

BILL ARP.

Last night I read to my family portions of a long article by a preacher describing the sad condition of a people he has recently visited. Out of one hundred and sixty-eight towns in the State he visited seventy of them that are off from the railroads, and all of these have decreased in population since 1890. None of these towns have settled pastors or preachers and the churches are abandoned or have preaching at irregular intervals and the attendance hardly ever exceeds twenty-five persons. The Sabbath schools are equally deserted. The once busy plants of small industries are dead and the people farm only for the bare necessities of life. Houses, barns and fences are going to decay and the little mills that were on the creeks have tumbled down and the dams washed away. Here and there you will see a stately mansion sheltering some degenerate family in the back rooms while the vacant front greets you with the silence of the tomb. Sometimes you will find an old man and woman alone in an old ancestral home. I found a mother and her two sons and two old maids in one house not one of whom could read. The intermarriage of near relatives or not marrying at all is common and bachelor and divorced men and widowers have housekeepers and they unashamedly cohabit with them and young girls become grass widows by the time they are sixteen.

"Where is all this?" said my wife. "I don't believe a word of it. It is some newspaper lie—a fake made up by some reporter." I read on. In one town I found the usual Saturday night dance going on in an old vacated tavern and they danced and dined and drank until Sunday morning. Sunday is no more observed than it is in Chicago, for they hoe and dig and gather hay all the same as on week days. Illiteracy, insanity and imbecility are very marked. I found one family in which both parents were idiots and had raised up a family of idiots. In another home I found a poor father taking care of three motherless children, all idiots.

"I don't believe a word of it," said my wife. "There is no such people in this country. What paper are you reading from?"

One can hardly conceive of the filth and vice reigning in these country places called homes—a barbarism differing from the city slums only in its stagnant inertia and touched as little by church influences as if in the heart of Africa. The country people all over the State are generally without ambition, improvident, ignorant, not able to read or write, loose in their family relations, socially corrupt, given to drink, and some to the opium habit. And these are the towns where, half a century ago, lived the best families of the State. Among them the Fields (Cyrus and his brother), the Abbotts, the Barnes and Donald G. Mitchell and others.

And now let me tell you, my dear wife, I am reading from The Hartford Times and this is only a short portion of the report read in New Haven recently by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, a Bible colporteur, of Connecticut.

This report is fully accredited to be true and the editor of The Times tries to tone it down by saying, "The same conditions described by Mr. Hutchins for Connecticut are common to all the older States." Rev. George Horr, of Massachusetts, is also a Bible colporteur for that State and he said in Boston the other day, "I have driven all over New England with my own horse and my conviction is there is no immorality in any western mining town that will compare with what you find a few miles from any New England town. Mr. Hutchins' observation corresponds exactly with my own."

Good friends, kind friends, what is to be done about this. But the editor of The Times is mistaken when he says the same conditions are common to all the older States. We have no such people in Georgia. In some of our mountain counties the people are illiterate, but they are honest and moral and attend church and observe the marriage relation and obey the laws of the land and make the best soldiers the world ever saw. They have courts twice a year and it takes only a half a week to clear the criminal dockets.

Now, I was thinking that as Boston and Hartford and New Haven had sent a big lot of money down here to educate and reform our negroes it would be nothing but fair for us to send a lot of the graduates up there to do missionary work in Connecticut, and Massachusetts. These negro graduates couldn't teach them the lost art of making wooden nutmegs, but they could teach school and preach and the New England people could pay them for it and keep their money at home. Something must be done and done quick, or the old Puritan race will become extinct. I reckon these colored graduates would make good missionaries. They have never tried anything else.

When my good friend Mr. T. K. Oglesby sent me his book, "Some Truths of History—The South Vindicated," I was too sick to peruse it carefully. Since I have gotten better I have reread it—every page—and am free to say it is the most comforting little book of 260 pages I have yet found. It is mastery and as true and solid as a stone wall. He has certainly vindicated the South and nailed the lies and slanders to the masthead. I feel like I have a defender in mine own household, and yet there is not a malignant expression in it. It is gracefully done and would bring conviction to any mind, North or South, that was open to conviction. Every youth in the land

should buy a copy and absorb its contents, for it is as readable as a romance. I regard it as the best contribution to Southern historical literature that has yet appeared. Send \$1.25 to Mr. Oglesby, No. 8 South Broad street, Atlanta, Ga. It seems to me that this book would convert a Northern fanatic and if it converted only one it would save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. And there has recently come to me the March number of The Alkahest, a first-class Southern magazine, and I find in it a very remarkable article, "The Stages of Civilization," by Mr. Frank Orme, of Atlanta. I did not think that the Frank Orme I used to know was old enough to have written an article so scientific, so philosophical, so Huxleylike on the races of mankind. Most of the article is an analytical history of the principal races and the causes that contributed to their advancement or their decay. The latter part deals gently and fairly with the negro and our efforts to elevate and refine him by education. From Mr. Orme's viewpoint and the laws of ethnology and biology this cannot be done and the effort will be in vain. But I have not time or space to review his admirable treatise. Let our thoughtful men, our wise men, our learned professors in the college read it and they will find abundant food for thought and serious reflection. Mr. Orme seems as familiar with ethnology, biology, anthropology, sociology and all the otherologies as Huxley or Humboldt or Darwin. We old veterans are pleased to see our young men taking hold of these things. Ever since the war our people have seemed almost paralyzed for fear of making their condition more intolerable by talking but of late there is a renewal of independence and younger men are coming to the front. The sale of Henry R. Jackson's great speech on "The Wanderer" has exceeded my expectations and it was a young man who projected that—not for money but for the diffusion of knowledge.

And here is a long article in a Des Moines paper from a woman who has been recently traveling through Texas hunting for something she wanted to find and she found it. It was some very high weeds in the front yard of one home—and at another house was a woman sitting on a log dipping snuff and she had lost all her front teeth. Another discovery was that Texas women don't do anything. They won't work the garden or raise chickens or churn the butter and if one was caught at it she would be taken up and put in a glass case and sent to the St. Louis fair as a curiosity. What a malignant slanderer she is. She winds up by saying that the people there hate the negro so bad that if the whole race had but one neck they would chop it off. I know Texas from east to west and north to south and the people will average well with the better class in the older States. When will these slanders cease? The March number of The Review of Reviews has a most excellent editorial on the South and her people. It is kind and considerate until it gets to Roosevelt and it gives him the most folsome praise and declares that he is our friend. But I want Mr. Shaw to tell me if he can about when will Roosevelt retract his published slanders of Jefferson Davis and make an apology to his widow. That's what I want to know and until he does that no words of praise will prove him to be either a gentleman or a friend. —Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

REBUILDING A TREE.

Broken Down by an Ice Storm, It is in Its Oldtime Beauty.

Every passing storm seemed to wreak its vengeance on the big elm tree that grew by the roadside. One late winter morning we awoke to find the world transformed by ice on every tree and bush. In wonder and amazement we looked abroad. But in front of us the elm tree lay a shapeless mass, broken and splintered by the weight of ice. Already the tree had been endeared to us by its many hardships, in which all the family had sympathized. The tree must not perish now.

With ropes and pulleys the great limbs, some of them now several inches in diameter, were drawn back to their places; for every one of them still clung to the parent stock by a strip of bark and wood at its base. Iron bolts were made from half-inch rods, long enough to reach through branch and stock just above the split. With long augur, half-inch holes were bored through the tree the bolts driven in tight and then drawn up by means of a nut and thread. A large head and washer, and another washer under the nut at the other end, prevented the ends of the bolt from drawing into the wood. So tightly was the branch drawn to the trunk that no gaping crack was left, and the crease was hermetically sealed with melted wax. Then higher up, between brancher two or three feet apart, other rods were run to hold all the members in place. We knew that if the bolts fitted tightly in their holes no harm would come to the tree; but that if bands were placed about the branches they would soon crease and girdle the parts and work much harm. When the storm had passed the dear tree stood in its customary mood, and all the following summer it grew as if with renewed determination.—Country Life in America.

The latest returns of the population of Japan, including Formosa and the Pescadores, gives a total of 46,444,524

Senator Hoar's Joke.
Senator Hoar told a joke in the Supreme Court.
The Senator was arguing a case. He said a point raised reminded him of the man who was arrested for stealing forty cowbells. The man said he didn't steal the cowbells. That they were in the barn and somehow the cows got them on their necks.
"That might do for one cowbell," said the judge, "but no forty cows in creation acquire a taste for music at the same time."
The Supreme Court smiled grimly. Senator Hoar chuckled audibly. The marshal of the court wouldn't let the spectators do anything.—New York World.

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