DEFEAT FOR UNION MINERS.

LONG FIGHT TO ORGANIZE NON-UNION MEN IN KENTUCKY.

Only a Few Small Mines Affected Despite the Efforts of the National Organization—Violence Used—Non-Union Men Well Treated by Their Employers.

MADISONVILLE, Ky., Oct. 11.—After struggling for a year to organize thenon-union miners of this, Hopkins county, the union miners have agreed to lay down their arms and use only peaceful methods hereafter. So far they have gained no advantage.

The reason that the union made so prolonged an effort to organize the miners in Hopkins is that the county produces one-fourth of the total output of coal in Kentucky and gives employment to 2 000 of the 8,000 miners in the State, and now not one of the 2 000 miners is a union man. A few years ago when general strike orders were issued and mines all over the country were closed down, the men in the Hopkins county fields did double duty to supply the demand on the mines. This naturally caused dissatisfaction among union miners in other parts of the State and the union judged that a special effort should be made to organize the Hopkins county miners.

The head and front of the successful resistance to the union is John B Atkinson, President of the St. Bernard Coal Company The company owns seven of the twelve mines in Hopkins county and employs 1,400 of the 2,000 miners. It can be seen from these figures that the St. Bernard practically represents the Hopkins county fields and the company is naturally held responsible for the non-union successes Yet its mines have been attacked by the union organizers less frequently than the others here, the reason being that it was thought best to try to weaken the company's position by first closing down the weaker mines in the county. And the same motive that prompted the attack on the weaker mines caused President Atkinson to use all his skill and the influence of his company to protect the other operators. Their fight has been his fight because success against them meant an entering wedge against his own company.

The general offices of the company are at Earlington, which town was built up by the company. It has a population of several thousand. Its inhabitants are mainly miners and others employed by the St. Bernard, and one of the secrets of Mr. Atkinson's success in keeping his men free from outside influences is that the company has spent large sums of money in providing for the pleasure and well-being of the employees and their families.

It has done much toward establishing in Earlington the best educational facilities of any town of its size in the State. The churches and other similar institutions are flourishing. The company established two public libraries in Earlington. At a cost of $8,000 it built a lake known as Loch Mary covering 100 acres at the edge of the town This lake was stocked with game fish and provided with skiffs and sailboats. Nearby is a park, beautifully wooded, which has come to be so popular that church and other excursions from other towns are run there for picnics.

The company occasionally gives excursions to its employees, chartering enough trains to take several thousand of them and their families to distant parts of the State. Some years ago the company laid out 200 lots 50x190 feet and offered to sell them to its employees at $50 each and to erect on each lot a house which the purchaser could pay for in installments out of his wages and without any charge of interest on the money thus lent. All the lots were sold and fully 200 of the miners now own their homes.

A year or two ago the St. Bernard Company had a group photograph taken of sixty employees who had been with it a quarter of a century or more. They are still there and most of them own their homes. One miner John Rule, who has been with the company twenty years, is worth $10 000, all of which he made as a coal worker. His money is invested in Earlington real estate.

In the St. Bernard mines working side by side are sons, fathers and grandfathers It has been the policy of the company to advance the sons of employees as places were available Among them Dan M Evans, who worked in the mines as a boy, is now principal bookkeeper and actively in charge of the coke making. Barton Crutchfield is superintendent at the St. Charles mine and is one of the oldest employees. F. B. Harris is superintendent at the Diamond mine. Most of the clerks at the stores are sons and daughters of the employees.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether miners are compelled to patronize the company stores The operators insist that employees can get all their wages in cash if they choose to wait until the regular monthly pay day. Groceries can be bought from day to day at the company stores on credit to the amount of the wages due miners at night and for this reason miners patronize the stores liberally. When there arises a thirst for whiskey or beer and there is no ready cash in pocket, the miner has the habit of going to the company's office, securing a ticket for the amount of the day's wages and trading it at a heavy discount to the nearest saloonkeeper. This ticket must be taken up in goods at the company store, so the saloon man exchanges it for coffee, sugar, flour, or some other staple which he sells back to the miner or to citizens at a reduction. In Madisonville, this has become a regular business and some people buy all their coffee and sugar from the saloons.

On Nov 15 last, District President James D. Wood of the United Mine Workers of America came to Madisonville, secured headquarters and announced through the press and by circular letter that he had arrived to remain until he had organized the non-union miners of Hopkins, Webster, Christian and Henderson counties. He also sent letters to the operators of the various mines inviting them to meet National President Mitchell of the miners to settle the differences existing between them and the miners. No response having been received from any of the mine owners, Mr Mitchell sent letters to the mine owners asking them to meet him and discuss the situation. In his letter Mr. Mitchell said that unless the mine operators met him on the day named he would authorise Mr. Wood to order a strike at once. On Nov. 23, no response having been made by the mine owners, President Mitchell authorized Mr. Wood to order a strike and notified him that the Executive Committee of the Mine Workers' Union of America had authorized $20,000 a month to be spent in maintaining the fight.

On Nov. 24 District President Wood called upon all union and non-union miners to lay down their tools on the following Monday. In his call Mr. Wood said that all the miners who obeyed his call, whether union or non-union, would be cared for by the national organization.

On the same day the Sheriffs of Hopkins, Christian, Webster and Henderson counties issued proclamations in which they said they had received information that the union officers were here for the purpose of intimidating and forcibly preventing the miners from working. They declared that the miners would not be allowed to congregate in numbers or march in bodies upon the public highways of the county; that any attempt on the part of the miners or the miners' union officials to do so would result in arrests.

President Wood replied to the proclamations of the Sheriffs in a statement which said that the mission of the union was one of peace; that it did not propose to intimidate the miners or forcibly to prevent them from working, but that his organizers would talk to the miners and try to persuade them to walk out.

On Nov. 26, the day named by Wood for the strike, few miners complied with his order. Not more then twenty-five men went out in fact. At the close of the day Manager Bailey issued a bulletin in which he stated that more coal had been mined that day than was ever before produced in the history of the county, and that the strike had proved a complete failure. President Wood called a meeting of the district executive board and was authorized to send into the field as organizers 200 miners who had been out on strike for nearly three years, and who up to that time had almost been forgotten by the people living in Hopkins and other counties. They were sent to the various mines in the county, and at last succeeded in organizing the white miners employed by the Monarch mines, leaving that mine badly crippled.

The Providence and Forsythe mines in Webster county were next visited and the two mines were closed down. The Providence mines were idle only a few days, the places of the strikers being filled by negroes imported from the South. The Forsythe mine employed only forty men and since the strike no effort has been made to open it.

It was at the Providence mines that the first act of notable lawlessness occurred. A boarding house occupied by seven or eight non-union negro miners was blown up with dynamite. No one was injured as most of the men were away at the time. Four union miners were arrested and charged with the crime, but were discharged and the prosecuting witness, a non-union miner, was indicted for perjury.

The next mine to feel the effects of the strike was the Sebree in Webster county. The union men succeeded in organizing a majority of the men there and the mine was forced to close down. New men were secured, and the mine was again worked to its full capacity.

The organizers continued at work and occasionally picked up a man first at one mine and then at another and at last succeeded in bringing together at a meeting 500 people, four-fifths of them being union miners. This was the largest gathering of union miners held in this county up to that time. On Jan. 27 125 men met at Hortonville to listen to a speech by Organizer Ben Kissingen. While Kissingen was speaking Deputy Sheriff Lindle and a posse arrived, being sent there by President Atkinson of the St. Bernard, who said he had information that the men were going to march on the Carbondale mine and force the non-union men out.

Lindle said he was there to see that the union men did not carry out their threats. The union men said that they were annoyed by the deputy and his posse and adjourned the meeting, saying they would go to a building they had rented near Carbondale. When within a mile of Carbondale they were intercepted by the deputy and his posse. He commanded them to disperse, which they refused to do. Firing then began, and when the smoke cleared four men were found dead, one of them a member of the posse. Three of the posse were arrested and tried and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for manslaughter.

After the excitement incident to this shooting died down Wood issued a second call to the miners to leave their work, but the Monarch mine was the only one much affected. Since then there has been much shooting from ambush at night, but no one save a sleeping negro has been wounded. It was the fear of an outbreak that induced Gov. Beckham to send detachments of the State militia to the mines, and they are now in charge.

An agreement was signed by the leaders of the union miners and the non-union miners by which all arms were delivered over to the State militia. The militia guarantees the safety of the non-union miners and also guarantees the freedom of the union miners in trying to induce the non-union men to organize.

One Way to Sell Suburban Property.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"Do you know how they sell land out in Kansas?" asked George Dunkin of Saline county, Kansas, of which county he is the clerk. He was back at his old home for the reunion of the pupils of the old Brighton school, of which he was a pupil when a boy.

"When a real estate man has a customer from a distance to see a farm that lies some distance out of the city, he makes his arrangements beforehand. He has a team of fast horses waiting to take the customer out to look at the farm, and just as they are starting a pretty girl happens along and he greets her cordially. She is sure to be a pretty girl and a witty one. She asks the real estate man where he is going, and when he tells her she remarks that it will be a lovely drive, as the country is so pretty in that direction. Then the real estate man introduces the pretty girl to the stranger and finally asks her if she would like to ride out to the farm with them.

"Of course she says 'yes,' and gets into the seat beside the stranger, while the real estate man drives. He keeps the horses going at a good clip all the way and the pretty girl makes equal speed with her talk. She is so bright and witty that the stranger thinks they have been on the road but a few minutes when they arrive at the farm. He is surprised to find it so near the town.

"After he has bought the farm and drives out to it alone, when there is no pretty girl on the seat beside him, he is surprised to see how far from town it is. The real estate men have pretty girls for their stenographers and teach them their part of the game."

Blind Theodore's Strange Fancy.

From the Indianapolis News

UPLAND, Ind., Oct. 7.—"Blind Theodore," who was killed by the cars, met his death as expected by thousands of people who knew him in this State. Although he was stone-blind, he would beat his way on freight trains from point to point, and when he was killed he was trying to get aboard a train running twenty-five miles an hour. When he was admonished by friends to stay away from the railroads he always replied that he did not care if he was killed so that it was done instantly. His wish was gratified, as he was cut in two diagonally across the trunk and never breathed. Upon hearing a noise in a box car one dark night the railway agent at Redkey investigated and found "Blind Theodore" with his pantaloons across his lap, while he was sewing on a patch. As the immortal "J. N." was to the passenger trains so was "Blind Theodore" to the side door sleepers. He was killed at Bunker Hill.

Sinking Creek Has Sunk Again.

From the Baltimore Sun

MOOREFIELD, W. Va., Oct. 8.—The disappearance of Sinking Creek, a large mountain stream in Pendleton county, West Virginia, has mystified the people and has caused financial loss. It furnished power for several mills, but has suddenly disappeared. About a week ago the water in the stream began to fall, and now the bed is almost dry. There has been plenty of rain, and the only explanation of the stream's disappearance is that it has worn its way through into sub-terranean caverns and poured out of the underground streams. Old citizens say that the creek disappeared in the same manner many years ago by finding a subterranean outlet. This incident gave the name to the creek.

THE HARVARD UNION NOW OPEN

A NEW SOCIAL ORGANIZATION WITH A FINE HOME.

Its Purpose Is to Foster the University Spirit at Cambridge and to Make the Students Acquainted—Started by Generous Gifts by Graduates.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 12.—Much interest is shown in Harvard's new social organization, the Harvard Union, among undergraduates, graduates and college instructors. The union is an experiment of just three weeks' standing, the doors of its new building in Quincy street having been opened on Sept. 21, the day students reported for work at the university. It has already attained a membership of about 2,500. Of this number about 1,100 are undergraduates, an equal number are graduate members and about 250 are life members. As the college year advances the officers of the union expect to see the membership greatly increased.

Just now the union is answering all the purposes for which it was instituted, namely, to bring the departments of Harvard into a better mutual understanding, and to afford a centre for the formation of a general public spirit in the university and especially in the college which will take the place of the class spirit of a generation ago. As a prominent Harvard man said last evening:

"The aim of the union is to afford opportunities for the fellows to get acquainted with one another. In past years, a man sometimes knew only a few of the students, with whom he came in daily contact. Of course the athletic gang became acquainted and the society gang got to know one another very well, but as a general thing, men rarely knew any of the students outside of their little cliques.

"With the union crowded with useful and entertaining books and periodicals and works of art, all tending to improve a man intellectually, the hall is bound to become the lounging place of students, instructors and graduates at times when their studies do not require their attention. Mingling in this way, the fellows will daily become better acquainted with fellows they would not have known in months of ordinary college life.

"Whether the union will at once become a success is a very doubtful question, but the opening is certainly very auspicious. In my mind, there is no doubt that in the years to come, the Harvard Union will become the centre of a strong university spirit."

Membership in the union is divided into five classes. All students of the university whether attending the college proper or any of the various professional schools connected with it, are eligible to active membership, the fee being $10 a year. Graduates residing within twenty-five miles of Cambridge and officers of the university can become associate members upon payment of $5. For graduates residing outside the twenty-five-mile limit a non-resident membership has been established, the yearly dues being $3. Graduates of Harvard not at present attending any of the graduate schools are eligible to life membership upon payment of $50. The fifth class is a life membership provided for grudutaes of Harvard attending some department. The fee for this class is $75. Only active and life members have the privilege of voting upon club matters.

Besides being a place where students can meet socially, there is a restaurant connected with the union which promises to become a centre of college life. All the athletic teams will take their meals there, and on Monday the training tables for the football teams will be established. Students can obtain the same fare served to the football players at prices somewhat in advance of Memorial Hall rates. It is proposed to serve what is to be called the training-table lunch and dinner beginning Monday. The dinner will cost 75 cents and the luncheon 50 cents.

The Harvard Union is not a new idea. As far back as 1879, William R. Thayer, editor of the quarterly *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, and a few others conceived the idea of such an all-round university club and founded another Harvard Union. This developed into a debating society and did not meet the ideas of the founders. Little was done to carry out the present scheme until the fall of 1895 and of 1896, when meetings of persons interested were called at the University Club in Boston. It was between and after these meetings that most of the preliminary work was accomplished. The matter was brought before the Harvard alumni throughout the country, a vast amount of correspondence was carried on, and it became more and more evident that the plan was feasible.

The financial stringency delayed for a time the work of raising the necessary money, and this was followed by the Spanish war, which diverted attention from the proposed union. After the war it was proposed to make one room in the building a subscription memorial to the Harvard men killed in the campaign, as the great Memorial Hall was built in memory of those who died in the struggle between the North and the South. This plan fell through.

About this time Henry L. Higginson, who had previously given the great playground on the Charles River, Soldiers' Field, to Harvard, came forward with an offer of $150,000 to build a clubhouse. Augustus Hemenway, who gave the Hemenway Gymnasium, added $10,000 for the furnishings, and finally J. H. Hyde of New York, who four years ago established the Hyde lectureship, by which the Cercle Français is able annually to invite some distinguished Frenchman to this country for the purpose of giving a course of lectures at Harvard, subscribed $20,000 toward the union. Then the construction of the home for the organization was begun. The site is in Quincy street, is conveniently near the yard and is but a step from the electric cars.

The building was completed last June and on June 21 the doors were thrown open for public inspection. During the summer the interior work was finished and the home of the union is now a delightfully comfortable place. The great living room, which takes up the entire southern front of the building and is three stories high, is a kind of memorial to famous Harvard men, graduates or instructors. The dimensions of the room are about 90 by 40 feet, with an oak panelling to the height of 15 feet. The walls are wainscoted with oak and the panelling contains tablets with spaces for the names of 200 men, which will be inscribed in raised gilt letters. The first selection of twenty-five names has already been made. They are:

John Adams, 1755; James Russell Lowell 1838; Louis Agassiz, hon., 1848; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1821; Joseph Warren, 1759; Cotton Mather, 1678; Joseph Story, 1798; Benjamin Peirce, 1829; Edward Everett, 1811; Asa Gray, hon., 1844; Henry Dunster, Charles Bulfinch, 1781; Charles Sumner, 1830; John Quincy Adams, 1787; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, hon., 1859; Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1829; John Winthrop, 1732; James Otis, 1743; William Ellery Channing, 1798; Nathaniel Bowditch, hon., 1802; George Bancroft, 1817; Samuel Adams 1740; Washington Allston, 1800; Francis James Child, 1846, and Jeffries Wyman, 1833.

At each end of the room is a large fireplace surmounted by an oak mantel. Over the eastern mantel three national emblems have been carved in the stonework, and a bust of Washington stands upon the mantel. Under the bust is the following motto:

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair."—Washington.

Over the western mantel are carved the seals of Harvard College, of Cambridge University and of John Harvard's college Emmanuel, at Cambridge. An ideal bust of John Harvard rests upon the mantel, an accurate likeness being unobtainable, because no portrait of the founder is known to exist. Under the bust is carved:

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold."

The floor of the room is surrounded by a stone border and covered with large rugs. The furniture consists of settees, easy chairs, large and small tables and writing desks.

The western wing of the Union is taken up by three large reading rooms finished in red, which contain a number of chairs and small tables. The two end rooms are used for games, while the middle one is the periodical reading room and contains the trophy cases. A large grill room, finished in oak, takes up the whole southern part of the east wing. Next to the grill room is a pantry connected by dumbwaiters with the kitchen beneath, and beyond this is a smaller dining room for private meals.

As one enters the Union, the room to the right hand of the main door is occupied by the bookkeeper and treasurer. On the left of the entrance are a small visitor's room and two coat rooms. A little to the east of the main entrance is a smaller entrance for use of members accompanied by ladies. A private staircase leads from this entrance to the second floor. The left wing on the second floor is occupied by several large rooms opening into each other, which can be used for a variety of purposes. One is to be used as a ladies' dining room and next to it is a large pantry. The other two rooms will be for committee meetings and for use by the different college clubs. When desired the rooms can be converted into a large hall for dancing purposes.

The western wing of the second floor contains three large library rooms. They are furnished with oak book shelves running out into the middle room forming alcoves and in each alcove, tables have been placed. The library is entirely independent of the college library and contains most of the current literature of the day. It was first endowed by Mr. Hyde and donations have since been made by many undergraduate organizations. Book publishers are constantly giving volumes for the shelves. Directly over the main entrance is a room 30 by 44 feet where the freshmen can play billiards. Over this floor there is a balcony which allows visitors to look down into the living room. Under the living room in the basement is a large billiard room hall for the upper class men.

The two wings on the third floor are entirely taken up by a number of bedrooms. Six of these are for use of graduates or members who wish to spend the night at the Union and there are also rooms for the stewards and servants.

YOUNG OLD TAR HEEL PEOPLE.

A Corner of North Carolina Where Years Are Lightly Borne.

"I reckon you will come around to agree with me that the mountain country of North Carolina has a right to be called healthful when I tell you about some of the folks that are alive and kicking down there yet," said B. W. Horton of Burke county, N. C. "At Cherry Mount, not long before I came North I stopped to chat a minute or so with Aunt Sallie Crowder, as she was milking her cows, while her husband, Uncle Andy, was chopping fire wood near by, with a swing to his axe as hearty as a woodsman's. Aunt Sallie had passed her ninetieth year, and Uncle Andy was 94.

"As I was driving one day to Rutherford, in Rutherford county, I met ex-Sheriff Andy Long going home. He was riding a frisky young mule. He stopped, and I stopped.

"'How old is that mule, Sheriff? I asked him.

"'Well, sub,' said he, 'they say mules get to be powerful old, but if this here mule lives to be as old as I am, he'll have to live 93 years yet. He's just three year old, this mule is.'

"'Great Gabriel's horn!' I exclaimed 'You're not 96, are you, Sheriff?'

"'Ninety-six last Tuesday,' he replied, and away he went on his three-year-old mule, as chipper as a cricket.

"I met Uncle Billy Wade not long afterward, and I asked him if he had any idea how old Sheriff Andy Long was, for I thought the old fellow was stretching it a little. Uncle Billy was busy at his forge, for he is a worker in iron and brass, as well as a carpenter and wagonmaker. He didn't answer me until he had finished a job of welding. Then he pondered a moment and said:

"'Well, the Sheriff is either three or four years older than I am. Three, I think. And I am 93 past.'

"John Long and his brother Preston were gathering their corn as I came along by their place. They are brothers of Sheriff Andy. I stopped, and couldn't help referring to the amazing age and vigor of Andy, as well as to the haleness and heartiness of their neighbor, Uncle Billy Wade, at 93.

"'Why, yes,' said Preston Long, 'they are doing quite well for men of their age, but I reckon me and John here'll be right smart ourselves when we git to be as old as they are. John'll have to live longer than I will, though, to get to be as old as Andy or Uncle Billy is. John is only 90 now. He's the baby of the family. I'll be 92 in a month from now.'

"Then John Long wanted to know if I had heard about Aunt 'Rintha Covington. I said I hadn't.

"'She sprained her ankle,' said John, 'and she says she's mighty glad she ain't so old as Granny Holifield of Ellenboro, or she'd be fearsome she'd be lame for the rest of her life. She's only comin' 91, Aunt 'Rintha is.'

"'How old is Granny Hollifield, for goodness sake,' I said.

"'Granny?' replied John. 'Lemme see, Preston. Is it 116 or 117 that Granny Hollifield is?'

"'Hundred and seventeen past,' said Preston. 'And the record of it is down, too.'

"And I found out later that such was the case.

"'And Aunt Charlotte Whitesides,' continued John Long. 'Did you hear about her?'

"I told him I had not.

"'Aunt Charlotte is Aunt 'Rintha's young sister. She's only 89. I heard you speakin' of Aunt Sallie Crowder. Well, Aunt 'Rintha Covington and Aunt Charlotte Whitesides are both sisters of Aunt Sallie's. You know Bill Struthers's old billy goat, Capt. Kidd, don't you?'

"I had often heard of that ugly old goat that everybody in its neighborhood was afraid of.

"'Well, sir,' said John, 'that goat has out-butted every nigger they could get to go ag'in him and run everybody out of the pasture lot that dared to try and go across it. Aunt Charlotte went out to gather snake root and other roots and yarbs the other day and she took a short cut across the pasture lot. The fightin' goat seen her and went for her at once. He butted her over before Aunt Charlotte knew what was comin'. When she got up and see the goat standin' there ready to come agin, she grabbed him by the whiskers and the horns and flopped him on his back so quick it almost made his eyes bulge, and before he could get over his surprise she knocked him all the way out with a fence rail. She went on her way and by and by the goat came to, but they say that whenever he sees Aunt Charlotte come into that field he goes 'way over to t'other side of it.'

"I found out elsewhere that it was a fact about Aunt Charlotte licking that goat terror, just as John Long had told me. Uncle Bob Lattimore confirmed the statement. Uncle Bob had just come in from a day's quail hurting when I saw him. He had a nice bag of birds, too.

"'Yes, sir!' said he. 'Aunt Charlotte fixed that pesky Capt. Kidd, and mighty quick, too, she did. If I wasn't quite so young I'd jest try to get her to quit bein' a widow, but she'd only laugh at a youngster like me. I've only jest turned 87. If I was only Ben Harman of King's Mountain, now, I'd be after her in less than no time' said Uncle Bob.

"'How old is Ben Harman?' I asked.

"'Ben was 93 last June,' said Uncle Bob, 'and he can chop more wood in a day than any other man in the mountains.'

"Uncle Bill Hooten, Uncle Bob's neighbor and rival in raising big watermelons, corroborated this about Ben Harman of King's Mountain. Uncle Bill thoughtfully to know, because he and Ben were boys together, although he admitted that Ben was three years older than he was.

"I tell you we are healthy down in that corner of the Tar Heel State! Dying is the last thing people think of, down there," said Mr. Horton.

"CALVES AND BICEPS."

Discussion of the Mystery of Strong Thin Men.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Bull neck, broad shoulders, salient biceps and colossal calves are probably inherited and acquired evidences of laborious life. Primeval man was likely slender, agile, powerful—his muscle almost pure contractile cells, while labor muscles contain more tendon and sheathing, more fat and connective tissue. The lean is nearer the natural ideal although this fact escaped the Greek sculptors.

Normally lean men have surprisingly soft muscles, almost like women's, for pure contractile tissue is quite soft. Though unpractised, such men can usually chin a pole with one hand. Heavy-muscled men are always more or less muscle bound.

The famous Willis Watkins of Kentucky is described as lean and sinewy. Watkins with a barlow knife disemboweled an elephant that trod on his foot in a circus. Assaulted by the whole circus force with tent pegs, shovels and knives, he whipped them all, "even then not having enough he cried: "Bring on yah bars an' taggers." Watkins struck out from the face like a flail, landing with the outside of his open hand. It is said he broke the necks of two powerful men in this way—the last after Watkins's sixtieth year. His doctor said he had a double breastbone in breadth and thickness, and that his breast was one mass of knife scars. He was the hero of many backwoods homerics and was never whipped.

Another soft, lean Kentucky man was possessed of an ape, serpent and opossum devil worthy of the pen of Stevenson. At the least touch in a fight down on the ground he would fall—pale, cold, apparently paralyzed with fear. The assailant once upon him, this fiend would use every unfair choke, bite and hold of the male gorilla. Instantly, the man on top would be screaming that is, if able—"Pull me off, pull me off." Such men have a psychic character as distinct as their muculature, for they seem an outcrop through involution from a long-submerged past. Nearly all of them are North Europe brunes, have dark eyes and skin, thick straight hair, are almost never bald and seldom gray; are doliche-cephalic, show no Turanian or Illyrian characteristics, are probably "sports" from the proto-Celtic. The mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky seem to cause a greater frequency of return to this type than elsewhere. INVOLUTION.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your correspondent, J. B. Learned, M. D., touches a very interesting subject in which he says: "Vital power is a product invisible," and dates it back to "the quality of the organizing cell, thence to the quality of ——— which organized the cell," the blank indicating the unknown source.

Men are not born equal in a physical and mental sense. Each has his own inherited capacity for possible development. This capacity depends in part upon the physical proclivities and mental propensities transmitted by his ancestry, somewhat as an average matter but subject to variations, and in part by the degree of vital force existant in the organism which drives those proclivities and propensities to their legitimate end.

Fine mental propensities often accomplish little because of deficient vital forces to energize them. Poorer mental propensities better supported by vitality often win the race. But the finer propensities united with higher vitality make the great men (great in any mental or moral direction). Proclivities are generally an evidence of strength but not necessarily of activity or endurance. A longer, less bunched and denser muscular proclivity goes with activity and endurance and I incline to think with longevity. The vitality behind both may be of the same degree but it will not make them equal at the same tasks. The mental propensities and physical proclivities give direction to the most effective expenditure of vital force, and indicate the tasks, mental or physical, at which each organism may become most proficient.

A man may not change the mental or physical capacities which he has inherited, but few men work those capacities up to their natural limit and thus make the most of life that is possible to them. The reason is that they do not husband their vitality for its best uses. The glutton wastes his in digesting food which his system does not need and deteriorates his own physical fibre. A dairy cow would do the same except that she performs a task and yields a result that calls for the surplus food and relieves her system from clogging. Alcoholic stimulant sends the vital force to seeking every point, through even the weaker as well as the more pronounced propensities and proclivities. It becomes a push in all directions. Temporarily it sometimes excites brilliancy of intellect and not hitherto unsuspected, but seldom helps along the accomplishment of any practical task, for the dissipation of vitality comes before the work is transmitted in tangible form. Mental dissipation is as bad as physical. It is a leak of the vital storage battery.

Whence comes vital force? Your correspondent answers his own question with a conservative reply. He has not yet explored well the report later "as the evidences accumulate." Far be it from me to pose as a teacher on so obscure a ground but we may perhaps consider to advantage the deductions of scientists who have devoted much study to the subject. From what I have read of these I believe the solution of the question as far as it can ever be understood will be found along the lines of inheritance from temperamental opposites in the parentage, the higher vitality coming where the pronounced positives on one side find their affinitive negatives on the other. The breeders of racehorses call this condition a "nick" or "hit," and they have found by experience that the crossing of one special blood line with another special line affords a higher vitality than the promiscuous crossing of either of these special lines with other blood equally as good. And it is farther found that blood lines which nicked each other fifty years ago, when crossed with descendants again crossed with each other in modern generations, again show more than an average tendency to throw out that higher vitality which separates the winner from the rack.

No man can increase the natural limit of the vitality, propensities and proclivities into whose imprisonment he was born, but if he study himself carefully he can, by mental and physical self-denial and discipline, at first difficult and afterward easy, bring his vital forces to work in accord with his best propensities and proclivities and discover in himself greater powers of accomplishment than he ever knew before. Until he perfects his ability his greatest opportunity will not become available, for he will not be ready to seize it. HARK COMSTOCK.

An Argument for Immortality.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It has always seemed odd that in attempting to establish the immortality of the soul so many theologians have begun by requiring us to have faith. "Once possessed of faith, a clearness of vision and a deeper understanding of the things of God will remove all doubts," they say. Would it not be more logical to expect faith as the result of conviction rather than as a means to it? Faith should be the light which shines from the tower of logical reasoning, not the foundation lying buried beneath an unfinished structure of uncertainty.

Since this world began—from its nebulous state to its present form—in all the chemical changes and differentiation of matter through which it has passed—one unfailing law has obtained, so the men of science tell us. Nothing is lost. The tree falls to the ground in the forest and by the action of oxygen in the air, it is slowly burned to a state of vegetable mould, its liberated gases returning to the atmosphere from whence they came, and only that remaining which had been borrowed from the earth itself. Nothing is lost.

From the first spark of vegetable life which sprang into existence beneath the endless oceans of our prehistoric earth, to the first little vertebrate that clambered timidly upon a dreary and lonely land, Nature's great effort seems to have been to produce a body capable of holding a mind. See how the vertebrates, once established, forged ahead in the race for mentality, how the struggle for existence, the "survival of the fittest," tended to progress, as Darwin and Huxley teaches us. In the age of darkness in the supremacy of physical force, a dim light penetrates the gloom and the mind of primeval man appears. Dull though it is, its possibilities of development are there. The divine spark of consciousness of entity is born. Man has won the race.

The mental force which is to govern all things physical is here at last, subservient only to that subtle something which can think of mentality itself as objective. The I, the ego, the soul, the master power of all, which seems to most itself first with the birth of mentality.

This, then, is what nature has striven for so long—to produce a being capable of knowing that it thinks, a being endowed with a divine spark of inner consciousness which looks out upon its own mind as upon a plain, the result of Nature's best effort for ages, the comparative realization of her aims. Then the question arises, is this spark immortal, or does it perish, with the dissolution of the physical body it inhabits? Is there a real immortality, and it comes to exist after physical life, the flower of Nature's effort, that rises transcendently above the mind through which it expresses itself, the only thing in the universe that is not lost? The earth worm is not lost—its body goes to enrich the earth. The merest atom is not lost; in a thousand new forms it reappears.

Can it be that this inspired resident of the inner sanctum of consciousness, seemingly intangible, yet all-powerful, to change which, as matter is changed, would seem to be to destroy it—can it be, I say, that this guiding star of entity is the only thing in the universe that is lost? Can it be that Nature has seen fit to lose that only, of all her possessions, which she has striven hardest to gain?

NEW YORK, Sept. 26. C. VERNON.

Statement by a Police Sergeant.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been a sergeant of the Police Department for many years and was promoted before it was necessary to buy the promotion and as I have read your articles in the late issues of THE SUN I thought it well for the good of all concerned to give you a little advice and I directed my daughter to write this letter.

For the last twelve years patrolmen have been victims of superior officers, owing to the very disagreeable hours they had under the old system and if the patrolmen were as independent as they are now they would have done much to reform the evils that have existed for the last twelve years. A patrolman can go on his post at night and close a disorderly house and he is not afraid of his captain as he can only be made to do eight hours' patrol and only a certain amount of reserve duty, such as theatres where the captains get their free passes for the politicians and friends, all at the expense of the patrolmen's reserve duty and the following captains have always sold posts: Capts. John Cooney, Stephen Brown and J. R. Price. Capt. Price did not do it in the Nineteenth precinct but he did it in every other precinct he was in. Each patrolman who had a good post paid to Policeman Henry Schill $5 per month for his snap. Wardman Coughlin collects for Capt. Cooney and Wardman Warren Maxin for Capt. Brown. Now, there is another thing you should notice, the patrolmen are mostly all opposed to Tammany Hall as they have been blackmailed for so long and hard and many come out blunt for Seth Low and you are hurting your choice for Mayor by creating an impression in the department that the election of Low will mean a change of hours. Besides it is well known to Chief Croker that the police are tired of Tammany Hall and he is talking at random but he is helping his uncle Dick out all the time. Furthermore you should know that Chief Croker is a rattlehead and a pet of the Fire Commissioners and he discouraged a change of hours in the Fire Department and most every fireman is against him in a quiet way. Justice Jerome will get more votes from and through the Police Department than any other candidate because he is a friend to the plain patrolman and he has learned that about 175 men on the force (captains and collectors) are disgracing the whole department. Now I am in sympathy with Low and the captain of my precinct is quite a square man and I never made any trouble for patrolmen. I have their confidence, therefore, I can judge. Trusting you will look into my ideas for the best, I remain one of your ardent readers.

OLD SERGEANT FAIRPLAY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.

Silent Thinkers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Q. Do the silent think? A. Thought makes people silent. Occupation is productive of thought; thought imperatively demands silence. Silence may give a man a bad reputation among women, but it puts dollars in his pocket. And the more occupied a man becomes, the more silent he becomes.

Occupied men argue when they have time to argue on such subjects that they have no time to talk. They use that time not actually used in doing things in considering what has been done and what will be done. When they do talk, it is because talking is necessary to accomplish their purpose; when talking is unnecessary, they give it to the fellow that has the time and listen and learn—and that prompts me to say that no man learned anything from hearing himself talk, unless it was to learn what several kinds of a fool he could make of himself talking.

Do the silent think? To accomplish things, man must think; to think, man must be silent. Croker is a silent man, but does he rule Tammany Hall without thinking? M. S. Quay is not a voluble man, but has he ever been accused of ruling Pennsylvania politics without thinking? Edison invents and discovers, but never in conversation. Is the executive head of any great business a babbler? Has any man ever achieved success by talking continuously? Has a voluble man ever accomplished anything that a silent man could not have accomplished in half the time?

If the woman who started this discussion were placed in a position where she was obliged to do things, I am inclined to think she would grow less talkative and more thoughtful, and she would have no difficulty in answering her own question to her entire satisfaction. E. W. T.

SCRANTON, Sept. 30.

Feminine Costumes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In a set of questions published by your paper a few days ago "An American Woman" seems to argue that because some men wear tight pants and assume indecorous attitudes in public places, it is proper for women to adopt immodest fashions. I wonder how many women agree with her. I do not, for one. I do believe that most of my sex prefer to retain the refined delicacy, good breeding and modest bearing for which American women have been proverbial. As to the criticism of the sterner sex, I have usually found it kind, becoming adverse or severe only when something monstrous comes into fashion, such as the "theatre hat," ridiculously low sleeves and large hoop-skirts, or when such postures as the "Grecian bend" and "kangaroo stoop" are assumed. It is not surprising that there has been strong condemnation of the late style of dipping forward from a ridiculously low belt line, distorting the figure until it appears like a deformity, and women are as severe in denunciation of it as men, condemning this and every other fashion disclosing immodestly the "feminine form divine." F. H. J.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Oct. 10.

Mrs. Stanton on Public Life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am intensely interested in the impending election, and feel deeply, as every woman should, the disgrace of the corrupt government this metropolis has so long endured. Haeckel, in his "Riddle of the Universe," has well said: "While we look back with a just pride on the immense progress of the nineteenth century in a knowledge of nature and in its practical application, we find, unfortunately, a very different and far from agreeable picture when we turn to another and not less important province of modern life. To our great regret we must indorse the words of Alfred Wallace: 'Compared with our astounding progress in physical science and its practical application, our system of government, of administrative justice and of national education, and our entire social and moral organization remain in a state of barbarism.'

"To convince ourselves of the truth of this grave indictment we need only cast an unprejudiced glance at our public life, or look into the mirror that is daily offered to us by the press, the organ of public sentiment."

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The Servant's View.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I should like to write a few lines as regards a plea for American women, as I am one of the number of women who are compelled to earn their living by their own exertion. I would say if women who require help would show a kindly and appreciative feeling and remember they are human beings as well as themselves, there would be more American women who are capable and willing to do housekeeping in families, accepting the position gratefully. But they will not be treated as interiors or menials, and why should they? Many are refined, intelligent and educated.

It is circumstances that compel most of them to seek such places to be independent. Every right-minded person will certainly acknowledge it as an honorable occupation, although a housekeeper has seven days to work, while other women have five or six.

I hope the time will come when American women will have a fitting place in the homes of our citizens.

By kindly inserting these few lines in your valuable paper you will greatly oblige.

NEWARK, Oct. 7. PLUTO.

Shall He Expose the Criminal?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "Perplexed" should not expose this embezzler, nor should he report this case to the authorities whose duty it would then be to cause his arrest for the offence alleged to have been committed somewhere and at a time recent or remote.

If this person shall continue to defraud, then it will be time to develop the fact that he is a determined criminal. If his future life shall show his reformation is accomplished, his past sins may well be blotted out.

To your headline query: "Shall We Expose the Criminal?" I answer, yes. We not only should expose the man who makes a business of lawlessness of crime, but we should now, at the moment of his reformation, measure him, and thoroughly note upon our records of his past life. The discharged prisoner doing well deserves our sympathy and hearty support.

E. STONAKER.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 8.

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