

EVENING STAR

C. L. Bittinger and R. R. Carroll, Editors and Publishers. C. L. BITTINGER, Editor R. R. CARROLL, Business Manager

RADICAL METHODS OF REFORM

There is a strong if rude sense of justice in the rural American, handed down from pioneer days, and greatly out of favor with those who live in cities, because it takes a short cut to the devious ways of the courts. Call it lynching, klu kluxing, white capping, night riding or what you will, it is called forth by man's primal sense of justice, and would seldom be resorted to if the courts were what they should be and will never be eliminated until either the administration of the law has reached a point where the poor man is equal to the rich as well as de jure with the rich one, or until the American citizen has lost the last vestige of his manly independence and become the subservient slave of authority.

The latest instance of this homemade justice comes from Dalton, Ga., the place made famous by Will N. Harben in his North Georgia tales. The following dispatch tells the story. Dalton, Ga., Aug. 27.—Intense excitement prevailed on the streets of the city, when the report of the visit of a band of klu klux was spread. Editor Hearstall of the Argus was awakened from sleep and when he went to the door, was greeted by several masked men who placed in his hands a letter warning to the gamblers, blind beggars, and lewd women. The letter was signed by the Klu Klux Klan, and went on to say that the warning had better be heeded.

Several people saw the men wearing long white robes with white masks, which completely enveloped them, rendering identification impossible. Even their voices were so disguised that it was impossible to make out the identity of any member of the party.

It seemed that the object of the visit was the capture of a notorious negro preacher named Gresham, who lives in North Dalton. They inquired for him, and even went to his house, but he was out of the city at the time.

The warning of the klu klux was as follows:

"Owl Hollow, 8th month, A. X. "When in the course of events it becomes necessary for us to visit a certain section for the protection of women and children and good of society, we are ever ready to answer that call, and whatsoever we purpose that we do wee unto the guilty wretch who disobeys our orders.

"There are certain evils existing in this city that have got to stop. Blind tigers and gamblers, lewd women, street loafers and vagrants must go. Ed Whitaker, Lum Cartrell, Jesse House and several others of their color; also several white men who are engaged in the same business of selling whisky, take warning. The appeal of women and children who have been made to suffer on account of the infernal poison you sell has been heard and by the eternal they shall not be imposed upon any more. The gamblers we know also, and this is the first and last warning you will receive.

"Some of them are married men and have families who have our sympathy and need the money that you are gambling away while you are ruining the young boys of the town. This thing has got to stop. If it does not and your doors meet in the center of houses, remember you have been warned. Don't attempt violence or make any threats. If you do, remember the cross beam on the foot bridge is still sound and strong. The gang of young men who loaf the streets both day and night must either go to work or leave the country. Lewd women, both white and black, must go. Certain young men who wear good clothes and loaf on the streets each night until midnight must either go to work or leave. Some of the gang are thieves and we have got them on our list. You must either go to work or go further away. This order to all is first and final; you must quit your cussedness and go to another country. Your day is over here.

"Done in conference at Owl Hollow and final orders given by Tho Tib, "Grand Cyclops of the K. K. K." The document was typewritten, some sentences having been done over in red ink.

SMALL WONDER SHE SUED

A jury in the superior court at Jonesboro, Clayton county, Georgia, brought in a verdict recently for the defendant in the case of Mrs. Sadie A. Bean against Rev. J. C. Atkinson, pastor of the Jonesboro Methodist church in which she had demanded \$20,000 damages for slanders of the K. K. K. In a sermon which he delivered nearly a year ago, Dr. Atkinson referred to those members of his flock who sought to sow dissension in the church, as "devils incarnate."

Mrs. Bean charged that the reference was to her and also claimed that the pastor had referred more directly to her, which was denied. Dr. Atkinson, however, introduced witnesses to show that Mrs. Bean had been a disturbing element in the church.

Some of the witnesses testified she had said the teacher of the Bible class was ignorant, that the Sunday school superintendent was too slow, that the voices of the choir were cracked and that a certain lady member who gave an ice cream festival for the church, was "not on the job."

The jury after short deliberation brought in a verdict for the pastor. Mrs. Bean made no comment, but it is probable that only a full outflow of masculine cusswords would have expressed her feelings.

It seems to the Star that both the pastor and the jury were unreasonable. In making the observations quoted, Mrs. Bean was only exercising her feminine prerogative. If every lady who made such comments was expelled from the church, the preachers of the country would have to find other vocations.

Taft will eat his way thru The itinerary of the president's western trip finally has been completed and sent off to the printers, together with the other data for the official program. This means that it will be impossible to make any further conditions, however desirable they might be regarded by local committees.

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Boston, and then at every long stop that the president makes, both going and coming, he will be entertained at a feast. The count shows about twenty banquets and as many luncheons at the fifty-three cities in which he will stop during the fifty-five days of his tour.

This means a heterogeneous mass of food of all kinds, including a Mexican menu and the amazing dishes of the Creole cooks of Louisiana. He will have hot tamales at San Antonio, possum in Augusta, and in the great Northwest and along the California coast every device in cookery peculiar to the sections will be used to tickle the jaded palate of the much banquetted president.

Wherefore, it is no wonder that Mr. Taft will take a physician along. Wherever it is possible the president will dine in his own car. But in the great majority of cases that will not be possible, and, as was observed here today, this trip of fifty-five days will hold out more real dangers to the president through the fifty-five different varieties of cooking that he will have to endure, than anything else he man encounter. And the secret service men will not be able to protect him from that.



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CHAPTER I.

"NO; I'll not give 'em a raise of 3 cents an hour nor of a cent an hour; vary a raise, understand. And I don't want you to come here thinking you can bulldoze me, because you'll find mighty quick you're mistaken. If my man thinks he can do that I want to see him."

The words, uttered in a wrathful bellow, came through the closed door of the president's room and were heard by every employee and visitor in the main office of the Latin American Steamship company, which occupied an entire floor of a big building in Bowling Green, New York city.

Some of the employees smiled and passed the remark that the boss "had 'em bad" that day, but the smiles of the sickly, apprehensive orderlies for the fact that he was in exuberant humor was perfectly well known to each and all, having been impressed upon them very forcibly at intervals from the minute the great man had made his appearance with his unvarying punctuality as the clock struck 9 a. m. Others scowled and kept their reflections to themselves.

The voices of the other parties to the conversation were not audible to the listeners, but that of the president, with its all penetrating roar, burst forth again:

"I don't give a tin whistle what you or your unions do, understand. Let 'em strike, strike and be d—d. But you tell 'em this from me—that any man who's fool enough to throw up his job does so for good and all. He'll never work again for the Latin American Steamship company in this or any other port. I'll take care of that. I'll show 'em who and what I am if they don't know."

The door opened, and two white faced, intimidated men emerged, cap in hand. They were rough looking men, evidently laborers, injured to the hardest kind of work. They shuffled quickly past the neatly dressed clerks and did not breathe freely until they found themselves in the cross streets of hurrying passersby on the street. There, as they mopped their brows and looked around for a saloon, something of the arrogant insolence with which they had demanded audience of the head of the company and which had been speedily covered out of them by that formidable and choleric presence returned to them.

Meanwhile at the open door of the room in which they had been through the ordeal of their interview Captain Amos Williams, president and general manager of the line, glared after his departing visitors and round the office. There was dead silence, and every employee, from the highest to the office boys, impudent and irrepresible there, as everywhere else, save when Captain Williams was nigh, became deeply engrossed in his work.

"Call up Mr. Smith and tell him I want to see him at once," he growled to no one in particular. Then he re-entered his room and slammed the door.

In a few minutes, however, his bell rang, and a boy responded to it with an alacrity not customary in any other office in all New York.

"Tell Mr. Brooks to come here," was the order he received.

The boy hurried out and approached one of the men behind the brass lattice screens.

"Mr. Brooks, the captain wants you," he announced.

Mr. Brooks did not reply, but he got down leisurely and with bad grace from his stool and moved with equal deliberation to the president's room.

"Brooks, has Fernandez & Co. that Peramburo firm, been heard from yet?" demanded his employer.

"Check came today," was the laconic reply.

"Full amount?"

"Yes, four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five."

"All right. That's all."



EUGENE WALTER, Author of "Paid In Full" and "The Easiest Way"

collars and cuffs also were just a trifle worse for wear at least they were immaculately clean.

"Cheer up!" admonished one of his fellow clerks, noticing his ill humor. Brooks' moods were never taken seriously, for with him fits of despondency alternated with a contagious cordiality and an optimism that knew no limit. Of late, however, his spells of gloominess had become wearisomely frequent, and usually they were accompanied by a nervous irritability.

"Cheer up?" he answered, with some heat. "I don't see any reason for cheering up, and I don't feel like cheering up. Did you hear how the brass received those delegates of the Longshoremen's union because they asked him to add a little to their starvation pay to help them keep skin and bone together? Why shouldn't he raise them? Why shouldn't he raise all of us? He's reeking with money, doesn't know what to do with it, yet what does he do but grind us down—grind and grind and grind—grind us as a grain of wheat is ground to powder between the millstones—grind us with his heel, squeezing from us the very sap of brain and life that he may add to his pile."

The clerks near him had listened to this outbreak with amused surprise.

"Well," said the man who had addressed him before, "I haven't noticed



"I hope the longshoremen do strike!" you sweating blood to any extent upon the grinding process."

"Jenkins, you're a camel," retorted Brooks. "For a wisp of hay you'd let yourself be loaded till the last straw broke your back, and then you'd lick the hand that crushed you."

"Sure," said Jenkins enthusiastically. "Anybody can load me up that wants to."

"And I'll back his liquid capacity to equal that of any camel," chimed in another clerk, while every one within earshot grinned.

"Oh, you can laugh," grumbled Brooks, "but it doesn't alter the truth of what I say. It's men like him that have made our society today what it is, a soulless, heartless, oppressive civilization in which Croesuses walk roughshod over the men who are down and thrust them deeper into the slough with one foot as they climb higher and higher to the power that the possession of inconceivable wealth carries with it."

"'Twas ever thus!" sighed Jenkins. "But there is yet hope. Our Joseph hath received a call to uplift the downtrodden."

"How did he get it? What is his record?" went on Brooks, ignoring the interruption. "Why, he started out as a sealer or a south Pacific trader, which in those days was the same as being a pirate, and you know and I know that his name was a terror to sailorsmen from San Francisco to Australia. He made his first money by bullying and ill treating other men and killing them, too, on occasion. It's a matter of common knowledge. And he's been a buccaneer ever since. Didn't he bunko and sandbag my father-in-law out of control of this company? And what has he done since then but act the brutal tyrant over everybody connected with it, beating us down to the lowest wage a man can exist on that he may add to his dirty heap, running this office with fist, boot and rope end as though it were his lawless ship and we were his groveling Lascar crew. I hope the longshoremen do strike! They would be doing humanity a service if they'd

By John W. Harding

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fill him full of bullets."

"There's a lot of truth in what Brooks says," assented a youthful clerk in low tones, looking around cautiously as he did so.

"Well, after all, I don't see that you're got such a fierce kick coming," observed Jenkins to the disgruntled orator.

"You don't, eh?" sneered Brooks. "You think \$20 a week is big pay for an accountant and collector who's handled half the money of the line for five years, eh?"

"No; I mean that you are at least solid with the boss and sure of your job, which is more than anybody else here is, and that you stand to become an officer high up in the company one of these days. Williams is a friend of your family, isn't he? You yourself have boasted often that he visits you and your wife."

"That's just it. The swine takes advantage of his relations with my wife's people to keep me down and rub it in. Other people get their salary raised, but I don't. Do you call that a square deal?"

"It hardly seems so, but perhaps there's a reason. He may have some object that will appear in due course, and you'll go up several numbers at one sweep. In the meantime," continued Jenkins, lowering his voice, "I wouldn't let on like you have this afternoon if I were you, Joe. It can't do any good and might do you a deal of harm. You don't know who might hear you, and the boss somehow knows everything that goes on in the office."

"I don't care," affirmed Brooks sulkily. "I'd just as lief tell him to his face what I think of him, and, by gum, I will one of these days, darn him!"

"All right," laughed Jenkins. "I hope I'll be around at the time so that I can perform for you the last sad rite of gathering up your scattered remains. Ah, here's Jimmy Smith!"

(Continued Next Saturday.)

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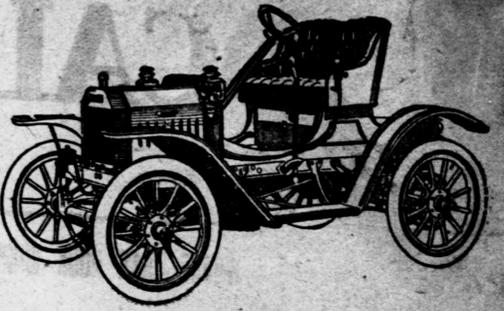
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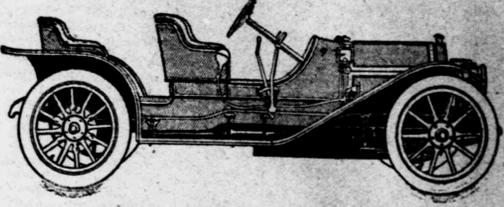
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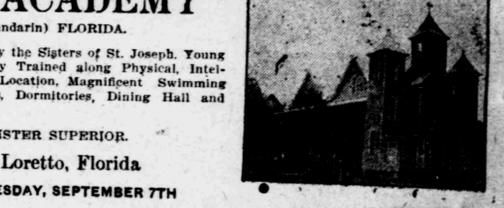


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