

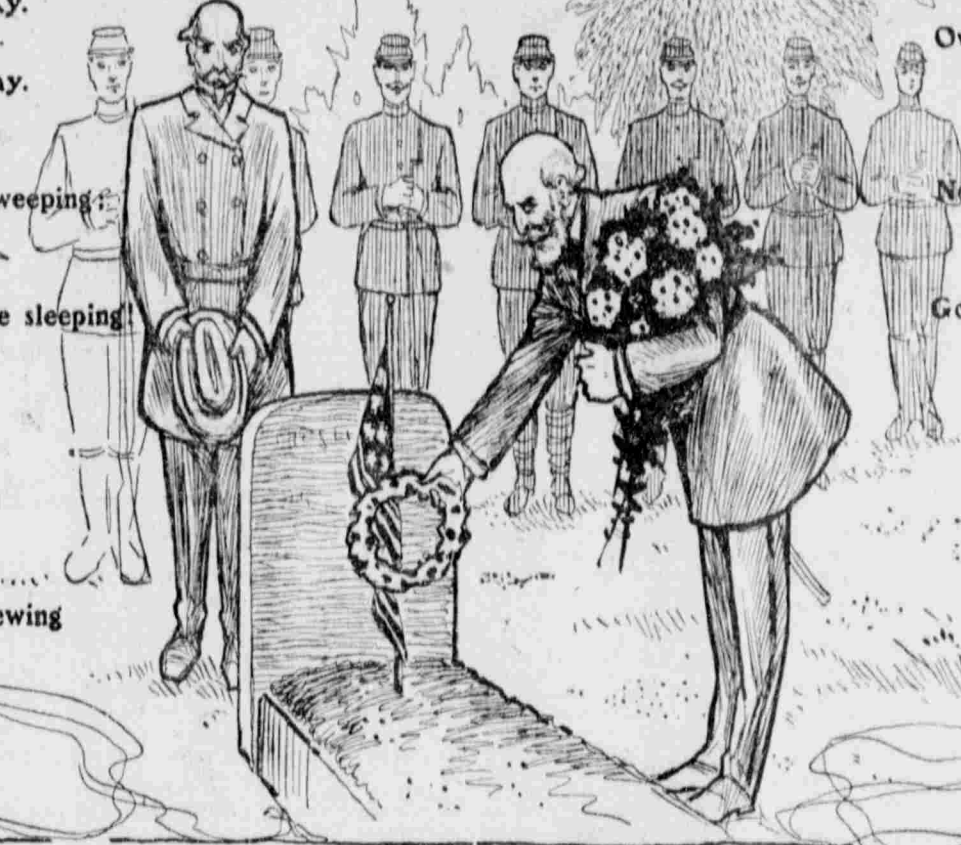
# MUFFLE THE DRUMS!

## A MEMORIAL DAY POEM

BY  
E. A. BRININSTOOL

Muffle the drums! Let the bugles blow  
Softly their music this hallowed day.  
March with a reverent step, and slow—  
Homage to war's martyred heroes pay.  
Over the graves  
Of our fallen braves  
Low droops the flag while a nation is weeping;  
Blow, bugles, blow  
Softly and low.  
Over the place where our blest dead are sleeping!

Muffle the drums! 'Tis a sacred day:  
Hallowed and honored its memory keep.  
Naught but Love's tokens we bring to lay  
Over the graves where our fallen sleep.  
Blow, bugles, blow  
Softly and low.  
While fairest flowers Love's hand is here strewing  
Over the graves  
Of a nation's braves—  
Over the sod which our tears are bedewing!



Muffle the drums! See, the flag is furled!  
Shouts of the battle have died away.  
Over the place where war's dust cloud whirled  
Peace and tranquillity reign today:  
Clashing of arms  
And bugle alarms  
Ne'er shall be heard where our heroes lie sleeping.  
Rest, soldier, rest,  
While o'er thy breast  
God's sacred watch fires their vigils are keeping!

Muffle the drums! On steep mountain heights,  
Down in the valleys, on land, o'er sea,  
Thundered the guns through wild days and nights,  
Spilling the lifeblood for you and me:  
Charging brigades  
Met flashing blades!  
Stern was the contest on battlefields gory.  
Sleep, heroes, sleep!  
O'er land and deep  
Thine was the conflict and thine be the glory!

Copyright, 1903 by E. A. Brininstool

## Some of the Famous Vendettas of the Feud States; Mountaineers Who Carry on an Unending Warfare

**T**HE killing of James B. Marcum, the prominent young lawyer and politician of Breathitt county, Ky., has once more focused attention on the "feud states" of the Union.

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that in the border counties of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and West Virginia men are today to be found imbued with the same spirit that prompted the Scotch border raids, the spirit of repaying real or fancied wrongs by declaring war to the death upon all connected in any way with those who they deem have injured them and of bequeathing to their sons, generation after generation, a hereditary animosity which can only be appeased by the extermination of their enemies.

The story of the feudists is a ghastly narrative of murder and rapine, of arson and ambushes, of cruelty beyond description. As in the Marcum case, assassination by the bullet is the feudists' favorite method of procedure. So widely recognized is this that when a feud county factionist is riding through a piece of woods or a mountain dells he will drop the reins and, with a revolver in each hand, be on the alert for a possible attack.

Undoubtedly the most sensational feud in the history of the country has been that of the McCoy and the Hatfield, an interstate affair involving Kentucky and West Virginia. Like most feuds it originated in a very trivial dispute, a quarrel between old Randall McCoy and Anse Hatfield, better known as "Devil Anse," over the ownership of a pair of razorback hogs that would not have brought \$3 in the open market. The dispute finally got into the courts, and after the trial a Hatfield witness was mysteriously slain, presumably by one of the McCoy boys. Three of them were arrested, tried and acquitted. War then began at a rate that promised the speedy extermination of both families. From 1882 to 1887, when the two states were aroused to a realization of the situation, killing and burning went on unchecked.

The culminating outrages were two raids on McCoy's home by parties of Hatfield henchmen. In the first raid McCoy's son Calvin and his daughter Allie were killed, and in the second McCoy's wife and five of their children met death. On both occasions the house was set on fire and the inmates slaugh-



tered as they fled from the flames. After the last raid McCoy started on the warpath, and as a result of his efforts a number of the Hatfields were captured and sent to state prison for terms varying from eight to ten years. During that period there was comparative peace in the mountains. In 1897, however, when the convicts' time was up "Devil Anse," who had been in hiding, reappeared and once more placed him-

self at their head. It was not long before he fell into the hands of the authorities and was clapped into jail, with three indictments for murder pending against him. He managed to cut his way to freedom and took to the cave that had been his refuge during the preceding nine years. Randall McCoy



learned where this hole in the mountains was located and led the pursuers to it. The place was a natural fortress and was not stormed until a liberal supply of dynamite had been used. In the confusion old Anse escaped once more. By this time he had had enough of feud fighting, but no one suspected it until last year, when he sent a message to Randall McCoy expressing his desire for peace. Jim McCoy, answering for

his father, replied that there could be no compromise between the Hatfields and the McCoy. It is thus evident that the end is not yet.



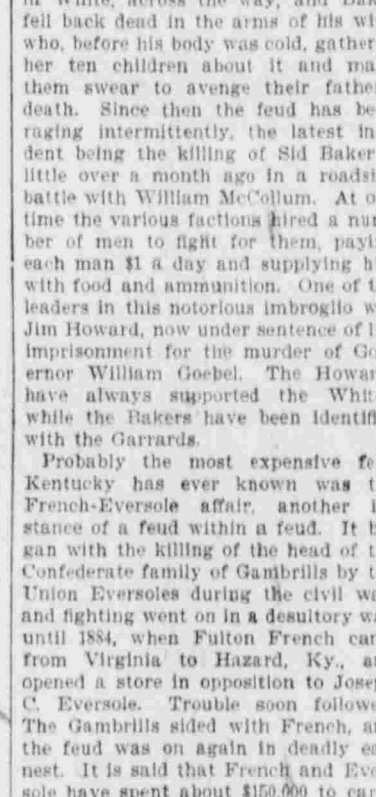
six feuds on his hands at the same time. "Blood is thicker than water" is a popular cry in the mountains, and the feudists consequently take up the vendettas of their relatives and friends with the ardor they display in settling personal accounts. The natural results of this multifarious feudism are pitched battles in the mountains and terrorization of the towns, followed by the calling out of state troops, with Gatling

guns and loaded rifles, to restore order. The celebrated Baker-Howard feud is a case in point, because though of independent origin it was fomented and intensified by the participation of its principals in the White-Garrard affair, which raged for over sixty years. The latter trouble was caused by the ambi-



tion of the White and Garrard families to surpass each other in wealth and political power, and it was the bitterness of their struggle and its subsequent complications that earned for Clay county the sobriquet "Bloody Clay." Of late years the most sensational episode in this feud was the killing of Tom Baker, a Garrard sympathizer, while awaiting trial for the murder of Will White.

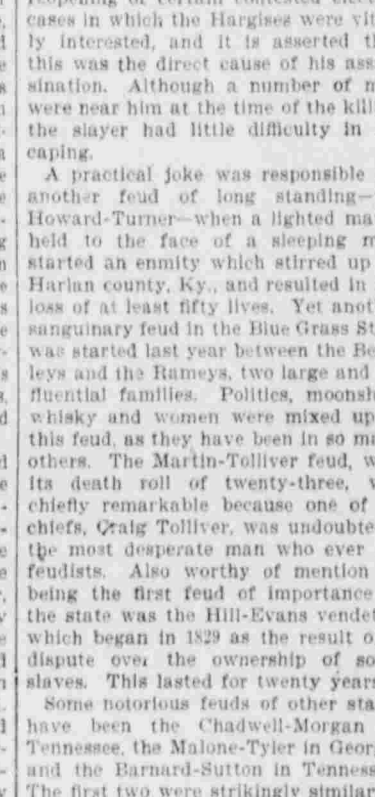
Baker had been captured in the mountains by a squad of militiamen and taken under guard to Manchester, where he was confined in a tent in the courthouse yard, surrounded by troops. Half an hour before his case was to be called he stepped to the tent entrance, a shot rang out from the house of Sheriff White, across the way, and Baker fell back dead in the arms of his wife, who, before his body was cold, gathered her ten children about it and made them swear to avenge their father's death. Since then the feud has been raging intermittently, the latest incident being the killing of Sid Baker a little over a month ago in a roadside battle with William McCollum. At one time the various factions hired a number of men to fight for them, paying each man \$1 a day and supplying him with food and ammunition. One of the leaders in this notorious imbroglio was Jim Howard, now under sentence of life imprisonment for the murder of Governor William Goebel. The Howards have always supported the Whites, while the Bakers have been identified with the Garrards.



Probably the most expensive feud Kentucky has ever known was the French-Eversole affair, another instance of a feud within a feud. It began with the killing of the head of the Confederate family of Gambrells by the Union Eversoles during the civil war, and fighting went on in a desultory way until 1884, when Fulton French came from Virginia to Hazard, Ky., and opened a store in opposition to Joseph C. Eversole. Trouble soon followed. The Gambrells sided with French, and the feud was on again in deadly earnest. It is said that French and Eversole have spent about \$150,000 to carry on their warfare, thirty-eight lives being the cost in human blood. One of the feud's many brutal features was the unprovoked killing in 1894 of aged Judge Joshua Combs, who was shot from behind a fence. His only connection with the trouble, it is said, was that he was the father-in-law of an Eversole.

The French-Eversole dispute was largely tinged with politics, and it was owing to a political feud that Lawyer

Marcum lost his life. In fact, politics has always played a prominent part in the Kentucky vendettas. Marcum, a member of the Cockrell faction of the Hargis-Cockrell feud, was shot down while standing in the doorway of the Breathitt county courthouse at Jackson, Ky. He had filed a motion for the reopening of certain contested election cases in which the Hargises were vitally interested, and it is asserted that this was the direct cause of his assassination. Although a number of men were near him at the time of the killing the slayer had little difficulty in escaping.



A practical joke was responsible for another feud of long standing—the Howard-Turner—when a lighted match held to the face of a sleeping man started an enemy which stirred up all Harlan county, Ky., and resulted in the loss of at least fifty lives. Yet another sanguinary feud in the Blue Grass State was started last year between the Bentleys and the Rameys, two large and influential families. Politics, moonshine whiskey and women were mixed up in this feud, as they have been in so many others. The Martin-Tolliver feud, with its death roll of twenty-three, was chiefly remarkable because one of its chiefs, Craig Tolliver, was undoubtedly the most desperate man who ever led feudists. Also worthy of mention as being the first feud of importance in the state was the Hill-Evans vendetta, which began in 1829 as the result of a dispute over the ownership of some slaves. This lasted for twenty years.

Some notorious feuds of other states have been the Chadwell-Morgan in Tennessee, the Malone-Tyler in Georgia and the Barnard-Sutton in Tennessee. The first two were strikingly similar in that both were accompanied by murders committed in churches. In the Chadwell-Morgan trouble forty Chadwells and thirty Morgans have been killed, the crowning horror occurring in 1901, when a Chadwell party attacked the Union Baptist church at Big Springs, Tenn., where the Morgans were attending services. In the pitched battle that followed both sides lost heavily.

WALTER Q. TAVISTOCK.

## America's Most Famous Jockeys Before the Camera; Snap Shots of Several of the Kings of the Pigskin



**D**ANNY MAHER was always considered an A1 jockey in this country, but he has added considerably to his laurels since he went to England. He has literally ridden rings around the best boys in the tight little isle and has a record unequalled by Tod Sloane in his palmist days. Like Homer, however, Maher sometimes nods, and many horsemen will never forget nor forgive his astounding feat of getting left at the post in 1899 with Banastar, the hottest favorite in the history of that American classic, the Suburban handicap.



**J**OHNNY REIFF, king of the world's midjet jockeys, made a larger fortune before he was fifteen years old than most men accumulate in a lifetime. With his brother Lester he was the turf sensation of Europe until he got into the bad books of the French Jockey club and was ruled off the turf. He is now riding in this country again, but on western tracks, where the rulings of European jockey clubs are not recognized. The camera caught Reiff listening to instructions from his veteran employer, Ed Corrigan.



**T**OMMY BURNS, now that Tod Sloane is out of the pigskin, is considered the Beau Brummel of the American turf, having a strong predilection for fine clothes. As a jockey he has come back to his best form and is riding with all his old time vigor. He was reared in the southwest and until W. C. Whitney secured his services in 1901 had been employed steadily by the Memphis millionaire turfman J. W. Schorr. Burns' most noteworthy achievement this year was winning the Metropolitan handicap with Mr. Whitney's Gunfire.



**L**UCIEN LYNE'S rise to fame has been recent, dating from his victory in last year's Futurity, when, on Savable, he flashed first past the judges in front of a big field. As the illustration shows, he is a cool, nervy, determined looking youngster and can be depended upon to give a good account of himself in England, whither he has journeyed to ride the horses of James R. and Foxhall P. Keene in the classic events of the English turf. Experts are confident he will finish the season well up the list of winning jockeys.



**W**INNIE O'CONNOR, or "Master Winnie," as sporting editors jocularly call him, is cutting things wide open in France, where he is showing the Johnnie Cra-pauds what fine jockeyship really means. He is riding for the Baron de Rothschild this season and has annexed some valuable purses, one being a \$15,000 stake affair. Master Winnie is a youth with hobbies, his pet amusements being boxing, cycling and clog dancing. His career is popular with the race going public, which is always quick to appreciate good jockeyship.



**A**RTHUR REDFERN has just been having a heart to heart talk with John E. Madden, the veteran training some good advice. Young Redfern, who also rides for W. C. Whitney, is a product of the Canadian circuit and one of the cleverest horse pilots now doing business in the east. He is quick to get away from the post, a cool finisher and an expert in the art of nursing his mounts. Needless to say, he is extremely popular with the race going public, which is always quick to appreciate good jockeyship.



**"S**KEETS" MARTIN, long known to American race goers and a boy with an international reputation since he rode Ard Patrick to victory in the Derby of 1902, has had a variegated career. He first came into prominence on the California coast tracks seven years ago and has always been noted as a "rough and ready" rider. In fact, his anxiety to get home in front has frequently embroiled him with the turf authorities. He went to England in 1901 and was lucky from the start, winning with the first horse intrusted to him.