The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 43.

PAX VOBISCUM.

All hail the olive branch, borne to the ship of state!
Long seemed the nation roused; yet now
Her countenance turns lamb-like as she doth await
To greet her sons returning to the shop and plow.
From north and south, from east and west, they poured,
When she had called their aid and bade them take the sword.

The din of battle o'er the blood-stained field hath ceased;
The smoke of conflict by the winds is wafted thence;
The cry for vengeance (strong it was) hath been appeased.
'Tis great as conq'rors to condone a foe's offense;
'Tis greater still not to betray the hopeful trust
Of hapless peoples, who have found deliverers just.

"Peace hath her victories," her Sabbath bells peal high,
Although their chimes sound joyous, voicing naught but mirth,
Yet hearts bereaved by war's ravages passed by,
Are minded of their losses sore and tears afresh burst forth.
No festival can still the mourning for the dead,
Or change to drops of joy the bitter tears they shed.

The gentle touch of time alone may soothe such grief.
Oh! nation, triumphant and strong in all thy pride,
Bow humbly down, nor cease within thy heart's belief
And creed of creeds to honor duly those who died
On land and sea; the threefold priceless legacy
Of honor, love and life they gave to thee.
—Thomas E. Shelley, in Indianapolis Sentinel.

A LITTLE WHITE CORPSE

A Tale of the Wreck of the Bourgogne.

By Charles Sidney Salmon.

—Copyright, 1898.

"BETTER shove this in your pocket, Jenny, if it's finally ordained that you're to do that classical steerage stunt again."

"Jenny" was colloquial English for Jennings Jackson, an athletic young reporter in the service of a New York daily. The nickname, of which he was not extravagantly fond, was a survival from school and college days; doubtless some hint of resentment had caused it to persist. We were standing together, he and I, under the long nave of Gothic-arched iron-work which roofs the pier at the foot of Morton street. The big black hull of the French liner lay alongside, and a motley stream of passengers was jostling up the gangway. The date was July 2.

"Steerage act backwards isn't a bad stunt, Joey," responded Jennings. "Anyway, I go where I'm sent, steerage or Hades. Don't you fret; I'll start up something new and lively if I have to fake it. What's this you're giving me? Card-sharp's hold-out? That's not in my assignment. Aluminum soap-case? I'm provided, but an extra issue might come handy with this filthy gang of toughs."

"Toughs—thugs I'd call 'em. You'll find that every bloody dago in the push has a knife up his sleeve. But this is merely a patent note-book, Jenny. Sample copy—one of my perquisites on a three-stick write-up—but you'll need it most. Warranted brine-proof, with indelible pencil chained on. If they happen to pitch you overboard it'll survive you."

"Brine-proof! It'll need to be rat and vermin proof to survive me this trip. All right! I'll use it to immortalize the dagoes. So long, Joey."

Four weeks had elapsed. The steamer Hiawatha, chartered to gather up the dead from the scene of that frightful disaster of which all the world has heard, was already like a floating morgue. Late in the afternoon, July 30, an object was descried in the distance which proved to be a raft bearing the name of the ill-fated steamship. Near it an empty life-belt was seen bobbing upon the waves, and this was taken up. Firmly bound to the belt by a strand of rope was a small note-book of peculiar appearance. The case, or cover, was of aluminum, and the leaves, apparently in consequence of some chemical preparation, were very little affected by the action of the water. Almost every page was covered with closely written characters; but although the marks were perfectly distinct, it was impossible to decipher a singe word. When the Hiawatha returned to Halifax, however, and the book was placed in the hands of an expert, it was quickly ascertained that the writing was simply short-hand—a modified form of the Ben Pittman system.

A transcription was made without much difficulty, and sent with the original to New York for purposes of identification.

The first 11 pages consist of notes and memoranda, chiefly relating to observations made in the steerage on Sunday, July 3. Then comes a break in the manuscript. The writing is resumed in a much less steady hand—the first few lines scarcely legible—but it embodies a narrative of thrilling interest which is now given to the public.

"July 5.—I am alone on a tumbling raft in the midst of the sea. I don't know where; no land is in sight.

"If ever this note-book of Joey Barker's reaches shore it is more than I shall do. My soul is like lead; no raft can float it much longer.

"Why do I try to write when I'm as good as dead? Can't help it. I've been writing every day for eight years, and it's a second nature. Besides, if I don't write I shall go stark mad.

"And when it is finished, and I am finished, it will be picked up—sure as fate. It was all settled before I started. Why else did Joey give me this waterproof affair? Why else did he say it would survive me? Anyhow, I've got some red-hot steerage stuff—a scoop for somebody.

"Yesterday morning at five o'clock—merciful God! I was sleeping as I shall never sleep again. The fog-horn had been bellowing all night, but suddenly there sounded a blast that rang through me like the braying of the last trump. I sprang to my feet—already partly dressed, for you don't doff your togs much in the steerage. Then came a crash and a rending and grinding as if the dissolution of the world had indeed begun—and that was what it meant for most of us.

"In a moment the deep pit of the hold was full of madness. We hurtled to the steep ladder like stampeded cattle and swarmed up it like gorillas in a double stream, pulling each other down, climbing upon each other's backs. Two or three sailors tried to restrain us, but soon they were struggling with the rest, each man for himself. Alone they would have kept their heads; and I, too, had often looked peril in the face with reasonable coolness. But the panic was like an infectious delirium, setting loose the wild beast that slumbers in each human soul. I stood for an instant sane; then, I knew not how, I was in the midst of the crush, white, gasping, convulsed with terror and effort. I thrust aside a woman as if she had been a hostile savage. She flung herself back upon the pack, clawing like a cat.

"Just behind me towered Yousouf, the gigantic Turk. He was bearing down all before him. I stooped and dived between his legs, and with a quick turn caught him by the waistband from behind. Quite unconscious of my existence, he towed me through the writhing mob, and I reached the deck close in his wake.

"A gray mist drizzled in our faces and shut us in like the flapping canvas of a tent. The ship was listing heavily to starboard. Rockets were hissing through the air. The captain raved on the bridge, shouting and cursing, and some of the crew were striving to carry out his orders; but as the stream from the steerage spread itself over the deck, confusion merged in frenzy. We rushed to the boats which the sailors were vainly trying to swing clear, and filled them to overflowing, blocking every effort. The tackle clogged; the davits swung inward.

"Then, perceiving that this was hopeless, we rushed headlong down the sloping deck to the boats on the other side; and some, unable to check themselves, pitched overboard. Among these was Yousouf, who sank, rose, struck out wildly with three Herculean arm-beats, and went down as if some hidden monster had seized him from below. Then I remembered his belt of golden eagles.

"Meanwhile knives were flashing, and a slash on the forehead as I crowded toward a boat dazed me and dimmed my eyes with blood, so that for some minutes I clung to the rail and saw little of what was passing. Then a boy stumbled against me with a life-belt. I sprang upon him with an oath. The deck was lurching beneath my feet; the shameless demon of fear possessed me. I wrenched the belt from the poor little gamin's grasp, put it on and leaped over the side, just as the shattered hulk dove to the bottom with a mighty swirl and a roar of inrushing waters.

"I was sucked under to a giddy depth, but the cork brought me up just as the last atom of air was gurgling from my lungs. In a moment the waves around me were full of faces. One little body rose close beside me, leaping into the air like a sturgeon, but it fell back lifeless and sank again.

"That corpse, which when breath was in it, couldn't have weighed more than 80 pounds, is the heaviest thing in all the universe now. It is dragging me down to perdition—and I imagined that a stolen life-belt would buoy me up! The weight of that body would sink me through the solid earth! But I shall never again set foot on land or ship. The life that I disgraced my race to save isn't worth a day's purchase.

"But the fury of the death-terror was then still upon me, and I struck and kicked at every struggling form which the eddies swept near. A boat passed sunk low and swaying with its crazy load. I made after it, but with a boat hook they beat me off.

"The fog was now lifting, and at a distance I discerned the dim outlines of a ship lying to. I swam laboriously toward it, but presently a life-raft drifted across my course, and I headed for that. Only one man was upon it—a burly Italian, brandishing an oar, which he brought down on my skull with stunning violence just as I had caught hold of a trailing rope-end. The last thing I saw was a half-naked Austrian climbing up from the water with a dirk between his teeth. I must have floated for a long time, quite unconscious.

"When I came to myself my hand was still clenched and twisted in the rope; I could scarcely unbend my stiffened fingers. Beside me swung the raft, entirely deserted. I crawled upon it, but even the oar had disappeared; I could only guess what had happened. No ship, no human being was anywhere to be seen.

"The rest is but an agony, of thirst, hunger, madness—and remorse. For uncounted hours I have lain weltering under the glare of the sun and the gloom of the stars. I am doubly afraid to die, yet I cannot live. When I see a sail I shall slide down from the raft—and this damning life-belt that I did murder to secure will not keep me company.

"July 7—It has come at last. A sail is in sight just over the offing—and I am as glad as though I were to be rescued. Good-by, Joey; you're about the only mortal I care to be remembered to. I'm going now to make my apologies to a little white corpse at the bottom of the sea."

Only Turks.

During the Crimean war Lord Raglan was most conciliatory in his conduct and language to the French, but, unluckily, from old peninsular associations, he was now and then betrayed into speaking of them as "the enemy." "If we are placed here and the enemy are posted there—" "Good heavens, my lord!" Lord de Ros would cry, "what are you saying?" He was also particularly desirous of establishing cordial relations between the English and Turkish armies, and was much disturbed at a quarrel which took place between some of the soldiers. When the combatants were dispersed, one or two Turkish soldiers were left lying dead. Lord de Ros was sent to the grand vizier to express Lord Raglan's concern and to promise that every effort should be made to find out and punish the guilty persons. On his beginning to lament an unfortunate occurrence, the Turk looked anxious, but on the matter being broken to him, he exclaimed with great relief: "Is that all! What can it matter if they are killed or not?" Lord de Ros returned to Lord Raglan, and in answer to his anxious inquiries, "It is all right," he replied. "Our fellows are welcome to kill as many of them as they please."—London Spectator.

WHEN GOD ARISETH.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells of the Terribleness of God's Anger.

An Arraignment of Ever-Present Evils—The Sins Which Seem to Defy God and Which Grow in Abomination.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the following discourse, assails some of the present evils of the times, and suggests that God, in His anger, may visit terrible punishment. The text is: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered—Psalms, lxviii., 1.

In the following discourse Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage assails some of the prevailing evils of the times, and suggests that God, in His anger, may visit terrible punishment. The text is: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."—Psalms, lxviii., 1.

A procession was formed to carry the ark, a sacred box, which, though only 3 feet 9 inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easy as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death knell, standards reel before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you some times see hung up in a parlor, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the Church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle cry the name of some Christian reformer, but after awhile that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of someone who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshipers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying: "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God telling Him to come on if He dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for anyone to calculate the numbers of times that the names of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are an attack on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

Years ago, in a Pittsburgh prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and, as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day's lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, in New York state, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest son soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge. Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer! that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them quiet to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

Still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club rooms, out through busy exchanges were oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and crakling billiard balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city and round the continent, and round the earth a seething, boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship captain curses his crew, and the master builder his men, and the hack driver his horse, and the traveler the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective timepiece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to rise.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkedness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, of Savvannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion of the increase of population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide the uxorcide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people. It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in awhile is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and anyone can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some vigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others, to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more intrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate, and elect, and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, Satanic, Apollonic and Diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this Bastile of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all Heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazins and Bethsaidas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they are wealthy. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm houses, one procuress confessing in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with 150 victims in six months. Oh, for 500 newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of your brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be, as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent raising stand and simper and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball room floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the window on the scene? Matches are made in Heaven, they say. Not such matches; for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immortalities are called peccadillos, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relagated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against them. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called—an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to prohibit this crime!

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and racked, that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every 2,000 years? God turned a leaf, and this world was fitted for human residence. About 2,000 more years passed along, and God turned another leaf, and it was the Deluge. About 2,000 more years passed on, and it was the Nativity. Almost 2,000 more years passed by, and He will probably soon turn another leaf. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude, and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily He can do it, my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of His power, but just to rise from the throne on which He sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of Heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now He is setting in his majesty and patience of His reign. He is from His throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness, and impurity, and fraud, and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most surely organized, He will bestir Himself and say: "My enemies have denied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the God shall be tried no longer." And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under His right foot I know not; but, standing in the full radiance and grandeur of His nature, He looks this way and that, and His enemies are scattered!

Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshipers of Amighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on that bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. The earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down at the feet of the Lamb of God who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is, that we may be found His warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered.

Love and Duty.

To understand the meaning of work and love and duty is to turn away from war and violence.—Rev. D. S. Jordan, Unitarian, Palo Alto, Cal.

SAMPSON DID WELL.

Administration Is Satisfied with the Admiral's Work.

A Member of the Cabinet Talks Freely of the Santiago Campaign—Unjust System of Naval Rewards.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Strange it is that our government cannot do justice to worthy officers of the navy without doing injustice to other officers, equally worthy, who have had no opportunity to achieve distinction and renown.

Under existing laws and regulations our naval officers cannot be promoted in rank for heroic services without injury to other officers who have done no wrong, but who have faithfully performed their duties in every respect.

The naval officers hold their relative ranks by seniority of commission. For example, Jones, Brown and Smith are captains in the navy, each of them commanding a battleship. Suppose Jones was commissioned captain January 1, Brown was commissioned captain January 2, and Smith was commissioned captain January 3.

Thus, on the naval list, they stand as number first, second and third in the list of captains. They are all of equal rank; but Jones having been commissioned first stands number one. Consequently, when there occurs a vacancy in the ranks of commodore, Capt. Jones will be made a commodore. Then Brown will stand number one on the list of captains, and will be the next man to receive advancement to the rank of commodore, if he lives long enough. Of course, there are many captains, lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, etc.

Now, suppose Capt. Rice, who may stand number four on the list of captains, commands a ship in battle and wins a great victory. The only way the navy department can reward him is by advancing him one number, or more, on the list of captains in the navy. Suppose the navy department honors him by advancing him four numbers on the list of captains. That would place him above Jones, who does no wrong, and has had no opportunity to win a victory. Then, when a commodore is to be appointed, it will be Rice instead of Jones who gets the advancement.

This is palpably unfair, and our government should certainly find some method by which it may be just to our naval heroes, by conferring upon them well merited honors, without dealing injustice to other equally brave and patriotic men. Every naval officer who has been advanced in numbers on the naval list gains his new honors at the expense of his associates, and it operates with great injustice to many.

A pointed instance of this injustice that is visited upon some of our naval heroes in order to give proper honors to others is exhibited in the case of the captains of Admiral Dewey's fleet. By the advancement of the officers of Admiral Sampson's fleet that destroyed Cervera's squadron two of Admiral Dewey's captains find themselves two numbers lower on the naval list than they were before, and two others are each reduced one number on the list.

Another illustration of unjust effects of naval promotions by numbers was given in the case of Capt. Clark, whose cruise of the Oregon from San Francisco to Key West was altogether the most memorable of naval history, and yet he went into action at Santiago and performed prodigies in heroic results in the naval battle when he was two numbers lower than when he sailed from San Francisco. He has since been advanced, but his advance of six numbers leaves him a net advancement of only four.

No one can complain of the honors conferred upon the officers of Admiral Sampson's fleet, excepting only the questionable advancement of Admiral Sampson himself. All the others fairly won the distinction that has been awarded them, but it must be remembered that these advancements strike with fearful injustice upon all the other officers of the navy, most of whom

COMMODORE PHILIP.
(A Vigorous Opponent of the Existing System of Naval Promotion.)

would have won equal honors if like opportunity had been afforded them. Our naval regulations clearly need revision, and some equitable method of conferring honors upon naval officers should be adopted that would give justice to the heroic without injustice to others.

The advancement of Admiral Sampson eight numbers causes criticism. The commander of the fleet which successfully blockaded Santiago harbor has been in Washington recently, and he has at no time received such attentions as our people are accustomed to shower upon their heroes. The sentiment prevails that Sampson is not a real hero. When Lieut. Hobson arrived in Washington he received more enthusiastic attention at the depot than Admiral Sampson received during his entire stay in this city.

Politicians and newspaper men are usually careful of their expressions, and they are accustomed to take only the popular side of public questions. But there are exceptions in all cases, and here is one in point.

The correspondent of this paper is inclined to be conservative, and to take no stand which might excite antagonisms. But in the case of Admiral Sampson the writer ventures to express an opinion in favor of the unpopular naval commander. There is a reason for this, as the reader will see.

One of the members of the cabinet is an old friend of the writer, and converses with him freely, well knowing that his name will never be quoted on public questions. While driving through the Smithsonian park this morning, the cabinet officer said: "I have had my own opinion of Sampson, as all citizens have had. But I have recently come into possession of official information which I cannot disclose in detail; but it is sufficient to convince me that Admiral Sampson deserves greater consideration than the people have been disposed to give him.

"In the first place, every reader will concede that Sampson has made no mistakes. That is a strong point in favor of any man who has the responsibility of command on land or sea. But even that does not make a hero. Nevertheless, you will agree with me that you cannot point to any mistake made by Sampson, either as the chief of the board of inquiry into the Maine disaster or as commander of the fleet. Inasmuch as this naval commander has made no mistake, there is no reason why he should be censured. That much every reasonable man will acknowledge. Therefore, Admiral Sampson should not be looked upon with disdain.

"In the next place, Admiral Sampson has been successful in the disposition of his vessels. He has been successful in looking after the health of the men of his fleet, while patiently watching the enemy by day and by night. It is a wise commander who can have always in mind the health and comfort of the men for whose lives he is in every sense responsible. Thus we reach a point where Admiral Sampson deserves commendation.

"Now, after weeks of faithful service, bottling up Cervera's fleet, awaiting the coming of the army, it be-

CAPT. CHARLES E. CLARK.
(Until Recently Commander of the Battleship Oregon.)

came necessary for Admiral Sampson to leave his fleet and go to see Gen. Shafter, the army commander who was prostrated with fever. Under the circumstances he restated his orders that, if the Spanish fleet should undertake to escape, the American fleet should close in and attack the enemy. Having thus performed his duty, Admiral Sampson sailed away to meet the commander of the land forces.

"Thus every duty was faithfully performed by him. There is absolutely no ground for criticism of this naval commander. During his absence on this important and patriotic duty, in the interest of his country, the Spanish fleet unexpectedly came out of the harbor and tried to escape. Instantly, in obedience to Sampson's orders, the cruisers and battleships closed in on the enemy and vigorously attacked him. The entire Spanish fleet was destroyed, by the vessels of Sampson's squadron, under his orders.

"But, just as Sheridan was 20 miles away when the battle of Cedar Creek began, and just as Sheridan went galloping to the sound of cannon, Admiral Sampson hastened to rejoin his command, and arrived in time to witness the complete triumph of his fleet, which acted under his carefully detailed orders. He was not in the actual fighting, and has made no claim of that nature. He did not get into the fight, solely because his orders were so well obeyed that the work was well done by the vessels under his command. That very fact reflects credit upon his plans and discipline.

"Now, because Sampson was not an actual participant in the fight which resulted successfully, in accordance with his plans, and in obedience to his orders, I do not believe that the people will ever be inclined to look upon him as a hero. But the American people are lovers of fair play, and they will do justice by him. He has been a faithful naval officer for many years. He was the successful commander of the naval campaign which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet; and that campaign was largely instrumental in the dethronement of Spain in Cuba. Let us do justice to this faithful officer. He is entitled to the advancement in rank which the administration has given him. He does not claim to be a hero. He asks only justice; and that he must have. If it had been his good fortune to be present on the occasion of the attempted escape of the Spanish fleet the people would make a hero of him."

All of this is true. We can afford to give honor to whom honor is due. We cannot afford to allow our impulses to run away with our good judgment, and thereby do injustice to any man who has served his country faithfully.

SMITH D. FRY.

Disappointment in Store.

"Have you made up your mind just what qualities you expect to find in a husband?" asked the matron.

"Why, of course," answered the maid.

"Too bad" commented the matron, with a sigh.

"Why do you say that?" demanded the maiden.

"Oh, I always hate to see young girls disappointed," answered the matron.—Chicago Post.

Gave Her Unnecessary Trouble.

Widow—My last husband was the meanest man who ever existed.

Friend—In what way?

Widow—Why, when I brought an action for divorce, he defended it, and I didn't succeed in getting a decree until a whole year had passed, and then, on the very day it was granted, he died!—Up to Date.

Looking on the Bright Side.

"If I had wings," he said, "I'd come
And sing each day for thee!"
"Hurrah!" she cried, "things might be worse
By far than they are for me."
—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Terms.

Bond—Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man?

Benedict—Oh, yes; I suppose it can be put in that way, but "flattens" is the word I've always used.—Boston Traveler.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

Eating and Drinking in the Dark Is Often Attended with Serious Results.

There is an old adage to the effect that "those who know nothing fear nothing." Persons who have never acquainted themselves with the dangers that lurk in bacilli, bacteria, microbes infusoria, "et al.," may possibly be excused if they are given to carelessness in eating and drinking, taking little thought of their appetites so long as their hunger is appeased.

How many lives are sacrificed, how many days and nights or wearisome illness and pain are caused by sheer carelessness and indifference to the most ordinary laws of common prudence may only be conjectured.

Probably every one has heard the story of the man who came in late at night and rather unsteady. In the dim light he saw a glass of water standing on the table. Without special thought he swallowed it and, being exceedingly thirsty, it went down almost at a dash. Something caught in his teeth and he pulled it out of his mouth, or made an effort to do so, but found that however fast he might pull, there was more to follow. Puzzled and frightened, he yelled for his wife. The good woman hastened to his relief to be greeted with the exclamation: "For goodness sake, Samantha, come and see what's the matter. I'm all unraveling." His wife had been reeling silk from cocoons, and the small ball in the bottom of the glass was swallowed without the drinker being aware of its presence.

Not as well did a small boy fare who drank several small leeches in a glass of water put far up out of his way on a shelf.

Unquestionably there have been many deaths from the careless habit of eating and drinking in the dark. Medicines, drugs, chemicals and nauseous compounds have been taken unawares, and the health or life of the individual have paid for such reckless indifference to consequences. In these days of disease germs and germ diseases too much care cannot be exercised as to the quality and condition of the food we eat. Especially in hot weather, every form of food product should be subjected to the most critical examination.

All fresh fruits should be carefully washed, and vegetables that are eaten uncooked must be thoroughly looked over and cleansed from specks and particles of foreign matter. It is no uncommon thing to find the eggs of insects hidden in the crevices of leaves of plants that are used for salads, and the embryo of various parasites have in more instances than one been transferred to the human stomach by means of uncooked fruit and vegetables. When such articles are prepared for the table they should be done under a very strong light, and if they are to be washed an abundance of water may be used.

"I never eat blue berries except at your table," said a fastidious and epicurian gentleman to a lady whom he was visiting, "and I would probably not have eaten them here if I had not seen you prepare them." All of which was a very high compliment to the lady's care in making them ready.—N. Y. Ledger.

MANUAL TRAINING.

It Creates Right Habits and Develops the Character of the Young Child.

Manual training sharpens the senses and makes eyes that see and ears that hear and a touch that is fine and true. It gives proper balance of values, not only to the physical and intellectual activities of the individual, but to the intercourse of pupil with pupil, for frequently the seeming dullard turns out to be the skillful worker, and vice versa, and mutual respect and harmony result. So the varying yet equal worth of men is taught without sign or sound. Pupils, too, are encouraged to mutually aid each other in construction and in handling and use of tools; and the valuable quantity of social helpfulness grows like the flower from the swelling bud. It is a method of positive creative activity as against passive receptivity or destructive restlessness; in short, it is education, not instruction. It forms the mind instead of furnishing it. It creates right habits, and so molds character. It makes careful, thinking, true men. "We make it our constant aim to let the acquisition of knowledge, the apprehension of truth, grow out of the experience of the children themselves," says Prof. Bamberger. It is the constructive method, as against that of cramming with rules and definitions, the children do not understand, and facts they do not assimilate. First comes actual acquaintance and repeated experiment, out of which the definition, rule or truth naturally grows, and thus becomes the lasting possession of the child. . . . There is complete correlation and coordination in the intellectual and manual work. Things thought out are wrought out; thus the hand becomes the outlet for the rising flood of the mind, and self-activity and self-expression are induced. The child finds himself a creator, for the avenues are opened by which he discovers himself and gains possession and use of his faculties. He is the center of the universe, and, making longer and longer excursions into the unknown, discovers the world about him and his relation to it.—Sadie American, in Woman's Home Companion.

Condensed Novel.

He was immured in the darkest dungeon beneath the castle moat.

"If I had only a saw, a file, anything," he moaned, as he looked at the solid bars across the solitary window.

Then an idea struck him.

His face brightened up like a warehouse conflagration.

Rapidly running over his supply of collars, which had just come from the laundry, he selected one fitted for his purpose.

Five minutes later the great middle bar of the window, dexterously severed by the saw-like edge of the laundered collar, fell apart.

He was free!—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Sentimental.

Little Willie—Pa, what is that saying about its being "better to have loved and lost—"

Mr. Henpeck (feelingly)—It is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.—Judge.