The Tarboro Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett

VOL. 87. NO. 15 — TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 15. 1909. — ESTABLISHED 1822

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

I. O. O. F. District Meeting.

The meeting of the Fourth District I. O. O. F. held here Thursday evening was presided over by E. M. Davis, of Neuse Lodge, Goldsboro, with M. C. Cherry, of Mt. Olive, acting as secretary.

Roll call found the following lodges represented:

Prudential Lodge, No. 251, Whitakers.

Golden Belt Lodge, No 163, Rocky Mount.

Nahunta Lodge, No. 214, Fremont.

Kinston Lodge, No. 174, Kinston.

Seven Springs Lodge, No. 3[illegible], Seven Springs.

Neuse Lodge, No. 6, Goldsboro.

Reports of delegates from the different Lodges show the order in the Fourth District in flourishing condition. The following subjects were discussed at the night session:

How to Secure Members? by E. M. Davis.

After discussing all phases of the subject, Bro. Davis suggested that we point to the Orphans' Home and Home of Aged and Infirm, and ask men to assist us in this work.

What Constitutes a Good Odd-Fellow H. E. Biggs.

Bro. Biggs, as usual, made an interesting and intructives talk upon this subject and concluded by answering. A good Odd Fellow is a man who seeks to elevate and make pure the life of his fellow man.

Does it Pay to be an Odd Fellow. W. H. Evans.

1,500,000 men and women answer Yes.

Visitors and home members vote the meeting a big success and look forward to the next meeting in Kinston, Monday, July 5th.

After the Lodge adjourned, refreshments were served in the hall.

—Children eat, sleep and grow after taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Brings rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, good health and strength. A tonic for sickly children. 35 cents Tea or Tablets.—Edgecombe Drug Co

—At Macnair's Drug Store, you can find a full line of Garden, Farm and Flower seed, in bulk or packages. 12t.

—Good brandy is about half alcohol.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

—Australia has more unemployed area in proportion to the population than any other country.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

—Yokohama's foreign population at the end of 1908 was 6,409, including 3,789 Chinese, 1,221 British, 547 Americans, 291 Germans and 160 French.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

—A new machine in a large Eastern sewing machine factory takes a sheet of metal at one end, and after twenty-eight operations ejects finished bed plates, saving the work of thirty men.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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THE CASE OF STANDARD OIL.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law to be a Full Test.

The Sherman anti-trust law is put to an extreme test of efficacy in the Federal proceedings against the Standard Oil Company, which have at last reached the stage of argument in open court. As the government attorney, Mr. Kellog, avers, the Sherman law has no meaning at all if it was not intended to prevent just such a combination as the Standard. It controls 85 to 90 per cent of the business of refining and distributing oil, and in various sections of the country enjoys a complete monopoly. It levies toll upon the railroads by compelling them to pay high prices for their lubricating oil, and forces them to grant it special privileges in transportation of its products. It has steadily increased the price of its products where it was possible to do so, or has, by undersellingforced its competitors either to go out of business or to conduct themselves so as not to interfere with the standard's business. Since the original formation of the trust its total profits have been a billion dollars on an initial capitalization of less than $70,000,000. Its present capitalization is but $97,250,000, upon which the average yearly earnings for a period of ten years have been nearly $60,000,000.

These are the allegations of the law and the argument presented by the government's chief counsel. Similar assertions have been heard for the past twenty years or more respecting the conduct of the Standard's affairs. The response of its apologists has been that its business is carried on in accordance with the existing code of commercial morality; that it does nothing but what is done every day by the merchants and manufacturers of unimpeachable character, and that its only offense is that it does business upon a vast scale, permitting enormous profits by reason of skillful management and the economy of manufacture and distribution. Yet all these considerations count for nothing if the Standard is in any way a monopoly, if it has suppressed competition by fair means or foul, or if its operations tend to hamper that freedom of trade and commerce which the law is intended to preserve. In the recently decided case of the government against the tobacco trust it was virtually decided that good behavior on the part of a combination was no defense against allegations that the trust had bought out competing concerns, and so had restrained competition. How much worse appears the case of the Standard, which is not only monopolistic, but has a long list of commeercial crimes to its discredit?

An interesting incident of the present proceedings is the citation, when of President Taft's decision, when a Federal judge, against the Addyston Pipe and Steel Company. The gist of that decision was that the regulation of output and the prices at which it should be sold constituted a violation of the anti-trust law. That doctrine would at once convict the Standard Oil Company, as it would a great many other concerns which have not yet been indicted for violation of the anti-trust law. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any other outcome than a favorable judgment for the government can be expected in the present case, in view of the precedents, and especially in view of their application in the tobacco trust suit.—Washington Herald.

Mississippi's Strict Liquor Law.

A "State wide" prohibition law, which is probably more strict than any that has been adopted in other States, went into effect in Mississippi on the 1st of January, 1909, and now it is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for a hospitable man to offer a guest or neighbor any beverage that contains alcohol. The Mississippi law does not prohibit the use of liquor, because the solons at Jackson were of the opinion that such legislation would be unconstitutional, but it does forbid treating and all forms of hospitality which involve the passing of a bottle or the consumption of wine, beer or strong drink. It is said that the law is evaded by placing the bottle on the table and by keeping it on the mantelpiece, so that visitors can help themselves without invitation, and that custom is quite general among the plantation aristocracy as well as in the larger towns. Beer and whiskey can be and are shipped in from New Orleans in large quantities through the express companies by private individuals, but it is unlawful for such importations to be served at a dinner table in a private family, just the same as at a hotel. No man can offer his wife or his son a drink of whiskey without incurring a penalty, but thus far there have been no arrests for such offenses.—Wm. E. Curtis in Washington Star.

—A man's beard is generally heavier on the right side of his face.

—Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by all druggist.

PRIZE FOR ESSAY.

Daughters of the Confederacy Offer Handsome Gold Cross for Competition.

The William Dorsey Pender Chapter U. D. C., have offered a handsome gold cross for the best essay on the war between the States written by a pupil of the graded schools.

All essays should be sent in by December first next. The judges will make their decision and the prize will be awarded on North Carolina Day.

Any pupil attending any public school of the county can compete.

Those who write essays will sign a nom de plume to the article, and in a separate envelope, sealed, will write the pseudo, as well as the real name and forward both to Mrs. P. S. Sugg, secretary.

As this prize is to be a handsome one, valuable and one that will be an honor to the winner, pupils should begin preparations to map out and collect the facts that will appear in the essays.

It is a patriotic motive that prompts the U. D. C. to offer this prize. Those who compete, whether successful or not, will be the gainers, for it will be the means of acquiring a knowledge of history and of a period that was, is and will be epochal.

Lord Bacon tells us that speaking maketh the ready man, reading the full man, and writing the accurate man. So the reading that will be necessary for the preparation of an essay, will conduce to a fullness of historical knowledge, while the committing of knowledge to writing will stamp it on memory and make such knowledge the owner's for life.

Stolen Smiles.

—A tariff on stockings won't hurt the Salome industry any.—Louisville Herald.

Gertie—You danced that two-step divinely. Who taught you?

Nell—My two step-sisters.—Illustrated Bits.

A restaurant lists among its phonographic allurements the following: "Caruso, Grand Opera and Music."

Some, whose taste is confined to symphonic and chamber music will be pleased. The announcement deserves a place beside the lunch counter legend which read: "Sandwiches and Food."—Collier's Weekly.

Bacon—Dont know what he' going to do with that boy of his.

Egbert—Why?

Bacon—He's so slow.

Egbert—Perhaps he'll make a chess player out of him.—Yonkers Statesman.

Knicker—The early bird gets the worm.

Booker—So does the early fish.—New York Sun.

A young girl asked Mark Twain if he liked books for Christmas gifts. "Well, that depends," drawled the great humorist. "If a book has a leather cover, it is really valuable as a razor strop. If it is a brief, concise work, such as the French write, it is useful to put under the short leg of a wabbly table. An old-fashioned book with a clasp can't be beat as a missile to hurl at a dog; and a large book, like a geography, as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken pane of glass."—Christian Register.

Merely a Democrat.

It is good to find one such Democrat in the national House of Representatives as Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina; one Democrat who can arise and speak on the tariff as a Democrat without suspending his Democracy long enough to ask for some of the spoils of protection. Such a performance ought not to be in any way remarkable, but it is a depressing illustration of the ease nowadays with which party names are worn to cover the lack of party principles that Mr. Kitchin can distinguish himself among his fellows merely by making a truly Democratic tariff speech.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Official Violating Town Ordinances.

To protect the shade trees from defacement, but more especially from injury there has long been an ordinance prohibiting the tacking of signs any kind to shade trees.

Some of the tree trunks are today bearing placards calling attention to the ordinance against throwing or dumping trash in the streets.

Messrs. Town Officials, spare those trees and observe the laws you would have others obey.

Miss Dargan Wins.

Miss Alice Dargan has been voted the gold cross and chain offered by the Dixie-Lee Chapter U. D. C., for the most popular young lady.

During the ballotting which lasted a month or more, there were more than 100 young ladies voted for. Miss Dargan's vote was 115,121.

A vote only cost one cent, but the Dixie Lees cleared over $40.00 on the contest, nearly half enough to get the Wyatt fountain.

—Columbus had just landed. Meeting a great Indian chief with a package under his arm he asked him what it was. "Great Medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Injun. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.—Edgecombe Drug Co.

WHY LUMBER IS COSTLY.

Lumbermen Waste Half of Every Tree They Cut.

Dr. Bristol, chief of the section of wood chemistry, states that 50 per cent or more of the average tree as it stands in the forest is wasted before reaching the market in the form of lumber. He says, further, that the timber cut has increased from 18,000,000,000 board feet in 1880 to 50,000,000,000 board feet in 1906, and that our present consumption of wood in all forms is equivalent to at least 100,000,000,000 board feet annually, and possibly much more.

Further, it may be new to you that white pine, in former years the greatest of all our lumber trees and the only wood dignified with the name "pine," has, under the heavy drain upon it, so fallen off that its domination of the lumber market has practically ceased. In from ten to fifteen years the supply of other woods—for instance the yellow pine and the Douglas fir—will be just as limited as that of white pine now. Rapidly decreasing also is our supply of hard woods, the prices of which go up higher and higher. White oak went up from $48 in 1890 to $85 in 1907, hickory from $38 to $65, and yellow poplar from $29 to $53. Expert foresters proclaim that we are, without having made any provisions against it, dangerously near a hardwood famine, which will strike at the very foundation of some of the country's most important industries.

Since 1870 forest fires have each year destroyed an average of fifty lives and $50,000,000 worth of timber. Not less than 50,000,000 acres of forest is burned over yearly.—Rudolph Cronan, in McClure's.

The Man of Iron.

I sing of the Men of Iron,
Who in the days gone by,
Full fifty years and more ago,
Through winter's numbing, drifting snow,
And then when summer's sun was high,
Bravely built the iron highway,
Over Indian trail and byway,
Over the wilder West,
Over the mountain crest,
Over the river's breast.
Aye, sing of the men of iron.

Young men who dreamed the dreams,
Old men who saw the visions grand
Of western empire, mighty spanned
By engine travelled trail that gleams
From where the lakes and streams abound
On and on to Puget Sound,
Over prairies wide,
Over the Main Divide,
On to the ocean's side.

Yes, sing of these Men of Iron;
Undying be their fame.
For many a graceful, arching bridge,
And many a conquered mountain ridge
And many a city bears their name.
Empire builders, they of old—
Poets, prophets, princes bold;
Men of Iron—strong.
To you shall e'er belong,
A glad triumphant song.

—Harold B. Crozier in the Bellman.

Town Politics Very Quiet.

Town politics are so quiet that the only "news" about them is this very quietude.

If the candidates are bestirring themselves, they are so quiet about it that the public does not hear an echo; yet they all say they are running. Probably they are making a man to man solicitation, each imagining that his personal persuasiveness is more effective than standing out openly, and proclaiming what he stands for and what he hopes to accomplish.

Gethsemane.

In golden youth when seems the earth a summer lad for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light, and not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies somewhere veiled under evening skies—
A garden all sometime must see—somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways, youth lends a halo to the days;
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar, we laugh and say how strong we are—
We hurry on and hurrying go close to the borderland of woe
That waits for you and waits for me, forever waits, Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams, bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty cape of years, close to the great salt font of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may, you can not miss it on your way;
All paths that are, or yet shall be, pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late, must pass within the garden gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there and battle with some fierce despair;
God pity those who can not say "Not mine but thine," who only pray, "Let the cup pass" and cannot see the purpose in Gethsemane.

—Joseph Gosselin

—DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. Sold by all druggist.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

A True Story Which Proves that the World is Not Altogether Selfish.

"You needn't try to convince me that the world is selfish to the core," said a commercial traveler. "I have just come from a city in the Middle West, where this happened: A teamster nearly 70 years old and fast losing his eyesight had saved some $1,00 to buy him a little cottage and with his wife took the money from the bank to close the deal. Like all uneducated persons, he could not understand having a check, but wanted the money itself to carry. In the elevator he was robbed of the money. He did not make any outcry and neither did his wife; they were too stunned. At the police station, where they reported the loss, every man on the force was touched at the pathos of it. They impressed upon the police reporters the worth of the aged teamster and his anguish over the loss. The police reporter of one paper wrote the story just as it happened. In 15 minutes after the noon edition of the paper was on the streets the telephone on the city editor's desk began to ring: 'Of course you'll start a fund for that man, put me down for $10.' Well, money poured in without any begging for it, and in less than three weeks the amount was raised and the identical cottage bought. There was no 'scheme' or graft about this. The public heart just opened to the old man and his good wife. I saw them when they came to the newspaper office to thank the papers, and it was better than a sermon. The grasp of the man's hardened brown hand, though he could not speak, made you wish you could help some one every day."

Winning Laurels in Mexico.

The following is clipped from the Savannah, Ga., paper:

The announcement from the City of Mexico in regard to the annual tennis tournament of the Mexican club that Mr. Henry C. Bridgers of North Carolina, is one of the four to play in the semi-finals for the championship if of particular interest to Savannahians, to whom Mr. Bridgers is well-known. Mr. Bridgers is a brother-in-law of Mr. B. F. Finney and Rev. Robb White, Jr., both formerly of Savannah. He has frequently visited Savannah and has a host of friends in the city who will be gratified at his success in Mexico.

Mr. Bridgers is not only one of the most expert golf players in the country, but is also an excellent tennis player and shot. At Pinehurst, N. C., where many of the leading exponents of these three events have gathered year after year, Mr. Bridgers has captured many honors and won many cups. Mr. Bridgers' home is in Tarboro, N. C., and he is president of the East Carolina railway, which he constructed through his own personal energy and thrift.

Words To Freeze The Soule.

"Your son has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C. by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its the safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c and $1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Free trial bottle. W. H. Macnair.

Change of Schedule.

The A. C. L. has changed the time of departure of its morning train from this place for Plymouth, Washington and Kinston from 10 to 11:45.

—To perfect the process of the Oxford paper used for Bibles require twenty-five years of steady work. The syndicate owning the formula values it at over $1,000,000.

—Spring lamb at Johnson's market.

—You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequaled for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by all druggist.

ARE YOU SURE

That the ice cream you buy is strictly PURE!

Do you know that the makers' hands were clean, files excluded from the factory, and freezers and other utensils kept in Sanitary Condition?

Why take any chance where your health is concerned? Why not

MAKE AND FREEZE YOUR OWN ICE CREAM
in 10 MINUTES
FOR 2c. A PLATE with

Jell-O ICE CREAM Powder

It is so easy. Simply stir contents of one 15c. package into a quart of milk and freeze, without cooking, heating or the addition of anything else. This makes two quarts of ice cream, clean, pure and wholesome. A good ice cream freezer can be bought for a dollar or two which will last for years, and will soon save its cost.

2 packages JELL-O ICE CREAM Powder for 25c.

Flavors: Chocolate, Vanilla, Strawberry, Lemon and Unflavored.

Sold by all good grocers.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife and Translated by Helen Roland For the Washington Herald.

Thou hast come to me, my daughter, crying out, "When shall I marry? Yea when doth the hour arrive wherein it is well for a girl to settle down—even upon a man, that he may support her? And I say unto thee that it is never well, but it is sometimes wise!

Yet, I charge thee, if thou wouldst be happy wed not in May; for this is the month of bad luck; neither in April, for this is the month of tears. Neither in June, for this is the month of folly, when in her imagination a woman clotheth a bear with grace, and a hippopotamus with beauty, and Kleinseth any calf that cometh "Mamma" unto her.

Neither marry in July, nor August, nor September, nor October, nor November, nor December, nor any other month if thou wouldst not be disappointed.

Wed not when thou art under twenty-five for thy choice shall be unwise, and thou shalt spend the rest of thy days in double harness with the wrong mate. Nor when thou art over twenty-five, for then thou shalt have no choice, but shall become glad of either a young man's bank account or an old man's nurse.

Wed not a red-headed man when he proposeth, for thou shalt find that his temper matcheth his hair; and the fiery locks of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.

Neither wed a dark man, for thou shalt find his disposition of the same gloomy hue; and a bilious complexion showeth a bilious temperament. Yet marry not a light man, lest his character be lighter still, for a golden butterfly which flieth from flower to flower is not an ideal mainstay.

Yet if thou must marry, I charge thee marry when thou gettest a good chance. And if thou gettest not a good chance, take any chance thou gettest; for whenever a woman taketh a husband she taketh a long chance.

Verily, verily, single life is a source of joy, but a husband is a source of supply. And peradventure it is better to be supported than to be happy. Selah!

Bishhop's Visitation.

Rt. Rev. Jos. Blount Cheshire administered the rite of confirmation to one of the largest classes presented in several years in historic Calvary, 21.

At St. Luke's, colored, Thursday evening, three were confirmed.

Concrete Sidewalks.

Frank Ray, of Henderson is here putting down concrete sidewalks. W. O. Howard, Jas. Pender and Julius Rosenbaum are leading off with this improvement.

Mr. Ray says that he is putting these down cheaper than ever offered in Tarboro and he does it with the understanding that if they do not give satisfaction, no pay.

—Bog comprises about one-seventieth of Ireland's area.

The Magnate—You will succeed, sir; you are a genius.

NEW YORK'S DOINGS.

Smuggling as a Fine Art and a Custom House Torment.—The Greatest Cantilever Bridge in the World.—New York's Great Fort and its Only Persistent Enemy.—Where Poor Men Can Afford to Go to Law.

(Southerner Correspondence.)

Some Discoveries by New York's Custom House inspectors within the past few days suggest that the times demand the evolution of a new type of man—one with eyes all over his face and with a corkscrew and X-ray apparatus attached to each eye. For smuggling, although long recognized as one of the fine arts, has been putting on new frills. A veteran member of the Custom House staff can often be spotted at sight, for his face combines the expression of a soulful minister, mourning over the depravity of humanity, with that of an experienced hound who has just been "done" by an old fox with a new trick. He can scarcely be blamed for the conviction that every woman and almost every man who disembarks here from an Atlantic steamship is a smuggler at heart and probably by practice also.

The commoner kind, the mere amateurs and bunglers, are easily detected, but the expert professionals can devise new wrinkles as rapidly as a milliner gets up Easter bonnets, and the roundabout ways through which they get their stuff in without paying duty would seem beyond any one but a clairvoyant to discover. Small articles of great value and high tariff duties, such as unset diamonds and filmy laces worth many times their weight in gold, probably do sometimes sneak in undiscovered. There are stories of a man who came ashore with thousands of dollars' worth of precious stones in his mouth, under his tongue and who would have remained undetected had he not boasted of his exploit to another man's wife, who chanced to be a customs spy. Also of an invalid lady a frail creature who was carried ashore and placed in a cab which was afterward run into with such serious results that the lady had to be taken to a hospital, where the nurses found her arms closely wrapped with scores of yards of laces worth hundreds of dollars per yard. Gold watches to retail at two or three hundred dollars each have arrived in the hollowed out heels of a man's partly worn shoes, a watch in each heel, and the bottom layer of leather looking as if it had never been disturbed. But larger articles require larger ventures. Some trunks recently brought over on a steamer that carried only steerage passengers, with baggage scarcely worth the trouble of inspection, were found to contain enough elegant gowns to dress a ball-room full of millionaires' wives. To handle such stuff successfully requires the service of an able confederate ashore, but the right sort of man—or wrong sort, from the Custom House point of view, could see money in driving a baggage express wagon, selecting such trunks by specified marks and getting them to the sharpers waiting for them. Given then the job may not be finished, for the custom officials has a keen scent for dealers who sell more of such goods than they import through regular channels; seizures in shops and private residences are not infrequent, yet there must be big profits in the business as a whole, or there would not be so many people giving their full time to it.

The greatest cantilever bridge in the world, of course it is in New York—has just been completed, so far as the requirements of pedestrians are concerned, and its length, which is about one and one-half miles, is in keeping with the length of time in which the project has been under way, although the contractors have been at work only eight years. Figures about such huge affairs are likely to have a dazing effect upon the average American whose range of figuring is restricted to the extremes of the family income and outgo, but it may be worth knowing that this new bridge must forever hold up fifty thousand tons of steel of its own, in addition to the weight of hundreds of trolley cars and loaded trucks at a time for at least sixteen hours of every twenty-four, and that it has cost twenty million dollars and more than fifty human lives, to say nothing of the hundreds of buildings destroyed to make room for its approaches and anchorages. Some other figures are not at all to the liking of stockholders in ferry companies; about half of the men and women who work in New York reside across the river in Brooklyn, and used to crowd the ferry boats every morning and evening, but each new bridge has made a sudden and big reduction in the income of the ferries near by, some being hurt so badly, as to go out of business. A walk or ride over any of the bridges is as fine a bit of fresh air exercise any healthy man or woman could ask, and the view, well there's nothing like it from bridges anywhere else in the world, for the footway is never less than a hundred and fifty feet above river level.

As everybody in the United States tramps and paupers excepted, helped to pay for the army's new and powerful fortifications at Sandy Hook, New York Harbor, it may interest them to know that the ocean has been persistently sneaking up on the works, as if with malignant intent to wash them away. Such things have occurred elsewhere. An acquaintance of mine built a fort on a point near the Mississippi River, back in Civil War days, and he had reason to be very proud of it, but one night between dark and daylight the entire work disappeared and has not been seen since, although a diver might have found some trace of it at the bottom of about fifty feet of yellow water. There may have been some excuse for the Mississippi, for it was a Southern stream and the builder of the fort was a Yankee, but why the Atlantic should have a grudge against New York and one of its principal defenses is not so clear, unless some foreign power with a longing to take the conceit out of the United States has planned to come up to New York with a war fleet loaded with empty money bags to be filled at our banks and has concluded a secret treaty with the ocean to give them a hand at the job. Sandy Hook, as its name indicates, is a mere mass of sand, as are all other shores of New York's gateway, the only rock being occasional boulders dropped here in the glacial age. So long as the sands were let alone by man the ocean treated them gently, but with improvements came trouble. Coney Island, opposite Sandy Hook, was noted for broad, firm beaches until great hotels were erected; then the ocean began to wash the beaches away and did it so fast that the hotels were compelled to erect big bulkheads and jetties to save themselves from destruction, and one immense hostelry has twice been dragged farther inland by parallel teams of locomotives, the hotel being underlaid with heavy railway tracks for the purpose. The principal fort at Sandy Hook can not be moved in such fashion, so it also is to be protected by jetties—eighteen of them, and each threequarters of a mile long, to discourage the ocean's attempts to wash the fort away. The fort itself, despite its cost and importance, is as unobtrusive to the eye as John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie or any other self-effacing multi-millionaire; you might pass within pistol shot of it without noticing it unless someone called your attention to its squat, umbrella-like top, but it is said that it is regarded with abject respect and curiosity by the world's navies, and as it has never been opened to visitors you can hear stories about it that recall some passages of Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon." But as already indicated, all of us are joint owners of it and as necessary to it as the men behind the guns.

The old plaint, as untrue as it is old, that the poor man has no chance in a court of law, has been given the lie a great many times by the Legal Aid Society of New York, which for years has been consulted at trifling cost or no cost by working clerks, servants, etc., who were unable to collect their wages, by tenants at odds with landlords and other poor people who wanted to know the proper mode of procedure in matters affected by law. Ex-President Roosevelt, Governor Hughes, Senator Root, ex-Ambassador Choate and other distinguished publicists are among the Society's members, and President Taft has just been elected to membership at his own request. Its services have been restricted to civil cases, but a branch office is to be opened at once to provide counsel for poor persons under arrest or indictment, if careful investigation shows that they need and deserve legal assistance. A poor man appearing in court under such protection could feel assured of justice from the start, instead of despairingly pleading guilty to a minor form of the offense charged, with the hope of getting off with as little unmerited punishment as possible, as many innocent men without money, friends or influence have done. Rich men in other cities, who are longing to get up something new in the line of public societies, could gain a lot of gratitude and prominence by a small cost by copying the spirit and practice of our Legal Aid Society.

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