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NEBRASKA.

Confessions of Tom Watson.

It is not often that a man is misunderstood. The almost invariable rule of life is summed up in the statement that one gets about what is coming. Sometimes however, a combination of circumstances permits a real genius to go unrecognized and such has been the fate of Tom Watson, late presidential candidate on the populist ticket. Notwithstanding the fact that the speeches made during that struggle by Mr. Watson were the real literature of the campaign; notwithstanding that his writings in Tom Watson's magazines are the strongest and most virile editorials published in America today, he seems to lack that necessary something which claims public attention.

Not long since Mr. Watson was very ill, so ill in fact that his life despaired of. Upon becoming convalescent he wrote of his illness, and in his weakened condition was a little more frank in expressing his views of life than he would have been in health. The following quotation is made from a recent issue of the Kansas City Star which furnishes a splendid analysis of Mr. Watson's character.

"In the latest issue of his magazine Tom Watson publishes a significant bit of autobiography. He has recently recovered from a serious illness, and this article embodied the reflections of a convalescent. The thing is a really remarkable revelation of a sensitive, high-minded and ambitious soul unable to estimate its own abilities quite correctly, perhaps, realizing to the full the bitterness of defeat, but still ready to fight. The man he portrays has been ambitious since boyhood to possess a competence and then to devote his talents to the public service. He tells of the long and finally successful struggle against poverty, of the entrance into political life, of defeat, after defeat caused by fraud, of the retreat to the study and the entrance into the lives of the heroes of human liberty, of the composition of a history whose pages were often blotted with tears, of the hostility of the critics, of repeated failures, of a final revulsion

from the ease of money making, and of a last attempt to guide public thought into better channels to the end that there might be a fairer distribution of the blessings of nature.

Then sickness intervenes and when he at length knows that he will get well he "comes back to life without regret and without enthusiasm." On her account he is glad, but "as for the rest of it—the horse goes on as before."

It is worth while to get this point of view, perhaps, because it is prevalent among finely sensitive men of Mr. Watson's type. Such an individual often feels that he is an outcast, that Fate always requires a double tribute from his hands, that all the forces of the universe are in a conspiracy to thwart his most cherished plans and that a mocking chance makes sport of his noblest ideals. It seems to him to be his lot to suffer and to accomplish nothing of value for the world. When he comes to sum it all up the play hardly seems worth the candle.

But this is the superficial view. When it comes to be studied, some inference of a different sort flow from Watson's confession. For see, here is a man who has struggled and suffered to be sure. But from the very hardness of his lot he has won a depth of insight, a sympathy with his fellows, a broadness of character that show themselves on every page that he writes. Disagree with his reform schemes, you may. You may not question the real fitness of the man or the value of the contribution that such a life must make to the vast meaning of the universe. Again with his lips he proclaims the vanity of living. But this action tells a different story. His whole life is based on the assumption that this is a world of permanent ideals that are somehow worth fighting for in spite of the temporary triumph of the hosts of Satan. It is the lesson of pessimism to say with Schopenhauer that the world will be capricious and that sinister and sickening fickleness lies at the heart of things. By his refusal to capitulate, Watson proclaims his real belief in the eternal

worth of ideals and in an infinite order of the universe that justifies his striving for righteousness. He may not see the solution, but his conduct is testimony to his belief in its existence. No such a life as Tom Watson's is the poorest sort of an argument to adduce on behalf of the theory that this world is a mere valley of the shadow through which flickering dreams flit that would better vanish. When his experiences are read aright optimism, not pessimism, courage, not despair, constitute their lesson.

Yuma Of Early Days.

One of the most interesting delegates who was in attendance upon the meetings of the territorial federation of women's clubs was Miss M. E. Post, a delegate from the woman's club at Yuma. During the session and while considering the work of the department of Arizona History Miss Post gave a most entertaining talk regarding the early days at Yuma. For this she was most admirably fitted, having gone to Yuma in April of the year 1872. Since that date she has been allied with the educational work in Yuma county, teaching in the schools or acting as principal and has during the past year had personal supervision of a room in which there were some 111 pupils. Miss Post speaks very fluently both the Spanish and English languages and she has found it a great help to her in her school work.

When the first legal hanging carried out under the law of this territory was being arranged for the site chosen for the erection of the gallows was directly opposite the school house in Yuma. It was not exactly in accordance with the mind of Miss Post that her school children should witness the affair and she accordingly dismissed school for a week. The hanging was on the third day of May in 1873 and the man hanged was a Mexican named Fernandez. His crime was murdering a man by the name of Mc Cartney, but who was known all over the west by the name of "Rawhide." It was the custom of "Rawhide" to go on sprees at

different periods of the years and on such occasions he would lock himself into an adobe building which he owned and in which he had a very large general mercantile stock housed. Where he had come from no one knew, and according to the etiquette of the times no one asked.

It was while locked in his store on one of his drunks that Fernandez dug his way through the adobe wall and murdered him. The crime was not discovered until several day after it had been committed and the Mexican had had time to work several nights and carry goods from the store building, secreting them in the bushes around the town. Finally the crime was discovered Fernandez was arrested and he confessed. Goods were found in almost every hiding place around Yuma. They were all taken back to the store and officials held an auction sale from which nearly \$100,000 was realized. As "Rawhide" had no relatives the money went to the school fund of the county.

(The case was tried before Judge Isham Reavis; John W. Dorrington was clerk, and Dr. F. L. Goodwin (deceased) Sheriff who conducted the execution. The gallows were erected on the lot opposite the old school house the site of which is now occupied by Johnson & Bowles ware house corner of Third and Main streets. Arizona Sentinel.)

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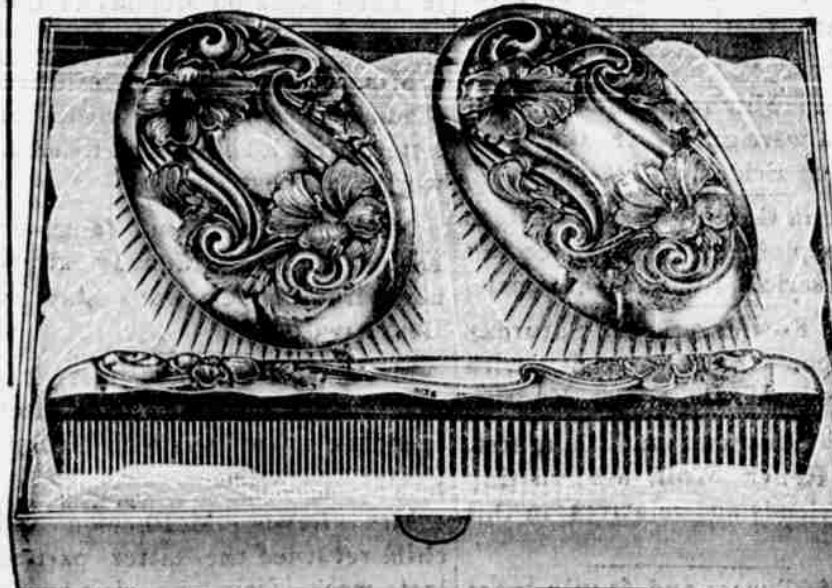
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