THE FACE OF A TOUGH

All Who Have Seen Maclay's Picture Agree That He Looks Fit to Play the Part Assigned Him

Alleged likenesses of Historian Maclay have appeared in the pictorial daily newspapers, and those who were curious as to the personal appearance of the department benchman who wrote Schley down as a caitiff, coward, etc., are all agreed that he looks the part. His is the kind of face one gets used to here in Washington after long experience of the courtiers, military and civil, that swarm about men of high power and position—the crawling tools and toadies, the fawning sycophants; who writhe and serve and bear false witness; who whisper scandal that will serve their masters' ends; who trade their manhood for a fee, an undeserved promotion, the joy of doing an ignoble thing. A creature with such a face might have concocted some of Sampson's most unfortunate dispatches. He might have sent the "Fourth of July (1898) present to the American people." He might have framed that deliberate report of the Santiago engagement which did not mention by name a single captain who helped to win the victory. Sampson had not even seen a report which held no single generous work for any one who smelt powder and risked his life. Small, weasel eyes, a narrow brow, an air of furtive vigilance, as though he were waiting for a bell to ring—these are the impressions of Maclay's appearance conveyed by the pictures in the newspapers. We do avow our hope that they may do him wrong. It is no wish of ours that he should even look—much less actually be—as mean and as forbidding as the prints would have us think. His so-called history is vile enough—let us hope that it, like his pictures, does not bear honest witness to his character.—Washington Post.

WITHOUT FOLLOWERS

A Distinguished Minister Declares That Nearly all Have Forsaken Christ and His Teachings

The Independent has often called attention to the general apostacy of the church people. It has been looking for some great religious reformer to arise—a Savonarola or a Wesley—to denounce the apostacy of the times, reinvigorate the world with a whole statement of fundamental truth and win the church away from the worship of the golden calf. While excommunications have lost their terror and legal martyrdoms are no longer possible, still no one appears, although there is no doubt that the common people would hear such a preacher gladly. Once in a while a minister catches a gleam of the truth and the few words that he utters are gleaned from the weeds and rubbish in the daily and weely periodicals with all the delight that a bee gathers honey from the flowers, by the toiling masses who treasure them in the hives of their hearts and then search for more. The following is from a sermon by Rev. George H. Hepworth:

We are living in a beautiful world, but it must be admitted that it is a selfish world. We have not yet learned that supreme happiness is the result of sacrifice for the good of others. It is even probable that many will declare that I am mistaken when I make this statement.

I take it that the noblest illustration of the best work that can be done is to be found in the short and painful career of the Christ. We admire, but we cannot persuade ourselves to follow. The philosophy which assures us that there is peace and comfort and satisfaction in doing good, in lending a hand to the fallen, in giving a word of encouragement to the despondent and in healing the wounds of the sorrowing is almost without followers. We are dazed and amazed when we contemplate it. It does not seem to contemplate the cause of the effect of which we seek, and we are apt to say of the Master that His theory of life is simply impossible in our present environment. He dreamed a beautiful dream, but in these competitive times, when the strong get all there is and the weak are neglected and ignored, His thoughts are impracticable and His demands are unreasonable.

At the same time we do not get out of life all there is in it. We spent ourselves in the acquisition of wealth under the illusion that money will make us happy, and in this we are almost always disappointed. One cannot say of the rich that they are the happiest class in the community, and it would be a curious comment on the providence of God, if it were true. Peace of mind is quite independent of a bank account. It depends more upon the mental and spiritual attitude of the soul than on a well-filled pocketbook. There are miserable rich men and there are enviable poor men. In the last analysis that something which we call religion, with its uplifting thoughts and its aspiring hopes, is the only source of contentment and strength.

If I could persuade a young man on the threshold of grand achievements that the greatest thing in the world is to be of use to the world, that money getting is not worth half as much as money giving, I should put into his heart the secret of true success. You do better when you leave a noble character to your heirs than when you leave a magnificent fortune.

I had two friends, both of whom have said good-by. The one was a gentle soul, who somehow loved his kind. He once said to me, "This is not my world, but God's, and I must make it better for my stay here. I cannot forget the poor, or the struggling, or the tempted, and if they need my help they shall have it."

He lived in an atmosphere of charity, of kindliness toward the faulty and even the criminal. His presence was a benediction. The sky was always blue to him, and the stars always shone. He was like a thread of silver in a dark fabric, and when he died the whole village heaved a sigh, the river murmured in an undertone, the trees of the near by forest moaned in the breeze and half a dozen brawny laborers asked the privilege of bearing his coffin on their shoulders to the church-yard.

The other won fame and fortune, by what means I may not say. That is between his Maker and himself, but when I get on the other side I shall know all. Death did not respect his wealth, and he, too, passed away. Men shook their heads, said, "Ah, indeed!" to one another, and his heirs were reconciled to his loss. His death was their gain. It was a splendid and costly funeral, but what he left behind was something to be avoided, a memory not to be treasured, an example dangerous to follow.

The two are in the other world, one at home there, the other a stranger, for good deeds go through the gate with the pass-word while mere shrewdness is challenged. I came away from the one service saying, "It is quite worth while to live," and from the other with a feeling that such a struggle for such an object is a mistake.

"No day without a line," said the poet. No day without a word of cheer to some one is a better motto still. Our lives are great only when they are good, and a really noble soul is the best thing in the universe. Live your life, do as well as you can in your circumstances, but see to it that you give both heart and thought to those who are traveling your way. What you do for others is more comforting than what you do for yourself. I know it is a strange doctrine, but the hand that saves a neighbor is better than the hand which grasps for self. There is peace in unselfishness, in cheerfulness, in resignation, and it is a peace which no mere power of gold can acquire.

Civilized Savagery

Some of the cruelties practiced in American cities are more horrible than anything in heathen lands. The world used to hold up its hands in horror at the stories that came from India about throwing babies in the Ganges. Worse things than that occur right here in America. A dispatch from Kansas City says that a baby farm, situated in a one-story set of flats in a low-lying part of the city where at least three infants have been wilfully starved to death, has been discovered by the police. In one place where the husband is blind and his sister, also sightless, has supported the family by begging, three babies, secured from a local female physician, have died within the past few days and been buried at the expense of the city. The death certificates in each case assert that death was due to starvation. At another place four babies, none over a few months old, were found, while at two other places a child each was disclosed.

At still another place, a poor family had fostered four babies within a year, all of which had died. They had been secured, it was asserted, from a private hospital. In each instance the persons had been hired to board the infants for a pittance. They were surrounded with squalor, and half starved. The grand jury will be asked to make an investigation.

THE NEW WOMAN

The Rev. Olympia Brown Gives Some of Them a Piece of Her Mind—Elegantly Dressed but Light and Trifling

No observer of the great gatherings of women like the national federation of women's clubs and others could suppose for a moment that they were meetings of earnest women, impelled by a great purpose or considering any great wrong requiring redress. The platform on such an occasion has often presented an array of beautiful clothes which challenged the admiration of the connoisseur in wearing apparel, while the "prunes and prisms' countenances of the occupants were more suggestive of sugar plums than arguments. At the receptions, which were many, beauty and fashion ruled the hour—

And all the rooms
Were full of crinkling silks that swept about
The fine dust of most subtle courtesies,

giving the occasion the semblance of a dress parade instead of an uprising to accomplish a noble purpose.

Some months ago a large three days' convention of prominent women was held in a Wisconsin city. There was a beautiful display of flowers, charming music, unrivaled dresses, excellent essays were read on all manner of subjects, the convention was a great success, it was much applauded, greatly enjoyed; on the last evening a gentleman who had been in attendance asked innocently: "What is the object of the society?" "Oh," replied his companion, "it is a society of educated women." The question suggests itself, why should not educated women have a definite object? Indeed, in an age like this, which presents such important questions, when women have enjoyed the larger advantages which the time affords, it would seem that educated women were under every obligation to interest themselves in accomplishing something definite and practical. A consideration of the great wrongs done to many classes of women even in our own country—to say nothing of the vile servitude to which women are subjected in the Philippines and in Hawaii under the very shadow of the stars and stripes and with the sanction of the United States government—are enough to make women earnest and self-sacrificing and devoted—and yet, in many cases, present gratifications drive out the thought of the sorrows of others and the wrongs of the many are forgotten in the strife for individual advancement and personal enjoyment.

At the close of the recent convention in Minneapolis a plain working woman was making her way to the West hotel, where the officers of the national woman's suffrage association were entertained, as she said, speaking in broken English and with a Scandinavian accent: "To see the woman's suffrage women." On being asked if she belonged to the society, she said: "No; I believe in it; I work for it all I can and I pay all I can for it, but I don't belong to it." On being asked why she did not join, seeing she believed in woman's suffrage, she replied: "Oh, I am not for decorations, I am for the foundations." Evidently the array of beauty, dress and show presented by the convention had impressed this plain woman with the idea that the association was purely a decorative body—and this illustrates the fatal mistake of the advocates of that cause today. They do not reach the common people, they do not recognize the needs of the working women; they need to take a lesson from old Sojourner Truth—when rising in one of the early conventions she said:

"Dat man ober dar say de wimmen needs to be helped into carriages, lifted ober ditches and to hab de best places eberywhere. Nobody helps me into carriages or ober mud puddles or gibs me any best places," and raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch of thunder: "Ain't I a woman? I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, I have borne thirteen children and seen 'em most all sold into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me. Ain't I a woman?"

The so-called "advanced women" today need to learn that the common toiler on the farms, in the factories and kitchens, unlearned and plainly dressed, are also women, entitled to the same privileges, opportunities and consideration as the most cultured. What is spoken of as the "progress of women" has not reached the great mass of laboring women, their position is unchanged, their wages are no better, their opportunities are no better than a generation ago. Not all women desire a college education, not all would enjoy literature even if circumstances permitted them to engage in varied studies; most women, like most men, must devote themselves to manual labor in some form; it may be in caring for and doing the work of the home, but it is still labor and they have, many of them, neither time, taste nor ability for the higher education of the schools or the literary occupations of the clubs and yet they are women, entitled to respect, to opportunities, recognition, liberty and fair play.

It is not enough that women have the schools and colleges and the clubs and the various advantages of our time; the great mass of toiling women have interests and claims paramount to those of the well-educated and elegantly appareled girls who are announced with such extended personal history and advertisement from our platforms. How light and trifling do the flippant jokes and self-satisfied personalities of the present day sound when compared with the grand declarations of principle with which Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony electrified the nation fifty years ago, when the woman's rights platform became the great educator of the American people in ideas of freedom and when the advocates of a larger life for women were trained to earnestness and self-forgetfulness by the mobs and by the misrepresentation and ridicule to which they were subjected—Olympia Brown.

Jackson and the Taylor's Bill.

A gentleman in Pennsylvania has a queer document which came into his family's possession many years ago, and shows an interesting phase of Andrew Jackson's character as well as a glimpse of the simple times of his presidential term.

It appears that a clerk in the state department contracted a tailor's bill for $64.50, and the tailor, finding himself unable to collect the amount, laid the matter before the president in an appealing letter.

Jackson promptly decided that this was a matter to which he must attend personally; so he transmitted the tailor's letter to the secretary of state, with this strong recommendation:

"Referred to the secretary of state. If on inquiry the fact stated be true, unless the clerk pays his debt let him be forthwith discharged.

"This government would become a party to such swindling provided it permitted its officers to become indebted for necessaries and not see that they paid their debts out of their salaries.

"Honest men will pay their debts; dishonest men must not be employed by the government. A. J."

"This case is referred to Amos Kendall, Esqr., on $10 per month being secured to C. E. Kloff, Mr. Gooch to be continued in his office. A. J."

GET RICH QUICK

New York Bankers Denounce the Miller Syndicates and Then Engage in the Same Thing Themselves

Conservative financiers have a horror of "get-rich-quick" schemes. They speak with pitying contempt of the poor fools who are swindled by such things as Miller's 520 per cent syndicate. They warn these victims that nothing that promises to pay such returns can possibly be honest. They point out the fact that government bonds pay less than 2 per cent, and tell them that if they can draw 4 per cent from a savings bank they will be doing as much as is consistent with prudence.

But when these conservative financiers are dealing with their own money they adopt a different set of principles. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's First National bank has just declared an extra dividend of $5,000,000, or 1,000 per cent, in addition to its regular dividend of 100 per cent. That beats Miller's 520 per cent.

The great financiers want to get rich quick, and the quicker the better. No modest 4 per cent for them. They deal in 4 per cent securities, it is true, but not for the dividends. They handle them to buy and sell, to make profits coming and going, to get control of properties, and to manipulate the market. Northern Pacific common pays 4 per cent. Does anybody suppose it was for that that Morgan and Harriman fought for it?

Nevertheless, the advice of the conservative to the little fellows is sound. There are plenty of get-rich-quick schemes that really work, but they are not the kind that seek partners in the highways and hedges. The First National bank has not been begging cooks and messenger boys to invest their pennies in its stock. These plums are carefully reserved for the insiders. The little fellow is lucky, as his benevolent advisers tell him, if he can get his 4 per cent without a savings bank failure.—Chicago American.

The Practice of Dueling.

This curious paragraph has been adopted by the Alabama constitutional convention: "The legislature shall pass such penal laws as they may deem expedient to suppress the evil practice of dueling." That such a provision in a state constitution is deemed necessary will surprise most Northerners. It is well known that the code survived in the south long after it had been abolished in the north, but a formal recognition of the existence of this anachronism today was not expected.

Missouri has not known an affair of honor of importance since September 4, 1875, when Major John N. Edwards fought Colonel E. S. Foster six miles north of Rockford, Ill. The difficulty arose over a criticism made by Major Edwards in the St. Louis Dispatch, on those who opposed inviting Jefferson Davis to make an address at the Winnebago county fair. Colonel Foster replied in an editorial in the St. Louis Journal, and Major Edwards asked satisfaction for personal references in the article. Colt's thirty-eight calibre pistols at twenty paces were agreed upon. The men fired simultaneously and neither was injured. Then they shook hands and expressed regrets over the quarrel.

A century ago the practice of dueling was common in this country and in England. It had arisen in Europe as a judicial process about the sixth century. In France the legal duel lost its prestige 500 years ago as the result of an encounter in which a man who was afterward proved innocent was defeated and hanged. After this the duel then ceased to be an appeal to heaven and became merely a means for satisfying wounded honor.

England retained the obsolete law allowing an appeal to the judicial duel until 1818. The year previous a defendant had claimed the right to challenge the plaintiff. As his offer was declined he escaped punishment. This led to the repeal of the statute. The practice of dueling still continued in the army and among politicians. Fox, Pitt, Canning, O'Connell and the Duke of Wellington all had called out their men. In 1843 Colonel Fawsett was killed by his brother-in-law in a duel and the Prince Consort seized the opportunity to crystallize public sentiment against the custom. As the result of his efforts the duel was banished from the British army and from civil society.

In the United States the practice received a severe blow from the death of Hamilton in his duel with Burr in 1804. This did not prevent Henry Clay from fighting John Randolph twenty-two years later, or Andrew Jackson from killing Charles Dickinson or Benton from causing the death of Lucas. During the last half century the duel has almost disappeared from America except in unenlightened communities. In Germany it is contrary to law, but only a few years ago an officer was expelled from the army for refusing to challenge another who had insulted him. France still clings tenaciously to the code, but fortunately most of its duels are bloodless.—Kansas City Star.

Salute to Mount Vernon.

The United States dispatch boat Dolphin was making her way up the Potomac from the sea to Washington. A winter's cruise in the tropics was just ended and the exchange of the brilliant scenery of the West Indies for the softer atmosphere of the home shores was a welcome one to her crew. The captain, navigator and officer of the deck were on the bridge piloting the vessel carefully through the many turns and bends of the river, keeping a sharp lookout for the landmarks and buoys and following the course of the ship on the chart spread out on its stand on the starboard end of the bridge.

The navigator, looking up from his observation of the chart, turned toward the captain, who was gazing fixedly through his binoculars, trying to make out or, to make use of the nautical term, to "pick up" a buoy which the ship was nearing.

"Mount Vernon is just ahead, sir," he said.

"Very well; call all hands to quarters," was the reply.

"Sound to quarters, sir." This to the officer of the deck from the navigator.

"Aye, aye, sir. Bugler, sound to quarters!" rang out the voice of the young officer who then had the deck.

He was but lately graduated from the naval academy and the hardships of sea life had not yet roughened the youthful freshness of his voice.

A moment's pause and the assembly call rang over the silent current of the river and echoed back from the heights above its banks. The white pillars of Washington's beautiful home flashed out through the deep green of the trees high up above the ship as the officers and men, hurrying from all parts of the vessel, ranged themselves at their quarters.

"Form on the port side, facing outboard!" came the sharp order from the bridge, and later, "Sound attention!"

The bugle again broke the stillness. The Dolphin was now abreast of the historic home of the first chief magistrate of the country; all hands were lined up along the port side of the ship, standing at attention and facing the shore. As the order, "Salute!" came sharply cut and abrupt from the bridge the right hand of every officer and man was raised to his cap and remained there while the ship's bell rang out twenty-one slow, solemn strokes, one for each gun or a national salute. With the last stroke of the bell came the order, "Sound the retreat!"

The bugle answered and as the last note came back from the shore Mount Vernon disappeared behind the green of the trees.

Every vessel of war of the United States passing the home of Washington observes this impressive ceremony.—Youth's Companion.

Paul Kruger

As some tall mountain rears its form
Above the fury of the storm;
Though whitened by the snows of time
Yet stern, majestic and sublime;
Defying all the tempests blown;
Unvexed, immovable, alone;
So, in thy great simplicity,
Thou rock of men, we look on thee.

Thy spirit racked with grief and pain;
Thy land laid waste, thy children slain;
Thy faithful wife dead from her woes;
Thy own life nearing to its close;
Against thy meagre forces hurled
The greatest armies o fthe world;
Unbending and unconquered, still
Thou facest all with iron will.

'Tis not prosperity that shows
The strength and greatness in repose;
But through the lens, adversity,
The real character we see.
In this supreme and trying hour
A timid soul would shrink and cower;
But, trusting in the God right,
Thou darest all the tyrant's might

Thou greatest friend of freedom left
This age of noble souls bereft;
Strong, unaffected, rugged heart,
Unwarped by greed, unspoiled by art;
When every despot disappears,
Thy fame will live in coming years;
The world can say: Here was a man
Built on the old, heroic plan.

Paul Kruger, stricken as thou art,
I yet would rather play thy part
And take thy place in history
Than bear the tyrant's infamy;
Thy grip on God I'd rather hold
Than to possess all England's gold;
I'd sooner feel thy sense of right
Than to enjoy Great Britain's might.
—J. A. Edgerton.

PREVALENCE OF PERJURY

False Swearing in the Courts is no Surprise When We Consider the Universal Mendacity

Editor Independent: Talking lately with a prominent district judge about the Miles will case in which there was some tall testifying, some of which must have been perjury, he said that if there was any danger which menaced this country it was this same false swearing. The late address before the Iowa bar association contained something similar. You find mention of it constantly in the newspapers and explanations of the probable cause. The cause usually assigned is that the oath is not properly administered; that it is administered by the clerk instead of the judge and that it would be more productive of truth if the judge would very solemnly, dignifiedly and slowly perform this solemn duty. Just how this will cause a liar to tell the truth they do not explain. I have thought the cause was perhaps to be found in a remark made by George B. Smith of Madison, Wis., regarding Matt Carpenter. He said that people went to hear Carpenter speak for the same reason that children went to see a sleight-of-hand performer perform his tricks in ledgerdemain. If they were deceived, they went away satisfied, if not, they went away disappointed.

Since Smith said that, the world has filled up with Matt Carpenters so that if the people want to be deceived there are plenty to deceive them. A few instances to illustrate. Five years ago I picked up my Semi-Weekly State Journal and saw the inquiry, "Why was there a decline of nine million in the number of sheep in the United States from January 1, 1893, to January 1 ,1896?" The answer was prompt and emphatic—"A reduction in the tariff on wool under the Wilson act." I picked up my pencil and asked why there was a reduction of nine million sheep from 1870 to 1871? Great Scott! think of it! They said there was a reduction in the tariff on wool in 1868 and English capital invested in Australian sheep ranches got in its deadly work two years later. Of course I knew that instead of a reduction, there was an advance in the tariff on wool in 1868, but this falsehood did just as well as any other to satisfy the children.

Again, about a year ago last February James Basset stated in the Journal that the farmers of Nebraska had sold $187,000,000 of surplus products. Now the facts are that of this amount $55,000,000 was packing house products and probably one-third or more of the cattle and hogs and nine-tenths of the sheep were from other states. This amount also included all the stock bought by feeders and counted twice, once as feeders when they left the stock yards, again as fat stock when they left the feed pens. I called the Journal's attention to these facts and got a roast for my pains. It sounded more prosperous the way Bassett had it. One more: In the Youth's Companion of February 8, 1900, in an article written to the young men of America, I found this statement made by Lyman Gage, secretary of the U. S. treasury: "That the United States produced sixty thousand million dollars' worth of raw and manufactured products annually." When his attention was called to it by L. W. Cook of Liberty, Neb., he says, "I do not know how such a statement got into my article. I knew then as I know now that the amount was nearer six, than sixty billion." Secretary Gage has never publicly corrected his statement to the young men although the leading thought was for them to be honest. Sixty billion sounds better and shows ten times more prosperity than six billion.

These are a few instances only, but when leading newspapers and public men come out with such unqualifiedly false statements is it in any way surprising that a witness will go on the stand and testify falsely? I do not care how solemnly the oath is administered. GEO. WATKINS.

Words of Praise

U.S. A. Headquarters, Department of Missouri, Omaha, Neb., April 2, 1901.—A brief examination of the two volumes entitled "Our Islands and Their People," proves that it is a most artistic work, full of data both of historical and general interest for one desiring to become thoroughly familiar with our insular possessions.

The comprehensive treatment of the subject by excellent photographic illustrations, is in the highest sense artistic and complete and furnish the reader a perfect picture of life in these islands. The descriptive and statistical record of important events and conditions are set forth in an interesting and instructive manner and I am sure the work will prove a most popular one. Very respectfully,

R .E. MICHIE,
Ass't Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers.

A Very Big Job

The British consul at Manila writes to his home government that few Englishmen have any conception of the gigantic task which the United States authorities have before them in the Philippines. There is a huge tract of land to be held in subjection and it is divided into numerous scattered islands inhabited by many races, diverse in origin, customs and language.

The peculiar configuration of the islands, with their vast swamps, huge volcanic ranges, dense forests and lack of trade facilities favor guerilla warfare among the natives and the climate is very trying to foreigners. The consul thinks the American force, which at the date of his report was some 60,000 troops and a small naval contingent, wholly inadequate for the defense of the islands.