

BOTH SIDES of the SHIELD

By MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



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PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater. I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion.

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me.

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

CHAPTER I. The City Editor's Assignment.

MR. PALMER—You will start for the south tomorrow and write a series of letters on the educational and social conditions existing in that section. Avoid the cities and beaten tracks and let your pictures be drawn from life. This will be an order on the business office for what money you may need.

Such were the orders I found one morning on my desk in the city editor's room of a well known Boston newspaper. Of the labor involved in such an assignment I was ignorant, and I saw only a pleasant trip in that part of my country in which I had never traveled. I had been employed on the paper for a comparatively short time—in fact, I had been in journalism for a period of less than two years—so that such an assignment as the one now given me was highly flattering to me, and I knew it would be equally gratifying to my father, who had watched my career with that interest which attaches solely to an only son. I had not been out of Harvard very long when I had taken the advice of an eminent literary man, a friend of my father, and entered journalism as a first stepping stone to literary distinction. The few short stories I had written, however, had been returned to me by the magazines to which I had sent them with a promptness that was calculated to dampen my ardor and otherwise to discourage me. I had been led to believe that my style was exceptionally good and that I was not without a keen sense of humor, at the same time possessing a proper appreciation of the pathetic.

I had taken a prize at the high school for an essay, and later, when my talents began to develop at the university, I was elected to fill a place on the editorial staff of one of the monthly periodicals published there. I was chagrined, therefore, when my manuscripts, written legibly on fine linen paper, tied with the best silk ribbon to be had, came back to me. I began to form a very poor opinion of our magazines. Possessing an independent fortune, I determined to publish my writings in book form at my own expense. I took my manuscripts to a publisher, who, honest man that he was, was kind enough to tell me that people did not think much of books published at the author's own expense. Determined at length to get a proper estimate of my work, I sought out an old friend of the family who had achieved fame by his pen. He reviewed my stories and in a ruthless sort of way, as it seemed to me then, told me that some of my ideas were good, but expressed clumsily. He advised me to cease all attempts at literary composition and to seek a place on a newspaper. "Writing must become a habit with you," he said, "before you can hope to express your thoughts gracefully. What you need most is ease, and if you can avoid the pitfalls of journalism you may in time succeed in your ambition." It took me just another six months to make up my mind to follow his advice, and when I did so it was with some degree of humiliation that I discovered that there was not a reporter on the paper who did not write better than I. Constant application in my new undertaking, however, and the hard work I had done at the university soon brought me my reward. I was being singled out constantly for important local assignments, and once I had been sent to Washington on a delicate mission.

I picked up again the order which lay on my desk and read it over the second time. I thought I saw the earmarks of politics in it, and, while the racial question was not mentioned, I believe that it was this problem I was to discuss. I had made a suggestion on this line some months before, but the managing editor had not taken kindly to the idea at the time. The order as I read it over seemed indefinite, I thought, and I started with it to the managing editor's room. As I presented myself before that austere little crinoline-physical, but not mental, for

mentally he was a giant—I was outwardly calm, but my heart was beating a tattoo inside, for there were few of us who did not fear to stand before him unless very sure of the ground on which we stood. I said, however, in a businesslike way, as if such assignments were daily occurrences to me: "I have come to see you about this assignment, sir."

"What assignment?" he asked.

"For me to go south tomorrow," I answered.

"Oh, you are Palmer, are you?" he said, calmly looking me over through his spectacles. "I thought you were older. I have noticed your work and



"Oh, you are Palmer, are you?"

gave you the present assignment on account of it. Have you come to say you are not equal to it?"

I was somewhat surprised when I learned that he did not even remember me, but the fact that he had judged me by my work was at least gratifying, so I hastened to say: "No, sir. I feel perfectly able to do the work, but the order appears a little indefinite to me as to time."

Without looking up again, for he had resumed his proofreading, he said: "Take your own time, but I shall say two months ought to suffice. What I want are facts, not discolored, distorted pictures."

He did not even say good morning. Indeed, he seemed to have dismissed me from his mind. With an indifferent bow I retired, wondering why managing editors think it a part of their official duties to be ill-mannered. I was sorry that I had not asked him exactly what he wanted, but on this point I felt reasonably certain, however, for there was to be a presidential election the following year, and the more I thought of it the more certain I became that my letters were to be used to arouse sentiment in New England against the opposing party and thereby make certain the electoral vote of that section. My work would not only make certain the New England vote, but possibly save the vote of some of the middle western states. My father had been an abolitionist and his father before him. They had been called doctrinaires by their neighbors, but they had lived to see those principles become the nation's shibboleth. My father lived to modify many of his ideas, but I refused persistently to modify my views as they had been inculcated into me by my rugged old grandfather.

As I read the order of my assignment over again it seemed to me to be a command to charge the enemy. The old abolition blood was in my veins and was running at high tide

With reverent haste I made ready for my departure. Packing up a few things and putting my writing materials in my grip where I could the more easily get at them, I started for what I still looked upon as the enemy's country.

As I sped south the possibilities of a brilliant future arose before me. When I reached Baltimore I looked down from the window of the car and recalled the scenes enacted there, when my father was one of those stoned while on their way to the defense of their country. The day grew rapidly on, and as the train pulled into Washington the lofty dome of the capitol, bathed in the fresh light of an April morning, dispelled my resentful thoughts and led them back to the beautiful scenes which were always uppermost in my father's memory whenever he talked of the south and of the friends he had made there after the bitter days of the campaign were over. After leaving Washington every station became of interest, and there was no detail from which I did not draw some moral. I had determined to pierce the border states and seek for the information I desired from the land where the palmetto, the pine and the live oak live side by side. The windows of the car had been raised and through them came the bracing winds from the Blue Ridge, and I could catch occasionally the strange minor notes of the negroes at work in the fields. I was alive to every impression, and I took out my notebook to chain in my memory some of the passing scenes.

That evening I finished my first letter and mailed it from the train.

When I reached Atlanta I made inquiry as to the best means of reaching some of the outlying counties, where I could study the social and educational conditions of this people out of the beaten tracks and away from the thriving centers through which I had passed, and which, according to my preconceived opinions, were the result of northern capital or New England energy. I remained in the vicinity of this city for several days, making journeys into the country and taking notes of the field hands and making inquiry as to the wages paid and the amount of labor performed by the average hand. My zeal was unabated, and I was on the point of putting all my figures into a letter when my enthusiasm received a check that came near causing me to throw up my assignment, which I would have done without hesitation had I not feared it would mean a summary dismissal from the paper as well. On coming in from the factory district one afternoon I found a letter from the managing editor. It said:

We want facts. Your letter mailed on the train found useless and has been thrown in the wastebasket. If true, it was a very good editorial, but we do not want editorials from you. If you still have my order read it over and you will find in it nothing about the racial question or political problems. Study the white people, especially the families of the old regime, and bear in mind always that whatever you write will be copied there. Your letters, therefore, should be just and truthful, whatever else there may be. If you were an artist with the brush I should say paint a picture of some old colonial homesteads and antebellum plantations. Since you can't paint, write of them as they are. Bring the scenes in Georgia vividly before the people of Boston. They can draw their own conclusions. Let your pictures be of people and places only as you see them.

That was all, but it was sufficient to shatter my hopes and discourage all further attempts to make sure of the electoral vote of New England. Disconsolate and with a vague sense of my own ignorance, I boarded a train that night bound somewhere in a southerly direction—I did not know and I did not care where.

When I awoke the next morning the odor which filled every crevice of the car told me that I had entered the pine belt of Georgia during my sleep. I threw up my window and inhaled great drafts of fresh air. I felt invigorated and ready to carry out my assign-

(Continued on Page Seven.)

DEBTS TO NEWSPAPERS.

It is a popular fallacy that "you can't make a man pay for a newspaper if it is sent after the time paid for has expired." A great many people believe this, and a great many talk it who are simply trying to make themselves believe it. There are no special laws regarding newspapers. A debt owing to a newspaper is exactly the same status as any other kind of a debt. Now let us illustrate. Milk is sold in this town at so much a quart and the patron buys a card of tickets from the dealer. After the card of tickets is used up change may not be handy, and the purchase of another card is delayed. The milkman, accommodating soul, continues to leave the quart bottle of milk each morning, on the back door step. The householder (or the householder's wife, or the hired girl, or one of the children) takes the milk in and it is used. After a while the milkman mildly suggests that he would like to have pay for his milk. Suppose the householder should say: "I don't owe you a cent. I paid for fifty quarts and you should have stopped leaving it when the time was out. It is against the law to trust a man for milk, and I will not pay it." The milkman would tell you that you were a fool and something of a scoundrel, and he would proceed to make an effort to collect, and if you are worth anything he would succeed. The cases are parallel. A newspaper is a commodity that costs somebody work and money to produce, and the producer is entitled to pay for his product. If, instead of leaving your paper delivered at the postoffice, you bought it of a newsboy, and he left it on the door step, would you not have to pay the boy, if you accepted the paper? You bet your very bottom dollar you would! Because the newsboy is grown up and is a newsman does it alter the law? No, sir. Now, take it from us as straight goods. If you have accepted a paper, have taken it out of your mail box, you are responsible. As a matter of fact it is the irresponsible man who puts up that plea. In an experience of more than a quarter of a century as a publisher we cannot remember that a really respectable, responsible, property holding citizen ever made such a plea. The responsible citizens seldom have a newspaper "forced on them." They pay their bills.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil **Mica Axle Grease**

Sold by dealers everywhere
The Atlantic Refining Company

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Sessions, for and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1912,
and to continue one week;

And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, June 19, 1912, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 19th day of June, 1912, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognizance or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 15th day of May, 1912, and in the 125th year of the Independence of the United States

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.
Honesdale, May 15, 1912. 40x4

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA., at the close of business, MAY 3, 1912.

RESOURCES	
Reserve fund.....	\$32,022 45
Cash, specie and notes.....	131,255 96
Due from approved reserve agents.....	40,000 00
Legal securities at par.....	223,988 41
Nickels and cents.....	184 25
Checks and cash items.....	1,889 41
Due from Banks and Trust Co's.....	4,803 46
Reserve.....	5,000 00
Securities pledged for Special deposits.....	5,000 00
Upon one name.....	\$ 26,831 36
Upon two or more names.....	287,348 32
Time loans with collateral.....	32,738 71
Loans on call with collateral.....	125,953 00
Loans on call upon one name.....	3,159 00
Loans on call upon two or more names.....	42,001 00
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages.....	21,760 00
Bonds, Stocks, etc., Subtotal.....	1,865,854 44
Mortgages and Judgments of record.....	341,042 61
Office Furniture.....	7,900 00
Other Real Estate.....	6,000 00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000 00
Goodwills.....	93 12
Miscellaneous Assets.....	400 30
Total.....	\$1,007,538 11
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, paid in.....	\$ 100,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	100,000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes.....	67,375 38
Individual deposits, less check to check.....	1,192,572 77
Individual certificates of deposit.....	2,222,572 77
Time certificates of deposit.....	238 78
Deposits.....	25,000 00
Deposits of Pennsylvania.....	25,000 00
Deposits U. S. Postal.....	228 86
Certified.....	58 00
Cashier's check outstanding.....	801 31
Due to banks and Trust Cos. not reserve.....	8,463 04
Total.....	\$1,007,538 11

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss: I, H. S. SALMON, Cashier of the above named County Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) H. S. SALMON, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of May, 1912.

(Signed) ROBERT A. SMITH, N. P. [Notarial Seal]

Correct—Attest:
F. P. KIMBLE, }
H. J. CONGER, } Directors.
E. W. GAMMELL, }

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher* NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act of 1906.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Wayne County Savings Bank
HONESDALE, PA.

1871 41 YEARS OF SUCCESS 1912

BECAUSE we have been transacting a SUCCESSFUL banking business CONTINUOUSLY since 1871 and are prepared and qualified to render VALUABLE SERVICE to our customers.

BECAUSE of our HONORABLE RECORD for FORTY-ONE years.

BECAUSE of SECURITY guaranteed by our LARGE CAPITAL and SURPLUS of \$550,000.00.

BECAUSE of our TOTAL ASSETS of \$3,600,000.00.

BECAUSE GOOD MANAGEMENT has made us the LEADING FINANCIAL INSTITUTION of Wayne county.

BECAUSE of these reasons we confidently ask you to become a depositor.

COURTEOUS treatment to all CUSTOMERS whether their account is LARGE or SMALL. INTEREST allowed from the FIRST of ANY MONTH on Deposits made on or before the TENTH of the month.

OFFICERS:
W. B. HOLMES, PRESIDENT. H. S. SALMON, Cashier.
HON. A. T. SEARLE, Vice-President. W. J. WARD, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS:
T. B. CLARK, H. J. CONGER, J. W. FARLEY,
E. W. GAMMELL, W. B. HOLMES, F. P. KIMBLE,
W. P. SUYDAM, C. J. SMITH, A. T. SEARLE,
H. S. SALMON.

D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONESDALE BRANCH

A.M. P.M.	A.M. A.M. P.M.	STATIONS	P.M. P.M. A.M.	P.M. A.M. SUN.
8:30	10:00	Albany	2:00	10:50
10:00	10:00	Ringhamton	12:40	8:45
10:00	12:30	Philadelphina	4:09	7:14
3:15	7:10	Wilkes-Barre	8:35	5:55
4:09	8:00	Scranton	8:45	9:11
5:40	8:45	Carbondale	8:05	1:35
6:30	8:50	Lincoln Avenue	7:54	1:25
6:30	9:45	Whites	7:50	1:21
6:45	9:45	Parview	7:51	1:22
6:45	9:50	Canaan	7:55	1:26
6:17	9:24	Lake Lodore	7:17	12:40
6:26	9:32	Waymart	7:12	12:43
6:32	9:37	Keene	7:12	12:43
6:35	9:39	Stoene	7:09	12:40
6:39	9:45	Prompton	7:05	12:36
6:43	9:47	Fortville	7:01	12:32
6:46	9:50	Seelyville	6:58	12:29
6:50	9:50	Honesdale	6:55	12:25

TRY A CENT-A-WORD