

THE STANDARD

NO. 81-VOL. IV, NO. 3.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE STANDARD FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

Subscriptions to THE STANDARD from now to the close of the campaign will be received at the following rates:

Single subscription	50c
Ten or more, each	70c
One hundred or more, each	65c

"The Standard" is sent this week to a number of persons whose friends have paid to have the paper forwarded to them for four weeks in the hope that they may be induced to read it, examine the principles it advocates, and become regular subscribers. Those who receive the paper without having ordered it will understand that it has been sent in this manner and will be sent for four successive weeks without charge to them.

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Single tax men will read with delight the interview we reprint from the Nashville Democrat, in which Judge Frank T. Reid, the leading republican of Tennessee, publicly announces his determination to support Cleveland and Thurman in this election, and gives his reasons for it.

Judge Reid is a man of clean character, of high standing in his profession, and of great popularity, especially the local papers say, among the ex-confederate soldiers; and he is, moreover, a powerful speaker. He is the only man in the state whom the democrats of Tennessee have had any reason to fear since their coming into power after the war. Four years ago, when he was the republican nominee for governor against Bate, he ran far ahead of his ticket, both national and state, and, to use the words of the Memphis Appeal, "came nearer than a George-town grazer to breaking our bank," falling short of election by only some three thousand votes—a marvelous result in Tennessee. That such a man, who, four years ago, was an out and out protectionist, should now declare for Cleveland, because Cleveland represents the attack on protection, is a notable and significant event. But still more notable and significant is the position he takes and the reasons he assigns. He has not ceased to be a high protectionist to become a low protectionist, or to become that illogical nondescript, the advocate of a tariff for revenue only. In ceasing to be a protectionist, he has become a free trader in the full and true sense of the term. He wants not merely to abolish protective duties, but to abolish revenue duties as well. And not merely to make trade free, but to make free all those processes of production of which trade is only a part. Judge Reid, in short, declares for Cleveland and Thurman because, as he announces, he has become a single tax man; because he has come to see the economic beauty and far reaching benefits of abolishing all the taxes that bear on labor, lessen wealth and promote monopoly, and in their stead relying for public revenues upon a tax levied on land values irrespective of improvements—a tax that would not only impose no burden on labor, no restriction upon production, but would directly break up that greatest of all monopolies, the monopoly of natural opportunities, and throw open to labor the natural factor of wealth and the never failing source of remunerative employment. Judge Reid does not imagine that Mr. Cleveland represents this principle, still less that the democratic party as at present constituted represents it, but he does see, as every clear sighted man must see, that they are moving in this direction—that they are taking the first steps in the march that can only end in the single tax; that although they may not realize it, they are in this stage of the movement doing as effective (nay, even more effective) work for us as we could do ourselves. And so, leaving his old party affiliations, he comes out boldly and unreservedly for Cleveland and Thurman, throwing his whole weight and influence upon the free trade side of the practical issue.

The coming out of Judge Reid for the democratic national ticket has produced a great political sensation in Tennessee. The

comments of the democratic press are interesting. The Nashville Democrat welcomes him with much rejoicing, declaring that—

The defection of a man of Judge Reid's character and ability, a man who polled the largest vote any candidate of his party ever received for governor in this state, and who made for it the ablest canvass ever made for his party in Tennessee, against a trained, skillful, able and eloquent disputant, is no small matter.

It editorially emphasizes his objection to protection, but prudently adds:

In regard to Judge Reid's single tax idea, that is to say, the Henry George theory of taxation, it is unnecessary for the Democrat to say that it does not agree with him. Nor does it believe that the government ever will abandon the policy of collecting its taxes to a large extent by a tariff on foreign importations. Judge Reid does not, of course, consider Mr. Cleveland or the democratic party in sympathy with his single tax idea or in favor of a sweeping and complete abolition of all tariff duties. But he hopes that when the pretensions of protection have been exposed to the people will be ready to give a more impartial hearing to his theory. Undoubtedly, this much is true, but this impartial hearing will, we doubt not, result in a firm refusal to make such radical and, as we believe, unsound changes in our system of taxation. This time will never come when we shall have no tariff; but it will come when it will be levied for revenue and not for private subsidy.

The Nashville American, also democratic, is not so well pleased. It likes his determination to support Cleveland, but not his doing so as a single tax man. "The act," it says, "is better than the reason." And thus it goes on to clear the democracy of any imputation of being favorable to Judge Reid's views:

The Courier-Journal in flaming lines says: "Judge Reid has become a convert to democratic principles." We deny this. He has become a convert to the Henry George idea of putting all taxes on land; collecting nothing on imported goods, nor on bonds or money, nor on personal property of any kind, but putting the entire taxes for the federal, state, county and city on the lands, and Judge Reid does Cleveland the great wrong of saying that he supports him because his doctrine will lead to the Henry George land system—removing all taxes from everything but land.

No such calamity could befall Mr. Cleveland or the country as to have the masses believe what Judge Reid says he believes—that his election will lead to a single tax—the land tax idea of Henry George.

And we emphatically deny that this is democratic doctrine.

There is nothing communistic about Mr. Cleveland; he has not even taken the first step toward free trade.

The leading democratic paper of the state, the Memphis Appeal, is not troubled by the fears of the American, and is not disposed to accentuate differences of such little practical moment in the present as that between tariff reduction and the single tax. It declares in its biggest head lines that—

THE BRAINIER REPUBLICAN OF THE STATE JOINS THE VICTORS.

THE CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR AGAINST BATE BECOMES ONE OF US.

In a double headed editorial it declares that Judge Reid's coming to the support of Cleveland is significant of a great democratic success in November. Alluding to the manner in which he came near carrying the state in 1884, when "every prominent democrat recognized the danger of his nomination," and he justified their fears by increasing the republican vote from 98,108 to 125,279, it goes on:

Mr. Reid is a strong man, and on the stump has few equals. He is a man of more than ordinary abilities, and in espousing the cause of Cleveland and Thurman upon the democratic platform, will no doubt make himself felt in the canvass. The state democratic committee should see to it that Mr. Reid has an opportunity of speaking to the public as often as he may find it convenient, especially in the cities and larger towns, where there are great numbers of workingmen who will gladly listen to an exposition of the tariff by a man who has made it a study and has been convinced that protection is a wrong that he cannot support.

On the following day the Appeal recurs to the matter, insisting that the democratic state committee should get Judge Reid on the democratic stump:

His voice will be more effective for democracy this year than it was for republicanism in 1884. He will explain protection as he once believed in it and can tell by what processes he reasoned himself out of so gross and offensive a political heresy and into the light of free trade. He can explain what a boon lies in the sections of the Mills bill for the labor of the land, and can make plain the dreadful effects of protection to degrade labor, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, to build up classes and repeat upon this continent the extremes of caste, as they are to be found in the palaces and the slums of London, Vienna, Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg. Mr. Reid has never spoken as freely and proudly on any subject as he can on the differences between the democratic and republican platforms, and we trust he may seek and find as many opportunities of doing so as the claims of his profession will permit, and by helping to spread his cherished doctrines help in perpetuating the ascendancy of the democratic party in Tennessee "by a large majority."

The Appeal is right about it. No man can explain the "dreadful effects of protection to degrade labor" like the man who realizes the connection between what is called "protection" and other more important monopolies; and no man can so rouse the masses to the importance of the question of direction in involved in this con-

test as the man who can explain the real causes of the monstrous extremes of condition that are to be found in the "palaces and the slums of London, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg"—and in American cities as well. But from a practical democratic standpoint Judge Reid's power will be wasted if he is left to stump Tennessee. All he can do there will be to increase the democratic majority. Where he can be of the greatest use is where he can increase the electoral vote—in doubtful states like New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana and Michigan.

Whether he will be invited there remains to be seen. The truth is that there is a very influential section of the democracy which, like the Nashville American, regard us as most embarrassing allies. They are well enough pleased to have our votes, but they would like us to keep quiet as to our reasons for our votes. They are afraid of our avowal of free trade and our advocacy of the single tax, partly from fear of their effect before election, but still more from fear of their effect after election.

This, however, is a matter of small moment to us. Judge Reid represents many thousands of single tax men, who have hitherto voted the republican ticket, but who propose this year to support Mr. Cleveland, and to support him openly, whether the undemocratic element in the democratic party like it or not. We do not seek in any way to misrepresent the position of Mr. Cleveland or the democratic leaders, or to picture them as a whit better or more logical than they are. But we know the inevitable tendency of the discussion they have begun. We see it already in every democratic speech and in every democratic paper. While protesting that they are not free traders, the speakers and writers who are supporting Mr. Cleveland are following his example in demonstrating the humbuggery of protectionist theories and the sheer robbery of protectionist practice, and are accustomed the people to arguments which really tell against the taxation of anything produced by human labor. We know that when they try to stop they will not be able to stop. We know that protectionism is too strong, too well entrenched, in this country to surrender easily, and that by the time the masses are ready for the abolition of the tariff, or even for a purely revenue tariff, they will be ready for the single tax—convinced of its justice and efficacy by the very same arguments that must be used to convince them of the justice and expediency of breaking down the tariff wall.

But the comments of the Nashville Democrat and the Memphis Appeal more truly represent the attitude of the larger and more democratic part of the democracy. No body of men engaged in an exciting contest are likely to reject the aid of any one who wants to go further in the direction in which they are going, and whose opposition to what they are fighting only differs from theirs in being deeper and stronger. These papers recognize the strength that such a man as Judge Reid brings them, and hail him as "one of us," either with some reservation as to the future, as in the case of the Democrat, or without it, as in the case of the Appeal—because in the present at least they feel that he is indeed "one of us." And as the natural and inevitable course of all such movements as that to which the democratic party is now committed is to become more radical, and that with a rapidity proportional to the heat of the contest, the effect of such a man as Judge Reid working with the democrats will be to make him more and more truly "one of us," by bringing democratic sentiment nearer and nearer to his position. And what is true in the case of such a prominent and influential man as Judge Reid is true in different degrees of all the thousands of single tax men who will this year support the democratic national ticket with all their energy. Some will have more influence than others; but all will have some influence in indoctrinating the masses of the party with which they are working. Such indoctrination consists merely in pushing democratic thought forward in the way in which it is already tending. Our doctrines are not only germane to what are the essential doctrines of democracy, but are simply those doctrines carried to their logical conclusion. We are the real democrats. And what is going on now is the receiving by the democratic party of democratic principle. This process is being hastened by the withdrawal of protectionists from the democratic party which is now largely taking place.

Judge Reid's declaration of why he intends to support the democratic national ticket will make a most effective campaign document, and we shall reprint it as a

tract in the Land and labor library, to enable our friends, and democratic committees if they choose, to use it in this way. But it will most gladden single tax men as an evidence of the progress our ideas are making. In his action we have a public evidence of what we privately know to be true—that there are already many men prominent in public life who are thoroughly imbued with our doctrines, though they have as yet made no open sign. Every man who does so, as Judge Reid has done, makes it easier for others to do so. By and by will arrive a time when they will come with a rush.

How encouraged the single tax men of Tennessee are by the declaration of Judge Reid may be seen from the following letter:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 14.—Judge Reid is a young man, about forty years of age, who went into the confederate army as a mere youth of sixteen and fought gallantly until the end of the war. After that he went to some eastern college, Yale I have been told, and completed his education by a prolonged stay in Europe. He is a thorough, ready and fearless orator, whose speeches persuade and convince. Before running for governor in 1884 he had never been a candidate of any party, his election as judge of the circuit court in Davidson county having been the outcome of an independent movement. Judge Reid was induced to stand for the office by the practically unanimous request of the Nashville bar.

In accepting the nomination for governor Judge Reid stated that by family and education he was an "old line whig," and that the republican party came nearer to his idea than the democratic. He made so earnest and brilliant a campaign that he increased the vote of the republican party from 98,108 in 1884 to 125,279, and reduced Bate's plurality from 27,469 in 1884 to 6,925 in 1884, and I was told by the editor of one of the leading democratic papers in this city that had the campaign lasted thirty days longer, that slender majority would have entirely disappeared and the republicans would have carried the state.

Judge Reid is a strong man, who does his own thinking, and can be depended upon to give a very clear and cogent reason for the faith that is in him. The importance of his accession to the ranks of the single tax men can hardly be overestimated. On the day the Appeal published its article, one of our men was taking his lunch in the Tennessee club, composed of the older and more conservative of our business and professional men, and heard a very animated discussion upon the subject. The fact that Judge Reid had been led to tariff reform through the single tax seemed to puzzle them most, and they were arguing the question when our man came up. He promptly joined in the discussion, and when the party broke up six of them had promised to read "Progress and Poverty" and give our views a fair hearing.

The tariff reform club has invited Judge Reid to address the people of Memphis under its auspices on the subject of national revenue and how it should be raised. If he consents to do so, this community will hear economic doctrines discussed in a way that they have never dreamed of.

H. GRATTAN BROWN,
Secretary Tariff Reform Club.

The prohibitionists, though engaged in a vigorous propaganda of their own—the Voice, through the liberal contributions to its recruiting funds, having run up to a circulation of some 150,000, are not ignoring the tariff question, and their papers and speakers seem to be incidentally doing a good deal in the line of Governor St. John's recent speech, to break down the protectionist superstition. This is of course not pleasing to protectionists, and the Tribune strives to persuade them to desist by telling them that—

Republican victory this year would put an end to democratic hopes of carrying the country on the tariff issue. It would intrust to friends of protection the work of adjusting the tariff to the needs of the country. It would settle for a generation at least the policy of the government in that respect, and thus leave voters and parties free to act with regard to other questions. If civil service reform or temperance reform is to have any chance whatever, for years to come, it can only be through the defeat of the democratic party and the settlement of the tariff question. General Fisk and Mr. Curtis are in duty bound to tell their supporters this truth.

General Fisk and Mr. Curtis may be in duty bound to tell their supporters the truth, but the truth is the very reverse of what the Tribune asserts. The defeat of Cleveland this year could no more put an end to the tariff agitation than the defeat of Fremont put an end to the anti-slavery agitation. The tariff question never has been and never can be settled by protectionists. If they had it all their own way, their work would not be to "adjust the tariff to the needs of the country," but to adjust it to the demands of a mob of greedy and conflicting special interests. Even if there were anything like a consistent theory of what protection is required by the needs of the country, no tariff ever could be made, as no tariff ever has been made, that would even remotely conform to it, or that would satisfy protectionists themselves. There is only one way to settle the tariff question, and that is by abolishing the tariff, and doing away with the idea that one set of people are to be "encouraged" by prostituting the powers of taxation for the purpose of permitting them to rob the rest of the people. It was only our civil war and the diversion of public attention by the questions growing out of it, and the passions that it kindled, that gave this system of licensed

robbery such a long respite as it has had. Now that the movement against it has begun, it must go on, no matter who is elected. The only thing that could check it, even temporarily, would be something, such as another war, that would for the time end the hope of all reform.

The instinct which is turning prohibitionists away from protectionism is a true one. Whether the methods the prohibitionists propose are right or wrong, they really aim at a great reform, and reform in one direction does not check reform in others, but hastens it. The discussion of the tariff question, the breaking down of the protective superstition, must stimulate thought on all public questions, and, as the breaking up of the ground for one crop renders it more fit for another, clear the way for intelligent consideration of all needed reforms.

The prison labor problem brings up in another way the same fundamental question which lies at the bottom of the tariff controversy. Through the failure to make the necessary appropriation for continuing work a great part of the convicts in the New York state prisons are already locked up in idleness, and unless some legislative action is taken there will be in a few weeks no work for any of them. The legislature has been called together by Governor Hill, but the same difficulty which prevented the making of appropriations at the regular session confronts it—the idea that the employment of convicts in remunerative work lessens the amount of work that free laborers can get. This is the same idea which gives its popular strength to protection. At the bottom both of the restrictions on the importation of foreign products and of the opposition to prison labor lies the notion that work is a fixed quantity—that the doing of productive work by one person or by one individual prevents the doing of it by another person or another individual; that instead of being a means to an end—the production of wealth—work is in itself a precious thing that we ought to save for ourselves, by preventing other people from doing it. The demand that convicts shall be supported at public expense without doing anything to support themselves, or that they shall be put to unremunerative labor, seems irrational enough, but the ideas from which it springs have been industriously fomented by one part of the press and negatively endorsed by the other. It is but one of the paradoxes that spring from our denial of labor of access to the natural opportunities of labor. The monopolization of land that we encourage produces an artificial scarcity of the element on which and from which labor can alone be exerted, that shows itself in an artificial scarcity of employment—in a seeming superabundance of labor. The legislature may patch as it will at the prison problem. It is but one of the many pressing and threatening social questions that can only be settled by going to the root of all labor questions, and opening to labor the natural opportunities for employment.

OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

What the Protective System Inaugurated by the "Alabama" Has Done for American Shipping.

A recent report issued by the British board of trade shows in a very striking manner how completely Great Britain has distanced the United States in the struggle for the carrying trade of the world.

In 1860 the registered tonnage of the United States engaged in foreign trade was two and a half million tons, against four and a half million tons registered in Great Britain. The protective policy inaugurated by the Alabama and continued by the congress of the United States, has made the American mercantile marine an "infant industry" indeed beside the lusty giant that has grown up in England. In 1887 the American registered tonnage was reduced to one million tons, while that of Great Britain had risen to over nine millions. Even Norway and Germany have passed us in the race, their foreign trade tonnage amounting to one and a half and one and a quarter million tons respectively.

It is interesting to learn that the Standard oil company is now having constructed in England a number of tank steamers, for carrying petroleum. These vessels will be run under the British flag and manned by British seamen. Their employment will throw out of work an immense number of American seamen who now earn wages by making the barrels in which petroleum is shipped abroad.

Two Local Single Tax Papers.

The Harlem single tax club, whose headquarters are at 247 West 125th street, this city, have started a paper called the Harlem Tax Reform Advocate, of which three numbers have already appeared. It is a very readable, good sized, four-page paper, issued weekly at a subscription price of fifty cents a year. The editors, W. J. Gorsuch and Charles H. Mitchell, will try to make the articles especially interesting to the residents of Harlem.

A paper of the same size, of similar appearance, bearing the same name, and doing much of the same matter, is published by the Single tax club of Brooklyn, which meets every Wednesday at 44 Court street, room 62, and of which John Hickling, 41 Sidney place, is president. This paper contains special local news. The yearly subscription is fifty cents.

Straightforward Talk to California Workmen.

San Francisco Examiner.

Suppose, in the first place, that you are employed in an unprotected industry, as nineteen white workmen out of every twenty in San Francisco are. Suppose you are a carpenter, or a blacksmith, or a grimmer, or a clerk, or a lawyer, or a compositor, or a mason, or a school teacher, or a porter, or a stevedore, or a sailmaker—suppose you are employed in the gas works, or the shipyards, or the flour mills—suppose you work on the seavall, or the streets. What does the tariff do for you?

There is no duty on the men who follow such occupations, and the work itself cannot be imported. It must be done on the spot. Nobody can send to England for a pauper slave or a cheap labor house. The only competition to which you are subject is that of laborers in your line of work, and the tariff does not try to protect you against that. Mr. Estee, just before going to Chicago to help "protect American labor" joined the horticulturists in preparations to import hands from Japan. Mr. Stanford prides himself upon the fact that he pays Chinamen on the Mission woe-men mills more than they could get in China.

The Day of the Shrewd Yankee Trader is Past—Thanks to "Protection."

Bradstreet's.

very men who are most clamorous for "protection to American industry under guarantee that they will not strike." And of what use is the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor? These people are coming and they will come. We cannot prevent them unless we are prepared to go to the lengths of Chinese exclusiveness and prohibit intercourse with the rest of the world—and that is virtually impossible. There is no remedy to be found in restriction. The only remedy is to be found in freedom. Abolish the taxes which now bear on production, and take by a tax on land values the "unearned increment" for public uses, and the inducement to forestalling and monopolizing land would be gone. There would be room for all and employment for all, and the more that came the greater would be the production of wealth and the larger the earnings of labor.

In the house two significant things have occurred this week—the decisive refusal to concur in the senate scheme to subsidize lines of American steamers and the retention of the free wool clause in the Mills bill by a vote of 120 to 102—every republican present and three democrats, Foran and Wilkins of Ohio and Sowden of Pennsylvania voting with the majority. This is decisive of the final action of the house. The free wool clause embodies the most important provision of the Mills bill, and if it contained nothing else, this would be sufficient to make the issue between the principle of protection and the principle of free trade.

HENRY GEORGE.

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HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

Published weekly at
10 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.TERMS, POSTAGE FREE.
One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.50; single copies, 5 cents.
Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1888.
Postoffice at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter.

Communications and contributions are invited, and will be attentively considered. Manuscripts not found suitable for publication will be returned if sufficient postage is sent for return postage. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Contributions and letters on editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, and all communications on business to the PUBLISHER OF THE STANDARD.

THE STANDARD wants an agent to secure subscriptions in every postoffice in the United States, to whom liberal terms will be given.

THE STANDARD is for sale by newsdealers throughout the United States. Persons who may be unable to obtain it will confer a favor on the publisher by notifying him promptly.

Sample copies sent free on application.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

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THE GILL CONSPIRACY CASE.

John E. Gill and his associates of D. A. B. K. of L., were before Recorder Smyth for sentence for conspiracy last week. THE STANDARD has already discussed this case. In the fall of 1886 the firm of Gardner & Estes employed only union men, and the most amicable relations existed between the firm and the organization. In September of that year the firm hired a new foreman—one Hart—who was known to the men as an expert in disorganizing shops. They sent a committee to the firm to complain. The firm assured the committee that there was no intention to break up the organization in the shop, and asked them to give Hart a chance before refusing to work under him. The committee reported back to the "crew," as the employees in a shoe factory are called, who decided to lay the matter over for a month to see how Hart would act. At the end of the month, nothing having occurred, the "crew" laid it over for two months more. During these two months, and in the absence of both members of the firm, Hart discharged one of the "crew," who had been employed by the firm for four years, and was a good, steady and sober workman, but was active in organization affairs. Suspecting that this was the beginning of an attempt to disorganize the shop, the "crew" sent a committee to Hart to learn why their associate had been discharged. Hart informed them that it was for stealing. They then demanded that he should be prosecuted or reinstated. He was reinstated. On the return of Mr. Gardner, some weeks later, the man was again discharged. The committee of the "crew" again asked the reason and were again informed that it was for stealing. Doubting that this was the motive, they asked Mr. Gardner if he would confer with a district committee of the Knights of Labor. He said he would, but before the committee came Hart locked out the entire shop. When the committee (consisting of Gill and his associates, who up to this time had nothing to do with the matter) arrived, they found the "crew" locked out and also found that the "crew," having been locked out by Hart, had voted not to return to work until Hart was discharged. This was the situation when Gill's committee met a like committee of the employers' union. The two committees jointly inquired into the case of the discharged workman on the charge of stealing—three in each committee. When the vote was taken it stood four for acquittal and two for guilty; but as soon as that result was announced one of the employers' committee protested that he had made a mistake in voting for acquittal, and so the vote was made three to three. After this the employers' committee wanted to know on what terms the old employees could be brought back to work and were told by Gill's committee that it could be done only on condition of Hart's discharge. The employers then asked if Hart could get work elsewhere, and were informed that no Knight of Labor could work with him and remain a member of the organization. These are the facts which constitute the crime of Gill and his associates.

They were charged with conspiring to injure trade and commerce and to prevent by means of threats a workman from pursuing his trade. On writ of habeas corpus the question of law was reviewed by Judge Barrett, who held that the facts made out a crime. On appeal to the general term of the supreme court Judge Barrett was sustained. The case was then taken to the court of appeals. Inasmuch as this question had never been before that court, and as it was one of great importance to thousands of people, it was supposed that the court of appeals would make an exposition of the law which would be a guide in all similar cases. But this the court of appeals failed to do. So it happens that one of the most important cases ever passed upon by that court does not go into its published records as a definite precedent for future reference. This is probably the first time in the history of the court that a new question has been disposed of in this summary and autocratic manner.

But inasmuch as the facts in the case were undisputed, and the court of appeals had determined that they made out a crime, the defendants were advised to plead guilty, which they did; and upon the request of their counsel and the recommendation of the district attorney, sentence

was suspended by the recorder. Strangely enough, this eminently fair disposition of the case has called down upon the heads of the officials responsible for it the most violent denunciations from certain newspapers that were mild in comment or wholly silent when the Standard oil conspirators of Buffalo, whose conspiracy involved arson, were let off with a nominal fine.

Every member of the court of appeals who sat when that decision was made is morally responsible for the refusal of the court to submit its reasons. That refusal, contrary as it was to all precedent, was a deliberate insult to the people of the state, and it would be a perfectly legitimate and commendable exercise of the political franchise to condemn it at the polls whenever the judges guilty of it come up for reelection.

"GOOD GOD, GOOD DEVIL."

In the hands of Christian teachers the gospel of things as they are becomes a queer evangel. It is an attempt to reconcile the immutable body and the irresistible force; to condemn evil and perpetuate it; to justify the loving kindness of God, and avoid saying anything offensive to the devil. Poverty is a fearful thing, and we ought to get rid of it—but not now. Excessive riches are a terrible snare, but for goodness sake, don't do anything to interfere with their accumulation—just yet. The majority of mankind have a very unhappy time of it here on earth; but that is only a providential preparation for the good time they'll have hereafter. Above all, don't touch anything. Such is the curious gospel we are offered in the name of Him, whose chief teaching when on earth was how to abolish poverty.

Here, for example, is the *Christian Union* quoting Professor Huxley's statement that throughout industrial Europe there is not a single large manufacturing city which is free from a vast mass of people whose condition is one of wretched poverty, "and from a still greater mass who, living just at the edge of a social swamp, are liable to be precipitated into it by any lack of demand for their produce; and where with every addition to the population, the multitude already sunk in the pit and the number of the host sliding toward it continually increase." And on this it offers the following comment:

Is there exaggeration in this picture? Perhaps. It may be said that Professor Huxley is looking at the dark side only, and that he describes a condition of things in the cities of the old world where conditions still remain, not the condition of things in happy and prosperous America. Nevertheless, let any man walk through the lower wards of New York city; let him stand face to face with the conflict of life as it takes place in the hundreds of American homes; let him stand behind the door and listen to the baying of the wolf that is not far from many an American household, and he will recognize truth in the picture, if not the absolute truth of the picture; and for America as truly, if not as largely a measure, as for Europe. But there is another side to this picture. Mr. Huxley shows us only the wrong side of the loom; for the pattern we must look on the other side.

There are deeper sorrows that enter into our life than any of those which reach us through government or industry. It is no great affliction to be poor, and no great blessing to be rich. The key of gold will lock the door against the incoming of death. No handkerchief of most luxurious pattern will wipe away all tears from the eyes. There is scarcely a home into which this issue of the *Christian Union* will go at whose door that angel has not knocked that never can be barred out; and if such a home there is, we all know that sooner or later they too will hear the footsteps on the walk and know that the time of their grief has come. But these burdens and sorrows that bring not happiness but pain, not peace but conflict, bring the greater good. If we are put in life to be happy, somebody has made a great mistake, and death is all organized for its end; not so if we are put into life that out of life manhood and womanhood may be developed. The very chisel that makes the chips makes the man and the woman out of the marble.

The same issue of the *Christian Union* that contains this pleasant proclamation informs us that one of the editors of that paper "sailed for Antwerp on Wednesday morning by the steamer Noordland of the Red Star line, and will spend his outing mainly along the Rhine and in Switzerland, whence he will report his journeyings at frequent intervals to the readers of the *Christian Union*." If instead of "sailing for Antwerp on Wednesday morning" this editor had found himself compelled to move with his family into two rooms of a tenement house; if he had been compelled to see those dear to him die, knowing full well that a "key of gold" would "lock the door against the incoming of death;" if he could only get it; if he had been condemned to all the other and far worse horrors of helpless poverty; would the *Christian Union* still tell us thus jauntily that "it is no great affliction to be poor, and no great blessing to be rich?" We doubt it.

And having thus given the "good devil" side of its contradictory gospel, and explained that poverty isn't such a bad thing after all, seeing that "if we are put in life to be happy, somebody made a great mistake," the *Christian Union* takes up the "good God" side after this fashion:

We are not advocating the present industrial system. We have indicted it before; we shall again; we do indict it here and now. We shall battle against it as long as we live, for its injustice and cruel wrong. But the injustice and the wrong of the present social system lie not in that competition which puts every man on his nerve, and stirs every fiber of his blood, and calls forth every power of his muscle. The man that is born with an iron spade in his hand is far better off than the man that is born with a golden spoon in his mouth. What we demand in the name of Christ and of humanity is not the abolition of competition, but such changes in the industrial system that competition shall always give a just and adequate reward, that every man shall be able to do what God has told him to

do—earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; that every man shall have some opportunity left in the toil of life for the development of his affections and his intellect. But this will come, not by means of being fed from a public trough, but by every man's having an opportunity to put forth all the energy that he can exercise, and a fair and equal reward for all the toil that he puts forth.

Does this mean anything? Is the *Christian Union* willing to lend its powerful aid to secure to every man "an opportunity to put forth all the energy that he can exercise?" It's a very simple matter. Man's industrial energy can be exercised on the material provided by nature, and on nothing else. Wealth is wrought by labor out of land; it can be produced illimitably, but in no other way. Will the *Christian Union* help to secure to labor the freedom to use the land? Oh dear, no! The problem must be solved in some very different fashion—just what fashion the *Christian Union* isn't at all prepared to say, but it will keep on "doing battle" just the same. In such a contest there is no danger of anybody striking back.

The simple truth is that poverty, so far from being an instrument of good, ordained by a beneficent Creator, is the keenest and most efficient weapon in the whole armory of evil. Its existence is a constant menace to society—a chronic blasphemy against God. It is the fruitful parent of death, and crime, and sin. It is the persistent and victorious foe of religion. It owes its existence to a robbery, and it can be swept away by a simple act of justice. And when the *Christian Union* tells us that "it is no great affliction to be poor," and that "these burdens and sorrows bring the greater good," it simply denies the love and justice of the Almighty. The immutable body will not be reconciled to the irresistible force. Justice and injustice can never occupy the same throne. The gospel of things as they are is a patent absurdity.

SOME FIGURES FROM THE CENSUS.

In the census of 1880, Vol. II, page 17, is a table of thirty-seven manufacturing industries which turn out, each, an annual product of the value of \$30,000,000 or more, including the cost of material. In the table are given the average number of hands employed in each industry, amount paid in wages in the census year, value of material used and value of product. Of these industries some are highly protected, others unprotected because they are not capable of being protected, and others which in some branches are protected, but in the main are unprotected or incapable of being protected. In the following list the wages paid in several of the most representative highly protected industries are compared with the wages paid in representative industries of the other two classes. In computing the average wages, the total amount paid in wages is divided by the average number of hands employed:

1. HIGHLY PROTECTED INDUSTRIES.		
Industry	Number of hands	Average wages
Machine making	145,351	\$455
Iron and steel	149,978	\$382
Agricultural implements	39,570	\$385
Silk goods, etc.	31,267	\$222
Nets clothing	169,613	\$216
Cotton goods	185,472	\$216
Saw mills	147,508	\$216
Average wages		\$231

2. UNPROTECTED, OR SLIGHTLY PROTECTED.
Printing and publishing..... 145,378 \$238
Marble and stone work..... 21,471 \$177
Carpenters..... 54,138 431
Bakers..... 22,489 419
Carriages and wagons..... 42,394 415
Slaughter and meat packing..... 57,297 385
Blacksmithing..... 34,826 382
Average wages..... \$238

The highly protected men who saw the highly protected lumber with highly protected sawing machinery, it will be seen, get \$215 a year for so doing. The statistics for this sawed lumber industry are interesting in other respects. Thus, the total amount paid in wages was \$31,845,000; the cost of material was \$146,155,000; together these two items make \$178,000,000. The total product was \$233,268,000. Subtracting cost of wages and material from the value of product we find that \$55,268,000 went to the employers and mill owner, or \$24,000,000 more than the amount paid in wages.

We give these figures for what they are worth, without putting much faith in census figures, or arguments founded upon them, though the protectionists see fit to do so—however the figures suit them. But that the average rate of wages is lower in the protected than in the unprotected industries, is undeniable. This is due mainly to the character of those industries, and to the fact that employers in them are the largest importers and users of "foreign pauper labor," but it nevertheless disposes of the argument that protection raises wages.

The *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph* urges some electrician to invent a sewing machine motor. Ye gods of protection, what wickedness has broken out in Pittsburg! A sewing machine would make cheaper shirts, and cheaper shirts would make cheaper sewing women! Is not this the creed of the protectionist? Where is Kelley? Where is Randall? Where is Jarrett? The *Chronicle-Telegraph* must be disciplined, or its readers will begin to think!

A fatal admission is made by the Reading, Pa., *Herald* in noting Chicago's advantage over the east in the manufacture of iron. The reason, it says, is hard to find; "but reason or no reason, it seems destined to gobble up the markets of the west and to be a successful and formidable rival to the old and well established manufacturing centers of the east." And yet Chicago has no natural gas, as Pittsburg has; her wages are higher than wages in Pittsburg, and there is no protective tariff to keep her products out of competition with the products of Pittsburg's pauper

labor. There is a screw loose somewhere. Perhaps it is what is by courtesy known as the "protection philosophy."

The *Detroit Evening News* wants to learn whether the democratic congressmen who have done their level best to diminish the effectiveness of the Mills bill are "to be sent back to continue in congress their resistance to the principles of the message and to the oft repeated promises of their party?" We hope not.

One Henry H. Houston of Philadelphia, a director of the Pennsylvania railroad company, has made a profitable study of the land question. He secured a belt of farming land from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width and extending from Bryn Mawr through Chestnut hill to the New York division of the Pennsylvania road. A railroad to be operated by the Pennsylvania is now to be run through this strip. Of course the railroad will immensely increase the desirability of Mr. Houston's tract of land, and it is expected, according to the *Philadelphia Times*, that what he "bought for from \$150 to \$500 per acre will bring away up to the thousands."

As an indication of the advance of opinion toward accepting the single tax, an incident which occurred during Graham McAdam's address at the Reform club last week is worthy of note. The Reform club has consisted for the most part of the conservative type of tariff reducers; but, though it is scarcely six months old, the single tax heaven has worked so well that Mr. McAdam was most vigorously applauded when he said that a protective tax on wood and iron benefited, not the laborer, but the owners of the mines and forests. And Mr. Wilbur referred so frequently and in such a way to wood, iron, coal, etc., as "God-given materials" as to create a strong impression that he had already asked himself to whom God gave these materials and discovered the true answer.

The attempt of gold basis republicans to divert votes from the democratic ticket because Thurman opposed the credit strengthening act, is like a two edged sword, and republicans may find it to be a dangerous plaything.

The *Press*, if may we use the expression, goes the whole hog. Some folks like spare ribs, while others prefer ham; some have a weakness for jowl (with turnip greens), some are fond of sausages, some take to pickled pigs' feet, and some again are content with bacon. But the *Press*, in a truly catholic spirit, devours the whole animal, and finds bristles and chitlings as succulent and digestible as head cheese and crackling. When it says a thing is good it isn't afraid to say it's all good—every part of it, and all the way through.

That duty on wool, for example. Most protectionist papers tell about the immense benefits that the duty on wool confers on the men who have wool to sell—and discreetly stop there. But the *Press* isn't that kind of a paper. To its mind the duty on wool is a boon not only to the wool seller, but to the wool buyer as well. Like the quality of mercy, it blesteth him that gives and him that takes. It's a good thing all round. Thus, after telling us that the increase in the weight of fleeces from two to five pounds "is almost wholly traceable to the duty on wool," the *Press* goes on:

And the benefit did not cease here. Under this system a woolen industry has been developed in this country in a brief period which in annual output almost rivals the woolen and worsted industry of England. From a dependence on Great Britain for woolen goods we have developed our own manufactures, until to-day our blankets, our flannels, our worsteds, our woolsens and our dress goods compare favorably in quality and price with those made in Yorkshire. The prices of these goods (and the *Press* has the samples and the price for a series of years) have steadily declined and the consumer has been greatly benefited.

Down goes the pig, trotters, tusks and all. Gobble—gobble—gulp—the *Press* has swallowed him. And if the exigencies of the protection cause demanded it, the *Press* would doubtless swear that the surest way to make a one cent journal successful is to double the cost of the paper used in printing it.

A Branch Free Trade Club in Harlem.

The free traders of Harlem, whose organization has already been mentioned in THE STANDARD, have concluded to work as a branch of the free trade club, under the title of "The New York free trade club, thirteenth congressional district branch." In addition to the officers previously chosen, Mr. Martin Battle has been elected treasurer. The club has secured permanent headquarters, which will be open every night, at Muller's hall, 161 East 125th street. Most of the members have taken active part in the single tax movement. It is proposed to push the free trade fight by every possible means, especially by helping to re-elect Cleveland and Congressmen Asahel P. Fitch, the republican tariff reformer, who represents the Thirteenth district. The regular meeting night is Tuesday of each week, and the club will be glad to receive visitors on this or any other night. There will probably be other branch organizations of the free trade club, organized in the various congressional districts of this city.

In a Washington Territory Town.

PORT ANGELES, W. T., June 19.—We had the pleasure last Sunday evening of listening to a lecture from our best speaker, Venier Valdo, on the tariff issue. After the lecture a single tax club was formed with Robert Shields for president, Miss M. Hammond secretary and Mrs. M. A. McLennan treasurer.

I inclose \$1.55 for single tax literature. Mr. Valdo starts out to-day on a propaganda tour of the Pacific coast. He will devote his whole time and attention to the work during the campaign.

MARCIA HAMMOND, Secretary.

CAMPAIGN "STANDARD" FUND.

The fund has grown somewhat this week; but the demand for STANDARDS and tracts suitable for campaign work is growing faster still. Up to the present date we have sent out 8,759 four-weeks' subscriptions to the paper, besides nearly 6,000 specially selected tracts and a large number of single copies of THE STANDARD. The distribution is not made carelessly or at random. Every subscription has gone to some person who we have good reason to believe is in a frame of mind to listen to the truth; and the tracts and single papers have been entrusted to friends of the cause, who can be relied on to make an efficient distribution.

The balance to the credit of the fund is now less than \$200. At the rate at which applications for recruit subscriptions and literature are coming in, this balance will soon be exhausted; and the work must stop unless sufficient money is provided to maintain it. STANDARDS readers should bear in mind that we have at present an opportunity for disseminating our ideas such as has never before presented itself. More and more every day men are turning to the discussion of economic questions, seeking to discover the true law of wages, attacking or defending the protectionist system and going to the root of things as they never did before. Under such circumstances THE STANDARD and THE STANDARD tracts are eagerly welcomed and carefully studied. It rests with our readers to say to what extent the work of propaganda shall be pushed.

The following subscriptions to the fund for special circulation of THE STANDARD during the presidential campaign have been received this week:

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., single tax men, by William C. Albro (on account),	\$50 00
Investigator, Cleveland, O.,	5 00
F. S. Churchill, Burlington, Iowa,	6 00
Anonymous, New York,	2 00
Albert O. Young, Tuckahoe, N. Y.,	2 47

Previously acknowledged, \$1,465 73

Total to date \$1,531 22

CLEVELAND, Ohio, 12.—Inclosed please find a ten dollar note for a year's subscription to THE STANDARD to be mailed to the inclosed address, five dollars to be applied to the "Campaign fund" and the remainder for documents per the accompanying order.

"INVESTIGATOR."

BURLINGTON, Iowa, July 10.—I inclose \$10 in aid of the great cause. Please send THE STANDARD for six months to persons named on inclosed slip, and use the remainder of remittance where you think it will do the most good.

In traveling about I find the evolution of ideas going on rapidly; but we must hasten the growth until the evolution takes on the form of a revolution.

A graduate of the university of Michigan said me yesterday: "Our class at college studied 'Progress and Poverty'; and although few accepted its conclusions, we all were forced to believe that speculation in land is a great evil, and that land does not bear its just proportion of taxes. I am in favor of increasing the tax on land, particularly upon that held for speculation."

I am inclined to believe that these half converted men are doing quite as much good as the outspoken advocates of the single tax, who are so far in advance of current thought.

FRANK S. CHURCHILL.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 12.—Inclosed find a list of one hundred names and my check for fifty dollars. We intend to send you fifteen dollars more as soon as we can conveniently collect the same. This money is subscribed by the friends of THE STANDARD in this city, because they are pleased with the course the paper is taking in the canvass now going on. The cause of tariff reform is one that gains friends more and more as it becomes better understood. The one thing that the way to make a people rich is to tax them by means of a tariff is rapidly being strangled to death. Higher prices simply mean that the things we want will be harder to get. Every consumer ought to be able to understand that fact. Mr. Blaine said in his Paris letter: "If the price of whisky is cheapened its consumption will be enormously increased." The same law holds good as to the necessities of life. The cheaper they are the more of them we can get to consume. When the consumption is increased there is a demand for laborers to replace the articles consumed, and wages tend to increase. When consumption is lessened by advancing prices, over supply soon diminishes labor and the rate of wages declines. It thus becomes apparent how a reduction of the tariff reduces the price of commodities, the reduced price increases consumption, the increased consumption demands labor, the demand for workers makes higher wages. With more to buy with and with lower prices the condition of the laboring part of the community will be greatly benefited. The business of the world will not be injured by being placed on the basis of justice and fairness to all.

WILLIAM C. ALBRO.

Where Will They Stop?

A list of all the recorded mortgages for this city and vicinity is given every week in the *Real Estate Record and Guide*. The issue of July 7 has the mortgages for the week ending July 3, and under a separate heading, as usual, is a list of chattel mortgages on saloon fixtures; that is, the mortgages given by the saloon keepers to their creditors. For this week, which is taken at random, there were eighty-nine of these mortgages in New York city alone. They are almost all held by the great brewing firms and companies, the Ehretts, Rupprechts, Doelgers, Schaeffers and others.

The fact is, these great brewing concerns are more or less interested in a large proportion of the saloon businesses in this city. A man who wants to start a saloon goes to one of these companies and makes an agreement to use their beer. In return the company either advances him money to fit up his place, or sends its own carpenters and cabinet makers and painters, who fix the place up for him. Then a chattel mortgage on the fixtures is given to the brewing house, and the saloon keeper starts in. If he succeeds and pays off his mortgage, which is getting to be a more and more doubtful contingency every year, he will probably continue to take the same beer as at first, as his customers have then become accustomed to it. If he fails the brewer gets somebody else to take his place or else takes away the fixtures.

One of the largest of the brewers of this city practically runs the excursion resort which has recently come into favor—Bowery Bay beach. The story is that he did not get his share of the patronage at Coney island, Rockaway and other resorts, and so he determined to have a resort of his own. It is succeeding probably beyond his expectation, for the fare is moderate and the journey a pleasant one. Other brewing houses have smaller places, picnic grounds and gardens in the city, and when the final great union con-

solidated beer brewing combine comes into existence, it will be a thoroughly representative industry, worthy the support of any protectionist.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Notwithstanding the autumnal coolness of the days and nights town life is virtually dead. Scarcely a familiar face is visible in the park or at Delmonico's, and club windows are naturally deserted, as there is nothing pleasant or interesting to be seen from them. The watering places are still in a state of quiet expectancy. The time has not come for gayeties to begin, and cottagers at Newport, Lenox and Bar Harbor are enjoying the repose that they have fairly earned after the tumult of the winter and the annual wrestling with refractory household elements which are apt to interfere with the genial pleasantness of the spring.—[New York Sun.]

Many of the factories hereabout, beside the glass and carpet factories and not a few large business establishments, have their doors closed or half closed at this season of the year on account of the dulness that prevails.—[New York Sun.]

Gold loops set with from one to three diamonds each are one of the new things in hair-pins, and sometimes cost a small fortune. The comb, when used at all, takes the shape of a small side comb with fine teeth, used to hold in place the French puffs and rolls. It is made of oxidized silver; often, when one can afford it, of gold, with elaborate pierced work on top, and jeweled to boot; \$250 is not too much to pay for one of these elegant trifles. A comb, not a large one, with designs of roses in pierced work running over a trellis, made to order by a Broadway firm for Mrs. Whitney, could not be duplicated for \$250. Some of the newest things in this line are made from the new material, gold and silver, which is in jewelry circles just now all the go.

Mrs. George Gould has a curious fancy for having all her dainty silken undergarments of one shade, and the color she most prefers is pale tan. She is clothed from top to toe in that color. It was she who first introduced in this country the tan suede shoe, and with them she wears stockings of exactly the same shade, silver and beautifully clocked. Her undergarments come by the dozen in big boxes from Paris folded in tissue paper and tied up with satin ribbons. They are not through a garnet of pale shades, but six out of every dozen will be that pale tan hue so becoming to an olive-skinned, dark-haired woman. They are wrought with the most exquisite white silk needlework, every edge edged with finest laces. With them come corsets from Worth's own corsetry to perfectly match each shade, and these are also embroidered and laced. Lady Dudley, the famous English beauty, who is white as a ghost, always wears black silk underclothes, black stockings and is one of the few English women whose feet are pretty and delicate enough to wear black velvet moliere shoes.—[New York World.]

A woman with two sick children was allowed to perish in East Minneapolis, because of the lack of the necessities of life.—[St. Paul Globe.]

Mahala Jones, a girl of sixteen years, was taken out of a disreputable house on Market street, St. Louis, a few days ago by a police officer. The girl's parents live at Carlinville, Ill., which place she left about a month ago, coming to this city to obtain employment. For several weeks past she could not secure a position, and entered the above house. She was locked up.

A Broadway haberdasher boasts that a man cannot be properly equipped for a summer sojourn at the three or four fashionable resorts at an expense of less than \$1,500. He excludes from this estimate the cost of hats, shoes, coats, waistcoats and trousers. In the outfit which this purveyor to Brunells recently prepared for one of his patrons were white silk breakfast shirts at twenty-five dollars each, embroidered night robes at one hundred and fifty dollars and motor car boots at ten dollars a pair. This is what the haberdasher means by "properly equipped."—[New York Herald.]

Willie Wall is a brother of the brilliant Berry, and his specialty is pants. His tailor has just sued him and obtained judgment for \$2,000.00, which is what it cost Willie to be supplied with pants, coats and vests during the last eighteen months.

The *State Journal* of Parkersburg, W. Va., tells of a man in that town, by the name of Flem. Boyle, who lives in a room in the old Spencer building. He has a wife and four children, the youngest of whom is a girl, two weeks old, who is in an almost starving condition. A few days ago three of the children were seen on Ann street picking up apple cores, bones and refuse of all kinds, and trying to eat them. The woman happened along and took one of the children into her arms and gave it a basket of provisions to take home.

The steady advance in methods of treating horses and caring for their health is noteworthy. A fast trotter or runner receives all the care and attention which men can give. He is tended like an infant. His food is inspected and measured. If he is "off feed," a horse doctor is called in. If he becomes too healthy, he is trained down. These horse doctors who file and fill the teeth, as for a human being. The latest wrinkle, however, is a Turkish bath for horses, in which they are put through the same sweating and cooling processes as human beings. The bath is run in connection with a stable up town and its patronage has become large and profitable.

At the watering place dances it will seem this summer as if women were trying to emulate the West Indian ladies who hang cages of fireflies in their draperies. Loose diamonds, not necessarily large, but as many as one can muster, are being mounted on wire to fasten in all the loopings of white skirts to glisten with every motion of the body in the waltz. An evening gown of this sort tried on by its pretty owner the other day was composed of sheer India muslin which looked like a mist hanging over cascades of fire.

The Women's humane society of St. Louis has recently taken up the subject of "Cruelty to children at fashionable watering places." At the last meeting a Mrs. Todd stated that she had recently been urged to stay before the society in connection with regard to the cruel and even heartless manner in which many society women treated their infants, giving them over to the care of nurses and paying no attention to them whatever for weeks at a time. The babies were left in the sun on the hot sand at the beach sometimes for hours and not heed paid by the nurses to their cries. She had heard these stories from several ladies, among them Mrs. Captain Lindsey and Mrs. Annie Wright, and she agreed with them that the society should be public should be called to the cruelty and abuse corrected if possible.

A writer in the *Epoch* says that looking out of the office window the other day he saw a long line of Italians trading wearily across Union square and up Fourth avenue. The thermometer was in the eighties. On inquiring, he found that the men were tramping to Westchester county, from Coxsack, where they had just landed, and the "boss" who hired them, in order to save a few cents apiece in car fare, made them walk the entire distance with all their possessions on their backs.

A respectable looking German appeared before Magistrate Gripp in Pittsburg the other day and said he wanted to be committed to the work house for six months. When asked for a reason why this severity was done, he wished to be baked; he said, he had been wanted at the work house, he determined to have himself committed there for six months that he might serve an apprenticeship. It was the only opportunity open to him. The justice commiserated with him, and the German thanked him warmly.

MEN AND THINGS.

Mrs. Webbeck is the widowed mother of three children, and resides at 336 East Thirty-eighth street, in this city. There are a great many other people living at the same address, for the building is a five story tenement house, and Mrs. Webbeck's share of it is small. She occupies a room, a cupboard, and a passage way. The room is ten by fifteen feet, the cupboard is just large enough to hold a bed, and the passageway is six feet long by three or four feet wide. For this accommodation Mrs. Webbeck pays eleven dollars a month.

Mrs. Webbeck is a Bohemian by birth. Before she came to this country she was a pauper laborer of Europe. Now she is a highly protected American workman. She works at making cigars for Messrs. Jacoby & Bookman, and gets \$3.50 a thousand for making them. She can make about 1,500 cigars a week when work is plentiful. In slack times her production is more limited.

Mrs. Webbeck is a model tenant. Her rent is always paid punctually in advance. This, however, is not a proof of Mrs. Webbeck's financial uprightness, but results from the fact that Messrs. Jacoby & Bookman are the owners of the tenement house in which she lives, and are careful to deduct the rent from the money due her for cigar making. This is convenient for Messrs. Jacoby & Bookman, but leaves Mrs. Webbeck at times somewhat short of money. Very short, in fact. So short that she has nothing left with which to buy food. Except for the name of the thing, she really might as well have remained in Bohemia, and been a pauper laborer all her life.

Last Saturday Mrs. Webbeck had nothing to eat in the house, and no prospect of getting anything. So she sent her little daughter Emma, eight years old, out to beg. Emma begged in the corridor of the Hoffman house; was arrested, locked up all night, and tried for her crime before Police Justice Patterson in the morning. The justice let her go for that once, and a World reporter, following her home, learned the story told above, and dished it up, with a few moral reflections about tenement house cigar making, for the delectation of the World's readers.

When tourists visit the crater of Mount Vesuvius, they are instructed by the guide to thrust long strips of paper into the crevices of the ground and draw them up all night. It's very amusing, and the burning paper is very pretty. But suppose the crust should break?

We are going to have a steamship line between New York and the Argentine Republic, after all. Not an American line. It would be too much to expect that. Because the American ship builders are a feeble folk, who can't possibly build ships unless the government helps them by making them a handsome present for every ship they build, or giving them a good round sum of money for every year the ship keeps afloat. The ships of the new line are to be built in England and run under the Argentine flag. There are to be four of them, and they are to begin running almost immediately. The Argentine government guarantees five per cent annual interest on the capital stock, and will have control over the rates of freight.

Well, a good many of our protectionist apostles have been telling us what a noble trade is to be developed with Monte Video, and have been constant in urging congress to do something in the way of an appropriation for a steamship line to help it along. Here is the steamship line provided, but somehow we haven't yet seen any editorial of congratulation from the protectionist press. But perhaps, what they really wanted was not the steamship line, but only the appropriation.

Long, long ago, when Pennsylvania was a proprietary colony, Thomas Penn and Richard Penn deeded to the county of Northampton a piece of land to be used specifically for the erection thereon of a court house, and for no other purpose. The court house never was built, but the county kept possession of the land, probably meaning to build the court house next year, and gradually forgetting all about the original purpose of the grant. Meantime the city of Easton grew up around this piece of land, and the citizens laid it out in a park, and considerably beautified it.

And now comes Mr. William Stuart of England, the "head of the house of Penn," and says that as no court house has ever been built on that land the Penn family want it back. By which Mr. Stuart means, not that he wants to take the land away out of Pennsylvania, or even to build the court house on it himself, but that he wants the people of Easton to pay him a blackmail of so much a year, or so much cash down, for the privilege of not building the court house, but continuing to use the land as a park. And Mr. William Stuart means business to such an extent that he has engaged a Philadelphia lawyer, and instructed him to demand possession of the land on or before July 23.

It is reported from Illinois that Mr. William Scully, the Irish owner of a considerable part of that state, is about to sell his holdings and transfer his tenancy to native born American landlords. The avowed reason for this action is the passage of a bill at the last session of the Illinois legislature commanding all alien land owners to sell their lands within six years, under penalty of forfeiture, unless in the meantime they should become citizens of the United States.

This report may be true, or it may not. If Mr. Scully desires to retain the ownership of his lands in defiance of the laws of Illinois, there is nothing easier than for him to put them in somebody else's name, and go on collecting his rack rents, just as he has been doing for years past. But admitting that with the fear of the law before his eyes he is going to make a bona fide sale, it is difficult to see what very great benefits will accrue to his tenants. For the selling price of Mr. Scully's lands will be determined by their yearly rental value; and the people who buy them will not be at all likely, for merely sentimental reasons, to accept lower rents than Mr. Scully has shown can be extracted from the tenants. Men who buy

rack rented tenement house property in New York would be somewhat amused at a suggestion that they should make things easier for their tenants; and human nature in Illinois is much the same as in New York. Instead of working to support an Irishman, the Scully tenants will henceforth work to support an American, or several Americans; which may be a salve to their patriotism, but will be mighty poor medicine for their pockets.

If Mr. Scully's tenants are discontented, why should they insist so strenuously on eliminating Mr. Scully? Why don't they go away themselves? The prairies of Illinois are broad and thinly settled. Why don't they move off and leave Mr. Scully to get a living out of his 90,000 acres for himself? If they were to clear out in a body, and refuse to do any more work for Mr. Scully unless he paid them for it, Mr. Scully would be in a pretty fix. Why don't they do something of that kind? Simply because every acre of Illinois prairie has an owner, who can say to them, and does say to them, You shall not apply your labor to the soil unless you consent to give me a proper share of the product. And because, moreover, if they were to strike work for Mr. Scully, there are plenty of wretched men who would be glad enough to take their places on Mr. Scully's terms.

If the people of Illinois really want to get rid of Mr. Scully, let them tax away Mr. Scully's rents. Just at present they are only playing at getting rid of him.

Here is a paragraph clipped from a recent issue of the London Star:

Mr. Balfour is evidently a believer in the doctrine of "unearned increment"—for himself. Stories illustrative of this belief have been told of his Scotch property, but London toilers will be more interested to hear that he is also receiving some of the benefits of their labor and the over-wielding expansion of the metropolis. One of the places which have felt this influence during the last ten years is Haslemere. Quite a little colony of Londoners has grown up on the slopes of Hindhead, and land formerly not worth a shilling an acre annually now runs up to a selling value of £100 an acre and more. Some ten years ago Mr. Balfour, then a merely erratic member of the "Fourth Party," came into possession of eight acres on the top of Hindhead, near the Portsmouth road, and fenced it in with a spiked iron railing. No use what ever has been made of the land from that day to this, and the railings guard merely the desolation of an unchecked crop of weeds. That piece of ground, which its owner has not seen for years, is to-day worth a very large sum as building land. Its owner has done nothing to it; has paid no rates or taxes for it; and may quite possibly have forgotten it. Whose labor has produced this increment of value, and to whom should it go?

When a great metropolitan journal, reaching well toward the 200,000 point in its circulation, puts that kind of news before its readers, single tax men may well feel encouraged.

A member of the British parliament, Mr. Broadhurst, has given notice of his intention to introduce a bill to amend the English language by abolishing the word "pauper." Hereafter, if Mr. Broadhurst has his way, the inmates of British workhouses and recipients of British charity, are to be known as "industrial pensioners." It is an excellent idea. There is a great deal in a name.

A strange report comes from Japan to the effect that the government is seriously considering the policy of making Christianity the national religion by imperial decree. They don't propose, of course, to tell the Japanese people to obey Christ's laws—to give over the attempt to save up treasures upon earth, to do to each other as they would be done by, to give to every one that asks of them—there will be no nonsense of that kind. But the stories of Jephthah's daughter and Abraham's interrupted sacrifice, and other legends necessary to salvation, will be accepted without question. The rich will be taught to be discriminating in their charities to the poor; the poor will be carefully instructed to thank God that they are poor; the duty of saving money—without neglecting, of course, the proper support of the church—will be carefully inculcated; and rich and poor alike will be trained to look forward to a blessed immortality, in a heaven of equality for which their life on earth has totally unfitted them, through the mediation of One whose commands they have derided as the ridiculous fancies of an impractical dreamer. It will be hard lines on the missionaries, of course, but the experiment will be an interesting one.

The Enterprise and Australian Land Nationalizer, published at Lithgow, New South Wales, has enlarged its cleavage by the absorption of the Lithgow Mercury, and the two papers will hereafter be issued as one. The single tax cause is steadily gaining ground in Australia, and the Enterprise is doing its share in promoting it.

A Correspondent Suggests a Single Tax Bandana.

New York.—I think single tax men should have a distinguishing color in this presidential fight—something similar to the Thurman bandana, under which they can march and cheer and fight, and be recognized. I suggest that its color be blue (indicating that we are true to our convictions). It might contain as many white stars as there are states. In the center might be a shield bearing the portrait of Jefferson (or any other of our great readers), and surmounted by the motto, "Fidelity to Principle," the whole surrounded by thirteen stars, symbolizing the thirteen original states. This is going to be a red hot campaign, and I want single tax men to be recognized. We are in this race until the finish, and I want our "git thar" stroke to count and our colors to be seen flying at the bow. Besides, there may be some little profit in the scheme; that will aid our educational campaign fund to spread the light.

MORGAN E. STEVENSON.

Commercial Property on Long Island. In the South Side Observer of Rockville Center, Long Island, is an item stating that the board of town auditors met at Freeport a few days ago and granted licenses to thirty citizens to plant oysters on fifty-nine acres of oyster beds, which were divided in lots of one, two and three acres each. The rent paid was \$5 per acre. A large part of the revenues of the town on the shores of Long Island are derived from this renting of oyster beds.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SHOES.

New York, Where High Wages are Paid, Competes with Massachusetts Where Low Wages are Paid.

New York, July 14.—I am continually told by protectionists that a country, state or locality paying high wages cannot profitably send goods into another country, state or locality paying low wages. If they would stop counting wages by the day or week and ascertain the cost of raw materials, and compare quality and quantity of goods produced, they would be able to speak more correctly. Massachusetts is the banner state for shoe manufacturing. There wages are less per pair and expenses are less per pair than in this city, and yet in several factories here shoes are made for Massachusetts. In the shop where I work shoes for six Massachusetts cities are made. These cities are our best customers. I have often been told by protectionists that there is something about this they do not understand.

We have a factory here which works exclusively for the city trade. We have others which make the same line of goods for the whole country. But in the slack seasons, which come twice a year, the "city" factory closes for eight or ten weeks, while the others close for only two or three.

The Press, in an editorial some time ago, made this recommendation, that ladies should not wear imported goods—"patriotism before fashion." The Press seems not to know that ladies' fine shoes, which are largely made here, are made from imported goods; skins, under many names; that gentlemen's fine shoes are made of imported leather; nor that in this branch of labor are employed many Blaine republicans who would lose their present employment if this recommendation should be carried out. I have seen this question from many points, and have concluded that the sooner trade is allowed to govern itself by its own laws the better it will be for all. I think this agitation is just what is needed. It will show men the tariff robber and ultimately the ground rent robber.

GEORGE SEWARD,

203 West Thirty-fourth street.

A "Protected" Iron Molder Has a Few Words to Say.

ERIE, Pa., July 14.—I am an iron molder by trade, and have lately come on from Brooklyn, where I had been employed for about six months. Of course the usual strike took place against a ten per cent reduction in wages, and I had to take the road. Wherever I stopped I heard people discussing the tariff question. I have talked with some very intelligent people who are really afraid of free trade, but I found that there was little difficulty in making them see the folly of our indirect system of taxation. I invariably wound up with a single tax argument. From what I have seen I am satisfied that this campaign is ours.

I worked here in the city of Erie about seven years ago. We then had a prosperous union, and molders' wages averaged \$2 a day. The men for the most part were sensible and intelligent. To-day the union is demoralized, wages are \$2 a day, and the men are degraded. When I went into some of the shops and spoke to some of these men they did not even raise their heads to look me in the face. Fear has ground out what little principle they had in them, and they might as well see a stranger come into the shop. I might cite you many such incidents to back up my assertions. There are molders in this and other cities who work by the piece.

They work from one end of the week to the other without knowing what they will get in payment. When pay night comes they have to take whatever is given them. If they open their mouths they make themselves liable to discharge. Union men are disliked. Such are the fruits of "protection" to American labor.

JAMES A. MILLER.

They Can't Check Discussion.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 14.—The democratic party had what was termed a little local demonstration to-night, but it proved to be a monster in every way, both in point of numbers and enthusiasm. The speakers tried to hedge on the tariff question by denying that the democratic party is the free trade party, and by endeavoring to convince the audience that the party only favors a small reduction of the customs duties sufficient to reduce the surplus in the treasury, but when they came to the question of protection they were compelled to talk for trade doctrines, and by denouncing so-called protection they had to brand it as a delusion and a snare which does not protect in the least.

The most significant thing I learned was the fact that a very large percentage of the workmen are familiar with the single tax doctrine, and I look upon it as a coming issue. Brother Krause and I did a little literary work after the meeting by entering into a discussion with quite a number of men on the tariff question. By gradually bringing forward the underlying principle of taxation we soon had them interested, and we explained what really makes high wages. To our surprise all agreed with us, and several said they had been studying the land question.

But before this a well dressed and apparently well-to-do gentleman, who had been talking protection with all his might, and had got repulsed upon several propositions, finally said that the working men of the country were bent on tearing down and destroying the present system, and wanted to create a revolution. To this I replied, "Yes sir, we intend to do away with the system that makes millions of the few, paupers of the many; we intend to uproot the whole vicious system that advances and perpetuates privileged institutions and builds up privileged classes, and inaugurate a system of equity and justice in its place. The crowd cheered and my opponent could not stand it and left."

L. P. CUSTER.

The Protective Principle Weakening in the Coal Fields.

FREEPORT, Pa., July 10.—Up in these highly protected hills the free traders are becoming very active. A number of articles attacking the protective tariff have appeared in the Hazleton Plain Speaker, the most influential paper in the middle coal fields. As yet no protectionist has had the temerity to dispute any of the correspondent's statements. Everything looks very encouraging. I believe that with proper effort Pennsylvania can be placed on the list of doubtful states, if not brought into the democratic column. The most prominent aspirants in this Fourth legislative district for the nomination for congress of both parties are single tax men. Yours, in the cause, W. B. ESTELL.

TELLING FIGURES.

A Short Speech by Graham McAdam Brilling with Information.

Graham McAdam talked to the Reform club Friday night, July 13, about "How to talk to other persons about the tariff." When he concluded United States District Attorney Mack D. Wilbur of Kings county made a remarkable speech which excited great enthusiasm. Mr. McAdam in his address said:

As the result of many talks with skilled artisans I have found that there is a method of placing this question of the tariff before the minds of workmen which does not allow evasion. The first thing which interests workmen is the statement by protectionists that the present tariff is necessary to enable competition with foreign laborers and manufacturers, and it is unjustly assumed that unless there is such a tariff the American workman will be placed on the same plane as the English laborer, or at worst, with the East Indian or Chinaman. The first step, therefore, is to rid your hearer's mind of the question of wages. What are the elements of competition? The first should be materials. These may be divided into metals, fibers and wood. The first of these may be separated again into iron, lead, nickel and tin; the second into wool, cotton and flax; the third into no explanation, for our supply exceeds all present demands. Another set of elements of competition is power, which is derived from coal, water and wind; a third is capital, and the fourth wages, which consists of food, clothing and shelter. No man ever received more than these for wages. These things tabulated upon a blackboard furnish the best explication to your audience. It gives them a picture which they rarely fail to remember. Now comes the question as to what the tariff does to enable us to compete. It sticks dirt at once upon all of these materials. They are taxed about as follows: Iron from 40 to 50 per cent, lead from 50 to 60 nickel about 45, and tin free. Here's your chance. I illustrate why tin is free. Because we haven't got it anywhere as yet. But there has been some little talk about it being found in North Carolina and Maine; and depend upon it that as soon as it is brought to sunlight fellows will go to Washington and get it taxed. That is what a tariff is for. It is to enable John Smith to make more money out of his particular little interest.

Now come down to wood. The duty on that is from 10 to 30 per cent; coal 24 to 43 per cent, water they can't tax and wind they have got to let go free. Here we are then at the fourth of the elements of competition. The tariff increases the cost of food, clothing, and shelter. The tariff is alleged to encourage home industries. What do we wish to encourage? Not wood, or coal, or iron, for the men who are benefited there are not the laborers, but the owners of forests and mines. Wool? What? When the tariff is removed by the tax on wool! And so on with the list. Take a diagram setting forth this little problem, such as I have tried to give you, and place it before the workmen, and they will appreciate and understand it. New York laboring men are now in a different position than they were four years ago. Since then a man whom I respect—but with whom I cannot agree—has come before them and has converted them from being sentimental protectionists to free traders. I refer to Henry George. (Applause.) You can't stampede an audience of workmen as you once could with the cry of "free trade." They have acquired knowledge and enjoy the possession.

What is called cheap labor is not the thing to be feared. In France, a protection country, they argue differently than we do. Their wages are lower than in England, but the French workman declares this is due to the fact that their work is not so good as that of the Englishman.

Here are some figures giving the comparative amount of wages received in finishing raw materials:

	Cotton.	Wool.	Silk.
Germany.....	100	100	100
Austria.....	240	25	120
United States.....	360	100	40

While one operative in Germany is working up 100 pounds of raw material, others in England and this country are working up 243 and 363, respectively. These figures are based upon an actual canvass of the facts. Again, take the figures in the last census concerning the production of silk in this country. It is given as \$2,410,463. The tariff profit is fifty per cent. Therefore, we pay a tribute of \$1,105,000 to increase the wages of workmen's wages. But the same census shows us that only \$9,000,000 is paid in wages, allowing \$2,000,000 additional to go into the indigent manufacturers' pockets. (Applause.)

To Make the Single Tax a Reality.

CLEVELAND, O., July 10.—The following extract from an article by Rev. Sydney Smith, in the Edinburgh Review (1896) will serve to show single tax men what they will have to do to make the single tax a reality. Rev. Smith says:

"That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him—the man who is so deeply impressed with the importance of the discovery that he will take no denial, but at the risk of fortune and fame, pushed through all opposition, and is determined that what he thinks he has discovered shall not perish for want of a fair trial. Other persons had noticed the effect of coal gas in producing light; but Winsor worried the town with bad English for three winters before he could attract attention to his views. Many persons had seen the discovery, but Macadam, who stated it more clearly, persevered in it with greater tenacity, wielded his hammer, in short, with greater force than other men, and finally succeeded in bringing his plan into general use."

Is not this true of every step of progress the world has ever made? In a just cause, brains, diligence and perseverance everywhere lead to success. Let us therefore take courage from the experience of the past, and not consider our cause lost, but continue to push it with ever increasing vigor.

H. SHERMAN.

Poverty and Land Values in Chicago. CHICAGO, Ill., July 10.—According to the best information to be had on the subject, there are now about 35,000 idle men in Chicago unable to get employment at any wages. They comprise all grades of wage workers, from the best class of mechanics to the day laborer, and the most expert accountant to the errand boy.

A recent number of the Real Estate and Building Journal gives a statement of real estate yearly sales, running from thirty-eight million in 1871 to ninety-five million in 1887, and an estimate of a hundred million for 1888. The present value of business property is given at \$5,000 down to \$100 per front foot. Residential property is ranging from \$750 down to \$125 per front foot. But presumably these lots are for people who don't work, for immediately following is, "Workingmen, corners, \$50; workmen, inside, \$35."

As an example of the advancing tendency of values, a lot 100 feet by 90 is cited. It was sold in 1864 for \$24,000, in 1875 for \$140,000, in 1882 for \$400,000, and in 1887 for \$600,000, "showing an increase in a little over twenty years of from \$250 a foot to \$5,000 a foot."

The value of "acre" property adjoining the city is given at from \$700 to \$3,000 per acre. In the face of these facts, the papers and people are wondering why such numbers of men are unemployed. Charitable individuals and institutions are at their wits' end to know how to cope with the widespread distress, never once seeing that the high price of land, which is paraded as evidence of prosperity, is a concomitant of all this idleness and poverty. Thousands of city lots and suburban acres lie unused while over 3,000 men, able and willing to work, are compelled to stand idle. WILLIAM SPALDING.

THE TAXATION PROBLEM IN EAST ST. LOUIS.

How a Great and Rich City Could be Made Out of a Bankrupt Town.

St. Louis Republic. St. Louis, Mo., June 20.—Our sister city of East St. Louis is in a peck of trouble. At a time when public sentiment seems to be fairly represented by her city government, the penalty of former municipal extravagance and mismanagement must be paid by the present generation of taxpayers. The law wills it, the courts have decreed it, and the debt must be paid even though all property and goods within the corporate limits of the city be sold to satisfy the judgments of the city's creditors.

In the halcyon days when the city was in the hands of political nondescripts, debts were contracted and bonds were issued to the tune of \$1,000,000. And now by legal decree, taxes must be levied to pay them. But how can the industries of East St. Louis survive under so heavy a burden? How can it be hoped that a single new industry will be established there if threatened at the outset with prohibitive taxation? Capital is not only free to stay away if the prospect is uninviting, but is free to move away if burdened there more than elsewhere with oppressive taxation, thereby reducing to naught any possibility the already gloomy prospect of freeing the city from the principal and ever growing interest of its municipal debt.

While the ablest financiers of the city are pointing the problem and estimating the devising ways and means out of the trouble, they are confronted at the outset by a constitutional difficulty which presents an obstacle to the most judicious action. The constitution of Illinois forbids that all property and values in the state shall be assessed and shall pay state taxes in equal ratio. This provision applies to county and municipal taxation as well as to the taxation of corporations and individuals throughout the state even the latter cannot evade this personal property to the assessor, yet they cannot successfully evade the law when the assessor fixes the value of the property, and, every fixed investment, every manufacturing and productive enterprise in the city and state contributes its proportionate share to the public revenues. The tax on enterprise, however, is not sufficient to pay the debt, and, therefore, is nevertheless sufficient to dampen the ardor of those who would engage in manufacturing or in productive enterprises of any kind, from the building of a new factory to the construction of a new bridge. The framers of the constitution probably never contemplated such results, yet the steadily growing state taxes are just as steadily operating to discourage thrift and enterprise throughout the state. But now we shall see necessary (for the court declares it) a municipal government, under this constitutional provision, to quadruple and quintuple the taxes on all enterprises within its municipal limits. The tax on enterprise, therefore, is not sufficient to pay the debt, and, therefore, is nevertheless sufficient to dampen the ardor of those who would engage in manufacturing or in productive enterprises of any kind, from the building of a new factory to the construction of a new bridge. 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CURRENT THOUGHT.

Caught in a Net.

It is a peculiarity of fish that when, in their progress along a coast, or up or down a river, they meet a net stretched at right angles to their course, they invariably turn toward deeper water, follow the obstructing net until they reach the end of it, and then resume their course up or down the stream, not turning the corner sharply, but making a considerable sweep. This little peculiarity has got the race of fish into heaps of trouble. Cunning men, reckoning with certainty that what fish did yesterday they will do to-day and to-morrow and the day after, and so on to the end of time, plant a long line of net across a river's course from the bank well out toward the deep. The fish, true to his instincts, follows the net outward to its very end, turns the corner gracefully, and essays to go on his way rejoicing. But alas! before he has gone twenty feet, another barrier of net opposes him; not running straight across his path, but diagonally. Again he hunts deeper water, follows this line of net to its end, and proceeds as before, only to find another net in his way, which guides him into a great bag of net reaching from the top to the bottom of the river, and so arranged that unless the fish, in swimming round its sides, turns a very sharp angle at the gate, he never can get out. The whole of this cunning reticulatory arrangement is called a pound, and it catches every fish that comes along, from a shark to a moss-bunker. The stupid fishes haven't got sense enough to turn round and go out the way they came in. They persist in thinking that if they follow the nets toward deep water they must come to the end of them at last. And the result is that a boat load of fishermen come along in the morning, lift the net bag and carry the fish away to market.

It is doubtful if there be any man living fool enough to let his physical body be caught in a fish pound; but there are plenty of men with habits of thought sufficiently fish-like to let their intellects be led astray by a logical net arrangement not unlike that we have been describing. These are the men who insist on solving the social problem along a certain line and in a certain direction. Don't turn back, they tell us. Don't try to go out the same way you came in. "Push for the deep water, the line of nets must come to an end sooner or later. Alas! it does come to an end; but its end is in the net bag of paradox, out of which no man can ever come who is not able and willing to turn a sharp mental corner. Such a fish-minded man is Mr. H. H. Champion, who tells us what he thinks about "The New Labor Party" in the *Nineteenth Century* for July.

Mr. Champion is not one of those who are blind to the problem of the day—who would like us to solve the net question by playing that there is no net. He sees the net plainly enough—every mesh and knot of it—and he sees that it stretches right across the path of progress. He is perfectly satisfied, too, that nothing is to be hoped for from the remedies ordinarily proposed. Legislatures may take testimony about tenement houses and sweaters, and pass laws against them, but all to no purpose. Charity can no more stem the tide of misery than Mrs. Parlington could sweep back the Atlantic with her broom. Here is the opening of Mr. Champion's article:

The social condition of the people is attracting an amount of attention in this country which would seem incredible to a man who left England seven or eight years ago and had been ever since out of reach of English newspapers. Upward of one hundred members of the house of commons have just committed themselves to the assertion that parliament pays far too little attention to social questions. Two hereditary legislators have succeeded, through the medium of select committees of the house of lords, in bringing prominently before the public the gravest problems connected with labor. Lord Aberdeen's committee, if it has no other result, shows that it is no longer a mark of dangerous eccentricity to believe that the offer of the work house is not a wholly satisfactory method of dealing with the unemployed; while the evidence given before Lord Cairns's committee establishes the fact that to thousands of the poor the Victorian era has only brought freedom to exist on "starvation wages." Signs are not wanting that the poor themselves are discontented with their conditions. On the other hand the willingness of the comfortable classes to examine any kind of remedy, and to accept any solution of the difficulty that promises to do more good than harm, can never have been more marked.

And yet it is probable that little if any change will be effected. Those who are old enough to remember the period of "Alton Locke" and "The Song of the Shirt" will admit that there were great men—before Lord Dunraven and Mr. Arnold White—who thrilled England on the subject of "sweating," and yet failed to touch its causes. Thomas Carlyle being dead yet speaks to warn any one sanguine enough to think that mere words can replace the battle of the workhouse by the organization of the labor, and all forth captains of industry from the chaos of competitive commerce. A modern industry may better prove the wisdom of expecting little from sensational revelations and parliamentary inquiries. Five years ago a royal commission on the housing of the working classes obtained evidence that appalled those who had never heard of earlier inquiries into the matter, and had never seen with their own eyes the home life of the poor. The net result of all that discussion was an act of parliament, which is already an admitted failure. Its most stringent clause against insanitary dwellings has never been put in force. Things remain as they were, and the whole question is to all appearance, shelved for years.

There is no reason to anticipate any greater results from the present examination into the miseries of the poor. Consequently it is time that those (and I believe there are many) to whom these subjects are not merely exciting novelties to talk about, but matters of real and deep importance, should determine on a practical policy which offers a reasonable method of improving the material condition of the workers, and, if persisted in, of securing that diffusion of prosperity and contentment without which the triumphs of civilization are but Dead Sea apples.

I have no wish to belittle the great efforts made by charitable and philanthropic persons to sweep back the rising tide of misery. They themselves admit that it is gaining upon them. And this is natural, for their efforts are condemned to impotence by the fact that they are directed, not at the causes, but at the effects, of poverty. We get no further by helping poor men while the causes that make and keep men poor are still at work. Philanthropists build model dwellings, and by only taking four or five per cent on their capital, provide comparatively cheap house room. But they know, and all the world knows, that by so doing they only enable the worker who pays the smaller rent to underbid his less fortunate fellow in the competition for employment. A few workmen, co-operating share amongst themselves the profits of the shopkeeper and drive him into the labor market, thus handicapping themselves more favorably for a contest in which there are so many competitors. Diminish surplus labor by emigration, and you are but fitting a waste pipe to a tank which is being filled by a supply pipe of enormous and ever increasing diameter. Point out that the workman with eight children or an unmanageable wife is being heavily weighted, and no one can contradict you. But make all men teetotalers, restrict all parents to four children, and you only start all your competitors level in a race for which the subscription is lifelong labor, the prize for the lucky few inadequate comfort, and the lot of the many bare subsistence wages for never ending toil, with starvation always in the foreground. Again, though the best educated man has the best chance to make education general, and free competition lands you in a state where the many must still be miserable, and can thank you for minds that resent injustice being developed in bodies that suffer privation. This, or something very like it, is felt by everyone whose reason is not paralyzed by an overwhelming impulse to devote all his energies to the immediate relief of suffering humanity.

The time is ripe and a field is open for the action of a party which places the rights of labor before everything else, and while it aims ultimately to secure to the worker the full fruits of his toil, pursues the immediate amelioration of the conditions of his life by a practical policy based on sound economics, and requiring for its speedy triumph only the action of legitimate forces ready to hand. The first condition of its success is fulfilled by the general admission that there is urgent need for improvement in the lot of the working class. The sympathy is at present mostly confined to the extreme form of privation, but it is already being followed by a conviction that the sensational horrors are merely outward symptoms of a deeply rooted disease. For all who examine the matter closely find that "the sweating system" is but the last expression of that competition which drives all who live by labor, and that "the unemployed" are but the worst sufferers from the uncertainty of employment, which acts on the labor of every grade with results differing only in degree.

Brave words, aren't they? One would swear that this fish, at all events, would never be caught in that paradox bag at the end of the line of nets. Well, one would be mistaken, that's all. For Mr. Champion goes on in this style:

What is now required is to lay the finger on the actual cause why wages are low, hours of work long, and employment scarce; to distinguish the factors in the industrial system in Great Britain to-day that give a man with out special skill, when seeking employment, no choice but to accept a standard of living worse than that of most chattel slaves, in return for a day of labor twice as long as that of the average slave. The answer may be given in one word—competition. The possessors of wealth are enabled, by the competition of the workers, to procure the means of life at the least possible cost; the workers, having no means of living save by the barter of their labor, are compelled, in the competition for permission to live at all, to underbid one another until the wage is the least that will support life, and the day's work the longest the human frame will endure. Nay, these limits are often passed, and the life is not sustained, and the human frame breaks down. These are the simple facts of the case, and so long as this competition is allowed to go on the present conditions will remain.

And, by way of remedy, Mr. Champion would have his labor party bend all its efforts to the enactment of an eight hour law! The fish is fairly in the bag, and the argument, from this point on, is but a mere swimming round and round. Certainly it would be a good thing if men worked only eight hours a day—better still if they worked only six, or four hours. Only how are you going to manage to limit the hours? Let that be the work of the new labor party, says Mr. Champion. But it would be a good thing, of precisely the same kind, to have the poor better housed; and laws have been enacted providing that they should be better housed; and Mr. Champion himself is witness that they're not a bit better housed in consequence. So the fish swims round and round in the bag, and never takes the trouble to reflect that the way in must also be the way out.

Why should competition be the terrible thing Mr. Champion paints it? If every producer is a seller, isn't he also a buyer? Ah, but, Mr. Champion tells us, "the workers, having no means of living save by the barter of their labor, are compelled, in the competition for permission to live at all, to underbid one another until the wage is the least that will support life and the day's work the longest the human frame will endure." Ah! *Rem acu telerigisti*, Mr. Champion—your needle's point has touched the sore. Let the workers claim the right to live, if they please, otherwise than by the barter of their labor. Let them claim their share of God's provision for mankind. Give them the right of access to the natural opportunities out of which alone their labor can create wealth. And don't waste your time in getting laws passed that no man shall work more than eight hours a day, or receive less than \$5,000 a year for his labor, or live in any other than a three-story brown stone front house on a fashionable corner. For you may fill the statute books of England and America with such laws as those; and every one of them will be as idle as an act of congress against dyspepsia or cold feet. What labor wants is not kind treatment and philanthropic legislation, but freedom to exert itself. Pull the nets up, Mr. Champion, and let the fish swim where they will.

The Condition of Continental Europe.

Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been making a leisurely tour of Europe, halting at the various capitals, investigating the methods of administration of the different governments, and carefully weighing the chances of peace or war. To which side he finds the balance ultimately incline, Mr. Stead has not yet informed us. But meantime he presents a series of pen pictures of actualities

and possibilities which are both instructive and interesting. Here is his description of the "armed peace," which at present pervades Europe—every nation standing ready, with sword and shield in hand, studying how best it can ward off the blow whose descent it foresees, and deliver the stroke it has fully determined to deal:

Peace implies rest, and in Europe there is no rest. Peace supposes security and confidence, but in Europe everywhere is insecurity and suspicion. Peace supposes order, but in Europe there is not order, but international anarchy. The continent is an armed camp. The nations labor, as the Jews rebuilt Jerusalem, with a sword in one hand and their industrial tools in the other. Restless, suspicious armies are encamped side by side where formerly nations lived and labored. Every year some one or other of these armies invents some more deadly weapon than its rival, some more terrible explosive, some more expeditious mode of slaughter. No sooner does this happen than all the others hasten to adopt it, piling on with desperate energy the panoply of armor beneath which humanity is crushed. Amid the ceaseless ebb and flow of human affairs, one phenomenon never varies. The sum total expended on making ready for slaughter constantly increases. Every year more and more is drained from the soil in order to feed the magazines. Every year the banks gain on the cottage, and preparation for the coming of the absorbing prosecution of a great proportion of the flower of our youth.

From every able bodied man this armed peace exacts three, four or five years of life when it is at its richest and brightest. When the youth steps into manhood and begins to dream of love and labor and of the sweet joys of home and family, there swoops down upon him the kidnapper of Mars and carries him off to the barracks and the camp. This vast organization for murder is the upshot of civilization, and all the continent is sickening under its fatal shade. The first cost is the cost in actual cash paid down, the second in life wasted at its prime, the third in the condition of unrest which saps the sense of security necessary for the prosecution of business. Business is difficult when peace is not worth three months' purchase. Every year becomes more and more international. Every year becomes more dangerous to the trader. Even the shadow of war now produces far more serious dislocation of industry than in old times was caused by the actual progress of a campaign. For in old times every parish was a little world in itself, a microcosm capable of independent existence, and able to carry on its own business and grow its own crop if all the rest of the world was a measureless confusion. To-day all this has changed. A network of rail arteries and telegraph nerves now knits all Europe into one organism. Workmen may be thrown out of employment in Madrid because of a failure in Moscow. A swindle on the bourse in Vienna may take the bread from the mouths of a hundred families in Paris. This extreme development of the nervous system of the continent has gone on side by side with the steady development of civilization, which, when it becomes active, either excites business to feverish and frenzied activity, or reduces it to a condition of paralysis. It is difficult to maneuver an army without doing damage amid the rough and rustic hamlets of the peasantry, but in Europe we have at the same time multiplied the number of our armies and substituted for the cottagers' huts edifices as fragile and as costly as the porcelain palaces of the Chinese emperors.

The whole continent seems to be under some horrible enchantment. The armed peace sits like a vampire at the bedside of the people, draining their life-blood while they sleep. Hence, say some, war is certain. The nations cannot stand the strain much longer. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, they will rush to war rather than wait to be slowly suffocated by the sheer weight of their armor.

A delightful picture of smiling peace, truly! One might well be tempted to long for the outbreak of war; for a short, sharp, decisive campaign; a lightning stroke of battle that should clear the air and render it possible for men to breathe freely once again. But Mr. Stead's forecast of the war that is to come is that it will be no brief struggle, but a deadly wrestle of the nations, such as the world has never yet witnessed.

As the armed peace is a nightmare fouler than the world has yet suffered, so the next war is an appalling catastrophe from which imagination shrinks aghast. For there is nothing in modern history that it will resemble. Hitherto, down even to the last wars, when empires have gone to battle it has been a war of soldiers. The next war will be a war of peoples. In the Russo-Turkish war it was an army frame on the old system which was pitted against Plevna, and ultimately swept in triumph to Constantinople. In the Franco-German war the French army was largely professional, and it was because the standing army of professional soldiers went down like nincompoops before the irresistible rush of an armed nation that all military systems have been revolutionized. Now every nation has armed all its able bodied adults. In former days the muster of a half million of soldiers was regarded as a mighty feat. To-day Prince Bismarck adds to the ranks of the army of the fatherland, with one stroke of his pen, 800,000 fathers of families, and not a single voice is raised even in passing protest. Germany in the center of Europe fronts east and west with an available host of three million trained soldiers. France will have between two and three million ready to go. Austria before long will be able to put five millions into line. Austria and Italy we need not count. The blast of the trumpets that proclaims the beginning of war will summon the manhood of Europe to the work of slaughter.

Not only will the number of the combatants be far beyond those which were raised even in the days of the First Napoleon—the grand army with which he crossed the frontier on his march to Moscow, but he would be the same number of men that he has added this year to the German army—but the spirit in which it will be fought out will differ for the worse. Prince Bismarck has frankly told us what kind of war it will be. We shall fight, he said, if we do fight, until we are bled as white as veal. It will be a duel to the death—a war in which the avowed object of the combatants is the utter destruction of their enemy. "Sang a blanc," to drain the very life blood from your enemy until you leave his carcass as white as that of the calf from which the butcher seeks to drain every ruddy drop of gore—that is the declared ideal of the foremost nations of the continent in the year of grace 1888. The imagination refuses to picture what it means. All our recent wars were short. The longest was that of the Crimea, which was little more than the siege and the defense of a single fortress by professional soldiers. The Franco-Italian war was almost an affair of weeks. The Danish war was over almost before it began. The Austro-Prussian-Italian war lasted just six weeks. The Franco-Ger-

man war was over in six months. The conquest of Turkey was completed in about the same time. But the next war will not be over in six weeks or in six months. To bleed each other white, when both combatants are pretty well matched, and when there are millions of men in reserve, is an affair of years. But when all business is suspended, and the reapers have been summoned from the farms to the battle fields, it will be impossible to carry on war on this scale for years without utter collapse and ghastly famine. Hence the embattled millions will fight with the grim and desperate energy of men who know that, like Judas, what they do they must do quickly. They will strike terror. All the toady rules of civilized war will be in danger of going by the board. It will be a contest of titans waged with ruthless ferocity. The man who will be in danger of degenerating into a nineteenth century version of the horrors of the thirty years' war, on a scale far more gigantic, and therefore characterized by crimes far more colossal.

The drafting of men into camps and the paralysis of production are not the worst features of that condition of dreadful uncertainty that the governments of Europe have created and call it peace. What can be more demoralizing to a people than the deliberate corruption of its press by what methods are as described below? What could more thoroughly brutalize a government than to learn experimentally the possibility of winning success by such hideous corruption?

The reptile fraud—so called because of Prince Bismarck's own phrase—consists of the confiscated fortune of the king of Hanover, together with an unknown grant from the war indemnity. Speaking of the attacks made upon the government by the press, the chancellor exclaimed on a memorable occasion that as his administration was so exposed to malignant misrepresentations at the hands of its adversaries, he did not think it tolerable that he should be left unarmed against so powerful and so unscrupulous a foe. "I must have means," he said, "with which to butt these reptiles." Hence the so-called reptile fund, which is simply a indefinite amount of secret service money at the disposal of Prince Bismarck for controlling the press. With its aid he is said to have organized a news service for the benefit of the German government, the like of which exists nowhere out of the pages of the French novels, which describe the spy system of Fouché. At its head stands Herr Holstein, the *ancé* of Prince Bismarck, who has at his command a disciplined host of confidential reporters, who enable him to follow unseen the movements of all his adversaries. The great chancellor never neglects any foe, no matter how insignificant. The fano is third section of the Russian police was mere child's play compared with the ubiquitous engine of observation which the chancellor has established for the collection of information. "Power," said Lord Beaconsfield, "belongs to the best informed," and there is no newspaper editor in Europe who organizes so sympathetically the collection and tabulation of information as the German chancellor.

What kind of information! All kinds of information, but chiefly that which concerns the doings and sayings, the movements and the writings, of those whom it may be necessary for him to crush. At the chancellery of the secret intelligence bureau at Berlin, under Herr Holstein, are kept the dossiers of every man or woman whose name, at any time it might be necessary to Prince Bismarck to watch with a view to ulterior developments. The minuteness of the information thus stored up for future use is very extraordinary, and suggests many uncomfortable reflections. A friend of mine resident in Germany once had an opportunity of seeing a copy of his own dossier. Therein he found set down all particulars of himself and his family and his relations. A list was given of all the people who were in the habit of receiving letters from him, and a list of all the correspondents to whom he was in the habit of writing. To this man, it was written, he sends letters every week, to the other every day, to a third he writes sometimes twice a week, and then ceases to write for a week or a month. The skeletons that we all try to keep concealed in the shadowy recesses of our secret chambers are thus kept as ready for mobilization as a Russian army corps. "Ker, ker, ker," cried a young man, "Molke, Molke, Molke," from Ems in 1870, and instantly all the parts of the huge military machine fitted themselves to huger and descended upon France. So in case it is necessary to crush or to embarrass any opponent at home or abroad, Herr Holstein has but to press a button and the private records of that opponent's life are ready to hand, to be served up with such sauce piquante as may suit the public taste in any of the journals of the day.

But the possession of an indefinite amount of secret service money for purposes of corruption, and the accumulation from all the unseen channels of a ubiquitous secret police of a vast reservoir of information for use if required, are by no means the only instruments by which Prince Bismarck keeps his press in good order. "How is it done?" exclaimed a witty victim of the chancellor's surveillance. "It is very simple. Some line is laid to the editors of Berlin newspapers, the office of the oracle. They are told that the government is in possession of such and such an important piece of information which is communicated to them, not for publication, but in confidence, in order that when the opportune moment arrives they may be well informed. And as good as a wink to a blind horse, and before very long one or other of the editors discovers in some mysterious way that the line he is standing on is the same as the line of the other. He lets it out accordingly, and all his brethren follow suit, and the news, true or false, is launched in due form." "But what," I asked, "if an editor refuses to take the hint and obstinately abstains from circulating the official communication?" "Then," was the reply, "it does not go well with that exceptional newspaper. Misfortunes always attend the journal which is foolishly enough to ignore the line laid above." "What kind of misfortune?" "Oh, all kinds of misfortune. Dormant lawsuits mysteriously reappear; official advertisements are withdrawn; privileges of sale or of display, which depend upon the good will of the administration, are suspended. But perhaps the most efficient allies of the chancellor and his myrmidons are the vendors of quack medicines for the cure of unmanageable diseases." "How," in the name of wonder, can that be?" "It is very simple. The quack, fatherland the government charges itself with watchful solicitude for the morals of its subjects. But as even Homer sometimes nods, so the most vigilant administrations sometimes fail to discover that the columns of German newspapers are defiled by the insertion of advertisements of immoral pills or by the address of unclean doctors. When, however, any newspaper continuously opposes itself to the will of the authorities, the custodian of public morals puts on his spectacles, and we behold the unfortunate journal if not the obscurest corner of his badly printed page there should be discovered lurking an allusion

to the objectionable pill or the disreputable physician. The administration is down upon him at once, and punishment is heaped on punishment until the editor consents to conform to the piping of power. Then the custodian of public morals once more slumbers and sleeps, and the quack advertises his pills in peace."

Add to this press prosecution for press offenses as plentiful as blackberries, that editors are sent to jail as felons for what would be regarded in England as perfectly justifiable criticism upon the chancellor, that half the cities in Germany are under a state of siege, and you can form some idea of the facilities which Prince Bismarck possesses for manipulating the journals of the fatherland. The most marvelous example of the results which can be attained under the German system of press nobbling at home and of journalistic idiosyncrasy abroad was the European scare produced by the alleged concentration of Russian troops on the German frontier. As a matter of fact, there was no such concentration. The Russian government had moved 4,000 troops from Moscow to Warsaw. That was the solitary and slender substantiation of fact, which was of course perfectly well known to the German war office. But it so happened that at that time Prince Bismarck, for reasons best known to himself, was anxious to secure, with the moral sanction of Europe and the unanimous vote of the reichstag, the addition of 700,000 men to the German army and also to compel Austria to add several millions to her military expenditure. As Europe was in a condition of profound peace, the operation did not seem easy. To convince, however, all things are possible, especially to genius that has no scruples and that has a spite press. So it came to pass one fine day, nearly a month after the 4,000 troops had been moved up, that one of the reptiles in some obscure corner of Germany discovered that the Russians were pouring troops westward toward the German frontier. Instantly all the other reptiles discovered this menacing announcement, and reprinted it for the edification of the German public. The English correspondents of course telegraphed it to London. The news goes the round of the continent, growing of course as it goes. To the excited imagination of nervous Europe the Russian frontier seems bursting with armed men, all day long the phlegmatic German seems to hear the rumble of batteries thundering up from the unknown depths of Muscovy to concentrate on the frontier of Posen or the boundaries of Galicia. When the sun rose in the east, its rays were obscured by the (ancient) of Cossack hordes swarming to the plunder of the fatherland. Every day brings news of fresh concentration, of the departure or arrival of new reinforcements for the frontier. Innocent bystanders imagine that all this thunder is real. Those behind the scenes know that it is produced by artifice, and is sheer illusion. But it is wonderfully realistic. Everything seems so natural, and of course so true. If it were not true, would a paternal government, with all the facts at its finger ends, allow such astounding statements to barrow up the soul of every Teuton? So every one said, and even the Russians, who knew that the only movement that had taken place was the dispatch of 4,000 men from Moscow to Warsaw—4,000 out of 350,000—were not a little puzzled to understand what it could mean. The bourses of Europe were disturbed. The rouble, which has been steadily going downward until it is now worth about exactly one-half of its nominal value, took a further plunge toward zero. Russian securities declined. Business transactions all over Europe were checked, from dread of approaching war. Still was kept up the rolling of the German tomtoms and a thousand sheets echoed the reverberations of the heavy tread of marching millions of menacing Muscovites.

At last the psychological moment had fully come. As in the opera the advent of the hero is heralded by long flourishes of premonitory music in which all the skill of the orchestra is employed in leading up to his entrance, so when the public mind was strained to the utmost verge and all the continent rang with the clangor of steel and the thud of the Cossack troops, Prince Bismarck appeared in the tribune and demanded the great necessary to add 700,000 fathers of families to the effective strength of the German army. It was perhaps the most tremendous blood tax ever imposed in a single speech. But so marvelously had the mise en scene been arranged, so dexterously had the great reptilian orchestra played upon the nerves of the nations, that it seemed the most natural thing in the world. All the actions of the German parliament unanimously and enthusiastically acceded to his demand, and the press of Europe declared that the last inroad of militarism upon industrialism was forced upon the German government by imperious necessity.

And then when the money had been voted and the men added to the standards, the deception having served its turn, the scene was suddenly discarded without even dropping the curtain to conceal the scene shifters from the dupes of the great illusion.

Mr. Stead is probably not entirely free from a bias in favor of sensationalism. It can do no harm to take what he says with a very considerable grain of salt. But after making all allowances for exaggeration, there remains a picture of European society sufficiently terrifying.

A Wandering Shepherd.

The new proprietor of the *Mail and Express* is making rapid strides in journalism. Beginning with the selection and transcribing of scriptural texts, he has improved his style by the composition of circulars to his employees demanding information as to their ages, conditions of life, personal habits, etc. And having thus acquired what Thackeray (how he would have loved 'the Shepherd') called "the trick of the pen," he has made a bold jump for fame, and appointed himself the traveling European correspondent of the *Mail and Express*, writing his letters, like many another correspondent, right here in New York. His first epistle, descriptive of things in Romania—just be particular about leaving out that u, if you please, Mr. Printer, for Colonel Shepard says so—has already appeared in his paper, and others will doubtless follow in due season.

The colonel writes under the *nom de plume* of Clio, which plunges us at once into a sea of doubt. For Clio was the illegitimate daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, and is also the name of a pteropodous mollusk without any shell—a sort of ready opened Little Neck clam. Now the wildest stretch of imagination couldn't convert the colonel into anybody's daughter. On the other hand—a clam without any shell?—we give it up. Perhaps he's a little of both, or may be somebody picked the name out for him. Anyway, that's his name.

The colonel's letter begins with a bit of history. In 1856, he tells us, the Turkish provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia were consolidated into the principality of Ro-

mania and General Couza was appointed the first prince.

He proved to be a benefactor of the country, for he gave the peasants two-thirds of the land of the country, requiring them to pay the old aristocracy for it by a series of taxes imposed upon the peasants and extending over a period of fifteen years.

Just how the country was benefited by the peasants being compelled "to pay the old aristocracy for it," we are left to imagine, for the colonel doesn't tell us. Also we are left in doubt as to what became of Mr. Couza. Clio doesn't say anything more about him, but goes on at once to narrate that "in 1866 Charles of the Hohenzollern Simiringen (it's Simiringen in our encyclopedia, but no matter) mediated family was placed upon the princely throne by the European powers." To this ruler the colonel pays the following glowing tribute:

He proved so efficient and energetic and popular that the principality resolved itself into a monarchy in the year 1881, and by the common consent of the powers the prince became King Charles I. of Romania, and has since continued to rule with vigor and applause, with the love of his people and the confidence of his neighbors.

A prince who rules with vigor and applause, to say nothing of the rest of it, is indeed worthy to be praised by a special correspondent, whether muse or mollusk. Then follows a description of the country and an account of the capital, whose name we are told is Bucuresti, which somehow reminds one of Dr. Helmhold. It also suggests that the king of Romania doesn't know the name of his own capital, since in the autograph letter which he got some other fellow to write for him to Colonel Shepard, and which was duly published in the *Mail and Express*, he wrote it Bucuresti.

The legislative body next demands attention, and is served up by Clio after this breathless fashion:

It is still thought sufficient to provide them a hall which will not comfortably seat more than one-half of their number (after the manner of the British Houses of Lords and Commons), and a crowded and corn-hurting condition of things is the result, with a pushing for seats and a perching of some members upon the friendly knees of their fellows, and the dodging around some of the many pillars of the building when one of them desires to address the President, and the furious ringing of his bell almost constantly during the session calling for order, and the sobbing shouts of several secretaries going on while members simultaneously demand hearing from different parts of the house, and latter themselves in their frantic and heated efforts to be heard, and only sure of that when drawing laughter by a joke, or hisses by attacking somebody or something.

The custom of lathering themselves in order to attract the president's attention is certainly a curious one. But it is far from being the only extraordinary thing to be seen in Bucuresti. There is a church there that no traveler ought to miss.

In the same inclosure with the palace of the legislature are the old church and much finer palace of Prince-Archbishop Calcutin Milescu, the Greek metropolitan, the stumpy colonnade of the church being terribly and hideously frescoed with souls burning in purgatory, as if in warning to all who join such a church that they may know what to expect hereafter, and had better keep out of it entirely.

Frescoed with burning souls! Great Scott! Where are the missionaries? No wonder the colonel puts a text in his paper every day, after visiting a church like that!

Then we get this somewhat incomprehensible extract from a railway guide:

The Oriental express train from London, Paris, Munich, Vienna and Bucharest, passes through here to Simarada, on the Danube, about forty-four miles south of Bucuresti, where it terminates, and the rest of the journey is made by a ferry boat across the river to Rucschin in Bulgaria, thence along a rough railroad through the beautiful country of the Balkan mountains to Varna, on the Black sea, and thence by steamship, ninety miles, to Constantinople.

"Passes through here"—"the rest of the journey"—"Varna on the Black sea." Give it up. But never mind. Clio is just coming to the king, and no wonder she—or he—found it, what is the proper pronoun?—is a little excited.

Through the good offices of the Hon. Fulton Paul of New York, our recent able republican representative at Bucuresti (repeated by a democrat who needed to be reformed by an office, we had the honor of an audience with the king).

There's some mystery about this. Was the colonel introduced by the reformed democrat, replacing the Hon. Fulton Paul? Or did the Hon. Fulton leave word with the king to look out for the colonel? It's like the fifteen puzzle. But it is fairly matched by this tremendous sentence which immediately follows it:

Sir William White, the British Ambassador, has also been very attentive to Americans, and has studied the political situation in the East so long and so thoroughly here, that upon the failure of Sir Edward Thornton to secure success with the astute diplomats of the powers at the Sublime Porte, he was transferred from this to the still more cultivated Americans, and does everything in his power to extend the praise of British free trade to the absolute death of every Turkish manufacturing interest, except a little needle embroidery work by the women, in which they spend their lives for less than a subsistence.

If the reader will excuse us, we'd rather not say anything about this little matter. We would like to, but there are too many snags.

So Clio saw the king, who speaks English perfectly, for the following extraordinary reason:

The King has practiced with Dr. Young, a resident American dentist living near the palace, while playing billiards with him, so that speaking English is not as hard with His Majesty as pulling teeth. Dr. Young has become as necessary and useful to him as Dr. Evans, of Paris, another American dentist, did to the Empress Eugenie.

Good Lord!

Like a true American as he is, the colonel struck the king for a trade at once, and succeeded in booking his order for a copy of the United States revised Statutes, 1 vol., full Russia, edition 1881. Having transacted this business, the king sent a servant to tell the queen there was an American in the parlor she might like to

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Hamatreya.
 Ralph Waldo Emerson.
 Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam,
 Flint,
 Possessed the land which rendered to their
 soil
 Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and
 wood.
 Each of these landlords walked amidst his
 farm.
 Saying, "This mine, my children's, and my
 name's
 How sweet the west wind sounds in my own
 trees!
 How graceful climb those shadows on my
 hill!
 I fancy these pure waters and the flags
 Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
 And I affirm, my actions smack of the soil."
 Where are these men? Asleep beneath their
 grounds;
 And strangers, fond as they, their furrows
 plow.
 Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful
 boys
 Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not
 theirs!
 Who steer the plow, but cannot steer their
 feet
 Clear of the grave.
 They added right to valley, brook to pond,
 And asked for all that bounded their domain;
 "This suits me for a pasture; that's my park;
 We must have clay, lime, gravel, granite-
 stone,
 And every lowland, where to go for peat.
 The land is well-laid fairly to the south.
 This good, when you have crossed the sea and
 back,
 To find the stiffest acres where you left
 them."
 Ah! the hot owner sees not Death, who adds
 him to his land, a lump of mould the more.
 Hear what the Earth says:

EARTH SONG.

Mine and yours;
 Mine, not yours.
 Earth endures;
 Stars abide—
 Shine down in the old sea;
 Old are the shores;
 But where are old men?
 I who have seen much,
 Such have I never seen.

The lawyer's deed
 Ran sure,
 In toil,
 To them, and to their heirs
 Who shall succeed,
 Without fail,
 Forevermore.

Here is the land,
 Shaggy with wood,
 With its old valley,
 Mound, and flood.
 But the heritors!
 Fled like the flood's foam—
 The lawyer, and the laws,
 And the kingdom,
 Clean swept hercom.

They called me theirs,
 Who so controlled me,
 Yet every one
 Wished to stay, and is gone.
 How am I theirs,
 If they cannot hold me,
 But I hold them!

When I heard the Earth-song,
 I was no longer brave;
 My voice cooled,
 Like lust in the chill of the grave.

THE STORY OF MY EXILE.

I am not a Russian, nor an Irishman, nor an Englishman, nor a European of any kind, in fact, I am just a native born New Yorker, son, grandson and great grandson of preceding New Yorkers, reaching back to the old colonial days. Nor am I the victim of any tribal, legal or illegal. I have never been tried for treason, I have not been assisted away by the authorities of my parish, I have not even had sentence on me suspended by a police justice on condition of leaving my native city. Yet I am just as truly an exile as though I had been ignominiously carried forth in chains, or bundled into the between decks of an emigrant ship. I was a citizen of New York, with an honest liking for my native city, proud of her greatness, regretful for her faults, honestly anxious for her welfare. I have been deprived of my citizenship, thrust forth by way of the Communipaw ferry, and compelled to content myself with a residence and citizenship in the state of New Jersey. If that isn't being an exile, I don't know what is.

What nonsense is the man talking? As though anybody could be forced to leave New York and go to live in New Jersey if he didn't want to? My good friend, I'm telling you the exact sober truth. I left New York, not because I wanted to, but because the men who own New York were not willing that I should stay, save upon conditions with which I could not possibly comply. I have been as literally forced out of my native state as ever a Russian was out of the country of his birth. And if you will do me the favor to read these lines that follow, I will try in my simple way to tell you the story—how I was forced to go, where I went to, and how I am faring there.

I may claim that, in a modest way, I and my forbears have done, as good citizens should, our share in promoting the growth and prosperity of New York. We have not been mayors, or aldermen, or even chairmen of ward committees; but on the other hand there have been no paupers among us, and none of us has been caught stealing. We have just lived along in an honest, quiet, middle class sort of a way, working moderately hard, making no great fuss about it, and doing our best to bring up our children to be good citizens. I suppose I was the first of the family to awaken to a sense of the fact that while all this was very praiseworthy and moral, it was a line of conduct that was sure, sooner or later, to end in disaster. For while we were making shoes, and practicing medicine, and freighting ships, and in one way and another doing our share to promote the general prosperity, another lot of fellows were literally cutting the ground from beneath our feet, and charging us so much every year for the mere privilege of living in the city that we fondly spoke of as "ours." Up to my time this tax, though sufficiently burdensome, was not absolutely crushing. But within the last few years it increased to such an extent as to become insupportable. There was no help for it. I had to give up my home and flee.

Here is my case. I earn, by pretty hard work, just about the same annual income that my father did at my age. I have the same sized family to support that he had. It costs me just about the same for food and clothing that it did him. But whereas he was able to hire a good large house in

a pleasant street for about a third of his income, I cannot get anything like the same accommodation for less than a third of my yearly earnings. And if I insist on making my expense for house hire as small as his used to be I find myself compelled to crowd my whole tribe into a little, inconvenient and unwholesome flat, in a by no means desirable neighborhood, and to let my children make a play ground of the street. The owners of New York have raised the charge for the privilege of living in New York away beyond my means. They refuse to let me stay there, except on condition that I consent to sink very materially in the social scale; they drive me out of the city of my birth with the threat that if I don't go my children shall be reduced to the status of tenement house dwellers. The difference between this driving an American citizen forth from his native place by threats of worse things to befall him if he stays, and conducting a Russian subject to the frontier, and warning him to stay abroad on pain of punishment, is only a difference of degree. The Russian and I may not be in the same boat, but the boats we occupy are certainly very much alike.

It was a little more than a year ago that I decided to accept my sentence of exile. Where to go, was the question. I had no special predilections or knowledge of localities to determine me. There was only one thing essential; wherever I should go must be sufficiently near New York to allow me to attend to my business in the city every day. The kindness of a friend, who offered me the use of his house in Elizabeth for the summer, decided the matter. I stored my furniture, took possession of my friend's house, and postponed the question of my final settlement until the fall.

Long before the summer was over I made up my mind that wherever I might finally pitch my tent, it shouldn't be in Elizabeth. I have no wish to speak unkindly of a town whose hospitality I have enjoyed. But the Jersey mosquito is so far the superior of man that he can go pretty much where he will without asking permission of any lord of the soil; and he shows his good taste by frequenting Elizabeth to an extent inconceivable to anyone who hasn't seen him there. I have seen him there, and found him unbearable.

But it would hardly be correct to say that the mosquitoes prevented my settling in Elizabeth. For it is pretty certain that if there were no mosquitoes there the rents would be beyond my moderate means. Elizabeth is a large city, prettily laid out, with well paved streets, horse railways, plenty of churches, stores in abundance, and, in short, all the conveniences of civilization. Two railways connect it with New York. Trains are frequent, fare moderate, and the time to the city by express is only half an hour. Take away the mosquitoes and rents would double within a year; and even then, unless I am much mistaken, the influx of exiles from New York would be so great that they would double again within another year. The Elizabeth mosquito is really an unconscious philanthropist. He makes it possible for a great many poor men to have comfortable homes without going too far from a center of civilization. Elizabeth tenants may not realize it, but the little songster that they curse so heartily really pays liberally for all the blood he takes. The whyness of the mosquito has ceased to be a mystery to me since I spent a summer in Elizabeth. He is nature's ameliorator of landlordism.

Before the summer was over my wife paid a visit to Plainfield, and was loud in her praises. An interview with a real estate agent followed. He had the very house to suit us—just completed, all modern conveniences, rent extremely moderate. We went to look at the house, found it all it had been represented, made some searching inquiries about mosquitoes, and signed a lease for a year from the following May on the spot. The place of our exile was settled at last. I was to become a citizen of Plainfield.

And now that I have lived here through the winter, the spring and a good part of the summer, how do I like it? That depends upon the point of view. It is a horrible inconvenience to have to spend four hours a day in depots, ferry boats and cars. It is a nuisance to feel myself tied down to fixed hours of going and coming—to know that I must be at the depot by a certain minute or suffer a serious delay. I have a queer feeling of going out of civilization every night and returning to it every morning. For these reasons I am inclined to grumble at my exile. Yet when I reflect that these very inconveniences make it possible for me to live in Plainfield—that if they didn't exist I could no more afford to live here than in New York, I grow contented again, and possess my mind in philosophic peace. For what we who live in Plainfield buy from the owners of Plainfield is chiefly the privilege of going to New York and coming back again. There are other conveniences, of course, that we get charged for; but that is the principal one. Take off half the trains, and rents here would fall prodigiously; wipe the railroads out of existence altogether, and land would well nigh go a-begging. On the other hand, let the train service be more frequent and more rapid, and men like myself would have to take up our staves again, and travel further off in search of less accessible locations. The same effects would be produced by the raising or lowering of the commutation rate. If the Central railroad of New Jersey were to turn over a new leaf, and make transportation between Plainfield and New York free, the benefit to me would be of only a few months' duration; for on the first of next May my rent would most assuredly advance by at least the present cost of commutation.

Rents here vary inversely as the distance from the depot; five minutes' walk, so much; ten minutes' walk, so much less. There is, I am sorry to say, a very excellent hack service at moderate prices, which tends to raise the value of the more distant lands. I seldom take a hack myself, not feeling able to afford it; but I am fully conscious that I have to pay for the hack system, all the same. My rent would be lower were there not a hack in the city. The house I occupy is about fifteen min-

utes' brisk walk from the depot, on the outskirts of the city. I was fortunate in finding it. It stands alone on an unpaved street and is immediately opposite the localities of the city scavenger. The peculiarities of the course, mitigate the rent, and are so far blessings. The agent who showed me the house stated that next year the gas and electric light systems would be extended to my street, when of course the rent would be raised. I am happy to say that up to this writing neither of these improvements has been made, and I am not without hopes that the first of next May will find them still undone. I am perfectly satisfied to burn kerosene and to feel my way homeward along the unlighted street in the dark winter nights. I save five dollars a month by enduring these trifling inconveniences; and five dollars is five dollars.

I often wonder in my idle castle-building moments why it is that the men who control the railways running out of New York don't utilize their power to create land values to a greater extent than they do. They exploit the coal lands along their routes; why the deuce don't they exploit the residential lands as well? Suppose, for instance, that the Central road, having first got possession of the surrounding farms, should establish a new station and run lightning trains between it and New York every hour? Why, they could build up a city in no time. And if they were wise enough to withdraw the fast trains from Plainfield and other places already settled—to give them poor depot accommodations, and if necessary a few well managed accidents—they could mightily soon freeze out all the land owners along the line, and have things in their own hands completely. And a special advantage of this system would be that the railroad people could reduce their fares, especially their commutation rates, to almost nothing at all, and still lose nothing by it. For the lower they made the fares the higher would go the land values; and thus what they might take out of one pocket would be returned to the other, and a vast amount of unpopularity and statutory interference be saved.

In an easy going, half hearted sort of way, the railway folks are showing that they have caught a glimmering of these truths. At the neighboring station of Fanwood they have bought up most of the land around the depot and are slowly collecting a profitable population; but what they are doing there is a mere scratching of the surface as compared with mining in earnest. For they give to Fanwood tenants no special privileges in the way of train service or otherwise; indeed, they let the expressmen from Plainfield go thundering past while the Fanwoodites are left to the inferior service of the local trains. But some day a railroad manager will arise who will see how easily a dense population may be built up along thirty miles of road and a heavy and increasing tax levied upon it. When that manager does come to the front, he will make his railway more valuable than the elevated roads now are.

There is considerable talk here of a horse railway, and petitions are lying round waiting signatures at the drug stores and other places, praying the city council to grant the franchise to some responsible parties unnamed, but presumed to be existent. I haven't signed that petition, and I don't intend to. It would be very handy for me to be able to jump into the horse cars and ride home, instead, perhaps, of trudging through snow or rain. But I would rather keep on walking. For I know perfectly well that if that horse railroad is built I shall have to pay not only when I ride on it, but when I don't ride on it, too. My landlord will charge me so much a year for the privilege of using it, though he may not have a cent invested in it. He will explain that the building of the road has made his property just so much the more valuable, and of course he must get interest on his "capital."

A little town like this is a regular kindergarten of political economy. Things are amazingly simplified, and the connection between cause and effect is far more easily traced than in a great city like New York. The man who comes here looking for a house to live in learns in a very practical manner that every convenience tends to raise his rent, while every inconvenience is equivalent to a reduction. He is charged for proximity to the depot, for the well paved streets, for the electric lights, for the numerous churches, for the water under ground and the air overhead; even the strong temperance sentiment of the community is reckoned up against him and charged for. The agent, as he shows the house, glibly recites all these advantages as part of what he proposes to rent to the tenant at so much a month. On the other hand, the stores are excessively high in their prices; the daily New York papers are sold at an extra cent each, and the Sunday papers at all sorts of figures; some of the streets are all but impassable in heavy rains—I am not drawing an indictment of Plainfield, and why enlarge the list of its defects? The agent doesn't state these drawbacks with the noble candor that he shows as he runs over the advantages; but they lessen the rents, all the same. If the new comers are ignorant of the fact the tenants already here are not; and in the annual higgling of the market every disadvantage is made to count. The agent into whose hands I fell—and a very pleasant and obliging fellow he was—was distinctly silent about that scavenger's establishment across the way. But I am morally certain that if the scavenger's establishment had not been there I should have been asked a higher rent. Another piece of luck for me was the fact that at that time a gang of firebugs was rampant in Plainfield. This of course made the place less desirable and tended to reduce rents. The firebugs have since been caught and sent to jail; but the scavenger, I am happy to say, still flourishes, and shows no signs of going to jail or anywhere else.

There are mosquitoes in Plainfield. The agent assured me there were none, but I know better now. I can't say I am sorry for it. They are not so numerous as to render life absolutely unendurable, but there are enough of them to create a prejudice against the place in the minds of many who might otherwise

come here to live. So far they are a blessing, and I am thankful for them. I could wish there were fewer flies, and would even be willing to pay an extra dollar a month to be delivered from them. But we mustn't presume to criticize providence and measure our blessings. A few mosquitoes and too many flies are better by far than no flies and no mosquitoes at all. As to malaria, I am still in doubt; it may be here and it may not. Some of my family have had chills, which is a hopeful sign; but still they may not have contracted them here. A little malaria—not enough to endanger life, or make it too much of a burden—say a malaria that could be kept down with two or three grains of quinine a day—would be quite a boon.

It is curious to observe the manner in which a town like this extends itself. It moves along like a kangaroo, leaping from place to place in prodigious bounds. First a stretch of vacant land, and then a house; then another stretch and another house; and so on. And as the outskirts move farther and farther afield, the vacant spaces behind are gradually filled up with dwellings. My own residence, for instance, is well within the city limits, and there are quite a number of dwellings beyond it, yet on three sides it is surrounded by vacant lots and fields, and almost within a stone's throw of my front door they have just been reaping rye. The advantages of this method of extension are obvious. A dozen new houses, built reasonably close together, and close to the already settled portion of the town, would enhance the value of a very limited area of land; but the same houses, erected at intervals of five hundred or a thousand feet, will increase the value of an immense extent of territory. Of course this plan adds hugely to the public expenses. There is more street surface to be paved and lighted, and more length of gas mains to be laid; but so long as the unoccupied spaces are assessed as farming land, the net result is a distinct gain—to the men who own the vacant spaces.

Well, it's queer, isn't it, that the effect of our civilization should be to make a man regard mosquitoes and malaria as a blessing, and a scavenger's establishment across the way as something to be thankful for? It's queer, isn't it, that a citizen of a growing town should be anxious for it to stop growing; that he should deprecate such an improvement as a horse railroad, and dread to see the electric light and the gas service brought into his neighborhood? It is queer. But it's queer, my good friend, only because you haven't taken the trouble to look at the matter from the point of view of my interest—and, very possibly, of your interest, too. I like Plainfield—not as well as my native city, of course, but well enough to keep on living there. I want a home. I want to feel that I am settled—not for a year or two merely, but for the rest of my life. I am tired of being thrust round from pillar to post, from house to house, from one flat to another, each a little more inconvenient than the last. I want to stay where I am. And I know perfectly well that mosquitoes, and malaria, and scavenger's yards, and high priced stores, and firebugs, and other disguised blessings of that kind, are all working together for my good, to secure me the privilege that my native city has forbidden me to enjoy within her limits—the blessing of a home. I know, too, that the horse railroad, and the electric light, and the gas service, and the swifter trains to New York, will all be so many notices to me to pack up my belongings and move away. I don't want to move. I want to be let alone. I have accepted my sentence of exile, and only ask to be left in peace with my mosquitoes.

T. L. MCCREADY.

Justice and the Protective Principle.
 The following letter from William Lloyd Garrison appeared in the Boston Advertiser during a controversy over protection in the columns of that paper some months ago:

In reply to your editorial of to-day on "Fidelity and Protection," let me admit that I am open to your charge of asserting the antagonism between Christianity and the protective principle, painful as it is to be convicted thereof of "softening" the truth. While exceptional among the tariff reformers in my treatment of the question of free trade, and speaking for myself alone, my sins are visited freely upon the heads of my co-offending associates. The tariff question is many-sided. Against your dictum that it is "an economical question, pure and simple," I place the utterance of Mr. Gladstone: "I warn and entreat you never to assume the question of free commerce as if it were a material question alone. It is just as strong in its political, in its social and in its moral aspects as it is in its operation upon the production and increase of wealth." Purely economic considerations are certainly interesting, but to me the ethical or moral treatment is more attractive, and to my mind more effective. Discussed politically, the issue is often obscured because of party prejudice, and reason is replaced by passion. From a strictly economic standpoint, statistics and facts are confusing to minds not conversant with authorities or trained to discriminate. Both may be used to falsify the truth, and even intelligent people are bewildered by conflicting both sides of the question aptly presented. But, approached from the side of justice, how simple to the common mind! It needs no academic learning, no rejuggling tables of figures. It can be adjudicated to the humble households by plain men and women—the common people—upon whom the country always relies in the last appeal.

If a protective tariff violates the golden rule or conflicts with the universal truths accepted by humanity, it is to be condemned at the bar of morals. You ask, "In what possible way can religion demand that a pair of shoes shall be made in Brussels rather than in Boston?" The question is disingenuous. It is no petty pique. So stated, religion has obviously nothing to do with it. But if a pair of shoes can be made cheaper in Brussels than in Boston, what moral right has the Boston shoemaker to procure an enactment forbidding the following citizens to pay him more for the same article that they would have to pay the foreigner? In other words, natural rights are infringed by the partial laws which rob the many to enrich the one. If religion does not concern itself with such protection, it forgets its duty. You ask me further, "By what process of reasoning will Mr. Garrison make it appear that a thirty-five per cent duty on pocket knives is apostrophe, while one of fifty per cent is diaboli?" I have never reasoned to make it so appear. As one who pleads for the abolition of all restrictive duties, I rejoice to see any step taken in the right direction, and therefore earnestly hope for the passage of the Mills bill. The adjectives used are the advertiser's, not mine. You say, "The golden rule requires that each neighbor shall treat all others with that justice, kindness and forbearance that he wishes others to show toward him. But whether or not to what extent one man shall trade with another man, or one nation shall trade with another nation, is a practical concern, which every-

body has a perfect right to decide for himself, and with which the golden rule has nothing to do." The confusion of statement lies in the assumption that nations trade with each other. Nations never trade. It is only individuals who trade, and as morality knows nothing of geographical boundaries or distinction of race, there must still exist the same balance of rights between men who are at the antipodes of each other as though they were next door neighbors. Their golden rule has everything to do with the case. As long as my treatment of the spirit of protection finds such responses as that of the Advertiser I shall be encouraged to continue it. Unreason and idiocy do not call for editorial protests. They may be left to perish unnoticed; but when the ethical insistence of the wrongfulness of protection makes editors angry or disconcerted, I must be persuaded of its efficacy. "I should suspect," says old Fuller, "that his preaching had salt in it, if no galled horse did wince."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A Dense Population, but no Poverty and no Labor Question.

Correspondence Reynolds's Weekly, London.

On February 20th, during the passage from San Francisco to England, in the *barque* *Colesworth*, Captain Kitchen, an Englishman, was in the *Pittsburg* island, where are living most of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. It was about dusk when we neared the island, and we saw a light moving upon the waters, and soon after a beacon fire, the captain decided to leave to, and in a short time we observed a whaleboat named the *Admiral* Drew coming alongside, with a crew of twelve men, among whom were James Russell, McCoy (the chief magistrate), and Elias and Ernest Christian, grandsons of Fletcher Christian, who was master's mate on the *Bounty* and leader of the mutiny. On their coming on board we saw men who, in point of stature would be a credit to the guards regiment at home. The only defect I noticed was in their teeth, which in many cases were badly decayed, and in some gone altogether. Their complexions are slightly dark, and they speak excellent English. Of course their clothes were not of the best, but those they wore were clean and tidy, and in the shape of headgear I noticed several brass bound caps, obtained from apprentices of the vessels they had boarded. They brought a fine supply of oranges, bananas, pumpkins, etc.; also a few novelties in the shape of fancy baskets, wreaths of dried flowers and shells, and in return gave them flour, biscuits, old clothes, fish hooks, and many little articles, which were as acceptable to them as the fruit was to us. At the time of our calling there were 112 inhabitants, of whom about three-fourths were women and children. They are well supplied with books, and have a good school and church, in the latter of which is an organ, purchased with the money sent out by her majesty some time since. They appear to be a very religious body of people, keeping Saturday as their Sabbath, and I believe they approach the Wesleyan doctrine nearer than any other. The island is only about two and a quarter miles long by one mile broad, most of it rising to a height of one thousand feet, but there are some fertile valleys in the center, with good spring water. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John Mills, of *Bounty* fame, died in 1883, aged ninety-three years, she being the second person born on the island. After remaining on board about three hours they descended to their boat, and sang six hymns and the national anthem, the harmony at all times being very good. After exchanging three cheers, they departed for the shore, and many of us even envied their quiet and peaceful existence.

The Way to Benefit All Manufacturers Who Do Not Belong to a Trust.

Virginia, N. H., Chronicle.

Excluding consideration of all else but manufacturers in our country, and thinking only of increasing their profits and welfare, what should congress do about taxation? Should it not release from federal taxes whatever our manufacturers work upon or work with?

A. J. STEERS,

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