

Secret

Societies

THE

Goodhue County
RED WING, MINNESOTA

Secret
M
II
Society

KOURIER MAGAZINE

Vol. 1, No. 12 November, 1925

\$1.00
THE YEAR

Thanksgiving Number

10¢
THE COPY

In this
Issue

The Klan's Mission
Thanksgiving Memorial
Live And Let Live
Soviet Schemes
The Divine Test
Thanksgiving
Intelligent Patriotism

Published Monthly at
ATLANTA, GA.

by the

KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

Goodhue County Historical Society

RED WING, MINNESOTA

THE KOURIER MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Atlanta, Georgia, by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Incorporated

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917 authorized April 20, 1923. Entered as second class matter April 20, 1923, at the postoffice at Atlanta, Georgia, under the Act of August 24, 1912

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1925

No. 12

Thanksgiving Memorial

BLENDING THE MATERIAL AND THE SPIRITUAL

WITH THE EDITOR

MEMORIALS may be classed as material and spiritual. This classification is not confined to the object used to convey the expression. It also refers to the idea conveyed.

It is possible to have the two ideas merged, so that there can be chosen an overlapping segment of the two, whereupon there may be erected one memorial that will suffice for both the material and the spiritual.

America is a spiritual nation. It was founded upon an ideal. It is to be maintained in the same way. Few nations have a day of Thanksgiving, on which their citizens are urged to desist from secular pursuits and raise their hearts to God in devout gratitude. It is purely a spiritual exercise. It is religious to the core.

Christmas Day is not peculiar to us. Even our Fourth of July is not American in substance. Other nations have their similar Day of Independence, according to their history. But the American Thanksgiving Day is different. How glad we should be that the Day which is peculiarly American is a day that represents a spiritual aspiration rather than a day that is the anniversary of bloodshed, as are so many of the national holidays of the world.

Thanksgiving Day is not the exclusive continuation of an act of the Pilgrims, nor of any one else. Thanksgiving Day is the spontaneous expression of the national heartbeat of our American people. It is too universal to have been born in any one locality. It is too American to belong to any one section.

True, the Pilgrims did have a day of thanksgiving after their first harvest in 1621, but the Massachusetts Bay Colony was until 1630 taking cognizance of it. Connecticut began it in 1639, with the Dutch doing likewise in 1644, in New Netherland. The Continental Congress appointed days of thanksgiving. President Washington named the 26th of November in the year 1789 and again in 1795.

At the close of the War of 1812 President Madison is seen naming a day of thanksgiving; but it was left to President Lincoln to so emphasize it in 1864 that the day has been an annual expression of National gratitude ever since. By its persistency of expression it can be seen to be really an indication of our entire Nation.

In November we now have another day. On the eleventh we rejoice because of the cessation of the World War. On Armistice Day we rejoice because of Peace. On Thanksgiving Day we bathe our souls in gratitude. Two beautiful and worth-while days in the same month! One of them represents the material world, the world of war and cannon and ships. The other represents the spiritual world, the world of the soul and of the grateful heart. Both of them are days of thanksgiving. Why can we not merge them?

Why have two thanksgiving days in the same month, with all the other national holidays throughout the year? Since the eleventh of November is fixed and since Thanksgiving day is variable, it seems an easy thing to place the latter on the anniversary of the former, and join on that day in one gigantic outburst of thanksgiving to God.

Membership in the Klan is an honor and a privilege. It gives one the chance to prove the truth of the Scripture which says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Said the Christ: "I am among you as one that serveth." Anything short of this is unworthy of a Klansman. No member is allowed to reverse this principle, and turn his membership into a chance to exploit his fellow-Klansmen on the strength of his membership.

Therefore: All sales-promotion schemes, or sales projects, all requests for or announcements of, the proposed sale of any article whatsoever, on the plea of said scheme, project or article being offered by a Klansman for personal gain, in a Klan assembly, is strictly forbidden. Nothing of this nature is to be indulged in, unless it carries the official approval of the Imperial Wizard.

The reason for this is plain. Should the article offered be jewelry, or other emblems representing the Order, it is evident that the Klansman purchasing same is going to wear it. This would be in open violation to his instruction as a Klansman.

The one who offers for sale any article not authorized by the Imperial Wizard, and doing so on the ground of his being a Klansman, is guilty of an act of selfishness that is unbecoming a member of this Order. The Klan is not a money-making organization. It is not to be used for personal gain. Such selfishness on the floor of the Klavern and in the name of the Klan, will not be tolerated. Our name must be kept unsullied.

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is an order of high ideals. Our motto reveals at the outset our pledge to be unselfish. It is not what we get *out* of the Klan, but what we invest in it that counts. We aim to sacrifice and to serve. We do not and must not wish to *be* served, especially not for the purpose of enriching ourselves thereby.

On the 25th of September, some of our metropolitan newspapers carried the story of the organization of a movement by the name

of "Pioneers." This movement has for its aim the uniting of boys and girls from Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, Austria, as well as from the Soviet republics. The possibilities of such a movement, along with the dire results that could accrue from it, compel us to stop, look and listen. It is axiomatic that the continuity of a movement is determined by the amount of new recruits it can command. This organization of "Pioneers," formed for the purpose of keeping alive the principles of Soviet government, is made to appear all the more ominous since the date line of the press notice is none other city than Moscow.

Claiming that it will play a great role in the revolutionary organization, through education of the children along communist rather than bourgeois lines, the account continues to say: "It is necessary to fight religious prejudices and abolish fear of revolutions—and build future class unity among the proletariats of the whole world."

Added to the above, is another press despatch, this time from our own America, stating that the Knights of Columbus have organized a movement among the boys of their faith. The movement is called Columbian Squires.

If organization is effective, (and we believe it is), and if new blood is essential, then it behooves the Protestants, especially in America, to incorporate these principles in their own affairs. This the Klan has foreseen and has done, by inaugurating the Junior Klan. What is good for us, fathers and big brothers that we are, is good for our sons and our younger brothers. This we should bequeath to them, with the added prayer that the next generation shall improve upon that which we commit to their hands.

Our present efforts are doomed to fruitless death, unless we include the youth of today in our plans for tomorrow.

Recently statisticians made a calculation as to what portion of our National income we spend for public education. They also made a comparison between the family ex-

penditure for education and the amount expended for education on the part of the Nation. Statistics were had from large groups of representative American families.

According to a Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the average family has an annual income of \$1,513.29, of which amount the family spends \$17.82 for education. This amount for education represents 1.18 per cent of the family income, and is based on investigation of the budgetary habits of over 12,000 families in 92 localities.

Take the year 1918 as an example. The National income approached the sum of sixty-one billion dollars. The National ex-

penditure for public education was, at that same time, \$763,678,089, which shows the Nation spent 1.25 per cent of its income for public education. This comparison presents to us an interesting truth. It shows the Nation and the average family invest about the same amount in education. This means the Nation is satisfied to maintain the standard of a family of moderate means, when it comes to purchasing education. Is it because the family does not spend more for education, that the nation does not spend more? Would the Nation be more liberal, if the family were more liberal? At least, the question is worthy of thought.

The Priests of his day sought to restrain Peter from preaching what his conscience dictated. His answer to them was: "We ought to obey God rather than men."

Ideals make nations stable. Ideals are preserved in the lives of people who believe in them. Support those who have American ideals, that American ideals may live

Exploiter or Builder: Which are you? Are you extracting from America riches for your personal use, or are you injecting strength for the Nation's life?

Christ said: "The truth shall make you free." He also said: "'I am the Truth.' In Christ-Truth men are free. Christ is the Klansman's Criterion.

Goodness, Benevolence, Charity—these and kindred attributes are not on the list of the Competitive. We welcome all movements that are spiritually constructive and are at heart unselfish. "Not for self, but for others."

The Klan is the conscience of religious America awakened to the necessity for action. To be dormant in times of stress, is to lack the conviction of faith.

Investigate from an official source the program of the Klan; ascertain whether it possesses merit and whether it is worth-while. Then render your verdict. Printed information sent on request.

The statement of Gamaliel, the lawyer, to the priests, still holds: "Let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

God has always possessed in critical times a vehicular nation through which to carry out His plans. That America is God's vehicular nation, the Klan firmly believes. For this reason a Klansman owes allegiance to no other power on earth.

"Freedom of religion?" Yes! But not sect monopoly. Sectarianism may be religious, but religion is broader than sectarianism. Freedom of religion is freedom from sectarianism in Government, no matter the sect. Keep Church and State divorced.

The Klan's Mission -- Americanism

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BUCKEYE LAKE, OHIO, BY DR. H. W. EVANS IMPERIAL WIZARD
OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

My Fellow Klansmen:

Joining the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is like joining the church. It is only a beginning. It shows what a man believes in and what he intends to do, but it does not mean that he knows how to do it right.

I do not believe that any Klansman on first joining has understood more than a very small part of what the Klan means, any more than a convert when he first goes into the church knows more than a little of what Christianity means. It is likely that there is not yet living any man who knows the full meaning either of Christianity or of Klankraft. But the first task of each Klansman, like the first task of each Christian, is to learn as far as he can to understand the purposes and doctrines of the Great Cause. Every Klansman must, so far as he can, fill himself full of the spirit of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and learn to see the vision of our tremendous and holy mission.

It is the greatest mission ever given to any organization in history, unless it be the mission which was first given to Christ's church. It is beyond comparison the greatest mission that has been entrusted to any body of men today. It involves all progress, all civilization, all reform, the salvation of the world both political and spiritual, and leadership into the glories and blessedness of the future. It involves also the highest vision and purposes the salvation of Protestantism as a living force in the world and the making stronger the foundation upon which Christianity must go forward.

All this is bound up in one single thing—Americanism! For, America holds the hope of the future not only for itself but for the progress of the world, and for the fulfillment of Protestantism. The greatest need in the world is always leadership. And the history of twenty centuries has proved that there has

never been given to the world any such leadership as has come from the Nordic, Anglo-Saxon peoples and particularly from the new breed we have raised in America.

Other races have given many things, and in some things they are doubtless superior to ourselves. But progress and civilization depend upon two great, essential foundations. One is philosophy, or the understanding of life, and the other is science, or the understanding of nature. History shows that these two things have come chiefly—they have come almost entirely—from the group of northern races known as the Nordics.

It is an amazing thing to remember the history of the Roman Empire. In the earliest years of Rome's power, when Rome was a Republic and was making tremendous strides in progress, its leaders were largely of the Nordic race. As time went on they were supplanted by men of what is known as the Mediterranean race and Rome's progress stopped, though its glory remained. For four hundred years it ruled the best part of the world, in a high state of civilization, with every advantage.

But the Romans invented nothing, discovered nothing, and made no progress in science. Even in the art of war, on success of which their whole power was founded, they made no progress, invented no new weapons and fought with the same old methods through all the centuries of their strength.

In other words, while Rome produced great men, great lawyers, soldiers, administrators, and some poets, she produced no philosophers and no scientists. And so the world stood still. The whole of modern civilization from the Dark Ages up has come since the Northern—Nordic—races from whom the Americans sprang, were liberated to fulfill their own destiny. They fulfilled it

gloriously, as we all know. They have given the world all of modern science, all of the progress in government, all of its humanitarian and its practical idealism.

Greatest of all has been the progress in America, because we in America added to the Nordic qualities, which had already given so much, the first real liberty known on earth. So that for most of the last century it has been from America that the greatest gifts to progress and civilization have come.

But America is slowing down. We are losing headway. We are becoming less and less able to hold the leadership we have won, and to give to the world the gifts it has a right to expect from us. There are reasons for this, many reasons, which I will discuss later, and which are part of the foundation of Klan doctrines and are the justification for its organization and purposes. They show that upon the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan have devolved two great tasks for the fulfillment of its Mission of Americanism.

The first is to save America from its present dangers, the second is to build a firm foundation for the greater America of the future. These things every Klansman should know clearly. If the Klan is to succeed in this great mission—and the Klan must, can and will succeed—it requires in the first place, self-sacrifice, discipline and devotion in working for a better America. There is no need here of discussing these things—Klansmen have them. They are the bone and sinew with which to fight.

But if we are to succeed it requires also a deep understanding of what real Americanism is, and means, and has done, and of what it should be and do. We must know these things, so that we may meet the struggle we are entering into with wisdom as well as courage. These are things that must be studied and learned.

It is true that the Klan has in-born instincts which have enabled it almost miraculously to choose right courses in meeting present dangers. Also it is truly American, and so, under Divine guidance, can move only in the

direction of a true Americanism. But the struggle upon which we are entering will be against tremendous odds and powerful forces. If our resistance is to be made effective and victorious, our intelligence must be trained and expressed and guided. It is only in this way that we can restore America to her leadership in the world's thought and progress, and only in this way that we can build up a structure which will hold that leadership secure through the centuries to come and permit America to fulfill the great purpose entrusted to us by God.

It is only in this way, also, that Protestantism can be saved as a living force. Protestantism has found a real home only in the souls of men and women of Nordic races, and has reached its full flowering and full power only in America. It had its birth among the Germans and spread quickly until it reached all of the Northern peoples. But with most of them, as with the Germans and the English, it has never fully freed itself from political control. As time has gone on, nations of all other races have driven out their Protestants and those have been forced to seek a home among the Nordics, most of them in the new world.

This proves that there is an essential unity between Protestantism and the Nordic freedom which has reached its highest point in America. It proves, too, that should our Nordic freedom be destroyed and our Nordic spirit be corrupted—as the alien hordes in America are now trying to destroy and corrupt them—Protestantism itself will wither and die. It is only through the maintenance in America of native, white supremacy, it is only through patriotism which will maintain the America of our fathers, that Protestantism itself can be saved. So, for the moment, patriotic Americanism is in a practical sense more vital and important to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and to the fulfillment of our mission, than are even our great spiritual vision and purposes.

Moreover, we Americans are in danger of losing not only our Protestant religion, but

the greatest heritage that has ever been given to any generation of men. We have inherited natural riches and resources beyond all others. We have inherited a nation built by our fathers with the idea of providing for us and for our descendants a home where Anglo-Saxon qualities and spirit could have their fullest development in freedom, justice, and prosperity. We have inherited a system of laws, customs and traditions without which—as has been proven by other races—it is impossible to build a free nation. We have inherited a religion under which for the first time on earth every man dares hold direct communion with his Maker and his Savior, dares question for himself the greatest problems of Life and Death, of Patriotism, and of Progress without the blighting interference of some priest. We have inherited habits of thought different from those of any other race, and especially the habit of independent thought and of initiative and the habit of seeking truth everywhere and always.

But these are only part of our inheritance. The greatest gifts of all are those racial qualities and instincts which have made the Nordic, and particularly the American, what he is, distinct from every other people on the face of the earth. From all these things we have in spite of our individual differences, inherited a national character, a national mind, and a joint understanding of and grasp upon the problems of life which are different from the ideas of any other race. This national mind, which belongs to every member of our American group, and which is based upon our God-given and inbred instincts and traditions, is our most priceless inheritance and our most valuable possession.

We are face to face with the danger that the whole of this great heritage of ours will be torn from us by people unfitted by race and character and lack of education for Americanism. We have welcomed them to our homes from among the distressed countries of Europe. We have allowed them to share our liberty and prosperity. We have admitted them to our citizenship. We had trustingly believed

they would join with us to preserve our heritage of prosperity and liberty and progress and to build a greater America.

But the fact is that these people, instead of joining us, have challenged and attacked us. They have attacked all Americanism—the whole American idea and every American ideal. They are making a tremendous effort to destroy America by substituting a kind of mongrel half-breed society, which would be more suited to their own inherited instincts and desires, but which would be so hostile and so destructive to the instincts and the character and the progress which have made America that it would stifle and kill our freedom and democracy.

Under these attacks the whole nation has been perplexed, but until recently few have understood the cause of our troubles. Thinking men of all kinds knew that disunity had fallen upon us, that our national mind was sick and at war inside itself, that our apparent aims were out of tune with our instincts and with those real purposes which lie deepest in our hearts. One symptom, but not the only one, has been the futility and confusion of our Government. Another has been the weakness and failure of our public schools.

All true Americans have been thinking and working on these problems. And by Americans I mean all men and women who are American by instinct as well as by adoption, and who have an understanding of the purposes and spirit of Americanism in their deepest souls and not merely on the surface of their brains. All such people have known that our nation and our institutions were in danger of being completely perverted or actually destroyed. They have been searching, but have found no means of salvation.

These problems were made more acute and were brought to the surface by the World War; they have in fact existed for generations. They have several times in our history become serious, but have always been set aside without solution. The war which we fought for the sake of democracy also failed to solve them, because we were fighting for a

word not for an ideal. There was no understanding between ourselves, the native Americans, and the alien-Americans as to what democracy is. So the end of the war found those who believed that democracy should give equality by leveling down and mongrelizing our people claiming victory for themselves, while we who believe that democracy means the right to build a nation of Americans could make no stronger claim. Thus the problem remained unsolved.

Since the war the debate has gone on with more and more bitterness. The struggle is conducted with great care and skill by those who are fighting against Americanism but the defenders of our nation have, until the Klan appeared, fought only in blind spasms.

In fact, many of those who should have been truly patriotic Americans, and especially the so-called intelligent leaders from whom we ought to have had guidance, are already half-beaten. They show signs of discouragement, of low spirited acceptance of defeat, very much like the sickly fear shown by so many just before the victory in the World War. Some supposed national leaders even seem ready to accept the destruction of Americanism. Rich men, finding themselves sickened by the new atmosphere coming from the opponents of Americanism, often moved abroad. Manufacturers and business and industrial leaders have forgotten their duty to the nation for the fact of their immediate profit through vicious immigration. Teachers, preachers and editors, befuddled with the clever shyster arguments of those who seek to change Americanism, have either shrugged their shoulders or have helped in the attack. Many said to themselves that perhaps, after all, the Anglo-Saxon race—the native American race—had already done its work and run its course, and that the time had come when it must go down before a new form of civilization and allow a new mongrel race with different ideals to take its place.

But out of all the confusion and perplexity and turmoil—light has now come at last. A problem which draws the attention of the

best minds in America cannot remain unsolved. Many of the best thinkers have attacked this problem in the last few years, and by their careful study and clear thinking they have finally diagnosed the disease.

They have found that the American crisis is a conflict between two opposing and contending types of character, of instincts and of thought. They have found that it is a problem brought to us from abroad by immigrants who do not and cannot understand Americanism and who, although they become citizens, do not become American in character or spirit. They have found that this struggle must continue so long as differences in races last, and they throw a new light on history. They show too, that the struggle has gone on for centuries.

Finally, they show us that this is a struggle which affects the whole world. Everywhere those unfitted for the higher type of leadership in thought and in science are trying to snatch from those who have created our present civilization the rewards of their efforts, not knowing that in doing this they are assailing not only the security of civilization today but destroying its chances for the future. And they show us that while, in this fight, many battles are lost, the progress of the world always goes on. Every advance that has given us our modern world has been made through struggle against these same foes. These same foes have destroyed nations, sapped them of their strength and left them empty husks, but through the centuries they have been steadily beaten.

They always return to the attack, however. They take on new forms and strange disguises and today they are at the crisis of a new effort for power. They have made great strides and seem near success. Our American crisis is only a part of this world struggle, but it is the most vital part, for if America fails the world fight will suffer a tremendous defeat. Worse—if America fails its mission will be taken from it and given to some other peoples.

These forces, hostile to Americans, each has different objectives, but all are united in their effort to destroy Americanism. They include cosmopolitanism, socialism, communism, sovietism, anarchism, Judaism and especially Romanism. Against them we have the patriotic devotion to the ideals of American nationhood. A very great scientist has recently pointed out that between two opposing forces of this kind, there must always be acute conflicts. It might go on without hatred, for many on both sides have earnest and honest convictions that they are working for the good of the community. But struggle cannot stop where the fundamental instincts and beliefs of the two parties are so utterly different, and so unalterably opposed.

Therefore our enemies will oppose always all our efforts to keep America a unified nation. They have refused and will continue to refuse to make themselves American, or to join in making America the kind of nation of which our forefathers dreamed. They will join with bodies of similar interests and similar hopes in other countries, as we see radicals today joining with the Bolsheviks of Russia and as we have seen the German hyphenates join with the enemies of America. In this way, even though the non-Americans might be well-meaning people (which not all of them are) and though they sought only the good of mankind (which not all of them do) this nation is being weakened and divided. There is reason to believe that if this is not stopped, we will within two generations become so disunited and chaotic that we would cease to exist as a nation.

Thus the crisis which America faces today is one of supreme danger; much the most serious in its history for it involves death of America as a nation. The dangers which have threatened the nation from alien attacks in our earlier history were slight compared to the overwhelming dangers in the shadow of which we now sit. Never before has the attack been so strong as it is today, has it come from so many directions, has it been so well organized, has it had so great

resources in numbers, in brains, in organizations, in money, and in power. It is within reach of victory.

This condition is partly our own fault. We must admit that we have not done all that we could to make Americans out of the aliens who have come to our shores. We have been rather exclusive towards them, and while we have given them fair opportunities for Americanization, we have not made sure that they used those opportunities.

Yet, our greatest fault has not been toward the aliens but towards ourselves. We have been too kind, too tolerant, too trusting, in regard to newcomers. We have not recognized, until recently, that the kind of immigration had changed and that we were no longer receiving the intelligent, courageous, enterprising, hand-picked men and women of the pioneer type who had built the nation, but that we got instead mostly the weak, the ignorant, crafty, and too often the criminal scum from the less progressive nations of Europe. We have been inclined to trust these useless elements as we had trusted the high class people of earlier immigration. We still believed that they came here intending to become Americans and also that they came qualified to become Americans, just as the earlier immigrants did. It was only after we had allowed them to secure a strong foothold in America, in American thought and in our American government that we woke up to discover that they had turned the power we had given them against ourselves and were trying to pervert the civilization which they had come here to enjoy.

When we did waken we discovered that America had never been less prepared than today to meet such an attack for the very things that have caused distress and shown us our danger have also weakened our fighting power. Already un-American and alien thought has crept into our national mind so that patriotism is pale, sickly and unable to defend itself effectively. America is like a man who has had a nervous break-down. It

suffers from lack of will-power, from paralysis, from bad dreams.

And, if the leaders of thought have been in distress over perplexing conditions and undigested ideas, the average American is much worse off. He has seen no way of escape, no way by which his uncertainties may be cleared and his energies once more turned toward the clear purpose of American patriotism, which we have inherited from the forefathers of America. The nation has been milling like a herd of frightened cattle and so far as patriotism and Americanism are concerned, our progress has been almost entirely stopped.

Thus, before America can resume and fulfill its duty of leadership to the world, it must find leadership in itself. That leadership has come at last in the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and just as greatly as the world needs America, just so greatly does America need the Klan, for the Klan is the only leader that has appeared. Except for a few intellectual leaders and students who have been without any direct influence, the Klan alone has seen the cause of the trouble and has realized that our weakness came through lack of our traditional, fundamental Americanism. It alone has returned to the full vision of a truly American nation, in which the racial qualities of the Nordics and the national genius of America should be preserved and should grow to perfect fullness. It alone has dared to assume leadership in defense against the alien attack and in the work of building for the future of such a nation. It is the leader, moreover, by right of its vision, by right of unity, and by right of readiness to sacrifice. It is the acknowledged leader, finally, by right of the testimony of its enemies. They recognize in it the only danger, the only obstacle, to the complete success of their plans.

The Klan comes as the representative of the only class of people, the only body of thought in America, which in all the turmoil and all the confusion and conflict of ideas, has refused to accept for a moment the idea that

Americanism was dead or should die. These have been the people of American stock—native white Protestants of Anglo-Saxon stock and others who have become of like minds with them—who are scattered throughout the country but are concentrated in large masses only in the South, Middle West and the West.

They are the true Americans, the descendants of the highly selected pioneer stock that conquered the wilderness. They are uncontaminated by the contact and inter-mixture of alien races. Their minds are not corrupted by the anti-patriotic propaganda which has been poisoning the nation under the guise of philanthropic culture. They are today the backbone of the nation, as they have been from the beginning. They are the sons and daughters of the men who made America. They are the men and women who will save America. The Klan is theirs. It speaks for them and for America.

The Klan, to be sure, did not at first fully grasp the crisis, fully understand the exact issue which must be met, nor see fully the vision of its future and the course it must follow. It was groping, as all America was groping, for an answer to the great problems of the day. But it had this strength which many did not, that it dared to trust to the instincts and character of the American people. It knew, even if it could not always prove it, that the answer to the problem was to build an American nation of Americans—to save America for Americans and Americanism. From this faith there has come light, as light always comes to those who sincerely and earnestly believe.

Perhaps we do not yet see the whole vision, for we are no prophets; but in the last two years, as the result of our experiences, as the result of our own groping, as the result of deep sense of responsibility which the Klan has felt toward the people of America, as the result of careful study and brilliant and patriotic thinking by men outside of the Klan and even through the opposition of our

enemies who have shown us by their fears the thing that we ought to do, we are beginning to see.

It has been one of the signs of the Divine guidance which is holding the Klan in its care, that from the very first the gropings of the different leaders and thinkers inside of the Klan have all moved toward the one goal of Americanism. The whole development of ideas and ideals has been in this single direction. Men who did not know each other have, without a single exception, turned toward the same vision, and have reached almost identical conclusions both as to our national disease and its cure.

This trend of thought, this single idea which is now being recognized in public thought about the Klan and which has come to full force in the Klan itself, is worth repeating here once more. It is that the Klan stands above all other things for patriotic, national integrity, for the preserving and upbuilding of the kind of a nation which our forefathers conceived when they united the little group of colonies along the eastern seaboard into a commonwealth that subdued the continent. The Klan has other things to do; it must stand for good conduct, for good government, good citizenship, and for patriotism in particular, but above and beyond all else it must stand for patriotic Americanism, which is the foundation and the only security for all these other things.

In one way there is nothing new in this doctrine. It is pure Klan doctrine. The idea, now that we see it clearly, we can see has been in the Klan creed and in the minds of the leaders of the Klan from the very first. But the Klan as a whole had seen it imperfectly, had accepted it only as a small part of its program and had not realized its full tremendous importance nor known that we must center our strength upon it; least of all had it worked out a program based on this vision.

In fact, too much of the emphasis in the thought and talk of the Klan has been negative. It has been opposed to alienism, opposed to catholicism, opposed to the Jew,

opposed to the communist, and Bolshevik, but without really knowing why. There has been too much truth in the criticism of our opponents that the Klan has been a body of "antis." This is not true, though it may have appeared so. We know, and from now on we shall make clear to all the world, that the Klan is first and last and all the time pro-American.

Through the progress and understanding of our problems both inside the Klan and by the brilliant students outside the Klan it has been proved that though the Klan's first moves were vague and groping, its instincts were nevertheless absolutely true and sound. Though its early years were full of mistakes, it was moving in the right direction. Moreover, it alone was moving in the right direction, it alone had the vision, had the instinct, had the conviction of patriotism, which have welded it into a fighting organization of one mind, one soul and one purpose, ready to suffer, ready to sacrifice individual interest to the interest of patriotism, ready to die if need be, to make sure that the nation of American free men should not perish and should not be corrupted.

The Klan knows this, but it is not enough that the Klan should know it. The Klan must prepare to draw to itself all Americans, that is, all who truly love America, all who from their souls know what Americanism is, and desire that America shall fulfill the destiny to which God had called her. To do so, we must purge ourselves of every error, of every narrowness, of every prejudice, of every quality which can be debatable among true Americans, so that all true Americans can unite with us. We must avoid any conduct or programs that would drive away or keep away any true Americans and thus weaken the cause by depriving us of their support. We must lead the millions of Americans, must guide the tremendous force they can exert along the right path, must make sure that none of their patriotic enthusiasm and righteous striving is wasted. Above all, we must be certain that nothing happens to discredit

the movement to put America once more under the control of American patriotism.

The Klan, and through it the whole hope of American nationhood and even of civilization, is in danger of defeat if we fail to do all this. The struggle will be so hard, the forces so evenly balanced, that we cannot afford to lose any aid we might get, by holding prejudice or being careless.

This is not the first attempt that has been made to solidify American thought and to draw all Americans into one group for the sake of repelling alien invasion and saving the nation. There have been several times in our history when the attack from alienism has been so serious that Americans have become conscious of danger to Americanism and have started to organize in their own defense. In each case the immediate danger has been averted, but in each case the attempt has been diverted and destroyed before the work would be made complete.

We owe a great debt to the men who made these previous efforts but if they had been wiser, there would be no need of the Klan today. They failed, each of them, because the ground they took was too narrow, because the means they used were short-sighted, because they allowed too much selfishness and too much personal ambition in their leadership, but chiefly in each case they failed to have a broad, courageous, spiritual vision on which all Americans could unite. We must not let this happen.

It is thus through faith in the instincts and character of our race and through Divine guidance that the Klan has come to leadership in the great task of making America truly American. And since this leadership was not sought, but has come in this Providential way, it now lies upon the Klan as a Divinely imposed duty. There can be no question that God never gives power without responsibility and the Klan—and this means every individual Klansman—now faces the heavy responsibility of becoming the interpreter of Americanism, of becoming the champion of Americanism and of holding

the vision, and building the future of Americanism.

Another proof of the Divine guidance which has been with the Klan from the beginning is seen in the fact that its organization is peculiarly fitted for this great task. Statesmen and students of world conditions all agree that the only possible means of salvation is in organization. The Klan, with its militant, well-disciplined ranks, with its united purpose and united program, is just such an organization as has been needed. It permits Americans to join their strength instead of scattering and wasting it; it turns the millions of fighters for Americanism from a mob into an army. All this means effectiveness and success.

But there must be not merely our material and personal organization, but an organization of minds, of joint life, joint thought and joint purpose. These must be welded into one overwhelming power which will produce a national patriotic mind, rich in tradition and racial instincts and carefully guarding our national heritage from every attack and bringing it to perfection.

Such is the task and duty of the Ku Klux Klan. In the last two years it has accepted the leadership, and buckled on its armor. It has begun consciously instead of merely instinctively to take up the great task of defending America and all mankind from those who are trying to destroy progress and true leadership in the interest of inferior races. Against us are all the forces of the mixed alliance composed of alienism, Romanism, hyphenism, Bolshevism, and un-Americanism which aim to use this country as a convenience and a dumping ground for the fermenting races of the Old World. They will fight to the last to win—which means to destroy America as a nation. We of the Klan are on the firing line; we can take pride and joy in whatever suffering they may succeed in inflicting upon us, just as the soldiers of the A. E. F. took pride and joy in the wounds they received. They are honorable wounds.

Thus because of all these things, because of the dangers which threaten the future of America, because of the instincts of the Klan and the vision it has now achieved, we, as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan have become trustees under God for Protestant American nationalism. We must succeed. Our mission is a sacred gift. It holds out the highest rewards in achievement that can be given to men. But it holds also tremendous possibilities of punishment, because, if the Klan should go down, then the whole cause of American nationalism fails.

The crisis is upon us. We must use the

means that have been given us. Many people outside the Klan, and some in it, believe there should be changes, believe that there are weaknesses, fundamental difficulties in the methods the Klan has adopted. They are partly right. The Klan is not perfect. There might have been a better way to save American Protestantism.

But there is no other way. No one offers any other method. Since the Klan has become the leader and trustee of Americanism, defeat for the Klan means defeat for Americanism. We must not fail. We will not fail.

Intelligent Patriotism

E. D. S.

PATRIOTISM is a natural emotion inherent in all normal human beings. Patriotism is an *intelligent* love for one's country—a love that is founded upon moral, spiritual and cultural achievements.

To my mind a feeling for one's country based upon imperialism, greed, or blind sentiment is not patriotism, but vanity. And vanity is a foible that befores the vision and renders one a ready victim to the dry rot of national complacency.

The genuine patriot is one who will not permit himself to become so satiated with admiration for his country that he cannot see its vices and imperfections.

Nation egoism is not patriotism, but the cancer-germ that is invariably responsible for the decay in the human foundations of a nation.

To be truly patriotic as a nation, we must be fully awake to our shortcomings and responsibilities; ever vigilant as to safeguarding our traditions—our institutions. We must be tolerant where peace is possible; intolerant where war is unavoidable.

As individuals we must discharge our obli-

gations as citizens of a republican government. We must make the nation's business our business.

We must learn to subordinate our own selfish desires, our comforts, and our personalities—to the interests and welfare of the nation.

We should heed the admonitions of history and science. Biological law should be as familiar to the patriot as the statutes of his own community.

Klansmen are members of a brilliant race. As intelligent patriots let us be constantly eager to develop race betterment. Let us provide the facilities, the advantages and the enthusiasm that are surely required to maintain our racial standards.

America as a white, Protestant nation has reached the cross roads. To turn left leads to racial chaos; the loss of a sublime heritage, and the destruction of our lofty spiritual and moral standards. This road is by far the easiest way, but it ends in dishonor. The path to the right is harder going, but it shall take us straight to an unfettered posterity, whose achievements shall be greater than ours.

As Klansmen let our battle-cry be: "Intelligence and reason are the keys to success."

Live And Let Live

E. J. W.

IT has become quite the fashion, when faring forth on any mission of meanness and selfishness, first of all to put on the bright armor of beautiful words. If only attention can be focused upon something that sounds good, it becomes fairly easy to conceal ulterior motives and popularize shady practices. By reason of such abuse, many lofty thoughts which were born in the souls of noble men expressed in unmistakably simple words have become degenerate prattle of sentimental and unthinking people, the verbose camouflage of the veriest hypocrites, or the ever-ready defense of arrant cowards. Probably few words are more subject to this abuse just now than those frequently used as a sort of text on tolerance, "Live and let live." As set forth by some people, this slogan becomes a pleasant, soothing and altogether harmless doctrine. But, as it is frequently expanded and applied to all human relations and to all existing conditions, it becomes a pernicious travesty on the high morality which it originally embodied. Worse than that: it becomes an insult to every decent member of society, and a convenient straw at which moral weaklings grasp in their haste to evade responsibility.

There are necessary and inevitable limits to this doctrine of naive "live and let live" tolerance. Whether we like to think of it or not, the time comes when, if we are to maintain our self-respect, conflict is necessary. In other words, the time comes when we must have sufficient moral stamina to ask courteously, fairly, kindly, "In the name of truth and righteousness and justice, what shall I tolerate? What shall I let live?" Nothing is more apparent, as we pause to think upon it, than the fact that conditions arise under which the principle of "live and let live" involves choice, involves life and death struggle, a struggle to the end that the good may have advantage that will enable

it to survive. In such a struggle something or somebody must, obviously, yield. What is to yield? Who is to yield? Right or wrong? Good or evil? Jesus or Judas?

In these days of par-boiled Main Street thinking, the moral necessity of choosing that which one will permit to live, as well as that which one will seek to destroy, should be emphasized. There are many types of trimmer who take refuge in a pleasant "live and let live" philosophy. The ever-ready whine of the skunk who has been brought to book for his rottenness is, "Why pick on me? I believe *we* should live and let live." Of course, he really does not believe anything of the kind. His struggle for existence as the keeper of a brothel or a gambling den is a struggle for unfair advantage. Nevertheless the devotees of this hypocrite cult of pusillanimous self-preservation are legion. There is the libertine who sings in the choir in the morning and calls on another man's wife in the afternoon. There is the nondescript parasite popularly called the bootlegger, who is as much of a gentleman, by the way, as the specimen who consumes his illicit wares. These and their kind all affirm that they believe we should "live and let live," while vital statistics prove them false. In a thousand and one ways this counterfeit tolerance makes it easier for the dirty dozen to befoul the whole community.

Those who are attempting to submerge the youth of the land in a sea of sensuality and sewage, in the name of amusement, "art," and "literature," do not hesitate to abuse this lofty sentiment. Again and again out in the wider circles of human association we hear this spurious plea for tolerance set forth with what appears to be irresistible humanitarian simplicity, when behind it there is the selfish motive of those individuals or those institutions who desire to save their own worthless necks without any thought

of enriching the common weal. This has been true of certain racial groups whose whole history is a record of skulking attempts to reap where they have not sown. "Live and let live" has ever been inscribed upon the banners of those who have looked upon all others than their own tribe as fair game for every manner of exploitation.

There is something both ironically comic and pathetic about the plea for tolerance as made in recent days by the Roman Catholic Church, always buttressed by the enticing proposal that we "live and let live." That organization, which succeeds as no other that ever existed in keeping alive within the hearts of its subjects a consuming hatred of those who do not bow the knee to the Baal on the Tiber, which has been able to mobilize intrigue and fury against those who oppose it, which has fired its supporters with exultant braggadocio and ill-bred impertinence as no other organization has ever done, has the audacity to talk about "tolerance!" What may we think when this organization which ever brought forth and nourished fear, prejudice, superstition, ill will, and bigotry has the effrontery, speaking through that mask behind which oppression and tyranny have ever lurked, to say, "We believe all should live and let live?" When, where, and under what conditions has the Roman church ever believed that? How came it that from the blood of the martyrs there sprang forth a breed of men who dared, at all costs, to break the shackles of falsehood by which the Roman church would bind them in spiritual death?

"Be tolerant! Live and let live!" Ah, yes; but let what live? For the language is, of course, figurative and has no reference to the taking or granting of human life. What are you, a good citizen in your community, morally bound to permit to live and go unchallenged? What type of man will you permit to secure, and remain in, public office? With what standards of business morality are you willing to be associated, either as a partner or as a customer? Under what influences are you

willing to have your family grow up? What are you, a good citizen and a good father, conscientiously going to "tolerate" in your community?

If you have never answered that question, from whom do you expect to receive a dependable answer? Are you going to accept the dictation of a minority coterie of senile morons—some of whom sit in high places—who with truly magnificent egotism crown themselves with the glory of their imagined omniscience? Are you going to yield to the braying of pandering politicians who, after election day, would sell the Flag to the rag-picking denizens of our political soup kitchens? Are you going to listen to the blind worshippers of mammon who blithely repeat their ritual, "Live and let live," while stuffing their pockets with every dollar they can grasp? Or will you gird up your loins for the inevitable conflict between those irreconcilable ambitions and ideals that cannot, eventually, live in the same world? Will you take your place in that struggle between principles so far apart on the scale of righteousness and justice that under the law of Almighty God it is impossible for them to continue to live and be "tolerated?"

That is the struggle to which each one of us is called. We may postpone the day of victory by a truce of self-deception, but the struggle will go on until all mankind knows the truth which Jesus proclaimed and the abundant life, through health of body, mind, and spirit, which He lived and died to give. The very existence in this world of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, freedom and bondage, good and evil makes it in a real sense a battle-ground. There is a kind of tolerance that is treason of the lowest order, and no honest man can, by the shallow abuse of words, excuse himself from service under one banner or another.

"Live and let live!" "Be tolerant!" By all means, but there in the enjoyment of the fruits of our forefathers' sacrifice, let us never forget those inescapable questions, "Tolerate what? Let what live?"

Thanksgiving

F. B. L.

IT is at this time of the year especially, we most reverently come to meditate and praise God for His many blessings in life. True to this custom which has been ours for the past centuries, originating with our Pilgrim Fathers, who were strong, sturdy, honest and God loving men, well might we lessen our haste and draw aside for a time to praise God and commemorate that first Thanksgiving day. This which is ours today is made possible only through the gallant spirit and noble sacrifices of those illustrious men and women. May we come to this Thanksgiving quietly, humbly, and honestly, and review the past and rededicate our lives to the high ideals and noble sacrifices made by those peerless people, not for self, but in the spirit of our forebears, for others. This great and beautiful country can only continue to thrive as she kneels again before the shrine of her God and of the memories of her heroes.

That spirit and that alone will continue to stimulate and perpetuate the citizenship of our country. It will create within our hearts the determination to stand for right, truth, liberty and above all for Christianity, the foundation of Americanism. It is this grave danger which we as a nation now face. Shall we forget the early history of our land? Shall we lose sight of those noble heroes of the early pioneering days? Shall we throw off the very virtue and love that is our heritage? Oh! American citizen, I say this is no small way, neither as one caring for favor, but rather from out of a life that is bound by the precepts of a Christian nation.

Let us look back at the sturdy and noble lives of our land and behold their greatness and grandeur. Not that we might feel proud, alone, but that we might also know better why we should stand for those great principles for which our fathers stood.

The day has come when we must take our

stand for right. This we cannot do until we know the truth in full. When this knowledge is ours, dare we stand by, intoxicated with the draught of pleasure while Americanism wavers in the balance? We are being challenged as we shall soon see, by the spirit of the pilgrims of old, as well as those of this very age.

We are glad of our ancestry because of the spirit that impelled our forefathers to make such great sacrifices. This we can only partially appreciate, unless we definitely understand, or like them, have witnessed or experienced persecution. To most in our land the dreaded hand of oppression has never been felt, but that we may value the gallant deeds of our forefathers, let us start with them from the shores of England. There they were persecuted for exercising freedom of speech and of religious worship. The light had dawned, a people had beheld its glow and its rays had engulfed them and they cried "Liberty and love aught for God."

The reply was an emphatic "No." Methods of open shame and punishment were brought to bear upon the Puritans, now considered traitors. Indeed, the State church hoped to bring about a complete surrender and readjustment of such affairs. The people were not ready to surrender their convictions, so they fled to Holland. Much suffering and abuse they endured in making their escape from England but found a temporary haven of rest in Holland. Not wishing to have their children reared and educated in a country where the English language was not taught in the schools, their leaders finally decided to try to arrange with England a grant of land in America for their people. This was finally accomplished and the Puritans accordingly set sail for America, here to find the choice land of their hearts. Hers were a people of great faith and much prayer, depending upon

the promises of God and their own work and sacrifice to establish their right.

"They sought not gold nor guilty ease
Upon this rock-bound shore,
They left such priceless toys as these
For minds that loved them more.
They sought to breathe a freer air,
To worship God unchained.
They welcomed pain and danger here,
When rights like these were gained."

Lovers of liberty and justice, they started on their great adventure, one hundred and two men and women cramped in a little ship of one hundred and eighty tons, braving the storms, enduring all suffering, with the memories of dear ones at home and with a faith in God which was very strong. Days of agony passed, leaving impressions never to be forgotten upon the minds of these people. But with the first glimpse of the new land, they rejoiced and all suffering was forgotten for here was the visible evidence of the promises of God fulfilled, a home for them and their descendants forever, where they could indeed "worship God unchained" if they would only keep what He had given them.

With the dawn of the new day came the vision of Indians crouching behind trees observing the peculiar monster of the sea. Dotted the hillsides were the forests with their untold wealth and unknown dangers, here in this new land the Puritans had come to make their home. With all this before them they took time to pray and converse with their Heavenly Father, seeking His advice and blessing upon their future. They knew and understood that their future was in the hollow of His hand, and that without Him they could do nothing.

Reverently they approached the shore and landed, thus laying the foundation of a nation established upon prayer and truth, upon a rock stronger than Gibraltar, because God, the Eternal One, was the foundation upon which they built. Before leaving their crude home on board the vessel, that, though small,

had served their purpose so well, they had established their method of government, selected their leaders and sworn to obey and follow their advice.

Thus upon the rock which is known as Pilgrims (or Plymouth) Rock they landed and entered a country that later was to deal with them very severely, exacting almost all from them before she would give in return. The coldness of winter was endured, failure of crops was accepted, the dead buried at night and their graves leveled that the Indian might not know the number of their dead. All this left indelible marks on the hearts of the most brave. Suffering at the hands of the Indian; many more forms of danger, hardship and privation they endured all, for here was a people fighting for religious liberty and for their very lives as well. It has been said that "religion is that power within one that impels greatness." Here it seems evidently true, for religion was the incentive and propelling force that started the Puritans toward the higher ideals of true greatness. It brought forth the best which has developed within this great democracy of ours. Religion had fired their souls for right, they would see God openly, clearly, honestly and pour out their hearts to Him direct, with no intermediary or intercessor save Christ alone. They longed for this clear conception and were willing to forfeit life itself for this privilege. Not only that, but they gave up a life of ease and accepted a life of hardship that we, their descendants and heirs, might have this right forever.

They had fled from the King and the cry of his followers:

"The Crown! The Church! The Law!
Bow down in awe!
Bugles be loud,
Banners unfurl,
Shoulder and knee be bowed;
Be prostrated, brain and soul,
From Heaven to earth brought down,
Rejoice, a mystic thing!

The Law! The Church! The Crown!
Made one in the King,
God's Choice!"

And their voices had wrung out in the challenging cry, "what of the still small voice?"

The King and his followers had cried, "Traitors" and ordered them struck down, but the Pilgrims had cries:

"Freedom, Lord God, giver of light,
Breath of that still small voice,
Who settlest man with wrong and right,
And givest him his choice!

Lord of free men, though King of peers,
Thy holiest change shall we decry!
The will of dreams and holiness,
He will keep pure though we die."

And now indeed the Puritans were to learn of the cost exacted for that which they demanded. But they bravely faced ahead because of the prevailing spirit, to lead them on. Through the fog and suffering shone the light of liberty for which they now were suffering. They were pushing on in the face of all dangers, grave though they were, because their convictions were just and true.

Hardship such as these brave people faced called for the very best in the heart of man. Men who could brave the deep in a leaky sailing vessel; they who could endure heart-ache and personal suffering, noble ones they who could bow in sorrow and yet push on to victory! They were men who could work with willingness to forget the rustic life almost instantaneously for the life of a soldier, yet who could bow at night before the graves of their loved ones with hearts rent almost in twain and on the morrow face the Eastern sky of possibilities.

Indeed these are the rudiments and worthwhile ideals upon which this republic has been founded. If you look upon that aged rock which played such a part in the early history of our native land you cannot help but feel the greatness of its past and cry out,

"Oh! God, indeed men of sterling worth and high ideals have passed this way."

"Christ our Savior! Father of our Faith!
To Thee we bring faint hearts and failing breath.
Be Thou our guide,
With Thee we 'bide,
To love, to labor, and to hope 'till death."

It has been said of the Puritans "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." So this little handful, least among the thousands of Israel, have suffered for the truth and have been faithful witnesses of it. And now the fruits of their labors have actually had a seed time. Many of you have seen the joyful harvest and have rejoiced again and again and have said: "Glory, honor and power be to the Lord, our God, for true and righteous are His judgments."

The choice spot and rock upon which the Pilgrims landed is as one candle from which you may light a thousand, so the light here kindled may shine to many, to our whole nation.

"This was the port of entry for our freedom,
Men brought it in a box of alabaster,
And broke the box and spilled it to the west,
Here on the granite wharf prepared for them."

I wonder what the pilgrims if they came, would say to us as freemen! Is our freedom their freedom, as they left it to us, or would they know their own in our modern guise? This we must answer. This is our challenge.

"I wish a song could call them back today
To say, or give some sign in off-shore song,
Wide as an off shore wind, but not so hard
For a ship to beat into port against."

This, my true American friends, I feel would be the song as given us by Robert Frost:

"When landing weary from the narrow deck,
You struggled up the rugged beach and fell,
Here still afraid of God, though safe from wreck,
You spoke a vow that was a prayer as well,
And first it was like fire in grass and trees,
Across the open, up a wooded slope;
And then like sunlight, over both of these—
A vow that was a prayer, that was a hope.

"Your hope of landing was your gift to men,
As freely of it as was yours to give
You gave it to us to be ours to hope again,
And hope forever to be free and live,
Your faith entrusted it to multitudes,
To enter change, and not be lost,
While reces by new places were renewed,
And by each other overlapped and crossed.

"No ship at all that under sail or steam,
Have gathered reces to us more and more,
But, Pilgrim manned, the Mayflower in a dream,
Has been their anxious convoy to the shore.
When losers come around us like the dark,
To lose us to ourselves in peace and war
By moving bounds or rubbing out a mark,
Your hope has helped us cling to what we are.

"Come in a second coming to the West,
Coming is a second coming to the land,
Where once you left the print of feet impressed,
As deep in rocks as others have in sand.
Come seeing fresh again from wind and wave,
Say for us we have held the meaning fast,
We are good keepers of the gift you gave,
Confirm us keepers of it to the last."

What Is A Boy?

He is a person who is going to carry on what you have started.
He is to sit right where you are sitting, and attend to those things you think are so important, when you are gone.
You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends upon him.
Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.
He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate, and occupy your place on the Supreme Bench.
He will assume control of your cities, states and nation.
He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities and corporations.
All your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.
Your reputation and your future are in his hands.
All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.
So it might be as well to pay him some attention.

—William L. Butcher.

The Klan has a Junior organization.

Does your boy belong?

The Divine Test

DELIVERED TO KLANSMEN

AND now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught. "But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."—Acts 5:38-39.

We find that a new religion had come among the Jewish people and the rabbis were against it. There was such power in it that they were afraid of their old customs and institutions, and so they came to Gamaliel - - - , who was perhaps the wisest man of that day, and when they had set the matter before him, he said: "Let these men alone, for if their work be of man it will come to naught, but if it be of God you cannot overthrow it."

In the square at Wurtemberg, in Germany, there stands a great monument to the Reformation, and on the base are these words: "It is God's work." We believe that was a fitting title, for three hundred years have come and gone since that title was placed there, and truly the work of the Reformation was of God, for not even the gates of Hell have prevailed against it, nor has any organization of man.

Now let us consider "Protestantism." We find that the word "Protestantism" means a "protest." In one way it is unfortunate, because a Protestant is a negative person. We are against something, and yet we must understand that all truths are bi-frontal. Before we can affirm, we must deny, before we can erect a foundation, we must remove the debris, before we can till the soil, we must clear the forest. We are like the sun that gives light and heat. The sun is a great dissenter. The sun is against the night, against the owls, against the ghosts and against the diseases that stalk in the night-time, but when the night is gone, it is then

that the birds sing and the grass grows, and the world takes on new life.

It is a mistake for us to say that Protestantism began with the Reformation. I believe that Protestantism began with the earth. Perhaps you have read the story of how an old mummy of a princess had been taken up and in the hands of the princess there was found a bulb, buried for hundreds of years, to all appearances a dead thing, but when it was planted and watered, it began to grow and blossomed into a beautiful plant. And so we find that all the Reformation really did was to find a church, but so far as humanity was concerned, Protestantism has always existed. But they took the seemingly dead thing and breathed upon it the breath of Heaven, and only the confines of the known earth have been able to encompass its growth and progress.

We are against everything that means death, and we are against everything that means form, but we are for everything that means life and progress and happiness for the individual, as well as for the community.

We find that the Protestant church rests upon three great facts, and they are not hard to find. The Protestant church rests upon the three great pillars, the Christ, the Scriptures and Freedom. These three have meant the life of the church that we call the Protestant church. We are not against anybody, but to help everybody, and we protest against any form that will put Christ other than first. We are against anything that will make the Lord a secondary figure. He must forever be the foundation of our faith in this life.

We read that Martin Luther, as a young monk, one day came across an old Scripture. He began to read it and found "the just shall live by faith." "Search these Scriptures,

for these are they that testify of me, and in them ye shall find life." And straightway Martin Luther went to his elders and said: "Why have I not been permitted to know that such things exist?" And they said to him: "These are not for you to read. We have seen to it that only certain passages are good for you to ponder upon." But Martin Luther had found the way to life and he would not be put aside. He found the Life and set in motion such a spiritual movement that today the world speaks with grateful mind of Martin Luther, the man who set in motion the work that has carried this Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Now as to the second foundation, the Scriptures: We believe that every man should have the right to read the Scriptures, that if life is contained in the Scriptures, then we are not to hide them away, and the Protestant church, instead of trying to hide the Scriptures away, has made it its program to disseminate the Gospel, publishing it in more than three hundred languages, scattering it over the earth like leaves from the very Tree of Life itself. We believe it is the word of God, for in them we find life that is everlasting.

Now as to the third pillar, Freedom. We all love freedom. If there is one thing I am proud of, it is the fact that in every war this country has ever waged, my family has had a part in it. And all through these years my family has been fighting the cause of freedom, and any man who tries to take away my liberty or to subject my thought in any way or manner will always find within me a rebellion that will not down. We love freedom; we protest against anything contrary to the will of God. Freedom of thought, freedom of worship, freedom of approach. We believe that it is not the duty of ministers to stand guard over the altar. We protest against any faith that would say: "We guard the approach to God." We simply are standing here, saying: "This is the way, and all who will, may come." There is no other

gospel, if we believe that Jesus Christ is at the head of the church militant as well as at the head of the church spiritual. He did not delegate that power, for He said of His work: "It is finished." And then He sealed the book with seven seals. "Out of the way, all other rulers and potentates. I have met the test, I am the way, the truth, and there is no other name under Heaven whereby man may be free from his sins except through me." Christ is supreme.

We believe in freedom of thought, we believe in freedom of conscience, just as we believe in freedom of expression.

There is power in Protestantism. Take the map of the world and put it before you, and you will find that all the great progress of the world has been wrought out through Protestant nations, and I defy any man to prove otherwise. What are the nations that are backward and dull, and what have been the nations that have moved this world onward? The nations in the front line of progress are those that have caught the spirit of this old Book (the Bible,) and have incorporated its precepts in their national life.

The Protestant church stands as the church that has only one pontiff, and He is none other than Jesus Christ. The only hierarchy we recognize is that in which the torchbearers go out to carry the Gospel far and wide, the men and women who go out to so labor that they bring in their sheaves with them.

We believe that the greatest cathedrals are the lives of those men and women who go about doing good. Our grandest litany is the one in which we pray: "From all superstition, from all arrogance, from all falseness of worship, Good Lord, deliver me." The greatest song is the old one: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

This is what Protestantism stands for. We are out to labor that God's Kingdom may be advanced, believing that it is just. We not only stand for God and the Scriptures, but we believe that we must stand for country.

Proves The Klan Charges

THE real cause of much of the abuse, villification and persecution of the Ku Klux Klan is our demand of "America for Americans" and that America shall be American instead of Jewish, Italian, Polish or Bolshevik. The Klan's charge that aliens are trying to steal away from us the rich heritage won by our forefathers from the wilderness, and to pervert our government and our institutions, is like a red rag to the anti-American invaders. Their great fear of the Klan is that it is wakening the American people to the danger from the alien hordes before they have had time to fasten themselves on us completely and rob us of all our prosperity and advantages. They know that the Klan is saving America; naturally they deny all our charges against them.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we find complete support of our charges against the aliens in an article by Frederick William Wile a noted writer who has certainly never been accused of favoring the Klan, and published in the Washington Star of September 20. It is re-published below with his permission, and every Klansman should read it carefully. In it he tells of a single one of the alien invasions; shows how they are trying to destroy our government, corrupt our children, stir up the Negroes against the whites, and in many other ways steal the riches of a nation, which they have neither the brains nor the character to create themselves. They are depending on the aliens whom we have sheltered, to help them do it!

It must be remembered that this is only one, and not by any means the most important, of the foreign invasions of America that are going on at this moment. All the charges of the Klan are true, and the very people who have been attacking us will get around to admit them all, one by one.

Following is Mr. Wile's article:

Communist activities in the United States

are more rampant and aggressive than ever. They continue to be directed and controlled by the Communist internationale at Moscow, the political organization of the Russian Soviet government. It is because the Communists are crusading more brazenly for "world revolution" in this country than at any previous period that the Coolidge administration has determined to use every legal weapon at its command to stifle red propaganda.

That is the underlying explanation of Secretary Kellogg's action in barring the entry of Shapurji Saklatvala, the Communist member of the British House of Commons, who desired to attend the interparliamentary Union at Washington. It is the view of the administration that men like Saklatvala are firebrands who would only add fuel to a flame which this government considers to be highly dangerous and which it is bending every effort to extinguish.

Orders From Moscow

The general public has little conception of the boldness and systematic nature of the Communist movement in the United States. It is modeled in every respect, down to the smallest detail, upon the Communist internationale in Russia. The headquarters of the American Communist party at Chicago regularly asks for and receives orders from Moscow. This summer there was a serious split in the American organization over a question of policy. One faction wanted to launch a vigorous campaign among the farmers of the United States, with a view of incorporating them bodily within the Communist party. Another faction favored the organization of a separate party to be known as the Worker's Peasant party. American Communists representing the rival groups went to Moscow, argued their case before the internationale autocrats, and later received a decision which had all the force of a Supreme Court decree. It was to the

effect that for the present it would be better not to attempt anything in the nature of a separate Communist organization among American farmers, but to seek to league them with the general Communist party. A copy of the decree is in the hands of the United States Government.

It was in January, 1924, that Secretary Hughes was called upon by a subcommittee of the foreign relations committee of the Senate to sustain his contention that Communist propagation in America made it impossible to recognize Soviet Russia. Senator Borah was chairman of the subcommittee. The other members were Senators Lenroot, Pepper, Swanson and Pittman. Mr. Hughes and his assistants in the State Department let down upon the Senators a barrage of evidence that the country is honey-combed with red intrigue. This writer is authorized to say that conditions as reported to the Senate 20 months ago have abated in no respect. On the contrary, they are aggravated. The Borah committee has never made a report. It has been understood by all concerned that the proofs submitted by Secretary Hughes were conclusive beyond all question. He had stacks of additional material to submit, but the committee appeared to be satisfied that he had proved his case.

Branching Out

Since then the American reds have branched out in a variety of new directions. These include:

1. Creation is as many individual factories and other industrial establishments as possible of so-called "cells" of Communism. These consist sometimes of only four or five Reds, who pursue the boring-from-within policy among their fellow workers. The idea is gradually to communize a plant, and eventually the trade union in a given branch of industry. Chicago headquarters claims that nearly 200 of these nucleus units were formed last year.

2. Formation of Communist organiza-

tions among young people, especially boys, in the guise of sports clubs.

3. Organization of newly arrived aliens into Communist racial groups for the purpose of counteracting Americanization work.

4. Special efforts to undermine loyalty of the American colored element. There is reason to believe that Moscow has far-reaching plans in this respect.

Fought by Labor

The American Federation of Labor continues, under the presidency of William Green, the policy of Samuel Gompers in combating Communist maneuvers among American workers. There are likely to be some stirring revelations of red activities when the annual meeting of the federation is held in October. The Communists are making a particular drive among the hordes of foreign workingmen in the United States. The American party is subdivided into so-called federations or sections of nationalities. There are Finnish, Polish, Hungarian, Lithuanian, Austrian, Italian and other sections. Each one of these racial federations has its own newspaper, published in the foreign language in question. The central official organ of the Communists is a daily newspaper printed in English, called the Daily Worker, of Chicago. A monthly organ, the Worker's Monthly, is also published in English. All of the Communist journals specialize in vituperative attacks on capitalism and on the "capitalistic government" of the United States, and openly preach the doctrine of the world revolution. They indulged in violent abuse of President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes at the time of the Count Karolyi incident and are expected to be equally explosive over the Saklatvala affair. Some day, when a little of the inside history of the Karolyi episode can be revealed, there will be disclosed certain things that impelled Secretary Kellogg unhesitatingly to enforce the law against Communist immigrants in the case of Shapurji Saklatvala, M.P.

—*Washington Sunday Star.*

Points to Falsity of Christian Century

WRITER SAYS WAR ON PUBLICATION MUST BE CONDUCTED BY EXPOSING ITS SHAMS.

BY REV. WILLIAM F. M'DERMOTT

[Reprint by special arrangement with and courtesy of Chicago Daily News]

CAN ideas be conquered by force alone? Never. America in her battle for independence, proved it. Though opposed by superior force, the principles upon which modern democracy is founded, won. The civil war confirmed the immortal statements of right put forth by Abraham Lincoln. In the last decade the greatest war machine of all history has been wrecked. How? By the guns of the allies, of course. Also, by the lofty ideals put forth by Woodrow Wilson, enlisting most of the world in the common cause.

In the conflict of mind and brute force the latter cannot endure. It may massacre, bludgeon, persecute, but the test of time will prove it in vain. The only victory over ideas is to prove their falsity and to put in their place that which is true.

For such reasons the efforts of a conservative religious group, headed by Dr. John Clover Monsma, editor of the New Reformation—a magazine for ministers—to have the United States department of justice either suppress or curb the Christian Century, journalistic leader of the radical wing of protestantism, are doomed, in my opinion, to certain failure. Though the magazine were to be forever barred from the mails, and its offices and printing plant burned, its ideas—if they are true—would go marching on, history teaches. Therefore, the only way the Christian Century and what it stands for can be overcome—if at all—is by the expose of the falsity of its platform and the proclamation of the right.

U. S. Watches Magazine

In the first place, there is reason to believe that Dr. Monsma has not called the government's attention to anything new in his bill of complaint, although it has given publicity

to the situation. It is known that the department of justice has had an eye on the Christian Century for many months, following closely its policies and precepts. There is every reason to believe that the government keeps its own file of the magazine—and is probably pretty well marked up, especially with cross-references. In at least one instance the writings of the paper have brought forth official attention. That was recently in connection with the crusade to "get the churches out of the chaplaincy business." Major John T. Axton, chief of chaplains, condemned it, while the Army and Navy Journal, in an apparently inspired article, advised the chaplains not to lose their heads or make rash statements in reply, adding that proper action would be taken at the proper time.

Secondly, the Christian Century, while it stands pretty much alone in the field of religious journalism in its radical holdings, is only one of a group which takes the so-called advanced stand in the battle to superimpose a moral code upon politics and international relationships. In the larger field of general publications there are a number which go a long way with the Christian Century in its stand. While they are not to be identified in either purpose or scope, yet they have the common denominator in a radical viewpoint. Notable among these is the Century magazine, edited by Glenn Frank—one of the most popular and sought-for speakers for church conventions today—which openly takes the anti-war point of view and proclaims that if the church cannot conquer war Christianity is doomed. Others which fight the war system are the Nation and the Survey. Books without number, based on the same philosophy, have wide circulation. Leading preachers assert in no

uncertain terms their stand concerning allegiance to their religious convictions being superior to the demands of patriotism. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, rated as the strongest pulpit orator in America today, and said to have won first place as the most popular preacher in America in the Christian Century's poll of 25,000 clergymen, has said that he reserves to himself the right of judgment as to whether he will render any service of any sort in case of another war. In Chicago may be found leading clergymen who do not mince words in proclaiming the same stand.

Would Open Extensive Field

If the department of justice were to start a policy of editorial suppression it would have an extensive field in which to function. It has given no indication of any such intention. If it did logic would demand that it begin, not with those reputable journals which, though they may possibly be mistaken are at least seeking a better world, but with those fiery publications of a destructive type, which openly preach sedition and anarchy. They can be found on book-shelves for sale in any large city.

Without doubt the department of justice will keep on watching and the Christian Century will keep on printing. It will win its adherents, some of whom will doubtless fall away when the acid test of war comes. Though it is campaigning with all the zeal and confidence of one apparently believing victory to be in sight, it may not expect to do more than to add to the world's consciousness about war and to sharpen its conscience against it. It will be satisfied if it succeeds in promoting universal peace, even though the present editors may not live to see it realized.

One must be a reader of the Christian Century to understand it. Though the evidence which Monsma has gathered—with the aid of paste pot and shears—seems foreboding enough, it must be remembered that his quotations are drawn from the files over a period of several years, and represent the points of

view of many authors, not all of whom, by any means, officially represent the Christian Century editorially. Just as no newspaper pretends to endorse the position of every person quoted in its pages, so does the Christian Century refrain from putting its stamp of approval on everything it prints. Further, these quotations, when considered in their textual connections, lose some of their frightfulness. Cumulated, they seem ominous. Scattered through hundreds of pages of other material they appear only incidental.

Acts As Test Tube

But the chief explanation lies in the nature of the Christian Century itself. It is the George Bernard Shaw of American church life. Its task is to put American life in the test tube, pour in the acid, and announce the reaction. It is the diagnostician, thumping the national body for aches and pains and sore spots, looking for symptoms of disease, and sometimes laying open the flesh to see what is wrong. Physical culture is better than hospital treatment or embalming, and therefore the Christian Century is rendering a valuable service in pointing out how the nation and race are spiritually diseased. Wise old England gives George Bernard Shaw free reign, taking him seriously at times, at other times realizing that he is "only kidding." It knows that he does the empire good. So this country may wisely permit the agitation of the Christian Century and others to go forward, extracting good from the crusade.

Regarding its extreme stand the Christian Century may be over-stating its position. It knows the value of such a course. The agitator often purposely takes an extreme stand, not expecting his constituency to go all the way with him. If he gets something of a mass movement he is satisfied. Again, pacifism is not considered treason by any country. The Quakers have always been pacifists, but no group stands higher in any country than they. Practically all countries recognize, even in the most bitter wars, the

honest conscientious objector and respect him by exemption from military service.

Wins Many Converts

Monsma declares the Christian Century is winning hundreds of converts among students, ministers, professors, social workers, etc. It may be that it is winning readers rather than converts. There is nothing ominous about that, however, to any one familiar with religious journalism today, which is not as strong as it once was. Many religious publications have ceased to exist, while most of the others have difficulty holding their own in circulation. Many of them have to be subsidized either by denominations or private parties. They are generally conventional, often colorless, and are read by only a negligible fraction of the constituency they are supposed to serve.

National Obligations Superior Party Ties

When approached upon the question of assuming the leadership of the Progressives, made vacant by the death of Senator La Follette, the Hon. Geo. W. Norris, Senator from Nebraska, declined the offer. In giving his reasons he showed himself to be a man of untrammelled convictions. Party obligations seemed to rest upon him more lightly than do national obligations, as, indeed, it should be with all true lawmakers. In his declination Senator Norris is quoted as having said:

"Party ties rest very lightly upon me and, as I have said, my idea is that one of the greatest evils of government is that so many people tie themselves up to one party, when as a matter of fact it seems to me they ought to be independent of all parties. Under existing conditions, I presume parties are necessary, but it is a mistake to regard a party as anything but an instrumentality of government. There is and ought to be nothing sacred about it, and men and women ought not to

hesitate to refuse to support party nominees whenever they believe the men nominated, if elected, would not make good officials.

On the other hand, the Christian Century has something to say and says it. In that lies a part of the secret of its success, as well as in the policies it espouses. It makes its readers think, often makes them angry, calls forth fulsome praise or burning indignation, sets editors to sweating and preachers to thundering, and is having a ripping time doing it. Its pages are filled with a wide variety of material from the pens of widely known men. Reams of contributions are rejected, yet the Christian Century never turns anything down through fear alone.

The Christian Century is without doubt the most widely read and quoted journal of religion in America today. As such, there is interest in the elucidation of its position as well as in the charges against it, already printed.

hesitate to refuse to support party nominees whenever they believe the men nominated, if elected, would not make good officials.

"I expect to work in the future, as I have in the past, for those things in government that I believe to be right, and I will support them regardless of whether they originate with Democrats, Republicans, Progressives or men bearing any other party label. I have seen so much evil come to the Government and to the people because of the blind adherence to party and to party leadership, and the foolishness of 'standing by the party' regardless of what it represents or who leads it, that I have reached the conclusion we ought to eliminate party wherever we can; and I have advocated, for instance, in State matters, the election of everybody in the State, from Governor down, on a non-partisan ballot. If I had my way, I would extend that idea to members of the House and Senate in the National Legislature."

A Thanksgiving Bear Hunt

WE almost fell off the train in our eagerness! There was the missionary—and here was Mexico! We five—a surgeon, a merchant, a ranchman, an American missionary in Mexico and myself, were together again for one of our "famous" hunts. With the hurry of boys out of school, we began making plans there at the station.

"Yes, I've got the cook and the mozos," answered Benning, the missionary, laughing at our storm of questions. "I'll take your stuff to the hotel and get the camp outfit together. Will, (indicating me), you get our permits from the Jefe Politico; Doc and Jackson get the eats and Jeff can help me round-up the mozos and the "packs."

"See you at the hotel at supper," we all agreed, as we set out on our various jobs.

There had just been a revolution in Mexico and special permission was required for our guns and our party to be "loose." I had to register for each of us and swear to the number of guns and animals we were taking; but I finally got the papers and was happy to know we could start next morning.

We were off early—eight of us: five Americans, two Mexican mozos, and one Chinaman, who was to be the cook. Two of our crowd, Jeff and the Chinaman, rode mules. The others rode horses of the small Spanish type. Fourteen burros served as pack animals.

By the first night, we were deep into the mountains west of Ciudad. Such scenery! And that mountain air! This was real country to hunt in. We did not stop for a mid-day meal; so supper time found us ravenously hungry. We ate and slept as only those who live close to nature can eat and sleep.

On the second day we crossed seven distinct mountain ranges and three rivers. Forests of giant pines and oaks seemed to cut us off from civilization. Glades and miniature lakes with stretches of grass and a few late November flowers added to the beauty of

the country. We saw plenty of small game, with now and then a deer, peering at us curiously; but we killed only what we needed for food. We would *hunt* later.

That night, our camp was at the base of a mountain near a water-fall a hundred feet high. The falls made a natural shower bath which we all enjoyed after our day's ride altho it was so cold we supposed it would be frozen by morning.

Next day things began to happen which impressed us with our isolation. The first was our finding a lone cabin. The cabin was vacant. Out under the oak tree in front, was a shingle, stuck in the ground. On the shingle was some writing in English. It proved to be a kind of obituary of an American. The word "assassinated" was written on the shingle, with the name of the victim. We later learned the story, which was harrowing enough, and included the wife and two girl babies of the American, who had hoped to find a cure for his lung trouble in that pure mountain air. During that revolution, these mountains turned out to be the haunt of Villa's band. We did not know it then, but wandered on in our ignorance further into the wilderness. (That night each one of us slept with his rifle under his blanket.)

In winding along the mountain sides, without guide or road, we came to a place where an immense boulder, as large as a box car, had rolled down the mountain and had lodged. Between it and the mountain-side was a space about four feet in width, just enough to admit our horses. The farther end of the boulder tapered, until its height was equal to that of a man on horse back. I was slowly riding in the lead. When in between the boulder and the mountain, my horse began to tremble. He tried to wheel around, but was held tight in the narrow passage. With difficulty I spurred him forward, and on coming out beyond the boul-

der's end, saw a buck in the throes of death, kicking on the ground. His side was ripped open from shoulder to flank, and he was still quivering. Since then, I have often wondered what that mountain lion would have done to me, if that buck had not been in front. The dying animal attracted me and filled me with wonderment. He was the personification of grace, even in suffering. We searched in vain for the mountain lion. No doubt it watched us from its hiding place higher up the mountain side.

The third experience of that day was hazardous. Our trail led around the curve of a promontory, only to suddenly fade out. We could not turn back, without the horses using their hind feet as pivots. Our only salvation lay in keeping ahead. But how? We could not stay on our horses. Our bodies would have been scraped off by the mountain side. Down below, the giant pine trees of the valley looked like diminutive bushes. Not only could we not stay on our horses, we could scarcely get off, for the mountain wall was on one side, and deep space was on the other. But we got off. And then? We crawled! Got down on our knees, like 'coons, and crawled, till we were across to where the ground widened. Right here I am going to confess I did not look over that precipice while crawling. I kept my eyes glued to the mountain wall.

That night, we slept on the sloping side of a mountain. It was so steep we had to place our blankets against boulders, to keep from rolling down the side. One of the party placed his bed beside a scrub oak. I slept against a sack of oats.

We had sent one of the Mexicans out on horse-back, to reconnoiter and to look for signs. He stayed away all night and part of next day. When he returned it was noon. The Chinaman was in the act of serving us Americans our dinner. The Mexican was hungry and demanded food of the Chinaman, who refused, telling him to wait until we had been served. That made the Mexican angry, but, true to his nature, he kept his anger under

cover for a while, and went off sulking. We thought nothing of it, until next day, but it proved to be the greatest problem of the hunt.

That night, we decided to break camp, and retrace our journey by slow stages. We could hunt back, and take things easy. In view of breaking camp, we were like a bunch of school boys. We were going to make a change! It did not matter where.

Our camp was among giant pines, with high grass all around. Immense deposits of resin had collected in the pockets of the pines, near the base. These resin deposits were lighted, and by their glare we had brilliant lights for a long while. The whole scene was bright. Our "hot rolls" lay around in piles in the grass, with a saddle by each one. In the center was our big camp fire, burning brightly. Then is the time when a man opens his heart, and takes his comrades into the most sacred confidences. If you wish to know a man, the real man, go hunting with him. If you wish to make friends for life, go hunting with somebody. The experiences of a camp-hunt are possessed of a welding power that cannot be surpassed by any other experience. Once you sleep on the ground with a fellow, and brave dangers with him, and lie awake in your blanket with him a few feet off, and talk of the stars above, and listen together to the call of the coyotes, the chirrup of the crickets, the hoots of the owls, and the scream of the panther; once you get up at three in the morning with your hunting partner, and you get the wood for a fire while you hear him slipping down a mountain in the dark with a bucket after water; and you begin to broil the bacon or cook venison strips or some jerked beef, while he fixes the old black coffee pot; once you eat with such a man, and then hike out together under the stars, to get to the top of that mountain, where you can have a good view of the two draws for the bear that you know is going to waddle out about day-break; once you have these and a thousand other experiences with a hunting partner, I tell you death itself cannot cut the tie that binds your souls together.

The next morning, the one after the Mexican had returned hungry, we broke camp. It was about four o'clock, when we left. We five Americans rode off together, leaving the Chinaman to arrange the cooking things on to the burros, and all follow us after day-break. We had instructed them to stop at a lake among the pines, which we had passed on our way up. The lake was just beyond the narrow ledge on the side of the high mountain, where we had had to "coon" it on our all-fours. We would hunt the draws, and all meet at the lake at noon, where we would expect dinner prepared by the Chinaman.

Noon found us at the lake. But there were only five of us—we five Americans. Of course we were hungry, and showed the usual impatience for our grub, like so many children. This is one of the privileges of camp life. A man can act like a child, with no fear of belittling himself in his wife's estimation.

"Darn those Mexicans! Why had they not come with the train of burros? Who ever knew of a Mexican being on time, anyway?" These, and other thoughts, were freely expressed, led mostly by Jeff, the rancher.

Two o'clock, and no burros.

Three o'clock, and no burros.

"Gee! How hungry I am!"

"Me, too, Doc," added Jackson, when the surgeon so feelingly expressed himself.

The pack train would have to come down the steep mountain, to the place we were awaiting them. We kept our eyes glued on that trail where it appeared over the mountain's rim. But no burros! Hence, no Mexicans and no Chinaman. We knew the Chinaman would not come until the burro train with the Mexicans hove in sight. So, we took it out on the Mexicans.

About five o'clock we heard a bell on the top of the mountain—a faint tinkling. This we recognized as the bell on the lead burro of the pack. Soon the beast appeared on the mountain ridge, outlined against the sky. He was slowly grazing. Then another, and

another and another, in slow and lazy order, came in view. Following them, on horse back were the two Mexicans, prominent for their big sombreros.

But no Chinaman!

This caused us to wonder. As it took nearly an hour for that burro train to wend its way down to where we were waiting, we had plenty of time to conjecture about the absence of the "Chino."

It was about him that our first question was asked, when the two Mexicans came in ear shot.

One of them shrugged his shoulders, in true national style. The other answered he did not know, and flourished his quirt at a burro that was trying to get away.

Both Mexicans seemed non-committal.

With us it was a serious matter, liable to result in embarrassing complications.

The only answer about the Chinaman we could get from the two Mexicans was to the effect that he, the Chino, had left camp that morning, with us. The Mexicans further said the reason they were late, was because they had to gather up all the grub and the cooking utensils left by the Chinaman, because he had quit work and followed us on his mule. It was plain they were in an ugly mood. Their explanation of the Chinaman seemed too fishy to be accepted. All of us looked wise. That is, we looked blank. What could we do? We were stupid! It was not the absence of the cook that worried us. It was worse than that. It was as serious as death.

The missionary and the ranchman could both speak Spanish like a native. They put the two Mexicans through the grilling process, without success. Try, hard as they would, they could not dislodge the Mexicans from their first statement, that the Chinaman had left camp that morning, with us.

This we knew was a lie. But what could we do?

To add to the already serious state of things somebody thought of the quarrel the Mexican had had the day before with the Chinaman.

This was connected up with the fact that they all had to come along the narrow trail on the mountain side, where it was but a small thing for the Mexican to push the Chinaman off. You who think he would not do it, just don't know how the Mexican nature carries a grudge.

There was nothing to do but camp right where we were, till that Chinaman had been found. Benning, the missionary, agreed to go back and hunt for him. One of us suggested that he take a careful look from the narrow ledge, down into the canyon. At least the body of his mule might be visible, if not the Chino, himself.

It was a sad sight, when we saw the missionary disappear over the top of the mountain, leaving us alone with the two Mexicans, who we positively believed had murdered the other man.

Dusk came on quickly in the valley.

The shadows fell on four Americans, sitting on the ground, motionless. No one seemed to know what to do. Each of us would have taken the prize at a show for dumb people.

Not a word for nearly half an hour!

Finally, from one, came the lone exclamation:

"Assasinated!"

That was all. But that was enough. Yes, enough for the other three of us to have effected another assassination! We couldn't get that shingle out of our minds.

The Mexicans had unpacked the burros, and had hobbled them for the night.

I got supper, but it was for four Americans who had no appetite. The Mexicans later ate all the grub that was cooked. Nothing was wrong with their appetites.

"Got no consciences." It was Jeff who spoke and it sounded like a growl for vengeance.

Dark came, and with it, the chill. Our camp fire burned merrily, doing all it could to dispel the gloom from our minds. How unappreciative of its efforts, we were!

None of us could go to sleep. We were all

glum. Now and then a sigh would escape from somewhere. Then, silence.

Over amid the piles of camp stuff, the two Mexicans were asleep, curled up into a knot, and covered with their saddle blankets.

"Just to think!" suggested Doc. "Look at those two Greasers. How do you suppose they can sleep like that, with the blood of that Chinaman on them?"

"No consciences, I told you," asserted Jeff. "Don't 'I know em? I've worked that kind all the way from the Argentine to Texas. You can't tell me anything about 'em. No more conscience than a mule!"

"That don't get our cook back," said Jackson, the merchant. Then in true commercial manner, he added: "I'd give a hundred dollars if that Chinaman was here." His offer was raised to four hundred, as each of us seconded his motion.

The surgeon was busy thinking.

"How about it, Doc?" asked the ranchman. "What's on your mind?"

"I'll tell you what let's do," the surgeon said. Then he outlined his plan of going back to the city where we had got off the train; wait on the outskirts until nearly train time, then slip in to the station, get on the train and ride across the border into Texas.

"Never on your life," I said. When I got our papers I had to sign in the Jefe Politico's office for nineteen head of stock and for three men. We can't get out of Mexico 'til we check in that same number."

"Then, let's get us another Chinaman somewhere," said Jackson.

No one answered this suggestion.

The surgeon was thinking again. "I'll tell you, fellows. Let's go west, over these mountains, to Mazatlan. Nobody knows about us over there. We can get a boat to California, and be safe."

"That sounds like sense," I said. "Let's do that. If the Chinaman is dead, he is dead, and we can't help it. If that Mexican pushed him off the cliff, that's not our fault. But as sure as shootin' if we go back to where we started and don't account for that China-

man, we will all be put incommunicado."
 "And stood up against a 'dobe wall and shot at sunrise," added Jeff, for our comfort.

* * * * *

Morning came. Four hollow-eyed Americans got up. Their movements were slow. Their words few.

Because of the love of the work, I began cooking breakfast. The meal was soon over.

"Wonder where the missionary is," one of the bunch said.

"Better be wondering where that Chinaman is," from another.

"Well, believe I'll go hunt a little, up this draw," said the surgeon, as he picked up his rifle.

"Me, too," added the rancher. He was always partial to a Winchester, saying he had got used to that kind, when he was in the Argentine.

The merchant decided to go up the mountain trail, where the missionary had disappeared the afternoon before.

"When you fellows hear me shoot, you can know I have found the Chinaman." The merchant always was optimistic. That is why he has 28 big stores.

I took my 30-30 Savage, the trusty friend that never went back on me, and was soon in a draw which led down to an old arroyo. I sat down on a boulder, hoping to catch sight of a mountain lion. But I did not stay there long. My mind was not on big game. I was restless. Soon, I was back in camp. The other men had not come in.

The loneliness began to affect me. I had to do something. As camp cooking is my delight, I set about getting dinner. A good meal would help us all, and put us in better spirits. I looked at the bags of grub. There was enough for a feast fit for a king.

Soon the arrangements for the meal were "organized," as we Texans say. The fire was piled up high with pine, so as to burn down to a big bed of coals, for any one who ever camp-cooked, knows the best way to do it is to have coals and hot ashes. Then I got out the pot and began operations. I

worked as much to get my own mind off the trouble we were in, as to get a big "feed" for us all. The first thing I did was to cut up some venison in strips. As venison is lean and rather dry, I added a fair-sized piece of bacon, for seasoning. Then I cut up three squirrels, three pigeons, and the breast of a wild turkey. All this was put in to boil together. Soon the pot was bubbling in the hot ashes. The odor of that meat, rising in the crisp air laden with pine, was enough to whet the dullest appetite, as well as to make one forget all his troubles.

The rancher strayed in, dragging one foot behind the other. But when his nostrils caught a whiff of that stew, he braced up, like one come to life.

"Geel!" was all he said. But it was enough.

While the meat was cooking, I fixed the other ingredients that were to go into our main dish. There were some potatoes. I also found some boiled frijoles which the Chinaman had cooked in the hot ashes two nights before. They were well preserved in the cool climate. So in they went into the pot, with the potatoes. I would have given a world if that Chinaman had been there to help eat them!

Then the seasoning. Two big peppers, the red kind, called "chili colorado" with the seeds removed, were cut up and cast in. Two buttons of garlic, for nothing in the stew line is fit to eat in camp unless it has garlic in it. And one Laredo onion. Now, maybe you think this was not fine! Venison, squirrel, pigeon, turkey, bacon, potatoes, frijoles! All this boiled for an hour and a half, on a bed of pine coals. Then in went a can of tomatoes, because tomatoes go with chili and frijoles, like eggs go with fried ham.

The stew was now ready to simmer. So I turned my attention to making something to drink, besides, of course, coffee. We had a basket of limes and a lot of pilloncia, a kind of Mexican sugar, like maple sugar. Nearby, a mountain stream had ice water in it. I made the moso get the water, and soon there was a bucket of fine limeade, cold

and sweet. This, beside the old black coffee pot, that was never empty.

Nearby a giant pine tree lay prostrate. Its trunk was about four feet in diameter. This made a natural table, and I made the moso place the dishes and cups on that pine trunk. We were going to have a dinner right, even if we did go to jail for that Chinaman!

Just as the moso was placing the things on the table which nature had provided, there was heard a rifle shot on top of the mountain. No one could be seen up there. Soon another shot, then another, until the shots became numerous. In among the sound of the rifle could be detected shots from a pistol. This made us at the camp fear the worst. It was a battle! The merchant had gone up there early that morning, alone. It was his .303 rifle that we heard. What could we think but that he was surrounded by some desperadoes, who were using their sixshooters on him?

The rancher, sitting near the camp fire, grabbed his rifle. I ducked for mine, under my blanket, a few feet away. The scared moso hid behind the tree which I thought we would use as a dinner table.

The shots came nearer the rim of the mountain. They were being repeated. That meant they were reloading.

The surgeon came into camp, like one who had arisen from out of the earth.

"What you reckon is the matter?" Any one of the three of us might have asked the question. We all were thinking it.

Under cover, we awaited developments, rifles ready.

Soon, there appeared on the edge of the mountain, a man on a mule. The man looked more like a monkey, as he held on to the horn of the saddle, while the mule tore down the mountain at full speed. The animal's tail was twirling, and she was braying at the top of her raucous voice. Down she came, with that Chinaman holding on for dear life. The mule stopped right in the middle of the camp. The Chinaman did not get off. He fell off. And he fell off working. He could

not speak. His voice was paralyzed. His mind was almost gone, through fright. Dumbly he recognized the pots and pans of his former vocation and to them he went, as to the only things he recognized. He began on them like putting out fire. I had to yell at him, to make him stop. Otherwise, he would have torn the camp to pieces, he was so near crazy.

Soon the missionary came riding down the mountain. After him, came the merchant, afoot, waving his rifle and yelling with joy. As he came nearer, we heard what he had been saying. "I told you I would find them. Did you hear me shoot?"

During the meal, there was but one topic of talk.

Early that morning, after having stayed during the night in an abandoned goat camp, the missionary caught sight of the Chinaman on his mule. They were 'way down in the valley, going in a trot in the opposite direction. Yelling did no good, so the missionary shot in the air, to attract the Chino's attention. These shots we did not hear, as they were about twenty miles off from our camp. Seeing he could not make the Chinaman hear, the missionary gave chase on horseback. He overtook the Chinaman, but the scared fellow would not stop. He was so near crazed, that he did not recognize the missionary. In order to stop them, the missionary had to grab the mule's bridle.

For over twenty-four hours, the Chinaman had wildly ridden among the mountains, never one time getting down from his saddle. The morning before, when we had left camp where we were breaking up, the Chinaman had really feared for his life, because of the anger of the Mexican against him. No sooner had we left, than did he saddle his mule, to follow us. Had he let the animal choose her way, she would have followed the correct path in the dark and would have overtaken us. But, like so many novices, the Chinaman thought he knew the trail and guided the mule the way he thought she ought to go.

This much came out, as we five sat there eating our hot stew.

"By golly," said the surgeon, jumping up from where he had sat. He had chosen a place by the camp fire, and was eating there with his plate on the ground. "I've got something in my pack." Soon, he had fished out a pasteboard box, that held a cake. "My treat, fellows! We'll cut this, in honor of finding the Chinaman."

"In honor of not gettin' shot," said the rancher.

"Listen. Do you know what day this is?" I asked.

"No," came from one mouth, full of stew.

"Lucky Friday," said another, as if he little cared.

"Thursday," said the third.

"It's Thanksgiving Day, fellows. And we were about to let it go by," I said.

"Thanksgiving Day, and turkey stew," remarked the rancher. "Nearly as good as barbecued goat."

"Gee, I'm glad we don't have to be shot! I move we stay here a few days, and make up for lost time. I believe there is a bear in this draw, over there."

No matter who said the last. It was unanimous.

A country-wide campaign to bring before every citizen the unenviable situation of the United States as a crime-ridden nation is urged by Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation and one of the originators of the new National Crime Commission.

"There is another very important thing to be considered. It may be obnoxious to some citizens, but they are a small minority. I refer to the vicious propaganda that has been more or less exposed by Government officials and others. This propaganda seeks to mislead by misrepresentation the young people of the country and to instill in their minds a feeling of hate toward public authorities; toward men who have been successful in the various departments of human activity; and, in general, to revolutionize society.

"These efforts are stronger and more successful than many have believed possible. They permeate some of the colleges or subordinate departments of public schools, of

some churches. Their influence is felt even in some Sunday schools. They affect crowds in many public and semi-public meetings addressed by speakers who are not loyal nor even friendly to our Government. I may be accused of being reactionary and narrow for saying this, but I know whereof I speak. It would be well to look into some of our institutions of learning and see what is fed to the student mind.

"I should speak of immigration. There is very much to be said in favor of immigration and what it has done for this country; but there are some things to be said against unlimited immigration. Sad to relate, a large portion of crime in this country is committed by people who have lately come to these shores from foreign countries—immigrants possessed by vicious tendencies when they left their own countries. There has not been suitable examination and test of the emigrant in foreign countries before he sailed.

The next issue of the KOURIER MAGAZINE will be a Christmas number.

Why not send your friend an annual subscription, as a Holiday gift?

The KOURIER MAGAZINE is something different.