

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

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BUILDING THE SOUTH

The Rev. W. W. Evans, Returning from Trip, Gives Interesting Account of New Conditions in the South.

To the Editor of The Times:

Few northerners realize, in fact some doubt the truth of the statement, that the slave-holders at the beginning of the Civil war numbered only one-fifth of the white families of the south. It is, however, true as Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard university states that of the 1,680,000 families of the whites at that time only 384,000 owned one slave or more.

What does this mean for the nation? Is it not well for each half of our country to know something about how the other half lives? Sectionalism is one of America's problems, but a little study of such underlying causes as we have just cited, will lead to a patient and sympathetic understanding between these sections of our people.

The above fact means that a large section of our beloved country is now faced with an economic and educational problem which it cannot solve by itself. We believe that we need only to inform the people of the north about it to lead to an attempt to "redress the balance of the old" on the part of the new, both north and south. To study at first hand was the object of a Friendship tour recently conducted from Washington, D. C., to southern educational institutions and churches. The present writer was a member of this good-will mission.

The Problem Stated.

The problem entailed in the fact above cited may be partially stated here. We see that four-fifths of the whites at the time of the Civil war were of the working class engaged in the various managerial or subordinate positions on the plantations. The ex-slaveholders, the formerly wealthy one-fifth are not now in the rural south, but are in the cities. About nine million Negroes have moved to the north, and this Negro migration is increasing. But it is the white four-fifths amongst whom the new south is emerging. This new development is a wonderfully interesting phenomenon.

Three factors are present in this increasing development; first, the fine network of federal and state automobile roads with trunk lines through between north and south; second, education; third, the coming of the cotton mills from north and south and the building of the new agriculture. Diversification of crops follows upon the broads of the cotton boll-weevil. Alabama considering now the erection of a monument to the boll-weevil for bringing about this diversification. Rotation of crops and development of peach and apple raising in Georgia, for example, as a result of education in adaptation to environment, have made a remarkable change in that state. These factors are co-efficient of the well-known political, religious and social changes that have or will soon come. In religious circles the retardation has been the greatest. The churches are the seat of conservatism, but even there the awakening seems to be taking place.

Changes in Education.

Educationally changes are more rapid than one would think. In 1907 there were eleven accredited high schools in Georgia; in 1928 the number was 164. The south intends not to be for long the center of illiteracy of the nation. But she cannot do this work alone.

It is said that one-tenth of America will feed the other 90 per cent. The south has resources such that it could clothe and supply with vegetables and fruit the entire nation. What potentialities can come with these vast material resources only one who visits the rural sections can visualize.

Someone has said that there are three great epics in American history. First was the Puritan migration to New England and the Atlantic coast; second, the opening up of the west; and the third is now beginning, the rebuilding of the south.

Economic Status.

But the economic status of the rural population and the remarkable intellectual and artistic capacities of this pure Anglo-Saxon Americanism combine to form an unusual educational opportunity. Will not our whole people wish to accept the challenge when once the facts are told? Dr. Frank E. Jenkins, president of Piedmont college, Demorest, Ga., well says: "This rural population of the southeast, while large in numbers, is scattered over ten New England states in territory. This scattered condition has made the whole educational problem exceedingly difficult, as the south has come up during the past sixty-four years from poverty caused by the destructions of the Civil war. If the Civil war had been fought in New England, and, at its end sixty-four years ago, the six New England states had found themselves financially ruined, their homes burned, their fields devastated, their business and their institutions gone, no public school system inherited, all to be established with less than two-thirds of the present population of Massachusetts, 40 per cent. black and 60 per cent. white, scattered over all the New England states, New England would have to-day the educational problem each southern state now has. The southern people have done nobly in their struggle upward, but they have far to go."

When the southern young men and young women to-day secure an education, it is at the price of great sacrifice and struggle. Even with Piedmont's

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. IV. Life in Earlville.

The magnetism of his personality which was to attract men to Hawley all his life had its influence on his career at Earlville. He was naturally drawn into the social life of this rural New York town, then as now perhaps, a semi-rural metropolis and center of trade and travel. Dancing, card parties and other diversions whiled away the hours his school work left free.

Still, Hawley kept up his interest in public affairs. He was utterly without patience with Henry Clay. The presidential campaign of 1848 was looming. Clay had had the whig nomination in 1844 and there was great speculation as to his purposes. On November 13, 1847, he delivered a speech at Lexington, Ky., which attracted the attention of the nation and which was discussed for weeks by the newspapers. It was the opinion of The Hartford Times that it indicated his candidacy for the presidency. He laid the responsibility for the Mexican war at the door of Polk and disavowed any desire for the acquisition of territory as a means of spreading slavery. The Boston Post said he had gone over to the Mexicans. Hawley, apparently, devoured the reports of his speech and thought little of it. Thus he wrote on November 29, of his life in Earlville and of public affairs:

Earlville (N. Y.), Nov. 29, '47.

Dear Charlie: Last Friday night for the first time I danced all night—and a most glorious season we had, too. I knew nothing of the amusement before and did not think of dancing that night, but having gone up to see the sport with Doctor and his lady and some of scholars, five of the young ladies were there looked so beautiful I could not resist the temptation and invitation to dance and I did not make such bad work as I was most certain I should. At any rate I had the kindest teachers.—A fine teacher am I not? Played cards with five of the young ladies and danced with half my school in the ballroom! Don't say anything of it Charles, for those who don't know the circumstances would find fault without reason—I have now twenty scholars and shall have more. The young ladies still have the majority 12 to 8. The school is pleasant if not profitable.

Four days have elapsed since I commenced this letter but I am too busy and too poor to throw aside the sheet. There is but little variety in my life. Day follows day with the same tasks, the pleasures and pains. For the last two days I have worked much harder than usual endeavoring to drive business and see how orderly and studious my scholars could be kept. I have succeeded pretty well. To be sure it does seem a difficult task to keep twenty-two (two since I commenced) scholars in order and hear the classes, but I have as many classes as I should probably have with fifty scholars nearly. For instance, I have three classes in Algebra (one fellow makes the third), three in Kirham's Gram., two in Brown's and one in Smith's; one in Olney's and one in Smith's Geography; one in Philosophy, one in Chemistry, one in French, one in Geography, of the Heavens and one in Parker's Composition, all of which I must hear besides giving one-half an hour to Arithmetic (which everyone studies), attending to writing, giving assistance, and hearing everyone spell and read. Somehow or other the day passes quickly and I find myself tired and alone in the school-room before I am aware of it. An old schoolteacher, of a common school at least would probably smile at my labor but I cannot turn classes off with a simple rehearsal of questions and answers. In Philosophy, Chemistry, Grammar and Composition particularly I must stop and talk a little besides questioning upon matters directly or indirectly connected with the lesson.

Dancing and Backgammon.

But I have a little pleasure occasionally. Wednesday evening with three of my scholars (young ladies) and a number of young fellows I went about two miles out of town and spent the night until 2 o'clock very pleasantly. Others were there when we came and with a little dancing and little singing and a little whist and some waiting for the rain to cease the night passed away quickly and to me pleasantly.

This evening I have been up to the office, read the Tribune completely through excepting Professor Agassiz's lecture, and the Liberty Press and beat the student clerk four times at backgammon. We have played for a couple of weeks, yes, three, and now I am five ahead. I presume we have played 300 games. At one time he was twenty ahead. I never took more interest in such trifling sport but when night comes I am ready for almost anything—I have hired a fine fiddle and that is no little consolation in a lonely hour, which, by the way, don't often come.

Have you read the proceedings of that meeting at the "Tabernacle" called to express sympathy with the Italians. The address to the Pope is splendid. I think it is the best of the kind, judging from one perusal. But I wanted to be there and give a Hurrah like those of days gone by. That is a cause which I can sympathize and I would a thousand times rather see our armies under the "sorry skies" of old Rome charging side by side with the children of Romans upon the dominions of a detestable despotism and if necessary, dying there

in the cause of freedom, than where they now are with every flash of their swords disclosing to the sneerers our nation's hypocrisy and disgraceful hunger for other men's property to feed that monster slavery which has already made three millions of men his prey and weakened and disgraced our country. I think you do not take such ground as when you "hoped to see me a patriot" because I wanted them to come back. What do you think of Henry Clay now? Don't you hope to see him a patriot? You thought he was when he longed for some nook or corner in the army from which he might "capture or slay" that is murder one more human being; then what is he now?

Should he have been so anxious to help such an unjust and unnecessary war?

J. R. HAWLEY.

Hard At Blackstone.

As the year 1847 waned Hawley wrote to Warner again from Earlville, in December. Some busybody gossip regarding his social activities in Earlville evidently had filtered back to Cazenovia to which he paid some attention. His heart still rankled over Clay's speech at Lexington and he prodded Warner about it. Hawley was still busy with his school and happy with the social recreations. He had begun the study of law and his time was "fully employed" with, as he put it: "... a little Blackstone (16 pages a day), a little of the violin and a little talk with the girls—(By the way, the girls who board at our house are really good girls) I manage to slip along through (?) after day very comfortably. I do really love to live in such a place. It is not large enough to give rise to the silly aristocratic distinctions which you know prevail to a great extent even in Cazenovia.

"And the young folks are particularly plenty. Towns—who sent me here to teach, had for his scholars many who since he taught (two years ago) have grown out of their school boy or girl days. I have, of course, full opportunity of enjoying myself at all the parties—and I feel no compunction in availing myself of the privilege debarred as I have been for three years past almost entirely from the society of ladies. Mr. Kershaw to the contrary notwithstanding. If you were well acquainted with him you would not mind his remarks much. He is a mixture of Bannister and Brightman subtracting three-fourths of their intelligence and tinging the remainder with a deep green. I have a deacon's boy and am soon to have the minister's in my school, and I venture to say am as much respected here as any young man in the place. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed—save entering Mr. Kershaw's store once or twice which is the 'disreputable place.' I have been seen 'leaving'—or entering. The very worst place even in Mr. Kershaw's eyes, I have been in is the ballroom—and then I was in good company. The doctor with whom I board (Ransom, P. M.) has probably heard as much said and has answered as many questions about me as Mr. Kershaw, and he assured me that he had never heard one word of complaint. I know that I have done as well as I could in my school. I have secured I know, the confidence of my scholars. Of course I shall not be such a fool as to waste money and time in attending every ball or 'bust.' If another ball is got up by as respectable a company as the one I attended and I am asked to go by two as pretty girls—(with an offer to dance with a boy who never danced but whom they said they could teach) why I shall go again. I am glad you write me about his remarks. The first time I meet him he shall take back the remark about 'disreputable places.' By the way, I was seen, according to his story, doing the right thing—leaving such places. I have entered none such.

"I have not seen him since he was at Cazenovia though I have been here in the office an hour or two every day. As for backgammon, I have played with better men than he though any fool knows that is not a game to take any great portion of a man's time. I have played very little except during one week when a fellow—(respectable) beat me like the devil and I played until I beat him to his own satisfaction.—But enough of this. Nobody in the place but myself would pay this much attention to Mr. Kershaw's stories. He is of the same sort who once, in this place—sent a committee of the church to talk with a brother who played the childish game of dominoes a few minutes one evening in a store. . . .

"You think a great deal perhaps of Clay's speech. Read Albert Gallatin's pamphlets and you will see the difference between those old men. One is a man, a Christian, the other a slaveholder wedded to his idols. He cannot see how to do right. The little warmth in favor of true and universal liberty which involuntarily sprang up in his younger days, the selfishness of maturer years chilled, and in its place grew up that hypocrisy which could plead eloquently and justly for Greece while the crack of his overseer's whip started from despair sixty of his slaves, before God equal to himself. Henry Clay is behind the age—let him lie.

"Yours as ever, "Joe."

"I forgot to say that I have twenty-six scholars now."

(Continued To-morrow.)

The Bigger Game You Hunt, The More Risk You Must Run.

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Next to earning money, the hardest job in the world is to invest it wisely. The worker with surplus earnings, the old people with savings and the widow with life insurance are equally ignorant of investment values, and because of their ignorance are preyed upon by rogues and ill advised by gentlemen who have axes to grind.

Many of those who are fleeced—perhaps most of them—invite disaster by trying to get something for nothing. Those yet unfleeced may save themselves by learning the two basic facts of finance.

First, the degree of risk increases with the percentage of profit.

Second, no investment is absolutely safe. The safest of all investments is a government bond, but even governments have repudiated their debts. Federal and state bonds are as safe, however, as anything can be in an uncertain world, and offer the ideal investment for those who dare not lose. Their one fault is that they pay a low rate of interest.

Municipal bonds are safe, also, but they pay little more than the others; and if city officials fail to build a sinking fund, as frequently they do, the bonds lose reputation and are not easily converted into cash except at a sacrifice.

There are industrial bonds that are safe unless hard times or mismanagement bankrupts the company back of them; and there are real estate bonds—small shares in a mortgage on some income paying skyscraper—that are safe if the bonding company doesn't lend too much on a property and its officers don't pocket the money, as one set did a few years ago.

Buying good bonds of any kind is a way to save money, but it isn't a way to get rich. In fact, it's much like building a savings account in a bank—except that banks pay less and occasionally go broke.

People who hope to grow rich by investing a small capital or continued savings must buy a share in the growth of the country. They must buy stocks.

A few thousand dollars invested in the better-known stocks 20 years ago would be a great fortune to-day, but this era of prosperity may not be repeated.

The new and safer way to gamble is to buy shares in a trust company that invests in a score or more of stocks. Your investment buys a proportionate share in all of the stocks held, and the gain on one may balance the loss on another.

These companies know stock values and operate cannily, but they offer no guarantee of profits. If all stocks slump in a season of depression, everybody loses.

Nowhere is there absolute assurance of profit or safety. And if you keep your money in a crock, you run a treble risk. It may burn; somebody may steal it; or money may depreciate again until your hoarded dollars shrink to a mere 50 cents in purchasing value.

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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

ELMER TWITCHELL IN WASHINGTON FLASK PROBE.

Mr. Elmer Twitchell admitted to-day that he was among those present at the Silver Flask Dinner given to United States senators two years ago. He was immediately summoned before the District of Columbia grand jury and questioned. The verbatim of his examination follows:

Q.—Mr. Twitchell, were you at the dinner in question?

A.—If I wasn't it must have been a big mistake.

Q.—Did you see any silver flasks there?

A.—I never saw so many at one time. Why the place looked like a gent's furnishing-store window during the Christmas shopping season.

Q.—Where were these silver flasks?

A.—They were under each chair.

Q.—Did the flasks contain liquor?

A.—If they didn't I've been badly fooled.

Q.—What was the idea of having liquor at each plate like that?

A.—Only a few senators liked oysters and none of them cared for soup.

Q.—Do you know who put the flasks under the chairs?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Weren't you curious to know?

A.—No. If I had found a man under the chair and no flask I would have been curious but finding a flask and no man was okay.

Q.—When you saw all those silver flasks, what did you think?

A.—My first thought was that I was at a major football game between the halves. When there was no cheering I realized it wasn't a football game.

Q.—What did you think next?

A.—Well, I thought it must be the annual banquet of some golf club.

Q.—When did you decide it was not a golf club banquet?

A.—As soon as I saw there was only ONE flask to a person.

Q.—Did you know it was a gathering of senators?

A.—Not at first.

Q.—When did you realize they were United States senators?

A.—When I noticed they were all very busy investigating.

Q.—What were they investigating?

A.—They were investigating the flasks.

Q.—How far did the investigation progress?

A.—All I know is that they brought in no unfavorable report.

Q.—Did anybody present show any resentment that a silver flask had been found at his place?

A.—Only one.