

# BILL ARP'S LETTER

## Bartow Man Delights to Hear From His Aged Contemporaries.

### RECEIVES MANY LETTERS FROM THEM

Most of the Writers Were William's "Chums" in the Long Ago.—Tries to Answer All of Them.

They are not all dead. In fact, they seem to multiply as the years roll on—my contemporaries, I mean. I receive more letters from old men than I even did, and they write well and give long epistles. When a man gets along in the seventies he feels lonesome, notwithstanding the near presence of children and grandchildren. The companions of his youth are gone, and so some of these old men unbosom themselves to me for sympathy. I like such letters and try to answer them all, but rheumatism in my arm and hand cramps my replies. One old gentleman from Alabama says he feels better after he has written, for he is a native Georgian and loves her people and her old red hills and the sweet memories of Emory college and his visits to Athens, where his Uncle Elizar Newton lived, and how he met me there in the forties and John Grant and Dan Hughes and Jack Brown and Billy Williams, who married my friend's cousin and took charge of the blind asylum—and how he heard Dr. Church preach and was charmed with the music of the choir, where Miss Ann Waddell and Rosa Pringle and other pretty girls sang, and how a tall, long, high man, with a big hooked nose and a huge "pomum Adamus" on his throat sang bass, and how he was a room mate of Tom Norwood at Emory and a class mate of Bishop Key and Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of "Georgia Scenes" was the president; and how he removed to Alabama in 1849 and married and has seven daughters and no sons, and has ten orphan grandchildren, and has to work early and late to support and educate them, but never sees and rarely hears from any friend of his youth and is at times sad and depressed and longs for sympathy. Poor old man, I wish that he lived near me, for I would visit him and cheer him up, and tell him anecdotes and antidotes, and we would talk over the old times and swap college stories and brag about the good old days when there were no telegraphs or telephones or bicycles, and we did not want any; no sewing machines or store clothes, and we didn't need any; no football or baseball or hazing or suicides or appendicitis. And in those days came Toombs and Stephens and Judge Dougherty and Howell Cobb and Walter Colquitt and spoke to the people face to face, and such eloquent men as George Pearce and Bishop Capers and Jesse Mercer and Dr. Hoyt and Goulding and Ingles preached to them. Yes, we would talk about the days of our boyhood, when there was no gas or kerosene or friction matches—nothing but candles to give us light, and no Prometheus to steal fire from heaven to light them with. Shakespeare knew how it was, for he wrote:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

If Shakespeare wrote by candle light, why shouldn't we? And he, too, used the flint and steel to make a spark to light them. "Pick your flint and keep your powder dry," was General Jackson's order at New Orleans. When I was a young merchant gunfitter were as common as marbles, and I sold them at the same price—10 cents a dozen. Wonderful, wonderful are the changes, and we old people fall in with them and adapt them to our use and our comfort. I wouldn't be set back to the good old times if I could, but I would enjoy seeing this generation all set back about seventy years, just for about a week. My Alabama friend and other veterans would be tickled to death to see the universal dismay—no railroads or telegraph, no mail, but once a week—and 25 cents for a single letter. No daily newspapers in the state and only four weeklies, with no sensations, no suicides or lynchings. There would be no cooking stoves, no coal, no steel pens or envelopes, no cigarettes. No millionaires or free niggers. I remember when cotton was packed in round bales with a crowbar. The long bag was made first and was suspended from a hole in the gin house floor and Uncle Jack got down in it and packed the cotton hard as it was thrown to him. He packed two bales a day and they weighed 400 pounds each. Two of them filled the bed of the big wagon and five more were crossed on top and fastened down with a long pole. All the little spaces were filled with corn and fodder, the big cover put on and with a four or six-horse team were

were off for Augusta. It was a ten-day's trip and we boys were happy to go along and camp out all night and listen to the nigger drivers tell about ghosts and Jack-o'-Lanterns and witches and raw head and bloody bones. It was great fun. We brought back sugar and molasses in great hogheads. It was brown sugar, for white sugar wasn't invented, except a kind called loaf sugar, which was put up in five-pound cones and covered with blue paper. That kind was for rich folks and was very precious. It was crystallized like these little square lumps that are common now. When our mother would unwrap the loaf she would let us children lick the sweet white tissue paper that was next to the sugar. It was good. Most anything was good then. A stick of striped candy was a rare treat. So was half an orange, or a bunch of "resins," as the niggers called them. Most anything was good then, for our appetites had not been surfeited with cakes and sweetmeats, as they are now. We loved sassafras root and angelica and sugar berries and locusts and wild cherries and the inside bark of chestnut trees and slippery elm. We were always hungry and hunting for something. My Alabama friend is sad, not only because he has lost his youthful companions, but his youthful appetite. Even ginger cakes have lost their relish and a game of sweepstakes and town ball and bull-pen their fascination. I envy the happy children as they play around me, but I am happy, too, in trying to make them happy, for I know that there is trouble enough ahead of them, for man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. The best we can do is to do the best we can to fortify against it and take the bad with the good. Try to be calm and serene, for life is full of blessings and we should school ourselves to magnify them and be thankful. I have not forgotten the poor little boy who slept under the straw, and one cold windy night his mother laid an old door on the straw to hold it down, and he said, "Mother, I reckon there are some little boys who haven't got any door to put over them." It is a good way for us to think about those who are worse off than we are, and my Alabama friend knows there are thousands of them.

But I must stop, for it is hard to write a cheerful letter these gloomy days. The weather is depressing and that helps my Alabama friend to feel sad. Cobe says that a long wet rain is worse on a man than a long dry drought. We have not seen the blessed sunshine for four long days and the wind has blown down my pretty butter bean arbor flat to the ground.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

The arid land of the West furnishes us with one of the most serious problems in our internal development. There are abundant supplies of water in many places under the dry surface, and with power to work the pumps it can be brought up and run into the irrigation ditches. Steam power is too expensive because of the high cost of fuel. On the other hand, cataracts do not exist everywhere, and the electricians cannot yet transmit their power very successfully over the longer distances. The outlook, however, is most attractive, and it suggests imminent changes in the "Great American Desert" of far reaching importance to man.

### NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Spain is building six new war-ships. The European squadron of American warships will rendezvous at Genoa. Investors in British railways are alarmed over the reduction in their dividends. A society for the Suppression of Spurious Titles has been formed in Virginia. Nearly half the Chinese seeking admission to the United States at San Francisco are refused. The head of a London academy of dancing says that American women do not know how to dance well. Oil has been struck at Constantinople in the house of a Jew. An English company is going to develop the wells. Consul-General Long at Cairo, Egypt, has made a report showing the wide extent of the slave trade in the Sudan. Lord Curzon has submitted to King Edward a plan for giving commissions in the Indian army to Hindu Princes and nobles. The Minnesota Agricultural College is to be equipped with a complete plant for instruction in the killing, dressing and curing of meats. A line of electricity-operated canal boats running between Toledo and Cincinnati, Ohio, will probably be started in a short time. Twenty additional fruit-carrying steamships have been chartered to reinforce the fleet now trading between the West Indies and Philadelphia. An ordinance has been adopted by the Town Council of Yorkville, S. C., making it a misdemeanor for any person to be seen staggering on the streets of that town. The Health Officer in St. Paul, Minn., has decided that rank growths of weeds are generative of disease or unsanitary conditions, and has ordered their extirpation.

# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

## The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

### Subject: Woman's Sphere—She Should Rule as a Queen in the Home—Its Value as a Field of Usefulness—The Mother's Influence on the Nation's Life

(Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage extols home as a field of usefulness and especially encourages wives and mothers; text, Genesis i, 27, "Male and female created He them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres, man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with the stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron tyrod, thunder-boiled writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Robert McChesney, the Scotchman, and John Sumnerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne intellectual. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm, and when legislation ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and that is the line."

My theory is that if woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine men and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overflow any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity.

I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession, that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated, that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the Congressional assemblage and the legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Presidential chair. No, His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage as we men exercise it seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot, the offscouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throbb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she by the grace of God rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gossiping. Under-selling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgity. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get

in. Ruins, rumbles, imitations, panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home and that you may be queen in it!

Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor glid it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhood—and yet there is a man here to-day who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that sounded over Bethlehem. It is home.

These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played.

Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E!

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets on the British empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound.

Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia or of Anne of England or Maria Theresa of Austria, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together, soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that sirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the queen, she was the queen!

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their bodies and going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on down through a frivolous and dissipated life to temporal and eternal destruction?

O woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion! Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart, give to God your best energies, give to God all your culture, give to God all your refinement, give yourself to Him for this world and the next!

Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this far earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say, "You stood by Me when you were well, now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop; another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into noon, and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven glistened, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will from the chalice of God drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight after I had been playing with the children for some time I lay down on the lounge to rest, and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" And the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab

could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town and I said, "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear.

I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" And the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home, home, home!"

### LABOR WORLD.

A strike is impending among the employes in the Vatican museums.

In England and Belgium co-operation is a great factor in the lives of the working classes.

The Union Pacific Railroad warns employes against using intoxicants under penalty of dismissal.

Labor in the South is in great demand, and the negroes are better paid than they have ever been in their lives before.

An army of employes, numbering 50,000, is required to administer the affairs of New York City, and the average salary is \$1000.

The two unions of textile workers have decided to unite and back the Fall River, Mass., cotton mill employes in their fight against a reduction of wages.

The latest census shows that 627,238 women, amounting to twenty-eight per cent of the total population of Norway, are engaged in manual labor, domestic and factory work.

Maccaroni makers at Torre Annunziata, near Naples, have struck for higher wages and better treatment. Torre Annunziata is one of the chief ports from which maccaroni is exported.

The City Council of Duluth, Minn., has appropriated \$1000 to start a free labor employment bureau so that applicants for work will not have to depend upon expensive private employment bureaus.

Every working iron moulder in Chicago will contribute fifty cents a day to support the men who are still on strike. The assessment will, it is thought, bring about \$2500 a week into the strike fund.

Captain William E. Augustus, assistant chief of the Paducah (Ky.) Fire Department, says he is the oldest paid fireman in the United States. He is now completing his forty-ninth year of continuous service.

### THE NATIONAL GAME.

Tannehill has not made a wild pitch this season.

Young has had but one wild pitch all the season.

Dolan has supplanted McCreery in Brooklyn's outfield.

Cincinnati has tried nine pitchers thus far this season.

LaChance is hitting the ball with terrific force these days.

Chicago is the only unwhitewashed team in the American League.

Long and Lowe are playing up to their best standard these days.

Crawford now leads the National League in home runs and extra base hits.

It looks quite natural to see Burkett and Keeler at the head of the League batsmen.

Davis has played thirty-one games in the field for Pittsburg without making an error.

Ritchey is playing the fastest second base that the National League has seen for several seasons.

Hartsel, of Chicago, leads the League in stolen bases to date, with Wagner, of Pittsburg, a close second.

With Heidrick back in the game the St. Louis team is as strong now as it was at any time this season.

Manager Duffy early in the season tried to secure "Scrappy" Bill Joyce as first baseman for Milwaukee.

Manager McGraw has Clarence Malone, a promising young Baltimore backstop, practicing with the Orioles.

Ever since Ely joined the Athletics, of Philadelphia, the team has been playing championship ball, and it is now at the head of the second division.

That it pays to get good players is demonstrated in the Jennings case. President Reach, of Philadelphia, says that Hughey has already paid for himself.

A pure water supply is rightly looked upon as one of the greatest essentials to the healthfulness of a community. Many foods—salads, for example—cannot be cooked or subjected to the effects of a high temperature, while, on the other hand, washing them in infected water may render them the means of conveying disease.

In England open fireplaces are almost the only means of heating houses, and hotels, public buildings, and office buildings are heated in the same manner.