864 carriers in covering their 49,919 routes traverse more than one million miles every secular day of the year, excepting New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Memorial or Decoration, Independence and Labor and Thanksgiving Days, or the Monday following should these days fall on the Sabbath. In making their daily round, more than 20,000,000 rural residents are served.

In looking back over what has been accomplished during the brief period of its existence, it is apparent that the rural delivery service is a great public convenience. Results are the best commendation and these are sustained by unanimous expressions of approval of patrons.

From an ethical point of view, the utility of the service is evident in many ways. It brings the rural population into neighborly relationship and promotes intercourse with nearby communities, and through them with cities large and small, and with the world at large.

As a commercial proposition facilities are afforded to keep tabs on the markets as to prices of products and commodities for sale or purchase, and thus respect farmers especially find themselves greatly benefited by constant knowledge of the conditions of trade.

In an economical sense the public has derived advantage from the improvement and maintenance of roads, over which rural delivery routes are laid, this being a condition precedent to the establishment of mail facilities. In addition, good roads insure greater frequency and regularity of mail delivery.

With respect to roads since the inauguration of this service it is estimated that more than \$75,000,000 has been expended in rebuilding, repairs and maintenance.

As a means of education, the widening of the utilization of the mails by rural free delivery has largely extended the circulation of local and metropolitan newspapers, magazines and general literature, besides having proved a stimulus to more extended personal correspondence.

It is further mentioned as one of the incidents of the service that since the introduction of the rural mail carrier, that humble representative of the administration has become popular among residents in the rural districts, developing their appreciation of the beneficence of the government at Washington.

The popularity of rural delivery among farmers and others living from communities having city mail facilities is shown in a summary of this service that Postmaster General Hitchcock ordered prepared in the office of the fourth assistant postmaster general, up to August, 1900. This exhibit gives 49,919 carriers in operation served by 40,864 routes. 822 are tri-weekly. In bringing the service up to its present high state of organization and efficiency, 60,180 petitions were received and investigated. Of this number 17,163 were reported upon adversely. At the close of this report, 1,432 petitions were pending, of which 297 have been assigned for an establishment between August 15 and October 1, 1909, leaving 1,135 unacted upon.

The seeming discrepancy between the number of rural routes and carriers is accounted for by instances where there exists tri-weekly service on more than one rural route out of an office, one carrier serving two routes alternating each day.

The State having the largest number of rural delivery routes at this date is Illinois, 2,254. There are seven States with more than New York (1,841 first in population, and four with more than Pennsylvania (2,168) second in number of inhabitants.

WOMAN TAKES ARSNIC

After a Very Heated Argument With Her Husband.

At Atlanta, angered with her husband over some trivial family dispute, Mrs. A. Gilbert, Friday swallowed a quantity of arsenic in the presence of her husband. Gilbert at once hurried to a nearby drug store and secured an emetic, which he forced his wife to swallow, after which he summoned an ambulance and had the woman rushed to the Grady Hospital. It is thought she will recover.

Gilbert declared he had no doubt his wife took the poison with suicidal intent, but declined to discuss his family troubles. He said his wife became enraged during an argument shortly after breakfast, and announced her intention of ending it all by taking poison.

It is easy enough to see what some people are about when they do things merely for a bluff.

DESIGN ACCEPTED

FOR MONUMENT TO THE NOBLE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Beautiful, Elevating Portrayal of Self-Sacrificing Devotion of Noble Women of "Lost Cause."

Be fitting in nobility of conception and beauty of execution the subject it is to commemorate, the design for the monument to women of the "lost cause" has been completed. It is the work of a Dixie girl, Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn., and has been accepted by several States. It is probable that all the States which left the union in the Civil War will adopt the design and that replicas of the monument will be placed in the capitols of each.

The design for the proposed monument is very beautiful and elevating. The central figure, of heroic size, is the Goddess of Fame. At her right, the reclining figure, with an expression of exquisite sadness, represents the self-sacrificing Southern woman of the war time. Fame is represented as placing a wreath upon the Southern woman's head, while she supports, at her left, a dying and emaciated Confederate soldier, to whom the Southern woman is extending, even in death, the palm of victory.

The design is such that it readily lends itself to reproduction either of marble or bronze.

A year or more ago the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans decided upon the erection of these monuments in every State capitol in Dixie. The work was to have been done by an Italian sculptor. When his design was submitted at the late Confederate reunion in Memphis, it raised a storm of protest. The artist had pictured the Southern woman as a militant and amazonian figure, carrying in one hand a sword and in the other the banner of the Lost Cause.

This conception was so foreign to the gentle, suffering and patient woman of the Southland as those who loved her had known her, that the design was rejected by an overwhelming vote. The artist declined to submit another and Miss Kinney was appealed to. Through the Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy and Sons of the Confederate States are raising funds for the purpose and it is believed by fall each of the former Confederate States will have followed suit.

Miss Kinney, the artist, is but 22 years of age and is already a sculptor of more than national fame. She was recently awarded the contract for a heroic statue of the late Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee, killed by the Coopers. When but a child she received a prize over her father. She received her education in art at the Art Institute at Chicago and later studied abroad. She was awarded the contract for twenty Igorrotes figures at the Field Museum and has attracted a great deal of attention in art circles throughout the world.

RUTLEDGE COUNTY DEFEATED.

Both Williamsburg and Clarendon Voted It Down.

A dispatch from Lake City, which town expected to be the county seat of the new county, says the proposition to form the new county of Rutledge out of portions of Williamsburg and Clarendon was voted by the voters in the sections affected Tuesday and the result was a victory for those who are opposed to the formation of the county by a little over two hundred votes. The Williamsburg portion of the proposed county gave 323 votes for the new county and 415 against. The Clarendon voters, whose precinct was Sandy Grove, gave 45 for the new county and 25 against. The new county to have won required 821 votes in Williamsburg county and 51 votes in Clarendon. So the proposition was voted down in both Williamsburg and Clarendon counties.

STRIKES HIM ON ENGINE.

Lightning Severely Injures a Man in His Cab.

The Spartanburg Herald says Frank J. Mooney, fireman on freight train No. 11, Southern railway, was struck by lightning in the Southern Railway yards Sunday night about 11 o'clock during the severe rain and electrical storm. Mr. Mooney was severely injured.

At first it was thought that he had been killed, but an examination by physicians showed that his injuries were not fatal, and he was sent to the Spartanburg City Hospital. A report from the hospital Tuesday night said that Mr. Mooney was getting on nicely. He was conscious, but could not speak.

Mr. Mooney was standing on the tender of the engine filling the boiler with water when he was struck by lightning. Strange to say, there was no scar anywhere in the flesh.

Shoots Young Lady.

At Portsmouth, Ohio, enraged because he had been jilted, Harry Biles, 18 years old, Tuesday shot and fatally wounded Miss Minnie Clark, 17 years old, at a crowded street corner. When Miss Clark refused to return a ring, Biles drew a revolver and shot her through the neck, the bullet penetrating the right lung. Biles was arrested.

Young Lady Drowns.

Miss Caroline Middleton, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. James S. Middleton, of 515 Piedmont avenue, Atlanta, Ga., was drowned in East Lake at the Country Club of the Atlanta Athletic Club Friday morning about 11 o'clock, while in bathing with a number of young lady friends. The family went to Atlanta from Charleston.

Washington was the Father of His Country, but Pennsylvania is the "Pa." of States.

KIND LITTLE WORDS

COURTESY IS THE CHEAPEST THING IN THIS LIFE.

And it Should Be Practiced by All of Us in Our Intercourse With Each Other.

Little words in kindness spoken. A motion or a tear, May oft relieve a heart that's broken, Or make a friend sincere.

Courtesy is the cheapest thing there is in this world. Because it is so cheap is perhaps the reason that it is so infrequently used. It costs absolutely nothing, therefore one would think it would be by the desk or at the hand of every man and woman in the world.

Yet the fact remains that there are very few really courteous men. So few are there that when one does meet such an one he is surprised and refers to him "as a gentleman of the old school."

Because a person does not happen to fancy a man is no reason that he should be discourteous with him. Outward adornments, facial expression, peculiar mannerisms do not destroy manhood. "A man's a man for all that."

Sometimes we say that a man's real strength is shown in the manner in which he expends his energy; that his real benevolence are manifested in the way he dispenses his charities. Yet if you would know what a man really is and truly is you must study him as he deals courteously or discourteously with his brother man.

The man who is discourteous to the man under him and servilely cringes before his superior with obsequious courtesy may be a great worker, a splendid result-getter, but he is not a gentleman.

A true gentleman will, if compelled to dismiss a man from his presence, do it with such grace and courtesy that the sting of the dismissal is largely removed and kindly remembrances established in the mind of the dismissed man. True courtesy gives of its substance as freely as the sweet-scented violet gives of its odor, thinking not of return, simply conscious of doing its duty.

Courtesy opens many doors of opportunity where rough and ragged manners would stand knocking vainly demanding entrance. Courtesy is oil upon the troubled sea of life and saves many a good ship of manhood from going to pieces on the barren shores of failure and bankruptcy. Courtesy has won more battles in the world than bullets. Courtesy needs no cannon to force its measure, yet courtesy wins a thousand times more cannon and mortars when needed than we do. It would be a good thing if in every public school, academy and college of the land, there might be established what should be known as a chair of courtesy. In this chair the truest and most noble-hearted should teach boys and girls, young men and young women, the value of true courtesy. The courtesy that plants a seed of self-respect in the underlying, and which makes the superior feel that he is in the presence of a man.

Of a great man of the old