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NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

"EIDER," November 18, 1888.

I write on the seas, but under the flag of the German empire. For the American who nowadays crosses the Atlantic must leave the jurisdiction of his own country as he leaves the land. There are a variety of foreign flags under which he may sail, but "protection to American industry" has made it impossible that he should sail under the American flag.

The Eider, though owned by a German company and manned by a German crew, was not built in Germany, but on the Clyde. German "protection" is not so thoroughly destructive as ours. It makes the cost of building ships higher than it ought to be in Germany; it least allows the German subject to buy ships where he can get them best and cheapest, and to sail them under his own flag.

This the American citizen cannot do. "Protection" will permit him neither to build ships at home nor buy them abroad. At least, if he does buy them, he must continue to sail them under a foreign flag. And so today, though a number of the trans-Atlantic steamers that sail in and out of New York harbor are owned, in whole or in part, by American capitalists, they sail under foreign flags, are commanded by foreign captains, manned by foreign crews, and are liable, in case of war, to be called into the service of foreign governments. This within less than a generation, the flag that once floated over the best and fleetest ships on every sea, has been absolutely excluded from the great routes of ocean commerce. Stealing the harbor of New York, as carried, as an act of courtesy, the American flag at the fore, but the black, white and red of Germany floated proudly in the place of significance at the stern. And as day by day our captain has pointed the ship's position on the chart, and up to our information, he has done us American passengers the compliment of affirming a pre-eminence for American flags with a parading a little tin German flag. But this is the only time and the only way in which we see it. When we discover a little streak of smoke on the horizon, and then the masts of another ocean traveler, we speculate as to whether the stranger is an English steamer, a French steamer, a German or a Dutch steamer. But no one ever dreams of speculating as to its being an American steamer. Most of our passengers are German speaking. They all seem to take a pride in this German ship, that is none the less because she was built in Scotland. Everyone of them with whom I have had any talk has taken occasion to ask me how I like the German line—and whether I don't find it more comfortable than the British steamers or the French steamers. No one of them has asked me how I like the German line as compared with the steamers of my own country. They would as readily think of asking that of a Chinaman. And citizen of the world, though I like to think myself, I confess this galls me. For my most vivid recollections of the sea are of a time when we firmly believed that the young republic of the west was the destined mistress of the ocean. Now even Germany is ahead of us. "Protection" has done for us what we once thought would be beyond the power of the combined navies of the world, and has swept our flag from the ocean.

The Eider is a good, comfortable ship, moderately fast as ocean steamers now go; she has run on the short days of the Eastern passage an average of 380 miles and could easily run away from any American naval vessel or overhaul any American merchantman. Like the rest of the large fleet of steamers which the

North German Lloyd are now running without any subsidy, she was built in Scotland. But the elaborate decorations of her saloon are unquestionably by German artists, and from the bronzed sea dog who commands her, to the little Bremerhaven boys who are making their first voyage, her crew are German. And a good, sailorly looking set they are. The boys especially interest me; they recall the time when "the change and the charm of a sailor's life" stirred my boyish imagination. American boys don't go to sea now. "Protection to American industry" has shut up to them that opening to active navies.

The great and distinguishing glory of the Eider is, however, her band. This, composed of the second cabin stewards, plays as a brass band morning and afternoon on the promenade decks, and as a string band performs selections from popular operas in the cabin during the hour and a half in which an elaborate dinner is every day served in the main saloon. And most excellent music do they discourse, their only reward, beyond the enjoyment they evidently take in it themselves, being a subscription from the passengers as the ship draws near port.

The pleasure travel of Americans that crowd these steamers from spring to late autumn is now over, and our saloon passengers consist for the most part of American buyers going to the continent of Europe to purchase goods. So far is it from true that foreigners stand ready to "deluge" us with their goods. Most of them are veteran travelers who cross the ocean twice or more every year for the purpose of buying goods, which it is the purpose of our tariff to keep out. One of them tells me that this is his 16th passage.

Much of the talk and much of the thought on shipboard is of speedier means of crossing the ocean, of the great improvements that of late years have been made and of the greater improvements that are expected. One cannot note how easily the porters, who once in a while have gambled about our bows, slip by when they choose, and how the gulls that circle about our wake shoot ahead when the mood takes them, without realizing that it may yet be within the power of human ingenuity to make the fastest ships of the present seem slow. And the protectionists, of whom we have some, seem to join in these speculations with as much interest as the free traders. One Philadelphia protectionist who in utter disregard of the interests of American merchant and other industries, is going abroad for his health, taking with him his whole family and several servants, was talking with me the other day as we watched the water being thrust aside in waves at the bow, and the long line of white which marked the ship's motion on the ship's side, that he thought it might be possible to anchor a line of tubs in still water a couple of hundred feet below the surface, and run a cable of iron or steel from the tubs to the ship. He thought it worth while to build such a tub, and then block up its ends with custom houses. He admitted that this was somewhat impracticable in itself, but he had forgotten about his protection while thinking of his tub. But he quickly recovered, and said that, tube or no tube, we must keep up protection for the sake of our American workingmen. How grateful he ought to be to the protected American workingman.

So my thought runs and so the talk goes. It is evident even on this ship that American protection has not even won a truce by the election of Harrison. As for us to whom the fight against protection is only the beginning of the struggle for the single tax, we have gained all that we most desired—the opening of the great question of taxation as related not merely to the general prosperity but to the rate of wages; to the distribution as well as to the production of wealth. During the political campaign we have improved the magnificent opportunity it afforded us to stimulate inquiry and affect thought, and we have come out of it not merely stronger in numbers, but far more hopeful and better organized than we went into it.

It is clear from the experience we have gained that we do not need to attempt the formation of a party; but that our true policy is simply to propagate our ideas and to throw our strength from time to time with the party that comes nearest to going our way. We need no organization save such as will enable us to know each other, and to co-operate on occasion. The enrollment which was begun during the last campaign, and a committee such as was formed in New York for the purpose of pushing this enrollment, making arrangements for meetings, etc., serve our purpose. This enrollment ought now to be continued and pushed with renewed vigor, and in every

locality where we have even a few single tax men some similar local committees for purposes of correspondence, etc., ought to be formed. If we can keep alive, as a sort of general committee of correspondence and organization, the committee, which under the chairmanship of Mr. William T. Crossdale did such good work during the campaign, it will be a most efficient agency in better organization and future work. To do this, as it should be done, some regular income will be needed; for which purpose enough can doubtless be raised by subscription.

Now that the national campaign is over the way is clear for pushing the work that our Texas friends have found so effective—that of petition. The advantage of the petition is not merely in the ready way it affords of showing strength, not merely in the effect it has upon the legislative body to which it is addressed, but in the opportunity it affords for the work of individual propaganda. It gives an easy means of approaching people on the subject, of discovering friends who might not otherwise be known, and of planting the seed of thought in minds that could not otherwise be reached. In a number of our states, petitions like that of the Texas men have already been started. As these are to be presented to the local legislatures, and according as the state constitutions differ in respect to the requirement for the equal taxation of all property must differ in the different states, they will need to be managed by state committees. But while pushing forward on state lines for the exemption of personal property and improvements from local taxation, and the raising of local taxes from land values, the national line, now that the question of national taxation has been fairly opened, offers too many advantages to be neglected. A petition to congress that will indicate the belief of its signers that all taxes that fall on the products of labor should be abolished, and public revenues raised by the taxation of land values, will afford the readiest means of concentrating our strength and taking advantage of the discussion that has been opened on the tariff question. Some proposals looking to this, and to the future carrying on of the work of propaganda, will doubtless be presented through THE STANDARD before I get back, or possibly before this reaches New York. I should like to suggest to our friends in Canada that they take steps to move along the same line. As to what our friends in this side of the Atlantic are doing and propose to do, I shall have more to say in another week as I now write with the southern shore of England in view.

HENRY GEORGE.

FOR A STATE CONFERENCE IN OHIO.

The Executive Board of the Single Tax League Issues a Call for a Meeting in January.

The following statement speaks for itself: TO OHIO SINGLE TAX MEN.

The single tax men of Ohio met in conference at Dayton, Ohio, on the 15th of September, 1888. The conference resolved itself into a permanent body and delegated its powers to an executive board. The board was instructed to call another conference to meet in Columbus in January, 1889, and to surrender its power at that time.

In accordance with these instructions we call a general conference of all believers in the single tax system, and who believe in the policy of Henry George, to meet in the city of Columbus on the 10th day of January, 1889. It is important that there be a good attendance. We must compel a recognition of the single tax in the issues of this state next year. The experience of Ohio has proved that the present system of taxation is wrong; and the discussion of a revision of this system has already commenced. We must come together and arrange our future plan of campaign, and make our state organization more effective, and arrange to put ourselves in a position to take the initiative in the organization. Messrs. Henry George and Thomas C. Searman will address the legislature on the evening of January 9.

It is requested that those who will attend the conference notify the secretary of such intention. Particulars relating to the conference can be had on application. By order of the executive board.

C. S. WALKER, chairman.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Up in British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Nov. 28.—The single tax men are sorry, but not discouraged at the result of the presidential election. We feel that your fight is our fight. "Progress" has hardly managed to bring "poverty" here yet, but it is a fair way to do so. Time is therefore ripe for action, and we have formed an organization called the New Westminster tax reform association. There are five of us, one being a lady. We are not numerous, but we see the cat.

ALEX. HAMILTON.

An After Dinner Topic.

The report of the superintendent of the Columbia county, New York, alms house shows that the cost of pauper support for the year ending November 1 was \$14,855, the weekly cost per capita being \$1.89. The average number of unfortunate kept on this sum during the year was 156. It is said there is not another county in the state in which paupers are kept so cheaply.

THE SECOND MESSAGE.

It is distinctly the second message. The second state paper of a new political era. And the second is better than the first. What President Cleveland's message of a year ago but faintly, almost timidly, suggested, this message of this year boldly proclaims.

Poverty in the midst of plenty, is its keynote. "Fortunes never dreamed of by the fathers of the republic," and men "madly striving in the race for riches," while "immense aggregations of capital" outrun the imagination in the magnitude of their undertakings, make a "bright picture of our country's growth and prosperity." Other statesmen have proudly looked upon this picture and as proudly described it; but to Grover Cleveland it remained alone to make that "darker scrutiny," which, even to the eye of the rich and powerful "develops a sombre shading." He, if not the first to see it at least the first among them all to describe "the wealth and luxury of our cities mingled with poverty and wretchedness and unremunerative toil."

Had the defeat in November made us doubt the wisdom of the policy we adopted last winter, this message would be a reassurance. Then, in the introduction of the tariff debate, pitifully small as was the proposed reduction, we saw the thin end of the wedge. It was not merely a tariff question, it was the labor question. Month by month as the agitation went on this became more apparent. Percentages and schedules were lost in the shadow of the greater issue. Tariff reduction, protective tariff or revenue tariff, protection or free trade, the law of wages, the conflict of labor and privilege. These were the steps that followed successively in the campaign and now culminated in that supreme problem, poverty in the midst of plenty, to which the president in his message points.

This condition is not a natural condition. It is produced by unjust legislation. And it is in the repeal of such legislation that the solution is to be found. But it is not within the province of a federal executive to indicate all the unjust legislation to which this "bright picture" with "a sombre shading" is to be traced. It is only respecting federal legislation that he can recommend reform. And this he does.

The government, he writes, is under bond to the people to deal with them "in a manner scrupulously honest and fair and absolutely just," and asks how this bond has been kept. The answer he gives is as simple as true. Tribute is not limited to the necessities of economical administration; but millions are exacted which in demand in the treasury, thus adding to extortion the danger of profligate and extravagant expenditure. "And the same laws by which these results are produced permit millions more to be added to the living expenses of our people to swell the profits of a small but powerful monopoly. Upon this he justly accuses the government of entering into partnership with favorites, to their advantage and the injury of a vast majority of the people, and demands that the existing evils and injustices of federal taxation be honestly recognized, boldly met, and effectively remedied."

This message falls short in its specific recommendations of what we who would grapple the tree of privilege could wish. But it is far in advance of the first message since he was last here. His meetings have been crowded. At one 1,100 attentive listeners stood packed close together in a small hall for two hours while he talked. At another meeting some 500 persons were present to hear Mr. George, and most of them the acquaintances of the Chicago dynamiters, were told plainly it was because he did not care for them, and that force was no remedy. As I called this Mr. George is being entertained at a banquet by his friends in London, and there is much enthusiasm and joy.

LOUIS F. POST.

Attention! South Carolina Men!

CHARLESTON, S. C.—STANDARD readers in this city, as well as throughout the state, are requested to communicate with the undersigned with a view to forming some organization for future work.

Party lines are weakening, and if the republican administration prove as astute as is suggested, ignoring the colored voters and filling the federal offices from white protectionists, the solid south will be a thing of the past. It will then be for the single tax men, allied with free traders and tariff reformers, to take up the banner of real democracy.

Whatever the future has in store, we should at least know each other. By meeting together, or at least corresponding, we shall encourage each other and lose that feeling of loneliness that in my case, at least, has often tempted me to give up the fight altogether, look out for number one, and let the world take care of itself.

STANDARD readers, shake off your apathy, throw false modesty aside, come out with your views, write to the papers, make a noise. Remember, the truth is on our side, and remember the scriptural story about the talents. When desired all communications will be held strictly confidential but otherwise ordered.

BENJ. ADAMS.

P. O. box 206 Charleston, S. C.

Congressman Oates' Plan.

NEW YORK.—Recognizing the fact that a protective tariff only benefits those who have for sale the thing protected, an ingenious plan has been devised by Congressman Oates of Alabama, by which American laborers may also participate in the benefits of the system. The plan is to put a tariff on imported workmen so that the home labor market will be restricted and Americans will be enabled to receive a higher price for their labor. This would tend to compensate them partly for the

higher prices they would have to pay for protected goods.

As the increase in the number of American laborers, however, through the natural birth rate is about five times that through immigration this compensation would necessarily be only partial. Competition between the increased number of workmen would soon reduce the high prices. The amount of products for sale can generally be kept not very far ahead of the demand. But the supply of men seems to be inexhaustible, and there has not yet been found any means to regulate it.

Representative Oates proposes a duty to be levied upon each alien coming into the United States. Mr. Oates ought to add a section to his bill levying a tax on every child born without sufficient means to support it until such time as it shall be able to take care of itself, in default of payment such child to be immediately sent back to the land of nowhere.

T. B. PRESTON.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS AND HENRY GEORGE.

How They Were Received by the English Radicals.

Regarding the reception which was given Henry George and William Saunders on their arrival in England, the London Star of Nov. 19 said:

The radicals of Southampton gave Mr. Henry George and Mr. William Saunders a hearty welcome. A deputation proceeded down the Southampton water on board the tender, consisting of members of the Radical association, and accompanied by Mr. T. P. Ward, representing the Land restoration league. Mr. Thomas Briggs, author of "Poverty and its Remedy," Mr. Samuel Saunders of Market Lavington and Mr. W. Warren of the Democrat. On approaching the vessel hearty cheers were raised by those on board the Eider. Members of the deputation then held a large type, "Welcome to Henry George," and another "Warren Has Resigned." Both Mr. George and Mr. Saunders looked extremely well, and had had a pleasant journey. Mr. George stated that he had come over for ten days rest. In parting company with the passengers on board the Eider Mr. George was cheered. Speaking of the presidential campaign: "We single tax men, as we call ourselves, went in for absolute freedom, without any restrictions or deductions of any kind, and in the full literal sense of the word. We have begun to fight, and have done good work. We are now beginning a campaign in which I hope we English speaking people will go forward shoulder to shoulder. (Applause.) What does good in one country will suit all others, in Canada and Australia, as well as in England and the United States. It only remains for us to vie with each other in emulation as to which country progresses furthest and fastest."

Henry George had a "reception" at Waterloo station. Walworth radicals went there with the band of the Westminster branch of the Irish national league, and a crowd of followers. The railway police, with a lot of Warrenians, made the band admittance. On the platform were gathered all the leading local politicians. The Rev. Stewart Headlam, with H. W. Lawson, M. P., were prominent in the crowd. At the time Henry George should have arrived a telegram was received saying the boat had been delayed by fog. So there was a long wait. As the crowd grew the police had orders to clear the platform, which they did civilly enough, telling the people that Messrs. Saunders and George would certainly arrive until a quarter past 10 p.m. But late though it was there was a big crowd, and the enthusiastic Londoners, who were cheering and hand shaking seemed as if it would never cease. Mr. Saunders was thus carried out of the station, where a cab was turned into a temporary platform, and from this Mr. Saunders and Mr. George addressed the people. The cab at last drove off, and the cheering of a crowd which figured notable members from nearly every radical club in London.

Big English Audiences Listening to Henry George.

New York, Dec. 8.—

Henry George, who has declined to prolong his stay here beyond its intended limits, has had a wonderfully enthusiastic reception, and has made wonderful strides in public estimation since he was last here. His meetings have been crowded. At one 1,100 attentive listeners stood packed close together in a small hall for two hours while he talked. At another meeting some 500 persons were present to hear Mr. George, and most of them the acquaintances of the Chicago dynamiters, were told plainly it was because he did not care for them, and that force was no remedy. As I called this Mr. George is being entertained at a banquet by his friends in London, and there is much enthusiasm and joy.

Does Tolstoi See the Cat?

W. T. Stead, writing in the Pall Mall Gazette, for which, as special commissioner, he recently made a trip into Russia, relates this incident as occurring during a conversation with Count Tolstoi:

I put the question to him, "Suppose the emperor were to ask you what he should do, what would you say?" He was silent for a moment, then he said: "I should tell him to give me wisdom to make the right answer." Then, after another pause, he replied: "I would say—"

"Nationalize the land."
"Declare absolute liberty of conscience."
"Establish the liberty of the press."
"If he did these three, all the rest would come right."

Blow Hot, Blow Cold.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 3.—The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette has just come out in a long winded, double headed, braver article, dealing with the discovery that our masters, the coal barons of the Ohio valley, have decided to realize on our necessities and advance the price of coal by shutting down all the mines, and waiting for the consumption to catch up with the supply. Hitherto the Lord has helped these fellows out, but this summer He seemed to have made a "mistake," and our masters (the barons), rising to the situation, are supplying the missing factor in their gouge game, as aforementioned. This paper, the Commercial Gazette, has all its life, and particularly during the last six months, been advocating a tariff, high in the neck, in fact you could not get one high enough for it, and thus, after acting the knife—for it knows better—and helping to deprive the people of about their only weapon against these scoundrels, i. e. free trade in coal, it has the silliness and impudence of advise the citizens of Cincinnati to burn gas for heating purposes, thus helping out another worthy associate of the Commercial Gazette—the gas company. Bah! L. F. M.

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

A NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN FOR WORK ALL ALONG THE LINE.

The Formation of a Committee for National Enrollment—A Petition to Congress Asking for an Inquiry into the Single Tax—A Fund Partly Raised to Cover Expenses—The Cheering Outlook.

On Wednesday evening of last week the Single Tax Cleveland and Thurman campaign committee, composed of representatives from New York city, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, met at No. 12 Union square and authorized the chairman, W. T. Crossdale, to appoint an executive committee, to consist of himself and four others, to carry out a plan for national work recommended in the chairman's final report. The plan proposed is the circulation of a petition to congress asking the appointment of a special committee to examine into and report upon the propriety of collecting all public revenues by a single tax on land values and the abolition of all customs duties and internal revenue taxes. The petitions will be printed on blanks about like those circulated for signatures during the recent campaign, and it is desired that but one signature shall be appended to each. As soon as they are received they will be sorted and tied away and the names of the new signers will be added to the present enrollment of over 1,000 names. Eventually the petitions will be arranged by towns, counties and states, bound into books and forwarded to congress. The reason that but one signature is wanted to each is that it is desirable that the blanks shall be promptly returned to Mr. Crossdale as soon as signed in order that he may send new blanks to the new signers with a request that they begin to canvass their own friends for signatures.

In order that the blanks may be conveniently bound they must be uniform in size, and we therefore shall not print a form in THE STANDARD to be cut out, but blanks will be sent to every regular subscriber to THE STANDARD, and already on the committee's enrollment, and all persons not already enrolled who buy this paper at news agencies are requested to send for blanks to William T. Crossdale, 721 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Accompanying the petitions will be an address, numerous signed by well known advocates of the single tax, and also a letter from the chairman of the committee giving details as to the manner of conducting the work.

The expenses of making such an enrollment mount up rapidly. Printing and postage for the sending out of the address and petitions to the 11,000 persons already enrolled amount to nearly \$400. Every new petitioner, of course, must receive petitions and an explanatory letter, costing over two cents for postage and printing, and then the cost of putting the names into type, and printing, and so on. It has never been devised to accomplish this at a less cost than four or five cents a name for composition and type. Yet if the list is to be made effective this cost must be met, since one of the uses of the enrollment is as a mail list for sending out letters and documents, and it is also particularly desirable that the list shall be in such shape that the committee can readily send local lists to interested persons.

Enough money has been raised to meet the direct expenses of printing, postage, clerical hire, etc., in making a moderate enrollment of say five hundred new names a week, with some allowance for sending out single tax publications from time to time. This gives positive assurance that the work will go on and ought to stimulate those so disposed to contribute generously toward its expansion. The new plan of campaign is no longer a mere project, but an accomplished fact, and every dollar hereafter contributed to the fund will add to the capacity of the committee to enlarge the scope of its operations and increase its distribution of literature.

The enrollment committee will confine itself to national work and will assume no authority over any individual or organization. It simply proposes to do a work that a number of the friends of the cause think ought to be done, and it asks all who agree in this opinion to contribute by purse or personal effort to its success. Its plan will, however, assist those engaged in local or state work by enabling the officers of properly constituted committees, leagues or clubs to ascertain the names of sympathizers in their own localities for purposes of organization or securing signatures to state petitions. As the names will not be sent out to any but known single tax men authorized to apply for them, single tax organizations throughout the country are urged to promptly send their names to the chairman of the committee.

The constituent bodies, represented in the committee that conducted the late campaign on behalf of the single tax, will continue to work in their respective localities. The New York committee of which Jerome O'Neill is chairman and William McCabe secretary held a meeting last Saturday, the proceedings of which are reported elsewhere. The Brooklyn committee will also take such action as shall appear to it necessary to keep alive interest in that city, while the New Jersey committee is actively engaged in promoting the organization of single tax committees in that state. In New York and Brooklyn the disposition thus far seems to have the maintenance and enlargement of the various single tax clubs, with a tendency in New York to concentrate in one general organization if the club house scheme considered by the city committee at its last meeting is successful.

The new enrollment committee will occupy toward the committees in this part of the country precisely the same relations that it will occupy toward single tax organizations everywhere. It is simply a propagandist committee, helping everywhere according to the means at its disposal, and maintaining a kind of directory of single tax activities accessible to all concerned, but not published for that purpose.

It hopes to help the cause materially by sending out tracts and other publications in large numbers, but its ability to do this will depend absolutely on further contributions for that purpose. We shall be able to print many more THE STANDARD and the address and petition of the petition. All of these documents are still in the printer's hands, and a number of signatures to the address are yet to be obtained. Meanwhile readers of THE STANDARD will be pleased to know that the work is to go forward with renewed vigor and that the few weeks that have elapsed since the election have not been wasted in idle

armor
on—
play
king
of.

Christian association was going so give them Christmas present in advance. Nearly all the smoking cigarettes, and the first arrived persisted in this evil proceeding in the hall. Policemen were summoned, who promptly a stop to the smoking. By 8 o'clock the Boy of Association hall held four or five hundred boys, in their badges and uniforms, and thirds of them set at defiance the rule no hats should be worn. The first inkling

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the propagation of the single tax theory.
Professor Newton Fitz is president of this
and Edward K. Robertson secretary.

The Electoral System in Australia.
James Ryan, president Land nationaliza-
league of Lithgow, New South Wales,
says: "Under our system of voting bribery
scarcely be regarded as a factor in elec-

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at pointed ejaculation I awoke.

FRANK SULLIVAN.

New York.

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desire of them under present circumstances.
the constitutions of all the states and of
United States must be changed before all

MAX O. NEWMAN, secretary,
2120 Dean street.

tion," will be discussed, December 18, in the great hall, Cooper union, by Mr. Thomas Shearman and Professor Van Buren Denslow.

The Alpha Club at Norfolk.
NORFOLK, Va.—On Saturday, December 1, held the first meeting of the Alpha club the propagation of the single tax theory. Professor Newton Fitz is president of this and Edward K. Robertson secretary.

The Electoral System in Australia.
James Ryan, president Land nationalization league of Lithgow, New South Wales, says: "Under our system of voting bribery

"His name?" I demanded eagerly. At this moment our attention was diverted by a grating sound coming from the water, and I turned just in time to see the Ingersoll memorial go down with a gulp in the Stygian fl. A grim visaged raven who had also witnessed the disaster from his perch near shore shook his feathers and croaked loudly, "What's the matter with Harrison?" This strangely inharmonious though some

that was what they demanded—nothing less. They did not call it "revenue reform" as they proposed and insisted on abolishing the "bill of abominations"—the tariff of 1858—but a reduction of duties to the revenue standard—that is to say, to the rates that would yield most revenue without the slightest regard to protection.

And this is what discussion will bring the democratic party to before the year 1892. It is all that the single tax man can expect to see. Either the democratic movement ceases,

The programme of the evening contained duets, songs, recitations and reading of "Progress and Poverty." A very enjoyable evening was spent.

The next meeting will be held on Saturday, December 8, at 8.30 p. m., at the same place. Short addresses on the subject of the single tax will be delivered, interspersed with music, singing and recitations.

Friends of the movement, and especially those living in the neighborhood, are cordially invited to join in the work.

that if the board takes this reduction quietly another reduction will be made next spring, and the general impression is that there will be a big fight. The National executive board of carpet workers will come to St. Louis, Philadelphia next week to consider the ways and means of countering the pool.

Something Worth Hearing.

The subject "Free Trade versus Tariff Protection," will be discussed, December 18, in a concert hall Convention for the Thomas

Christian association was going so give them Christmas present in advance. Nearly all the smoking cigarettes, and the first arrived persisted in this evil proceeding in the hall. The policemen were summoned, who promptly a stop to the smoking. By 8 o'clock the boys of Association held four or five hundred boys, in their badges and uniforms, and thirds of them set at defiance the rule no hats should be worn. The first inkling

the propagation of the single tax theory. Professor Newton Fitz is president of this and Edward K. Robertson secretary.

The Electoral System in Australia. James Ryan, president Land nationalization league of Lithgow, New South Wales, says: "Under our system of voting bribery scarcely be regarded as a factor in elec-

turned just in time to see the Ingersoll memorial go down with a gulp in the Stygian sea. A grim visaged raven who had also witnessed the disaster from his perch near shore shook his feathers and croaked and, "What's the matter with Harrison?" This strangely inharmonious though some at the pointed ejaculation I awoke.

FRANK SULLIVAN.

New York.

S—but a reduction of duties to the revenue standard—that is to say, to the rates that would yield most revenue without the slightest regard to protection.

And this is what discussion will bring the Democratic party to before the year 1892. It is all that the single tax men can expect of them under present circumstances.

The constitutions of all the states and of the United States must be changed before all

The next meeting will be held on Saturday, December 8, at 8.30 p. m., at the same place. Special addresses on the subject of the single sex will be delivered, interspersed with music, singing and recitations. Friends of the movement, and especially those living in the neighborhood, are cordially invited to join in the work.

MAX O. NEWMAN, secretary,
2120 Dean street.

carpet workers will come together in Philadelphia next week to consider the ways and means of counteracting the pool.

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Something Worth Hearing.

The subject "Free Trade versus Tariff Protection" will be discussed, December 18, in a great hall, Cooper union, by Mr. Thomas Shearman and Professor Van Buren Denslow.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1888.

THE STANDARD is forwarded to subscribers by the early morning mails each Thursday. Subscribers who do not receive the paper promptly will confer a favor by communicating with the publisher.

THE STANDARD advocates the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taxing, by taxation upon land values irrespective of improvements, of the annual rental value of all the various forms of natural opportunities embraced under the general term, Land.

We hold that to tax labor or its products is to discourage industry.

We hold that to tax land values to their full amount will render it impossible for any man to exact from others a price for the privilege of using those boundaries of nature in which all living men have an equal right of use; that it will compel every individual controlling natural opportunities to either utilize them by the employment of labor or abandon them to others; that it will thus provide opportunities of work for all men and secure to each the full reward of his labor; and that as a result involuntary poverty will be abolished, and the greed, intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the dread of poverty will be swept away.

WHO WILL BE THE LOSER?

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican has ventured to rebuke that respectable periodical for careless statements about the single tax. It had said the single tax would be especially burdensome to New England farmers and small land holders who have houses built upon their land, and to disprove this the correspondent went over the tax list of his own town, Oxford, and pointed out individual farmers and small land owners whose taxes would be less if the single tax were substituted for present forms of taxation. As similar proof is abundant in every town and city of the Union, local investigation anywhere would make it plain that the *Republican's* Oxford correspondent had the paper in a corner. But it is an exceedingly frigid day when that paper cannot get out of a corner, or at least make believe to get out, and the temperature is not yet low in Springfield.

"The question," says the *Republican*, "is not one of reducing, but of shifting taxes." True. No advocate of the single tax will waste time disputing that. The single tax would not be apt to reduce taxation except in communities where present taxes are greater than land values. In such places taxation must be reduced, necessarily; but they are so few in settled parts of the country that the question is essentially one of shifting, and not of reduction. The Springfield *Republican* is to be congratulated on its apprehension of even so little relating to the subject, for this is a qualification opponents of the single tax seldom bring to its discussion. But if taxes are to be shifted, upon whom will they fall? or, using the *Republican's* language in its reference to the farms and home owners of Oxford, "Upon whom should be visited the burden unloaded from the farms or homes noted?" And this is the answer it gives:

Here is a quiet New England farming village which now pays taxes upon the principle of who is best able to pay: most—his ability being gauged by his real and personal possessions. It is proposed to shift the burden—not lighten it—by the taxation of land values. One man's gain in that case means another's loss. Who are the losers? Manifestly the farmers whose holdings and other property have less value proportionately than their land. Here again are two adjoining lots in a village or city of equal size and value, but upon one stands a costly mansion, and on the other the humble home of a workman. The present system would measure the several abilities of these two owners to pay taxes largely by the two houses and other possessions aside from the lots. The George scheme would equalize the burden by lifting from the wealthy owner and adding to that of the poor man.

Yes, one man's gain means another's loss. But is it the laborer, whether village farmer or city workman, who would lose, and the monopolist who would gain, by exempting labor from taxation and shifting all taxes to monopoly? There are papers in which such stuff as an affirmative suggestion might be excused; but its appearance in one which pretends to an acquaintance with political economy should cover that paper with shame. When labor is taxed, laborers must lose and monopolists gain; and when monopoly is taxed, monopolists must lose and laborers gain. This is too plain for argument. The only escape from its application to the single tax is that land value is not monopoly value, and the Springfield Re-

publican will not seriously make that point.

That farmers whose buildings and other property have less value than their land, will pay higher taxes than now, to equalize the lower taxes paid by farmers and others whose buildings and other property are worth more than their land, is true enough; provided all improvements be understood by "buildings," and all the taxpayers consume as well as all they accumulate, be understood by "other property." Buildings are not the only part of real estate that would be exempt under the single tax; but also fences, drainage, clearings, and, in short, all improvements produced by human labor. Nor are chattels like furniture and machinery, which take years to consume, the only part of personal property that would be exempt; but also such as are consumed in a few months, like clothing, or in a few hours or days, like food. And how many farmers are there whose buildings and other property thus considered, are not worth more than their land? Manifestly none. There are "farmers" who own whole counties which other men farm for them, and "farmers" whose farms lie near large cities where they command suburban prices but are taxed at agricultural rates, whose land values are greater than all the other values they own; but among the real farmers of any quiet New England farming village, wherever in the whole country that village may be, there are none of whom this is true. To the farmer, therefore, the single tax would bring a large reduction of taxation, whoever else might be the loser.

An "humble home of the workman" by the side of a "costly mansion," is the basis of an objection which was laughed out of court long ago by the workman himself. The "workman," as all of that class well know, is very lucky if he have a home at all, humble or otherwise, and when he has one it is not found by the side of a costly mansion. It is true, however, that under the single tax taxes on land values would be so high that it would not pay to keep valuable land out of its best use, and the poor workman, with his humble home on a forty thousand dollar lot, would be compelled to pay just as much tax as his neighbor with the mansion. But would this be shifting a tax burden from the latter to the former, as the *Republican* claims?

That in such a case it would take less from the owner of the mansion and more from the owner of the "humble home," no one denies. But the reduction to the former would be on property which he had produced or title to which he could trace to the producer, while the increase to the latter would be on the value of the privilege of exclusive occupancy which he enjoyed by license from the community. Thus the rights of the two before the law would be equalized. Each would pay the same for his exclusive license, and each would be at liberty to labor and enjoy the full fruits of his labor without any deduction on pretense of public necessities.

It has been stated already that the improvements and personal property of farmers greatly exceed in value the value of their land, and that the single tax would absolutely reduce their taxes. The same is true of city workmen who might happen to own a lot. Their land tax would slightly increase; but not much, for the difference between the present rate of tax and the full annual value is slight, and beyond the full annual value the single tax cannot go. In compensation for that slight increase, all taxation on their houses and furniture, their clothing, food, comforts and luxuries, would be abolished. The rich man would also enjoy these exemptions, but he would pay higher taxes on his land; not higher in proportion to its value, but absolutely higher on account of its greater value. This would equalize the burdens of taxation, but certainly not "by lifting from the wealthy owner and adding to that of the poor man."

But not many city workmen own lots. Most of them pay rent for their homes. How would they be affected by the single tax? The Springfield *Republican* needs to be advised of a principle of taxation so elementary as that a tax on houses increases house rent, while a tax on land value does not increase, but tends rather to decrease, land rent. The single tax then would reduce rent to workmen by making houses cheaper, and reduce it still more by making land cheaper. This would not be adding to the tax burden of the poor man, especially as the same system would lessen the price of everything he bought by abolishing the tax which, with accumulated profits upon it, he must now pay whenever he trades.

To the city workmen, therefore, as well as to the farmer, the single tax would bring a large reduction of taxation. Upon whom then would the burden be shifted? Obviously upon the owners of specially valuable land. Upon the owners of land the value of which exceeds all their other values. Upon the owners of city lots, mines, quarries, factory sites. In a word, upon the monopolist as a monopolist.

It is not in the mere saving of taxes, however, that the benefits of the single tax lie. Its advantages over the present system operate in two directions.

First, by abolishing taxation on products of labor it cheapens products without reducing the wages of producers. But when products are cheaper they are in greater demand; and as greater demand for products involves greater de-

mand for labor, wages must actually increase.

Second, by imposing all taxes on land values, the burden on the owners of valuable land is such that no one can profitably own land without using it. If he uses it, demand for labor is increased and labor tends to a higher, while products tend to a lower, price. If he neither uses the land nor pays the tax, he can no longer claim exclusive occupancy, and the land is free—it can be taken without purchase. There is so much land held for speculation in every community that the latter course would be adopted to such an extent as to materially depress the value of all land. No one would care merely to own land when there was no profit in mere ownership, and every one would limit his holding to what he could most profitably use. This would make great quantities of land, now unused but monopolized, free even of taxation; and whoever would go upon land might do so without emigrating, and without purchase price or tax.

The importance of this result is expressly recognized by the *Republican*. In closing its reply to its Oxford correspondent, it describes the single tax as a system which "in theory fences off the surface of the earth and charges upon all alike a toll for entrance thereon, regardless of the capacity of each in digging up a living or the results of the labor of each in such digging." Of course the single tax does nothing of the kind. On the contrary its supreme object is practically to abolish the toll which men who have already fenced off the surface of the earth are charging all new comers. But to recognize the wrongfulness of a system that "fences off the surface of the earth" and charges toll for entrance thereon is to make a great advance in our direction; and if the *Republican* will keep on thinking until it understands that what we propose is to abolish taxation on both capacity to dig and the results of the digging, and simply to tax the toll, it will not again give countenance to so absurd an error as that the single tax would shift the burden of taxation from the rich to the poor.

LOUIS F. POST.

FARMING OUT GOVERNMENT.

The court of appeals, while conceding the constitutionality of the law repealing the charter of the late Jacob Sharp's Broadway railroad company, decides that property acquired by the corporation during its life cannot be taken by the public, but must be distributed, primarily to the mortgagees and other creditors of the company; and secondarily to the stockholders. It is hard to understand how the decision could have been different. A corporation being an artificial person, its dissolution is legally analogous to the death of a natural person, and leaves to creditors and representatives all property possessed at the time. This principle the court of appeals has applied to the defunct Broadway railroad company.

If the property of that corporation had consisted only of tracks, cars, horses, stables, and so forth, there would have been nothing remarkable in the decision, nor is it likely that the court would have taken the trouble to hand down a voluminous opinion in support of a conclusion so simple and obvious. But what gives importance to the case is the fact that the Broadway railroad company, between its incorporation and the repeal of its charter, acquired a franchise—a mere intangible and invisible, but exclusive right—to run street cars along Broadway in the city of New York. This franchise the court holds to be private property, like tracks, cars, horses and stables, and like them entitled to every legal protection against a taking without due process of law. And inasmuch as the company, during its life as a corporation, mortgaged its property, including this franchise, the court decides that the franchise has passed beyond public control and must be perpetuated for the benefit of the mortgagees. Of course the mortgage in this case is but incidental. The principle under which the mortgagees are protected would apply with equal force to preserve the franchise to the stockholders if there were no mortgage. So it appears that when the people surrender to a private corporation the right to use a public highway for a public purpose the surrender is irrevocable, and the right assumes all the characteristics of private property.

It is not worth while to find fault with this law as law. But the absurdity of such a condition should direct general attention to the greater absurdity, of which the result of this case is but a logical outcome, of enfranchising private concerns with public rights.

A proposition to farm out the construction and control of city streets or country roads would no longer be listened to, so plain is it even to the narrowest comprehension, that highways are essentially public institutions. But while with streets and roads ownership of the way and ownership of the vehicle are naturally distinct, railroad lines are a peculiar kind of highway in which ownership of both way and vehicle is necessarily blended. This requires the public to own the vehicle as well as the highway, or private interests to own the highway as well as the vehicle. The latter policy has been adopted chiefly because a just opposition to the extension of government functions into fields of private enterprise has innocently played into the hands of railroad monopolists, who, by arguing against the establishment of municipal, state and national railroad systems as tending to paternalism in government, have acquired franchises for public highways, which it is now decided cannot be re-

sumed by the people but are to be perpetually enjoyed for private profit.

The mere fact that this kind of property is a franchise—that it is a part of sovereign power which, before it can exist as a private right, must be severed from the body of sovereign power—should determine the impropriety of the policy. While it is undesirable that the state should "go into business," it has no right to delegate any of its functions; and when public convenience requires, as in the case of railroads, that it shall either delegate its functions as to highways or assume new functions, the latter evil is by far the least.

The spectacle of a thoroughfare like Broadway being subjected, so far as the principal mode of travel upon it is concerned, to private ownership in perpetuity, ought to be a warning even to the most conservative against any further farming out of the powers of government.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH IN HUDSON STREET.

THE STANDARD prints this week a letter from Everett P. Wheeler, criticising some remarks recently made by me in its columns about St. Luke's church in Hudson street.

I am obliged to Mr. Wheeler for setting me right as to the facts; and I sincerely regret that I should have misstated them. My understanding was that the church was about to abandon its work in the neighborhood where it was founded and establish itself afresh in a new location. I am glad to hear that it proposes to erect on its old site "a new church with all the facilities for parish work, industrial school, reading room, Sunday school, dispensary, and the like." And I beg Mr. Wheeler to believe that in what I said, under a misapprehension of the facts, I intended no specific reproach to St. Luke's. The action of that church seemed to me to afford a striking illustration of the evils of a system whose evils I am anxious to expose in the most striking manner possible. That was all. If the church had sold its land in Hudson street, or had rented it out on building leases, it would have done nothing that it had not a perfect right to do. I am not foolish enough to expect or ask that St. Luke's church, any more than any other land owner, should abandon property to which the law gives it a legal title. Even were every member of the congregation satisfied of the iniquity of the system of private property in land, such an abandonment would be unjustifiable. For it would do nothing toward curing the evil or lessening the sin. The evil is a social evil; the sin is a social sin. And the sin of society must be abandoned by society before the social evil resulting from it can be cured.

But, as I intended no specific reproach to the church, if it had acted as I thought it had, so I must decline to accord it any special credit now that I have been corrected as to the facts. It is still, to the extent at least of the value of its land, a state supported church. And curiously enough, Mr. Wheeler founds his argument in favor of St. Luke's on the plea that it is a state church—that it is doing, on behalf of the state, work that the state has recognized its own obligation to perform.

To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to nurse the sick, to teach children how to earn a living, to teach people to be honest, true and helpful, and to love their neighbors as themselves—these are all very creditable things to do. And though I think Mr. Wheeler makes a pretty enthusiastic claim when he says St. Luke's has done them all, still I think him and his fellow church members worthy of praise for having even tried to do them. I used to live near St. Luke's when I was a boy, and I notice that somehow there seems to be more poverty in that neighborhood than there was thirty years ago—perhaps the children who have been taught how to earn a living haven't been very successful in doing it. But how all this can be called adding to the common stock of wealth, which is a material thing, unproductive save by the exertion of labor in moving raw material and tools about, I utterly fail to see. And I am equally unable to find in all this praise-worthy benevolence any reason why the church should be exempted from taxes on its property. The weight of taxes on other citizens of New York is heavier because St. Luke's property is untaxed. In other words, the congregation of St. Luke's compel their fellow citizens to contribute, no less, to St. Luke's charities. Is this just? Will any amount of good deeds on the congregation's part make it just?

And anything more repugnant to the theory of the single tax than the setting apart, free of tax, of a piece of land for the use or support of a church or other private corporation, I cannot well conceive. Why should I be deprived of a portion of my heritage in the earth, that Mr. Wheeler and his friends may worship God after their own peculiar fashion. If they want to worship, let them worship. I claim no right to hinder them. If they want a house to worship in, let them build or buy a house. It will be the product of their own labor in some form or other and therefore indefeasibly their own. But right to use the land on which the house is built is mine as much as theirs. If they want to use it, let them pay, year by year, its rental value into the common purse, that I may have my share. For them to claim exclusive ownership of it, would be a robbery of me. For me to grant them exclusive ownership would be a robbery of unborn children. And the object of the single tax

on land values is to do away with just such robbery.

"And thus the church will continue to teach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Will it? Has it ever taught them? Is it fatherly in God to send a child into this world without the right to live here, save by the purchased permission of some elder son? If so, then the church indeed teaches the fatherhood of God; and shame on the earthly parent who would imitate such fatherhood! Is it brotherly to seize a younger child's inheritance and make him pay tribute for the privilege of living? If so, then the church does teach the brotherhood of man; and a pretty brotherhood it is! But if by fatherhood is meant that fatherhood that Christ described—that tender thoughtfulness that provides equally for all the children, and by brotherhood that true fraternal love that seems to take advantage of a brother, then the church teaches neither the one nor the other. Christ taught them. But he has been dead these many years. And it is because the church fails to teach them—because it points to a cruel, relentless being, dooming men to misery here below, while mocking them with phantom promises of happiness hereafter, and proclaims, Behold your Father—because it mocks God's poor with idle pratings about a brotherhood that it knows full well has no existence—because it seeks, by bestowing alms, to avoid doing justice, and treats those whom it idly calls its brothers as foundlings cast upon its charity—it is because of these things that the church of to-day is a scolding and a mockery to thousands, and to thousands, and to tens of thousands more. The church shudders at the blasphemies of men like Ingalls. It is the blasphemies of the church itself that have made them possible.

I remember—I can never forget it—one evening, some eighteen months ago, when a minister of Christ who really believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and was thrust forth for his belief, uttered, before an immense audience in Chickering hall, the words of Christ's prayer, Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. And as the whole assembly, grasping, like a single man, the full meaning of that tremendous petition, sprang to their feet, with cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, and weeping of women, in a sudden tumult of surprise and joy, I realized, as I had never before, what the strength of Christianity might be, and what its weakness is. For, in spite of Christian teachers, men believe in Christ, and now, as eighteen centuries ago, the common people hear Him gladly. But I don't think the common people throng to St. Luke's so eagerly but what there is at least standing room for a few more.

T. L. MCCREADY.

The *Textile Record* instructs the new congress and administration in a tone that rings with the sharpness and authority of a court house bell. First of all, the internal revenue taxes must be abolished. The chief reason for this is that their abolition "will rule free trade agitation out of politics for a good while to come." That is an excellent reason from the protection point of view, for nothing can be more disastrous to protection than free trade agitation. Error is always in danger when truth agitates. After the internal revenue bureau is overthrown the tariff must be revised. But not in the lines of any measure recently presented. Randall's reconciliation bill, and the senate makeshift, no less than the Mills bill, must be thrown aside. "Both were framed upon the assumption, now shown to be false, that the nation longed for lower duties and greater freedom of raw materials," says the *Record*. There is not a little assumption in assuming that the electoral vote of Indiana, secured by the purchase of "floaters in blocks of five" with protected "fat," and that of New York secured by a dicker with Hill's saloon contingent, speak the sentiment of the nation against "lower duties and greater freedom of raw materials"; but that is the way the *Record* looks at it, and its constituency having paid its money the *Record* is entitled to its choice. How then must the tariff be revised? Nothing shall go upon the free list but articles not produced at home. Upon articles grown or made in this country the duty must not be lowered, and upon some, tin plate, for example, it must be increased sufficiently to permit profitable production here. Tea and coffee are not mentioned, but no doubt sufficient duty to exclude the pauper product would encourage domestic cultivation, and since it is only a question of duty, why not? The woolen schedule must be made to give full protection from the sheep to the cloth and check "the destructive influx of foreign fibres and fabrics," which, by the way, would also check the efflux of the native products with which we now pay for these foreign fibres and fabrics. The silk schedule must be fixed to overcome the "hurtful consequences" of the recent tariff reform decision in favor of protectionist John Wanamaker. And, in short, as "a great victory has been won" for protection the "duty remaining is to reap its fruits fully."

It is quite natural that men who have had fat fried out of them in a victorious struggle for more fat should be somewhat peremptory in their demands. But what answer can the republicans make? Are they not fully committed to the precise scheme suggested and partly outlined by the *Record*? From the president-elect to the most insignificant "spellbinder" the ex-

clusion of foreign products from our shores was declared to be the republican policy.

Chicago has another anarchist scare on hand. The police are in possession of the usual reliable information. A committee of six anarchists have the revolution in charge. It is only within a few days that the names of these men were discovered by the police. It is a credit to the police to have discovered them at all, for their identity is held sacredly secret and is unknown to the anarchists themselves. They work individually, and not as a body, and have done so for a year; and the revolutionary blow is to be struck in 1890 under cover of a general eight hour strike, though it is suspected that it may occur as early as next July, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Whatever truth there may be in these sensational police reports, the fact that such reports can gain general credence should be a warning. Conspiracies like these could neither exist nor be supposed to exist if there were not actual injustice to generate them. To ascertain the injustice, understand its cause, comprehend the remedy, and remove the wrong, is the first duty of good citizens; and neither policemen nor lawmen can prevent the disaster or repair the damage which is certain to follow the neglect of that duty.

Ohio is blessed with a legislative committee which is trying to invent a plan to increase state revenues without adding to the burden of taxation. It is at the same time cursed with a proposition urgently pressed to do this by means of indirect taxes. That is to say, it is proposed to increase the revenues, not without adding to the burden of taxation, but without appearing to add to them. The already overtaxed farmers, merchants and industrial classes generally, are to be taxed still more, but in such a way as to make them pay the tax without knowing it. This is the way Mr. Bodell, who has just removed to Sing Sing *animo manendi*, taxed his employers. They were quite content until they found it out, but then they made it unpleasant for Bodell; and just so will it be with the tax ridden people of Ohio when they learn the trick. Now everybody knows that the value of Ohio land far exceeds the need of revenue which that state has. And everybody who has taken the pains to do a little simple but clear and honest thinking on the subject, knows that by taxing these land values and abolishing other taxes, all necessary revenues might be raised and all state tax burdens on the industrial classes removed. The only real objection to this plan is that it would diminish the power of monopoly.

It is announced by the Ohio press that Henry George is to appear before the legislative committee there in January next, to advocate the single tax; so after all, the effort to befool the committee into a recommendation of indirect taxation may not work as smoothly as its authors hope for.

About St. Luke's Church.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—In THE STANDARD of Nov. 24 is an article on St. Luke's church in Hudson street, which is based on misapprehension of the facts. The old church is coming down, not because "its worshippers are leaving it," but because the space it occupies is too small for the work it has to do. "The old time members (of whom I was one) have moved away up town," but the new residents more than take their place.

A new church with all the facilities for parish work, industrial school, reading room, Sunday school, dispensary and the like is to be built on Hudson street, where there will be a corps of workers like those who assemble in the buildings of St. Chrysostom's chapel in Houston street.

And thus the church will continue to teach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. For it is a mistake to say that St. Luke's has contributed "nothing to the common stock of wealth." It has fed the hungry, it has clothed the naked, it has nursed the sick, it has taught children how to earn a living, it has taught its people to be honest, true and helpful; to love their neighbors as themselves. To do all this is to add "to the common stock of wealth" far more than could be done by any annual payment of money. No land was ever set apart to better advantage than when that piece which "had scarcely any appreciable value" was set apart for these public uses. For the state recognizes already its duty to feed the hungry and care for the sick and teach children. There are public hospitals and schools and asylums. St. Luke's has saved the public the expense of doing whatever it has done of this kind, and has indeed only asked a place in which to work. You might as well tax a public school as a church.

This is not having "an established church of our own." For an established church is more or less a part of the government, and either controls that or is controlled by it. But all our churches ask of the government is a place in which to save the expense of doing what otherwise it would be obliged to do.

Really, when you look at it, when a piece of land is set apart for a church, the single tax theory is to a degree carried out—that is to say, a portion of land, which would otherwise be the subject of private ownership, is set apart for public uses. You sometimes criticize severely the faults of church members and ministers. Surely, they are not perfect, and generally do not claim to be infallible. But after all, can any fair man deny that the teachings of the Christian church on the whole tend to make men more unselfish, more helpful to one another, more, in short, like brothers. Condemn, therefore, the faults of its members, but recognize that, on the whole, they are striving to make the brotherhood of man a reality, and not a phrase.

One word more. St. Luke's is to build a church on 141st street; but people there also need its teachings. So we will be glad that one more piece of land within the city is set apart for public uses. St. Luke's buys the land. The money it costs is not taken from the state. All it asks for is the recognition of the public work it does at its own expense, by the omission to tax it for the privilege of teaching and feeding and clothing those who have need.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

MEN AND THINGS.

It is significant of the force with which the world moves, that the leader of the Tory party in England openly acknowledges the justice of the claim of women to the suffrage. This is what he said in his recent speech at Edinburgh:

I earnestly hope the day is not far distant when women also will bear their share in voting for members in the political world and in determining the policy of the country. I can conceive no argument by which they are excluded. It is obvious they are abundantly as fit as many who now possess suffrage, by knowledge, training, and by character, and their influence is likely to weigh in a direction which, in an age so material as ours, is exceedingly valuable, namely, in the direction of morality and religion.

It is hardly to be supposed that the marquis of Salisbury, in thus advocating the enfranchisement of women, is actuated by any very strong convictions of right and wrong. Tory politicians are not apt to advocate reforms merely because they happen to be ethically just. The marquis seeks votes rather than an approving conscience. But it is a hopeful sign that he should have learned that votes are to be attracted by a promise, even though it be but a vague promise, to redress a long standing and crying wrong.

It will be in just such a way as this that the emancipation of industry will be hastened by the politicians who, in their inmost hearts, would much rather oppose it. When once party leaders come to understand that a policy of radical reform will command votes, while one of continued oppression will alienate them, they will become enthusiastic reformers. They will sacrifice their money to purchase votes; they will sacrifice their prejudices even more readily.

The Syracuse Journal announces the completion of the geologic exploration of the Onondaga valley, and speaks with enthusiasm of the immense deposits of salt that have been found. In one place a solid bed of rock salt, forty-five feet thick, was found at a depth of 1,200 feet; and throughout the entire valley wells have been sunk with good results.

Here is a splendid protectionist argument for an increase of the salt duties. It would be a shame if such magnificent opportunities right here within our own borders should be left untutilized. And how can they be utilized unless those wicked, wicked English paupers can be prevented from deluging us with pauper salt. Common sense people might say that if the English paupers will give us salt in return for the product of less labor than would be required to dig our own salt, we would be fools not to let them do it. But then common sense people are not protectionists. Far otherwise.

Last week came the announcement that the carpet manufacturers had come to an agreement to raise the prices of carpets. Assigned cause, excessive cost of raw material, caused by tariff rates.

This week we have the news that after December 17 wages in carpet factories are to be reduced to ten to fifteen per cent. Cause assigned, none. Cause that might be assigned, the wage workers can't help themselves.

The carpet mill hands were asked to vote for protection a month ago on the ground that it secured them steady employment at high wages. The farmers were asked to vote for protection on the ground that by submitting to heavy taxes on their carpets and other things, they would foster a well paid class of working people who would buy some of their grain and other products at a little less than English prices.

What do the carpet mill hands and the farmers think of protection now?

The annual report of the secretary of the interior draws attention to the possibility of redeeming, if not all, at least a very large portion of the western desert lands by a comprehensive system of irrigation. The present desert land law, which was expected to accomplish this end, has proved an almost total failure. It provides that no person shall be permitted to enter more than a single square mile. But as it costs well nigh as much to secure the water for a single square mile as for fifty, the effect of this limitation has been to hinder improvements except in the rare cases when a number of entry men have taken up contiguous tracts. The secretary advises, therefore, that the government assume charge of the entire irrigation system, constructing reservoirs in suitable valleys and gorges along the mountain streams, and providing the necessary aqueducts and canals for distribution. This plan received the quasi sanction of congress at its last session, when \$100,000 was appropriated for preliminary surveys and investigations. Mr. Vilas's report recommends the appropriation of further sums for the same purpose.

If the people's money must be spent, it is, of course, better that it should be spent in some such way as this, on public works of permanent utility, than squandered in the building of dynamite cruisers and other weapons of destruction. But in truth there is no good reason why it should be spent for either purpose. This country needs more arable land quite as little as it needs more ships of war. There is plenty, and to spare, of fertile virgin soil. All the wheat growers of the United States might be colonized in Dakota without overcrowding. Our whole sixty-five millions could find super-abundant room east of the Mississippi, with ample occupation for their productive energies. It isn't more land we need, but simply permission to use what land we have.

Suppose we spend a score of millions of dollars on Rocky mountain reservoirs, and make every acre of desert land capable of blossoming like the rose. Who will be the gainers? Not the American people, but the lucky few who will hasten to get possession of the land as soon as the improvements become a certainty, that they may tax the American people for the privilege of using it. For the citizens of this republic, under present social conditions, to spend the public money in improving the national domain would be about as sensible as for a tenant to build a

palace on his landlord's land the year his lease expired.

And in another portion of Secretary Vilas's report we have a fresh instance of the entanglements into which our iniquitous system of land monopoly is forever leading us. The secretary is troubled over the Indian problem. There are nearly 250,000 Indians on the various reservations, and something must be done about them. There is no time to civilize them by degrees, spreading the educational process over several successive generations. The rough civilization of the border is lapsing round them on every side, and between border civilization and Indian savagery there is constant friction. And so Mr. Vilas would civilize the Indians at one grand coup, by taking away all their children and educating them in public schools. "Let but the present generation of Indian youth," he tells us, "be universally instructed according to their capacity, as already demonstrated, and the Indian question is settled, because there will be no Indians when the generation of youth becomes the generation of manhood." Since the great Mussulman wave rolled across northern Africa and extinguished Christianity in a single generation, no scheme of conversion more comprehensive than this, has been proposed.

There is room enough and to spare for the Indians, just as there was room enough and to spare for the herds of buffalo that gave the Indians food. There is room enough if we would but let them use it, and time enough for the problem of their civilization to be worked out in a natural and peaceful way. But the landlords want their land, and the settlers, thrust beyond the border by landlords' monopoly, want their land; and so Secretary Vilas can see no resource save to civilize them in a single generation, allot them lands in severalty, and bid them take care of themselves as best they can. There will be an unhappy lot of Indians a generation hence if the secretary's scheme is carried out. And there will be an unhappy lot of Indians if it isn't. So what are we going to do about it?

The report of the director of the mint shows that during the year ending June 30 last there has been coined \$28,394,170 in gold, and \$32,718,673 silver dollars. The gold coinage cost its face value; but on the silver dollars the mint made a profit of no less than \$8,407,922, so that each silver dollar cost the government only a fraction over seventy-four cents. This is very satisfactory, and makes one regret that more silver dollars could not have been coined. A silver dollar, as every one knows, will buy just as much of anything as a gold dollar will; it will even buy the gold dollar itself; and if we can use, as a vehicle of exchange, silver dollars that cost only seventy-four cents each, just as well as gold dollars that cost one hundred cents each, why, manifestly, the more silver dollars we make, and the fewer gold ones, the better off we shall be. Any man can understand that, who has sense enough not to pay \$2 a bushel for wheat when he can just as well get it for \$1.00.

But there is another kind of dollars that people prefer to either the 100-cent gold kind, or the 74-cent silver kind; and that is the paper kind. That cost, practically, nothing at all. They can buy just as much with a paper dollar as with a gold or silver one, and the paper dollar is much the handiest and safest to carry round. And so it happens that when men present their bills to the United States for payment, they object to taking either gold dollars, or silver dollars, but clamor for the paper dollars that they love, and will not be satisfied unless they get them.

This being the case, it may be asked why the United States doesn't coin more dollars of paper and fewer dollars of gold and silver. It is well to save twenty-six cents on the cost of a silver dollar, but it is certainly better to save 100 cents on the paper dollar. Why don't they do it? The answer to this question is the school-girl's answer to any question that perplexes her: Because. There isn't any reason. It's just "because."

What the United States does is this: It buys seventy-four cents worth of silver, and coins it into a dollar. Then it buries that dollar in the ground and makes a paper dollar to represent it. This is a special kind of paper dollar, with a legend on it certifying that it is only equal to a silver dollar, and not to a gold dollar; but as any banker will give a gold dollar for it, and as no one man in a thousand would want to get a gold dollar for it, that doesn't make much difference. Then the United States pays out the paper dollar, buys some more silver, makes more silver dollars, buries them under ground, makes more paper dollars, and so on. All the silver dollars coined last year are buried. All the silver dollars coined the year before are buried. All the silver dollars coined the year before that are buried. Once a year they go down into the holes and count the silver dollars. Generally they find them all right, and then they come out and say the currency is sound. Sometimes they move the silver dollars from one hole to another. When they do that it happens sometimes that some of the dollars get stolen. In that way they get into circulation. But save for that, the dollars stay in the ground from one year's end to another. What use the silver dollars are to anybody, why they should be coined, why the people of the United States should be taxed forty cents a head every year to pay for them, are things that nobody can ever hope to find out.

The treasury of the United States held, on July 1, 1888, in gold dollars, silver dollars and bullion, \$594,533,172—nearly \$10 for every man, woman and child in the country. It does not propose to use this treasure. On the contrary, it expressly proposes not to use it—just to keep it lying there. The merchant or banker who should undertake to run his business in such a manner would have a brief career, indeed.

The Rev. Samuel Maude, vicar of Needham Market, in the kingdom of Great Britain, is a clergyman who believes that children—that is, children of the lower classes, of course—should submit themselves to all their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, as per the catechism instructed. One morning lately Mr. Maude met a common little boy of his parish, near school time, and ordered him to go to school. The little boy insolently replied, "I don't go to your school now." whereupon the reverend gentleman "seized hold of him, shook him, and wrung his ears. The boy caught hold of the palings, but Mr. Maude pulled him away by putting his knee in his back, and dragged him into the school room."

A generation ago this might have been thought rather a delicate attention on Maude's part than otherwise; but things are different now, and the boy's mother impudently summoned Mr. Maude before the petty sessions, where another clergyman presided. They had to find Maude guilty—there was no help for it. So they fined him sixpence. And then the reverend magistrate addressed the boy's mother in this fashion:

I think it is monstrous hard that clergymen are to be dictated and dominated over in this way. It is simply abominable that, for holding up my little finger we are to be brought before the magistrate for assault.

The reverend Mr. Maude ought to leave England and come to this country. The Pennsylvania coal region is evidently his proper field.

A Long Island jury has decided that it is no crime to "course" rabbits. To "course" rabbits is to capture a lot of those animals, take them to some convenient place where a party of young men and women of leisure are congregated to witness the sport, and turn them loose, one at a time, to be pursued and killed by a dog in the most delightfully interesting and exciting manner. For doing this, at their "coursing" grounds on Long Island, certain young men were ruthlessly dragged away from their heretofore and outraged companions of both sexes, by officers of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; but upon trial they were acquitted. In all probability the jury was right, but even if there be no law against it, what sort of people are they who enjoy sport of that kind?

A writer in the Press gives some information about the earnings of the people who make their livings as domestic servants in wealthy households. A cook, we learn, receives from \$25 to \$40 per month, of course with board and lodging added. These are not chefs, by any means, nor even cordons bleus, but just simply the ordinary cooks of quite ordinary rich folks—Press editors and that class of people. A coachman varies from \$35 to \$50; the latter sum probably securing the services of a genuine imported article, with the full flavor of Belshazzar in his manners, conversation and style of driving. Butlers are another well paid class of wage earners, their salaries ranging from \$40 to \$60 a month. How much would be paid for a silver haired butler, warranted to have been in the family service for fifty years, with a tremulous voice and a slightly bulbous nose, and that charming habit of taking little liberties which distinguished the old and attached servant, the Press man doesn't tell us. Probably that kind of a butler is to be had only on private terms, and is not quoted at the intelligence office. On the other hand, nurse girls are plentiful and in slow demand at \$8 a month. But then the nurse maid can't throw much aristocratic style into her profession, except, perhaps, by flirting with the policeman. So long as she wears the regulation cap and apron one nurse maid is about as impressive as any other.

Strange, Passing Strange.

Our Own Events is wearing a new silk hat. It is supposed that he won it by the late election.

Somebody Get a Glimpse.

London Echo.

An inventive American from the Missouri region has taken out a patent at Washington for "stills for horses." It is to revolutionize plowing round on the hillsides, for, however steep the ascent may be, this genius thinks that the horse will be enabled to perform his task in comfort, when its legs are enabled by art to stand upon a level. The patent has really been granted to him, and it is said that he is considering further momentous discoveries of equine assistance to mankind.

A Bad Place for Reporters.

Appropos of the Whitechapel murders, the London correspondent of the New York Sun says:

The Methodist Times plaintively apologizes to its readers for an insufficient report of a certain teachers' meeting, on the ground that its reporter, sent to attend the proceedings, was twice arrested as the Whitechapel murderer and did not get there.

Irresistible Legions Meet.

Chicago Times.

Two large processions encountered each other on the public highway near Indianapolis.

"Let us pass," said the leader of one, "we are the man that first nominated Harrison for president."

"We have the right of way," haughtily remarked the leader of the other procession. "We are the man that went to school with him when we were a boy."

And the shock of the collision shook the earth and broke all the windows for miles around.

How the School Pays.

Texas Sittings.

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession.

"Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them.

"So they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it all. You can't well turn the parents for the money."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't pay the money for the lesson. In that event I give the boy the following sentence to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money. The month is up. Hast thou got any money? Have not thy parents got money? I need money very much. Why hast thou not brought the money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money? Has he no money in the pocketbook of his uncle's great aunt? That fellow morning you bet that boy brings the money.'"

THE ETERNAL CITY.

The extract printed below is from chapter XXXI of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The lands of Italy which had been originally divided among the families of free and indigent proprietors, were insensibly purchased or usurped by the avarice of the nobles; and in the age which preceded the fall of the republic, was computed that only two thousand citizens were possessed of an independent substance. Yet as long as the people bestowed, by their suffrages, the honors of the state, the command of the legions, and the administration of wealthy provinces, their conscious pride alleviated, in some measure, the hardship of poverty; and their wants were reasonably supplied by the munificence of the candidates who aspired to the use of the family. If the forest of Lucania, whose acorns fattened horse droves of wild hogs, afforded, as a species of tribute, a plentiful supply of cheap and wholesome meat, during five months of the year a regular allowance of bacon was distributed to the poorer citizens.

The stupendous aqueducts, so justly celebrated by the praises of Augustus himself, replenished the thermæ, or baths, which had been constructed in every part of the city with imperial magnificence. The baths of Antoninus Caracalla, which were open at stated hours for the indiscriminate use of the senators and the people, contained above 1,600 seats of marble; and more than 3,000 were reckoned in the baths of Diocletian. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics that imitated the art of the painter in the elegance of design and the variety of colors. The Egyptian granite was beautifully interwoven with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins, through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty, ragged plebeians, without shoes and without a mantle, who loitered away whole days in the streets, or formed to hear news and to hold disputes; who dissipated in extravagant gaming the miserable pittance of their wives and children; and spent the hours of the night in obscene taverns and brothels in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality.

But the most lively and splendid amusement of the idle multitude depended on the frequent exhibition of public games and spectacles. The poet of Christian princes had suppressed the infamous combats of gladiators; but the Roman people still considered the circus as their home, their temple, and the seat of the republic. The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places, and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjoining porticoes. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of four hundred thousand, sat to the number of four hundred thousand, remained in eager attention, their eyes fixed on the horses and charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear for the success of the colors which they espoused, and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race.

Readers of THE STANDARD would do well to compare with this history of our own people for Thanksgiving day as written in the daily papers of Friday, November 30.

It is estimated that 20,000 of our free people ate the bread of charity at public tables in this city last Thursday. This is without counting the 14,000 criminals and inmates of public institutions. Tens of thousands more vended themselves hoarse, as if the fate of nations was in the balance, at the games and the race tracks where horses or men were struggling in the modern "circus"—this being the amusement which the unenlightened century has given to the people as a substitute for the games of skill and strength and the sports in which the people themselves once took part.

Only the day before Thanksgiving the estimable mayor of the city proposed to lay the foundation stones of a comfortable modern imitation of the "baths of Caracalla" by building a public hot bath in one of the crowded districts.

In splendid churches eloquent preachers told their listeners that everybody was well to do and tickled their ears with well turned periods, bringing to mind a group such as might have been seen in the baths of Rome, where the rising poet or dramatist pictured the glories of Roman citizenship to the applauding circle who reclined about him on the marble seats.

From the "candidate" who gave in advance to the people of Rome part of their prospective spoils in order to get their votes, down to the most degraded of the Roman citizens, are they not types of the men of our day and our own country? Is not the question merely one of degree? And was the degree always lower then than it is now?

W. B. SCOTT.

What the Solid Business Men Will Do.

On November 15 the Toledo Blade remarked that "business is booming since the election and that the republican victory is appreciated by the solid business of the country."

In another recent issue, the Blade makes a bitter complaint against the coal monopoly under the caption: "Crush the Coal Trust." The Blade complains that the price of coal is already exorbitantly high and that the proposed stoppage of

mining in the Monongahela region which will throw 6,000 miners out of employment, is for the purpose of forcing prices still higher. But what better evidence could be found that "the solid business men" who own all the coal in that part of the world, do keenly appreciate protection of the victory? The solid business men are to be congratulated upon the splendid possibilities of the victory and there is no doubt that they will make the most of them. And those miners and coal consumers who voted for protection should be felicitated that they are getting what they voted for in good big chunks and they need have no fear that they will not continue to get their full share of the victory. But what consolation can be offered the coal miners and consumers who are having the fruits of the victory thrust upon them against their will?

It needs no inspired prophet to predict the results of the recent election. The solid business men who bought and paid for Harrison's election make no secret of their programme. They triumphantly claim that the home market justly belongs to them and they frankly and confidently demand a sufficiently high tariff to secure to them their own, while the republican party, which will assume control of the government after the 4th of March next, is anxiously awaiting the opportunity to make the programme of the solid business men the law of the land. Though there is scarcely a doubt that the monopolists, or, more politely, the solid business men, will get possession of the home market, there is no doubting what they will do with it when they do get possession of it. They will make money out of it and they will make it in one or both of two ways—by lowering wages directly or by lowering them indirectly by increasing the price of their products. The republican victory means, in short, harder times for all but the monopolists.

Among the first sufferers will be the poor, deluded, sentimental farmer. As the tariff is increased and the price of imports goes up, to the same extent the price which the American farmer can get for his meats and breadstuffs abroad, and consequently the home price, must decline. As imports are cut off, in like proportion must exports be diminished and the farmer will have to depend more and more on the home market which he will find to be the private poverty of the already powerful meat and flour trusts. Nevertheless, "the country" will grow in wealth during the coming four years precisely in the same way that it has increased in wealth during the last twenty-five, only a little more so.

P. V. JONES.

The Army of the Rear.

This is the way in which some of Her Majesty's subjects sing the praises of the jubilee year:

Henry Lawson in the Sydney, Australia, Bulletin.

I listened through the music and the sounds of recovery.

And all the hollow noises of that year of jubilee.

I heard beyond the cheering, and beyond the trumpets' blare.

The steady tramp of thousands that were marching in the rear.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

Those never-ceasing footsteps of the Outcasts in the Rear.

I heard defiance ringing from the men of rags and dirt.

I heard women singing that sad "Song of the Slave."

And over the sounds of menace, and the moanings of despair.

I heard the steady tramping of their feet along the rear.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

Vibrating in the air—

They're swelling fast, those footsteps of the Army of the Rear!

I hate the wrongs I read about, I hate the wrongs I see!

The tramping of that army sounds as music unto me—

A music terrible, that frights the anxious ear.

Is beaten from the weary feet that tramp along the rear.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

In a wretched grim despair—

They have a goal, those footsteps of the Army of the Rear!

I looked upon the nobles, with a lineage so old.

I looked upon their mansions, on their acres and their gold.

I saw their women radiant, with diamonds in their hair.

And then I joined the Army of the Outcasts in the rear!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

Well show what Aunt can dare,

My brothers and my sisters of the Army of the Rear!

I looked upon the mass of poor, in filthy alleys bent.

And on the rich men's Edens, that are built on grinding rent.

I looked over London's miles of slums, I saw the horrors there.

And swore to die a soldier of the Army of the Rear!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

I've sworn to die a soldier of the Army of the Rear!

"They're brutes," so say the wealthy, "and by steel must be disarmed."

Be brutes among us, nobles! They are brutes that you have made.

We want that God hath given us, we want our earthly share.

And that is why we're marching—and we'll march beyond the rear!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

There's danger in despair,

There's danger in the marching of the Army of the Rear!

The wealthy care not for our wants, nor for the paupers' need.

Our hands have clutched in vain for bread, and now they clutch for steel.

Come, men of rags and hunger, come! come, men of want and care!

There's room still in the vanguard of the Army of the Rear!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

There's work for heroes there,

There's glory in the vanguard of the Army of the Rear!

One Citizen of Germany.

The Emperor William is having a private railway carriage built for his own use at a cost of \$7,000. It is fifty feet in length, and contains dining room, study, bedroom, dressing room, and bath.

SOCIETY NOTES.

In spite of its homely and prosaic qualities, there is no doubt that Thanksgiving Day is, after the Fourth of July, the greatest American festival. Christmas is dearer to those whose hearts are stirred by its deep religious significance, old knickerbockers cling to the traditions of New Year's Eve, and Washington's birthday is a half-hearted kind of affair, having no special form of celebration. Thanksgiving Day takes in all sorts and conditions of men, and provides good cheer for both the needy and the wealthy throughout the land. —(N. Y. Sun.)

A commercial traveler named Salisbury died last Saturday from an overdose of morphine which he administered to himself. He had a room in a boarding house in West Forty-fifth street, and was found unconscious on his bed with the empty bottle near at hand. The physician at Roosevelt hospital, where he was taken, could not do anything for him. He left two letters behind him, one of which, addressed to Mrs. Dr. A. W. Truman, Dr. Hunter, N. Y., was as follows: "Dear Sister, I hope you will pardon me for this terrible act of mine. Lack of money, ill health, and loss of position drive me to the deed, so I must try the realities of the other world. I have kindly asked my lodger in Brooklyn to bury me in their plot, if they have one, and I hope they will. I think it better than to send me to you. Break the news carefully to our dear old mother in Detroit, Mich. Tell her not to grieve, and that I am at peace. I have been a very good man, and I hope I have done my duty. I hope you will forgive me, and may God bless you all. Good-bye. From your brother, E. O. Salisbury." He was about fifty years old, good looking and said to be a well-spoken man. Standing at a watch chain were all his effects outside of the clothing he had on.

A very well satisfied audience filled the Metropolitan opera house on the opening night—satisfied with themselves, for of the box occupants, at least, it may be said that "all were rich and some were beautiful," with their trappings, and with the musical treat that Mr. Strauss had provided for this terrible act of mine. Lack of money, ill health, and loss of position drive me to the deed, so I must try the realities of the other world. I have kindly asked my lodger in Brooklyn to bury me in their plot, if they have one, and I hope they will. I think it better than to send me to you. Break the news carefully to our dear old mother in Detroit, Mich. Tell her not to grieve, and that I am at peace. I have been a very good man, and I hope I have done my duty. I hope you will forgive me, and may God bless you all. Good-bye. From your brother, E. O. Salisbury." He was about fifty years old, good looking and said to be a well-spoken man. Standing at a watch chain were all his effects outside of the clothing he had on.

A little girl about eight years old stood on the corner of Broadway and Murray street, New York, on Friday morning, holding under her arm a large package of advertising cards, which she was distributing to passers-by. She was clad in a thin brown calico dress, covered by a threadbare cloak, and on her head was a small straw hat. A World reporter, asked the girl why she had selected such an occupation, replied:

"'Cause I want a new warm cloak,' she replied, 'and I didn't quite have money enough.'"

"Why don't your father buy you a coat?"

"'An't got any father. You see I go to school, and as my mother says, 'to-day is the day I thought I'd try to get the \$2 more for my cloak. I've saved \$6 and it's gone to cost \$8. My sister Annie works for Mr. W., and I asked him to let me work to-day and to-morrow. When I have a cloak, he said he'd let me have a new one.'"

My brother Garrett's miniature game preserve at Uplands, his beautiful country seat in Baltimore county, is still kept stocked. It occupies the western part of Uplands, and is in the middle of a tract of land originally owned by the family of the late John D. Calverly, one of the most beautiful places to be found in the country. He has it well stocked with small game which he and his friends can shoot at their leisure. The English pheasants which he imported are the peculiarity of the place, and he has taken care to have the keeper trap and cage the 100 or so of these birds which were not killed during the shooting season. A number of watch dogs and the game keeper with a double-barreled shotgun are the guard against poachers.

The Birmingham, Ala., Sentinel says: "It is a truth and a sad truth, of which an abundance of evidence can be furnished by citizens of this city, if it becomes a necessity, that honest laboring men have been put in the chain gang in this city and county for no other crime than that of being peaceful and homeless—men who had spent their little all in paying their expenses to this city, and who, on their arrival, found that no work could be procured, and being without means or money were seized and imprisoned."

The dinner table is the most important one to lay. The cloth should be white. In the center of the table, on a mat, set the fruit, flowers and bonbons. All in cut glass, silver or china dishes. Place the goblets about a span from the edge of the table, and around these place the wine glasses. Then set a plate at each place. Next arrange three forks on the left and two knives on the right of each place plate. The napkin should be placed on the right, and before each plate place a salt cellar. No dishes should be placed on the table. On a small side table should be set silver spoons, knives, forks, finger bowl, cruet, salt, pepper, sugar, cheese and eatery. The carving should be done in the pantry. Everything but the wine is served to the left. The order of dinner is: Oysters, soup, fish, meat, game or entree, salad, dessert, crackers and cheese, fruit, candies and coffee. Brown bread should be passed with the fish and salad.—(Mail and Express.)

A middle aged woman and two children sleep every night in an old stable on First street, with no bed to sleep on and only an old blanket thrown over them. The woman says that she works for a man who has no employment. She does not like to be separated from her children.—(Parkersburg

COR. BOWERY AND GRAND STS.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

Uncle Tom's Tenement.

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to imitate a book that has made such an impression on the thought and action of a nation as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The first impression on taking up Mrs. Rollins' book is that she has put herself under a decided disadvantage in attempting to rival the success of another's plan while at the same time she has laid herself very open to comparisons which might well be odious. Yet after the first feeling of impatience with the tantalizing recurrence of familiar names (so slightly altered that one simply forgets that they are changed) the candid reader will allow that additional weight is given to the facts related in this "lower true tale" by the parallelism thus forcibly kept present to the mind.

The extract from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which prefaces Mr. Rollins' book is explicit as to the lesson which the story is designed to teach, viz: that slavery is not yet abolished in the world.

"How in the world can the two things be compared?" said Miss Ophelia, "the laborer is not sold, traded, paroled from his family, whipped?"

"He is as much at the will of his employer as if he were sold to him. The slaveowner can whip his refractory slave to death—the capitalist can starve him to death. As to family security it is hard to say which is the worst—to have one's children sold, or to see them starve to death at home?"

If to this telling extract from Mrs. Stowe had been added the following from Emerson:

A democratic statesman said to me, long since, that if he owned the state of Kentucky he would manumit all the slaves and be a gambler on the transaction.

And the equally pertinent saying of a railroad corporation in reply to a demand for needed repairs in a workshop where the men were continually becoming disabled with rheumatism and asthma through exposure to cold and rain:

Men are cheaper than shingles—there's a dozen waiting to fill the place of one that drops out.

The picture of white slavery would have been complete so far as new out-lines go. In the body of the book the details are filled in with a touch that is all the more effective because, alas! we feel that the worst has not been told us. Back in the shadow, indeed, we see in Mulberry bend the horrors which might have been depicted. Moderation and a spirit of fairness are highly characteristic of the book. Indeed, one cannot wholly escape the feeling that the author does not penetrate to the real heart of the matter, and, therefore, does not see how nearly hopeless is the state of things she depicts.

In "Uncle Tom's Tenement" is given a picture of a fairly decent tenement house, and the story of the lives of some of the inmates. The story opens somewhat (so far as incident goes) in the same manner as its famous predecessor, with the enforced sale of Uncle Tom, but of the house in which he lives, this sale having become necessary on account of certain speculations in "futures" in which Mr. Selby had indulged. George, Eliza and Harry are brought forward in this chapter, their story forming only an episode, however, in the main narrative. George, of course, is an inventor, and his invention is stolen from him by his unscrupulous employer. He goes to the west (the Canada of the white slaves) in the vain hope of providing a home for his wife and child. Eliza, less fortunate than her colored prototype, is compelled to part, with Harry, who is provided with a home in the west through the kind offices of a benevolent lady, and then with her baby, for whom the poor mother cannot procure proper nutriment. Poor Eliza remembered the famous novel.

She remembered Eliza, whose Harry had been sold, would have been snatched from her arms, carried away from her where she would never have heard from him again, but for the frantic effort she had made to keep and save him. How people had wept over the story! Would they not weep more bitter, more scalding tears of sympathy if they could see her now, not parted from her child, but holding him out in her arms to whomever would come and take him—making frantic efforts, not to keep but to give him up, crying, though she loved him as you and I love our darlings, "Will no one take him away? will no one take him from me? will no one save him, not from the slave hunter or the bloodhounds, but from me, from my mother, who can only give him too little food, too little air, indecency for shelter and vice for his companions?"

Uncle Tom, although he gives his name to the story, is by no means a prominent character. Gentle, stupid and inefficient, he is really far more realistic than Mrs. Stowe's hero. The stings of poverty make him seek comfort and forgetfulness, not in the consolations of religion, but in the whisky bottle. Cassie, the real heroine of the book, is well and truthfully drawn. Educated in the public school, she has the "ambition of her advantages" and is anxious to raise her family to a higher social scale than they now occupy. Well, the story of how she succeeded is not a new one; but it is not one of patient toil and careful saving. The story is a sad one—all the sadder for its truthfulness—and yet the author's aim has not been so much to make the reader weep as to rouse his fears by pointing out that his own comfort and safety are threatened.

FOR A SINGLE TAX CLUB HOUSE.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to buy, at (\$1.00) one dollar apiece, the number of Tontine shares set opposite our respective names, and pay for the same at any time as soon as the minimum number of (5,000) five thousand shares be subscribed for.

Name.....
Address.....
Amount.....
When filled out please forward to William McCabe, 236 East Fourteenth street, New York city.

ed by the very existence of the poverty and degradation which are either kept out of sight or used as good literary material. She goes back to the foundation doctrine of Christianity, the brotherhood of man, and endeavors to emphasize the lesson that if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." The risk to physical health that the rich run from the existence of such places as Mulberry bend and other tenement house quarters has been insisted on over and over again by our newspapers; what has not been so clearly pointed out has been the moral danger. Cassie voices this lesson in the following sentence: "A rich man ruins a poor girl; a poor girl ruins a rich man."

"What we want," says Mrs. Rollins, speaking through one of her characters, "is an Abraham Lincoln to emancipate the slaves of New York by a single stroke of the pen, his signature to a check for twenty millions that would leave him not a sweetmeat less on his own table." And earlier in the story her favorite character, Benham, writes an imaginary advertisement: "Wanted, an Abraham Lincoln to emancipate the slaves of New York? But the fact is ignored that simple emancipation is not enough. After the war was ended, the colored people would soon have relapsed into their servile state, although nominal slavery was at an end, had no steps been taken to secure their rights to them. It is often claimed that the serfs are practically as badly off as before Alexander's emancipation proclamation. What is needed is to root out slavery, not merely to free slaves. And there are some of us who think they see signs that the era of true freedom for each and all will soon be begun. That such books as "Uncle Tom's Tenement" may help toward this end is proved by the closing sentences of W. D. Howells's critique on the story.

If ever prosperity visits these miserable houses in the shape of better wages, it is seized and confiscated to the landlords' use, until the symptoms all clearly ascertained; the remedy proposed is more conscience in the landlords. But is there any hope of permanent cure while the conditions invite one human creature to exploit another's necessity for his profit, or a bad man, under the same laws, may at any moment undo the work of a good one? This is the poignant question which the book seems to leave unanswered. It is so poignant that it never fails to turn from the strictly literary interests again, and try to force it.

This is an easy way to dispose of the difficulty, and this sentence may serve to show why, with such a brave beginning, Mr. Howells has made so pitiful an ending of his "Annie Kilburn."

But, fortunately for the human race, difficult questions will not be forgotten by all. Some will never be satisfied until somehow the question is satisfactorily answered. And every book or article that keeps the public mind agitated on this subject is to be welcomed, even though it may fail in reaching a satisfactory conclusion.

ELIZABETH B. SYKES.

Mr. William Nelson Black thinks that the great need of humanity is more capital. He also has other ideas, of which the following are fair samples:

Credit is capital, income is capital, education is capital, nay, at the foundation of all, good character is capital.

Wealth is broadly a fruit of some form of capitalization on surplus earnings or income. It may be truthfully charged that not only are the great majority of men not producers of wealth, but that a very large proportion of this majority are consumers of the accumulations of the few, and help to deplete the granaries where the public harvests are stored.

Mr. Black has written a little book (1) to show that poverty is to be abolished, and rent paying to cease from out the land, through the organization of gigantic building associations on a new plan. If it were possible to accept his premises—of which the quotations given above are specimens—it might be worth while to consider his conclusions. But when a man commences his argument by announcing that, for him, two and two make five, it is scarcely necessary to waste time in tracing his further fallacies of ratiocination.

(2) Ultimate Finance: A True Theory of Cooperation. By William Nelson Black. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company.

The Tolls of Authorship.

Certainly, there are great variations in natural ability; some are gifted with the power of genius, others with the power of a much greater degree than others, but no "inborn genius" can dispense with arduous cultivation by study and by practice. Carlyle has described the life of a writer as "a life of pain." Some of our great writers may have had genius of a different species, but they certainly spent much time and labor on their works. Charles Dickens declared that it was impossible for any one, however great his natural ability, to succeed without persevering labor: his own manuscripts, now in the museum at South Kensington, show that he composed with the greatest care, re-writing every sentence in order to make it as clear as possible. It is said that De Quincey, who is generally regarded as a master of English prose, was a most painstaking writer, altering and re-writing some passages of his "Confessions of an Opium Eater" more than sixty times. Macaulay is one of the examples of the true working genius. Writing of his account of the Highlands, he says: "Tomorrow I shall begin to transcribe again and to polish. What trouble these few pages will have cost me! The great object is that after all this trouble they may read as easily as if they had been spoken off and may seem to flow as easily as table talk." One of our greatest modern scientific writers, speaking of the subject of literary composition, says: "I found myself so hard to satisfy, so far as forms of expression were concerned, that I wrote an article of nine pages I took about two months, writing sometimes only three or four lines a day. Later I had so much difficulty in writing to my own satisfaction that I would retain in my mind the reasons of a whole chapter rather than begin the work of committing it to paper." If prose requires so much care, how much more necessary is it that poems should be bestowed on poetry! These examples of the industry of great writers should be sufficient to remove the false impression that great writers do not bestow much labor on their works.

Why Not Sell the Children Outright.

The latest idea of the autocrat of the work-house is to cut the hair off little children who happen to fall into his little clutches and sell to wax doll makers.

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Mrs. John Sherwood Tells the "Hoi Polloi" Something About Etiquette—Never Use a Toothpick Except in Your Dressing Room.

The Press is distinctively a working-man's paper. It is started for their benefit, and it exists only to do them good. We know this is so, because the Press says so, and nobody connected with the Press would tell a lie—ah, not even for the sake of bringing in a suit of pauper made clothes duty free. When the Press tells its readers how they ought to vote, it is the wage workers to whom it is addressing itself; and when it tells them how to behave themselves, it is, of course, laboring to improve the same dear, simple minded fellows.

Just now, the voting season being over, the Press is trying to educate the working classes in etiquette. And it is doing it in a first class manner, too. It has engaged the services of Mrs. John Sherwood, whom it certifies to be a lady moving in the highest circles, to tell the sewing women at \$4 a week, and the car drivers at \$2 a day, all she knows about the etiquette of the best society. It's a great scheme altogether.

This week Mrs. Sherwood begins her labors. She discusses the hat, the toothpick, the table knife, the invitation to Tuxedo, the visiting card, the afternoon tea and the stationery. Not exhaustively, of course, but in an earnest humming bird sort of a fashion, skipping from topic to topic as fancy dictates. By way of "starters" for the different subjects, she uses a lot of letters, real or imaginary, from working people who are anxious to know what they must do to be socially saved.

"All etiquette in America," Mrs. Sherwood informs us, "is in a chaotic state." The latest and saddest condition was the unseemly "fired out" of Mr. Lionel Sack—beg pardon, Sir Lionel—beg pardon again, Lord Sackville—by that very under-dressed person, the president of the United States. Mrs. Sherwood says that had such a thing happened between Austria and France, or any other two powers in Europe, it "would have been instantly a cause of war." Think of that, now. Suppose Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the channel islands and the Isle of Man, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, K. G.—just suppose that Fountain of Honor had not been advised by Mrs. Sherwood, or some other American aristocracy, that Grover Cleveland was just a common, uneducated fellow, for whom pitying allowance must be made. Why, the Sackville incident would have been "instantly a cause of war," and the Life Guards might be quartered on Fifth avenue to-day. General Harrison will miss it if he doesn't study Mrs. Sherwood.

However, the Sackville story is only introductory. The real lecture on etiquette begins with the following letter from "Elaine," probably the lady maid of some east side tenement house Astorist:

I was going up in the elevator at the Fifth avenue hotel, and every gentleman who got in took off his hat. I went down afterward to E. J. Denning's shop, and while going up and down every man kept his hat on. Now, what is the etiquette of the elevator in the United States?

Elaine, you see, is half educated already. She knows enough to call a store a shop. If she works in "E. J. Denning's shop," she probably speaks of E. J. Denning as a shopkeeper. Elaine is informed that as ladies travel in the Fifth avenue elevator without bonnets, "gentlemen feel constrained to take off their hats." It is different at Denning's shop. There the gentleman "would feel as if the elevator was the same as the carpet room," and keep their hats on accordingly.

"Winifred Curtis" also wants to know about hats, and gets this information:

A gentleman may wear his hat in picture galleries, in all assemblies in the open air, in places of public promenade, in a shop, even when talking to ladies. He may wear it at a garden party and resume it, even if he has taken it off in a draft. He should, however, lift it in passing a lady on a hotel staircase, lecture, concert or theater. Of course, while sitting by a lady in any of these resorts he does not wear his hat. Some men standing in the street talking to a lady will hold their hats in their hand, but this is superfluous. A man should, however, always tip his hat if a lady addresses him, handing him a book, or a note, or any little parcel she wishes delivered to another.

We were not before aware that a hotel staircase was a "resort" where ladies and gentlemen sat side by side, without hat or bonnet. Such things are done, it is true, on tenement house stairs. Perhaps Mrs. Sherwood has confused the two.

A gentleman comes next—Mr. Sylvanus. He is worried about his toothpick. Can he use it at a dinner party? He knows such things are done in Germany, and he has seen the toothpick used at Delmonico's. "Yet Mrs. H— looked at me very hard when I pulled out a silver one and used it at her dinner." Alas! poor Sylvanus C. No wonder Mrs. H. looked very hard at him. "The toothpick," Mrs. Sherwood sternly advises him, "like the nailbrush, should only be used in one's dressing room." Suppose the unlucky Sylvanus hasn't got a dressing room, or a nail brush either? Lots of Press readers have to do without both these essentials of etiquette. In that case he must dine at a restaurant, where etiquette will allow him to do the toothpick act "behind a napkin." Mrs. Sherwood assures him that Germany is no rule. "Germans put their knives in their mouths, nor do the high-bred Teutons consider this ill-bred. We happen to think differently."

"Tom Tucker" is the next seeker after advice. Mr. Tucker has been invited to Tuxedo, for the 20th of next month. "Now," says Tom, "I want to go to Long Island for that day. Would it be proper to suggest to my hostess that I am free on the 27th and would come then with pleasure?" Mrs. Sherwood is very clear about Tucker's case. He must go to Tuxedo on the 20th or not at all. "It would be better," Mrs. Sherwood assures us—

It would be better for every one in this country if we were more particular as to the duties of a guest. We are too apt to go and see our friends when it is convenient for us, and not when it is convenient for them. Trusting to that boundless American hospitality, we decline an invitation for the 6th, saying we would come on the 9th.

"That boundless American hospitality" is a fine expression. If it were not so frequently tested by the boundless American tramp it might be a trifle more boundless than it is. But of course Mrs. Sherwood is not writing for tramps. She would scorn the idea of addressing anybody so degraded as to live on the fruits of other people's labor.

"Mrs. Mary Godfrey" is in an agony of embarrassment for fear lest she has done an unpardonable thing. She was in Europe last summer, and she left her cards in Paris. In this delicate manner Miss Godfrey conveys the information that she runs across every year or so, and is on visiting terms with the noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain. But it isn't that that troubles Mary. She is rather proud of the faubourg than otherwise. But the cards that she left had "my address engraved in one corner," and now Mary is overwhelmed with shame and confusion because people tell her that that wasn't proper. It might look like an invitation to the young dukes and vicounts to hunt her up, you know. But Mrs. Sherwood consoles her. The idea that putting her address on a visiting card "compromises a lady" is "absurd." "The best examples of high bred ladies in London" do it; and what's more is right in a London best example must be correct for a New York imitation. "We happen to think differently from our London examples. If we did we should have no etiquette at all, and what would Mrs. Sherwood do then, poor thing."

Next comes a case of real distress. "Miss S. G. C." is going to drink some tea in the afternoon—afternoon tea, she calls it—and what sort of a dress shall she drink it in. Mrs. Sherwood, naturally deliberating, advises a director's costume, with low neck and short sleeves, a jeweled necklace, bracelets, and a bouquet. Simple and inexpensive, isn't it? If the director's dress and all the rest of it are de rigueur, Mrs. Flanagan must either do without tea, or apply to congress for more protection for the washing industry.

Stationery is the last subject treated of for stationery has its etiquette as well as tea. If Mrs. Flanagan wants to be truly in the swim, she must be particular to use plain white thick English note, with the writer's initial dashed across one corner in gold letters, or the address in red letters. This last is most convenient.

The elaborately emblazoned monograms seem to have gone out of fashion, but some ladies are renewing crest and monogram in one color. The ink should always be black and the envelope square. No one can go wrong to use handsome plain English note paper of pale gray or blue, but white is always safest.

English note paper, observe! Good heavens! is Mrs. Sherwood trying to destroy the great American infant industry of paper making? Does she really mean that a well behaved American must use a product of foreign pauper labor? Would Mr. Robert P. Porter do such a thing? Would he be a consistent protectionist, friend of the workingman if he did? Would he be a perfect gentleman if he didn't? Mrs. Sherman has prepared a pretty dilemma for her employer.

A BOWERY LODGING HOUSE.

A Dive Where the Tramps Rest Their Weary Legs at Night.

Where can I get a night's lodging? I asked Officer No. 1,025, the other evening on Broadway.

"Down at the police station," was his reply.

"Take the first turning on the left and you'll see the lights of the police station," I said. I shuffled away, shivering with cold, as I was endeavoring to play the part of a tramp. I laid clothed myself in an old pair of trousers, a jacket and shirt, and walked with a slouching gait, and got a look at an old hat. On arriving at the station I opened the door and asked the sergeant in charge for lodgings, but the only reply I got was that there was no room. I slouched back in my first attempt. I slouched back to the City hall park and sat down on one of the benches among others of my fraternity.

Near me was a young fellow about twenty-four years of age, and I opened conversation with him by remarking that it was cold. He assented, and I shortly afterwards asked him where he was going to sleep for the night, and he said he wasn't sure. He had had his wing money—ten cents—but had been fool enough to spend it, and had not quite made up his mind as to whether he should sleep out in the park or take lodgings at the police station. I suggested that as it was so dark and cold, he should go and get a lie down for the night, and Jim by this time having grown quite friendly agreed to go with me. On the way he put me up to many pointers about how to act as a tramp, and he also gave me a portion of his history.

It turned out that he was a country lad from Oswego county and had come to New York a few years back "to make his fortune," and he had been in the city for some time. On his arrival that he did not know enough to ask a policeman where he could sleep. Now he does, and a good deal more besides. He does not work, as he imagines to live without labor of any kind, and at times makes a fair amount of money by working the soft hearts of charitably disposed fellow creatures. His favorite story is that his parents died in the country and he was left a waif, and that he had to work in Newark, N. J. He only wants enough money for a bed and a bit of something to eat, as he is going to tramp tomorrow to Newark, but having had nothing to eat all day he feels a little hungry. Another good line to go on, according to Jim, is to have only lately arrived from England or Ireland, and being unable to get any work he does not know what to do. When talking we had arrived at the police station in Mulberry street, and on applying for lodgings we were told to go to the back room.

We went out into what was labeled on the door, "Celling Room," and a policeman showed us the way to the back room and up some steps into the lodging room. Through the dim light one could see a room about twenty feet by twelve, with another the same size opening out of it. Let down from the wall was a board about sixteen feet long by eight deep, and raised a foot from the ground. On this board, in every conceivable attitude of rest, were lying the majority of Italians, Germans and Irish. Sitting on the edge was an old man about fifty-five years of age, who at first said he could not find a place to lie down, but on being told by the policeman to "sleigh yourself around among the feet," he had to acknowledge that the place was too much for him, and that he could not stand it. The atmosphere was simply terrible. The

stench overpowering, and nearly every lodger in the place was continually scratching his head, shoulders or sides. The air was so bad that it turned out a sailor, was allowed to go out, remarking as he did that he had been forty-two years at sea, and had had some rough times and hard places to sleep in, but that place was the worst. Jim found himself among the feet, and taking off his coat for a pillow, which seemed to be the custom, soon fell asleep.

As for myself, I rested content sitting on the corner edge of the board as far as possible from any part of the repulsive human beings who lay packed like a litter of pups, and were still talking, snoring and scratching their tails, on the whole, was very uninteresting, chiefly consisting of the amount of drainings they had got from empty beer kegs, the amount of money they had begged and various grovels in their several languages against their bedfellows, or putting their feet in their face or talking so as to interrupt their slumbers. One occupant of the room who had the choice position on the "boss bum" was informed, was that "boss bum" and regular customer of the establishment—a man of about fifty years of age, grimy with dirt, clothed in the flitchiest of old clothes, who week in and week out lived the same kind of life. Begging and scavenging during the day, probably stealing when he had a chance, and sleeping regularly at the same station, he had been promoted to the proud position of "boss bum." His duties consisted of keeping the dozens of place quiescent and in the morning setting them to work cleaning out the place with hose and brooms before they left for their day's labors. He said that the boss had a comfortable little pile saved up, and no doubt there may be some truth in the statement, as only a few months ago one of these bums, on being arrested as a vagrant, produced a roll of bills to prove that he was innocent of the charge preferred against him.

After having been closeted in this den of filth for about ten minutes the door was opened and another visitor was ushered in. He was a toothless old man, gray, and with his face lined with scars. Though not drunk he had evidently had a drop, and was holding forth about the troubles of life. "I've got a pain in my head," he said. "Four years I have prayed to the Lord. I pray—I pray—I pray—I'm always praying, and yet somehow the Lord don't seem to hear me; anyhow he don't answer my prayers." I asked him what he prayed for, for he had a long and a definite in view; but he did not appear to know quite what he expected would be done for him. He had originally come from St. Louis, years back, with several hundred dollars and supposed that the Astor house, as the funds began to run short he moved to a cheaper place, and kept moving on the downward scale from hotel to boarding house, and boarding house to lodgings, and thence to the police station and the park, where, unless in some unforeseen manner his numerous prayers are answered he is likely to remain.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands

Bright clear complexion

Soft healthful skin.

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Two of the men, evidently partners or friends were mapping out their next day's work—one was to work in one direction and the second in another. They were to meet at noon, and if their funds were sufficient, have a drink and something to eat. Among all the men in those two rooms, about thirty in all, there did not appear to be a single decent man, with the exception of the old sailor who left, and who, I am glad to say, had his papers with him, and was on his way to New Harbor, where he had work, and would not be back until the next day. All the others were beggars, beats and bums, not deserving a thought of pity. Gradually silence stole over the scene and all was quiet, with the exception of a snoring from some of the somnolent, and a periodical scratch—scratch of some victim of the vermin.

In the morning at six o'clock the sleepers were awakened and rose yawning, gaping and stretching themselves. Under the "boss bum" they set to work to clean up their sleeping apartment, washing it down and whitewashing it. Every morning this process is gone through, and during the day one could wish to see a cleaner or nicer place than the rooms for casual lodgers.

In the early morning a more horrible hole could not be imagined than the same rooms, yet day after day the foulest and about the lowest specimens of humanity are only too glad to make the place their resting spot. Nothing can be done for them, and they probably would not thank you for trying unless it took the form of donations of money and food. As far as the authorities of the station are concerned they do all that is possible. They supply day by day a clean room for their casual wanderers, smothering in fresh chipwash, but within a few hours the room has been reduced to a state of one of the most horrible and filthy dens in existence.

More Scottish Game Preserves for Our Nobility.

New York Sun.

An American invasion of Scotland, in which Mr. Winans was the pioneer and Mr. Bradley Martin is a conspicuous figure, has been recruited by Mr. John S. Kennedy of this city, who has brought the great Murray and Grantly estates in Perthshire, and proposes to pass there in future half the year. The estates comprise about 35,000 acres and include some of the best scenery in Scotland. The Highlands, notably Loch Kenard, Rannoch and Drumochter, are respectively leased by the Comte de Paris, Mr. John Burt, and Mr. Barclay Field. Murray castle is one of the most beautiful places in Scotland, with its gardens, lawns and woods stretch for miles along the banks of the Tay. The new house will be completed in accordance with the original plans and will become one of the finest seats in the country.

Louis XIV in His Dressing Room.

Nineteenth Century.

When the king left his bed it was ordained that the great chamberlain, or the first gentleman, or the first lord in waiting, or some other great dignity, should put on his dressing gown, which the first valet de chambre should hold. When the king received his shirt, which was always given by the first prince of the blood, the first valet de chambre assisted him in putting on the right sleeve, while the groom of the stole assisted him with the left.

When the king went to bed the same forms were observed and it was of the very highest importance that the first valet de chambre should unfasten the king's left garter, though we are not told whose duty it was to perform that office for the right one. The queen, in this respect, was more fortunate than her consort, as she was assisted by her lady-in-waiting to unfasten her own garters.

BRIGGS' PIANOS

GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT

GRACEFUL DESIGNS • SOLID CONSTRUCTION

MATCHLESS TONE • BEAUTIFUL FINISH

343 RAILROAD WATCH

It is specially constructed for the most exacting use, and is the BEST.

Patent Railroad Watch made. It contains numerous important patented improvements of vital importance to accurate time-keeping. Durable, accurate, and reliable. Its fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service to any \$50 watch. Price \$43, either all cash or in Clubs. \$1 a week. Open face or hunting. Our \$1 a week Club System, while as convenient to the buyer as any installment system, is a valuable spot cash saving to us.

The Corporation of the club members sell us 43 watches in the \$43 Watch Club, and we get cash from the club for each watch before it goes out, though each member only pays \$1 a week. This is why we give you more for your money than any one else and why we are doing the largest watch business in the world.

An App Watch from your club use with each watch.

The Keystone Watch Club Co.

Main Office to Co's Own Building, 904 WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Agents Wanted.

Ajax Watch Insulator, \$1.00

It is a watch insulator, and is used to protect the watch from the effects of the air, and is a valuable addition to any watch.

Price and terms, send for circular.

Patent Watch Insulator, \$1.00

It is a watch insulator, and is used to protect the watch from the effects of the air, and is a valuable addition to any watch.

Price and terms, send for circular.

Patent Watch Insulator, \$1.00

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