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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

BILL ARP REVIEWS THE WAR

Death of Gen. "Tige" Anderson Causes a Backward Glance.

General G. T. Anderson (Old Tige) and Colonel Tom Taylor have just passed over the river. They were about the same age and were close together during the civil war. General Anderson was our brigade commander and Colonel Taylor commanded one of his regiments, the First Kentucky. Since the war one of them was made chief of police of Atlanta and the other of Louisville, Ky. Taylor was next to the last of the surviving colonels of that brigade. It was General Hartow's old brigade, composed of the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Eleventh Georgia regiments and the First Kentucky and a Virginia battery. The regiments changed their colonels many times and of the old Eighth only one (Colonel Towers), who was its fifth colonel, now survives. None but the veterans know how numerous were these changes of commanding officers. The records show that but one of the Georgia regiments that went into service in 1861 and 1862 brought back the same colonel it took out. The officers of the companies were changed oftener than the colonels. Deaths, resignations and promotions were ever going on. Captain Twigg's company of the First Georgia regulars had twelve different captains during the service. The personnel of the privates was also continually changing—"discharged" or K. I. B. (killed in battle)—is appended to more names than half the first muster rolls, and recruiting was constantly going on to fill up the files. But I was ruminating about old Tige and Tom Taylor, for after General Bartow was killed I was transferred to General Anderson's staff and followed his fortunes for nearly two years in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was every inch a soldier. He never questioned the wisdom of an order, but obeyed it.

Ours not to make reply:
Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to do and die,
was his motto. I do not believe he ever experienced the emotion of fear. We thought that sometimes he was too daring. I remember that on one morning during the battles on the Chickahominy he wished to make a personal reconnaissance of the position of the enemy on its left flank, and asked Major Ayer and myself to ride with him. There was a wide, open field between the armies, probably 1,000 acres, and our wing was covered by a forest of thick woods curving round the open space in form of a semi-circle. We kept covered by these woods until we had got far round and were as near to the Federal batteries as we dared to go. The general said: "Well, there is no use in going back the long way that we came. Let us take the diameter of this circle and save a mile or two." "They will see us and open fire," said I. "Let them shoot," said he, "they can't hit us. We can outstride their balls; come on; follow me." We did follow, but we did not want to and there was no necessity for taking such a peril. I never will forget that ride. The Federal batteries opened fire quickly as we flew along the plain. The six-pounders sent their balls over us and behind us and before us and some bounded along the ground quite near us, but the general only waived his hat and smiled. We were all well mounted and made the trip safely, but I never made another reconnaissance with him. One evening our brigade was at rest on the bank of the Rappahannock. We had made a long march and were waiting orders. The boys were sitting down or lying down upon the grass. The enemy were massed behind the mountain range that skirted the opposite banks of the river.

We could not see them, but we knew they were there, for their batteries amused themselves by firing over the mountains and dropping their shot and shell at random over us and beyond us. They exploded in the air and did but little harm. We were not alarmed and watched them as we would a pyrotechnic display. General Anderson was stretched at length upon the ground and we were not far away. His fine horse was cropping the grass and the general held him with a long rein that was attached to the bridle. While we were chatting quietly a shell exploded directly over us and a murderous fragment struck his horse on top of the head and killed him instantly. Our nearness to the danger stopped all conversation, but the loss of his horse aroused and excited Old Tige beyond measure. Looking at his horse that was dying at his feet he used language according to his anger and indignation. His anathemas were fearful. "We will pay them for that," he said. "I would have given my right arm for that horse. But we will pay them back two for one. We have come here to fight, and old Bob will give us a chance to get even. Blast their infernal batteries! All they dare to do is to hide behind a mountain and shoot over it." We did get even, and Old Tige was comforted; for in a few days the second battle of Manassas was fought and a great victory won. Forty-eight thousand troops under Lee utterly routed and vanquished 80,000 under Pope.

I never think of General Tom Taylor but what I think of the great battle of Drainesville, in which he figured and a mile comes over my memory. The fun of that battle lasted our boys a long time, and Major Ayer at Rome is not done laughing at it yet. The valley of Drainesville was neutral ground and the harvest of hay was great. The two armies were in winter quarters and wanted it. Job Stuart assured

General Johnston that if he would furnish the wagons and teams and a regiment of infantry he would go for the hay. He said that the owners were mostly Southern men and wanted us to have it. Old Joe was suspicious, but consented. The Federals were nearer to it and had a large force of cavalry in their camp. Tom Taylor was sent along with his regiment and Major Ayer put in charge of 400 wagons with four-horse teams to each. It was about fifteen miles to the valley over a pike road that was generally wide enough for teams to pass each other, but was very narrow where cut through the little hills. Many of these cuts, a hundred yards long, were not more than ten feet wide. The day and the scheme was kept profoundly secret.

One morning about the break of day our boys were aroused by the unearthly rumbling sound of 400 wagons rolling over the pike, but that sound was nothing to the roaring of those wagons as they returned. That train of wagons was nearly four miles long and by the time the head of the column got fairly into the valley and the major began bossing the loading of the foremost teams Tom Taylor, with his men, were resting in the suburbs and Job Stuart, with 2,000 cavalry, were paraded on a hill overlooking the valley. Just then 6,000 Federal cavalry came charging down from some hiding place behind the woods and for an hour or more Stuart and Taylor had their hands full. The Federals had an artillery company to help create a panic and they were after the wagon train in desperate determination. In the confusion that followed the surprise Stuart ordered the wagons that were loading hay to countermarch in double quick and they performed that maneuver with great alacrity until the head of the procession reached the pike and could get no farther, for the body and tail of the train blocked the highway for two miles back.

Then came the great stampede. "Then rushed the steeds from battle driven." All along the line the alarm was given, whips were popping, teamsters were bawling. "Turn men; turn and save your teams," exclaimed the major. "The Yankees are coming." And they did turn, but to this day nobody knows how. Some of the wagons swore afterwards they flew over and some crawled under and some turned a four-horse team in an eight-foot cut. Colonel Taylor ordered his men to guard the wagons, but they couldn't keep up with them. Stuart's men were in a hand to hand fight with the enemy's cavalry and slashed them with swords and shot them with small arms; but they were outnumbered and had to fight and fall back at every charge.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the roaring of the stampeded train reached our campground. Old Joe Johnston heard it, for the sound thereof was like the sound of many waters. He understood it at once and ordered a whole brigade and battery to double quick up the Drainesville pike. "I told Stuart," he exclaimed, "they would trick if he didn't look out. Those rascals in that valley are nearly all Union men and they got word to the enemy. I'm afraid we have lost some of our wagons, and it will be a hard joke on Stuart."

Later on we perceived great clouds of dust gathering over the pike and the roaring came louder and louder and nearer and nearer, and by and by, with the aid of a field glass, we could see Major Ayer rise over the top of a distant hill and bark. He is a fine rider and was astride a fine horse whose name was Selma. He saw the brigade coming to the rescue and slowed up, the long procession behind him. Man and beast were dripping with streams of sweat that would have turned a saw mill. In the grand melee Colonel Taylor got cut off from his command, for the boys were trying to keep up with the wagons. But they all came up in course of time and received the plaudits of their comrades. Stuart worried the enemy so bad that they left the valley with nary wagon and Major Ayer left it with nary bay. But they got it later, for old Joe got his back up and swore he would have it.

Those 400 wagoners were for a long time the heroes of the campfires. One of them, Jim Wilkerson, our former marshal, lives here now and still declares that he turned his team in an eight-foot cut and passed two more in a ten-foot cut and had liked to have beat the whole train to camp. His driving was like the driving of Jehu, for he drove furiously.

The big battle of Drainesville never got into history, but it was camp talk at Centerville all that winter. During the Revolution of 1776 there was a great battle called the "battle of the keys" that caused infinite merriment to the continental army and it was set to verse by a humorous poet, Francis Hopkinson, but this is known to Virginia veterans as the "battle of the wagons."

Bill Arr.
A youth lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when finding it began to rain, caught up an umbrella, that was surely placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming: "No, no, that you never shall! I've had that umbrella 23 years, and it has never been wet yet, and I am sure it shan't be wet now!"

Mrs. Pettit—Whenever I express a desire for anything, my husband never objects. Mrs. Ig. Nord—Same with me; I can express the desire as often as I please; it never disturbs him.—Philadelphia Press.

NEED OF MORE TOLERANCE.

Ex-Senator Butler Endorses McLaurin and Approves the Course of McKinley.

Gen. M. C. Butler has been interviewed by a correspondent of the New York Sun, and his views are quite favorable to the attitude of McLaurin, as follows:

"What, in your opinion will be the effect in South Carolina of Senator McLaurin's attitude toward the Democratic party?" was asked of Gen. Butler.

"Oh, well," he replied, "you know what Gen. Wigfall used to say: 'If there is anything God Almighty does not know, it is what will be the outcome of a popular election or the verdict of a petit jury.' There is no telling what twelve months will bring forth in the politics of this country. If I had been in the Senate I would have voted just as McLaurin did, with the exception, perhaps, of his vote for the ship subsidy bill. And yet there are plenty of precedents in Democratic history to justify a vote for that bill. South Carolina subsidized every railroad built in the State by subscribing to the capital stock of the companies up to the breaking out of the war. I am not mistaken this course was pursued in behalf of every railroad without exception."

"It will be insisted, perhaps, that there is a difference in principle between such action by a State and by the Federal Government. The Federal Government certainly subsidized to the extent of millions and hundreds of millions of dollars the Pacific railroads, undoubtedly by the votes and help of good Democrats. However that may be, it does not come very gracefully from some Democrats and some so-called Democrats to question McLaurin's democracy and undertake to read him out of the party for voting as he did when they, within two weeks thereafter, wheeled around and voted with apparent gusto for a railroad subsidy which was not wanted by the Postmaster General, and was therefore said at the time by consistent Democrats to be a simple gratuity from the treasury."

"You do not, then, apprehend that 'imperialism' or 'militarism' will take the place of popular government if the policy of the present Administration is carried out?"

"No, sir. If the President had done less than he has in dealing with the questions involved, in the absence of Congressional action, he would have made himself liable to impeachment and disgrace. He could not have done less and maintained the dignity, honor and good faith of the government of which he was and is the Chief Executive."

"That is my candid opinion, speaking as a citizen. 'Imperialism' and 'militarism' do not grow out of such questions, and cannot as long as the press is free and uncorrupted citizenship is permitted to cast a ballot for the preservation of popular government. We are in much more danger—popular constitutional government is—from demagogism, socialism, populism, anarchism and such heresies and fallacies. The supremacy and control of such doctrines in the affairs of government may necessitate the employment of force to preserve public order, the rights of property and enforcement of law so that those who are crying loudest against 'imperialism' may make it necessary and become its authors. Political agitation which deals with the intelligence and patriotism of the people is always healthful, but no republic has survived or can survive the domination and control in its governmental administration of reckless, time-serving demagogues."

"What the South needs now more than ever in its history is broad, liberal statesmanship, which suggests something more than mere obstruction and opposition, conforming in all respects to constitutional limitations, but getting in line with the progress and development of the age. We are just emerging from the paralyzing effect of reconstruction, with all its horrors and crimes, and should turn our faces to the front and contribute to the State and national strength and power on all legitimate lines. I believe McLaurin and many other young men of the South are in harmony with this thought and, therefore, has course in my approval. The Democracy, in my judgment, made a fatal blunder when it permitted the Republicans to appropriate to their own use the prestige growing out of the Spanish war. 'The Democrats did as much to bring about the war as the Republicans and should have claimed their share of its results and consequences. For myself, I am rejoiced that the crust of our national isolation has been broken and that we can take our proper place among the nations of the earth.'"

"You favor retaining possession of the Philippine Islands and other insular possessions?"

"I do most assuredly. We came into possession of this new territory in the prosecution of a just war. We expended vast amounts of money and many valuable lives in the Spanish war, and by all the rules governing such questions we are entitled to indemnity for the expenditures. This indemnity is usually paid in money or territory. Inasmuch as Spain had no money, we took Porto Rico in part payment, and for the Philippines we paid cash. The title deeds were signed, sealed, delivered and recorded. Why should we give up land we have paid for with the consent of its owner, Spain?"

"Do you apprehend that the government of these islands is going to be

very embarrassing to our government?"

"Not necessarily, if common sense and good judgment are employed in dealing with them. Of course, the problem is a serious one, but not in surmountable. I do not believe in a protectorate or colonial government. There is no place in our system for such dependence. The new possessions of the United States belong to all the people of the United States and governed by the supervision of Congress, as our other territories are governed, giving to the inhabitants of them just as much power of self-government and sovereignty as they are capable of exercising. This has been the rule for Alaska for thirty odd years and may be as safely applied elsewhere."

"I cannot see where there is such an over-powering difficulty in our way. No, sir; if the American people will put their heads together in a patriotic spirit we will solve the problem justly and satisfactorily. The possession of these islands will redound with especial and immeasurable benefit to the cotton States, furnishing, as they will, a most valuable market for her manufactured cotton goods, and giving us status in the Orient from which we can defy competition in that vast field for lucrative business. We should insist upon the 'door' being kept open to China. We should hold on to the islands and govern them, as we can, honestly, justly, fairly. When the inhabitants realize that the installation of our constitutional form of government, with representative responsibility, means for them freedom and enlightened progress, they will secede at the jeremiads of those who have tried to convince them that we intend to destroy their liberties and rob them of their country."

In regard to the appointment of Mr. Capers as United States district attorney for South Carolina, Gen. Butler said:

"What is wanted in South Carolina, above all things, is a greater toleration for those honestly differing from us in political opinion, greater freedom of action. I find we have passed the point where the white people from necessity were arrayed on one side to protect their civilization from the negro race on the other, and we can now afford to divide on the paramount political issues, as in other States. If Mr. Capers chooses to ally himself with the Republican party because he conscientiously approves of its principles, he has a perfect right to do so and should not be denounced on that account. Nothing could be of more advantage to our State, politically and commercially, than the organization of an active, respectable opposition to the present political organization of the State. It would insure better men for office and better administration of the laws."

JOHN C. CALHOUN'S OLD HOME

A Northern Correspondent Describes the Fort Hill Mansion at Clemson.

"Gath," a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, writing from Fort Hill, S. C., April 14th, gives his impressions about the former home of John C. Calhoun, as follows:

Having visited most of the homes of American public men who exist in tradition, I felt the list incomplete till I had come nearer to John C. Calhoun. So I took the night train at Washington City on the Southern railway and awoke at Charlotte, N. C., and then continued on till noon, getting off at Central Station, five miles from Calhoun's home at the northwestern end of South Carolina. Central is just half way between Charlotte and Atlanta.

At Central I hired a buggy and driver and rode to Calhoun's house, called formerly Fort Hill. It is now Clemson college. There I dismounted at the place where Calhoun lived from 1824, when first elected vice president, before John Quincy Adams was elected president, a little later as Adams was chosen by the States in Congress, the second of the Presidents to be elected without a popular choice. Calhoun had the electoral majority that year, and was re-elected for the first term of Andrew Jackson, and fully expected that Jackson would retire at the end of one term and leave him caliph, or successor.

From 1824 to his death in 1850 Fort Hill was Calhoun's legal residence and part of the time his real residence. It is about the only place in South Carolina where any residence of Calhoun can now be identified, his former homes at Abbeville, Bath, etc., being now gone or uncertain. Fort Hill is like Marshfield for Webster, Ashland for Clay, Lindenwald for Van Buren or the Hermitage for Jackson, the place of Calhoun's interval or private life.

The road to Calhoun's wound over the railroad track and the clay and sand hill tops through the plowed ground for cotton, without any fences, some four or five old huts or houses and two or three wooden churches on the way, the woods thin pine or petty oaks. One old horse mill gin and compress was passed before we reached Clemson, amidst which, like an old white relic, is Calhoun's home. Much of this time he was in Washington, Charleston or Columbia.

The architectural quality of two "porches" gave the impression of additions to a mere plain "house" or country cottage, with outside chimneys that were carried up in two diminishing fireplaces to a plain shaft, drawn back from touching the gable. No dormers were in this blank roof, but

only gable openings. The portico came almost or quite to the ground with a strip of grass lawn before, and then two or three steps down to a "walk," or path. Still farther down was a modern latticed round summer house, covering an old stone spring, which had no overflow.

Despite its eight columns and relieved vertical chimneys, the dwelling looked low, the skylines outstretching the columnar intention. It was my view that at the present day, with such materials, I could duplicate the house for \$2,500, at the most \$3,500. What gave the statesman or proprietary effect were the tall old trees on the property, four or five branching oaks, rising several times the height of the house, some old cedars, locusts, firs and pines, a beech tree near the spring and close to it an enormous tree all naked at the top, but near the ground full of holly, like evergreen.

In the rear of the house, some 50 paces from it, was a little one story office with a window in the side and a door under a wooden classical portico, the whole, say, 12 feet by 16. This was the solitary man's library and study. I understood that his books had been transferred to the college. Knocking at the knockless door with my knuckles, it was opened by an amiable young lady, who said that her aunt, or mother, Mrs. Calhoun, would show me the "relic room," and opened a door from a vestibule leading to the short one-roomed left wing. It had a ceiling of white boards, in strips of five or six inches, a carefully husbanded carpet on the floor and a wooden black mantle in the end, with a brick fireplace for wood fire below.

Among family and domestic things on the wall were engravings of Generals Lee and Jackson, and, I think, Jefferson Davis. The room was very tranquil, neat and old timeish, was low in the ceiling and was perhaps 22x18 feet. It appeared to be the living or sitting room; perhaps in sickness or extreme heat, the chief bedroom.

Soon a lady of the quiet period came in, with curling white hair, a gentle manner and accommodating—Mrs. Calhoun. She may have been alive when Calhoun died, nearly at the season I was present—indeed, only five days before the date of his demise, March 31, 51 years ago. He was also born in March, 1782, nine months before his tranquil competitor, President Van Buren, and ten years after William H. Crawford, who struck Calhoun down with his one unparalyzing arm.

Do I believe in the idea that he was a very rich man. He had so little money of his own that his brother worked his farm near Abbeville, to let him go to college. He married his second cousin, Floride Calhoun, and she, it is always stated, possessed this Fort Hill place and the slaves.

Calhoun and his wife led out as social forces at Washington. Part of the time he lived in the large Lincolnton mansion on Georgetown Heights, and his wife was quoted as a woman of decision. If Webster, with his great fees, and Clay, with the manufacturers behind him, had to borrow money, why was Calhoun, who had no practice and was not very intimate with anybody, above the thought of money?

THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

BY MRS. MARY CALVEIT, SPARTANBURG.

[The following paper was read at the annual convention of the South Carolina Federation of women's clubs held in Greenville last week.]

Ten years ago the Women's Working Society of New York inaugurated a movement in the interest of the women and children employed in the retail stores of that city. Their investigation proved that the working hours were excessive, that overtime was not paid for, fines were exorbitant, wages were low and children under fourteen were employed, contrary to law, and all sanitary and physical conditions were unnoticed. Such surprising conditions were found to exist that a public appeal was made, which resulted in "The Consumers' League of New York city." Some time afterward a State League was organized, and so confident and persistent have the workers in the movement been that now there are Leagues in twelve States, all united under "The National Consumers' League."

The word "consumer" here, for want of a more specific term, is used as synonymous with the word "buyer." A consumers' league, or a league of buyers, is an association of persons who purpose to do their buying in such ways as will better the conditions of those who make and those who distribute the things bought. In the ten minutes limit allowed, I can merely out line, first, the teachings and principles of the League, and secondly, its practical aims as applied to individual needs.

The general principles as stated in the constitution are:

- I. That the interest of the community demands that all workers should receive fair living wages.
- II. That the responsibility for some of the worst evils from which wage earners suffer rests with the consumers who persist in buying in the cheapest market, regardless of how that cheapness is brought about.
- III. That it is therefore the duty of consumers to find out under what conditions the articles which they buy are produced, and to insist that these conditions shall be decent and consistent with a respectable existence on the part of the workers.

The immediate aim of the League is first to extend among all classes of mercantile houses the commendable conditions now existing in the best; and second, to abolish the sweating system—this last being the special task of the National League. The League practically applies these principles by the use of the standard of a Fair House and a

White List by the use of a Consumers' League label and by promoting more humane labor laws. The advisory board and various committees work continuously with the factory inspectors, and by patient insistence succeed in some measure in having the labor laws enforced.

Their standard of a Fair House regulates the wages, working hours, fines, holidays, vacations and physical conditions of all employees. The White List is a published list of all retail houses which conform most closely to the standard of a Fair House.

The Consumers' League label is their trade mark, as it were, and is used to enable the purchaser to distinguish garments made in factories approved by the League from those made under other conditions.

The National League, leaving the local organizations to adopt such lines of special work as seem most needed in its locality, has confined itself to an investigation of the conditions of the manufacture of what usually underlies, to the promotion of the use of the label and most largely to the education of purchasers by means of lectures, literature and organization. Twenty-two factories have adopted the use of the label, and a glance at their names is convincing proof that the very best goods are made by them.

The work of creating a steady demand for labeled goods devolves upon the State Leagues and upon the effort of individual members to accomplish in being most thoroughly acquainted with the goods, and is doing much educational work among the shoppers.

In Illinois the State League has directed its best effort to the discussion of the power and duty of the purchaser. It has vigorously supported the effort of the custom tailors to secure from their employers, the merchant tailors, the concession of comfortable workrooms, thus aiding most effectively in this revolt against tenement house manufacture. In addition to the usual work of the organization, to quietly find a just solution of that problem which is just now confronting so many of our Southern States, the child labor question.

Such a brief is an outline of the Consumers' League, as it exists today, an outline of its work, its aims and responsibilities.

The League has now shown us that there is urgent need of reform and help and sympathy for these "white slaves," as the Governor of Canada has called the toilers, and the question arises how we as individuals help them? Does our ordinary buying of things carry with it any moral responsibility?

Do we, by buying products made in unwholesome surroundings, help perpetuate these evil conditions? Can we, so as to increase the world's good work and lessen its bad work?

Within the last few years social economists have devoted much time to the question of "consumption." They emphasize wealth-using as fully as they emphasize wealth-making, and the text books now teach in natural sequence, Production, Distribution and Exchange. They lay equal stress both on the influence of consumption upon production, and of the moral duties involved upon society and the individual.

These questions as to individual responsibility can be most clearly answered by the economists themselves. Prof. Fetter, the most learned authority on consumption in America, says: "The principle upon which the Consumer's League is based is sound. I have great faith in educating the consumer, and in the social changes which a higher type will bring. The producer is merely an agent of the consumer, and if the latter is persistent in demanding better things and condition, society will be at length reformed and transformed."

President Hadley, of Yale, says: "As you have an aim more and more impressed with the idea that economic reform is likely to come through the agency of the consumer, rather than from any other source."

From a German school we read: "The producer man is essentially the servant of the consuming man, and the final direction of industry lies with the consumers." And again, "The industrial world is our servant, and like any good servant is only forestalling our wishes."

Such conclusions from such authorities prove that the consumer is the admirer the normal foot, hater to make the pointed, high-heeled boot, but his customers demand them and his duty is to serve them. If the public did not read the yellow journals, their publication would soon cease. The Audubon and shorter birds than come from the wearing birds on the heels, as so the preservation of birds is accomplished.

The stores are very sensitive to the demands of the buyers. They keep in mind what you ask for. If, then, the merchant is keenly alive to the whims of every class of buyers, would he not be more so to the insistent intelligent demands of an educated public? And so the League purposes to educate this public, these every day consumers, by means of lectures, by leaflets, and by systematic investigation. It must be made plain that the consumers hope to move on, very slowly at first, from sweat shop conditions to such factory industries as exist under the humane laws of some Northern States. It must also be made plain to all classes that factory made products are not more expensive than sweat shop goods. The League is not a movement against cheapness as cheapness. The modern factory, with labor saving appliances, can produce cheaper articles, even with higher wages and shorter hours, than come from tenement industries. A great variety of goods can be traced directly to the best paid workers. Would not such prices as hatched handkerchiefs for ten cents, finished knee pants for 25 cents and even the most persistent bargain seeker in town?

The next question is do we need the League in South Carolina. Are we ready for such an organization, or can this work be carried on with our Club work as it is in other places? In this State, we do not find such extremes of wealth and poverty as we see in other States. There are no sweat shops. Our merchants, as a general rule, all live up to

the standard of a Fair House. It seems to me that primarily, in this State, the movement which I have attempted to describe must take the form of a co-operative educational movement.

Two years ago, when Markham's wonderful poem "The Man with the Hoe," was first published, I heard it most effectively recited in a sermon to teachers by Mr. Kershaw, of Charleston. His sympathetic rendition brought out all the points of the poem, and the patience, the pathos, the hopelessness of it all made me very uncomfortable. My summer vacation was not all rest, and so I went to a very wise friend, who can always help me, and said, "I wish Mr. Kershaw had left that poem alone. I can't forget it and yet, what is there about it that does?" He answered, "Pay your cook more money. That's about the only point at which the problem touches you." And this is the essence of the spirit of the League. It is the Golden Rule as applied to social economies.

In this education we must teach ourselves to "want" right things, rightly made. We must learn when and how to buy, so that the "Song of the Shirt" will become a mere memory of a sad picture of by gone days. We must learn (a very hard lesson for us women of frugal minds) to avoid the bargain trade, which is, as we all know, a mere advertising scheme, and is filled generally with sweat-shop goods made specially for this clearance sale.

While we are learning these things ourselves we must teach our merchants the objects of the League in this State what a Fair House is, teach them the use of the label, and call persistently for labeled goods. Paralyze those houses which pay the highest wages and which think that work well done by a woman is worth just as much as done by a man. Support them in the early closing movement, and urge the observance of all holidays. You will find in these shops the best service and the best "cheapness."

And next I come to a class of which I know not how to speak. It is by far the largest class of toilers in this State that needs our help. I refer to the children of the cotton mills. I know it is not a popular subject. We scarcely dare allude to it in our club, there are so many mill presidents in Spartanburg and they have so many relatives. I realize that there are many sides to the question, and the answers cannot be found in a day. I know the evils of labor laws. In fact, I have not very much faith in legislatures composed of mere men when it comes to socialistic questions. But the children are in the mill working eleven hours a day. These children are growing into men and women just as our children are, and they cannot write their names. In a jury of twelve men, drawn from one of our mills last month, nine of the jurors had to make their mark. These are American citizens, grown up under this wretched civilization, which, having accomplished such wonderful things for its own, is seeking to enlighten the uttermost parts of the earth. In a few years they will cease to be citizens, for the time is rapidly approaching when the ballot box will be denied all illiterate.

How can the Consumers' League touch this class? The same answer is given. By education. Commence at the top, and educate the mill presidents. If all presidents were like your own Ellison Smyth, James L. Orr, Lewis Parker and Mrs. M. P. Gridley, ever so much more difficult. They have made a start in establishing free kindergartens and fine schools, and in many ways showing themselves the children's friends. The compromise effected by the mill presidents and the Legislature of North Carolina, in the direction of the Carolina mills unite with them in a President's League, if you will, and let them decide that they will not employ a child under fourteen, they will not employ a child that cannot read, and that furthermore they will, with what help they can get from the State, maintain good schools, the question will for a time at least be kept from the politicians. Above all things keep the question from our legislators—until you educate them.

You may not be able to educate all the presidents at once, I rather think it will require time, but in the meanwhile you are moulding public opinion, which after all is the primary condition of all effective social legislation. And the last lesson for us is patience. All social reforms develop slowly, because now habits of thought must be patiently tended, and we must learn to await those slower results which are the mark of lasting an open and just South Carolina League, to be just, be kind, be wateful, be patient, and always keep clear your own little corner of creation.

WHY BUCHANAN NEVER MARRIED.—"Mr. Buchanan. Never was the first bachelor elected to the Presidency, was sixty five years of age when elected, and had deliberately given himself to a life of celibacy," writes William Porch in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In the days when he was a young lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania he had loved a Miss Coleman, a beautiful daughter of a citizen of that town. They had been engaged to be married when one day he was surprised to receive from her a request to release her from the promise. According to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis the separation originated in a misunderstanding of the part of the lady, who was unusually sensitive. Some say a matter exaggerated by giddy and indiscreet tongues. Soon after the estrangement she was sent to Philadelphia, and there died suddenly. Throughout the rest of his life, or for nearly half a century, Mr. Buchanan was known to have revealed to anybody the circumstances of this romantic tragedy. He would only say that it had changed his hopes and plans, and had led him more deeply than to her in politics as a distraction from his grief. In his old age, long after he had retired permanently to private life, he called attention to a package containing, he said, the papers and relics which would explain the cause of his youthful sorrow, and which he preserved ostentatiously the idea of revealing them before his death. But when he died, and his will was read, it was found that he had directed that the package should be burned without being opened, and his injunction was obeyed."