

have been quoted over and over again in this country by the advocates of the system:

We no longer consider it desirable to drive the mother (widowed or deserted and needy) out to her charring work if we possibly can avoid it, nor do we consider her degraded by receiving public money. We cease, in fact, to regard the public money as a dole; we treat it as a payment for a civic service; and the condition we are inclined to exact is precisely that she should not endeavor to add to it by earning wages, but rather that she should keep her home respectable and bring up her children in health and happiness. \* \* \* Hitherto she has been regarded as an object of charity. It has been a matter for the benevolent to help her retain her home, while it has been regarded as her duty to keep "off the rates" at no matter what expenditure of labor away from home. \* \* \* If we take in earnest all that we say of the duties and responsibilities of motherhood, we shall recognize that the mother of young children is doing better service to the community and one more worthy of pecuniary remuneration when she stays at home and minds her children than when she goes out charring and leaves them to the chances of the street or the care of a neighbor.

On the financial side it is claimed by the advocates of mothers'—or children's—pensions that, considering all the factors of the problem, the system will cost no more in the long run than does the present method of institutional care and aid from private charitable organizations. Judge Pickney, of the Chicago juvenile court, who was one of those who urged the passage of the Illinois law, lately said in regard to its practical working:

The act is economical. The economy of its present practice in Illinois has been clearly demonstrated. Take a widowed mother and her group of six little ones—three girls and three boys. Even after you eliminate the mother and her future welfare from your consideration you will find that the amount of money demanded by institutions for their care and custody is nearly double that required to rear these children in their own homes. The expense of maintaining this family group of six in institutions is \$75 per month. It must be conceded that these children, including the mother, can be supported at home at a much smaller monthly expenditure.

In Missouri, which now comes forward to "show," after having for so long demanded to be "shown" in other matters, a "widows' allowance" has been in operation for the last two years. The state had previously been spending more than \$1,000,000 for the institutional care of children. So far, under the new law, figures show the cost to be not more than half that amount.

In New York city, under the present method, the city pays \$2.25 per week for each child cared for by an institution and \$2.75 a week when it is cared for on the cottage plan. In addition, 35 cents a week is allowed for education, and it is now proposed to add as much more for industrial training. This brings the total of the sum paid by the state per child to more than the amount allowed by the pension system. If a needy widow, in New York city, for instance, has five children which must be sent to an institution because she can no longer keep her home together for their support or education, the city will pay \$58 per month. Under the new law in Ohio, which makes more generous provision than do some other states, their support at home with their mother will cost the public but \$43.

When the Levy bill was under consideration much opposition was expressed to it by some of the charitable organizations, on the ground that it was not needed, that the private organizations already in the field were amply able to take care of all such cases. Some social workers declared, also, that nearly all such measures would hamper their efforts to "give all women a more dignified, better organized, better safeguarded industrial status." In fact, opposition to the plan of state funds for needy widowed mothers has been voiced strongly by private charity organizations in several large cities; they declare that the resources of private charity are so large that they are adequate to meet all needs, and that for the state to interfere will result merely in the muddling up of the whole matter and the duplication of effort and expense. To these Mr. Hard made answer that they "would improve the situation by whipping up the business man in his capacity as philanthropist. I would whip up that same man in his capacity of taxpayer. From his own standpoint, incidentally, and for

the good of his own soul, since he has to pay the bill anyway, and ought to pay it, I would have him do so in the manner least calculated to tempt him toward thinking that he is performing an act of moral grandeur when he is really performing an act of elementary civic routine."

Robert W. Heberd, secretary of the state board of charities, endeavored to placate the private organizations by showing how they could co-operate with the state by furnishing that supervision and that teaching in better ways of living that many such aided families would need. In Chicago it has been found that a regular income coming, as it were, like manna from the sky, is apt to lead the pensioned ones into habits of extravagance. The general knowledge that they are sure of this income makes it easy for them to get credit, and the greater portion of them run behind in their expenditures anywhere from \$2 to \$24 per month. Mr. Heberd thinks that if a pension law should be passed in this state, both the public funds and the private efforts of the existing organizations would have plenty of opportunity, the one by affording the necessary financial help and the other by furnishing instruction and advice.

#### HOW STONEWALL JACKSON DIED

Stonewall Jackson, who, next to Lee, was perhaps the most distinguished general of the confederacy, died fifty years ago, May 10, as the result of wounds received at the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863. In the confusion of the battle and falling dusk he was shot down by southern troops. The story is graphically told by Mary Johnston in her novel, "The Long Roll."

The moon was coming up. She silvered the wilderness about Dowdall's tavern. She made a pallor around the group of staff and field officers gathered beside the road. Her light glinted on Stonewall Jackson's saber and on the worn braid of the old forage cap.

The clamor about Chancellorsville, where, in hot haste, Hooker, made dispositions, streamed east and west, meeting and blending with, westward, a like distraction of forming commands, of battle lines made in the darkness among thickets. The moon was high, but not observed. Behind him Captain Wilbourne of the signal corps, two aides and several couriers, Jackson rode along the plank road.

There was a regiment drawn across this way through the wilderness, on the road and in the woods, on either hand. In places in the wilderness the scrub that fearfully burned the next day and the next was even now afire; and gave, though uncertainly and dimly a certain illumination. By it the regiment was perceived. It seemed composed of tall and shadowy men. "What troops are these?" asked the general.

"Lane's North Carolinians, sir, the Eighteenth."

As he passed the regiment started to cheer. He shook his head.

"Don't men. We want quiet now."

A few hundred yards from Chancellorsville he checked Little Sorrel. The horse stood, fore feet planted. Horse and rider, they stood and listened. Hooker's reserves were up. About the Chancellor house, on the Chancellorsville ridge, they were throwing up intrenchments. They were digging the earth with bayonets, they were heaping it up with their hands.

Turning Little Sorrel, he rode back along the plank road toward his own lines. The light of the burning brush had sunken. The cannon smoke floating in the air, the very thick woods, made all things obscure.

Stonewall Jackson came toward the Carolinians. He rode quickly past the dark shell of a house sunken among the pines. There were with him seven or eight persons. The horses' hoofs made a trampling on the plank road. The woods were deep, the obscurity great. Suddenly out of the brush rang a shot, an accidentally discharged rifle. Some gray soldiers among Lane's tensely awaiting ranks spoke from the core of a fearful dream: "Yankee cavalry!"

"Fire!" called an officer of the Eighteenth North Carolina.

The volley, striking diagonally across the road, emptied several saddles. Stonewall Jackson, the aids and Wilbourne wheeled to the left, dug spur and would have plunged into the road. "Fire!" said the Carolinians, dressed to the left of the road, and fired.

Little Sorrel, maddened, dashed into the wood. An oak bough struck his rider, almost bearing him from the saddle. With his right hand, from which the blood was streaming, in

which a bullet was imbedded, he caught the bridle, managed to turn the agonized brute into the road again. There seemed a wild sound, a confusion of voices. Someone had stopped the firing. "My God, men! You are firing into us!" In the road were the aides. They caught the rein, stopped the horse. Wilbourne put up his arms. "General! General! you are not hurt? Hold there! Morrison—Leigh!"

They laid him on the ground beneath the pines and they fired the brushwood for a light. One rode off for Doctor McGuire and another with a penknife cut away the sleeve from the left arm, through which had gone two bullets. A mounted man came at a gallop and threw himself from his horse. It was A. P. Hill.

"General, General! You are not much hurt?"

"Yes, I think I am," said Stonewall Jackson. "And my wounds are from my own men."

The aides lifted the wounded general. "No one," said Hill, "must tell the troops who was wounded." The other opened his eyes. "Tell them simply that you have a wounded officer General Hill, you are in command now. Press right on."

A litter was found and brought and Stonewall Jackson was laid upon it. The little procession moved toward Dowdall's tavern. A shot pierced the arm of one of the bearers, loosening his hold of the litter. It tilted. The general fell heavily to the ground, injuring afresh the wounded limb, striking and bruising his side. They raised him, pale now and silent, and at last they struggled through the wood to a little clearing.

On May 5 Stonewall Jackson was carefully moved from the wilderness to Guiney's station. Here was a large old residence—the Chandler house—within a sweep of grass and trees; about it one or two small buildings. The great house was filled, crowded to its doors with wounded soldiers, so they laid Stonewall Jackson in a rude cabin among the trees. The left arm had been amputated in the field hospital. He was thought to be doing well. At daylight on Thursday he had his physician called. "I am suffering great pain," he said. "See what is the matter with me." And presently, "Is it pneumonia?"

That afternoon his wife came. He was aroused to speak to her, greet her with love, then sank into something like stupor. There were times when he was slightly delirious. He gave orders in a shadow of the old voice. "You must hold out a little longer, men; you must hold out a little longer! Press forward—press forward—press forward! Give them canister, Major Pelham!"

Sunday, the 10th, dawned. It was sunny weather, fair and sweet, with all the bloom of May, the bright trees waving, the long grass rippling, waters flowing, the sky azure, bees about the flowers, the birds singing piercingly sweet, Mother Earth so beautiful, the sky down-bending, the light of the sun so gracious, warm and vital!

A little before noon, kneeling beside him, his wife told Stonewall Jackson that he would die. He smiled and laid his hand upon her bowed head.

"You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may get well."

The doctor came to him. "Doctor, Anna tells me that I am to die today. Is it so?"

"Oh, general, general! It is so."

He lay silent a moment, then he said:

"Very good, very good! It is all right."

Throughout the day his mind was now clouded, now clear. The alternate clear moments and the lapses into stupor or delirium were like the sinking or rising of a strong swimmer, exhausted at last, the prey at last of a shoreless sea. At times he came head and shoulders out of the sea, opened his grey blue eyes upon his staff. The sea drew him under again.

The day drew on to afternoon. He lay straight upon the bed, silent for the most part, but now and then wandering a little. His wife bowed herself beside him; in a corner wept the old man, Jim. Outside the windows there seemed a hush as of death.

"Pass the infantry to the front!" ordered Stonewall Jackson. "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" the voice sank; there came a long silence; there was only heard the old man crying in the corner. Then for the last time in this phase of being the great soldier opened his eyes. In a moment he spoke, in a very sweet and calm voice. "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." He died.—Houston (Texas) Post.