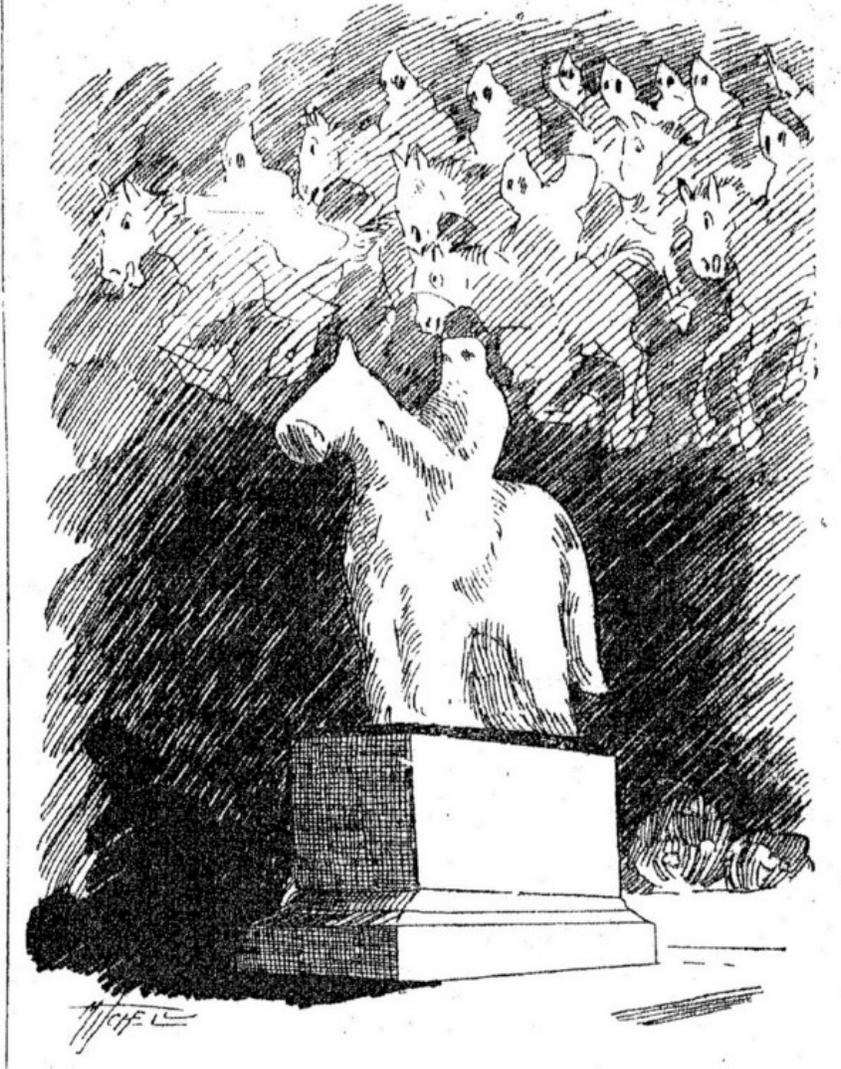


## Forrest Again in White Shroud



Out of the past and back from the mysterious state which men call death, Forrest has come to his own again. Stalwart, strong and invincible, he sits erect on King Phillip, overlooking Forrest Park and turning his eagle eye toward the south, just as he was wont to do forty years ago when the chaotic conditions of life  
5 required the organizing of the Ku Klux Klan for the protection of the honor and independence of Southern social conditions.

Clad in his old Ku Klux garb, a pall of white that covered horse and rider, the great leader of this secret clan rides once more by night, in moonlight or starlight, calling his own to follow him again. It may be only a mirage of a war-  
10 loving brain that peoples the park again with special men in ghostly garb, but

when the midnight hour rings clear across the stillness of the sleeping city the greensward becomes an arena where rank by rank, file by file, the old members of the clan come to follow their leader again, crossing and recrossing from the shadow of the trees to the wider open spaces of light, quiet, irresistible,  
15 determined, as of old. From the widely scattered graves they come, the green doors of the turf swinging noiselessly back, and horse and rider coming down the long lanes of the past to answer the call of that leader whose iron hand held the reins of safety over the South when Northern dominion apotheosized the negro and set misrule and devastation to humiliate a proud race. From far and near  
20 they come, for who of his old men would not come if Forrest would but call?

One by one they come from the long green aisles that lead the way to the graves of the Confederate dead in Elmwood, and shod in silence, they weave their way across the streets of the sleeping city to the open place in the park, where their leader waits. From lonely graves down in the valley they come again, the  
25 long white garb fluttering in the night wind—did you think it only a cloud you saw?

Old men rise from their sleep in comfortable homes, from soldiers' refuges and from hospital beds, and in their dreams ride out to meet him again. To watch the park would disappoint you, for the mortal eye may see the soldier-spirit that  
30 comes again to its own? You would see only mist-wreaths blowing hither and yon, from shadow to shadow where a file of ghostly men of the Ku Klux Klan performed again their intricate evolutions; you would hear only a sigh of the wind where the stern warriors repeated in concert the great binding oath of the order; you would hear only the scamper of tiny animal feet or the sleepy call of a night-  
35 bird where the men called together of deeds to be done or wrongs to be avenged; you would hear only the faint rumble of thunder where the great company of horses trampled with pad-softened hoofs across the time hardened turf and granolith walk. A phantasy of the brain, you will say, for only to those who know will the spectral throng and its meaning be known. Only to those can the  
40 mysteries of the night be interpreted, for by day one sees only a stalwart figure in bronze and stone draped still in its sculptor's canvas waiting for the cord to be drawn that will reveal a fitting memorial to a man who served his country with honor and distinction and with his sword carved his name on the wall of the temple of fame in those days long ago "when knighthood was in flower."