

tion, show him this letter written by Lyman J. Gage, when he was secretary of the treasury, to Representative Gaines of Tennessee:

Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., March 25, 1897. Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, requesting the original letter, or a certified copy thereof, written by Mr. Secretary Foster, February 20, 1893, addressed to the chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, authorizing the preparation of certain plates. In compliance with said request I submit below a correct copy of the letter in question, also a copy of the text of the proposed bond.

[Copy of letter.]

Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., February 20, 1893. Sir—You are hereby authorized and directed to prepare designs for the 3 per cent bonds provided in a senate amendment to the sundry civil bill now pending. The denominations which should first receive attention are 100s and 1,000s of the coupon bonds, and 100s, 1,000s and 10,000s of the registered bonds. This authority is given in advance of the enactment, in view of pressing contingencies, and you are directed to hasten the preparation of the designs and plates in every possible manner. I inclose a memorandum for your guidance in preparing the script, for the body of the bond. Respectfully yours, (Signed)

CHARLES FOSTER, Secretary.

The Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Text of the Bond.

Washington, April 1, 1893.—This bond is issued in accordance with the provisions of section _____ of an act entitled "An act making appropriations for sundry civil expenses of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, and for other purposes," approved March 3, 1893, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after the 1st day of April, A. D., 1898, in coin of the standard value of the United States on said March 3, 1893, with interest in such coin from the day of the date hereof at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually on the 1st days of October and April in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all taxes or duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under state, municipal, or local authority. Respectfully yours,

L. G. GAGE, Secretary.

HON. JOHN W. GAINES,
House of Representatives.

OUR OLD MISSOURI HOME

Where the winding Mississippi
Meets its sister from the west,
And, like an arm extending 'round
The land I love the best—
Where waves of corn unending
Are like white-capped ocean's foam,
Their garden fragrance sending
O'er our Old Missouri Home.

Chorus

Where rolls the red Missouri
Where grows the shady trees—
I see them o'er and o'er where e'er I roam;
Oh, the Ozarks are sunny,
In that land of Milk and Honey—
I'm glad I have an Old Missouri Home!

There lived my dear old Mother,
'Neath the hills of Nodaway,
Where I and little brother in the valley green
would play.

The trees were tall and growing
'Round the old church with the dome,
And sparkling rivers flowing
Past my Old Missouri Home.

Oh, the Mississippi river, where first I learned
to float.

From Canton to New Madrid, on our stately, tall
steamboat.

At the wheel I learned to steer,
Clear the eddys, cut the foam—
And ever mem'ry will hold dear our Old Mis-
souri Home.

Then in St. Louis City,
Where I came, and learned a trade;
Her modest maidens pretty, and so charmingly
arrayed.

I still see their bright eyes sparkling,
Where e'er away I roam,
I used to call one Darling! in our Old Missouri
Home.

The great Eads bridge, the levees long,
The fac'tries towering high—
The hum of trade that seems a song:
The thousands that march by—
The streets so clean, Park-like and green,
The Cathedral's crowning dome!
No fairer land was ever seen
Than our Old Missouri Home.

The spell of sweet St. Joseph,
The Kansas City "vim!"
The cornfields 'round Sedalia,
Just seem to me a hymn—
The foothill's breeze is blowing,
O'er rich and quickening loam,
And roses red are growing
'Round our Old Missouri Home!

—By Chas. C. Boland.

Clever Falsehoods About Public Servants

The Kansas City Times prints the following interesting story: Three extraordinary men sat down to luncheon together in a Denver restaurant recently, relates George Creel in the Columbian Magazine for September. The three men were Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the juvenile court of Denver, Francis J. Heney, prosecutor of the San Francisco boodlers, and ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon of Utah, who is fighting politics of the Mormon church.

The three men exchanged experiences of the slanders and libels that they had encountered—the lies that had been told about them to discredit them and their work with the people. Mr. Creel sat with them and took notes. He calls his story, expressively, "Polecat Fighting." And he writes:

"What's the worst they ever said about you, Heney?" Lindsey asked.

"And over their dishes the three began to exchange reminiscences of appalling slanders that had been attempted upon them, of miraculous escapes from those assassins of a public man's reputation that are hired to follow every reformer, of amazing lies circulated by apparently respectable newspapers and the still more amazing credence given those lies by intelligent readers.

HENEY'S THRILLING TIME

"Heney is a man of peculiarly winning gentility, with a smile that is a broad, boyish grin. He told—as if it were a boarding school row—of the murderous attack that had been made upon him by Morris Haas in San Francisco, and the way in which public sympathy had been turned against him and to Haas by newspaper accounts of the shooting, not only in California, but throughout the whole country, by the dispatches of the San Francisco correspondents.

"You see, they made it out that Haas didn't want to serve on that second jury which was to try Abe Ruef, the grafter boss of San Francisco; that he fought against serving because he was afraid his prison record would be found out—and he had lived that down, they said.

"They described him as the proprietor of a cigar store, who 'enjoyed the respect and esteem of the community' after years of hard work and square living. And so, when I came along and brutally exposed him—not out of necessity, but from the sheer joy of disgracing him—the poor devil went crazy, rushed out and got a gun, ran back again and shot me.

"As a matter of fact, Haas had been the keeper of a low grocery, and was openly living with a woman to the shame of his wife and family. His prison record wasn't a secret, and he boasted to his paramour that his vote for Ruef's acquittal would put him back on his feet. There wasn't a single thing about the man's case that called for the slightest consideration, and it was imperative that I should get him out of that jury box. As for going mad with the disgrace and shooting me down in a burst of insane rage, he hustled out of the courtroom and wasn't seen again for seven months.

"It wasn't until Ruef's third trial that we saw Haas again. Ten jurors had been selected, and I was proving that the eleventh man had been a bribe giver and a participant in municipal corruption. The defense had exhausted its peremptory challenges, I had two left, and it seemed a cinch that we would get two honest men and begin the trial. There was pretty general belief that Ruef would break down and confess rather than take his chances with a square jury, and if Ruef confessed, that meant bringing in the men higher up, you know.

"The judge called a night session, the first in the ase. As we entered the courthouse that night, Haas was hanging around at the top of a dark staircase. Foley, my body guard, happened to be walking ahead. He pushed Haas out of the way. The next morning Haas came into the courtroom, and for two weeks fairly haunted the place. He was always trying to slink into the press chairs just behind me, and I can't tell you how many times Foley shooed him away.

"What on earth was the matter with you!" exclaimed Lindsey. "Why didn't you have him arrested?"

"On what charge?" Heney shrugged. "Right up to the day of the shooting the papers ridiculed my body guard, and if I had had Haas arrested they would have yelled their heads off over the 'terrible outrage' and my cheap 'grand-standing.' To tell you the truth, I didn't think Haas had the nerve to pull anything off. All

through the three trials the courtroom was full of the gang's real bad men, and I reckon I'd got in the habit of watching them. Anyway, I had reached a sort of 'what's the use' stage. You ought to know how it is. After the first week or two a man's nerve naturally lets down—he comes to see that if it's going to happen it's going to happen, and all the watching in the world won't help. Of course, I saw Ruef and his attorneys going white every now and then. Even the judge took notice of their jumping and dodging, and asked me what I thought it meant.

"Well, after two weeks of constant trying, Haas slipped Foley's eye and got into the chair right behind me—close enough to press the derringer barrel right against my head. You see, the idea was to take no chances of just wounding me. But I happened to be laughing at the time. If I'd had my jaws together I would have lost more than my hearing in my right ear."

"A master slander," judiciously commented Senator Cannon. "By far and away the most successful lie that the interests ever put across. It alienated the sympathy of people who could not have been reached any other way."

"It caught me," shamefacedly confessed one of the newspaper men. "Brand Whitlock and I talked it over at the time and"

"And you thought I was a brutal, bullying prosecutor who got what was coming to him," Heney nodded. "Never mind apologizing. You had plenty of good company. Wherever I go I find honest people still believing the lie—still half convinced that I brought it all on myself."

Disreputable lies about himself which Judge Lindsey recounted Mr. Creel cites, and with the account of them he gives the three reformers' simple statements of how impossible it is to answer the lies and punish the blackguards.

"Judge Lindsey brought to that luncheon," writes Mr. Creel, "a recent copy of an obscure weekly containing eight newspaper pages of affidavits, letters, signed articles, interviews and editorials accusing him of everything from misappropriating the court's postage stamps to 'outraging the constitutional rights of children,' and traducing the 'fair name' of the state. He spread it out before him with a patient smile. 'They're putting a copy of this into every home in town,' he said. 'I hear that the tramway people ordered a hundred thousand copies. They're mailing them all over the country.'

"Heney grinned. 'Did you ever see the pamphlets they put out about me?'

"You bet I did," Lindsey laughed. "They sent me all of them in order that I might be no longer deceived in you."

"He turned to Cannon. 'I had a letter the other day from a man in Utah warning me against you, senator. He inclosed a pamphlet that said you had once stolen jewelry—among other things.'

"Cannon nodded, indifferently. 'Are they still circulating that?'

"But look here, judge," one of the other guests broke in. "These are affidavits." And he slapped the paper with indignant hand. "Can't you have them prosecuted for perjury?"

"The district attorney says not," Lindsey explained. "Not under the laws of Colorado as he interprets them. He holds that it isn't perjury unless the oath is used in a court proceeding. I imagine they got that ruling before they printed. Besides, if I start to sue, I'll never have time for anything else. And you ought to know what chance I'd have in the courts here. Why, the man who publishes this paper is clerk of the district court that I'd have to sue in. He is a notorious political tool of the public service corporations of Denver."

"Sue nothing," said Heney genially. "Pay no attention to them. You only encourage them. That's their game. They want to put you on the defensive."

"Answer one today," Cannon agreed, "and there will be ten to answer tomorrow. Answer those and the next day there will be thirty."

Other lies, very despicable lies, circulated about these same fighters for the people and about Brand Whitlock, Joseph W. Folk and others are recalled in Mr. Creel's article. When a man or a newspaper gets on the toes of grafters and fights special privilege the blackguards get busy. Mr. Creel asks, "Must the man who tries to save an American community be prepared to lose his own reputation and the respect of the citizenship for whom he sacrifices himself?"—Kansas City Times.