

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Quincy, Mass., July 7, 1895.

"By gad," said he, "I am deuced glad to get back to Boston. I wired my wife yesterday I would be home today and told her to cook some beans. I haven't had any for three weeks. I won't do a thing to those beans. Tell you what it is, gentlemen, there is nothing in the line of food equal to the reliable Boston Baked Beans with steaming hot brown bread. By gad, it is elegant. I am sick of this western beef. You can't cut it, you know, without an axe or something heavy and sharp."

The above thrilling statement was made in the smoking room of the sleeper as I neared Boston enroute from Chicago.

I admire a man who speaks the truth, and more especially when the subject is either Boston or Beans. It is fairly fascinating. When he remarked about Boston baked beans with steaming hot brown bread, my mouth watered deeply. I was bathed in a transport of joy.

How keen the pleasure to return to one's native home after years of absence. To see, as of old, the trees, the woods, the rocks, the river, the harbor, the ocean, the old colonial house which has stood for a hundred years among the elms and horse chestnuts, the old barn with loft full of hay, where we as boys used to play hide and seek under the hay hidden beams,—all scenes of my youthful days.

As I sit beneath the great bronze chandelier, facing the great iron fireplace with its shining brass andirons and antique mantel in white, and now and then gaze out the windows which reach from floor to ceiling, upon a delightful view, over the green fields, across the water to the pine hills beyond, my thoughts are like a dream.

'Tis a very pleasant reverie which accompanies a return to old associations. The truth of this is more forcible perhaps, when one has returned to the old home where he was born and lived for the greater part of his life.

I first saw the light of day, like my father before me, in the south east room upstairs, of this old house, on December 27, 186-, two days after Christmas. This, from the outset, was unfortunate, because I have never, or rather seldom, received any birthday presents. It, early in my life, became a custom to unite the presents which I might ordinarily receive on these two great days, into one present, which I was forced to accept as a birthday present or a Christmas present. Before I was old enough to talk, I used to amuse myself by taking any one present and looking upon it, first as a Christmas present, and then when I got tired of it as such I would turn it over and play with it as a birthday present. I naturally learned to give to my gifts a double value. The unfortunate side of this matter arose in later years when I learned to recognize and call by name the several pieces of money which are so much sought for today. According to the theory of my younger days, when I was presented with four dollars, I in reality had eight dollars, four for my Christmas present and four for my birthday present. There is a difference between getting fun out of a toy of twice its joy-giving capacity and getting eight dollars worth of fun or good out of four dollars. When a lad I had little trouble to imagine twice as much fun as I really had, but I have never been able to imagine that when I had four dollars I in reality had eight dollars. I have always felt sorry about this, for it would be a matter of some convenience to me, and at critical times save me from unnecessary worry and embarrassment.

Those who know tell me I had beautiful golden hair when I was a child which hung down my back like silken threads. But this adornment became a

source of great annoyance in later days; my mother used to tie it up in a long braid, and my playmates used to pull it, and further add to my discomforture by giving me the distinguished appellation of "Pigtail." And later on, as I was a fat faced little shaver, I received the name of "Tony Lumpkins."

But after all those days were full of pleasure. I remember how we boys used to rake together the horsechestnut leaves which fell from the half circle of trees in front of the house, and build houses and forts, and when Deacon Bills, the good old deacon of the Baptist church, or Charley Hayden—he was the fat man of our town, and is today for that matter—passed by, how we would pelt him with horsechestnuts from behind our fort of leaves. And if they chased us, as they often did, we would leg it for the old barn and hide under the hay in the loft. Often times we played around the wharves at the Point where the ships were in dock unloading coal or lumber. It was great fun to climb the shrouds and ratlines of the tall masts. Had our parents known it we would have been spanked and put to bed. But they never knew. And then when the tide was coming in we went in swimming in what we called the "Little Cove" which was out around Germantown Point. It was a great day for the boy when he first could swim across this little cove—some twenty feet wide and ten feet deep. His next feat was to swim the "Big Cove" where the larger boys went in.

Back of the school house is a large acreage of grass land, in May blue with violets, and beyond the woods we called Point Holes.

What sport we had here knocking down the shellbark nuts with sticks and stones. And then, too, there was Pine Pasture on the other side of town. A beautiful grove of pines whose fragrance is so pleasing to the smell.

To you, perhaps, these names and my early associations are meaningless, but you may draw some idea, perhaps, from them what my present pleasure is as I go over in mind my first and only playground.

In my next letter I will speak of Boston and Quincy and make note of such items as I consider of interest to you.

C. Y. SMITH.

CHANCES OF SUCCESS

Some figuring has been done by persons interested in the success of the whole republican ticket at this fall's election. Waite, it will be remembered, was defeated by Baker for clerk of the district court by 124 votes. There was an unusual combination against Waite, a combination that could not be duplicated this year, and even with the tremendous opposition Waite had to face, an opposition that has since materially diminished, he received 3234 votes, or 50 votes more than Lansing, who was elected. Votes in detail were as follows:

REPUBLICAN—	
Wescott	3672
Woods	3745
McClay	3597
Lansing	3282
Waite	3234
INDEPENDENT—	
Maule	2537
Dauren	2633
Eldfind	2594
Wynn	2414
Baker	3358
DEMOCRAT—	
Carver	1388
Neenan	1332
Hubbard	1724
Whitmore	2080

McClay beat Baker 239 votes; Woods beat Baker 387 votes, and Wescott beat Caker 314 votes.

Baker beat Lansing 26 votes; Baker beat Waite 124 votes.

When these figures are considered, with an understanding of the conditions that prevailed four years ago, politicians have no difficulty in persuading themselves that the republican candidate for clerk of the district court will be elected this year.

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SOCIALISM AT CRETE

Dr. Bayard Holmes and Prof. Graham Taylor, both of Chicago, the former a surgeon, and lately a candidate for mayor of that city on the populist ticket, and the latter a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, were the principal speakers at the Crete Chautauqua Assembly which closed last evening. These gentlemen discussed social subjects, though from a radically different standpoint. Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly an earnest, honest man; but he makes extravagant statements. He is not careful in the use of adjectives. He is given to applying superlative terms to comparative conditions. He is of the Herron type of socialist thinkers. More than once in his addresses this week he referred to Herron, and it was evident to his hearers that he is in entire accord with Herronism. Wednesday he referred to Altgeld, the more or less frenzied governor of Illinois. And he had only good words to say of this man who pardoned the Chicago anarchists of the Haymarket Square riots, and who sought to prevent the president of the United States from exerting his authority for the protection of life and property during the strike of one year ago. Holmes finds nothing to defend in Altgeldism, and much to commend. He deprecated the punishment of Spies and his colleagues and sought to make it appear that the police of Chicago were responsible for the Haymarket riot. He discussed corporations, and said much that was true. Then he said that no honest, pure man can remain in any legislative body in this country from the United States senate down, and have any power or influence. He reflected on the sweeping nature of this assertion and afterwards modified it. Holmes would assail and demolish and bring a hit-or-miss revolution. He sees nothing good in an evolution into a better state. The change must come by revolution. He denies that he is an anarchist. But he cannot disavow his iconoclasm. And like most persons of his ilk he has much more to say in abuse of existing conditions than he has of the remedies to be applied.

In the beginning of the French revolution there were men like Marat who knew conditions ought to be changed, but who could, apparently, find no other way of bringing about the new order than the indiscriminate chopping off of heads. Now, after the lapse of years, there are those who believe that even the Marats and Robespierres served a purpose that could not be achieved by such republicans as the Marquise Lafayette; and so in the change that is again taking place in the social conditions of the world, and in this country particularly, and that must soon take on a greatly accelerated movement, it is contended that the Herrons and the Altgelds and the Waites and the Holmeses, to say nothing of the Spieses and the Herr Mosts, are serving a useful purpose in pricking the public conscience. The danger is that they may, by their incessant and sometimes ill-

considered appeals to a morbid and destructive sentiment in the people, precipitate a revolutionary movement that would really delay genuine progress in social reform. Americans of this last half of the Nineteenth century are not in all respects comparable to the Frenchmen of a little more than a hundred years ago. Philosophy was then an almost forbidden science or study. Now it is a subject for unusual contemplation, among our own people especially, and we are not ready to admit that we have not gained anything by a hundred years of honest, earnest study of mankind and the conditions of human society. We believe that the new era of more perfect equality and a more generally distributed prosperity will be brought about without guillotining thousands and hundreds of thousands of innocent persons; without the dreadful and unprecedented brutality and crime and destruction of the revolution that took the throne of France from Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. A few more such experiences as that of last summer in Chicago would bring us dangerously near the state of 1793; and that experience was, to a large extent, the result of utterances of men like Altgeld and Herron and Holmes. Herein is the danger. There are, in this country, men like Washington Gladden and that other Crete lecturer, Prof. Taylor, who are committed to the course of social reform; but who labor along rational, legitimate lines, and it is to men of this cast that the nation looks for the solution of the vexing problems of the day.

Prof. Graham Taylor is wholly sincere and as earnest a socialist thinker and speaker as there is in the country. He is full of the tremendous importance of this subject that men like Holmes handle so glibly—of its gravity, and the danger of ill considered discussion; and his manner is halting and apologetic as compared to the self-confidence and assertiveness of Holmes. He is serious and thoughtful and careful. His statements are temperate, and somehow they find a much more secure lodgment than the extravagant sayings of his fellow lecturer. He appeals to reason where Holmes appeals to prejudice. His course is safer, and is bound to be more effective. Prof. Taylor spoke of immigration and the congested population and crime of this country, and he considered his subject in a forcible manner, making a distinct impression. Unrestricted immigration he considers a menace. He talked of the methods of dealing with crime in municipalities and arraigned the so-called "reservation" system, and police and official corruption generally. It is easy to be flamboyant on a subject of this kind; but he was at all times intelligently conservative. THE COURIER has not the space to report his lecture in detail. Suffice it to say that his addressee were highly appreciated throughout the assembly, and were unquestionably productive of good. The country needs more Taylors and fewer Holmeses.

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