

AN OLD FAVORITE

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe



JULIA WARD HOWE was born in New York city May 27, 1819. At the age of seventeen she was an anonymous contributor to the New York Magazine. She married Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston in 1842. Her first book of poems, "Fanshott Flowers," was published without signature in 1844 and was followed in 1857 by a second volume. Her third volume of poetry, published in 1858, contained the poem printed below, which was written in beleaguered Washington in November, 1861, and first given to the public in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1862.

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword; His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred drowsing camps; They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps— His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal. Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me. As he died to make men free, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

A Triumphant Arch for Schley.

The incorporation of an association to erect a memorial in this city to Admiral Schley is a very proper movement, and the people of Maryland should see to it that the association does not lack funds to put their design into execution. It is the purpose of the association, as announced in The Sun today, to erect a triumphal arch commemorative of the achievements of Admiral Schley and his officers and men at the battle of Santiago. This arch is to be of artistic design and placed in some conspicuous position in this city among the people by whom the hero of Santiago is known and beloved. A place is to be provided on the arch upon which at some future day a statue of the Admiral may be erected. Many of the leading citizens of Baltimore are identified with the association, which assures the success of the movement.

As soon as the news of the remarkable victory of our navy over the Spanish off Santiago reached the United States the people, knowing that Schley was there in command and that he was in the thick of the fight, hailed him as the successful commander and the hero of the most signal victories in history. Notwithstanding the machinations of a clique of bureau chiefs and clerks, the people of the whole United States, with that unerring instinct upon which popular government largely rests, have continued to honor Schley down to the present time. And in all the trying times since the conclusion of the war, amid all the provocations and all the vituperation and malignity of which he has been the object, in all this time the Admiral has never uttered one word or one deed which tended in any degree to diminish the love and confidence of the people. Admiral Schley is a son of Maryland and a member of an honored Maryland family which has for many generations been identified with the State. He entered the navy half a century ago and has given all these years of his life to the service of his country. The record that he has made in that half a century, independent of his great achievement at Santiago, carried him to the highest rank in the service, and now furnishes a complete answer to the charges and insinuations of his enemies. It is entirely fitting that Maryland—Schley's native State—should see that the memory of his service to the country should be kept alive in imperishable stone.

Oil on Roads.

Oil in various forms has been tried of late in several countries to produce firm dust-free road surfaces, and is reported upon with curiously favorable unanimity. In America heavy unrefined petroleum heated to 80° C. produced an excellent surface, with little dust in summer and no mud in winter. The petroleum was durable and found to be cheaper than watering. In Algeria olive oil and naphtha have been in use since 1896. Dr. Guglieminetti, the Lancet reports, has induced the authorities of Monte Carlo to make an experiment with coal tar, which likewise seems to have given satisfaction. The material took a long time to dry, in the end "became so hard and compact that it was difficult to break up. After 40 days' traffic it was damaged, and had resisted the wear and tear of wheeled traffic." Apparently the expense of this process is very moderate. Extensive use of the motor car in the Riviera makes the settling of the "dust plague" a matter of moment.

The Will of Providence.

Senator Burrows says he has a new story, and here it is: "There is an old dake who works for me. He lost his wife—No. 4—the other day, and I was sympathizing with him that they would meet in heaven, etc., when the old fellow broke in: "I know dat, Mars Burrows, I know dat, I ain't makin' no objections. It were de act of a all-wise and unscrupulous Providence."

THE ORIGIN OF SLAVE BOYS

The Secretarial Plot to Blow Up the British Consular Train Near Concord.

Charlotte Observer.

How incidents in history have given rise to wider differences of opinion and more heated debates among historians than the uprising of the North Carolina Regulators. No man can safely set himself up as a judge of other men's motives, whether he lives contemporaneously with them or whether he comes after. In the former case he is more liable to be controlled and influenced by prejudices either in favor of or adverse to the motives he would judge; and hence impartiality is impossible; in the latter case he meets with nothing but cold facts and it is impossible to say which of these facts best illustrate the motives of the actor—whose actions came spontaneously without outside influence; which were colored by foreign events over which the actor had no control. The judgement of history is therefore always a colored one. But one thing can be relied upon with certainty. Whenever the vast majority of the people of a community either actively or passively take their stand firmly for or against a certain movement we may be reasonably assured that were all the truth known, there would be found something back of their position which would vindicate their actions, it matters little whether they may lead, for the final outcome of such a movement may generally be laid at the door of those who oppose it, especially if this opposition be a stronger force than that controlling the movement itself.

That such was the case with the much-praised and over-abused Regulator, we are first apprised by the large number of the inhabitants who took part in the uprising represents a still larger number who gave their sympathy and moral support passively. Even so small part of the men the government led against the Regulators after the latter had been guilty of many excessively improper acts—rather should we not say driven to these acts—showed their sympathy for the position taken by their rebellious countrymen by their refusal to fire upon them until compelled to do so in self-defense. After the Regulators were defeated, their enemies, determined to hunt them down, were unable to collect bands sufficient for the purpose which did not include many secret friends of the fugitives to whom they rarely failed to give timely warning by which they might escape. We have as a result of this condition many stories of daring deeds and fortitude thrilling with interest and having a certain historical value.

Not the least interesting of these stories is that of "The Black Boys of Cabarrus" as narrated by Wheeler. In making his preparation for marching against the Regulators, Governor Tryon had ordered from Charleston, S. C., several wagons loaded of gunpowder, flints, blankets, etc. They were sent to Charlotte to be forwarded from that place to Hillsboro, the seat of government. It was with great difficulty that Col. Moses Alexander, one of Tryon's best officers who had charge of the transportation of these supplies, could obtain wagons sufficient to send them on, so much in sympathy with the Regulators were the inhabitants of that region. The friends of the Regulators were on the alert to prevent the supplies from reaching the Governor.

A small party from that part of Mecklenburg county which afterwards in 1792 went to form Cabarrus, consisting of three brothers, James, William and John White, together with Robert Caruthers, Robert Davis, Benj. Cochran, and two half brothers, James Ashmore and Joshua Hadley, undertook the task of stopping the wagons. Accordingly they bound themselves by a most solemn oath to remain true to each other, to see the business through to the end and never to divulge the secret on each other, followed by an invocation of the devil upon the head of him who should betray his comrades. This done they blacked their skins so as to conceal their identity and late in the afternoon set out on their expedition. Traveling with all possible speed they overtook the wagons about midway between Charlotte and Concord, encamped on the side of what was then called Pifer's Hill.

Immediately the attack was begun. They drove off with ease the few wagons who had been left to guard the supplies and to give the alarm in case of attack, who were taken so completely by surprise that they sought only their own safety. The wagons were overthrown; the kegs stove in; the powder, etc., thrown into a large pile; and the blankets, torn into strips, were used to make a train of powder to the pile, into which Major White fired his pistol. The explosion was of course tremendous and every article of the supplies destroyed.

Such an outrage against His Majesty's authority could not be passed over without the most searching investigation. Threats availing nothing, Governor Tryon offered a pardon to any one who would turn King's evidence against the rest. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to get together into any secret enterprise of danger a body of men without including at least one Judas. The Black Boys were peculiarly unfortunate in having two. Ashmore and Hadley, desirous of availing themselves of the pardon, set out unknown to each other, to betray their companions. Accidentally they met on the threshold of Col. Alexander's house. Each met the other shamefully; each a word was spoken by either; a glance was enough. They understood each other. The cowardly spirit that found a lodging place in their hearts found each in the other a kindred spirit and drew them together with irresistible magnetism. Col. Alexander listened atten-

tively to their narrative, and when it was finished rose to his feet, opened the door, and in a witheringly contemptuous said:

"Much against my feelings, I am compelled by the Governor's proclamation to grant you your pardons. If justice were done, hanging would be too good for such treacherous dogs. But rest assured there is a justice that punishes the traitor. Go; if you ever again cross my path I'll crush you as I would a serpent. The door is open."

The two wretches retired, crestfallen. As he was in duty bound to do, Col. Alexander raised a guard and set out for the home of the Whites, which stood on the bank of Rocky river. Caruthers, who was a brother-in-law of the Whites boys, was there at the time. Before they were aware of their danger the house was surrounded. Faithfully among the guards were several men who were in sympathy with the Regulator, and so did not wish to see the Black Boys captured. One of these was Alexander's brother, Col. Alexander to stand guard at the door. He purposely moved slowly to obey the order, since he was under no military obligation to follow the commands of the officer.

"Take all day, will you," angrily exclaimed the colonel. "I'll have you lashed like a dog if the rascals escape."

A quarrel, with the consequent delay, was just what the guard wanted. He replied hotly, "Get somebody else to do your dirty work if my way don't suit you."

Seeing his chance another of the guards passing Mrs. White, whispered to her: "Tell 'em to make a break—through the door—I'll not see 'em—quick."

Mrs. White was not slow to execute the command. Caruthers, the first to receive the warning, sprang through the door and dashed for the river. He was pursued by the other guards but was in the river before they could catch up with him. In the meantime the White boys taking advantage of the confusion, left the other side of the house and was soon lost in the woods. Chagrined and angered at his failure, Col. Alexander became all the more determined to capture the Black Boys. Soon after this some of the band were in the field harvesting their crop. The Royalists hearing of their whereabouts collected a band to capture them. As they rode into the field one of the supposed Royalists gave a secret signal to the fugitives to warn them of their danger. Springing on their horses they dashed away in flight. All succeeded easily in eluding their pursuers except Robert Davis. He was closely followed and was in imminent danger of being captured. Not paying so strict attention as he should have done to the route he was taking, he soon found himself in a dangerous situation. Close at his heels rode his enemies; before him was the river, its banks steep and high. To turn was to ride into the arms of his pursuers; to dash over the banks, 30 feet in height, seemed instant death. Davis looked to the right and to the left for an avenue of escape. Every way was closed. His foes were close upon him. Not a friend, who could render aid, was in sight. As his enemies closed nearer upon him, his imagination perhaps pictured a gallows. A glance down the steep rugged bank and his mind was made up. Better death in an effort to escape than death on the gallows. Gathering his reins, without the trembling of a muscle, he gave the command to his horse. The animal leaped into the air, landed safely into the stream and bore his master in safety to the opposite bank where his foes dared not follow.

So by the assistance of neighbors and by their own daring and vigilance, the Black Boys managed to keep clear of their enemies, who finally becoming weary of fruitless pursuit, gave them up as a vain task. With the exception of the two traitors, all of those engaged in the adventure of the Black Boys of Cabarrus afterwards served with bravery and credit in the army of the Revolution.

In the case of the traitors Providence clearly showed a hand by sending upon them the evils they had invoked upon their own heads by the betrayal of companions. Ashmore is said to have fled the country, lived a wretched life, and died as miserably as he lived, without comforts and without friends. Wheeler remained in the country a drunkard and a brute. For his brutal treatment of his family, his neighbors, attired in female dress, went to his house, dragged him out of bed, and on his bare back gave him a severe beating. "He continued through life the same miserable wretch, and died without any friendly hand to sustain him or eyes to pity."

Well did Col. Alexander say, to them, "There is a justice which punishes the traitor." R. D. W. CONNER. Wilson, N. C.

We All Make Them.

Young's Companion. A Massachusetts firm prints this paragraph at the top of its letter head: "Errors—We make them; so does every one. We will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us. Try to write good naturedly if you can, but write to us anyway. Do not complain to some one else first or let the matter pass. We want first opportunity to make right any injustice we may do." Little Saracen deserves a wide audience. Few people that have not had occasion at some time in their lives to regret the sending of a harsh or hasty note of complaint. It may be necessary to assert one's rights in subsequent letters, but there is no better rule of correspondence than to make the first one good natured.

James P. Baker, a switchman on the Southern Railway shot himself in the house of Emma Williams in Charlotte last Saturday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock. He died from the effects of the wound at St. Peter's Hospital.

BILL ARPS LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Dog days. So many of the young people write to me about dog days that I will answer briefly that there are no dog days. It is nothing but a superstition that has come down to us from the ancients. The Dog star or Sirius has its time to appear in the heavens and rise and set like other stars, but it is a very irregular time and so what we call dog days may begin the first of July or many days later. The rising of Sirius in a line with the sun begins on the 3d of July and will continue until the 11th of August. Those forty days were believed by the ancients to bring very hot and sultry weather and many malignant diseases, but this has been disproved by modern astronomy, for the appearance of Sirius is very uncertain and in the course of time it will rise in the winter. Now a little more about this wonderful star. You know that we have eight planets that revolve around the sun just as the earth does and the nearer the planet is to the sun the faster it travels. Neptune is 16,000,000 miles distant and it takes 165 years to get around.

But Sirius is away outside of our solar system and is 120,000,000,000 miles from us and gives 400 times more light than our sun. It is the largest and brightest star in the heavens. It is called the Dog star because it appears to be in the tail of the constellation that the ancients named Major Canis or the Big Dog. They were a smart people and we still keep their map of the heavens and their names of the stars, but they had no telescopes and did not know that there were any stars or suns except those we see with the naked eyes.

But now young people listen. It is now established and proven that there are millions of stars and solar systems star off in space and that ours is the smallest and the most insignificant of them all. We are nothing and less than nothing in the scale of existence. It has always been a mystery to me why the Creator of the boundless universe, this little world of ours for His greatest work, the creation of man in His own image, a little lower than the angels, man who sinned and fell and was redeemed by the sacrifice of the Son of God. I don't understand it. I cannot comprehend it. This little world is not bigger than a cannon ball compared with some of the planets and stars afar out in space. It has but one little moon that does not condescend to show us but one side of its anatomy. The other night we went out to Mr. Granger's beautiful home to look at the full moon through his great telescope that cost \$5,000—and is mounted in a high observatory with dome that revolves as the earth revolves. It was a magnificent spectacle but the view of Jupiter with four moons and Saturn with his rainbow ring and seven moons was much more beautiful and impressive. Of course those planets must be inhabited, for the Creator would not have surrounded a dead world with such luminous and beautiful satellites. We don't know anything hardly and it fills me with disgust to see young men strutting around like peacocks—acting like they made themselves and knew everything and expected to live always when the truth is they don't know where they came from and where they are going and can't add an hour or a day to their existence. I have but little hope for a vain or a conceited man and a vain woman is no better. A conceited man is close kin to an idiot and a woman vain of her beauty should sometimes remember that she had no hands in creating it for it was God given or inherited. "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Of all the faults of which humanity is guilty that of self conceit is the last to be forgiven and the hardest to reform.

I ruminated on this yesterday when I read what Roosevelt said in his speech at West Point. The editor who publishes it speaks of him as our well meaning but impulsive president. He should have said our "conceited and erratic president." In speaking of the great men whom West Point had graduated, he said, "I claim to be a historian and I speak what I know to be true that West Point has turned out more great men and more statesmen than any other institution in the United States."

It was self-conceit and ignorance that provoked such a monstrous statement, for Colonel Stryker, of Yale college, has recently challenged him to the proof and has shown beyond all cavil that Yale can number 10 times the great men that West Point can number. Among them 1,383 ministers of the gospel—78 justices of supreme courts, 17 chief justices, 546 doctors, 39 governors of states and 38 United States senators—besides these Yale has sent forth an army of educators, established 480 colleges, 160 for women and 8,000 high schools while West Point has sent out none but soldiers.

Today ought to be ashamed of himself, but he will not be. He is not yet ashamed that in his so-called history he called Mr. Davis an arch traitor and repudiator and told what he did when governor of Mississippi, etc. His attention has been called to these malignant calumnies against a great statesman and whose curriculum at West Point that he ordained when secretary of war is still in force and who never was a member of the legislature nor governor of Mississippi. No, he is too conceited to take back anything or to apologize for his misdeeds. The man he slandered was dead when he published those lies, but his widow lives and there are thousands of veterans all over the south who cherish his memory and who now hold his slander in supreme contempt. Yet he claims to be a historian! When a gentleman finds that he has unwittingly wronged another he hastens to apologize, but a conceited idiot rolls the moral under his tongue!

and chews it as a cow chews and swallows her cud. He feeds on his conceit. BILL ARP.

P. S.—All hail to Evan Howell!—The soldier, the editor, the friend in need. I have known him intimately since his childhood. His good father was married in my town and I think I am the only living man who was at the wedding, though I was then but a child. All hail to my friend. He has the right to run for mayor and Atlanta will honor herself by electing him. B. A.

Feeding of the Birds.

Houston Post: A writer in The New York Mail and Express calls attention to the disappearance of the duds. The man of fashion is still with us, but he is of the athletic sort nowadays, and not of the exquisite type to which the duds belonged. The duds was the descendant of the blood, the buck, the incroyable, the macaroni, the bean, the fop, the dandy and the swell who delighted past generations. He dressed as his predecessor did in the height of fashion, usually going a good deal beyond it to attain what he believed was an aristocratic appearance. His manners were of the blasé kind, affected to give him what he believed was an air of superiority. Instead of being aesthetically beautiful, the duds was only weak. The stage door Johnny is still with us. He is a college boy usually and is harmless. We have older men who are clubmen and men older still who are roués. But the prevailing type of fashion, young and old, no longer resembles the duds. The man of fashion nowadays is athletic, broad-shouldered, an outdoor man with tan on his cheeks and the sun and wind in his manner and in the sparkle of his eye. What has brought about this change, and why has the duds disappeared? The writer in The Mail and Express gives the credit to the American girl. "I," says the American girl "with my little wish, I killed Cock Robin." Surely this is a wonderful illustration of the power of woman and "the way of a man with a maid," which King Solomon found too wonderful for him. "Cherchez la femme," as the French say—"Look for the woman." Greater problems than that of the disappearance of the duds are solved by the application of the rule of this Gallic proverb.

What Do You Know?

Washington Times.

Here are some questions about things you have seen every day and all your life. If you are a wonder you may possibly answer one or two of the queries offered. Otherwise not.

What are the exact words on a 2-cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In what direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime? How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

Which way does the crescent moon turn? To the right or left? What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Write down, offhand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also what is the number in the case of your watch?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat? How many teeth have you?

What are the words of a policeman's shield? How many buttons has the vest or shirt waist you are wearing?

How many stairs are there in the first flight at your house? How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?

What is the name, signed in facsimile, on any \$1, \$2, \$5 or \$10 bill you ever saw? You've read dozens of those names. Can you remember one?

Too Much For Relief In Tennessee. Sweetwater Telephone.

One of the brethren went to Knoxville last August and fell by the wayside—he got down there. After several months the news of his fall reached his rural home, and he was brought up before the church.

"Brethren," he said, "I admit I got drunk in Knoxville last August, but I didn't mean to do it. How I have suffered in my conscience and in my pride, God alone knows, and I trust He has forgiven me. Brethren, I want you to forgive me. I didn't go to get drunk. I took a glass or two of light wine with a friend, and later took a bottle of beer on ice, and then—"

"Brethren," interrupted a good old brother in the amen corner, "I would be willing to forgive the brother for his fall if he would make a clean breast of it and tell the truth. But I move we turn him out for lying. He has lied to us. Who ever heard of ice in August?"

And they turned him out because he dared to say that he had seen ice in August.

Death Caused by Hot Pins in Her Stomach.

Providence, R. I., Special.

Leona Jodie, for two years a novice at a convent in Flushing, L. I., is dead after a long and mysterious illness which had baffled medical science. An autopsy was performed and in the region of the heart, and piercing the pericardium, was found a headless steel hat-pin four and a quarter inches long. In the stomach was found part of another hat-pin one and a quarter inches long, headless.

The young woman had complained of pains in the stomach since 1896, but she died without having mentioned the cause of her illness. —There has been about fifty people struck dead by lightning in North Carolina in the past month.

STATE NEWS.

A director of the penitentiary says they expect it to make \$80,000 above expenses this year. The greatest amount it has ever made above expenses heretofore was about \$5,000.

The Vance county old-line Republicans met in convention at 12 o'clock on at the court house Saturday. With the exception of one white man, who took but little part in the proceedings, the convention was composed exclusively of colored men.

Nine new rural free delivery routes have been added to the number in this State. This makes forty-nine new routes for July, and increases the total number of routes in the State to 226. This means the disbursement by the National Government of \$100,000 for carriers alone in North Carolina.

The grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of North Carolina has decided to educate a boy at the Agricultural and Mechanical College. They have selected a lad now in the Oxford-Orphan Asylum, Esch, Benno, a cripple. Young Benno will attend college in September. He is said to be very apt and bright.

Curator Brimley of the State Museum, has received a big rattlesnake from Macon county. He will keep it alive in the Museum for several months and then kill skin and stuff it. The snake is nearly four feet long and has eight rattlers. It is of the species known as the Banded rattler and is in excellent condition.

Jacob Hicks, the oldest engine driver living, who ran the first engine between Greensboro and Winston, died in Greensboro last Friday. He was visiting his daughter, Mrs. Linker. He learned to read and write when over sixty-four years old, when orders were given for all who could not to retire from the service.

Dr. Galling, the famous inventor of the rapid fire gun, is just completing the invention of an automobile plow, which dispenses with the pulling of the bell cord over the back of a pestiferous mule, enabling the farmer to sit in the carriage and drive the machine all over the field with as much ease as does in his reaping machine.

It is estimated that six thousand people attended the annual picnic of Barium Springs Orphanage at Mooresville last Thursday. Prof. Alex Graham, of Charlotte, delivered the oration of the day. Hon. Lee S. Overman, who was on the program, was unable to attend on account of illness. Several hundred dollars were realized for the orphanage from the sale of lunches and refreshments.

While on his way to the depot at Deris, a station a few miles north of Charlotte, to take a train for Charlotte late last Friday night, Murray Alexander, a young white man, who lives there, was held up by two burly negroes. The negroes sprang from underneath skirting the road a short distance from the station, and one grabbed the young man by the throat. The other negro started to assist his companion, when Alexander pulled his pistol and fired it point blank at the negro, whose black fingers encircled his throat. With a groan the wounded negro sank back into the arms of his companion and Alexander ran for his life.

Blaton's Sentence Changed.

Charlotte Observer and.

Governor Aycock to-day disposed of an extremely interesting case by commuting to life imprisonment in the penitentiary the death sentence of Richard Blaton, colored, who was convicted of rape and sentenced to be hanged at Salisbury. Richard Fleming, convicted at the same time, was hanged and on the scaffold declared Blaton's innocence. Governor Aycock says in his reasons for commutation: "His guilt is too uncertain to permit his execution. The evidence against him was that of the woman who only saw him in the uncertain light through an open door. At first she failed to identify him and the officers turned him loose on his statement. He proved an ally by a witness who proved a good character. The trial judge earnestly recommends the commutation, and says that but for an implied understanding that the sentence would be commuted to life imprisonment, he would have set the verdict aside. Blaton proved a good character on the trial. Many of the lawyers and other reputable citizens of the county recommend the commutation and most of them express grave doubts as to his guilt."

Stole King Edwards's Mahogany.

London, Aug. 7.—A man of the name of Wooton was arraigned before a Magistrate yesterday on the charge of pushing in Windsor Park, taking rabbits belonging to the King. He pleaded in defence that he went into the park to sleep and the rabbits ran into his pocket and were suffocated.

Despite this defence he was sentenced to two month's imprisonment.

A magazine called Success has been engaged in the profitable diversion of finding out who are the fifty greatest living Americans. The list was made up through the medium of a prize contest. Theodore Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, William J. Bryan and Chief Justice Melville Fuller compose the list of statesmen. The list of statesmen made up of eight distinguished names. All but one belong north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the one selected from the South is Booker T. Washington. These yellow journal prize contests are invariably productive of wonderful, not to say freakish, results. Success' list of fifty of the greatest is a marvel. It has not attracted near as much attention as its merits deserve.—Charlotte Observer.