MRS. S. S. HARRIS WRITES INTERESTINGLY FROM JAPAN

Karnizawa, Japan, July 22, 1908.
To the Christian Advocate:

The closing exercises of the primary department of McTyeire (Clopton Lambuth), were held in the chapel on June 26th, and no better recitations (English), no better music, no better drill, was ever given by children of like age in the United States.

On July third, at five o'clock, commenced the closing of McTyeire. Dr. J. B. Fearn presided in a most pleasing manner, presenting diplomas and musical certificates. Consul Denby of the United States delivered a ten minutes address, and a Chinese gentleman, a Tasti, delivered one of much greater length. There were three graduates. One rendered an essay, "Chinese Ethics," in Chinese. Of course it must be in Mandarin, no one in the house understanding it except her Chinese teacher and the Tasti. One gave an English essay, "Chinese Old and New," which was understood by the foreigners present and perhaps one-third of the girls. The Tasti's talk was understood by perhaps two dozen.

Everything that was given in Chinese would have been understood by everybody present (except myself) if it had been given in the Colloquial, the spoken language of the province. The preaching by our missionaries and the native preachers is done in the Colloquial and the hymns are in the same, and it is the translation we use altogether the first year, but it must not be used for addresses, etc.

I knew the mothers and friends present at the primary commencement would not understand a word of English, so I suggested that a little motion song be put into Chinese Colloquial. Miss Richardson asked one of the other girls to do the work, which she did easily, but in a few days returned, saying, "It will never do." The children (eight to twelve years old) were rebelling at being asked to sing the Colloquial, and their parents would be offended to have them do so. To put it into Mandarin, the scholarly language, would not be understood, so it was left in English, to the delight of children and satisfaction of parents. Think of it! Eighteen provinces, all with a different spoken language and only the scholars in the empire understanding the Mandarin. What hope can there be for such a country until it gets a language, a religion, and a money system. When Miss Richardson invited Tasti to make an address, his reply was written in Latin, with one word each of English, French and Chinese.

The commencement was creditable in every way. The instrumental music was fine and the chorus unusually sweet. The school, except graduates, was dressed in very light blue Chinese linen, trimmed in narrow white lace. They adopted this, of their own will, several years ago, and they looked very sweet, and some of them were really quite pretty. The graduates wore black skirts (they never wear colored skirts) with handsome brocaded silk coats, hair ornamented with a stiff little bell-shaped flower, which seems to be the prevailing style. One is from a wealthy family and she wore some handsome pearl ornaments in addition to the flowers. All three are Christians, though only one is from a Christian family.

Japan

The doctor ordered Miss Claiborne and Miss Mary L. White to Japan for the summer, so I am here with them at Karnizawa—Japan's Asheville.

I am practicing on the smaller ones near by, from which we get magnificent views. The water is cold and clear, fresh vegetables and fruits plentiful, flowers in profusion, air bracing, blankets at night in demand, so there is no reason why folks can't get strength. We are boarding in the dearest little Japanese house, which seems like doll playing. The walls are so thin that the rain sounds like it is inside, and you can hear your next room neighbor turn over in her home-made bed. Japan looks as if it were built for a day, while China looks as if it were built for a thousand years. Japan jumps at things and lets loose as quickly, China moves slowly, but sticks.

Japan's temples and shrines are numerous and are in splendid condition, new ones being built, all showing constant use. China's temples and pagodas are dirty, neglected, unused, and falling to pieces. The contrast is very marked—what does it all mean? In this village I have seen at least twenty-five shrines, most of them hung with cloth and paper prayers showing regular use. One day, as we stopped on the road to look at a cute little shrine about two feet high on a broad rock mound, I spied a tremendous big snake in coil, and called to some Japanese workmen near by, to come. One had a big stick. I pointed to the snake, and by vigorous motions showed him I wanted it killed. He went up and to my disgust gently pushed it with the stick until it crawled behind the rocks, then the whole thing dawned upon me. It was superstition—a grave was there—I was face to face with reincarnation—Kill that snake! Never! It was sacred!

Oh! the horror of it all!

The people seem happy, though they are fearfully taxed on account of the war. The railroad fare, second class, from Yokohama here, is two yen (dollars) and twenty sen (cents), but thirty-four sen are added for the tax. The renter pays tax as well as the owner. All salaries are taxed, in fact, everything.

I was surprised to see that the railroad ticket agents at Yokohama were Japanese women. I also saw several in the postoffice. I am told so many men have left the country for money making that it is a necessity. Women work side by side with men in the fields, and in coaling the ships. The household servants are nearly all women.

Just the opposite in China, women are rarely seen working outside of their homes, and never doing man's work, although there are slaves in China in great numbers. I hope to do some real study of the two countries and people. I only throw out these superficial contrasts.

Without an exception, the foreigners in Japan who are teaching Chinese are Chinese young men. They say the Chinese are superior. I have been surprised to hear them express themselves so emphatically.

Japan is quick to adopt, but I fear much of it is only on the surface.

Yours truly,
M. E. WASHBURN.

TOM WATSON ON MONEY AND THE FUNCTION OF MONEY

Last fall there was a panic, in spite of the fact that we had a greater amount of material wealth than ever before. Bankruptcy went stalking through the land and the cry of distress rang from sea to sea. How did our republican president—our friend of the "big stick"—deal with the panic? * * * He virtually said, as Mr. Cleveland had said in 1893: "If nothing else but bonds will do you, come on and get the bonds."

What brought about the panic of 1908? The volume of real money had been so greatly lessened in comparison with the country's need for money, that it is not difficult to "corner" the available supply. New York did this last fall. Credits of all sorts had been recklessly extended, and when the real money was needed New York was found to be in possession of it, and New York held on to it. Neither banks nor individuals could get back their own money from New York without paying an extortionate price for it. How could the situation have been relieved?

The government should have used its sovereign power to create money and should have broken the New York corner on money by issuing its own notes—just as Andrew Jackson did in 1837!

When the British were being led into that death trap at New Orleans in 1815 and their whole campaign was falling into wreck and ruin, one of the generals, who had served under Wellington in Portugal and Spain, cried out: "Oh, for an hour of the old Duke!" There have been at least two occasions when the American people might have cried: "Oh, for an hour of the grim warrior who made that English general feel the need of the old Duke! Oh, for an hour of Andrew Jackson!" * * * By treasury rulings and by acts of congress our money system has been revolutionized. The government has been made to abdicate one of its most important functions. It would not be more dangerous to delegate to private individuals the right to declare war and make treaties than it is to delegate the power to control the creation and distribution of the national currency. Never did any government surrender its royal prerogative of creating money until the Goldsmiths of London bribed a king's paramour into wheedling him into granting the fatal concession. As a matter of historical fact, the monstrous usurpation of our leading class against which we Jeffersonians revolt, had its foul origin in the disgraceful relations which gave Barbara Villiers her power over Charles II. Our forefathers did not intend to part with the sovereign power to create money. Admonished by every lesson which could be taught them by the records of the past, they reserved to the government the great royal function of creating money, just as they reserved to the government every other attribute of sovereignty necessary for the high purpose for which the "more perfect union" was established. They denied to the states the power to make anything else but gold and silver a legal tender of payment of debts, yet, today, six thousand natonal bankers, private citizens though they are, do practically what the constitution forbids the states to do. To the extent of six hundred million dollars, they already have their personal notes in circulation as money; under the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, they are given the right to issue an additional five hundred million. Think of it!

Morgan, Ryan, Belmot, Rockefeller, Harriman, are national bankers, as well as railroad owners. Under this new law they, as bankers, can monetize the securities which, as railroad owners, they see fit to issue. You cannot monetize land, nor cotton, nor corn, nor merchandise; but you can monetize any sort of railroad bonds which have been gathered up by the banking association and which the secretary of the treasury can be persuaded to look upon wih favor. Nor is this the worst of it. When they are given the power to expand and contract the currency, as the Aldrich-Vreeland bill gives it, they cannot only send prices up or down, but can precipitate a panic whenever it is to their interest to do so; thus our government has deliberately given Wall street almost absolute control and terribly dangerous power over the 85,000,000 people of our republic.

Who would not be shocked beyond expression if the government should delegate any other of its sovereign functions to private persons to be exploited for private gain? How long would it be before the flags of revolt would be unfurled from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean, if a few of our money kings are allowed to handle our army and navy? Such a situation is unthinkable. Yet we have its exact parallel—with no less terrible consequences—in the domination of these bankers.

Search ever so diligently throughout the vast storehouse of nature and you will hunt in vain for such a thing as money. Never did it exist until the government called it into life. Nature produces commodities; the law may confer upon one of these commodities or upon several of them, these legal powers which lift the commodity out of its natural position as a commodiay, and give it the artificial, man-made position which entitles it to bear the name of MONEY. Nature does not produce armies. It only supplies the raw material. Just as it ever has been a governmental function to create armies and navies, so it has ever been a governmental function to create money.

To supply the nation with its currency is not only the government's prerogative, but its high and solemn duty. It is a part of the public domain in the loftiest and truest sense. The bankers have invaded it and entrenched themselves upon it. Let the government drive out these insolent trespassers and reclaim the public domain. Let us scourge the money-changers from the temple and consecrate it anew to the holy purpose for which it was created. Let the government itself create all the money. Every dollar thus called into being will have for its security the law of legal tender, the industrial demands of the entire country, and the wealth of all the people.

In its last analysis the currency system which has been foisted upon the American people, is merely the exploitation of the public credit—yours and mine—for their private profit. The credit of all the people represen'ed by our government has been seized upon by six thousand bankers. Every sane and intelligent citizen must know that the government has no more right to surrender to private individuals the credit of all the people than it would have to hire out the army and navy to further some marauding expedition of these buccaneers of Wall street.

Why has the national banker any more right to use the government credit—based upon what you and I produce—than has the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, the lawyer, the editor, the scholar? What right has the government to take what belongs to us all and give it to a favored few?

A currency system, based upon the general credit, would be a blessing to us all. Surrender it to a few, who use it for their private gain and our oppression, it has become a curse.

We Jeffersonians have been decried and reviled as wild people, asking for something that was visionary, impracticable, unlawful—why should we be condemned for advocating and boldly demanding that the rights guaranteed to us by the constitution of our country should be restored?

To break the fetters which the money power has fastened upon the people was one of the leading purposes of Thomas Jefferson.

That he did break that power, in his day, was one of the crowning glories of Andrew Jackson.

It is an astounding evidence of the success with which the banking class has hypnotized the people, that we—the disciples of Jackson and Jefferson—should encounter a storm of persecution when we endeavor to arouse the people to a knowledge of their financial slavery.

The happiest era in the history of our republic was the decade which preceded the civil war. The principles of Jackson and Jefferson were supreme. What we are trying to do is to bring back the ascendancy of these principles, so that our people may again be prosperous and free and happy.

Taking advantage of the civil war; taking advantage of the fiery passions which burned so long and so fiercely; taking advantage of the wickedness and woe of the reconstruction perior, these "non-combatant" financiers, actuated by the same vile spirit as that which sends the ghoul to rob the dead upon the battlefield, contrived the cunning system of finance which shackles our commerce and despoils our labor.

Torn by sectional prejudice and political agitation, the people on both sides, north and south, were unconscious of the vicious, vandal laws which were being put upon the statute books.

Shall section prejudice always keep us blind to facts? Shall political agitation always deafen us to the voice of truth?

The money power, which Jefferson fought and defeated; the financial system which Jackson attacked and overthrew, has come back, as Thos. H. Benton said it would, hungrier, and more powerful than ever. If the American people are not willing to see their republic glide into the hands of a monied aristocracy, they must arouse themselves to a determined effort to regain their industrial independence.

IF DONE RIGHT, FARMING WILL PAY

Sandspur Grass Hay—Japanese Cane for a Forage Crop—A Tribute to "Mother"

Reddick, Fla., Aug. 28, 1908.
Special Cor. Ocala Banner:

Hay-making has been about the only work to engage the farmers for the two weeks past, and an unusual amount has been harvested. On one farm of 400 acres, north of Reddick, is one of the finest hay crops ever seen in Florida, and the owner has engaged several of his neighbors who possessed mowing outfits to assist him in harvesting the crop. With the native beggar weed ad crab grass and the adaptation of our lands to other forage crops there is no excuse for anyone buying northern-grown hay. We also notice that more of our farmers have planted velvet beans this year than formerly. But the one crop that gives the greatest yield of all, sorghum not excepted, is the Japanese cane, but our farmers, it seems, have not yet realized its value as a forage plant.

The director of the government experiment station in Louisiana several years ago, after several years experimenting with the Japanese cane, came to the conclusion that it was by all odds the most valuable forage plant ever introduced in the southern states and he sent the first lot of it ever received in Florida to the experimnt station at Lake City. Soon after its introduced it was lauded to the skies by those who had seed-cane of it to sell as being far superior to ordinary sugar cane. The yield in syrup, and the quality, it was claimed, far surpassed our sugar cane, besides it did not require replanting for several years. While the Times-Union was publishing letters almost daily making these exaggerated claims the director of the Louisiana station sent a communication to that paper denying these claims, stating that it would not produce as many gallons of syrup per acre as our sugar cane, and that the quality of syrup was greatly inferior. But he urged the farmers to plant it as a forage crop, stating that no other plant yielded so much good forage per acre, and that for cattle and horses, on account of the saccharine matter it contained, it was excellent. It seems to us it would be the ideal plant for the silo.

A farmer showed us a lot of sandspur hay the other day. It was cut before the spurs matured, and it seems they had all dropped off in the handling from the mowing machine to the hay press, as we did not find a sandspur with "stickers" in the lot, and it seemed in every way equal in value to first class timothy. He was selling it at $20 per ton. This is what is known as the long sandspur grass.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Mayo have gone back to their old home in Georgia, and from there Mr. Mayo goes to Rocky Ford, Col., on his annual trip to superintend the selection of his cantaloupe seed for next year's crop.

Messrs. J. C. Dupree, S. C. Mayo, E. D. and S. F. Rou attended the great K. of P. convention in Boston the first of the month, going by steamer from Savannah. The weather was squally and the water was rough, so all of the crowd, except Mayo, made frequent and large contributions to Neptune. The boys say they never were so sick, but Mayo never missed a meal. They tell it on him that he was overheard telling the old sailors and sea captain how to keep from being sea sick.

The merchants are receiving their fall and winter goods, which show the usual care and taste of our merchants in their selections.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Wilson of Lakeland visited Mr. Wilson's parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. P. Wilson, the first two weeks in August. This gave the doctor and Mrs. Wilson their first opportunity to become acquainted with their first granddaughter, little Miss Elizabeth, and of course they think there is no other child that can compare with her.

Emmett Wilson came over from Glenwood and spent a few days with his brother and returned with him to Lakeland on his way back to Glenwood.

Mr. James Robertson, city salesman for Smith Bros., candy manufacturers of Jacksonville, is spending the week with his mother, Mrs. R. A. Boyd, trying to recuperate his health. There is no one like mother when we get sick. No matter how old or how great a man may be he wants his mother when he is sick. No one else knows us as well, and no one else can overlook our faults, weaknesses and petulance as mother does. Then no one else can ever learn to cook like mother. God bless our mothers. What a pity that more of our boys don't learn to appreciate their mothers until after they leave the old home.

Well, let us make one last long and strong pull to elect Bryan. He will turn the rascals out, and we will be prosperous and happy ever after.

BARCUS.

USED TRUNK FOR A BANK

Jehu Chesser of LaCrosse was the victim last week of thieves, they having entered his residence and taken some $300 which he thought was securely placed away in a trunk at his home.

Mr. Chesser lives about one and a half miles southeast of LaCrosse and only left his residence for a short while on the day that the theft was committed, or rather the day that he missed his savings.

As was his custom, he always kept his money in his house, and this fact was evidently well known by the thief or thieves, and that they knew just where the money was always deposited was further evidenced, for nothing was disturbed except the trunk in which the coin was placed.

The amount taken was in gold, silver and bills—forty dollars in gold and the remainder in silver and currency.

Although the money was taken last week no clue has been discovered that would place the guilt on anyone, and Mr. Chesser has about given up all hope of ever tracing any portion of the amount.—Gainesville Sun.

NOTICE

Take notice that I will on the first Thursday of October, A. D. 1908, or as soon thereafter as I may be heard, apply for a pardon for J. S. Wester, who was convicted of forgery at the fall term of the circuit court for Marion county, Florida, in 1906. Anyone desiring may then be heard on the merits of the application.

WILLIAM C. HODGES,
8-28-2t Attorney for Petitioner.

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Interest was at fever heat Monday in Daytona, when the election was held to decide whether the city should issue $50,000 bonds for the purpose of constructing a water works plant or leave it for some private corporation to build and maintain. The vote polled was 57 for bonding and 27 against it.

FREAKISH FEMININITY

I picked up a popular novel
And its pages I started to scan.
Which told how a fair-haired girlie
Fell in love with a self-made man.

But I swore I would read no further
When I learned that instead of a broom,
The heroine, Gotrock's daughter,
Used her eyes as she swept the room.
—Birmngham Age-Herald.

I picked up a popular novel,
Which I thought was some frivolous skit;
I was looking for something light mannered
And gentle, to cheer me a bit.

But I shuddered to find that the hero
Was a cannibal chief in disguise;
For I read: "When Marjorie entered
He devoured her with his eyes."
—Nashville Tennesseean.

I picked up a yellow-back novel
Some bather had left on the beach,
And saw by its deep crmson title
'Twas about a bright, frolicsome "peach."

This grl had a rosy complexion,
Was pretty, and buxom and smart,
But each lover was soon "out of business"
When the darts from her eyes pierced his heart.
—Biloxi Herald.

I picked up a paper-back novel,
And idly began to read
Of a girl and a faithless lover,
Who caused her poor heart to bleed.

My sympathies were at once awakened,
But wonderment followed my fears,
For I read a few lines further
That the girl burst into tears!
—Jackson Clarion Ledger.

I picked up a yellow back thriller
And read of a maid and a man—
The thrills of my shivering spinelet
In series consecutively ran.

'Twas hot, but I read in amazement
That when his great love he had told,
This maid picked him up in a minute
Then threw the poor fellow down cold.
—Bryans' Commoner.

I picked up a 10-cent novel
And scanned a few pages with care,
But as I continued to read it
My heart was filling with fear.

The man and the maid were quarreling;
The result I could readily surmise,
The man was writhing in agony—
Blinded by the flash of her eyes.

FOR THE ORPHAN

(Written for the Ocala Banner)

Hast thou marked the scourge of God?
Didst thou tremble at his rod
When thou lately saw him stand
At the portals of our land,
When he looked and waved it here?
Haste to dry the widow's tear!

Mother, didst thou in that hour,
Give to earth its fairest flower?
'Twas in anguish—He hath given
For thy bruise the balm of heaven.
Thou art comforted—go, bless
In its woes, the motherless.

Did the angel hush his wrath
As he crossed thy household's path?
And when thousands rose to shed
Bitter tears upon their dead,
While without was heard the cry,
None within were called to die.

Hast thy lip been spared the cup?
These have drank the mixture up;
These were basking yesterday
In a kinder sun—as they
Sit beneath dark shadows now,
Sister, brother, so mayst thou.

Haste with offerings, large and free,
Wings of mercy sheltered thee;
Mercy's sacrifices bring,
Cause the weeper's heart to sing;
Heard above is blessing—prayer,
Grief and want have power there.

What are pearls of brightest hue,
Diamonds like the drops of dew,
In the loveliest tresses glowing,
Nature's fainter beauties showing,
To the gem of splendor here,
Gratitude's impressive tear?

MRS. ANNA E. GRAHAM.

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