

THE LAND OF THE
DOLLAR



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The Land of the Dollar

By
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GENERAL

PREFATORY NOTE

I HAVE to thank the proprietors of the 'Daily Mail, for which these letters were originally written, for permission to republish them. They have been retained in the form of a diary, as it is in the gradual initiation of an ignorant but unprejudiced Englishman into American institutions and character that any interest or usefulness of this book must consist.

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Secretary of
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THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR.



I.

THE VOYAGE.

NEW YORK, *September 1.*

IF Africa begins at the Pyrenees and Asia at Budapest, then America begins on the departure platform at Euston. There, at least, it began on the blazing 29th of August when, an obscure and perplexed Columbus, I started on a voyage of discovery to America. Men and women, children and infants in arms, the platform was black with the inhabitants of the States, hastening back from their descent on the Old World. The station rang with their greetings and partings; the masses of their ironclad trunks swayed and toppled till they threatened to overwhelm Americans and Cunard Special and Euston itself. This was not merely the beginning of America. It

was also—what I did not realise till later—the beginning of the Presidential election. For two months already the West-bound packets had been ferrying home the same nervous crowds, in haste lest there should be no room for them later. Crisis was in the air, and all were hurrying back to safeguard their own interests and those of the country they all adore.

The whistle blew; I jumped in; the train started; a practical friend on the platform had the happy inspiration of hurling in my luggage in a volley after me, and I was on the way to America. The run to Liverpool is very much the same, I noticed, when you are going to America as when you are only going to Liverpool. I expect it is different coming back. But at the end of the journey, after the Mersey Tunnel, it suddenly begins to be very impressive. Along silent wharves, across dingy streets, through dim warehouses, under huge dead walls crawled the train. I was now cut off from my country for good, and had got to go on with it, for nobody surely could ever have found the way back through that vast deserted maze. Then all at once we drew up in the bare Riverside station, and next moment appeared the quay and the giant *Campania*, the largest ship in the world. The *Campania* is very like any other ship seen through a powerful magnifying-glass. The great length—over 600 feet—and the comparatively narrow beam destroy any beauty in the lines. The vessel recalls Alice in Wonderland when she ate the elongating mushroom.

But two most enormous red funnels, with ventilators and bridges on the same scale, maintain a due proportion. As a ship the *Campania* is too big to be regarded as a personal friend, but she is an unrivalled way of getting to America. She does not walk the waters like a thing of life; she pushes sturdily through them, flinging great walls of green water off her bows. As to her qualities as a hotel there is more diverse opinion. Her idea in life is to get you to New York as quickly as possible, rather than to make you comfortable on the way. Comfortable up to a certain point, of course, you are, but not to the point of luxury nor of making the ship a home. The captain and navigating officers live apart from the passengers; they are not dispensing hospitality, but taking you swiftly and safely across the Atlantic. For the rest the *Campania* is not built with any large available space of deck for athletic sports and such diversions as other voyages afford. Nor, indeed, is the time at sea long enough for such; you are just beginning to know your fellows by the time you get Sandy Hook light abeam. Briefly the passage of the Atlantic has ceased to be a voyage, and become a ferry. The available space of deck is occupied by serried ranks of deck-chairs, and the ship's inhabitants sit and sit, and are sea-sick. The casualties of the first day out were terrible, and not till Long Island was in sight were they really salved. The other main diversions of the voyage resolved themselves into reading unimportant novels aloud, by

pairs, on the deck, and gambling in the smoking-room—the nobler and the manlier one. Also there was eating. In reference to eating, I hold that the food provided by the Company is as good as you can expect, but this view was not held by all, or indeed by many. As good as you can expect—possibly; but does this mean as good as you ought to get, or only as good as you are likely to get? The Cunard has a noble reputation for bringing its passengers safe to their destination. But I am bound to say that there was a strong body of opinion on board in favour of a trifle more chance of death by drowning, so it were balanced by a trifle less chance of death by starvation. I do not share that view myself; I am as difficult to starve as, given a thousand miles from the nearest land, I should be easy to drown. Yet if I am ever chairman of the Cunard I think I shall make an effort. The food is good enough, and there is plenty of it. Why not try to make it nice?

I observed no sort of snobbishness on the *Campania*, such as you would hardly have missed with a boat populated with the same number of our people. No doubt the American has his veneration for the dollar. But so far as I have seen—which, mind you, is no way at all as yet—he reveres the dollar as an emblem of power; and I should hardly call it snobbery to respect power. I had the good fortune to see a good deal of a gentleman who was perhaps typical. He first won my regard by the rare art with which he conveyed his

utter scorn for the steward without ever speaking to him. Then we were thrown together as the only members of our stewardship who faced dinner on the day of sea-sickness. "Are there any lords on board?" he asked slowly in a half-misanthropic, half-wistful voice he had the charm to possess. I got out the passenger list and found none. "Any sirs?" Only one sir was forthcoming. "Ah," he said, brightening a little, as one whose country had manifested a social superiority over mine, "I expect there are a good many moneyed men, though." Next morning he opened the conversation. "How much should you think this ship cost?" I was able to indulge him with particulars of the cost of many of the important ships in the world, and he began to confide in me. "That's a fine woman," he said, looking up the table; "a very fine woman. I should think she was a very expensive woman." Yet, though instinctively he referred everything to the standard of the dollar, I should say his feeling was simply respect for the power of doing things that without dollars could not be done. And his respect for the man of dollars was only a concrete form of respect for the ability to make them.

On the morning of the sixth day out from Queens-town there began to crawl along the starboard horizon a pale blue line. "What do you think," began the wistful voice of my friend at my elbow—"but you'd hardly have seen enough to judge of it yet." I assured

him that my first impressions were not unfavourable and turned for my second. As the screws kicked on through the dancing waves, the line grew broader, until it was plainly land; high ground rose over the deeper blue of the waters, and presently began to take on colours of its own. Here was a faint green for woodland; there a misty yellow for sand. It was the coast of Long Island, the first herald of America.

Then came buildings dimly outlined on the skyline; then the same pale appearance on the port side also, which slowly shaped itself into the low dun spit of Sandy Hook. Nearing this, the *Campania* slowed down; the lightship was abeam, and the passage was over. Past the Hook we glided, and then turned sharp to starboard into the noble expanse of New York Bay. The great ship crept deviously along the deep-water channel, but over the wide sheet of scarcely rippled water tiny launches and steam yachts scudded round and round us, as if we were a ten-knot tramp steamer instead of one of the fastest couriers of the Atlantic. As early as this much was unfamiliar to the English eye. The coasting schooners, flapping lazily in the vain expectation of a wind, were all three-masted; the ferry-boats and harbour-service steamers were built high up out of the water with large deck-houses, out of which protruded the engines, see-sawing up and down.

The great cities of New York and Brooklyn began to outline themselves against the clear sky. As you

enter London from the Thames, you see little but a few ghost-like spires, glimmering in a vast canopy of smoke. New York and Brooklyn stand out clear and smokeless against the blue of the heavens. The two cities are profiled along the shores of the bay and the Hudson river, and a strange jagged profile it is. Brooklyn combines into a fairly even mass of buildings, half yellow-grey, half chocolate, with a fringe of masts along the water. Then the heap of buildings slowly parts asunder in the middle; you see the opening of the East River, the frontier of the two cities, and the slim lines of the Suspension Bridge. But New York combines into no colour and no sky-line. Here is a red mass of brick, there a grey spire, there a bright white pile of building—twenty storeys of serried windows—there again a gilded dome. Gradually they disengage themselves as you pass up the river in a line apparently endless. The rest of the city lies huddled beneath them—these buildings, too, many coloured, all uneven, each one seemingly struggling to shoot up alongside of the giants at its side. That is the first impression of New York, if impression it can be called. The truth is that New York yields no impression; the big buildings and the little buildings will not come into the same view. It dazzles, and it astonishes, but it does not make a picture.

The business of getting a 600-foot liner alongside a wharf is painful enough to rub out the memory of the

pleasantest voyage and beget a passionate longing for the land. At last they brought us up, out swung the gangway, and we swarmed down on to the crowded wharf. For many minutes there had been greetings from the throng of welcoming friends, with waving of handkerchiefs and miniatures of the stars and stripes. Now followed the embraces; bearded men caught and kissed each other. I saw, and passed on to get my luggage inspected. The New York Customs Service enjoys a world-wide reputation for ingenious incivility, but for my part I am bound to say that this reputation went wholly unfulfilled. I consigned my goods to a baggage express, which duly delivered dinner-clothes and sleeping-clothes at one in the morning. As for my own vile body, I transported it in a cab, not to say a brougham and pair. I had been warned against the rash experiment, but having no vaguest idea where I was or whither I had to go, I damned the expense and took it. The price for about three miles or so, not allowing for the rate of exchange, was 8s. 4d. I wondered at the time why New Yorkers stand such an abominable imposition; but when I afterwards learned that by other means you can get from any point in the city to any other, almost as quickly and comfortably, for 2½d., I began to understand it.

The first impression of New York life was that it gets very dark in the evening, and that the streets are most disgracefully paved. If you imagine the stones of Blackfriars Bridge taken up and relaid in

the nearest possible imitation of the upper surface of a Bath bun, then you will get a rough general idea of a first-class New York thoroughfare. It was refreshing, even after only a week at sea, to see trees and horses. The horses look very light—not to say weedy, long-barrelled and loose-coupled—when you think of ours; and I saw some shamefully starved. Yet there is a lot of blood in them, and everybody knows what the American trotter can do. We drove through the falling dusk, and at first I thought the streets of New York singularly mean. They recalled the last bit of the railway journey at Liverpool—deserted ways and dead walls. But we were only passing through cross-streets. Presently we flashed into a blaze of electric light. A tram-car bore down on us, without any visible means of propulsion, swift and noiseless; it looked more like a gliding reptile than a machine. Then we rattled into a broad avenue, down the long middle of which ran a sort of arcade, supported on iron uprights. As the cab passed under it a couple of railway trains rushed overhead and rumbled away up and down the street. Not a featureless city, after all, New York. So we arrived at the Waldorf Hotel, a palace of marble and glass, gold and greenery. On sight, I was adjudged worthy of Room 827, though if they had known the poverty of my luggage, judged by the American standard, who knows but what I should have been banished to 8000 or so? From 827, therefore, I proceeded to the conquest of New York.

II.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, *September 6.*

ON the first morning I got up and went to my eighth-storey window: New York was spread out in bright sunshine below. Never have I seen a city more hideous or more splendid. Uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic, it yet stamps itself upon you as the most magnificent embodiment of titanic energy and force.

The foreground of my picture was a lightning-conductor, sweeping down from some dizzy, unimagined height aslant to the street below. Beneath was a wing of the Waldorf; on the left a deep, silent courtyard, whence some pittance of air and light filtered into the lower floors; on the right a huge skeleton of iron girders that is to fill out into yet another gigantic branch of this gigantic hotel. Beyond lay the red, flat, sloping roofs of two streets of houses, four- or five-storeyed, with trees straggling up to the light between them: this might

have been a bit of Bloomsbury. Beyond these, shutting out the direct front, rose to double their height the great, square, dirty white-and-yellow back of a huge Broadway store; the blind-looking windows and outside iron stairs contradicted the comfortable Bloomsbury streets with a suggestion of overcrowding and squalor. To the right of this, half-covered with creepers, a little church cocked a squat Gothic spire at heaven. To the left was a peep of Broadway, with cable cars ceaselessly gliding to and fro; right on top of them, as it seemed, the trains of the Elevated Road puffed and rattled in endless succession. Just over the iron fretwork peeped a little blue shop and a little red shop side by side; elbowing them, a big greenish theatre, and beyond that again a great white block of business houses with a broad blue band of advertisements across its dead side. Emerging above that, another street; beyond that, another square block of windows; a clock-tower; then in a shapeless brown jumble the city stretches away out to the steely band of the Hudson and the pale green hills of New Jersey beyond.

Walk down town towards the business quarter—if one part is the business quarter any more than another: the impression is everywhere the same. The very buildings cry aloud of struggling, almost savage, unregulated strength. No street is laid out as part of a system, no building as an architectural



unit in a street. Nothing is given to beauty: everything centres in hard utility. It is the outward expression of the freest, fiercest individualism. The very houses are alive with the instinct of competition, and strain each one to overtop its neighbours. Seeing it, you can well understand the admiration of an American for something ordered and proportioned—for the Rue de Rivoli or Regent Street. Fine buildings, of course, New York has in every pure and cross-bred style of architecture under the sun. Most are suggestions of the Italian Renaissance, as is the simple yet rich and stately Produce Exchange, built of terra-cotta and red brick of a warmer, and yet less impudent, red than ours. In this lives the spirit of the best Florentine models. Fifth Avenue is lined with such fine buildings—here rococo, there a fine Gothic cathedral, then, again, a hint of Byzantine, or a dandy suggestion of Mauresque.

Indeed, architects here appear far more awake to what is beautiful than ours. Working on the old models, they seldom fail to impart a suggestion of originality. You will hardly find an eyesore like the new Admiralty in New York. But too many of the best buildings are half wasted for want of space and place. The Produce Exchange has nearly half its front cut off by a row of steamship offices. Many of the most ambitious buildings in narrow Wall Street are so high that it would break any man's neck to look to the top of them. Each for

himself is the motto of New York building, and confusion takes the hindmost and the foremost, the topmost and the whole jumble. No man could do its architecture justice unless he had a pair of eyes in the top and the back and both sides of his head, with a squint in each of them.

The city stretches north from Battery Point, between the East River and the Hudson, so that it is over thirteen miles long by about three wide. The best way to see it as a whole, therefore, is from some such point as the Brooklyn Bridge, whence I have seen it at night, stretched out in front of a rosy sunset that bathed even New York in softness. From that point the low red houses sloping up from the waterside looked like a carpet for the giants to tread upon. These sky-scraping monsters stretch in a jagged backbone along the central northern line of the city—mere white frames for windows, most of them appear—square, hard outlines, four times as high as they are broad, with regular rows on rows of casements as close as the squares in a chess-board.

And the whole city plastered and painted and papered with advertisements. I do not know that New York has much to teach us of the value of advertising, but the irregular building of the place, with acres of wall looking out everywhere over the whole city, affords a fertile field which has been sown and cultivated to the last inch. At the very entrance of the harbour you are hit in the face by what it

would be discourtesy not to presume the largest advertisement in the world. "H-O" is its simple legend: the symbol was a touch of home, though I have yet to learn what "H-O" is. There is also a product called Castoria—children cry for it, it appears; which seems a poor enough recommendation to the harassed parent. But its spirited proprietors have bought up every wall in New York that faces towards the Brooklyn Bridge. As you stand there the red houses seem to be laced with gold letters; the whole city is yelling aloud concerning the virtues of Castoria. There are no sky-signs, thank heaven, in New York. But except the sky every place that will hold an advertisement holds one. And these not the finicking, bashful overtures of the effete East; no chiropodist worthy the name but keeps at his door a modelled human foot the size of a cab-horse; and other trades go and do likewise.

If I get back unlynched to England, I intend to organise a movement for sending all the members of the London County Council to New York. If they return without learning a good deal as to how a city should be organised on the material side, I should then send them somewhere else. Take, for example, the communications within the city: they are infinitely ahead of anything ever dreamed of in London. The place, as I have said, is very long and narrow, and it pivots on its southern point at the site of the old Dutch Battery. Here is the business quarter—

Wall Street, the Exchanges, the shipping offices, and the like. As New York grows, the business quarter naturally grows also, and pushes the residents either to Brooklyn or New Jersey over the rivers, or elsewhere to the northward.

How are they to be kept in touch with their work? The problem is fairly simple, in so far as the suburban traffic all runs in one or two main directions; it is difficult for the corresponding reason that there is no space available for communications in the scanty width of New York that is not wanted for something else. The problem is solved, not by burrowing under the earth, as we have done in London, but by the Elevated Rail. Its iron pillars are planted along any convenient street, the girders laid over them, the sleepers and rails across the girders, and there you have your railway complete. No doubt it spoils the streets it runs along to a certain extent—though they are mostly wider than ours—but I should much wonder if it depreciated their value as business sites. And, beyond any doubt, it is infinitely quicker, pleasanter, and simpler than our own Underground. I could travel on it hours every day for the mere pleasure of the motion and of seeing New York.

The fare from anywhere to anywhere is 5 cents—nominally 2½d., but in New York 5 cents mean what a penny is to us. When you travel by it you do not have to say where you want to go—a great convenience to me, as I never know. You pay your nickel,

which is 2½d., at the booking-office and get a ticket. As the ticket is merely a check, there is no bother about punching or collecting it; you drop it in a vase as you go out on to the platform. The train comes up the moment you have done so. Nominally the trains run every minute and a half; in reality, I can say quite honestly that I have seen a train dozens of times run into a station before the train in front of it had got clear of the platform. They glide on, chasing each other at some two hundred yards' distance, till it makes your head ache to look at them. Engines and cars alike are very light, and stop easily, so that there is never an accident—perhaps half-a-dozen killed annually out of two hundred million passengers.

The moment you have landed or got aboard, the conductor pulls a string that rings the bell on the engine, and off you go. As I sit at my hotel window I can time a train in the station: it is motionless for just five seconds. The conductor never leaves the train, and to prevent anybody from getting out while the car is in motion, he can shut the iron doors with a single motion of a lever. The seats are arranged in part like those of our tram cars, in part like those of our railway carriages; you can sit which way you please. They are cheaply and comfortably cushioned, and the cushions have rattan covers—all you want for a short journey. So you spin along above New York, now swinging

round a sharp corner apparently into somebody's first-floor windows, and then rattling between serried lines of tradesmen's show-rooms. Who can wonder that with so cheap and quick and easy a means of travel the Manhattan Company carries nearly two hundred and fifty million people a-year, and makes an annual profit of a million dollars? It deserves it.

If the Elevated Railway is off your route, you may prefer the cable car. Here, again, you pay no more than 5 cents, whether you go a hundred yards or three miles; naturally this means simplification of organisation, and therewith saving of expense. I need not describe the cable cars, nor yet the electric tramways, even if I understood them. We have them in England, though, of course, not in London. And then there is our old friend the horse. I dare not say how many tramway lines run North and South in New York, or how many subsidiary lines meet them East and West. On to many of the last you can be transferred from the trunk lines, and thus travel in two or even three trams, all for your original 5 cents. Then, still for the same beneficent nickel, and sometimes for even three or two cents, or even only one, you have the choice of about thirty ferries to take you to Brooklyn or Jersey City or Staten Island, or anywhere. The giant Suspension Bridge you can cross free, if you like, by a promenade in the middle of it; if you don't, you can take the cable railway on each side

of the footway for three cents, or drive over in a hansom by the waggon-track on each side of that. It is worth all the money, not only for the grotesquely magnificent view, but for the pleasure of seeing so well-arranged and practical a means of popular transport.

The streets of New York, as most people know, are named only in the older Southern quarter. In the newer parts they go by numbers. The Avenues—First, Second, and the like—run North and South, beginning on the East side. The streets run East and West, beginning from the South. To the European mind this device is at first hateful. What possible individuality can you associate with Sixty-ninth Street? But after two days you begin to appreciate it. For you have only to know the address of any place and you know not only exactly the direction, but also exactly how far you have to go. Of numberless other material and mechanical conveniences, which we might have and ought to have and do not have in London, I must speak some other time when I have more paper to speak on. And yet high authorities say that New York is the worst governed city in the Union. True, the pavements are atrocious, and when it has been raining, even the Sardanapalus luxury of the Waldorf is besmirched with a deposit of mud in your bath. Also the place is almost worse lighted than London. For the explanation of all this I hear

already dark tales of municipal corruption almost incredible to the simple Briton. It is true, again, that the magnificent system of communications owes little enough to municipal support. It is the true-born creation of American enterprise and of the only truly practical genius that just adapts means to ends and no more. Yet, take it all together, the County Councillor has still something to learn from New York. And, if it is the worst governed city, I, for one, could make myself very fairly comfortable in the best.

III.

WHERE NEW YORK LIVES.

NEW YORK, *September 8.*

WHERE do the people of New York live? Where, **you** will ask, but in New York? Quite wrong. New York, squeezed in between the Hudson and the East River, is far too narrow for a tithe of those who do business there to find habitations in the city. Moreover, at the point where land might begin to be far enough removed from the heart of the city for people of not quite unlimited means to live, there comes Central Park, taking up about a quarter of the available space, and leaving only a little strip on either side. So the **man** who works in New York must either retreat even further North, and descend each day down the tongue of Manhattan Island to his work, or else he must get over one of the rivers into Long Island or New Jersey.

If he chooses the first evil, he can either go North of the Harlem River and live in a house, or remain below it and live in a flat. The River is reached at

Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street: all New York South of this is on Manhattan Island. Though this is called an island it is really a peninsula; that is to say, the Harlem River is a comparatively practicable stream. It is possible to run bridges over it, whereas the connection across the Hudson with New Jersey must at present be made entirely by ferries, and that with Long Island very largely so. North of Manhattan Island the suburbs stretch away almost endlessly. The eastern part of them is called the Annexed District. This is served by an extension of the Elevated Railroad and by the New York Central. The West side connects with the Elevated Railroad, which ends at Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street, by the New York and Northern Railroad. And beyond the continuous line of houses from Battery Point, the southernmost limit of the city, to the northern suburbs stretches town on town, village on village, almost endlessly, each sending in its daily contingent to the huge dollar-hunt of New York.

Suppose you want to live nearer your work—say within half an hour or so—then you must live in a flat. Land is too scarce to allow a whole house South of the Harlem to any man far short of his million. Flats are of every kind and of every price. There are flats to which the working man and junior clerk can aspire without presumption, and flats which the millionaire need not despise. The cheapest run to about nineteen or twenty dollars a-month. This

means nearly £50 a-year, which seems a back-breaking rent for the most prosperous mechanic to pay. For this he will get four rooms, a kitchen with gas-range and hot water laid on from the basement, a bedroom, a dining-room, and a parlour. The rooms are very small, they generally look out at a dark courtyard, and often there is only one front door and a common hall—say, rather, a narrow passage—between two of them. Your neighbour may be an Italian costermonger or a Polish-Jewish vendor of old clothes. In any case he is almost sure to be noisy, while the court will be filled with clothes drying and the smell of every unsavoury kind of cooking in the world. In summer court and staircase, front steps and streets, will swarm with squalling children. Yet, take it all round, there are advantages which no mechanic in England is likely to find. The sanitary, heating, and lighting arrangements are better, the stairs and halls are carpeted, the whole place is decorated, not magnificently, but at least with an attempt at grace and comfort. The Englishman will often be more comfortable, but he will hardly find a dwelling with such an air of social self-respect—at any rate, while it is new and unoccupied. You will answer that the English mechanic would never dream of paying £50 a-year in rent. Probably not. But then the New York mechanic can afford it out of his wages, and the Englishman cannot. To the under-clerk such flats as these offer themselves as a cheap and handy abode. In New York there is none of the

foolish convention that compels the clerk with a pound a-week to live in a more expensive house than the working man with two. This is no doubt a blessing, but it has its reverse side. If the carpet and the gilt decorations stimulate social self-respect in the working man, the cabbage-water and the brats on the doorstep tend to destroy it in the clerk.

Moving upwards, you can get for eighty dollars a-month, or nearly £200 a-year, very much the same sort of flat in the same sort of quarter as you would get for half the money in London. By a curious exception to the usual excellence of American house-fittings, some of these are being built without either lift or electric light, though all have hot water laid on from below. From the eighty-dollar flat you can advance with your income—or without it if you like—to almost any price. I have seen an apartment at £480 a-year, and one at £520. In London you would expect a palace for the money; in New York you get certainly a most commodious and charming flat, but still an unmistakable flat. The 480-pounder was as conveniently arranged and fitted and as elegantly decorated as any flat could well be. Yet, all said and done, it contained only eight rooms, and those neither very large nor very lofty.

And who lives in a flat that costs £500 a-year? A Londoner who should admit that he had taken such might almost as well join a supper club at once; his respectability would be mortally wounded in any case.

But in New York, the stranger learns with amazement, a man will often take such an abode whose income is but double his rent all told. It sounds incredible; but in New York almost everybody lives above his income, and especially lays out his money, or his credit, in directions where there is most swagger to be got for it. Women, many people will tell you, are especial offenders. While the husband works and worries himself into his grave at forty, many women, out of sheer ostentation, will hire a resplendent flat to live in, even though there be next to nothing left to live on after the rent is paid. But then there is always an alternative policy—not to pay. There is a class of people in New York who appear to eke out a precarious subsistence by living rent-free in flats. When the first month is out and the first rent is due, they explain to the landlord that they cannot pay because they have no money. They then depart and put in a month in a new flat, and so on, at the rate of twelve annually for ever.

In one way this existence hits the very ideal of the New Yorker. About a month in one habitation is just about as much as suits him. Compare the limpet Englishman and the gad-about American in this respect. Their respective stability is very significant. In London you cannot easily get a shorter lease of a flat than seven years; in New York it is a bitter hardship to be tied down to as much as one. Other grievances of the flat-dweller are the tyranny of the janitor,

who is allowed to make rules for the house at his own pleasure—another fact very illustrative of democratic, happy-go-lucky America—and the fact that they are not allowed to have any children. Anybody who has lived in a flat can fully understand the objection to this latter vice. But the Americans are too prone to be childless as it is, and anything which discourages increase and multiplication is almost a danger to society.

The alternative to life in a flat is to become a commuter and live across one of the rivers. A commuter is the American for season-ticket holder; he gets a combination ticket carrying him across the ferry and then by railway to his house. He is despised by the New Yorker; the comic papers are never tired of representing him starting out for Lonelyville with a huge bundle of town-bought provisions in his hand. The reason for this contempt is not uninstructional. In London the word suburban is sometimes used in derision; it is then meant to imply narrow-mindedness, dulness, smug respectability. But the basis of scorn for the commuter is no supposed defect of intellectual elevation; it rests—need the fundamental factor be invoked?—on the dollar. The commuter earns his money in New York, and he spends it in New Jersey; that is his crime. True, the commuter might answer that it is hardly logical to reprobate him for buying his dinner in New Jersey, and at the same time to laugh at him for carrying it home from New York.

But in the contest of wits the commuter has little spirit left to answer anything.

The nearer suburbs are Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken, which are mainly occupied by working men. They stand for Southwark and Battersea, except that to Jersey City and Hoboken you have to cross the river in heavy ferry-boats, built to carry vehicles as well as people, which take about a quarter of an hour in the journey. In winter, when fog is thick and rivers are choked with ice, this sometimes lengthens to an hour. If you live further out, you have to add this hour to your railway journey. In the suburban districts houses are cheaper than in New York; you can actually get a small one for £75 a-year, and a very good one for £200. Most people living in New Jersey borrow money on mortgage from the loan associations and build their own houses.

In this way there has been formed at Orange, about a dozen miles out, a park of idyllic suburban villas. You buy your land and put up your house, the Company that owns the park taking care that it is up to the general standard of elegance. You have your own lawn, and the use of miles of most delightful wooded hill and dale. Its impression of rusticity without boorishness is altogether adorable. But Orange is not for everybody. And even Orange you approach through miles of unreclaimed grey swamp—a soulless desert but for certain manure-works, which drench the whole State with murky, stinking fumes. To get

to your work you may, like enough, have to change from train to ferry, ferry to elevated rail, elevated to tram car, and then have a bit of a walk at the end. It is a toss up whether this will take you one hour or three. All is done that man can do to perfect the communications. But the geographical situation of Manhattan Island remains.

The obvious deduction from all this is, that if you are going to live in New York it is well first to take the precaution of being a millionaire. But there is also another more general result of the geographical position. New York, as I said, is held by Americans to be the worst governed city in the Union, and it is all the fault of Manhattan Island. With a population either passing nomadically from flat to flat or else settling many miles outside the city limits, it is very difficult to get together any steady body of civic opinion. The result is that municipal government has been left to ward politicians of the Tammany class, to their own comfort and that of their friends. The amount squandered on public works of no public utility is said to be enormous. Tammany made it a practice to buy in the dearest market with the rate-payers' money and take a commission.

Until this year the state of education in New York was similarly deplorable. I am told that popular education is not very much to boast of anywhere in the States, except perhaps in Boston. The curriculum, it appears, is too wide, filling children's heads with all

sorts of undigested knowledge, but failing of the mental discipline which comes of grinding away at any subject—no matter how useless on paper—until it is mastered. In New York, besides, the old system put a premium on corruption and resultant incapacity. The schools were organised in districts, with a local body in command of the schools of each. Now local self-government is the salvation of the world, so long as the local unit of self-government is not too small. When it becomes small enough to be a family party, then corruption comes and inefficiency. In New York the smallness of the district turned the schools into the hands of the local bosses. The school-teachers were drawn mainly from the daughters and the maiden aunts of the leaders of Tammany Hall, and they were not in all cases the best that could be found. But in July of this year New York changed all that. There is now an efficient and zealous central authority, with wide powers over all the schools. And this example of purification is being plenteously followed in other departments. From all I hear the worst days of political corruption in the States are over. But for all that, the problem of local government must always be difficult in New York, because it will always be difficult to put your finger at any moment on the New Yorker.

IV.

THE DOLLAR.

NEW YORK, *September 9.*

THE dollar, like so many of the world's greatest, inspires at first sight interest, but hardly affection. From a casual study of the monetary controversy now raging in this country, I had been led to expect that the dollar was a gold dollar, and that Mr Bryan wanted to turn it into silver. It cannot be too widely known that the dollar as he is spent is neither gold nor silver; he is a piece of paper. Not only so, but often a very worn and dirty piece of paper at that. It is astonishing how a dollar will age in three or four years. True, the paper reflects the greatest credit on its inventor; it never tears—though perhaps this is because no strong man ever really tries to tear it—still, it is but a piece of paper after all. It bears on its weather-beaten face an inscription to the effect that there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States one silver dollar, which will be paid to the bearer on demand. Others of the breed merely

assert that the United States of America will pay one dollar, without specifying its material. The mysterious philanthropist who deposited the silver dollar apparently prefers to remain anonymous; while where or how you cash it is left equally dark. It must certainly be somewhere in Washington, whence the United States of America date their promise, but the American Eagle is too old a bird to give any more precise address. The dollar, so far as my experience goes, is always illustrated, usually with a vignette photograph of some eminent citizen or other, occasionally also with scenes from the life of Columbus or some other appropriate subject. This gives an æsthetic as well as a commercial interest to the dollar, which cannot be too highly prized. Its nominal value is 4s. 2d.

I say nominal value, partly because nobody in this country seems to be quite sure just now what the value of a dollar is, still less what it ought to be, and partly for more personal reasons. It is a fact well known to the practical traveller, though curiously overlooked by political economists, that the expense of living in a country is regulated by its unit of currency. Thus if you take the Orient Express from Paris to Vienna, your rate of living doubles itself on the way. In Paris the franc is the unit. When you get into Germany it is the mark; you therefore spend twelve pence where before you only spent ten. In Austria you enter the dominion of the florin, and

gaily spend 1s. 8d. under the impression that it is a mark, and therefore a franc. Now, as the dollar, like the franc, mark, and florin, is divided into one hundred integral parts—to wit, cents—the first impulse of the untutored English mind is to regard a dollar as a shilling and spend it accordingly. Happily, however, the dollar, being made of paper, also offers some points of analogy to the £5 note. To break it up and to receive only mere coin as change is something of the same solemn and irredeemable sacrifice. By force of this analogy I have now brought myself to regard all dollars, or notes equivalent to multiples of a dollar, as indifferently worth £5. But when once the dollar is broken, this saving influence abandons me; half-dollars and quarters—in the eyes of heaven florins and shillings—can only be regarded as sixpences, or half-francs, and as threepenny-bits. So the dime—ten cents—becomes a sort of penny, and the five-cent nickel a halfpenny. As for the cent, it is a mere irresponsible piece of childishness like the farthing. The fact that the Americans will produce indispensable newspapers for only one cent, which in some respects I feel strongly worthy of admiration, yet adds a complication to life which it might well spare.

All this may be called the profane or non-political view of the dollar. But just now the fortunes of that always necessary and sometimes harmless piece of paper constitute the one subject of interest for what

—on brief acquaintance, and with the greatest respect for Lombard Street and adjacent parts—I should be inclined to call the keenest business people of the world. Is the dollar to be silver as well as gold? Is the silver dollar to be monetised, or re-monetised, or constituted as primary or redemption money, or whatever else you like to call it? That, as everybody now knows, is the Chicago platform, and, on this issue, Mr Bryan and his Democratic-Populist party—Popocrats they are pleasantly called here—stand or fall. It is the one and only issue of the forthcoming election, just as Home Rule was our one and only issue in 1886. Protection is not in it, and that though Mr M'Kinley is a candidate. His party had, indeed, got up a little pamphlet entitled 'How M'Kinley is Hated in England,' on which it was hoped he would ride triumphant into the Presidential chair. But, in the dollar's hour of danger, even to be hated in England has sunk to be a secondary recommendation. Out of twenty-four pamphlets actually issued by the Republican party up to now, nineteen deal with the currency question, and only a beggarly three with Protection. In any case, even supposing Mr M'Kinley wins hands down, any new M'Kinley Bill is like to be made impossible by the opposition of the Democratic Senate, until the chances of human life and the corruption of the human pocket—this is the way an American himself put it to me—leaven that body into Republicanism again. Hence you will

find strong Democrats, sworn foes of Protection, as hot for M'Kinley—or, more truly, as hot against Bryan—as the keenest Republican. Night and day in every newspaper, in every café, in every street car, it is the dollar, and the dollar alone, whose fate is discussed and determined.

It is difficult for me to do justice to the Silver party, for the simple reason that, being just landed in the heart of the Gold country, I can hardly find a man who will go further than such pointed but unenlightening expressions of opinion as “repudiators,” “thieves,” “liars,” and the like. It is almost an insult to ask a New Yorker even to state the case for Silver. I was able, however, to get a summary of the party's argument from Mr William P. St John, treasurer of the National Democratic organisation—a gentleman, moreover, who has proved his financial capabilities in an important business position here, and his disinterestedness in resigning this rather than his convictions as to the currency. The measure advocated by Mr Bryan and his friends is that any man owning silver bullion may have it coined into dollars at the ratio of 16 parts by weight of silver to one of gold—371·25 grains in the silver dollar to be equal to 23·22 grains in the gold. The present market ratio is approximately 32 to 1, so that this means that the State is to double the value of the silver dollar as against that of silver bullion. The effect of this, it is plain, will be to depreciate the

value of money as against commodities. When the number of dollars in circulation is small, their value in goods is high. When it is large, their value in goods is low: conversely, the value of goods in dollars is high. A contracted currency involves low prices; an expanded one, high prices. The enormous increase in the number of dollars in circulation resultant upon the free coinage of silver would therefore bring high prices for agricultural products, a greater demand in agricultural districts for manufactured goods, freer employment of labour, higher wages, and finally, gain to the very banker in an increased demand for money for investment both in agriculture and manufacture. In two words—universal prosperity.

It is not apprehended by my authority that this doubling of the legal value of silver will lead either to an inrush of silver from abroad or to an outrush of gold from the United States. European silver money, he points out, is overvalued in gold, as compared with the silver of the United States, from 3 to 7 per cent, while silverware carries the additional value of the labour expended upon it. As to the East, the course of silver is ever eastward, not westward; and especially eastward to British India. As to the value of gold, Mr St John contends that only from one-fortieth to one-sixtieth part of the gold in the United States is in actual circulation. The rest is in the Treasury—where it will stay, since the

Treasury has the option of redeeming notes in silver—and in the banks, as the undisturbed portion of their reserves against their liabilities—where it also will stay.

Any momentary tendency to cause a premium on gold dollars will tend to increase exports and diminish imports by increasing the net return to the exporter from the sale of his gold bill of exchange, and by adding to the cost of the bill of exchange with which the importer pays for his foreign goods. Export will thus increase and import diminish, until the former overtop the latter. Hence, more manufacturing in America, more wages, more market for home products. Secondly, the balance of export over import means that Europe must settle with the States in money. Europe will settle in gold rather than lose 3 to 7 per cent on her overvalued silver coin. With foreign gold coming in, the silver dollar and gold dollar become exactly of equal worth in the States as bullion. The ratio of 16 to 1 by weight is permanently established as the relative value of the two metals, coined or uncoined.

Plainly there is no repudiation in this—no paying of a two-dollar debt with a single dollar. It means simply raising the value of the silver dollar and lowering that of the gold dollar by one operation. Such a project is honest enough, if only it is possible. That it is possible no man else that I have spoken with will

agree. My personal opinion is worth nothing; but seeing that, large as are the United States, the world is larger, I do not understand how the States can set up an arbitrary ratio between the precious metals all for themselves. However, there is the silver theory officially stated as the best financial authority states it. That the supporters of Mr Bryan hold these views as a body, or even understand them, I am far from asserting. The Western miner and mine-owner anticipate coining their silver into dollars at double its present value. The Western farmer expects to halve his debts by paying them, or continuing to owe them, on the silver basis, though this will be no halving if the bullion value of the silver dollar is to equal that of the gold. As for the most of Mr Bryan's supporters, they are probably veteran Democrats, who find it impossible to declare themselves against the nominations made regularly and formally by a convention of their whole party. "If a plaster Indian from outside a cigar-store were regularly nominated," said a cynic, "these chaps would vote for him."

For the rest, the position was summed up to me by a very young man I met the other night at dinner. "They're hungry," he said. "What's the good of talking sound finance to a man when he's hungry? Feed him first, and then he'll listen. They haven't forgotten Homestead, and they're sore. They know

that they can't be worse off than they are, and so they go in for any change. If it's not free silver, it'll be something else. If it's not this time, it'll be next. And they're quite right." If this is true, the question of this election is of a sort that goes deeper than argumentations of political economy. I almost think that very young man is the first American statesman I have met.

V.

THE U.S.N.

NEW YORK, *September 10.*

BROADWAY cable car, 5 cents; Brooklyn Bridge cable railroad, 3 cents; Brooklyn electric tramway, 5 cents—five miles, I should say, of quick and easy traveling for the American equivalent of about 3d. brought me to where the Brooklyn Navy Yard sweltered under at least a subtropical sun. Presently I was inside a long two-storeyed wooden building, all cool boarding and ventilation, and was shaking hands with a spare, working-like figure in a black-braided blue undress uniform. It needed no words to say that here was a man who understood his duty, and did it.

“I know you won’t tell me all you can; please tell me all you may,” and I plunged into questions about the three new first-class battleships which the United States are just giving out to contract. It appears that the United States, like all other Powers in the world, are building their newest battleships after our own models. The three vessels are armed,

in sharp departure from earlier types, very similarly to our own *Majestic*—four big 13-inch guns, in pairs forward and aft, and a dozen 6-inch quick-firers between. “Our officers must have powerful batteries,” said my informant; “it’s the tradition of our service.” “Yes,” I said, reflecting on some occasions when our own ships have had cause to note the fact. “And so they will have the guns,” he went on, “whether they’ve the men to work them or the ammunition to serve them.” The displacement of the new ships is to be about 12,000 tons; the armour much heavier than the *Majestic’s*; the speed less—not over sixteen knots an hour apparently; and the draught of water also much less. “We have made great efforts,” said my host, “to keep down the draught of our ships, though up to now we haven’t always succeeded as well as we wanted to. Your *Majestic* and *Royal Sovereign* would be almost useless on our coasts. They could get into New York and the Chesapeake and into Boston at high water, but hardly anywhere else.”

Of the three battleships—which will make nine most powerful vessels of this type in the United States Navy—my informant predicted, doubtless knew, that one would be built at San Francisco. “I suppose that when she’s finished she will be brought round to the Atlantic?” I hazarded. “No,” he said; “it is our policy to gather ships on the Pacific coast. The *Oregon*”—a very fine first-class ship completed last year—“was kept in the Pacific.”

“But that splits up your force very much.” “Yes,” he replied, “but it is our policy. You see we have wanted a strong fleet there once or twice lately, and we haven’t had it.”

“As in Chili, for instance,” said I, diplomatically ignoring our occupation of Corinto in Nicaragua. “That would be serious for us in the Pacific if we came to war.” “Well, I suppose you would have a great many ships to bring against us there too.” So we should; but quite certainly nothing east of Suez fit to tackle the *Oregon* or the monster now projected. How good exactly the American battleships are it is difficult for anybody but their officers to say. Till now they have been built on independent American models, with little heed to the practice of Europe. Certainly their gun-power is great, and they are splendidly protected. There is hardly a gun afloat which, even in theory, could pierce their thickest armour. On the other hand, the coal-supply seems faultily disposed, while their performances at sea indicate either that their officers have yet to learn their ways or that they are not at their best in heavy weather.

I asked my authority why, considering the advantage to which torpedo-boats could be used in defending the shallow inlets of the Eastern coast of this country, the Navy Department had built so few. They have, indeed, built, or are just giving out to contract, a couple of dozen or so; but more than half

of these are big sea-going boats, intended as much to take part in a fleet action at sea as for coast and harbour defence. "Well," he said, "our people would always be ready to spend money for coast - defence. It has been the policy of the Naval Department to spend the money voted by Congress on sea-going ships——" He paused. "While Congress is in the humour, knowing that it will always find the money for torpedo-boats," I broke in impertinently. He smiled.

Congress until lately has been the nightmare of the United States Navy, as the Reichstag is of the German. Congress is extremely desirous of getting a first-class article for its money, but not equally anxious to pay for its article. My entertainer gave a curious instance of this. The new armoured cruiser *Brooklyn* has recently been through her trials. She is a very fast boat undeniably, and the newspapers duly proclaimed her the fastest in the world. But I observed that the weight at which she was tried was a thousand tons less than her working displacement will be—which is equivalent to backing a colt for the Derby because he could win it at eight stone. I asked him why his Department followed the inept custom of our own Admiralty in the giving out of trials that are not trials. "Well," he said, "the explanation is really simple. If the ship made over a certain speed the contractors were to get a premium. If they had built the ship Congress wanted for the price Congress paid,

they'd have made a considerable loss on it. So the ship was tried light so that they should get their full premium ; then the job paid them." Very wonderful, we agreed, are the ways of Governments. But if Mr M'Kinley is elected, the navy looks forward to generous supplies and good administration. In England Mr Cleveland has got all the credit for Civil Service reform ; but the navy dates its better state from the term of Mr Harrison, and looks to Mr M'Kinley to maintain the Republican tradition.

Beyond question there are people here, and influential people, who aspire to make the United States a leading—not to say the leading—naval Power. And it only needs a moment's thought upon the boundless resources and the mechanical genius and energy of this country to realise that, if this idea becomes general, it will need a very rich nation, and a very determined nation, to keep step with it.

"We believe in England," I continued, "that the personal branch of your navy is the weakest." "The men are improving," was the reply. "A great many of them re-engage after their three years, and going about this yard and the ships, as I do, I can see the improvement very plainly. But the officers are too old. Their experience is all of the wooden ships, and they have not their heart in the new navy. But they block promotion for the others. Now my contemporaries in the service"—he may have been about thirty-five—"are all lieutenants, and likely to remain

so fifteen or twenty years. You see, the senior men all fought in the war, and have a great deal of influence, and they won't budge."

Thence the talk drifted to the malign influence of the politician. We smiled together over the fact that the *Hartford*, Admiral Farragut's old flagship, which has been obsolete any time these forty years, has been fitted with new quick-firing guns, whose strong recoil would tear her venerable wooden body to pieces if she ever tried to use them. "The money might as well have been thrown overboard," he said; "but that's democracy, with its sentiment." But till lately there were worse things than sentiment. "Before I came here," he went on, "I was stationed at a yard where the artificers were regularly nominated as each new Government came in, by their political clubs. I myself, because I never vote or take any part in politics, had applications made to remove me from my post under both Democratic and Republican Governments, on the ground that I was on the other side. But I resolved to have no political nomination of workmen, and did what I could to get the best men because they were the best. So I was hauled up to Washington. 'This'll never do,' said the Secretary. 'If it doesn't do my way,' I said, 'it'll have to do without me.' 'Young man,' said the Secretary, 'go back and do your duty!' A Minister," explained my friend, broadmindedly, "is only too glad when he can get an excuse for stiffening his back."

“It seems to me about your Admiralty,” he went on, “that it’s too much in the hands of commercial people.” “Such as contractors?” “Yes. Why else, for instance, did your navy keep using compound armour, when everybody else knew it was not the best article in the market? You nearly made us use it, but we had a trial, and it was smashed to pieces. Why are you so often behindhand with new improvements, unless it’s to save the contractors the expense of new plant? Now, with us, although a law may be absolutely corrupt, a simple steal, it will always be executed with absolute honesty. With you it seems the other way about.” With Mr Goschen refusing to lay down new battleships for fear of inconveniencing contractors, who are unable or unwilling to set up the plant for making modern armour-plates, I am afraid it looks as if there is some ground for this comparison.

“While we’re talking of England,” he added, “I am glad to have the opportunity of saying that your Admiralty has always given us every help and facility. For instance, until quite lately you always used to train a couple of students for us at Greenwich, though this privilege was really intended only for countries that had warships built in Great Britain. Sometimes our Government has repaid you with scant courtesy—for instance, they once sent two students to England without even saying they were coming. But in the service we recognise that you have helped us very much.”

Thus we discoursed as we picked our way over wires and rails and scrap-heaps, under cranes, through buzzing machine-shops, and across the gangways of ships. There was the low, black ram, the *Katahdin*, which fell short of her contract speed on trial, but was nevertheless accepted in the cause of Venezuela. "And what are you going to do with her, now you've got her?" I asked. "Incubus," he replied tersely. There were also the armoured monitors *Puritan* and *Terror*, with pairs of long, heavy guns thrust out of steel turrets. These are very low in the water, but I was told they are quite equal to a voyage to the West Indies, or even to South America. Also there was "cruiser *Bancroft*," as the newspapers affectionately call her—a fat little boat, with four 4-inch quick-firers—which is sailing to-morrow for Constantinople, in flat defiance of the Monroe doctrine. The rest of the fleet was where it should be—manœuvring at sea. Such seamen as I saw looked active and resolute fellows, as they are bound to be. Perhaps it was prejudice, but I seemed to miss something of the elastic smartness and cheery alertness that make our own bluejacket the idol of his countrymen. The truth is that the free citizen of the United States does not take kindly to discipline. Brought up from babyhood to hold himself as good as, or a shade better than, anybody else in the world, he hardly sees at first why his officers should order him, any more than he should order them. I have heard, from another source,

that the officers of American warships dare not show themselves below deck at night. This may be an exaggeration, yet it is in the services that one would expect to see the reverse side of American self-reliance, otherwise so admirable. But as I took reluctant leave of my hospitable entertainer, and wandered out into scorching Brooklyn, I reflected that here is a navy growing up on which, with the friendliest will in the world, our own will have **henceforth to keep a wide open eye.**

VI.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, *September 13.*

I HAD not been so hot since August 1893. Veteran New Yorkers, who had passed through the tremendous ordeal of a month ago, hurried about down-town, even they, with brows beaded — nay, embroidered — with sweat. Of an evening crowds blocked Madison Square, and gasped for air as fishes for water; the blare of the band was a sirocco in itself. When it became too hot to sleep it became too hot to stay. New York, above all cities, is not the place for the insomniac. I have mentioned, with premature enthusiasm, the fact that the Elevated Railway runs trains every quarter of an hour all night. I did not mention — what I then did not know — that brakes squeak and groan, engines puff, carriages rumble, cable cars hum, gongs ring, hoofs clatter, wheels rattle, and sirens bellow from the Bay — all with a stentorian insistence by night which they did not seem to possess by day. Moreover, they will not fuse into a single soothing roar, like London's,

each egotistical sound compels the brain to recognise it apart from all the rest. "That's a cable car," says the brain; "and that's an elevated train; and that must be a steamer in the Bay"; and while the brain is on this sort of treadmill it is hopeless to wait for sleep.

So I turned my back on this splendid spectacle of restless energy to find a spot less splendid and more restful. Five hours in a drawing-room easy-chair, with smoking-room ditto to change into at will, and a table laid in the car for lunch, brought me to Boston. That cost seven dollars—the same sum to a sixpence as the London and North-Western charge from Liverpool without the easy-chair, or the change to the smoking-car, or the luncheon-table. No trouble to see your luggage put in by a porter: you take it to a counter in the station, and get a check for it by way of receipt. No trouble at the other end: an agent takes your check before you arrive, and the luggage is delivered at your hotel. True, this costs a little extra, but is it not worth it? If you like you can even get a ticket and pay for your cab before you leave the train. From all of which considerations it appears that we have not yet learned the A B C of railway travelling in England. The railway magnates here are abused as monopolists who milk the public to make enormous fortunes for themselves, and I doubt not that they do. Only if in the process of milking and making they can still afford to let the public have an

article far superior to ours at nearly the same price—that in a country, mind you, where most other things are a deal more expensive—then what can be wrong with our own system at home?

The villages of New England, as seen from the railway, are no more to be mistaken for those of Old England than is New York for an English town. Both wear a German rather than an English face. In the city the painted houses, their rows of windows as tall as the rooms they lighten, fronted by ironwork balconies, and flanked by lathed shutters, could hardly be English; the very type in which the advertisements are printed has a Continental air. Along Broadway two names out of three are German, and every other one of the two German-Jewish. In the country all the houses are of wood boards, painted white or light yellow or buff for the most part, with shutters and window-frames picked out in brown or green. To the English eye they are oddly like pictures on the lid of a German box of toys.

The country looks a hard one to squeeze a living out of. I saw a few brown stooks and dishevelled fields of maize, and some stock at pasture; but not much. Most of it is woodland. Here and there a patch of flame-coloured fern spoke of the touch of autumn, or a green tree put forth a sudden branch as red as blood. But the telling feature of the landscape was once more its advertisements. Across the meadows, down the curling reaches of the rivers, from

every gap in the woods, peeped the persistent intimation that sarsaparilla makes the weak strong, and that children cry for Castoria. Every rock of any size and flatness was blazoned with these same great truths. Whether we learned it from America, or America from us, I do not know. But I feel that I too shall cry for Castoria if it is to dog me thus over a whole continent.

Boston is fringed with wooden houses, but the interior is more substantial. You are struck immediately with its decent, comparatively English air as contrasted with New York. The houses have not shot up and gone to seed; they preserve an even skyline, and you see whole terraces built on a single plan. Not but what Boston possesses features of useful ugliness, which even New York lacks. The tram cars, for instance, which all go by electricity, have sticking up from the roof of each an inclined rod rather like the back leg of an easel, which runs along a wire overhead. The effect of these wires, together with a crowd of others in the telegraph and telephone services, is as if a gigantic spider had spun a web low down over every street, and was waiting somewhere on the roofs to pounce on any Bostonian who should invent a flying-machine and endeavour to fly through. As for the tram-cars, Boston is a paradise of them. Never have I seen a tramway service more thoroughly developed. In the busy parts of the city they are crawling along every street in long lines at a few

yards'—sometimes but a few inches'—distance apart. Red and blue, brown and purple, yellow and light green and dark green, they wind and circle in and out, between and across each other as if they were engaged in an elaborate tram-car ballet. The very Post Office has a neat white tram-car of its own, wherein it transports the mails.

That which lifts Boston from a busy, rather unimpressive provincial town into an example to the world is the system of its public parks. They are not finished yet—nothing in America is, except some of the politicians—but when they are they will be a rare monument of wise and generous civic spirit. Boston may then increase to a city of ten million souls, but it will yet be possible to live in the very centre and get daily fresh air. The parks form, roughly speaking, a wide ring round the present city, connected in great part by a band of broad, well-timbered avenues. I set out the other morning to inspect the parks system in an even downpour that would have made an inquiry into the surface drainage more pertinent. First came Boston Common, where they play baseball, hockey, football, and the like. It is not unlike the grassy parts of Hyde Park, with the exception that many of the walks are paved—an improvement of which this particular morning clearly demonstrated the prudence. Next was the Public Gardens adjoining the Common—as gracefully laid out as you could wish to see. Palms of every kind,

hydrangeas, with thick, nodding heads of flesh-coloured blossoms, ponds with water-lilies of every size and colour—blue, crimson, pink, yellow, and white, all subtropical plants and shrubs, beds of cunningly combined flowers and foliage—cannas, balsams, begonias, indiarubbers, coleus—make up between them a garden of the rarest beauty. Only one fault could I find in the Garden or the Common, and I mention it because I may never have the chance of using the word again in this country. They are just a little too small. But you cannot say the same of Franklin Park, wherein the whole half-million or so of Boston's inhabitants could all disport themselves without jostling. On the day I saw it Franklin Park contained just one person and the rain, but that was more the rain's fault than the park's. Laid out with cunning imitation of a natural wildness, it extends for mile on mile of grass and thicket. Then there is the belt of water and water-plants, called the Back Bay Fens. No doubt they are most refreshing in summer, but to-day, when Boston was one vast fen itself, they were almost too fenny for long and close acquaintance.

The architectural glories of Boston centre, I suppose, in Copley Square. Here is the Public Library, the Art Gallery, the Cathedral. The last is built in what I may take the liberty of calling the American style—a mixture of Corinthian, Gothic,

and Byzantine, with colour thrown in. The Art Gallery is pretty enough with its two colours of warm red brick, and the Public Library is a thoroughly respectable-looking institution. Inside it contains an adorably simple fresco by M. Puvis de Chavannes and an appallingly complex Biblical allegory by Mr Sargent. When the good Bostonian dies it will be granted her to sit for ever and ever before this work with a diagram and a numbered key. For Boston is held the most cultivated of American cities, but perhaps I may say that its true merit seemed rather its cleanness. My fondest recollection will be of Constitution Avenue, with its double row of trees in the middle, its broad, well-laid roadways on each side, its red-brick pavements, fresh lawns, and creeper-grown stone houses. A clean, sweet, wholesome remembrance, breathing unostentatious comfort and intelligent, refined, golden mediocrity.

VII.

▲ STATE ELECTION.

BOSTON, *September 15.*

IT was my own fault. Why should I expect Portland, Me., to be a seething centre of political activity? Yet I did. One gets strange superstitions about places one has never been to. I had seen Portland on the map so often, that now I was within a short four hours of it it seemed wicked to leave it unvisited. Moreover, there was an election in Maine—not the real Presidential performance, but a sort of rehearsal for the election of a Governor, a Congressman or two, State senators and legislators, and various constitutional oddments. Nothing of national importance, of course. Maine has been Republican all its life except once, when it went Democratic by pure accident. And in any case the real battle of this election will be fought neither in the extreme East nor in the outer West. It is in the centre round Chicago—in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa—that the key of the position lies, and the can-

didate who carries these States will carry the country. As for this part of the country I need only quote the words of a gentleman encountered in the train. "Bryan? Bryan would stand no more chance in Maine than a paper man in hell." And if you weigh for a moment the exact degree of chance a paper man would stand at that temperature, you will get a rough measure of the prospects of free silver in New England.

However, I thought I would accustom myself gradually to the flamboyant methods of western electioneering; so I rose up early in the morning, took a ticket for Portland, and climbed up into a smoking-car. I then discovered that my first railway journey in America of two days before had been more than ordinarily luxurious. This car had not easy-chairs, but only broad-seated, broad-backed, velvet-cushioned lounges ranged down its whole length. The car was full of men; the smoke of them thickened the air, and they spat steadily. Down the middle aisle a boy marched continually to and fro hawking a diversity of wares that would have brought jealousy into the soul of Mr Whiteley. Each time he retired to his end of the car I thought he was done with at last; each time he popped out again with something new to sell. "Cigars, gents; cigars; playing-cards!" was the first offer. Then came the Boston morning papers; then "Chocolates, fresh made this morning!" then "The pocket drinking-cup, re-

duced to fifteen cents; only fifteen, gents, for the pocket drinking-cup!" Next he sprang forth with the September magazines, then the comic papers, then chewing-gum; after that I made no further attempt to keep up with his infinite variety.

Presently came along the conductor. I showed my ticket; he took it, and with a swift movement slipped a blank pink ticket into the band of my hat. It was a shock at first, but as he went round the whole car labelling every passenger with his own appropriate colour, I supposed it was all right. I wore his colours in my cap like a knight of chivalry for four hours, and there was no more bother about tickets.

Soon there rose up round me a spirited, if inconclusive, discussion on the relative merits of the gold and silver dollar, accompanied by a mellifluous stream of the easiest and most finished profanity I ever heard outside the British army. Everybody does it, both cussing and discussing—arguing out the question apparently rather from a personal friendship for gold or silver as a metal than from any definite economic principles as to their due ratio. Thus in a cloud of smoke, swearing, and argument we were whirled through New England.

In due time we drew into a fair-sized station of Continental appearance. Everything here suggests the Continent rather than England: you do not enter the train from a platform as with us, but climb from the level of the rails, while the carriages, as everybody

knows, are of the long foreign type. The station was Portland, and Portland was enchanting. It was like a canto of Longfellow's "Evangeline" brought up to date. The low stone-built station opens on to a wide lawn of rich shaven grass. The pavements are of red brick, as in Boston, but with broad ribbons of turf between them and the road. The houses are part spotless wood, part sober red brick. Every road is fringed with shady trees. It is as sweet and wholesome as the wholesomest parts of Boston, with the added grace that no other parts meet the eye. For the city is set on a hill, and between each pair of houses stretches a long vista over the rolling green of Maine bordered with faint hills, or else over the still blue Atlantic, with no boundary but the sky. Down where the clipper schooners lie there are wharves and a lumber trade, and that mars the idyll a little, for America is not the land to import unnecessary picturesqueness into the lumber trade. But that you do not see; it is under the hill. Likewise there are electric tramways and wires overhead; but these droop gracefully between the trees, as if they were only waiting for Chinese lanterns and an illumination. And if there are electric cars, the town is also full of horses and dogs, clean-bred and well-liking beasts each one of them. The men and women are open-faced, upstanding, and healthy, slow and laconic in speech, a little hard in feature, and a little dour in disposition—for I take it that ease does not come unasked

to folks in Maine—yet honest and courteous in their own fashion. Altogether a comely, cleanly, kindly bit of New England; and he who likes living in a small town might do very much worse than emigrate to Portland, Me.

But where was the election all this while? Where were the flaming carriages I had expected to be meeting the electors, who, I knew, were coming in by this train? Where were the favours, the banners, the posters, the brass bands, and the processions? Things looked more like Sabbath afternoon than the election day of the century. The fun must be higher up the town, I said to myself, and took my habitual five cents' worth of electricity. Presently I descried a huge blue poster. Here it is, I shouted inwardly; but no: it bore merely the name of Jolly Nellie M'Henry in "A Night in New York."

It must be higher still. Presently we passed under a couple of banners hung right across the street, bearing the respective features of M'Kinley and Hobart and Bryan and Sewall. But those you see everywhere: there was still no whisper of an election. I got down from the car and walked about the town. Suddenly I caught, afar off, a glint of scarlet and gold. There came slowly up the street a resplendent waggon with six horses, in which a brass band made deafening music. Here was the true Transatlantic electioneering at last! It came nearer, and behind it appeared a file of gorgeously caparisoned horse-

men. Better and better. I thought of the mounted farriers of our Hyde Park demonstrations, but it was a new thing to find them in a contested election. Now I was about to see. By this time I was abreast of the leading car. I looked eagerly beyond; and then—and then—a clown driving two donkeys tandem, and behind him a swaying elephant with an advertisement on its back: "Smith and Seebright's World-Renowned Circus"!

I walked desperately into the nearest hotel and asked if somebody would kindly direct me to the election. Then, at last, I found it. Two undistinguishable committee-rooms, hidden away behind shops, and a polling-booth. No colours, no canvassers, no hauling of reluctant voters to the ballot, no candidates driving round four-in-hand. If this was an American election, give me staid England. But it seems my ignorance had betrayed me again. In this country the excitement ceases on the eve of the poll, and nothing remains for the actual day but the quiet garnering of the crop of votes. Confound my ignorance! I had lost a day.

However, I did observe that an American polling-booth is not unlike the same article as found among us. Shavings were on the floor; a bar stretched across the room, and on the far side of it were little loose-boxes round the wall for the voters to vote in. I saw half-a-dozen laboriously discharging the duties of free citizenship. It is no light matter

voting at an election like this. Besides your Governor, your Congressman, your Senators, and members of legislature, you have to elect a Sheriff, a County attorney, a County commissioner, and other functionaries whose functions I know not. The form of the ballot-paper emphasises what I had noticed before—the enormous stringency of the party tie in this country. Our voting-papers simply give you the names of Smith and Jones, and if you don't know which is which the country is not going to help you. The American ballot-paper marks off the whole list of each party's candidates in a separate column, with its denomination—Republican, Democratic, and so on. If you want to vote a straight ticket, as the instructions put it, you just make a cross at the top of the list. If you want to split the ticket—that is, vote for some of the party and not others—you cross out the name you object to, and write in its stead that of your fancy. When the State thus conspires with party discipline, it must require very solid strength of mind for a man to vote according to his own judgment. It is one of the good results of this election—so several thoughtful people have assured me—that more voters will split the ticket this time than ever before. Now, a man who has once broken away from his party will do so again if he thinks right; thus is formed a body of voters who will turn elections on their own independent opinion. The nucleus of such a body came with the many Republicans who

voted against the M'Kinley tariff. Now will come an even larger contingent of Democrats, supporters of the gold currency. The creation of such an independent electorate should be a powerful aid to sound government in the future.

Having got this wrong-end-of-a-telescopic view of an American election, the only diversion left was to break the Maine Liquor Law. It was put into my head by the genial salutation of a gentleman who could only just keep on his legs. In Maine, as you know, the buying and selling of alcoholic liquor is unconditionally forbidden under I do not quite know what penalty. I thought I would try to incur that unknown penalty. Bethinking me that the barber is the friend of man, I went in and was shaved. "You can't buy a drink here, I'm told," I began. "No," said the barber, stolidly. "I suppose people do, though." "I don't know much about it. I fancy there's a druggist or two——" Then, as if by a powerful effort of memory, "There's a bar right here where you can get it," he said.

Following his directions I walked down a long passage, and at the back of the house, among sculleries and the like, there was a bar indeed. "Whisky," said I hardily, and whisky it was. It was exceptionally good whisky, and it was no dearer than anywhere else. "Isn't this what they call a Prohibition State?" I asked. "It's supposed to be," grinned the bar-tender. "But don't the police or somebody come down on

you?" "Now and then they take it in their head to make a fuss." Such is temperance legislation in its chosen seat. It was impossible that this bar, in the very centre of the town, should not be known and used by everybody that cared to know and use it. While I was there a working man came in and bought a bottle of whisky and took it away with him. He remarked ironically that he had dyspepsia; and I expect he has by now. Thus is the law brought into contempt, and thus I became a criminal. Portland in the New World—who knows?—may be for me the first downward stepping-stone to Portland in the **Old**.

VIII.

▲ STATE CONVENTION.

BUFFALO, *September 17.*

THE scenery of Buffalo, to the eye of the fleeting stranger, is not unlike that of Clerkenwell. The houses of one street appear to have fronts to them; the rest are seemingly all backs. But on the morning of my arrival Buffalo had done its best, or part of its best, to cover up its nakedness. Was it not the seat of the Democratic Convention of the State of New York? M'Kinley and Hobart, Bryan and Sewall, flaunted their familiar features on huge banners, which straddled across the widest streets. All the principal buildings wore American ensigns; the hotels, headquarters of delegations, were wholly swaddled in them. The streets were full, and in the corridors of the hotels it was as difficult to move as it is in Cheapside on Lord Mayor's Day. "You won't see any Democrats," the host of my hotel at Niagara had sardonically promised me on parting; "you'll see a lot of Anarchists, that's all." I can only say that they were the best

nourished Anarchists I have ever had the privilege of looking on. Tammany Hall—the great Democratic order of New York—had invaded Buffalo twelve hundred strong, in six special trains; had marched in six abreast, with colours flying, and a band and red fire. The Anarchists of Tammany are mainly Irishmen of huge proportions, whether you measure them perpendicularly or by circumference. In England you would set them down on sight as meat-salesmen from Smithfield; in America—so, at least, I am informed by their enemies—they mostly draw handsome salaries from the city or county of New York without making it altogether plain what they do for them. Every Tammany man wore on his ample bosom a badge some eight inches long; at the top a silver bar—it was gilt at the last Convention, whereby hangs a tale—inscribed with the mystic name of Tammany, then a ribbon of the United States colours, and a medallion hanging from that with the picture of an Indian brave. It appears that Tammany plays at being savages, with braves and sachems, just as some of our people play at being knights and dames of chivalry. Then there were the country delegates. Every man carried a badge in his button-hole, and from two to six ribbons, placards, or flowers in his coat. But these wore heavier boots, moved more slowly, spoke less volubly. Most of them wore black broadcloth frock-coats and trousers and black wideawake hats; they looked like village deacons, as I make no doubt they were.

The four hundred and odd delegates—representing the Democrats of a population of some six millions—had met, first, to decide the policy on which they would fight the New York State elections as well as the Presidential contest; and secondly, who should be their candidates. The policy is called the platform, and the list of candidates the ticket. There was a possibility of sharp fighting between the more enthusiastic advocates of Mr Bryan and silver and such Democrats as preserve a hankering after the gold standard. The head of the latter is Senator Hill, an unrivalled political gymnast, who has for many years played a prominent part in the affairs of this State. On the present currency issue he has performed prodigious feats of balancing, and nobody—himself least of all—knows to which side he inclines from day to day. “The spectacle of moral turpitude,” as an influential organ here has genially remarked, “which Senator Hill has recently presented affords an exhibition of the depravity of human nature, which goes far to justify the Calvinistic doctrine of the utter corruption of man.” This was no gutter journal, it should be said, but a weekly paper of something the same standing as *Black and White*, whence may be inferred the fact that political controversy on this side the Atlantic is at least outspoken. Without going so far as this, I had expected at least some lively scenes on the part of the Senator’s friends and foes. That I was

disappointed — that the Senator did not face the music, that his friends and enemies maintained comparative calm, that the Convention, to be frank, was undeniably tame—is unfortunate, but it cannot be laid to my charge.

The place of meeting was the Buffalo Music Hall. To the Eastern eye it looks like a sort of cross between a concert-hall and a suburban mission-room. About a dozen American ensigns were disposed about the stage, and there were two portraits of Bryan and one of Sewall. I have yet to meet, by the way, anybody who takes the least interest in Sewall. The decorations as a whole, I was assured, were painfully inadequate to the occasion. The gallery was crowded with spectators, but the leaders on the stage and the delegates on the floor were deplorably unpunctual. The truth was, so the Democratic papers said, that this was a delegates' convention — not a cut-and-dried, boss-ridden affair, where the representatives from the local organisations had nothing to do but say "Ay" to a motion given out from the chair. The delegates were themselves to decide on the platform and the ticket. The result was that the delegates — worthy souls — believing this, had sat up so late the night before talking, talking, talking about what they would do, that they found it quite impossible to come to the hall and do it until an hour over time the next morning. By that time they had all straggled in

and laboriously sorted themselves according to their counties, and the proceedings began.

The lankest chairman of modern times was duly elected, and delivered a long address on the Silver question. Without doubt the Silver question is technically the one issue of this campaign; every speech dealt with it, just as every conversation you overhear in a train or the street is dealing with it. It is not an invigorating subject for a popular harangue. "To annul either of the metals as money is to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium," is hardly the sentence you would expect to set popular passion aflame, any more than the chorus, "We'll eradicate the gold-bugs with our 16 to 1," is the ideal of a rousing political song. On the other hand, this whole nation's attention is concentrated on business and money-making to a degree almost incredible even to an Englishman, while the very high average of its intelligence guides it through mazes of abstruse financial argument which would hopelessly befog the ordinary English voter. Yet this chairman's speech, as well as a dozen or so others I heard, were very admirable popular oratory, judge them by what standard you will. Perhaps they recalled the street preacher a little, in matter, in intonation, in delivery. The speakers, like the ordinary preacher, dealt very extensively in vain repetitions. But then you must remember that the hall was a very large one, and it

was difficult for any voice to carry in it. The repetition is meant to catch the ears that the first statement escaped.

It struck me as rather curious that the Convention endured patiently the unending reproduction of arguments that every man must have read twice a-day in the public press—for the American is seldom without a newspaper in his hand. But I concluded that he does not want his public speakers to instruct him. He wants to be amused, tickled, flogged up to enthusiasm. That, with the size of the normal American public meeting, has produced a far more declamatory kind of rhetoric than we know at home. Every speaker gesticulates freely and with ease and effect. Biblical allusions, which would be profane among us, are received, in all good faith, with clapping of hands. One speaker turned in an impassioned apostrophe to the picture of Mr Bryan, which hung at the wings. "O, William Jennings Bryan!" he cried, lifting both hands as if in adoration. An English audience would have choked with laughter; here it was a very telling point. No doubt the necessity of talking to an audience so large that it is a constant strain to be heard, crushes out the finer effects of oratory. It leads to the use of very long-sustained sentences, difficult to follow, and leaving their impression rather on the emotions than the reason. Yet nobody can either hear or read even such ordinary, everyday

speeches as those of the Buffalo Convention without allowing them real dignity and eloquence.

After the chairman's speech came the platform, submitted by the committee that had drawn it up. It supported the Chicago Convention and the Bryan candidature. It freely charged its opponents in the State Legislature with the grossest corruption and any other vices it could lay its pen to. It made an ingenious bid for the cyclist vote—which must be prodigious here—by pressing for better roads. On this question of the platform arose a promising gust of disorder. When it was put to the meeting there arose—as appeared from the gallery—a broad, black-coated back, a wagging bald head, and an Irish accent, raised in vigorous protest. In an instant every delegate and most spectators sprang up—some to their feet, some to their seats—and whooped “No, no,” “Sit down,” “Yes, yes,” “Turn him out,” “Let him speak.” In the midst of which the back and head were reinforced by an upraised arm, brandishing the Bryan revolving fan—silver-foil, price 10 cents—until the fan part flew off towards the ceiling, leaving the ineffective stump behind. The nape of the neck began to get purple—surely, thought I, here is the malign influence of Senator Hill at last. But alas! no. It appeared that this gentleman merely demanded a poll, and when the poll was taken it appeared that he had written a speech explaining his vote. And when he had made

his speech he announced—what the speech had wholly ignored—that he was going to vote just the same way as everybody else. He affably acknowledged that he did not believe in free silver. But then, he said, the best experts differed on the subject, and would continue to differ. Should he separate himself from the party of Democracy for a trifle like that? Never! Everybody applauded the sentiment, and I wondered what, then, was he voting for.

Then came the nomination of the Convention's candidate for Governor. The choice lay between gentlemen of the names of Thacher and Sulzer, with an outsider named Porter to make the running. "How could we go back to Jefferson County," asked the nominator of Mr Porter, in plaintive apology, "and tell our people that we had failed to put him in nomination?" But the real battle was obviously between Messrs Thacher and Sulzer. The latter is the younger and the more ardent advocate of free silver; at every mention of his name his partisans flung hats and handkerchiefs, newspapers and umbrellas, into the air. Mr Thacher, it appeared, had only a few months ago publicly warned an audience against letting the selfish interests of the owners of silver bullion lead them from the safe path of monometallism. Yet—and this was very significant—it was assumed that, whatever his personal opinions, he would "loyally" support free coinage, because the Convention had declared in favour of it. The Divine

Right of the Majority was formulated almost in set terms. Not merely that the majority will have its way, and that on the whole it ought to have its way; that every intelligent Englishman believes. But also that he is no true Democrat who maintains his own opinion in the teeth of it: this is democracy double-dyed indeed.

Hard on the top of this theory fell the strangely ironical conclusion. The voting began. The chairman read the roll of delegates by counties, and the chief delegate answered how many votes the county gave for each candidate. At first Sulzer led—plainly he was the choice of the rural voters. Presently, “New York,” called the chairman. Then uprose the leader of Tammany—John C. Sheehan is his eloquent name. “New York: John Boyd Thacher, one hundred and five votes.” Tammany had voted solid to a man. Sulzer himself, hailing from New York city, was constrained to give his voice for his opponent. With a hundred and five votes out of four hundred and forty at a mouthful, Thacher was as good as elected. Then came a curious sequel—yet not so curious, either, to those who have noticed the ways of either beasts or men in masses. Nearly all the agricultural voters now gave sheepish and rather shamefaced suffrages to Thacher. The Convention, in the expressive native phrase, was stampeded. It was to be the delegates’ unbossed Convention—and Mr John C. Sheehan controlled it with his little finger. The system of

voting by roll-call left no man any reasonable chance of concealing the side he took; the eye of the boss was upon him. So Mr Thacher is to stand for governor, and experts see in this the Machiavelian hand of the depraved Senator Hill aforesaid. Yet it seems that Mr Thacher must support Silver, though personally he prefers Gold. He must vote for Silver because the majority that chose him vote for Silver. And the majority chose him because Mr Sheehan told it to. So that it works out at this: that the political opinions of Mr John B. Thacher are formed by Mr John C. Sheehan. A strange paradox for the freest democracy on earth!

IX.

NIAGARA.

WASHINGTON, *September 19.*

THE dominant and overmastering impression of Niagara is—water. Water everywhere you turn, before and behind, underfoot and descending in showers from overhead. To approach it is to be moistened through your whole body, and to walk round it is a liberal water-cure. Here in Washington, with the thermometer marking—I was going to say a cool 94° in the shade: that would be misleading—a hot 94° in the shade, I sit and pant for Niagara. It is a universe of water. Miles of water, fathoms of water, tons of water, water rushing at incalculable speed, water hurled with irresistible force, water purling, swishing, roaring, water diving into the abyss, water leaping up to heaven. Finally, water turning an electric wheel.

The great merit of Niagara as a cataract is its accessibility from every distance and every point of view. Knowing itself to be the greatest thing on earth, it

has hospitably laid itself out to be inspected from every part, from far or near, to be seen, heard, and felt in its aspects of beauty as in its attributes of awfulness. The Niagara river runs northward from the eastern corner of Lake Erie to the western corner of Lake Ontario. Just above the Falls it finds the rocky mass of Goat Island barring its way; after this its bed turns sharply to the right. Half of it leaps down on the American side; the other half turns the corner of the Island on the Canadian side, and drops in the vast crescent of the Horseshoe Falls. The two are, roughly, at right angles one to another. From the suspension bridge which spans the gorge of the river below the Falls, or from the Canadian side, you can see the two together: the American Falls and the huge red-brown precipice of Goat Island form one side of a parallelogram, the Horseshoe Falls another. Seen thus, there is nothing terrible about Niagara—just white walls of water and white floating clouds of spray. Over the lip of the Horseshoe Falls the stream curls in an arc of the most wondrous, lustrous green, such as never was, and never could be, put on canvas. Down in the wide basin below, the river seems sluggish and weary after its buffeting. Steamers puff along right under the precipices of rock and water. Every tree and blade of grass, even now, is green with the freshest, coolest green of spring. Under a dying sun and a pale blue sky, with a fleecy moon riding over the

brink of the Horseshoe Falls, Niagara was a place to day-dream and forget there is any such thing as noise and effort in the world. The scene that could so beguile you after New York and the Buffalo Convention may call itself a miracle of nature with good title.

For Niagara in tumult you must go to the American side. Here again the generous cataract offers all kindness to its wooers. Above the Falls the broad river is broken into miles of leaping, seething rapids; and I am not sure but this is the most romantic part of the whole wonder. Everybody knows what a little rapid looks like; there are dozens of them on the Lynn, for example, or almost any stream in hill country. This is a great waste of desolate black tormented water. Here and there it flings up into white foam as it is struck back from a rock. Then it is pitched forward again, then aside into a quiet eddy, only to drive forward on to the rocks once more. As it sweeps down on the American Falls it has a moment's peace. There is an embanked corner so close to the edge that you may stand, and, turning your head to the left, see a limpid stream—swift, but not astonishingly swift—flowing by at your feet. You turn to the right—and there is nothing but empty air. Where has the river disappeared to? Then you look down and see it, sunk underground, as it were, and changed from racing black to sluggish green. And the border between

these two fields of vision is just one long white line, where the water breaks into foam as it slides over the edge.

All this only concerns the look and the sound of the water. You can see the green and the black and the white; you can hear the strong rustle of the Rapids and the roar of the Falls. But if you want to feel Niagara, then go down to the Cave of the Winds. The Cave of the Winds is not really a cave at all, but what it lacks in cave it makes up in wind. It is really a path close under the base of the precipice over which the American Fall flings itself. As the river descends it is naturally thrown forward and outward from the face of the rock. Thus it leaves a little passage between the two walls of rock and water, along which it is possible to walk. You pay your dollar, strip off every rag of your clothes, lock up your watch and money in a box, sling the key round your neck, put on a suit of oilskin and list slippers, and down you go. First you descend a spiral wooden stair, which runs down the face of the cliff. Then you come out into daylight on a ridge under Goat Island. Immediately little dribblets of Niagara begin to run over your head and down your neck. Turn a sharp corner, and there is the Fall, sweeping from the height above with a deafening roar and a blinding spume, hardly a couple of yards in front of you. Just beyond the spot where it alights are some huge rocks; from one to another

of these climbs a series of frail wooden bridges and stairways leading right across the face of the Fall. That is the way to the Cave of the Winds. Drenched in blinding spray, you walk, or slither, along them. Of course, they are streaming wet, and overgrown with slimy water-weeds. Thus you pass right in front of the Fall and look up at it. It glides swiftly and without effort over the brink, and breaks itself into clouds of spray as it beats with a hoarse grinding roar on the rocks. You look and look. Down, down it comes, and loud, loud it thunders. There comes over you a wild craving for silence, and unconsciously you wait for it to stop and give you time to pull yourself together. Only by degrees—so dazed and stupid the sublimity of it leaves you—do you realise that Niagara never stops; that it has never stopped one second since the water first burst its way through the rock to the gorge below, and that it will go crashing down like this hour by hour, year by year, century by century—for ever.

Then you go down more slippery steps to the Cave. These land you on a shelf at the base of the sheer rock—a sort of twelve-inch beach lashed by a furious sea of waterfall. But that lashing waterfall is the Cave, and you have got to go through it. All take hands; then, with the guide leading, you push into the most awful rain-storm that you ever dreamed of in your most extravagant dream. The only thing comparable to it is being out of your depth in the

sea before you have learned to swim. You are in the grip of the water, and all of a sudden you feel what a tiny, puny, impotent insect you are. You can't see, you can't hear, you can't breathe. You can just make shift to struggle on—to oppose what silly little fight you can against the unconquerable might of the water. Your silly little effort just pulls you through. You come out the other side into the sunlight with a gasp, scramble up a few steps, and look back. Is that all? Was it only that little bit of a garden watering-pot that you came through? It looks the simplest thing in the world. Only if that little bit knocked the breath and the senses and the mind out of you, as it did, you can just begin to form some idea what must be the matchless force of the whole thing.

Then you dress and go back to your hotel feeling very clean and rather played out, as if you had had a long swim. The rest of your time you will do well to spend merely loafing up and down by the shore. The town of Niagara Falls is a delight after cities like New York and Buffalo, or even Boston. One wide street with electric tram-cars, and the rest pavements of plank (to keep you out of the wet), trees, grass, coolness, and quiet. You may pass again on to the new suspension bridge; and, turning there to look down the river, you will see factories on the brow of the cliff, and dipping down to the green blotchy eddies the longest and fattest and most ver-

million water-pipe you ever saw. Or else you can go and look at the huge wheel which develops electric power for millions of people. Or else you can stroll out to take a last look at the American Rapids as they toss and writhe and madden under the moon. Out of the light fretwork of trees that marks the Canadian bank the waves seem to sweep down on you like tortured souls. Turn again, and up the river there shoots, seemingly from their very midst, a tall factory chimney, and belches into the still air a torrent of the foulest soot in the world. **Are we not in America?**

X.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN : DEMAGOGUE.

WASHINGTON, *September 20.*

HITHERTO it has been the tradition that the candidate for the Presidency should sit at home in dignity, while others conduct the campaign on his behalf. Deputations of voters may come to him, but he must not go to them. Mr Bryan has changed all that — to the disgust of his opponents, who find his provincial starring tours unworthy of the high office he sues for; and to the equal delight of the mass of his supporters in the country. He moves from State to State, addressing a mass meeting here, offering a few remarks at a wayside station there, with more than Gladstonian industry. In the course of his pilgrimage he arrived yesterday at Washington.

When I walked down to the station five minutes before his train was due, I found it dense with men and women, white, whitey-brown, and black, who overflowed into the streets. In a torrid wind that fanned

them lazily off the baked bricks and pavements, they waited with a crowd's usual mixture of expectancy and listlessness. A large force of police, on foot and mounted, kept the street clear: by way of precaution they had brought a white and grey van, which I take to be the American equivalent of Black Maria. "I suppose they're going to take Bryan away in that," remarked a Republican cynic. The police of this country have not the best of reputations for tact, but these Washington men did their duty admirably. "Why don't ye get on to the side walk?" pleaded a persuasive mounted Irishman. "Ye'll have to do ut; why don't ye do ut when I tell ye? Ye'll all see him." "See him for four years yet," sang out a gentleman with a twelve-inch crimson confession of Democracy streaming from his coat. In the moments of waiting there trickled along a discussion of the usual Silver question. This being the political capital of the Union, the inhabitants are disfranchised, and the mass of them appear to know and care very little about the subject. Most of them seem to think that if Bryan gets in they will somehow get more silver, and if M'Kinley gets in they will somehow get some gold—and if all I hear of electoral methods is true, their expectation is not wholly unwarranted. "I'm for gold," said a yellow man; "I don't want fifty cents instead of a dollar." "Why, we've got silver," said a cabman, as he pulled out a dime, "and we've got paper," producing a dollar. "What's Bryan mak-

ing all the fuss about?" The cogent argument had a great success.

From inside the station arose a piercing sound, something between a whoop and a scream. This was the American cheer. Our cheer is produced by people shouting in unison; the American by the combination of an infinite number of short, discordant noises. The difference is not, perhaps, without its analogy to national character. Ours is the more disciplined, and falls the more roundly on the ear, but to convey a head-splitting impression of enthusiasm their method is the more direct and effective.

There was a trembling in the crowd by the door. An open carriage with four horses and two colossal negroes in livery swung up to the pavement. Next moment William J. Bryan was standing bareheaded inside it. A compact, black-coated figure, a clean-shaven, clear-cut face, a large, sharp nose, and a square mouth and jaw. With the faint blue stubble on his face, and his long grizzly hair, he suggests an actor to the English mind. But you could not mistake him for a bad actor. Cheers ran out down the street, and hats flew in the air; and so he drove off serene and upright, pleased but not surprised, with a smile on his lips and a light in his eye—the very type of a great demagogue.

Not necessarily a demagogue in any reproachful sense. Demagogue means leader of the people, and you may lead the people by straight ways or crooked

to good destinies or bad. In a free country every politician must be something of a demagogue. Disraeli and Gladstone were both finished demagogues, and until we have two more great demagogues in England politics will continue to be as ditch-water. As for Mr Bryan, not one questioning word have I ever heard as to the purity of his motives. And in this country, where charges of gross corruption are volleyed to and fro across the net of party politics until you wonder what has become of the law of libel, the absence of accusation may be taken as conclusive proof of innocence. But demagogue—one who knows how to lead the people and who enjoys it—he is from the crown of his thinning hair to the dust of travel on his boots.

I wandered up to the park, where the great meeting was to be held, and drifted into the crowd. The platform was built in front of a large stage, whereon sat perhaps a thousand people. It was draped with bunting, flags flew from every corner, and it was festooned with hundreds of incandescent lights. Along to the speaker's left was another stand. At one end of this a brazen-lunged band punctuated the speeches with "Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom," and similar appropriate airs. In front of the platform was massed the dense company, about ten thousand strong: this was not an extraordinarily large meeting for America. Out of the sea of soft felt hats rose an occasional club banner, and parts of

the crowd were as thick with American ensigns as a wheat-field with poppies. A speaker was declaiming with vigour and eloquence from the platform, but the crowd took not the least notice. In the pauses of their conversation they occasionally caught a phrase, and whooped commendingly. But they were not there to hear arguments; they were there to hear Bryan, and Bryan at the moment was dining. Now and again an enthusiast threw into the air a sheaf of bills, bearing the opinions of Abraham Lincoln on the money-power, and the ominous hot wind, which was plainly bringing up a thunderstorm, distributed them over the crowd. The crowd was only languidly interested in free silver, but it was down on the money-power. That is the kernel of this election. It is the first stirring of a huge revolt against plutocracy—against the trusts and rings that take their toll out of every man's every dollar. Free silver happens to be the hall-mark of revolt, but free copper or free mercury or free arsenic would do just as well.

Suddenly, above the periods of the orator and the whistling of the wind, the band crashed out "See the conquering hero comes." Instantly the whole park awoke. A forest of little American flags sprang up on the stand and waved furiously. A deafening scream went up from the whole ground. "Unfurl," said a voice at my elbow; I looked up, and behold I was standing under the flaunting standard of the North Carolina Bryan Club. I felt the position was

a false one—the more so when the staff snapped in the wind and the banner extinguished me; but nobody had leisure to think of such things. The mass of heads and flags in the stand was still heaving tumultuously; it took the candidate a matter of minutes to swim through to the platform, yet the piercing quality of the shrieking never varied. Then he appeared, calm but radiant. Ten thousand hats flew in the air—ten thousand and one, counting mine, which with the stolidity of my race I merely waved—and the screams rose yet more shrilly. A little girl in silver tripped along the platform rail, and presented a bunch of silver roses. The shrieks became delirium. For a moment the square, black figure stood absolutely still. Then slowly he reached forth the hand, like St Paul in the Bible. The din went on unabated. Still very slowly, he raised an arm above his head and made passes—one, two, three—in each direction of the crowd. Gradually silence crept over the mass of heads, and then the orator opened his lips. In a voice low but plain, hoarse but very rich, he began. He was glad to see once more those among whom he had spent four years of official life. “We’ll give you four years more,” shrieked my friend from the station. A broad and winning smile broke over the candidate’s mouth, and again the mob screamed. A most admirable demagogue! “That’s smart,” said a little man behind me; “did ye see how it made him laugh?” Everybody saw; everybody was meant to

see. Then again, when rain began to fall, somebody held up an umbrella over the orator's head. The wind blew it inside out. But the orator crammed a broad felt hat on to his head, turned up his coat collar with a sturdy gesture, and then spread out his arms to his hearers. Once more they cracked their throats with applause. "They won't get him down from there so easy," cried a delighted elector. Nature herself, turned gold-bug, was powerless to deter the people's hero from his mission.

As for the matter of the speech, why trouble to inquire about it? It reads well in this morning's newspaper, but I thought it smacked of platitude and tautology. Certainly it was most effectively delivered, and telling gestures drove every point hard home. But the matter—'twas no matter what he said. They had come to see and hear, but not to reason. Each man was more concerned to set his own little radius laughing with a smart bit of comment than to hear what the man they cheered had to say. "Did ye see him?" was the question one put to another—not "What did he say?" Both for good and evil, the free American citizen is no disciple of anybody; it would take a smart man to teach him. So the whole meeting was just a spectacular effect. And nobody knew and acted on that truth better than William J. Bryan.

Then came the storm. First a clap of thunder, then a cloud of dust, then flag-staves cracking, and finally such a fusilade of heavy raindrops as England never

sees. Three-quarters of the audience took to their heels like a routed army. The rest squatted down close to the ground in bunches of two or three under an umbrella, till the park might have been dotted with toads under toadstools. Minute by minute the pitiless downpour went on. Then the remaining quarter split asunder from the centre. "He's gone!" and in fifteen seconds the park was as bare as if Bryan never had been. But as I splashed home I saw the four-horsed carriage, with the nodding helmets of mounted police, driving rapidly off, with a further running, yelling escort of devotees. And I saw the black, square figure turn from side to side, buoyant and elastic, glad and exultant over the popular applause. **A born demagogue, if I ever saw one!**

XI.

THE CAPITAL AND THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON, *September 21.*

THE United States are trying the biggest experiment in Government that the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. It has been going on now for well over a hundred years, and I do not suppose it will be completed for at least a hundred years more. The experiment is to find out whether a tract of populated country so vast that it takes five days' incessant travel to go from one end of it to another can be made into a nation; and if so, under what form of government? People in Europe, and for that matter in America too, are apt to conclude that the experiment is complete and has succeeded. I do not think so. It has, indeed, been astonishingly successful, but it is not yet more than half complete. West of the Mississippi and the Missouri, the country is pegged out, and to some extent peopled; but in the next hundred years the mere natural increase of population, to say nothing of immigration, will

probably throw the centre of gravity nearer Chicago than New York. At present the West is dependent both politically and economically upon the East; when it becomes self-sufficing the situation will be very different.

The present election has, of course, a most important bearing on the ultimate outcome of the experiment. For the first time the East and West find, or believe they find, their interests sharply and diametrically opposed. And I own it does not appear to me the best of augury for the ultimate unity of this country that each side appears more set on beating down the opponent than on trying to conciliate his interests with its own. I have not noticed, for instance, that the Republicans have put out any alternative policy to relieve Western agriculture, nor that the Democrats have devised any expedient in the event of their success to break the fall of Eastern business. That any serious danger of disruption is involved in the success of either party I have met nobody who will admit. "We are a sentimental people," said the most statesmanlike of New York editors to me, "and we are an excitable people, but we have our share of common-sense. With the line of cleavage drawn so deep and so long before the election day, I do not think we shall lose our heads whatever happens." On the other side I put the less responsible opinion of a manufacturer of furniture—and an exporter of it to Glasgow, too, if it

comes to that—whom I met in the train near Buffalo. He was an American such as I have long dreamed of—nearer 6 feet 6 inches than 6 feet, wiry, parchment-skinned, clean shaven but for the grizzled chin-beard, with long yellow teeth, and a humorous blue eye. “I tell you, sir,” he said, “when once the people begin fixing the coinage for themselves they will never let go of it again. If Bryan wins, the bankers will call every loan, and every mortgage will be called as it falls due. Business will go to hell, sir, and there will be trouble.” Trouble or not, I do not admire the way the two sides guard themselves from trying to understand the position of the other.

But what have these generalities to do with Washington? Not much, I admit. Yet it is because of the peculiar nature of the experiment in Government of which I speak that Washington exists at all. It is fairly plain that this huge country cannot be centralised in a capital as England or France are centralised. You want a vast deal of local self-government to keep Maine and South Carolina and Oregon in the same nation. Accordingly there is a deal, and a vast deal, of local patriotism for the local Government to brace itself against. One of its results—I should say a deplorable one—is that a man may only sit in Congress for the constituency in which he actually lives. The ablest statesman in the world, if he is defeated in his own home, is temporarily lost to his country. No doubt the carpet-bagger has his

demerits, but so surely has this opposite system. It stifles good men, and does nothing to discourage sectional exclusiveness. It is another result of this local sentiment, not to say mutual local antagonism, that the federal capital could be fixed in no existing important city. Philadelphia would not endure New York, and New York would never send her representatives to Philadelphia; New Jersey would have nothing to do with either, and the South snapped its fingers at all three. So the district of Columbia was carved out of Maryland to the extent of ten square miles, the capital was laid out by a French engineer, the Capitol was planned by a West Indian architect, and the city of Washington arose. Its inhabitants were and remain disfranchised; why, I cannot altogether see. It can hardly be because they supply dry goods and groceries to representatives and senators, and might thereby be corrupted. If that is the reason, why not disfranchise all senators' grocers as such? Senators have grocers at home as well as at Washington: here, moreover, one senator's grocery bill might reasonably be expected to balance and neutralise another's.

There is one very obvious inconvenience in having several capitals to a country. Here is New York, the business capital; Washington, the political capital; and Boston, the intellectual capital—this is denied, by the way, outside of Boston—and so on. Now if you want to find a man of any mark in England or France, you

go to London or Paris, and in a short while he is certain to come under your hand. Not so here. You want a man in New York: he is occupied with his political duties in Washington. You want him in Washington: he has gone to New York to look after his business. Why the deuce can't he do the two things in the same place? you ask yourself at last.

But when you reach Washington you forget everything in delight at the charm of the place. There is an impression of comfort, of leisure, of space to spare, of stateliness that you hardly expected in America. It looks a sort of place where nobody has to work for his living, or, at any rate, not hard. If Washington were in Germany, instead of a fair-sized slice of Germany being in Washington, it would be called a "Residenz Stadt." That is just what it is—a seat of Government, laid out for the ease and dignity of the governors. Its plan reflects the greatest credit on its French engineer, who plainly had not forgotten Versailles in the land of the stranger. In theory the Capitol is the centre of the city. From it radiate four streets—in plain fact there are only three, but though the fourth does not meet the eye, it exists for topographic purposes just as truly as does the Equator—which divide the city into four quarters, north-east, north-west, south-east, south-west. Within these divisions the streets are ticketed off on the American method, those running East and West being lettered A Street, B Street, and so on,

while those running North and South are numbered—1st Street, 2d Street, 3d Street.

But this method, though full of convenience, is apt to leave a city with very little more character and beauty than the gridiron which it resembles. Accordingly, the ingenious designer has intersected this arrangement with broad avenues, running at various angles to the squares. Cunningly taking advantage of slight inequalities of the ground, this expedient has produced some of the finest streets and widest prospects in the world. Washington, moreover, is the best planted city I have ever rested my eyes on. Looking out from the summit of the Capitol, you realise the extraordinary liberality with which the city has been planned. Almost every street in the network has its double row of fine trees. In all other cities seen from above the note of colour is struck by the roofs; in Washington slate roofs and red bricks are alike swallowed up in green.

Another sight of great refreshment to the foreign eye is furnished by the public buildings. Dating for the most part from the end of last century or the early part of this, they are built in a chaste and classic style instinct with dignity and refinement. For interest and effect, I confess, I would ten times sooner look at the vigorous uncouthness of New York. Yet after this Washington affords a comfortable recoil. The White House, with its Corinthian pillars, its even

rows of large windows, its flat balustraded roof, might almost be a great English mansion of the last century. The Treasury and the Post Office have the same Ionic columns; and the Patent Office is much like the British Museum, only clean.

But the star of Washington is the Capitol. It may be roughly described as like the National Gallery flanked with a Royal Exchange on each side, and with the dome of St Paul's stuck on top. This is only a very rough working description, and is far from doing the Capitol justice. It stands on a low hill which you ascend by broad flights of stone steps. Then it is girdled with tier on tier of stone terraces, and this setting keeps its great length and height from breaking out of proportion. Though it has been built wing by wing, extension by extension for over a hundred years, the parts all combine into one harmony. None crushes out the other, and by reason of the harmony the huge mass is as light and graceful as any toy temple in a pleasure-ground. Yet with all its gracefulness, the Capitol is very majestic. It would be a king of buildings in any city; it is doubly regal in Washington. For plainly the capital is built for the Capitol; not the Capitol for the capital. It is the Capitol's own city, laid out at its feet to do it honour and to enhance its lordliness. Broad sweeps of public garden, long vistas of spacious avenue, white outlines of vassal public offices grouped round it—the whole city is the setting

for this shining jewel. Each city of America is stamped with its own individuality; the Capitol is the seal of the unity of them all.

Will the seal be strong enough to bind them? Will this still stand as the one Capitol, without rival or second, in the year 2000? Who knows?

XII.

IN THE SOUTH.

WILMINGTON, N. C., *September 24.*

YES; beyond question I was in the South. That truth was established by ten able-bodied niggers struggling for a single hand-bag. As I sauntered down the main street of Wilmington the fact was gradually stamped upon my brain beyond possibility of mistake. They had told me that Wilmington was not real South: for that you must go down to New Orleans or Texas. No doubt New Orleans is of a richer southern dye than Wilmington. But to go to New Orleans and back from Washington is a matter of days, whereas Wilmington is but a paltry twelve hours away, which means almost next door in America. And Wilmington, after all, is in North Carolina, an indisputably Southern State. Here is a river of thick yellow ochre, dawdling between low, swampy, tree-grown banks, where they were shipping cotton. Here is a population wherein the blacks outnumber the whites. Was not Wilmington a notable resort of the

blockade runners? Cotton, niggers, and blockade runners—what more Southern can you want than that?

Here, moreover, was the true Southern atmosphere—the sun and dirt, and the imperative necessity to saunter, which you cannot but feel and yield to, whether you come on it down the Rhone or over the Alps, across the Danube or by the Atlantic Coast Railroad from Washington. Once you have known it you cannot miss it again. There had been a smart frost in the morning, yet the sun and air of Wilmington exhaled a languor which had been wanting in the greater heat of New York. Here were barefooted children, white, and black, and brown. All the shops had awnings, with the greater part of the stock hanging from pegs and rails outside; all the shopkeepers were lounging out on the pavement. Along the principal street stout brick buildings elbowed little one-storeyed wooden shanties, slowly dropping to pieces. Most of the houses were of wood—the better sort painted, the worse going to be painted some day, if there was any of them still left, when somebody felt equal to it. Even the finest houses, with green blinds rigidly shut on the sun, with shady trees, palms, and olives planted about them, with cool rocking-chairs in the freshness of the verandahs—even these would betray their Southern nature by a ragged fence of unpainted rails, reeling and staggering in the lightest breeze, because somebody was still thinking about knocking in a nail. The streets of square granite

blocks and the pavements of red bricks had none of the trim evenness of Portland or the better parts of Boston. They had begun to rise into hills at Richmond; in Wilmington they were alpine. Most of the streets were not even paved, but were barely fordable drifts of black sandy loam. The very electric cars—for not even the southernmost of American cities can forego its electric cars—were empty and unpainted, and they seesawed along their undulating rails without spirit, as if the electricity had gone stale. Mules stumbled along, jerking rattling vans behind them. Here came a creaking bullock-cart, with a blue-bloused nigger swinging on a broken water-barrel inside it. And in the very midmost pavement of the market-place sat three hens, and the citizens strolled round to avoid starting them. Oh yes, this was unquestionably the South.

Now I understand why my Northern friends had all warned me against the South. "There's nothing worth seeing," expostulated one and all.

"Well, there's the South," I urged. "A beastly country." "We've always had a kind of tenderness for it," I pleaded. "I know you have, but heaven knows what you ever saw attractive in it." To the hurrying, pushing Northern man, who is proud to profess and call himself a hustler, I believe there is something almost humiliating in the fact that he is of the same nation as basking, dawdling, untidy Wilmington. In Richmond there was nothing to be

ashamed of; for Richmond, since the war left her a depopulated ruin sown with ashes, has advanced to be a flourishing manufacturing and trading town. Richmond, moreover, though I should not call it in any sense a fine place, is decently clean, and wears a look of industry and thrift. It is not finished yet, of course—nothing is on this side of the Atlantic except poor Wilmington. But Richmond looks prosperous and has public monuments, and at least has the interest of her battlefields, which are a perfectly respectable thing for any city to show. But Wilmington! What could be taking any sane man to Wilmington?

Yet even Wilmington is not without her modest industrial achievements. You approach her through miles and miles of straggling pinewood, and though the trade in resin and turpentine is largely worked out, and has gone further south, there is still a bit of a lumber export. Moreover, in Wilmington the British vice-consul, son of a Scotch West Indian, has built up the largest cotton export business in the whole of America. Three Liverpool-bound steamers lay at his wharves, and hour by hour the bales of cotton were swung aboard. In the warehouse, hour by hour, the huge cotton-press sent up a blast of screaming steam as it dealt with a fresh bale. Before they go under the press they are fat cushions of the fluffy white stuff, as big as two of the biggest travelling-trunks you can conceive. A couple of panting niggers



drag up the bundle and put it under the press. Great iron jaws grip it above and below, and look as if they must meet in it. Then the steam hisses out overhead, the jaws relax, and toss out a neat brick of compressed cotton no more than six inches thick, metal-bound and ready for shipping in five minutes. After all, why should Wilmington blush? There is not the equal of this machine between the Chesapeake and Mexico.

Indeed, the whole South—so the machine's master told me—is looking up commercially. Atlanta and Savannah are its show-places, but the advance runs almost along the whole line. The very farmers, he thought, are better off than they were three years ago. Then they staked their all on cotton, and imported the bacon they ate and the very hay for their horses from the West. Now they grow enough for themselves, so that they stand to lose less on a bad or an excessive cotton crop—either of which is apt to spell ruin.

And then the nigger. To the stranger of a day there is much entertainment in the nigger. But the born Southerner, or the Southerner by adoption, or even the Northerner who knows the South, sees no comedy in him. As I came South last night from Richmond I conversed with two Northern men. One was a drummer—which is American for a bagman—from New York; the other a Canadian, from far North of the Great Lakes—a stout-built, square-headed

young man, short of a thumb on the right hand, who had sturdily exchanged 40° below zero for 100° in the shade, and manages a big lumber business in South Carolina. "I was in a hotel up North," said the traveller—it is hopeless to follow his rich profanity with any mere blanks—"and I went into the dining-room, and there was a nigger head-waiter, sir. Yes, sir—a nigger ordering white girls about; I tell you that made me tired. Then this nigger head-waiter came, and showed me to a table with three niggers! When I was paying my bill to go to another hotel, the clerk said, 'Why do you object to sit with the coloured gentlemen?' 'I didn't see any gentlemen,' says I; 'I saw three buck niggers, if that's what you mean.' 'Ah,' he says, 'that race problem will never be solved.' 'Yes,' I says; 'but it is solved in the South. It adjusts itself. Treat them as servants—that's all they're fit for—and if one gets fresh, shoot him.'" "Quite right," said the Canadian.

This Canadian's views of the nigger had been arrived at after a perfectly unprejudiced study of him. "You know," he said to me, "they make a man lazy. If I go to Canada and get out at the station with two grips, everybody's got his own work to do, and I must carry them for myself. Down here there's half-a-dozen niggers would carry them miles for a nickel. Now, in Canada, you see the farmer ploughing his land, and all his sons, down to a little kid of twelve, working with him. In Texas you see the planter

sitting with his feet up on the verandah all day, reading some fool newspaper with no profit in it. Then he lets off twenty-five acres here to John Johnson, and twenty-five there to Tom Thomson, and another twenty-five to Bill Bilson. Then he turns his back, and the nigger don't fertilise the land. He works one day, and the next he goes off to the next town to see a man because he didn't see him the day before. He's just like a monkey, the nigger. He's always idling about to see something new, or trying to learn some fool trick that nobody else can do, and that'll never be any good to him. He'd sooner go on a bicycle than in a train, and he'd sooner have a gun than money."

It is quite true; niggers are like monkeys. I have been watching them all day. It is not only their backward sloping foreheads, and huge projecting lips. They squat about the street and jabber like monkeys; they are always pinching each other or trying little tricks, such as throwing up a nut and catching it in the mouth. A black cannot even walk down the street without touching everything laid out before every shop he passes. I must own that it seems to me awful that these people should have votes, and in a town like Wilmington should actually have a majority of votes. "They were made by the same Creator as made you," said a Northerner to me. Possibly; but they were certainly not made in the same way. "And how would you like it," broke in a white-

haired Southerner, "if in Boston a crowd of people of no property, of no education, wanting, by reason of the history of their race, in truth and honour, sobriety and chastity, were in a position to tax your property, to waste your money, and to bring your Government to ruin?" "Why, by the Lord!" cried the Bostonian, "that's just what we have got in Boston—the Irish." "Try the nigger a few years, and you'll pray to have the Irish back again," was the reply.

It is not quite so bad as that now. It was, though, just after the war, when a gang of Republican carpet-baggers came down from the North and formed the new black voters into an organisation for legalised political plunder. Not that the nigger now gives any trouble. In Wilmington, as a gentleman told me who employs hundreds of them, the blacks are very tractable. "The only jealousy comes from a class of white man so low as to compete industrially with them." He had had the same black family servants over forty years—since the days before the war. But even this friend of the negro was shocked at the idea of their mingling with the white race. "It produces a good-for-nothing mongrel, and demoralises the whole population. You can see plainly that it is not the will of Providence," he went on, in all pious sincerity, "that the races should mix. If they intermarry, after four or five mulatto children, there will come one quite black—a completely African type. No; it is against the laws of Nature and of Heaven."

So there the Southern nigger lives—alongside of the white man, yet as far away from him as if he had never left the home of his grandfathers. He neither marries among them nor gives to them in marriage. A “c”—“coloured”—stands against his name in the directory. He has his own stores, for he would not be suffered inside those of the white. He may not stay in the same hotel, nor travel in the same railway-carriage, nor even worship beside the white; there are separate coloured churches for coloured Christians. And he is quite happy and lazy, jolly and improvident. His eyes and his lips gleam with white eyeball and tooth when you look at him; he salaams when you speak to him, and fans you as you sit at table. He can supply all the wants that he is capable of feeling; he is satisfied with his proper position of **inferiority**. The **problem** adjusts itself.

XIII.

SOUTHERN POLITICS.

PHILADELPHIA, *September 25.*

"THIS is the keenest election I ever was in, and the queerest." So spoke Senator Faulkner, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee at Washington. The room was papered with portraits of William J. Bryan, of various approximations to a likeness, and carpeted with newspapers, maps, tracts on silver, and all the other litter of an election headquarters. "How the queerest?" I asked. "Why, usually you can tell by the middle of October or before just about what vote can be gotten out on each side. This time there will be"—he paused a second with a wry face—"some rich Democrats who will go for M'Kinley or that little Indianapolis ticket. On the other hand, we shall get a lot of factory operatives that they count on. They wear a M'Kinley button, and you hear that only eight men in this factory or twelve in that are for Bryan. Wait till they get hold of the ballot paper. For the first time in the history of this country every

big labour organisation is solid on the same side—on our side. For the first time in the history of this country, sir.”

“It must need a deal of organisation.” “You may say so. We have an organisation—and so has the other side—that covers the whole country, and goes right up to headquarters. The smallest division is the precinct. The precinct reports to the county organisation, that to the Congressional district, that to the State, and that to the National organisation. In a precinct there will be only from fifty to a hundred and fifty voters, so they can’t miss getting on to what vote each man’s going to give. Then we know where we’re weak and where we’re strong. We neglect those States, and put all our literature and speakers into the doubtful ones. Do you see?”

“I see. And what are the safe States and what are the doubtful ones?” “Well, we’ve almost given up the North.” I may mention here that the unstable John Boyd Thacher, whose nomination at Buffalo under the influence of Tammany Hall I described a week ago, has behaved exactly as I said he would. He has issued a manifesto explaining quite shamelessly that he is going to vote for the silver candidate, but that personally he is in favour of gold. Thereupon public pressure has forced him to retire. Of course this has badly demoralised the Democrats in New York, and confusion has radiated thence all over the East. “In the South,” resumed Senator Faulkner,

“there are 159 electoral votes. We reckon to get all those, with the possible exception of two States. In the West, again, there are sixty-one votes, and we make sure of all those, with again the possible exception of two small States. That makes 220 voices in the Electoral College, and 224 gives a majority for Mr Bryan. So even if we lose the four States I spoke of and gain any two of these central States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan—then Mr Bryan will be elected.”

I ought to say, for those who have not threaded the mazes of the United States constitution, that the American people do not vote for their President directly. Each State chooses, on the basis of its population, so many voters, in the Electoral College of 447, which then proceeds to make the election. This hardly seems an ideal democratic method, and many people condemn it. The man who gets a majority of the electors has not necessarily a majority on the popular vote. A bare majority in a big State choosing twenty or thirty electors may easily weigh down a wellnigh unanimous vote in half-a-dozen small ones. In 1884 a majority of 1150 in New York, which returns thirty-six electors, turned the whole election.

Senator Faulkner's reckoning of the chances represents the general official and unofficial opinion of his side. They all refuse to hear a doubt about anything West of the Missouri, or South of Mason and Dixon's line. The only doubt is suggested by some Southern

Democrats, who have the slenderest confidence in the honesty of their Populist allies. These think it very possible that if the electors were nearly equal for Bryan and M'Kinley, the money power, which is pretty nearly all on the Republican side, would be used to buy up a few eligible Populists. It would pay the monopolists of the great trusts, I was assured, to give a million apiece for enough of such commodities to turn the election. Only I should not care to be the deserting Populist when he went down South again, where men carry revolvers. And I can hardly doubt that the difficulty of getting Democrats and Populists to agree on a coalition list of electors and State candidates is a grave anxiety to Mr Bryan's managers. Senator Faulkner refused to admit this into his calculations at all. Nevertheless, I quote his estimate of the chances, not because I believe much in it, or in any other public forecast at this stage, but because it is to a certain extent official, and because Mr Faulkner counted his chickens with a moderation that is conspicuously absent in most such statements. The impression I took away was that he expected it to be a near thing, and, balancing everything, was not unprepared for defeat.

At Richmond I chanced upon General Buckner, the stout old Confederate soldier, who is candidate for Vice-President on behalf of the Gold Democrats, the Liberal Unionists of this campaign. I thought I might correct my Silver Democratic estimate with

his aid. The battles and marches of thirty years back have left little enough mark on his hale figure; the hearty voice and clear blue eye belie the flowing silver of his hair and the written record of his eighty years. Dressed in black broadcloth, with low waistcoat and white tie, he recalled the old English type of which Mr Jowett was the last. Though I never remember to have seen the late Master of Balliol smoking a long corn-cob pipe, nor did he usually receive visitors in the act of putting on his coat. General Buckner did both, and remained a courtly gentleman.

About his own chance and that of his colleague General Palmer, he said little: everybody knows that they have none. But he was quite confident that their candidature meant the defeat of Mr Bryan. "I think you may assure your people that it's all right," he cried sturdily. To English ideas it may appear strange that this candidature should help Mr M'Kinley; it seems like helping a Tory to beat a Radical by running a Liberal Unionist. But in the United States a man is more liable to vote against his principles than against his party. "And do you think," I inquired, "there's any danger of serious trouble?" "Oh no," smiled the man who in his day had really fought against the Union. "We take these things very keenly at the time, but we're as good friends as ever when the fight's over. One or two million Democrats will have come back and be voting with us for the gold standard two years hence."

How likely this may be it is not for me to say. But one thing at least is tolerably certain: the South will go dead against the North now and in the future in any way it gets a chance. I had imagined before I went South that the war feeling was dead and buried years ago: I was astonished at the bitterness that survives. In the train to Richmond was a Virginian gentleman returning from abroad, and for a long time he refused to take into his conversation a third passenger who sat in a corner of the little smoking-compartment. He thought he was a Northerner. But presently he discovered that this too was a Southern man, a North Carolinian. In two minutes they were side by side, comparing this general with that, and exchanging stories of the battles they had been in. After the Virginian had gone I talked with the other. "Do you know, sir," he said, "that the United States Government is publishing all the records of the war, Federal and Confederate together? And these records show, sir, that to the North's four million we never had more than six hundred thousand men. One of their own colonels has admitted that on no one day, what with wounds and sickness, and never knowing when the negroes would not rise and kill the women, could the South put more than two hundred thousand men in line. Why, at the end, at Appomattox, with Lee, there were no more than nine thousand rifles surrendered. Lee was always weak; he always had to be thinking of some device to get even with

'em. Ah, sir, he was every inch a general, was Lee." I told him that in England we had always thought so. "Yes; a few people have done us justice. But the North has the ear of the world; they write the books and issue the publications, and we sit here at home, and nobody ever thinks of us any more."

I was amazed to find this smouldering passion—the more so as this instance was not an isolated one. I think it comes less from vengeful memories of the war than from what followed after the war. When the blacks became free men and voters, there descended from the North a gang of the most unscrupulous Republican bosses. These political pirates organised and led the negroes, and bled the country till it was white as veal. The debt of North Carolina alone went up to thirty million dollars, and the more the debt grew the more the taxes grew. Money was not accounted for, was not spent; it simply melted away. At last the patience of the whites broke, and in South Carolina was formerly the organisation of the Red Shirts. They put up a Southern general for Governor, and wherever he was to speak about a thousand red-shirted whites would sling their rifles over their shoulders, saddle their horses, and ride off to demonstrate. "I was not in favour of it," said my North Carolinian friend. "I never said a word in favour of it. But they intimidated those niggers, sir, to admiration." In North Carolina the power of the ring was not broken till 1876. That is twenty years

ago, but for all the healing time has done it might have been yesterday. The Republicans of the North have been paying the penalty of their corruption ever since. The result of the years of spoliation is that for a white man to proclaim himself Republican in the South is almost a repudiation of his race—a step back beside the nigger and towards the brute. That is why the National Democratic candidature is expected to do such good to the cause of gold in the South. Democrat is a synonym for white man, and the white man can be expected to vote for no candidate who appeals to any other name.

As to the real extent of agricultural depression I have heard various opinions. I quoted in my last chapter the view of the first man of business in Wilmington; he thought things had improved. General Buckner held much the same view. "The losses of the farmers," he said, "have been much exaggerated by agitators. Both farmers and planters live in the greatest comfort. The only thing they have to complain of is that they have spoilt their market for money by their own folly in supporting free silver. The banks are afraid of a run on them if Mr Bryan succeeds, and they are calling in their loans." On the other hand, a leading Southern editor, who should know, and certainly was quite sincere, told me that the losses by the depreciation of prices had been terrible. In Georgia alone, he said, they had been computed at thirty-two million dollars.

Another source of bitterness and of grave danger in the South, this gentleman told me, is irritation against President Cleveland. The South believed in 1892 that it was electing a bimetallist, and I was told that more than one member of his Cabinet was virtually pledged to bimetallism. The President turned out a stout supporter of the gold standard, and now he and many of his Ministers have written letters and made speeches on behalf of Generals Palmer and Buckner, and the Indianapolis ticket. At the same time, the President is believed to have offered the choice between silence and dismissal to certain subordinate officials who have given active support to Mr Bryan. I think it must be owned that the President's conduct has been partial. For a Civil Service reformer to dismiss some holder of a 100-dollar post-office for his political opinions is neither very consistent nor very dignified. "These things make men mad," said the editor. "It's bad enough in the towns, but the farmers are worse. They're fighting mad, sir. I know half-a-dozen who are ready to take their guns and come out at this moment."

It is always difficult to say how much set purpose there is behind talk like this. The Northern men laughed at the idea. But they also laughed a generation ago until the first gun boomed out war at Fort Sumter. Whether Bryan wins or loses there is like enough to be a good deal of financial distress this

winter. I do not say that the excitement and ill-will may not die suddenly away by the second week of November, as it traditionally does. On the whole, so far as I am competent to have an opinion, I should say it will. Yet nothing would surprise me less than to find that this time it does not. Perhaps the South will wait for the signal of red revolt to be held out in some other part of the country—the West or some industrial centre. If that signal should ever come, it will find the South ready.

XIV.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, *September 29.*

It was only by luck that I left Philadelphia until the last of Eastern cities, but good luck it certainly was. Philadelphia is the most English of them all—English, that is, not in the way of outward seeming or slavish mimicry, but in the circumstances of its growth, and the life and character of its people. Here is the purest Anglo-Saxon citizen body among all the large centres. Here is less luxury than elsewhere, but more comfort, and comfort extending deeper down. New York is a city of offices and palaces; Boston of parks and villas; Washington of public buildings and houses let for the season. Philadelphia is a city of homes. Of its two hundred thousand families it has been estimated that seven-eighths live in self-contained houses, who elsewhere would be in flats or tenements, and that three-quarters of these own the houses they live in.

After the others, Philadelphia strikes you as beyond

all things a civilised city—a city where people sometimes have a little leisure. Elsewhere they do business or seek pleasure; here they live. The very names of the streets—Chestnut, Walnut, Vine, Spruce, Pine—have a fresh and wholesome breath about them. It may be fancy, but the women here seem prettier and the men better set up. The New Yorker takes a tram-car to go a quarter of a mile, and grows fat; here the physical type is more athletic. The richer Philadelphians live out in the country and ride to hounds; the poorest rides a bicycle. The typical American woman's face—long, thin, pale, pure-eyed, like an early Italian Madonna—is here richer and less austere. Middle-class you may call the place, with its endless rows of sober red brick; but middle-class with little of dowdiness, and much of rational stability. If there are few notable buildings, there are few slums. If few people are very prosperous, few are very wretched. In sum, the Philadelphians get more happiness per head out of their city than any other townsmen in America.

Philadelphia, like London, has made itself. Spreading from a commercial centre, it has felt its way out to the fringe of manufacturing towns round it, and woven them into a piece of itself with streets on streets of artisans' dwellings. The old business city is on the tongue between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. As it extended and made itself fast to districts beyond, the value of land in the centre went

up but slowly. In New York, a man with an old house in the heart of the city must tear it down to put up a twelve-storeyed skyscraper, or must make ready to be taxed out of existence. In Philadelphia the rise in land value has been continuous, but it has been steady. For result you have houses standing in busiest Chestnut Street, that fifty years ago were country villas. You have walls and windows that looked down on the Revolution. While this equable prosperity came over the centre, there grew up the tracts of undistinguished houses round about it. There are a hundred and fifty thousand of them, and you can no easier tell them apart than peas out of a pod. But in these houses the Philadelphian workman lives and dies; his son lives and dies there after him; and his grandson after his son. Among the poor it happens nowhere else in America, and seldom enough in Europe. In Philadelphia this local attachment is characteristic of rich and poor alike.

There are born of this principle of habitation many salutary features of civic life. The fact that Philadelphia's municipal debt is going down touches me but little; the fact that her streets, alone among those I have yet seen, are decently and smoothly paved with asphalt, moves me to approbation; the fact that Philadelphia made the electric road-car companies pay for the improvement commands my unrestrained enthusiasm. The municipal government of this city has its interest as the product less of a few commanding

personalities than of the general momentum of a half-unconscious public. So with society. Because these people live year in, year out, in their own homes, there grows up between them the bond of a neighbourly friendship such as exists in few cities even in the Old World. Then again, there are scores of building associations, friendly societies, clubs, religious guilds, and the like. Wages are good; add to that these interests, every one managed by the clerks and artisans who constitute their membership, and you have the makings of a happy life.

A friend of mine here has two servants, quadroon girls: they get their board and lodging and wages, equal to about £50 a-year. Both of them have just bought bicycles. One of them is a prominent member of the Zion Methodist African Episcopal Church. One day her master was going to speak in public. "Mary," he said, "you've often wished to hear me speak; you can come to-night if you like." "I should love to hear you, sah," answered Mary; "but I'm speaking myself to-night." She is now selling among her personal acquaintances alone a hundred and sixty dollars' worth of tickets for the Z.M.A.E.C.'s annual celebration. A bicycle, public speaking, and a circle of friends equal to taking £32 worth of tickets for a celebration—the life of that little yellow girl cannot be a very dull or unhappy one.

As for young men, there is no end to their societies

and orders. My same friend had a lad in his employ at five dollars a-week: this is only a lad's wages, for an unskilled man can always get his dollar a-day if he is steady, and skilled mechanics command anything upward of nine dollars. That must be put against higher prices on this side the Atlantic. A journalist told me that he worked with a compositor who, having a fancy for the opera, used to come to the office in evening dress as often as he did himself. It was his fancy, and he could afford to give it play. One day, to resume, the lad before mentioned appeared at the office with a queer-shaped parcel. It turned out on investigation to be a stage sword of the most magnificent proportions,—price four dollars. He was to wear it that evening as a Knight of Malta, of which honourable order he was a member. There cannot be much wrong with the social conditions of a city where at seventeen, and on a pound a-week, you can be a Knight of Malta.

But the neighbourly association which Philadelphia has been able to develop has also its pecuniary side; it would hardly be American if it had not. When Tom, the Knight of Malta, comes to be twenty-five years old, he will be desiring to marry. If he has not dissipated too much on the pomp of chivalry, he will by that time have saved perhaps five hundred dollars. His wife will have been five or six years behind the counter of a store, earning from four to seven dollars a-week, and, living in her father's house,

she also will have saved five hundred dollars. Tom is a member of a building association in his neighbourhood, which has a membership purely of mechanics, and is managed entirely by its members. Tom and his wife set up in a little house costing two or three thousand dollars; it is paid for, over and above the savings, by two mortgages—one to the builder, one to the association whereto Tom is a contributor. All the members know Tom. They guess he is a steady and punctual payer, so they lend the money to him rather than to plausible Jerry, who offers a couple per cent more interest, but has little reputation for paying cash. In ten or fifteen years, with decent luck, the mortgages are paid off, and the house is the property of the occupiers. There is a ground-rent to pay, but it is constant for ever. It can never be raised, and the benefit of the unearned increment goes to Tom: he can even extinguish the ground-rent at eighteen years' purchase or thereabouts. It may be that the family has increased beyond the limit of the six- or eight-roomed house to which he first brought home his wife. Then Tom rents a bigger one, and lets the other; but he has always the original house to go back to when his children leave him for six-roomed homes of their own. Tom ends his days as a householder, and an owner of real estate. If he has done well, he is the owner not only of the one house, but perhaps of the next and the next. The acres of little undis-

tinguished streets that you may wander through unprofitably for hours are the savings bank of the thrifty Philadelphian.

There is plenty of good work for Tom in and about the city, if he knows his business and will do it. Times are bad just now, it is true, and work will be scarce until after the election, and then afterwards—who knows? Yet Philadelphia has half-a-dozen factories, any one of which may put in a not unreasonable claim to be the biggest of its kind in the world. There is Cramp's shipbuilding-yard, which has just got an order for one of the new Yankee battleships, and is expecting another for a couple of cruisers from Japan. Then there is Baldwin's locomotive works. By the courtesy of the firm I was shown over this famous factory the other day. In 1831 there was built here the first American locomotive, and the firm is now at about its fifteen thousandth. From the sixteen acres of its shops and sheds it can turn out the equivalent of three railway engines and one-third in a day. From the first drawing of the plans only eight days of pattern-making, moulding, casting, forging, riveting, and milling lead up to the moment when the electric crane picks up the two hundred tons of completed engine and slings it like a packing-case on to the rails where it is to live and die. The locomotive engine is begotten as a page in an order-book, with every detail of construction and dimension carefully specified, so that if

any part of it goes wrong in after-life it can be replaced infallibly by mere reference to a date and number. From that point on I saw every phase of its incubation until it goes forth full-grown to wage its lifelong war on the fiend distance. Here was the laboratory to test the chemical composition of the materials and the gauge. Here a man was brushing out the crumbs from the plumbago mould of a wheel. There another was making the core of clay kneaded round a skeleton of iron, which marks the place of daylight in the mould: when the molten metal is poured in and cooled the embedded clay is knocked out, and the open parts of the wheel appear. Behind him the bits of iron from the scrap-heap were being carefully built up like a child's house of bricks, against the time when, cased in wood and sandwiched in slag, they should be turned into the furnace. Now with a fiery blast a furnace opens, and out of the jaws of hell swings a white-hot mass of iron. The crane guides it on to the anvil, and the great steam-hammer comes down and punches and flattens it into shape as a boy squeezes a snowball. In the next room is a milling tool of tempered steel hollowing out the curves in a connecting rod of annealed steel; in the next a cutter of tempered steel sharpening the knives in a milling tool of annealed. Such is the cunning of man to make steel the instrument that tames its kindred steel to his service.

Above that again, on the top storey, was a row of

great engine-tenders waiting their turn to be painted. Did you ever think of railway tenders as being put to bed by the dozen up four flights of stairs? Perhaps you did. Perhaps you know all about it, and will tell me I did not need to come three thousand miles to see how locomotive engines are made. But answer me this riddle, O British engineer! Here was an engine waiting to go to Canada; here another being packed for New Zealand, and another for Japan; **here** another being carved up into two-hundred-and-fifty-pound fractions, that are to climb a mountain road on mule-packs in Venezuela. That may be all comprehensible. But why must men come, like me, three thousand miles to Philadelphia when they want railway engines in Barcelona and Jerusalem, in Christiania and Riga? Answer me that, O British engineer!

But I am no engineer. I will leave that and walk again along the street of Germantown, and admire the simple lines of the old stone-built houses hiding discreetly behind their ivy in the recesses of their lawns and of their oaks and elms. I will dawdle again by the ripples of Wissahickon Creek, and smear my boots with the heaped-up chestnuts and acorns and the red leaves. Or I will go along Chestnut Street at sunset and watch the stream of well-built Philadelphians, who have worked hard, and are now going to rest. If I ask my way, and then say "Thank you," they will have time to reply, "You're very welcome." Give me a city where somebody sometimes is not in a hurry.

XV.

AT THE SHRINE OF M'KINLEY.

CANTON, OHIO, *October 1.*

"It's a wash-out," said the nigger who makes up the beds in the sleeper. I did not quite know what a wash-out was, but I was certain that when I woke up at six the train was very much in the same place as it was when I went to bed at eleven. Rain had been falling till Philadelphia was more like Niagara, and yet the stuffy heat had been such that it was impossible to move without gasping for air. When I looked out of the window yesterday morning the clear sunshine was struggling to get the better of the early frost. I got up and took a morning constitutional on the line, and there learnt the truth.

The rivers had risen and the winds had blown, and a bridge between us and Pittsburgh had been carried away. After seven hours of alternate standstill and going back, we were now about to fetch a circuit of a matter of a hundred and fifty miles on to the main line again. So we climbed meekly on board, and

clotheless, breakfastless, and with the certainty of being ten to twelve hours late everywhere, off we went. I had never given the Americans credit for being a patient people, and I was astonished at their philosophy. They smiled, and appeared to take it as a natural incident of railway travel—unfortunate, but no way astonishing. If it had happened in England, every man would have fallen incontinently to writing to his favourite newspaper. Here but one man went so far as to write a telegram.

The train strolled leisurely on through the unkempt-looking fields of central Pennsylvania, where the farmer is content with three acres of maize and a cow, and looks on increase of crops or stock as increase of trouble. Presently we climbed the wooded mountains—now dappled with every colour from living green to crimson and the intensest yellow—that form the watershed between the eastward streams and the great Mississippi basin. Then we raced down by the turbid brown freshet of the Alleghany river. Here is the Black Country of America. Hence to the farthest West stretches a broad belt of coal, so generous that the country-people have only to break a hole in the hillside and take out all their winter's supply. Here also is iron, and in the fading daylight we ran between banks of coal, rising overhead on each side of the line, through clouds of choking grey smoke, through flames leaping from tall chimneys and flickering away in narrowing avenues to the lurid horizon.

At Pittsburgh came newspapers and details of the great storm. It was the greatest the world had ever seen—at least the greatest for a long time. Had it not carried clean away the greatest bridge in the world—that is, the greatest of its own particular kind? To find enough greatest things on earth to go round such a large continent, it may be here observed, necessitates a good deal of rather minute subdivision. The big cities have the greatest thing on earth right out; the small ones invent a special brand of it, and have the greatest on earth of that. As for the storm, it was a very great one, and I doubt not that the newspaper correspondents on this side will have done it full justice. I can add nothing to them, for I was asleep through the thick of it.

There appeared in the train at Pittsburgh, or thereabouts, a phenomenon of far more interest to the philosophic mind than a hundred of the greatest storms and washes-out ever seen. This was Mr M'Kinley's brother. It will probably be news to most Britons that Mr M'Kinley so much as has a brother. Yet in the spectacle of that brother in the smoking-compartment American democracy was writ so large as few people have the luck to see it. He was not unlike the pictures of the candidate. He was stout, and his trousers were tight; so very obviously were his boots. Of his discourse it is not needful to speak; it was shrewd and good-humoured rather than grammatical. He was not unmindful of the spittoon.

He talked quite freely about his celebrated brother, and he talked to everybody who liked to talk with him. The waiters in the dining-car chaffed him, and the conductor slapped him on the back. This morning I met him again in a Canton newspaper office; he was diverting his mind with a little larking among the reporters. Now, do try to imagine it. When you can conceive the brother of the man who has more than an even chance of becoming the first citizen among sixty millions larking with provincial newspaper reporters and slapped on the back by the conductor of a railway-train—why, then you will be a good step on towards the comprehension of the United States of America.

There was instruction again to be gleaned when I reached Canton and sallied out this morning in the drizzling aftermath of the great storm. In England you would look for the man who is going to be President in London; in France, where but in Paris? He might have been born where he liked, but in the capital he would surely be found. In the United States the man whose name and features confront you in every corner of their millions of square miles lives in a two-storeyed wooden house in a little town that but for him nobody would ever have heard of. Not but what Canton also has its greatest things on earth, as the Cantonese will take early occasion to inform you. Just now it has two. One is but temporary—the silver bullion statue which formed the exhibit of

Montana at the World's Fair. In due time it is to take its rightful place in Montana's Capitol, but Montana's Capitol is not yet built, and it is filling up its time with starring in the provinces. The other is a watch-case factory, which, being ignorant how watch-cases are made and desirous to remain so, I did not visit. Still, when all is said and done, Canton has no more than 40,000 inhabitants at the outside. This is not so big but that a good proportion of its citizens know Mr M'Kinley to speak to, and nearly all by sight. His mother still lives here in a tiny cottage by the roadside. And here he sits among his fellow-citizens, and waits to be made the governor of the largest civilised population in the world. There is a democracy among towns as among men, and it has been well said that if the United States have no capital they have also no provinces. The good side of this is that otherwise such democracy must quickly crush out individuality. The dubious side of it is the frequent opinion that, "If Bill M'Kinley gets in, he ought to do something for Canton." But, whether for one reason or the other, there is no doubt about Canton's enthusiasm for its citizen. I walked to his house under banner after banner; no shop window and few private houses lacked at least one of his portraits. So I came to the two-storeyed wooden house with green window-frames and red shutters, one of a row. Before it was a broken fence, part iron, part wood. Also the place where a lawn should have been,

but not a blade had the feet of pious pilgrims left there.

If you want to see a Presidential candidate you ring the bell and walk in and see him. That is what he is there for. I rang and walked in; Mr M'Kinley was sitting on a rocking-chair in a little office not ten feet from the door. His strong, clean-shaven face has a suggestion of Charles Bradlaugh; there is the same lofty and massive forehead, the same mastiff power of chin and jaw. Clear eyes, wide nose, full lips—all his features suggest dominant will and energy rather than subtlety of mind or emotion. He had on the frock-coat in which he was presently to address deputations, and loosely tied brown slippers in which he was not. He also was not unmindful of the spittoon. Yet with that he is gifted with a kindly courtesy that is plainly genuine and completely winning. I am no more prejudiced in favour of the apostle of Protection than any other Englishman; yet it was impossible not to feel—absurd as it seemed—that he was really glad to see a wandering newspaper correspondent from the country against which his whole policy has for years been directed. Not to be tedious, his personality presents a rare combination of strength and charm. But when it came to the question of being interviewed, though the charm remained, the strength got the better of it. No. He had made it a rule from the first moment of his candidature, and in no single instance had he departed from it. He was quite ready to ad-

mit that the contest was peculiarly well worth coming to see; indeed, he was inclined to believe that the whole country was an interesting one. He went so far as to presume that the election was of some importance to many people even outside the United States. But to be interviewed—the indomitable chin began to tighten up on the masterful jaw, and I left off asking him.

Well, if I could not interview, at least I could be interviewed. So Mr M'Kinley turned me over with a gracious farewell to some of his political and journalistic friends. In a word, he made me free of Canton. I have no doubt that its citizens will by now have enjoyed a spirited account of me in general, and of my opinions on the United States and their own good town in particular. I may not see it, as I am leaving by this evening's fast train. In the meantime Mr M'Kinley's staff provided me with refreshment, and took me to see a delegation. Three special trains, swathed in golden-yellow bunting, came clanking in, and a whooping, screaming multitude surged out on to the platform. Every man, woman, and child wore a brilliant yellow badge, and most added yellow flowers, yellow caps, a portrait of M'Kinley, a tinsel emblem of devotion to the gold standard, a fancy button, and a miniature edition of the Stars and Stripes. You could not move on the platform, and you could not hear yourself speak. What a hopeless mob! But suddenly "Fall in!" cried a voice. And

before I quite knew what was happening the multitude had left the station and was formed up four abreast in the street beyond. Then the word was given to march. First came the leader on a grey horse, clear ahead. Then a rank of mounted marshals, every man with his badge and decorations, the horses with ribbons on the bridles and Stars and Stripes for saddle-cloths. Behind them came two carriages abreast, tricked out in every colour in which bunting is made. Then three huge ensigns, and almost as huge a mastiff, neck and tail tied up in golden yellow, led solemnly in a yellow leash. Then a gold-laced brass band. After them a long procession of ladies, all the black jackets splashed with yellow; and after them a company of men with red, white, and blue umbrellas displayed. Next a great yellow banner with the name and style of the deputation—Portage County, Ohio. Then a battalion of men, all in blazing yellow caps, and then a band of boys; then another battalion of men; then another band; more men with a banner; another band; more ensigns; more banners—white this time, with coloured devices; then another battalion in yellow slouch hats to bring up the rear. Every man kept step. The whole array was so long that each band could hardly carry far enough to mark the time for its own particular division. Yet it never lost step or broke its formation. Horse and foot, men and women, a kaleidoscope of yellow and red and blue, music crashing, and

colours flaunting, the long column wound itself in and out and about the streets of Canton.

When Mr M'Kinley came forward in the tabernacle to speak—it was too dripping wet to receive them at his porch—the place was like a field of buttercups, but buttercups leaping into the air and yelling themselves hoarse. His speech was not long, and, to tell the truth, it was not interesting. He is no orator as Bryan is. Indeed he is almost the least effective public speaker I have heard here. He read his address from a paper held before him, not without a stumble or two: he was distinct and dignified, but after the pageantry and the shouting it was something of a fall to the commonplace. He pointed out with great force that Portage County was the finest in the States. But there was neither argument nor eloquence, and though for the peroration he imported a thrill into his voice it did not pass to his hearers. I suppose he and they could not help remembering that he had said much the same to the last county, and would repeat it in a few hours to the next. The next has come in and marched up by now, has been addressed, and has shed itself over the town. As I close this up Canton is still dotted with dandelions, and I hear the boys crying the 'Evening Repository.' As I said, my engagements compel me to leave by this evening's fast train.

XVI.

ANTI-ENGLAND.

CHICAGO, *October 3.*

"THE eyes of the soldiers glared upon the people like hungry bloodhounds. The captain waved his sword. The red-coats pointed their guns at the crowd. In a moment the flash of their muskets lighted up the street; and eleven New England men fell bleeding upon the snow. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and though that purple stain melted away in the next day's sun, it was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people. . . . A battle took place between a large force of Tories and Indians and a hastily organised force of patriotic Americans. The Americans were defeated with horrible slaughter, and many of those who were made prisoners were put to death by fiendish torture. . . . The village of Wilkesbarre was burnt, and women and children perished in the dismal

swamp in which they had sought refuge. . . . The English would often hang a dozen American prisoners without a moment's warning. . . . More than six thousand American sailors had been seized by British war-ships and pressed into the hated service of a hated nation."

All of this, and any amount more to the same purpose, comes from the books whence the American child imbibes at school his first notions of the history of his country. I bought up an armful of them in a second-hand book-shop, to make sure that everybody was not wrong in imputing to them a great part of the unfriendliness with which we are regarded in this country. For that such unfriendliness exists, in greater or less degree, in every class and every quarter of the United States, there is unhappily no doubt whatever. It is not always apparent on the surface, but it is always there beneath it. In the present campaign, it is true, anti-English feeling is not in the forefront; but that is, in a way, an accident. Hitherto the expression of such feeling has been something of a Republican monopoly. But in this campaign the free silver people took the cry out of their mouths. "Are you to have your financial policy dictated to you by England? Did our fathers buy our freedom with their blood that we should surrender it to English gold?" This is Mr Bryan's appeal in almost every speech. "I would sooner see our

army under a foreign general than our money system under foreign control," I heard him say at Washington, and the crowd repeated it, and said, "That's good." "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," in the speech that won him his nomination—I have heard it in the phonograph—was an apostrophe to England. With all this sentiment on the other side, the Republicans are compelled to give Britain a rest this time. It follows that Anglophobia is called upon to play only an indirect part in this campaign. But that part it plays steadily. Few speeches are without their reference to Britain, and it is often, implicitly if not explicitly, an unfriendly one. As for any eulogistic or friendly qualification, such as would usually accompany the mention of the United States in a public speech among us, there is never a hint of it.

Is that surprising? The Americans have a very keen feeling for their past history; it is far more alive to them than ours to us. The Crimean War is to us an incident of long ago which we have long ago got, as we think, into its proper focus. We may love Russia or we may not; but the Crimean War is no factor in our disposition either way. Here the Revolutionary War is as much a matter of personal right or wrong as it was a hundred years ago. It is kept alive by the numberless anniversaries and quinquennials and semi-centenaries in which the Americans take continual delight. Each of the mas-

sacres recounted in the history-books is commemorated and crystallised for ever by a monument. Whether it was done by us or by Americans, by Indians or not at all, it is all put down to the account of the British. The very name of Washington is a continual reminder that England is the enemy. It is deplorable; but how could it be otherwise? Except for small wars with France and Mexico, the United States have engaged in no foreign conflicts but with us. Each popular history is one long inculcation, if not of dislike, at least of distrust and profound suspicion.

It must not be supposed that every American is itching to be at our throats,—nothing of the kind. But even that would be nearer the truth than to believe that there is any sentiment of the kind that we have long entertained towards the United States, and which still survives in part the awakening of last December. We talk of this country as our daughter, and of war with it as unnatural, unheard of, impossible. It may not mean much, but the sentiment, if Platonic, is absolutely sincere. But to the American, the champion of arbitration, war is always a present possibility—with anybody at any moment. This seems a paradox, but it is easily explicable. The memory of the Civil War is kept alive by every possible device—historical articles, official publications, clubs of veterans, clubs of veterans' sons, monuments to every leader and every regiment, celebrations of every battle at every anniversary. It is hardly an exagger-

ation to say that no American newspaper is published any day of the three hundred and sixty-five which does not contain at least one allusion to the war. The very political demonstrations are organised on a military model; no nation in the world is more fond of playing at soldiers. War, therefore, to the present generation of Americans is not far enough off to be inconceivable, while it is just too far for the personal recollection of its horrors. And to these twin facts, as well as to a certain impulsiveness and irresponsibility in affairs, may probably be assigned the bellicose spirit which unquestionably comes over this country from time to time.

Now, granted the bellicose disposition, why should it not be directed against us? We may call this country daughter, but it does not call us mother. We were a stepmother at the best, and are no longer even that. Most families of pure English descent have been in this hemisphere so long that they have become American and nothing else. As for the Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Italians, Poles, and Bohemians, who make up nearly half of the population, for instance, of Chicago, and more than a quarter of the urban population of the whole country—what cause have they to call us mother? On the contrary, they import the bitter Continental jealousy of us, and here it finds a most congenial soil. The United States is not an old nation as nations go, but after all it is old enough to stand for itself and to do without

a mother. It wants no pap from us. The sooner we put that fancy out of our heads the better for our mutual understanding. We must be judged on our record in history, and on the showing of American school-books that record is as bad as it could be.

“The best thing for the relations of the two countries,” said an American journalist to me, “would be that neither should ever see the other’s newspapers.” Unquestionably there is a good deal in that. The first thing I saw in New York was a lurid description of the tortures which had driven Dr Gallagher and his fellow-dynamiter mad, reinforced by an illustration representing an English warder flogging a half-naked prisoner. It must be remembered that the ordinary untravelled American is almost more blankly ignorant of Europe and its ways than the ordinary European is of America. A newspaper editor asked me whether Canton, with its bare 40,000 inhabitants, was not larger than Sheffield. When an editor thinks thus, his readers will swallow any yarn that anybody likes to pitch about us. There even grows up a demand for such yarns as illustrative of the depravity of a monarchy, and as an indirect glorification of a free republic. And the demand is most generously supplied.

It appears that there are many causes of anti-British irritation. “Some day,” said my friend, “we shall do another thing that will come to you as just the same cold douche as the Venezuela business.” It

appears that the fishing rights on the Great Lakes are a perpetual cause of friction between the States and Canada. The States side is fished out, and as a consequence the innumerable yachting parties that gather in summer round the Thousand Islands go over to fish on the Canadian shore. "Not a week passes," he said, "without vessels being seized and the Stars and Stripes being hauled down by Canadian officials. The flag has been hissed and insulted in every way. Some day we shall avenge that on the Canadian Pacific Railway. At present they are allowed to carry goods in bond duty-free across our territory. If we revoke that privilege, the loss of the traffic from New England through to the Western States will mean that the C.P.R. can't pay the interest on its bonds. And where will Canada be then?"

Another cause of mistrust and jealousy ever in the minds of the Senate's Committee has been some spasmodic attempts on the part of our Admiralty to fortify positions in the Western Hemisphere. Of course it means no more by this than by most other things it does or leaves undone. It has built fortifications here and there—usually leaving them without armament or garrison, it is true—and the United States ask themselves why. Why do we build a graving-dock at Esquimault instead of one at Hong-Kong, where we need it more? Of course such few Americans as follow foreign affairs know we need graving-docks in both places. But the general result

is that the States make a dock of their own at Seattle, a few miles from Esquimault, where otherwise they have no earthly use for it. When we fortified Halifax, and Bermuda, and St Lucia—over-fortified the first two, as our best authorities hold—the United States responded with batteries on their shores and mines in their harbours. And also by building battleships—weapons not of defence, but of offence, as they recognise themselves quite clearly.

It is most frankly recognised by all Americans conversant with foreign affairs that we are not wholly, or even mainly, to blame. They deplore their system of conducting foreign affairs, and with good reason. The foreign policy of the States is conducted in part by the Committee of the Senate upon Foreign Affairs. This Committee is composed of men of experience, who have served upon it four, eight, twelve years. They know their world, they understand their diplomacy, and they do not blunder. But besides these, there is a vast deal of initiative left to the President and the Secretary of State. They are usually American politicians pure and simple, though not always quite pure or quite simple either. They approach foreign problems without knowledge of the usages of international good breeding, and with one eye steadily fixed on public feeling among the electors at home. And almost as surely as they take a problem of foreign politics into their own hands, they blunder.

“Well,” I said, “it seems to be a string of misunderstandings and blunders on each side. But has it gone too far? Is it come to Mr Olney’s theory that any union between us and any part of this hemisphere is unnatural and impolitic?”

“That, of course, was unpardonably tactless, and only possible in a country that puts an attorney into a Government office and expects him to become a diplomatist next morning. But if you put it that way, it has gone too far. We do feel that in the future we must not only take up our responsibilities in Central and South America, but that ultimately we must be the only Power in this hemisphere. Every American feels that. You can have all the Old World; we hope you will. But we must have all the New.”

Then he explained the appallingly strong position of the United States in respect of its future armaments. At present their Government pays 138,000,000 dollars a-year to pensioners of the Civil War. As the men die these pensions fall in at the rate of five to eight millions annually; in twenty years or so the pension-list will be a white sheet of paper. That means over twenty-six millions sterling a-year, paid already for a military purpose, which can be diverted to armaments without a cent of extra taxation. In twenty years this country will be easily able to turn out a dozen battleships a-year without taking a cent out of anybody’s pocket. And that means the naval supremacy of the world.

If we started the United States in this course by some bungling attempt to get our coaling-stations half-fortified, then it was the worst day's work we ever did in our lives. But since the mischief is done, and apparently done irremediably, we had better face the situation squarely and at once. I think the question we ought to ask ourselves is this, Are we prepared to fight the United States immediately, or are we prepared to take such steps as shall prevent us from fighting them ever? These are the alternatives. We cannot afford to let the thing drift. These are the facts. First: we can quite honestly say that we regard the United States as something more than a mere foreign nation; they have no such feeling towards us, but, on the contrary, by reason of their vivid historical sense, are more disposed to see an enemy in us than in any other nation. Second: the United States possess already nearly double the population of our islands, and the peculiar advantage derived from their falling-in pensions enables them to bear the burden of heavy armament far more lightly than ourselves. Third: they are rapidly awakening from their policy of non-intervention in foreign affairs, and look forward to nothing less than unchallenged domination of every inch of the Western Hemisphere. If these facts are correct, then we must fall back upon one or other of the two alternatives I have suggested. For my own part, whatever may be their faults and foibles, I like and respect the Americans,

and I shall never cease to feel warmly towards them. I should hate to see us at war with them, but I would rather see that now than see us walking head down to disaster and humiliation a generation or a century hence. As for the other alternative, it needs a deal of self-control and self-abnegation. It is not to be accomplished by fancy treaties for settling by arbitration what nobody would ever think it worth while to fight about. If the price of American friendship is to be the ultimate abandonment of all our possessions in the New World, then that friendship will have to prove itself a very valuable asset for use in the Old. It may be asking too much, but if statesmanship could kindly arrange it, I confess I should like to see before I die a war in which Britain and the United States in a just quarrel might tackle the world. After that we should have no more difficulty about America. For if the Americans never forget an injury, **they** would ever remember a service.

XVII.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, *October 4.*

CHICAGO! Chicago, queen and guttersnipe of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world! Not if I had a hundred tongues, every one shouting a different language in a different key, could I do justice to her splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, girdled with a twofold zone of parks and slums; where the keen air from lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, and the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat; the great port a thousand miles from the sea; the great mart which gathers up with one hand the corn and cattle of the West and deals out with the other the merchandise of the East; widely and generously planned with streets of twenty miles, where it is not safe to walk at night; where women ride straddlewise, and millionaires dine at mid-day on the Sabbath; the chosen seat of public spirit and municipal boodle, of cut-throat commerce and munificent patronage of art; the most American

of American cities, and yet the most mongrel; the second American city of the globe, the fifth German city, the third Swedish, the second Polish, the first and only veritable Babel of the age; all of which twenty-five years ago next Friday was a heap of smoking ashes. Where in all the world can words be found for this miracle of paradox and incongruity?

Go first up on to the tower of the Auditorium. In front, near three hundred feet below, lies Lake Michigan. There are lines of breakwater and a lighthouse inshore, where the water is grey and brown, but beyond and on either hand to the rim spreads the brilliant azure of deep water—the bosom of a lake which is also a sea shining in the transparent sunlight. White sails speckle its surface, and far out ocean-going steamers trail lazy streaks of smoke behind them. From the Lake blow winds now soft and life-giving like old wine, now so keen as to set every nerve and sinew on the stretch. Then turn round and look at Chicago. You might be on a central peak of the high Alps. All about you they rise, the mountains of building—not in the broken line of New York, but thick together, side by side, one behind the other. From this height the flat roofs of the ordinary buildings of four or five storeys are not distinguishable from the ground; planting their feet on these rise the serried ranks of the heaven-scaling peaks. You are almost surprised to see no snow on them: the steam that gushes perpetually from their chimneys, and floats

and curls away on the lake breeze, might well be clouds with the summits rising above them to the sun. Height on height they stretch away on every side till they are lost in a cloud of murky smoke inland. These buildings are all iron-cored, and the masonry is only the shell that cases the rooms in them. They can even be built downward. You may see one of them with eight storeys of brick wall above, and then four of a vacant skeleton of girders below; the superstructure seems to be hanging in air. Broader and more massive than the tall buildings of New York, older also and dingier, they do not appear, like them, simply boxes of windows. Who would suppose that mere lumps of iron and bricks and mortar could be sublime? Yet these are sublime and almost awful. You have awakened, like Gulliver, in a land of giants—a land where the very houses are instinct with almost ferocious energy and force.

Then go out on the cable car or the electric car or the elevated railroad—Chicago has them all, and is installing new ones with feverish industry every day—to the parks and the boulevards. Along Lake Shore Drive you will find the homes of the great merchants, the makers of Chicago. Many of these are built in a style which is peculiarly Chicago's own, though the best examples of it are to be seen in the business centre of the city. It uses great blocks of rough-hewn granite, red or grey. Their massive weight is relieved by wide round arches for doors

and windows, by porches and porticoes, loggias and galleries, over the whole face of the building from top to bottom. The effect is almost prehistoric in its massive simplicity, something like the cyclopean ruins of Mycenæ or Tiryns. The great stones with the open arches and galleries make up a combination of solid strength and breeziness, admirably typical of the spirit of the place. On the other side of the Drive is the blue expanse of lake; in between, broad roads and ribbons of fresh grass. Yet here and there, among the castles of the magnates, you will come on a little one-storeyed wooden shanty, squatting many feet below the level of the road, paint and washed-out playbills peeling off it, and the broken windows hanging in shreds. Then again will come a patch of empty scrubby waste, choked with rank weeds and rubble. It is the same thing with the carriages in which the millionaires and their families drive up and down after church on Sunday. They are gorgeously built and magnificently horsed, only the coachman is humping his back or the footman is crossing his legs. These are trivialities, but not altogether insignificant. The desire to turn out in style is there, and the failure in a little thing betrays a carelessness of detail, an incapacity for order and proportion, which are of the essence of Chicago. Never was a better found vessel spoiled for a ha'porth of tar.

It will be well worth your while again to go South to Washington Park and Jackson Park, where the

World's Fair was held. Chicago, straggling over a hundred and eighty-six square miles, was rather a tract of houses than an organic city until somebody conceived the idea of coupling her up with a ring of parks connected by planted boulevards. The southern end of the system rests on the Lake at these two parks. Chicago believes that her parks are unsurpassed in the world, and certainly they will be prodigiously fine—when they are finished. Broad drives and winding alleys, ornamental trees, banks and beds of flowers and flowering shrubs, lakes and ornamental bridges, and turf that cools the eye under the fiercest noon—you bet your life Chicago's got 'em all. Also Chicago has the Art Building, which is the one remaining relic of the World's Fair, and surely as divinely proportioned an edifice as ever filled and satisfied the eye of man. And always beyond it is the Lake. Seeming in places almost to rise above the level of the land, it stretches along the whole western side, so that Chicago is perhaps the only one of the world's greatest cities that is really built along a sea-line. Sparkling under the sun by day, or black beneath a fretwork of stars by night, it is a perpetual reminder that there is that in nature even greater and more immeasurable than the activities of Chicago.

The Art Building aforesaid is now the Field Columbian Museum, having been endowed by a leading citizen of that name with a cool million dollars. Other gifts, with dividends contributed by holders of exhibi-

tion stock, brought up the total to half as much again. Chicago has a University hard by, which has come out westward, like Mahomet to the mountain, to spread the light among the twenty-five million souls that live within a morning's journey of Chicago. This University has not been in existence for quite five years; in that time it has received in benefactions from citizens of this place nearly twelve million dollars. Think of it, depressed Oxford and Cambridge—a University endowed at the rate of half a million sterling a-year! Two other prominent Chicago men found themselves in Paris a while ago, when a collection of pictures were being sold; promptly they bought up a hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth for the gallery of their city. There is hardly a leading name in the business of the place but is to be found beneath a picture given or lent to this gallery. And mark that not only does the untutored millionaire buy pictures, but his untutored operative goes to look at them. It is the same impulse that leads school teachers of sixty to put in a course at the University during their summer vacation. Chicago is conscious that there is something in the world, some sense of form, of elegance, of refinement, that with all her corn and railways, her hogs and by-products and dollars, she lacks. She does not quite know what it is, but she is determined to have it, cost what it may. Mr Phil D. Armour, the hog king, giving a picture to the gallery, and his slaughter-house man painfully

spelling out the description of it on Sunday afternoon—there is something rather pathetic in this, and assuredly something very noble.

But there is another side to Chicago. There is the back side to her fifteen hundred million dollars of trade, her seventeen thousand vessels, and her network of ninety thousand miles of rail. Away from the towering offices, lying off from the smiling parks, is a vast wilderness of shabby houses—a larger and more desolate Whitechapel that can hardly have a parallel for sordid dreariness in the whole world. This is the home of labour, and of nothing else. The evening's vacancy brings relief from toil, the morning's toil relief from vacancy. Little shops compete frantically for what poor trade there is with tawdry advertisements. Street stretches beyond street of little houses, mostly wooden, begrimed with soot, rotting, falling to pieces. The pathways are of rickety and worm-eaten planks, such as we should not tolerate a day in London as a temporary gangway where a house is being built. Here the boarding is flush with the street; there it drops to it in a two-foot precipice, over which you might easily break your leg. The streets are quagmires of black mud, and no attempt is made to repair them. They are miserably lighted, and nobody thinks of illuminating them. The police force is so weak that men and women are held up and robbed almost nightly within the city limits; nobody

thinks of strengthening it. Here and there is a pit or a dark cellar left wholly unguarded for the unwary foot-passenger to break his neck in. All these miles of unkempt slum and wilderness betray a disregard for human life which is more than half barbarous. If you come to your death by misadventure among these pitfalls, all the consolation your friends will get from Chicago is to be told that you ought to have taken better care of yourself. You were unfit; you did not survive. There is no more to be said about it.

The truth is that nobody in this rushing, struggling tumult has any time to look after what we have long ago come to think the bare decencies of civilisation. This man is in a hurry to work up his tallow, that man to ship his grain. Everybody is fighting to be rich, is then straining to be refined, and nobody can attend to making the city fit to live in. I have remarked several times before that America is everywhere still unfinished, and unless the character of the people modifies itself with time I do not believe it ever will be. They go half-way to build up civilisation in the desert, and then they are satisfied and rush forward to half-civilise some place further on. It is not that they are incapable of thoroughness, but that in certain things they do not feel the need of it. In Chicago there is added to this what looks like a fundamental incapacity for government. A little public interest and a small

public rate would put everything right; both are wanting. Wealth every man will struggle for, and even elegance; good government is the business of nobody.

For if Chicago is the lodestone that attracts the enterprise and commercial talent of two hemispheres, it is also the sink into which drain their dregs. The hundred and twenty thousand Irish are not a wholesome element in municipal life. On the bleak west side there are streets of illiterate, turbulent Poles and Czechs, hardly able to speak a word of English. Out of this rude and undigested mass how could good government come? How could citizens combine to work out for themselves a common ideal of rational and ordered civic life? However, Chicago is now setting her house in order. It is thought a great step forward that there are now actually one-third of the members of the municipal body who can be relied upon to refuse a bribe. Some day Chicago will turn her savage energy to order and co-operation. Instead of a casual horde of jostling individuals she will become a city of citizens. She will learn that freedom does not consist solely in contempt for law. On the day she realises this she will become the greatest, as already she is the most amazing, community in the world.

XVIII.

AMONG THE DAIRY-FARMERS.

FORT ATKINSON, WIS., *October 6.*

THE Governor had the air of an eagle. Large hooked nose, deep nostrils, shining black eyes, ragged black hair, and rough black moustache, made up a keen and masterful head poised a little forward on his long, loose frame. Dressed all in black broadcloth, with a wide-leafed black felt hat, hands in pockets, I had first met him striding leisurely down the wide main street of Fort Atkinson. He received me with a grave yet cordial courtesy, as if I had been a long-expected guest, instead of a wandering journalist sticking him up with a letter of introduction at his head in the middle of the street. "No, sir," he said, "don't speak of trouble. You are the guest of the institution, and anything we can do to assist your eyesight, and insight, and back-sight, and around-about sight we shall do."

We set out, therefore, to walk over thickening heaps of tinted leaves between the white-gabled

houses, each one set back from the street in the middle of its lawn. The side-walks were laid down with planks as in Chicago; but what a difference between the trim, sound boards of the country township and the ragged, rotten edges of the great city! As we walked everybody knew the Governor, and everybody greeted him with respect, except the children and the dogs: these laughed at him, and defied his commands, well knowing how safe they were with him. Genial, but always grave, he saluted each labouring man with "John" or "Henry," and they replied with unconstrained friendliness. Yet this man had been charged with the government of a million and a half of his fellow-citizens. He is only an ex-Governor now, technically; but once a Governor always a Governor in this land of Democracy and honorary titles.

"I am now, sir," he said, "about to show you my creamery. It is not yet finished, but when it is we anticipate that it will be the most complete and the best appointed"—I shuddered, for I knew instinctively what was coming—"in the world." Shall I ever escape from this tyranny of the biggest thing in the world? I had at least thought myself safe in Fort Atkinson. Yet among its three thousand people it appears that this country town divides no less than three greatest things on earth—the coming creamery, a manufactory of dairy instruments, and the canvas-back duck-shooting on a neighbouring lake.

But the Governor knew what he was talking about when he praised his creamery. Has he not a dozen of them scattered over the south-eastern corner of Wisconsin, collecting the cream of all the country and distributing it as butter to the consumer in Chicago and Milwaukee, to the consumer as far North as Minneapolis and as far South as St Louis? Does not the 'Dairyman,' which he owns and edits with the assistance of a small staff of local farmers, print twenty thousand copies weekly and circulate in every English-speaking land over sea? Whether the creamery will be the finest on earth, or only as fine as you are ever likely to see, I don't pretend to know; but it would be difficult to surpass it, whether for convenience in working or for impregnability against any raiding atom of dirt. "Butter," said the Governor, "should be like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion."

Next the Governor produced a farmer and bade him drive me out to inspect his farm. Though he might have been my grandfather, he blushed and stammered his coy excuses. "No, no, Governor," he said, "not mine. There are other much better ones for him to see. My fittings are all old and ordinary." "Your fittings," replied the Governor, "are not perhaps as high grade as your cows, but I should like for him to see your herd. The buggy is hitched up outside; take my coat, it is cold; you had better start right now."

So we climbed right then into the light-framed,

loose-jointed, small-bodied vehicle which has adapted itself in the course of evolution to its environment of American roads. The roads even in this, the show-farming district of the States, were nothing more than tracks of rough earth with one side worn a little hard by the traffic. The farm we came to was of about a hundred and fifty acres—perhaps fifty over the average of this part of the country—with a little patch or two of Indian corn, but nearly all pasture. The barn was over the byre; they were old, with nothing given to show, and plainly a fair sample of the everyday working farm of Wisconsin. Yet the byre was as fresh and sweet as the epoch-making creamery itself; the beasts were even fed from the floor for fear of foul mangers. At every turn this average farm displayed that combination of ingenuity and the desire to avoid trouble which is known as labour-saving, and from which the English farmer might take a useful example. I do not think that the American farmer, as I saw him, is more industrious or more regardful of details than our own, but he is certainly far more enterprising. “I hardly like to show you these calves,” said my friend; “they are the result of an experiment. Our theory is that for a milk-cow, or similarly for a milk-bull, you don’t want the body of a beef beast so much as room to carry an elegant udder. So we feed these calves very light—just skim-milk, and perhaps a little hay or bran—so as not to get them fat.” We passed a mare and foal in

the field; the foal also was an experiment in breeding. Then we came to a very dirty field. "That's an experiment," he said. "We tried sowing clover without a nursing crop, but we didn't mow them weeds off as we should have done, and the result is not very good."

The combination of enterprising curiosity and neglect to carry the undertaking more than half-way through was very American, and especially, as I should judge, very agricultural-American. But of ingenuity in labour-saving evidences meet you at every turn. The country-side is land-marked with turbines, each one pumping up its quota of water for the stock. Then there are devices to keep up the water-supply during winter, for the thermometer often goes as low as 40° below zero, and the ground has been known to freeze five feet deep. My farmer had another idea to use wood-shavings for litter, and keep all his straw for feed. He also had a separator, worked by a wheel, inside of which a dog ran. Others use a horse for the same purpose, so that separating can begin and finish almost simultaneously with milking. Only in this case—a truly characteristic touch—the dog had run away, and the separator was being worked by hand until somebody had time and inclination to think about looking out for another. The land hereabouts is rich, but stony, and encumbered with the stumps of trees burned down by forest-fires in the Indian time, nearly half a century ago: nobody

troubles to stub them up or to gather the stones into walls, as has been done in New England. Altogether, the land is not exploited so thoroughly as in England. The farmers will raise two or three crops of maize running, and then put the land down in seeds for a couple or so more. They use none but stable manure. Nor do they feed their beasts high: my farmer's really beautiful Jerseys lived largely on straw and pea-halm, such as we should blush to offer to such well-bred beasts at home.

The farming of this part of the world is not the real Western article. Wisconsin has been pretty well settled from the days of the Civil War. But though there is very little wheat grown here, the general depression has spread to the dairy produce, which, with a certain amount of maize and oats, is the chief industry of this State. One of the farmers told me that he could raise nothing at all on his farm that would pay the cost of production. Perhaps this was only a farmer's story, for if it was true it was difficult to see why he was alive. But another showed me a list of butter prices for each week during the last fourteen years, and a melancholy tale it told. In '82, at the height of the farming boom, the lowest price was 34 cents, and the highest half a dollar, a pound. Thence it dropped to 40 cents for the top price in spring and autumn and winter, and 20 in the summer. Then 30 and 17; then 30 and 14. This year 14½ cents a-pound was the summer price

of the finest butter. To-day it sells for 17; last year it was 22 in early October, and ten years ago half as much again.

It is heartbreaking work; yet the farmers here are almost solid against free silver. This seems strange, yet the reason is simple enough. Here almost every farmer owns his farm clear of mortgage. Wisconsin never had a boom on the scale of the States across the Mississippi, and what it had is long over and paid for. Burdened with no rent, the farmer can tide over a period of low prices by spending little and growing much for his own use. Moreover there is not a very large labouring population. The cows need few hands to milk and feed them and drive them out and home. Most farmers have a son or two, as rough-clothed and hard-worked as any labourer, to help keep things going. The hired men are usually young and unmarried. They make twenty dollars or so a-month, beside their board with the farmer's family—meat of a sort three times a-day, and as much of it as they like. They save money on this, which goes part of the way to a house and farm; the rest is paid for on mortgage. Seeing that living is as cheap here, where wages run over a pound a-week, as in English counties where the wages of labourers with families are from ten shillings to twelve shillings a-week, there is no insuperable difficulty in paying these mortgages off. My friend drove me round the town as we returned, and told me who lived in the

various smartly-painted houses we passed. Here was the manager of the big dairy-supply factory, next door to him a blacksmith, and upon my life I could see no vital difference between the outward aspect of the two. Next to the blacksmith would be a lawyer, and next door to him—"well, an old man. I don't know as he does anything in particular. He is generally to home; when he ain't, I guess he works some at moving houses." For in this land of pilgrimage it is far from uncommon to move a frame-house bodily with rollers and capstan from one site to another. This house used to stand at the corner of the next block; that was moved across the road to make room for a bigger one. They are built of wood, with an inner skin of very stout paper. They are warmer than brick in the bitter winter, and rather cheaper, while the fire insurance is but a trifle more. And, above all, you can move them about. Every man not only owns his house, but owns it as personal and portable property.

A community thus organised, for the most part out of debt, and with no periodical drain for rent, is fairly well armed to stand a spell of depression. Moreover, this season, although prices have been low, the yield of everything has been very good. The Governor's lady told me that, desiring to give away the surplus produce of her garden, she could find absolutely nobody who cared to take it. For which reasons, the farmers of this district, which is normally Demo-

cratic by a large majority, are not only against free silver, but in many cases for Protection. Against free silver, not because they either believe or disbelieve in its efficacy to raise prices or lower debts, but because they dread the financial panic which men of business have promised them in the event of Mr Bryan's election: the very men who would have most to gain if their debts were halved by the depreciation of the currency would thus be the first to go down when loans were called in and mortgages foreclosed. For Protection, because they believe that it would set American mills running and American families butter-buying: they want an enlarged home market. The creamery that sent out a thousand pounds of butter daily now sends about seven hundred and seventy, and that at the depressed price. They do not believe that Protection will raise the prices of the manufactured articles they buy, looking to competition to keep them down. When you point out that with Free Trade competition would keep them down lower still, they agree with you, but continue to believe in Protection. All that is true enough in theory, they say, but not in practice. They are just depressed enough to want a change in the tariff, and just prosperous enough to shrink from upsetting the whole financial system of the country. M'Kinley offers a change, but not too big a change, and so M'Kinley it is.

My wise and kind old Governor, who thought like Socrates and talked like Shakespeare and the Bible,

went off at night on a little trip to make a speech on dairy-work—a trifle of five hundred miles into North Dakota. But next morning I walked through the early morning's conflict of burning sun and piercing frost to see his creamery in action. There was his son and partner in rough tweed and thick gloves, toiling at the unloading of blocks of stone for the road to the new building. At the old building the farmers were delivering their milk. One after another they drove up with carts full of big cans—now a loose-built American, now a sturdy Scotchman, now a squat little German with matted hair and beard like an elf out of Andersen's Fairy Tales. Nearly all the farmers of Wisconsin are either German or Scandinavian. At a window of the creamery is a pulley and a rope, which hoists up the can from the cart and empties it into a receiver. The receiver stands on a steelyard, which weighs the milk, and as it is weighed a man tests it with a lactometer. Thence it passes into the whirling separators, and thence again the cream is run off into vats, and thence yet again into a huge oblong churn, which takes half an hour to spin it into butter. Next it goes into the working-wheel, with due proportion of salt, and comes out to be stamped in pound packets, wrapped in paper, packed in boxes, and sent out over hundreds of miles. All these machines are run by a single engine. Meanwhile the farmer has received a weight corresponding to about four-fifths of that of the milk he brought—more or less according

to its proportion of cream. He drives his cart round to the back of the creamery, where is a pipe issuing from the wall. He puts his weight into a little box in the wall; it releases a balance, and out into his cans flows back his due share of the skim-milk. That he drives home for his pigs and calves. "I have experimented considerable with skim," said a farmer, "and the conclusion I have reached is that a hundred pounds of skim are equal to half a bushel of corn. Of course we don't feed it to the calves alone, but with something to take the place of the fat in the cream." Anyhow, these men do not find the skim-milk left by the separator useless, as many people pronounce it at home.

But my time was up—too soon. With many protestations of mutual esteem and an undertaking to visit Fort Atkinson again, I left these admirable men—hard-up, but not discontented, spending little, but owing less, knowing that they have a sure market at the best rates obtainable for all the cream their cows will give them, and not disposed to jeopardise that market in the hope of a better one. Not so very unfortunate a people, after all, the farmers of Wisconsin.

XIX.

THE CAMPAIGN.

CHICAGO, *October 7.*

DURING the present campaign Chicago has been in name what it has long been in fact—the political capital of the United States. It is nearer the centre of gravity of the country than is New York or Washington. The population within a hundred and fifty miles of it, as I have already mentioned, is twenty-five millions—well over a third of the whole nation. The middle Western States, of which it is the centre and metropolis, number 110, or, with Missouri, 127 electoral votes out of 447. Added to the solid Republican East, they have a clear majority.

Chicago believes—and with good reason, if the West can surmount the difficulty of its capricious rainfall and fill itself out with inhabitants—that in time she will exceed New York in size and importance. Her newspapers speak without affectation of “the future metropolis of America.” It is an indirect testimonial to her political weight that out of the last

five elected Presidents four—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison—have been from the central west, and either M'Kinley or Bryan will be a new name to the credit of the Mississippi basin, as against the East. There was in this campaign the further reason in her favour that the contest was in a measure between East and West, and hinged entirely on the vote of the district of which she is the pivot. It was at first intended that the Republican organisation should centre, as aforetime, in New York, with branch headquarters at Chicago. But a strong and timely remonstrance, telephoned from a prominent supporter of Mr M'Kinley in this city to the candidate at Canton and to Mr Mark Hanna, his chief of the staff, in Cleveland brought the headquarters westward. The two parties established their main offices on the two sides of the huge Auditorium building, and probably the Republicans are to-day very glad that they listened to the voice of their monitor in Chicago.

For that the campaign is won to-day for the Republicans, and won from Chicago, I think there is very little doubt. My own private prejudices are all on the side of the debtor class, but it is impossible to resist the evidence I have met in and about Chicago. I have talked for a week with men of all parties and all conditions, official and unofficial, and they are virtually unanimous. Of course both parties claim that their canvass shows a majority. Both have mastered the elementary principle of democratic politics that the

mass likes to be on the side of the mass. In its preference for the big battalions, if in nothing else, the voice of the people is the voice of God. But the Democrats are modest, and almost apologetic in their estimates; the Republicans are exultant in the rebound from the panic that overtook them on the first news of Mr. Bryan's nomination, and profess that nothing can hurt them except a counter-reaction at the last moment. The wish, often expressed, that the elections were to-morrow instead of three weeks ahead, is eloquent of their satisfaction at the work accomplished in the last six weeks.

The process of extracting information from the chief of a national headquarters is not dissimilar to entering the ancient Jewish Temple. You first have to face a sergeant-at-arms, and if you pass his scrutiny you are allowed into the Court of the Gentiles, so to speak. The Court of the Gentiles is full of journalists and minor politicians, smoking stumps of cigars and spitting on the floor. After a due period of probation there, you are led through a wicket-gate—I am mixing up Solomon's Temple with the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—and up to a door. Here your guide gives a low whistle; the door is unlocked by two athletic young men, you pass in, and it is locked behind you. This is a room separated only by a glass partition with another wicket-gate from the Chairman himself. There you serve another and a very severe probation. At last you are led through the wicket and

round the partition—and, behold, there is a strong post-and-rail between you and the great man. One more wicket to pass, and then you can sit down and talk to him. Thus I went to Mr Mark Hanna, the great merchant, shipowner, coalowner, everything-owner of Cleveland, who is managing this campaign for Mr M'Kinley. My own opinion, based on the reports of friends and foes and my own scanty experience, is that Mr Hanna is about the strongest man in America. Certainly he is the most potent at this moment, for he commands virtually all the money of the country. His enemies call him a blood-sucker of labour; his friends call him nothing—but do what he tells them to. In person Mr Hanna is merely short, ruddy, not thin, with firm lips and a twinkle in his eye, and short side-whiskers that make him look almost like an Englishman. When I saw him he committed himself to the view that he could not afford to lose a State, because he wants so thumping a majority as shall kill free silver for ever.

If the Republicans win, the cause will be very simple and easily explicable. It will be because of the influence of men of business. It is impossible to convey even to the English mind the idolatry with which these States bow down before the man of business. He takes the place of royalty, nobility, caste, education, and virtue together. With us a Cabinet Minister may know nothing of banking,

foreign exchange, life insurance, and we think none the less of him. Here he would be held grossly incompetent if people believed his professions of ignorance, or dangerously designing if, more probably, they did not. Now, as soon as the issue became clearly marked between the two parties, business, as was to be anticipated, threw all its weight on to the side of the existing currency and of gold. The Business Men's Sound Money League, the Board of Trade Sound Money League, the Dry Goods Sound Money League, the Commercial Travellers' Sound Money League—they sprang up in every corner of the country and entered upon an active propaganda for Mr M'Kinley. The effect, as I should judge, has been enormous. "Men of business have the best heads in the country," they say in the rural districts, "and they are all against free silver."

Business went further than sound money leagues. It promised a world-shaking panic if Mr Bryan were elected. You may say that political blackmail is no argument. But it is, and the most powerful of arguments that can be urged. Moreover, it is not merely blackmail. There can be little doubt enough that a most serious panic actually would follow a Democratic victory, and the people who would go under are exactly the farmers and operatives who incline towards free coinage. Even now business is sick almost unto death. Commercial travellers complain bitterly that nobody will give an order until after

the election; what few orders are booked are, as a rule, strictly conditional on the election of Mr M'Kinley. It is true that clothes and machinery and railway carriages will be wanted whoever is President of the United States. But though stocks are running very low, and prices are very low too, tradesmen reckon to buy what they want, in the event of Mr Bryan's election, at the still lower rates of forced sales and bankrupt stock. A big shop in the very centre of Chicago has a board up to this effect: “Twenty-seven days” — or twenty-six, or twenty-five, as the days go by—“to the return of prosperity; buy while panic prices prevail.” No doubt that shop knows what it is about, and is not quite so candid as it looks. But the effect of such announcements goes very far indeed.

As for the real issue of the campaign—or, I should rather say, the nominal issue—everybody has well-nigh forgotten it. Whether the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold would bring silver up to par, or leave gold at a premium, nobody cares to ask, and, indeed, nobody can give an answer. Assuming a victory for free silver to be on the cards, the question is plainly of essential importance. On the answer depends the share which the two main factors in the silver movement—farmers and mine-owners—would get respectively out of the booty. If the farmer can sell his wheat to London for gold, and then pay his labourer and his debts in silver below

par, he is obviously the gainer; but where does the silver-miner come in? If the bullion value of the silver dollar goes up to 100 cents, there is 47 cents profit for the miner; but what will that profit the farmer? Professor Laughlin, of the University here, perhaps the best theoretical authority, told me that he thought free coinage would appreciate silver but very little. The President of the First National Bank of Chicago, as good a practical authority as you could find, agreed that it would only send up the silver dollar from 53 to perhaps 60, or at most 65, per cent of the bullion value of the gold. Certainly that looks to give a handsome margin of profit to the mine-owner, and relieves the farmer 35 per cent. But it must be remembered that the world's supply of silver is practically limitless, and that improvements in transport and in processes enlarge it every day. This gentleman knew of a mine-owner in Montana whose tailings had been increased in value from under two dollars to two hundred dollars per ton by a new process of reduction. The Broken Hill Mine has tens of thousands of tons of rejected ore dumped down about the place, where ten dollars' worth of silver per ton will not pay for the cost of getting it out. An improved process or a rise in the price might set all this free into the market. So that even if the silver dollar went up to 65 cents, this authority opined that the rush of fresh metal would soon send it down again.

Another factor in the M'Kinley reaction has been the revolting Democrats who nominated Generals Palmer and Buckner at Indianapolis. Leaving their party on the currency issue alone—or, as they put it, being left—they claim that they restored confidence at a critical moment both to the world of business and to the Republican party. That claim might doubtless be pressed too far, but it is in the main well founded. A prominent article of their political creed is that they wish to do away with the present system of Treasury notes, to take the Government out of the banking business, and rely for money upon notes issued by banks under proper Government supervision. I asked the President of the First National Bank his view on this point, and he altogether concurred. “A bank currency,” he said, “is based on real assets. If I issue a bank-note I hold something against it. It may be only your note”—I shuddered inwardly—“but then you have a bag of beans at home against that. If somebody comes and asks me to pay my note, I ask you to pay yours, and you sell your bag of beans. But when the Government issues notes it has nothing behind them. It really means that it has not the money to pay its debts just now, and when you present the note it must raise money, either by taxes or by issuing bonds. If by taxes, it takes something which has already got its place in the system of credit. If it issues bonds it is wasting the credit in time of peace and quiet that it

might want in war or some other emergency. Now, if the banks issued the currency, and there was a drain of gold to pay our trade debts abroad, I should call on you to pay your note. You would sell your beans. Other people would do the same, prices would go down, and then the foreigner would want to be paid in beans instead of cash, and the drain of gold would correct itself. The Government can't do that, and the gold reserve in the Treasury only serves to frighten people when it runs low. What the Government does is to be periodically raided for gold to redeem its Treasury notes. The gold reserve goes down, and to replenish it and restore public confidence, Government issues interest-bearing bonds. These it sells for gold, and as soon as the gold is in the Treasury, of course there is another raid and another issue of bonds. And so on to infinity, the Government steadily losing money all the time." I asked my banker if he thought Congress would seize this occasion to put the currency on a sound basis. He didn't think they would have the grace to do that, and certainly Mr McKinley has breathed no hint of it. What they would do, he thought, was to raise the revenue, which at present lags some way behind expenditure, to a surplus of fifty million dollars or so, and with the aid of this gradually contract the notes in circulation. But there would certainly be a duty on wool within two years, and another on coal.

That brings us to the third chief factor in Mr

M'Kinley's probable success—Protection. I wrote at the beginning of my scamper through the States that Protection had nothing to do with this contest. That was more or less true at the time; but as the silver question was worn threadbare, Protection has been thrust steadily forward. The maintenance of the gold standard was too negative a programme for these days of depression. No democracy, least of all this democracy, likes to vote a blank negative. The country in general has a grievance against the laws of supply and demand, and thinks it time Congress did something in the direction of their repeal. For most of these free silver would be going too far, but there is in this country no holy horror of Protection. And after all why should there be? This is a huge nation, but in many ways it is still a very young one. And how, without Protection, is a young country to create industries for itself? Do not even the political economists—not that they matter—say the same? There remains, it is true, the fact that the Senate has a clear silver majority of half-a-dozen or so. The gold Democrats reckon on this majority for a great triumph. They expect this silver majority to blockade Protectionist legislation, and at the same time they expect from Mr M'Kinley's election the restoration of confidence and the revival of business. They hope to be able to go to the country in two years and say: "We were right; the other Democrats said that what you wanted to be prosperous was free silver; the Republicans said it

was Protection: you have had neither, and yet, with the restoration of confidence, you are prosperous. Return, therefore, yourselves to Free Trade and us to power."

But other people, as well or better informed, expect a new M'Kinley tariff at once. The Silver Senators have been bought for Protection before, and may be again. Mr M'Kinley himself—as I was told by a gentleman who had as much as anybody to do with determining him to stand by the gold currency, and should he succeed will have had much to do with his success—has no apprehensions about the Senate. Mr M'Kinley is an old parliamentary hand. "You don't know," he is reported to have said, "the power of free and unlimited patronage." President Cleveland has set himself to bludgeon down opposition, and has thus only strengthened it. President M'Kinley would conciliate it over a cigar, and, if necessary, give it an embassy. And so the manufacturers of Pennsylvania and the Middle West anticipate Protection immediate and abundant. A duty on coal would hit Nova Scotia and British Columbia, though wheat-ships must always carry ballast on their voyage to the States, and why not coal? But the wool tax would damage Germany, so I am assured, far more than us. There are mills in the Kaiserland running night and day which never sell so much as a pair of socks outside the United States. To protect the beet-sugar of California and Nebraska, again, and the cane-sugar of Louisiana,

means shutting the market, not upon Mauritius and Demerara, but upon Germany, which produces six tons to their one. I don't suppose that England would welcome a new M'Kinley Bill with illuminations and votes of thanks. But if it bit Germany harder than it did us, we might receive it with the more Christian resignation.

XX

FOOD AND DRINK.

CHICAGO, *October 9.*

I **AM** not a chameleon—I cannot live on air. Neither am I a Napoleon, to go without my rightful sleep. Yet the air of America would make a chapoleon, as one might say, of anybody.

Never was there such a stimulating, bracing air—meat and intoxicating drink together. You would not call it a kindly, perhaps not even a wholesome, air. I have found it drop from 94° to 47° in two days. I am told it will not uncommonly sink from 75° to zero in a night. An air like this will find out the weak spot and finish you before you have found it out yourself. Yet it is made of tone and vigour, and in the strength of it you can go for days and nights, eating little and sleeping less, and feel like a lion at the end of it. However, to return to the point, no man can be quite a chameleon, though in point of changing colour a good many politicians here come very near it. Even in America one must eat, and what? Let us then

treat of American food, for it is of more importance than much free silver.

Next to air the staple American food is water. Ice-water is the first refreshment served at every meal. It is more indispensable than a napkin, and the waiter who will keep you waiting ten minutes for bread will rush wildly for the bottle if your ice-water sinks half an inch below the brim of the glass. Ring a bell at any hour of the day or night—a panting attendant dashes in with ice-water. Sip, sip, sip—men, women, and little children go pouring the noxious stuff into their insides. The effect of this ice-water habit on the national constitution can only be most disastrous. Water is an unwholesome drink at the best of times; it is doubly unwholesome in many American cities, where municipal government is largely left to the friends of contractors, and trebly and quadruply unwholesome when iced. I do not suppose that ice-water can be set down, except indirectly, as a cause of insanity and crime. But I will bet my head that it kills more people in the United States in a month than alcohol does in twelve.

To rivet the shackles yet more firmly on the victim of ice-waterism, it appears that until lately there was a strong feeling in this country against drinking wine, spirits, or beer at meals. To drink in the presence of ladies was much the same kind of manners as lighting a pipe between soup and fish. An Englishman who had lived in the country for twenty years told me

that he was once cut at a fashionable watering-place because he drank a bottle of beer with his lunch. The result of this etiquette was that men bolted raw whisky afterwards at the bar, to the complete destruction of such stomachs as the ice-water had left.

So far as I can see, this convention must now be dying out. Of course, it has bred in many or most Americans a distaste for any other alternation of meat or drink, and men appear, quite apart from motives of good breeding, to prefer taking their drink by itself to taking it at meals. Indeed, most men appear to abstain quite cheerfully from alcohol altogether. While I have seldom gone into a bar at night without finding somebody who had had at least enough, I have never seen a bar crowded, and should say that the average moderate-drinking American drinks a good deal less than the same class of drinker in England. For one thing, the air is a brisk stimulant in itself, whereas with us it is often the opposite. Another noticeable fact is that even when an American orders wine or beer with his dinner, he seldom touches it until he is almost done. But I should think this habit of not drinking at meals is dying out. Everywhere you can get—thanks, perhaps, to the influence for good of three million German-Americans—most excellent light beers of the Pilsener type; the best come from Milwaukee and St Louis, but they are good everywhere. As for American wine, the only article in common use is called Catawba—a rather finicking perfumed kind of stuff,

somewhat suggestive of white Capri. European wines are only for the millionaire.

But to table. "I'm looking forward to a good chop when I get to New York," said an American to me in the *Campania's* saloon. "This English meat makes me tired." I was a child in American patriotism then: when he said with the quiet of absolute certainty that American meat was infinitely better than English I believed him, and also looked forward to New York. There I found indeed American meat bigger than English—the national passion for size runs even to its cutlets—but very far from better. I found it coarse in grain, insipid in flavour, usually tough, and invariably half raw. Only, in justice to the butchers of both hemispheres, I ought to point out one thing. Everybody knows that you can get good meat in London if you like to take the trouble, but that in nine cases out of ten the proprietors of hotels and restaurants find it simpler not to take the trouble. I expect that my American's experience in our land had been largely confined to these, while my own in his has, for the most part, been similarly restricted. I have met brilliant exceptions in cutlets and steaks here in Chicago. And in private houses, so far as I can judge, the same rule holds good as with us. You may say of beef and mutton as of government—that every free man gets just as good as he deserves.

But he would be a tame, inglorious explorer who should confine himself to familiar beef and mutton in

America. What, on the other hand, is to be the reward of the intrepid correspondent who, in the interests of his readers, has faced in its native wilds the broiled Philadelphia squab on toast, or bearded the little-neck clam on shell? I have done both. I ate the squab in triumph, but recoiled before the little-neck clam. But if the clam appears to Eastern jaws composed entirely of rather sickly gristle, there is the blue-point oyster—rich with a flavour he never retains on our side of the ocean, and without the superfluous flesh of the Whitstable. Of new fish there are legions: blue fish, red fish, white fish, weak fish—singularly well-named, for he tastes of nothing at all—breakfast fish, pan fish, and half-a-dozen more that I have forgotten. Some of these I may have duplicated, not knowing the same fish under another name; for instance, I could appreciate no substantial difference between red fish and white fish—least of all in colour—while a breakfast fish may not improbably be called so on a *menu* because you have it for breakfast. The pick of the rush basket is the blue fish, a philanthropist whom we should do well to cultivate at home. He blends in a happy combination the close fibre of the mackerel and the oily opulence of the salmon. Salmon I have not found good—perhaps from not knowing where to look for it; and trout, the noblest fish that swims, is frequently spoiled—again with notable exceptions in Chicago—by the sloppy way in which it is served.

The pilgrimage through dinner is not marked by any very striking incident until you reach the sweets. Of birds the awesome squab above-mentioned is the most noticeable; he is rather in the nature of a spatch-cocked pigeon. There are also such things as reed-birds and doe-birds, which bear a resemblance to quails. Grouse are a good deal larger than with us, but less like game and more like poultry. There are such new vegetables as green Indian corn—sweet and fresh, but only farinaceous after all—and fried egg-plant, an admirable natural imitation of fried egg. But dinner is not seen at its most characteristic until the moment of sweets. They descend upon you in dozens—fruit-pies, jam-tarts, cream-tarts, custard-tarts, varieties of the meringue tribe, biscuits, cakes of every bewildering description. Men as well as women eat heartily of them, and why not? They go well enough with ice-water. I seem to notice that the Americans love strong flavours and violent contrast in the domain of food, as elsewhere: their sweets seem sweeter than ours; their salt fish is uncompromisingly salt, and their pickled pork remorselessly pickled. But as for sweets, let me own my fall. Despising them, like all male Britons over twenty who have mastered the art of smoking, I yet ventured upon them out of a purely scientific curiosity. I first endured, then pitied, then embraced. The explanation of my decline is that, whatever else the American dinner may have been, the sweets are always good of their kind. Even

pumpkin-pie—though, to be sure, it does not taste of anything in particular—presents a yellow, saccharine succulence that soothes and distends. There are varieties of peach-pie which recall and surpass the masterpieces of Vienna, and cocoanut-pie is almost as potent. As for custard-pies, cream-pies, and all the rest of them—briefly, they tempt a man to forget his manhood.

The order of the American dinner is, in the main, like unto that of our own. I have indeed detected pine-apple fritters lurking between *entrée* and joint; why, I had neither the curiosity to inquire nor the enterprise to determine by experiment. I suppose it is a parallel to the German eccentricity of eating jam with beef, and another token of the American leaning towards contrasting flavours. I also note as German the country custom of supping on a hot dish with cold meat, salad, jam, hot cakes, and tea and coffee. Hotels in town, on the other hand, which provide a late dinner of some pretension, economise on lunch by providing only one or two hot meats by way of oasis in a desert of cold. These hotels, it is hardly necessary to explain, pursue what is called the American plan, lodging and boarding you at so much a-day.

The service of the American meal is plainly a development of the quick lunch, as profusely advertised in the business portion of New York. Its direct object is to stuff the maximum of diversified

food into the human stomach in the minimum of minutes; its indirect effect is to ruin the human digestion in the minimum of years. With this aim all the various dishes are served together. Not until you have seen a young man barely out of his teens surrounded by soup, fish, three meats, four vegetables, two salads, two sweets, fruit, ice-cream, ice-water, coffee, sugar, cream, cruets, a little jug of spoons, and Worcester sauce, can you appreciate the full horror of the quick lunch. It was an affluent young man I saw thus begirt, for I am afraid the poor clerk does himself very badly. I have not assisted personally at a quick lunch, and I am not intending to do so; but, being stranded one night down-town in New York, waiting for a train, I attended some of the shops where the clerk sups. You can hardly spend more than fifteen cents, but then you can get nothing more than oysters, cold meat—in some only—pies, bread, and coffee or tea. I worked through three in a quarter of an hour, and at the end I had to go down into a German beer-dive to stay my stomach with stout.

But the American breakfast is the thing. Americans rise early; you seldom find a man who is not through his breakfast by eight. This life-giving air makes you hungry an hour or two before you could look at food in Europe. First you have fruit—wonderful pears that look like green stones and taste like the fruit of the Tree of Life—and peaches. In this

country you call your sweetheart, not a daisy, but a peach. Then mush,—so they call oatmeal porridge or wheatmeal porridge or hominy porridge,—a noble food with the nectarous American cream. Then fishes and meats, sausages and bacon and eggs. Then strange farinaceous foods which you marvel to find yourself swallowing with avid gust—Graham bread, soda-biscuits, buckwheat (or griddle) cakes, with butter and maple-treacle. It is magnificent; but it is indigestion. All the same, I look forward to the day when America shall produce an invention that will let me go across the Atlantic for breakfast every morning. I shall take a season ticket.

XXI.

THE BIGGEST PARADE ON EARTH.

CHICAGO, *October 9.*

‘**Yes, sir,**’ said the millionaire, “I was then clurking at five dollars a-week in a dry-goods store. There came the fire, and the store was burned down, so next morning I went out to look for something to do. I couldn’t afford not to be working. I found a man who offered me a job of picking out bricks from the burned foundations at one dollar twenty cents a-day. But the bricks were so hot that I couldn’t hold them in my hands. As I was going back to the room where I boarded to get a pair of gloves, I met a gentleman I knew who manufactured safes. His house of business was on the West side and hadn’t been burned down. Everybody was coming to him for safes to put their valuables in; others’ loss was his gain. He had more trade than he knew what to do with, so he asked me to come as his cashier for a dollar a-day. I went.” He smiled a smile of half-wistful reminiscence as he looked round his parlour. There he was on velvet

cushions, with a grand piano and a shameless Italian novel side by side—O horror!—with Mr Richard le Gallienne's 'Prose Fancies,' and with Heaven knows how many dollars in the bank. And there, if any merit lies in sturdy and resourceful effort, he deserved to be.

This little bit of retrospect is interesting, not merely as showing that if you are ready to salvage bricks at seventeen you will be a millionaire at forty-two, but also as a hint and an explanation of the devotion with which Chicago men regard their city. By their untamable energy they have built her up from a heap of ashes in their own lifetime to be great and wealthy and pulsing with virility. The gentleman I have quoted would be honoured and loved in any capital of the earth, not for his wealth and ability, but for his sweet and even saintly character. You had not associated saintliness with Chicago? Probably not. But he associates everything he is or ever has been with Chicago, and it would never enter into his mind for an instant that there is in the world any city where he would be, or where he would wish to be, more in place than in Chicago. He has grown up with her, and he loves her like a mother.

Therefore the men of Chicago resolved that the twenty-fifth anniversary of her destruction by fire should not pass without such a demonstration as should convince the world that she is very much more alive than ever. Incidentally, it was determined that

this demonstration should also blazon abroad her devotion to the cause of that sound money on which she has grown to be what she is. Now, when Chicago makes up her mind to do a thing she does it as it has never been done before. If it is not the biggest thing of its kind the world ever saw—why, then Chicago has lost a day. The American people love display above all things; it is nothing to be anything unless you can express that being so as to impress it sensibly upon others. So the day was made a public holiday, not by the decree of authority—what cares Chicago for authority?—but by the unanimous resolve of the leading citizens. Board of Trade, Stock Exchange, banks, offices, shops, factories, street railways, all took a day off; they hardly knew themselves in the unaccustomed calm. And Chicago gathered herself together into the heart of the city for a festival of superlative display such as had never been seen before, and should never be seen again until Chicago saw fit to surpass it.

I had seen at Canton something of the American method of electioneering,—of the appeal to the senses of the voter, hitting him hard in eye and ear with colour and noise, so that the dullest imagination cannot fail to appreciate the strength of the great machine which asks him to become part of it. I had seen in Chicago evidences of ambitious energy which convinced me that what there was to be done in the way of colour and sound and pageantry would be done

here. But I had also seen something of the exaggeration into which American impressionability is wont to betray itself. When I went to the office of the Chicago 'Times-Herald,' which was my hospitable home for the day, I expected to see a big thing—perhaps a matter of two or three hours—but not a thing whose bigness would transcend my powers of estimate and comparison. The parade was timed to start at ten, and only a few minutes afterwards its head appeared between the dense phalanxes of people crushed on to the pavements, and the swarming faces that lined every building, from the lowest window to the roofs and chimneys, like ants in a hill. First came a squad of mounted police; then mounted buglers; then rank on rank of mounted citizens. With parti-coloured sashes slung round their bodies, gold cords about their hats, white gauntlets, new bridles, and brilliant saddle-cloths, they looked as disciplined and rode as regularly as the police. Presently came by the organiser of the parade, riding alone like a general, and after him a small staff and a mounted standard-bearer. Then slowly there advanced a colossal American ensign, spread out like a canopy from side to side of the broad street: it seemed to be rolling along by its own motion. It was a mass of umbrellas—some blue with white stars, others red and white, cunningly marshalled so that from above they presented a giant counterfeit of the stars and stripes. Then came the demonstrators

themselves. First, grey-bearded veterans of the war, glittering with medals and badges, a little stiff with years, but every inch of them soldiers yet. Band after band crashed past—scarlet and blue, crimson and gold, lace and feathers. Between them, now eight abreast shoulder to shoulder, now four abreast in open order across the whole street, advanced battalion after battalion of marchers. They were regimented either according to political clubs or to the prominent business houses of Chicago; each carried its own standard. The great drapery establishment of Marshall Field & Company led the way—six partners of the firm riding abreast, and after them shop-walkers, salesmen, cashiers, porters, office-boys, all in rank and file, and all in step with the music. Firm followed firm, club followed club. Some wore red badges, some blue, most gold; some carried scarlet umbrellas, some orange. Others wore slouched hats of saffron colour, others again short capes of ultramarine or vermilion. All kept their formation and marched in step. After about three-quarters of an hour, when the procession had already become an army, began to arrive the principal attraction of the show—the floats, as they call waggons bearing symbols of trade or groups of allegorical figures. Here Vulcan with attendant Cyclops, here nothing but a huge earthen pipe, there a model of one of the great buildings, there again a car swarming with starred-and-striped Uncle Sams—six horses, eight horses,

ten horses, with floating streamers and gilded hoofs. Horns boomed and megaphone speaking-trumpets magnified the din tenfold. And at intervals along the line of march were telephone-receivers into which enthusiasts decanted their cheers, to be carried five hundred miles into Mr M'Kinley's study at Canton. Was there ever such a blend of the infantile and the heroic?

Eleven o'clock: they were still stepping briskly out to the music. Twelve o'clock: they were still yelling "He's all right!" as they passed the picture of M'Kinley. One o'clock: they were just getting into their stride. At half-past one I took a short adjournment and not unnecessary sustenance. At half-past two I went back to the window: there was this inexhaustible parade sweeping on as doggedly as ever. Club followed club, factory trod on the heels of factory. More bands, more floats, more colours, more megaphones, always more gold. A detachment of bakers in white; a company of glass-blowers with glass swords; a troop of broom-makers shouldering gilt brooms. Then came the contingent of the great packing houses—ten thousand marchers from these alone. Their feature was the stockyards brigade, all riding and all in capes that may have been paper, but looked like cloth-of-gold—hard cattle-drovers and slaughterers sitting their fine horses carelessly. Every ward in the city, every trade that man ever set his hand to, had sent its sons to swell this pro-

digious pageant. Three o'clock: was it ever going to end? We had long ago worked through the list of organisations coloured on the card, yet tramp, tramp, rumble, rumble, crash, crash, the men and the wag-gons and the bands came pouring on. It was an army corps, two army corps, a whole nation on the march.

At last! A six-horsed car one blaze of gold, and the crowd had broken the dam and was surging over the street. Twenty-five minutes to four: it had taken five hours and ten minutes to go past the 'Times-Herald' office. By my own estimate nearly four hundred men had passed every minute; allowing for all intervals the 'Herald's' calculation of eighteen to twenty thousand an hour cannot have been too high. A hundred thousand men! More than thirteen miles of procession! Capitalist worth two hundred million dollars! But why struggle with figures so vast that they have lost their meaning. The parade would have failed if its object, if its import, be grasped and weighed by figures. The mind was stunned and deadened by the vastness of it. The eye was blinded with colour, the ear deaf with music, the head dazed with the effort to get it all into focus. There was more colour and more noise and more men than you could conceive were in the whole world—a world of brilliant bunting and brass and horses, and moving men, men, men, till you gave up and let it sweep over you and conquer you and absorb you, annihilated into its titanic self.

“If M'Kinley gets all that of votes out of this county,” said the lift-boy when I crawled home, feeling too small a worm ever to turn again, “he'll be our next President sure.” There you see it at work. That lift-boy never went to a political meeting, never read a political tract. They have discovered in this country the effects of the spectacular and the auricular, and they have applied it on a characteristically vast scale. You can disregard argument; you can ignore self-interest; you can forget country; you can even refuse a bribe. But you cannot fail to see and hear and to be struck wellnigh resistless by so imperious and masterful appeal to the senses of your body.

The Democrats know that as well as anybody else. So they have organised a counter-demonstration as colossal as they can lay their hands on for the evening, and as I write it is trooping up beneath my window. On the horizon the red and white lights shine steadily over the black solemnity of the Lake. Nearer in is the broad belt of muddy waste that Chicago is going to make into a park when the City Council gives back the money it has embezzled. And right below us is Michigan Avenue, dark with heaving masses of men, flickering with gold and silver and red fire, and volleying cheers, hoarse and shrill, far over the solemn water, and up to unanswering heaven. All poor men these. No two hundred million dollars here. Not but what they

know how to play the game as well as anybody. They have the advantage of the darkness and illumination, and the keen night breeze. They have a row of sheeted ghosts with such boding inscriptions as "Murdered in Pennsylvania by Carnegie." It seems to me—I may be wrong, I am trying to be fair—that there is more life, more sincerity, more devil in this muster than in the other. Men said that factory hands were compelled to demonstrate this morning for fear of their employers. It was untrue of many thousands, I doubt not; yet some looked sullen—it may probably have been true of some. But of this night's enthusiasm there can be no doubt; the affair goes in a whirlwind of cheers from start to finish. It may be smaller, though even this is a great army; it takes an hour and a half to pass my window, and cannot number less than thirty thousand men. And if smaller, it is more exuberant. It may be less overwhelming, but it is more inspiring. I am getting enthusiastic myself. There may be fewer bands, but how they ring! and was there ever an air like "Auld Lang Syne"? There may be fewer cavalry, but how they step! and was ever any created thing so beautiful as a horse? There may be less colour, but how the torches dance! There may be fewer cars, but how the silver blazes in the eye of the calcium lights! So they go blaring and flaring, tossing and roaring and maddening into the darkness. All poor men, in this city of corn and meat and

dollars. May be coarse men and ignorant men. They may be very wrong; they may be compassing their country's ruin and their own. But they all feel that there is something they want—something they ought to have and have not—and in a vague, blind way they are striving to get it. Thousands of them think—how tragically!—that it is within their grasp to-day. All poor men—and poor they will remain. Sometimes dully patient through the night of indigence; sometimes shouting at the phantom of false morning; sometimes, it may be, raving and seeing **red** But poor they will remain.

XXII.

O U T W E S T.

DENVER, *October 12.*

I AWOKE yesterday morning to find the train rumbling alongside a broad coffee-coloured river which threaded its way among long coffee-coloured shoals and sandy eyots. It was the Missouri, and when presently we creaked over it I was in the West indeed.

All Sunday the train rolled across the plains of Kansas,—for an American train, being a string of very long and heavy carriages, does roll instead of jumping like so many of ours: it is the difference between the movement of the ocean-liner and of the row-boat. The plains of Kansas are not an interesting spectacle after the first half-dozen hours or so. Once the bed of an inland sea, their long rise and fall affords at one moment a prospect of miles, the next of a few hundred yards. But miles or yards, it is all the same—dim brown-green fields, mostly divided by wire fences, but now and again by a grove of yellowing half-naked trees or a tall straggling hedge. At

intervals the black skeleton of a little coal-mine varies, but hardly embellishes, the prospect. Farm-houses, of the portable frame-built kind, are dotted here and there. In the middle of the enormous fields they look curiously like toys. About them are a few head of cattle or horses to be seen, but most of the land is plough. The rich black loam grows fine crops of maize and wheat, when only it will remember to rain. Kansas is the first wheat-growing State of the Union; the fourth in oats, and the fifth in Indian corn. This year it has rained rather too much than otherwise, but a little excess is preferable to the ruinous droughts of the preceding years. So that, with a good harvest and wheat bounding up on the Chicago market, Kansas has done well.

But Kansas is not happy. From the conversation of its various sons who joined us and left us during the long Sunday, I gathered that Kansas is convinced that there is something somewhere in the universe that is radically wrong. She was over-boomed in the early '80's like all the West, and to-day she is paying—or, more correctly, owing—for it. Vast sums were borrowed to put up houses that nobody wanted, and to till land that had better have been left virgin. So that when India suddenly took to producing wheat in hundreds of millions of bushels, and Australia and the Argentine in tens of millions, and when the price went steadily down in consequence, Kansas began to feel that all was not as it should be.

Then came the awful fact that the rainfall was such that every other drop failed utterly. Kansas was the more convinced that something was rotten. To put it right—instead of irrigating, which with time is the main hope of the West—she set to work feverishly upon all kinds of curious political experiments. An American asked me a few days ago whether we did not feel it very inconvenient to have to make any experiment in government by the unwieldy means of an Act of Parliament: was it not far easier and safer to let individual States make trial of a novelty and see how it worked? No doubt an awful example is at times convenient to all of us, but how about the example? Kansas has been the drunken helot of American politics. “Here’s a law; let’s enact it,” has been its continual watchword. Kansas tried Prohibition, and, if it is any satisfaction to it to know, thereby put me to some inconvenience. But the native Kansan still knows where to get drunk if he wants to, and cutting off the supply of whisky on earth did nothing to increase the fall of water from heaven. It tried a certain amount of female suffrage with no more effect. In the last few years it has given its allegiance to four new political parties. These were the Farmers’ Alliance, the National Alliance, the People’s Party, and the Silver Party. None of them did any good, and now for what none of her politics could do Kansas has to own her obligation to the despised laws of supply

and demand. But this election is too early for Kansas to own any such thing. She is saturated with the doctrine of free silver. The towns, Republicans told me, will go handsomely for M'Kinley, but then there are no towns. The outlying farmer is largely beyond the reach of the campaign of education which the gold men are conducting, and though Kansas is being rapidly purged of economic heresy, there will be enough left to ensure a victory for Mr Bryan. Small blame to Kansas for desiring any change, since with crops failing, prices tumbling, and mortgages foreclosing, her lot has been one of hard anxiety.

Next morning we were in Colorado. The sleepers were white with frost, but the sun was half a furnace at six in the morning, and the sky was all blue. We were rolling, rolling now across the raw prairie. Wave after wave it spread out boundlessly on every side, a pale silvery grey under the frost and the dazzling sunshine. No room for agriculture here. Seen in the bulk the prairie is much like a smooth, undulating sea; but if you look closer it is more like a glacier—a glacier of caked sand, wrinkled with a thousand crevasses in which streams should run, but which only rarely contain so much as a little ooze. The surface is dappled with tufts of sage-scrub—small bushes that at a distance resemble bleached heather. Occasionally appeared sparse blades of coarse grass, but the rare steers and horses had a right to be thin. Nothing flourishes in this arid wilderness except

prairie-dogs. Hundreds of these brown-furred little devils, a mixture of rabbit and guinea-pig, were scampering up and down in the sun, or perking themselves bolt upright at the edge of their holes, comically like a dog begging, to look at the train as it rolled past them. Presently in the distance the ground began to rise into hills, and then the hills into mountains. We did not climb them, but turned northward and ran through country where the grey of the prairie began to be relieved with the yellow of deciduous trees, and a green field or so of clover. So we ran into Denver, the mining capital of the West, the Queen City of the Plains.

The Queen City of the Plains, if I may presume to criticise on a very brief acquaintance, is more plain than queenly. A very well-made, well-arranged city beyond doubt, but undistinguished. Solid brick-built houses, neither too large nor too small, she has in the central part, and agreeable residences. Her tram-car system and electric-lighting system are not to be impeached. In one respect I noticed Denver has risen superior to American carelessness. Many cities are apt in places to leave the names or numbers of their streets to be remembered by the inhabitant, or constructed out of the inner consciousness. Denver puts a couple of boards at each street corner, with not only the names but also some of the more important or necessary businesses between that corner and the next. But, alas! even Denver is human, for many of

the corners have indeed the brackets for such boards, but no trace of boards for the brackets. The inhabitants appear, at first sight, to gain a precarious livelihood by selling each other railway tickets at reduced rates. Outward from the business centre Denver is much the same as other American cities. Perhaps a little more beautiful than Chicago, in that the suburban roads are oftener planted with trees; perhaps a little less so, in that the acres of railroad track and factory in smaller Denver are less diluted by dwelling-houses. Much the same, in that the outskirts of both are dingy and dusty and sooty, and largely overpopulated with Germans.

But if Chicago has her lake to redeem her, Denver has her mountains. No city can be wholly unpleasing where you can look up from a street of railway ticket-offices and mining agencies to see a great mountain filling the end of the vista. It has been remarked by some profound observer that the spectacle of high mountains suggests majestic calm. It does. But how majestically calm mountains can look I never knew till I saw the Rockies from the Argo Smelting Works. On one side a maze of railway lines and row on row of freight-trucks formed the foreground. Behind them was a large, low parallelogram of dingy brick and unpainted wood and dull slate; out of it rose more than a dozen fat chimneys, vomiting clouds of impenetrable blackness. The sun was smeared with the dirtiness of it; the air was poisoned with the

reek of it, and throbbed with the pulse of machinery. On the other side rose the Rocky Mountains. In front were the naked brown sides of the lower elevations—harsh in colour and savage in outline. Behind them towered summits fading from brown to a more kindly grey, and beginning to blend the wildness of their shape with the clouds. And yet further rose the white peaks above the clouds, basking serene and unperturbed in the glory of their neighbour, the sun. “In the world there is nothing great but man,” I repeated with my face to the factory, and then looked at the mountains. They did not trouble to rebuke me. What is the smelter to them? They looked down on that table-land without interest when the smelter was born, and they will look down without condescending to triumph when it dies.

Why did I plough through sand and Germans to the Argo Smelter? I haven't an idea, unless it was the weird of the conscientious journalist, which never lets him get away from what he cannot understand. There was next to no work going, and nearly all the plant was still and cold. It was even pathetic to see the sparse workmen strolling about the great sheds built to keep twenty times their number busy. But I saw them crushing silver ore, and it was about the grimmest industrial operation there could be. No delicacy of contrivance or sheen of racing steel, but heavy grimy machinery, crushing the blocks of metallic rock by sheer brute force. Then I saw the

powder being raked to and fro in a square furnace, and being raked round and round in a circular furnace. Finally it comes out, as I understood, in a form in which it can be dissolved in hot water and thence precipitated as pure metal. At this point I saw some rubble in a wooden box, and turned to ask a workman whether any use could be made of it. He said it could; that was the silver. That the silver—that dirty-white crumbling mess; half dust, half coagulated like frozen snow! That was it: there was about 200 ounces of it, he said, strewn about the box, and that was the crushings of over ten tons of ore. And was that the stuff that all this herculean and vulcanic machinery had been tearing its heart out and burning its ribs through to force from the rock? That the stuff that is shaking this whole country as it has hardly been shaken before? Away, vile dross!

But that is not the view of Denver. Denver is the centre to which comes for smelting the gold and the silver, the copper and lead, and the other metals which are woven into all the mountains of Colorado. Colorado calls herself the Silver State, and of right, for she puts out more than one-seventh of the whole production of the world. But silver is not what it was. In the last three years it has gone down nearly 50 per cent. What was paying ore then is now only fit for the dump-heap. "Talk of silver barons," said a mining engineer; "you could count them nowadays

on the fingers of your two hands. I don't suppose there are half-a-dozen silver-mines now running, bar those that produce gold as well. It was a beautiful business once. But now you can't be surprised if people that are in want cry out for some change, even if it is not quite sound economically." I told him I was not surprised—the less so since I perceived that he meant to vote for free coinage at 16 to 1 himself. So will they all in Colorado. **Who can blame them?**

XXIII.

A STRIKE.

LEADVILLE, *October 18.*

EVERY American is at heart an Anarchist. He hates constraint, he hates regulation, he hates law. The most elementary arrangements of an ordered community, as we should think, are to him irksome and intolerable encroachments on his liberty. But there is one point on which the conservatism of America would put the very Czar to shame. The American will tolerate much, but he will have no tampering with the rights of property. He may have nothing himself, but he will guard the havings of others with all the jealousy a man usually gives only to his own. In a land where you may be a pauper to-day and a millionaire to-morrow; where it is the commonest experience to meet a man who has made, and lost, half-a-dozen fortunes in half-a-dozen different professions in as many years—here a man looks upon the wealth of others as held in trust for himself, and will suffer no diminution of its sanctity. Socialism,

Anarchism, any "ism" that smacks of confiscation or nationalisation, is a far more heinous horror in this land of democracy than anywhere in the king-ridden East.

It is so with strikes. In our own country a strike, even if the strikers be palpably in the wrong, will always command the sympathy of a great many people. Except in extreme cases, I am free to own that it automatically commands mine. In this country it does nothing of the kind. Hardly a word have I heard in apology for the Leadville strikers from any person I have come across. Everybody reprobates them mercilessly; everybody exults over the measures that now appear to be ensuring their defeat and ruin.

It must be confessed that theirs is a pretty bad case. Leadville, you must know, is a mining camp right up above the clouds in the Rocky Mountains. It is so called because it produces lead, but its first real boom was in gold. When the gold was to some extent played out, two drunken miners, acting under the divine inspiration of their condition, set to digging one night in a place where no sane man would have swung a pick. Of course they discovered carbonates soaked in silver beyond the dreams of avarice. Thereupon Leadville had a second boom. That was about eighteen years back; in the meantime the camp had developed resources in the way of iron and copper also. About half-a-dozen years ago it had a third

boom—this time in gold again. Leadville, in short, appeared singularly blessed of Heaven. The depression which had menaced our fair city, as the preface to the local directory finely remarks, faded away, and the sun of prosperity spread its invigorating beams around.

But within a few months of these words came the strike. Silver had gone down steadily, until Leadville could afford to work hardly an ounce of it. Thereon it seems that the Miners' Trade Union seized the auspicious occasion to demand a rise in wages. About two-thirds of the men got three dollars a-day, and the rest two and a half. Three pounds a-week you would have called good enough wages in bad times, even though prices are somewhat higher in a mining camp eleven thousand feet above sea-level, where your heart bangs on your ribs if you run upstairs, than in the cities of the plain. But the mine managers, though they promised the rise when silver went up to 70 cents (I think it was) an ounce, set their faces resolutely against any increase at the time.

The real question appears to have been whether the Colorado miners should come under the Western Union, like those of Montana and Idaho, or whether this should remain a non-Union State. The men struck; the managers got in blacklegs. Then one night, some five weeks ago, two of the mines were attacked. One was set on fire and wrecked; the other, though the strikers used dynamite freely, was

pluckily defended. The assailants were driven off. Nobody knows—or cares, apparently—exactly how many men they lost. The leaders of the Union were thereon charged with murder, and thrown into prison, where they now are. The President of the Union has utterly disappeared from the face of the earth—whether he was shot in the attack on the mine or is now a fugitive from justice, again nobody knows or cares. Leadville was occupied by troops in force, infantry and cavalry, a 12-pounder and gatlings, and is so occupied at this day.

The camp presents a strange contrast to-day between black hostility and Western good-fellowship. The whole company of the strikers was lounging along the main street, well dressed and well fed to all appearance, and in perfect good-humour, as if the men in their graves with bullets through their hearts had been sharing the sunshine with them. It all looked more like a holiday than a strike. Presently three fire-engines, each fireman in a different uniform, came galloping down the ploughed field that forms the central avenue of Leadville. Everybody followed—without excitement, of course, for what is a mere fire in Leadville?—but with an evident intention to make the most of a lucky windfall in the way of entertainment. The truth was that the Governor of Colorado had come up to inspect the military arrangements, and the firemen had been turned out to amuse him. The public disappointment was my

gain, for I had an opportunity of seeing the fortifications of Leadville.

Not knowing a soul in the place, I had followed my usual method of calling upon the leading newspaper. The invariable result followed—first, that I was interviewed; and, secondly, that I received the honorary freedom of the town. And for social life—except on dynamite nights—give me Leadville. Before the huge fire in the hall of the hotel was the whole camp—the mine manager dressed for all the world like one of the strikers, the local editor in corduroy trousers, the officers of the army of occupation in their workmanlike blue uniforms, the Governor of the State being introduced to the postman. Into this order of equality and friendliness I was initiated, and the officers hospitably asked me to join them as part of the Governor's escort. So I hired a mustang, or burro, or broncho, or whatever it was—to me it looked just like a plain horse, and on the whole it behaved as such—fell in behind the staff-officers, and rode off to inspect the camp.

If anybody is apt to think little of the United States militia by reason of the everyday looseness of its equipment and the apparent easiness of its discipline, he is in a fair way to be badly surprised some day. I know nothing of military affairs, but it was impossible for the greenest greenhorn to see these men without recognising them as the real stuff that wins battles. Spare and active, hard as nails, with intelli-

gence and determination stamped on every face, on the best of terms with their officers and each other, they were quite plainly the men for days of forced marching with straight shooting at the end of it, and shooting right on to a finish. Up here in the clouds with spells of four hours' sentry-go in the icy nights, with no air to breathe, the senior surgeon told me that he had only found half-a-dozen men unfit for duty in almost as many weeks.

Then we rode up to the mines. The first was a shapeless chaos of charred beams, broken metal, overturned cylinders, wires strewn underfoot, machinery hanging in blackened shreds. Here the storming party had succeeded in dynamiting their way in and firing an oil-tank. The next mine was a fortress, nothing less. Ramparts of rubble, stout abattis, pent-houses of heavy beams—the place looked impregnable to anything but artillery or dynamite. Here, too, the defences had been broken through by bombs, but a fierce fight followed round the oil-tank, and the strikers were beaten off. The chimneys of the works were like sieves with bullet-holes, and there were deep and frequent dints in the woodwork. In this mine we saw the double row of roughly-sawn plank-built bunks where the men sleep, and the long table laid out for them to eat on: they only leave the precinct of the mine at the risk of their lives. We saw the pickets on guard and the garrison drawn up inside the fort. The soldiers were only doing their

duty, quietly and loyally, as they are bound to do. But here also were the imported non-unionist miners, prisoners in their workshop, earning a living in deadly peril every minute of the day and night. It was not wonderful that they showed something of the fierceness of the wild beast when it has tasted blood; that one or two of them exulted in the slaughter they had done already, and asked no better than to have a chance of killing again. Whether such a chance will be given them nobody can tell. The town is as orderly as a Sunday-school to-day; but the sullen calm may be furious storm to-morrow. And there is always dynamite. At the third mine—a Samson of pumping and hoisting machinery—the hills of rubble had been made into escarpments and bastions, with a system of block-houses and electric lights placed so as to command every approach. It would be so easy to steal up with dynamite. If you approach you will be fired on; briefly, Leadville is in a state of siege, not to say civil war. Several hundred stand of arms have been confiscated, but signals have been seen flashing from mountain to mountain at night, and little caches of dynamite have been found near the mines. “There may be one under our feet at this moment,” suggested an officer, cheerfully.

We scrambled up and down the stony steeps from mine to mine for good part of the afternoon. Trotting back past the little frame-huts, I saw more than one black-browed miner lowering at his door, and more

than one muttering woman calling off her children as we passed. In this grim deadlock Leadville waits for the cruel winter. With uncalculated treasures beneath her feet, and the clammy, cold clouds pressing down on her head, she waits for aching frost and hunger to settle the matter one way, or cold steel and hot lead and dynamite to settle it the other. No surrender; no compromise; no pity. The owners mean to starve the miners to death; the miners mean to blow the owners to atoms. It is not the first strike of the kind in America, nor the second, nor will it be the last. And as a dark menace for the future a billion silver questions are not to be named **in the same breath with it.**

XXIV.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

SALT LAKE CITY, *October 15.*

"**BUT** Brigham Young was a big man?" I expostulated.

"He was a natural boss," said the Judge, "but not near so big a man as his people made out. He pretended to receive telephone messages from the Almighty, and they did what he told them every time. But he was a bully and a braggart; he hadn't any real courage. He was not a Mahomet, sir."

"But he did a lot here."

"He had a lot of men working. It looks wonderful to make a garden out of a desert; but it was the water did it. A tribe of civilised Indians down in New Mexico had done it before, and the Spaniards had always irrigated. I guess you won't find anything here in the way of irrigation they haven't got in Egypt. And you can water this land in a year;

back East it took a man a lifetime to clear his patch of forest.”

That was the view of a man who had fought Mormonism for twenty years and had beaten it. For Mormonism is beaten to-day; as an organisation of life apart from the Gentile world Mormonism is quite dead. The white six-spired temple, which took forty years to build, with walls nine feet thick, and every corner wrought out of a single stone, is no more than its mausoleum.

From the first emigration in 1847, when Salt Lake City was the only bit of civilisation West of the Missouri, and wellnigh as hermetically sealed from the outer world as was America before Columbus, there were Gentiles in Utah. They were tolerated, but no more. But in 1868 came the Union Pacific, and the huge bell that tolled from its engines was the death-knell of Mormonism as Church and State in one. The Gentiles increased: year by year there were contests for local offices, and though the People's Party—as the Mormons called themselves—always had the victory, the minority of the Liberals, or Gentiles, grew steadily smaller. At last, in 1889, came a State election in which the Mormons won the State, or the territory as it then was, but in Salt Lake City itself were in a minority of 41. Next spring was fought the hottest municipal contest American politics ever saw. Every man in the city was working on one side or the other. The Liberals

carried their ticket by 700 votes, and the Mormon game was up. They disbanded their party; two years later the Liberal party was similarly called together and disbanded. Utah divided itself into Republicans and Democrats like the rest of America. Mormonism abandoned its claim to identify Church with State. It gave up polygamy. The revelation from Christ and Brigham Young suspending it was hastened, say certain Gentiles, by the imminent passage of a bill disfranchising the husband of many wives. The sharp line between saint and sinner was rubbed out, and Mormonism became a mere sect like any other.

I thought I should like to have a Mormon view of the matter. So the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce obligingly rang up the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints on the telephone. In a few minutes I was presenting myself to a lofty-browed, silver-haired old gentleman—whether he was apostle, high priest, or elder I did not gather, but for picturesqueness we will call him an apostle. He was very far from admitting that his Church was dead. A continuous stream of missionaries leaves Salt Lake City every month. "I myself went round the world on missionary work when I was twenty-two," he said. "Of my thirteen sons three are missionaries. We have three thousand Mormons in London, and many more in Europe, especially in Germany and Scandinavia. With the Latin races we have never

made progress, and we have abandoned Palestine and Turkey for the present. They do not right now offer a favourable field for our work.”

I said I could understand that right now they did not. “When I went round the world,” continued the apostle, “I took neither staff nor scrip with me. You know we believe in the exact words of the Scripture without any spiritualising or interpretation. And I never begged a dollar or lacked a meal of victual. I was kind and loving, and temperate and exemplary, and the Lord always sent what I required. It needed faith—a good deal of faith sometimes—but faith came along. And the Lord provided.” A missionary is chosen and sent out at a word from the authorities of the Church. Farmer, mechanic, lawyer, man of business, he must sell out and go. And when a convert comes home, as they call Utah, the Church similarly decides where he shall go and what he shall do. There are Mormon colonies now in British Columbia, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico proper—in which last they are suspected of preserving a surreptitious polygamy. The colonial system led us on to talk of the organisation of the Church. “It’s a beautiful organisation,” he said.

And so it is. I doubt if even the Church of Rome can show a better. There is a first president, and two others—the first, an old gentleman of ninety, named Woodruff, who was among the pioneers of 1847. This father of his people was out of town, and I

could not meet him ; it is recorded that on arriving here, fifty years ago, his first act, before breaking his fast, was to plant half a bushel of seed potatoes, and I am sure I should have loved him. One of the other presidents is a nephew of "Joseph Smith, the prophet," as it was curious to hear the apostle call him. Under them are twelve apostles, and then the seventy, as you may read in the New Testament. The ordinary saints are brigaded into subordinate seventies, with sevens over them. The Church is supported by tithes, paid religiously in kind down to the tenth egg. For purposes of Church administration the country is parcelled out into states and counties, wards and precincts, for all the world as in the political hierarchy. If two Mormons have a dispute it is brought before the teacher, or priest, or deacon ; if he fails to reconcile the parties, the bishop of the county has a try. If they are still recalcitrant, the matter comes before a council of fifteen. Six range themselves on the side of each, and one out of each six acts as attorney ; the three remaining members form the court of appeal. If this method does not succeed in recommending a decision, there remains an appeal to the three presidents, whose word is final.

"Then you discourage litigation in the civil courts?" I said. "We discourage it, and we have very little of it," answered the apostle. "I wish you had time to visit the penitentiary here ; you would not find a Mormon in the place. The warder told me so the

other day, and he is a non-Mormon—we do not speak of outsiders as Gentiles among ourselves—and so are all the judges here, so there is no prejudice in our favour. Yet in the cities like this or Ogden, our young people are exposed to temptations. There are drinking-saloons and other undesirable houses.” I said there were in most cities I knew. “But there were none before non-Mormons came here,” he said quickly. “In parts of this State, where the whole population is Mormon, you will find they use neither tobacco nor tea nor coffee, much less saloons or houses of ill-fame. Our system of polygamy saved us from that. We have been much maligned because of our polygamy,” he went on. “We practised it for that and for the sake of children. If it had been for lust there were other less expensive ways. You know your children can follow you to Heaven, but you can’t take your mining shares and your railroads. In the Bible, you will remember children are always held the greatest of blessings.

“I have done six months’ imprisonment,” he broke out suddenly, wheeling round in his chair. “I have been imprisoned for maintaining my wives and children; and yet no more than two or three per cent of our people ever made polygamous marriages.” “I suppose they couldn’t afford it,” I said. “Yes, sir,” answered the apostle, “polygamy is expensive. Polygamy is very expensive, sir. It runs,” he continued musingly, “into a great many thousand dollars.”

I am afraid I almost laughed to see this truly apostolic father stroking his venerable beard and moralising on the expense of polygamy. But I contrived to keep a straight face as the polygamous veteran continued his exposition. "We were doing a great work," he said, "if they had only let us alone. We were trying a great experiment. Our aim was to produce an entirely perfect race—no physical deformity, no ugliness, no vice, no crime."

"I don't quite see how you expected to avoid physical deformity, at any rate," I said, "unless it could be done by temperance and by the influence of climate"—for the climate of Salt Lake City is the softest, benignest, and most exhilarating in the world.

"Partly by that and partly by polygamy," he said.

"By polygamy?"

"Yes, sir. Our theory is that woman is above all things the mother. We treat her as mother, not as wife, during the period when her maternal duties to her offspring are most sacred, trying all the time to surround her by scenes of kindness and gentleness, love and holiness. That must have its influence, sir. You see it in our horses and our dogs; why not in our women? As for sentimental love, that is rubbish,—never lasts longer than the honeymoon, sir. Good day, sir. I wish you could have stayed to see more of us. Peace be with you."

Polygamy, in short, is over and done with. That barrier broken down, Mormons and Gentiles now

live together in peace, share the State and municipal offices without distinction of creed, meet in business, and to some extent socially. Occasionally, of course, there comes up bitter recrudescences of the twenty years' struggle, but forbearance is the rule. Men who had more than one wife live only with the earliest wed, though they honourably maintain the others. "And if an old man, who's been accustomed to polygamy all his life, breaks the law now and then," said a Gentile, "why, people don't try to see him."

The present harmony is in the highest degree creditable to both sides. But the younger generation of Mormons, I was assured, were sincerely glad to be quit of polygamy. The young women who had come in contact with Gentiles never took kindly to the mother-and-nothing-but-a-mother theory; the young men with whom the Mormon typewriter or shop-girl walks out are almost invariably Gentiles. The Mormon young men have ambitions, and see how polygamy would stand in their way. "Most everybody's on this earth for money," explained a leading citizen with engaging directness, and the new generation of Mormons realises, with the Apostle quoted, that there is no money in polygamy.

United at last, Utah has gone forth prospering and to prosper. The credit for this may be fairly evenly divided. Salt Lake City has a matchless situation: grey mountains keep off the winds, the emerald lake gives health, the cloudless blue gives life and activity.

That selection is due to the founder, Brigham Young. In the broad, clean regularity of its streets, their even paving, the brooks that cool and cleanse them on either side, the avenues of trees, the complete system of telephones and electric tramways, the solidly commodious, if uninspiring, business buildings—in all these Salt Lake City has no peer in America, West or East. All that has been done in the six years since the election that seated the Gentiles in the civic chair. In those six years the population of the city has doubled. On the Mormon side of the account must be set the agriculture and the factories. With fine soil, and the best system of irrigation in America, depending for water not on wayward droppings from the clouds, as do the States immediately East, but on the never-disappointing snow that melts on the mountains, Utah surpasses every State in the Union in the uniform generosity of her valleys. She can produce four crops of lucerne in a year, and, with three crops, seven tons of hay to an acre. Six hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre is no unheard-of yield, and almost every European vegetable and fruit grows almost of itself. Sheep and cattle thrive and multiply prodigiously. Besides this, Brigham Young took care to equip his city with manufactories. There were wool-mills here when nothing of the kind had been heard of elsewhere from the Mississippi to the Pacific. There is a silk-mill, a shoe-factory, a sugar-mill. It was the policy of

Young to make Utah self-sufficing for all her needs. He had to, for she was insulated from the world. And to avoid Gentile contamination Young tried to intensify this insulation with one hand and neutralised its inconveniences with the other.

The ring-fence broke down, as others have done and will do before the demoniac energy with which the Anglo-Saxon fights his way to where there is gold. The Mormon question scared capital away, and therefore the Mormon question had to be solved. But, thanks in part to Mormonism, in part to the Anglo-Saxon, Utah is now probably the most prosperous and promising of all Western States. "I say to you, sir," said a prominent man of business, "that this is the richest mineral area in America. If silver goes down, we have the gold; if the mines peter out, we have the crops; if the crops fail, we have the stock. It looks, sir, as if the Almighty had selected this land for special blessings such as have been given to no other." And certainly the prospective metallic wealth of Utah is amazing. As yet it is hardly scratched here, as elsewhere in America: that is proved by the continual revival of camps like Leadville or Mercur that had been once or twice deserted and allowed to fall to pieces. Now in Utah is found every known metal in the world except two. There is salt enough in the Great Lake, to say nothing of the rock veins of pure salt, as clear as ice, to pay off every national debt in the world. There are two kinds of mineral rubber—

gilsonite and elaterite—which are found nowhere else, except in little bits in Galicia. There is ozocerite, or mineral wax, which is the best electrical insulator known. There are saltpetre, alum, zinc, quicksilver, mica, jasper, asbestos, coal, marble, iron, lead, copper, silver, gold. Silver has been found in sandstone, where it was geologically impossible that it should ever get, and even in the trunks of a petrified forest. More to the point, there are silver-mines in Utah that have more than paid in dividends for all the stock held in them. The Centennial Eureka has paid £360,000 on a capital of £300,000; the Bullion Beck, £421,000 on £200,000. Half-a-dozen others have done almost as much. The Ontario is the richest silver-mine in the world except the Broken Hill. It has paid over £200,000 more in dividends than any mine in America; it has a pump that cost £100,000, forty-five miles of works, and a drainage tunnel three miles long. Even to-day, with silver down to sixty-five cents an ounce, these mines, being well equipped with plant, go on steadily producing and steadily paying dividends.

Why had I never heard of this before? The reason given was that the Utah people kept as mum about their riches as a boy with an apple. The sons of the men of California and of the Comstock, they had mining in the blood; they went in scientifically and professionally—just mined and paid dividends, and made no noise about it. The men of Colorado were

all amateurs—clerks and book-keepers, lawyers and doctors—and when they made a find, says Utah, they **cackled** over it like a hen with her first egg.

But besides all this, Utah has a Rand of her own. This is in the Mercur district, once the seat of famous silver-mines and workings for cinnabar, now defunct. How the gold got to be there as a chloride nobody knows. It may have descended to the bed of an inland sea, or have been shot up by geysers from the centre of the earth. But there it is—about £3, 10s. to the ton, as at Johannesburg, and treated, as there, by the cyanide process, which saves some 85 per cent of the gold. Thanks to this process, ore can be mined, transported, and milled at about 14s. a ton. Some ores in the Golden Gate Mine yield £400 per ton. There is said to be an area of thirty miles where a profit of over £2 per ton is as safe as the Bank of England. And how much there is of this American Rand, Heaven only knows. It is in its puling infancy, and no man has seen beyond the very beginning of it. If I were a capitalist I am not sure but I would put a bit on Utah.

XXV.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October 17.*

AN hour or so out of Leadville and you are straddling the roof of North America. Long sweeping ascents hoist you to the summit of a pass 11,500 feet above the sea; then through a tunnel you plunge down the first reaches of the Pacific slope. Clinging to the skirts of the mountains, swooping round impossible curves, taking headers down impossible gradients, the train hurls you in a matter of a few hours out of the Arctic into lost midsummer again. At six in the morning Leadville was shivering under the pale dawn; at noon the sun was roasting a tropical desert. The highest railway pass of the Rockies had been surprisingly un-Alpine, and it must be owned that the American advertiser has over-estimated its sublimity. It recalled Scotland far more nearly than Zermatt. You were continually passing glades of yellow grass and dry stunted bushes that at a dis-

ance might pass for heather-glades studded with little lochs and traversed by chattering little burns. The splashes of snow on the mountain faces were but infrequent, and never once did the train top the belt of firs. Nearly all of these trees had been fired in the early days of the railroad. Charred stumps and beams strewed the slopes, and the standing trunks were mostly black and bare of every twig. It was literally a forest of masts. By mid-day we had dropped clear out of the highland, and passed into an altogether new land—a land of oriental glare and colour. It began with a cañon of red rock, piling itself up on both sides till we and our guiding torrent seemed like to sink so deep into the bowels of the earth that we should never find our way up to the light again. Between these walls of crimson sandstone we presently ran into the broadening valley of the Rio Grande. These walls of rock were no metaphor, but the strictest reality—sheer down from summit to base, with acres of face that might have been squared with a plummet. In reality they had been cut clean out by the river. The valley was covered with quilted sand, showing where the streams had crossed and united and parted in the wet season. Overhead, along the crest of the red precipices, a frieze of fir-trees hinted at a world on a higher plane, at which we were only allowed to guess.

The sun grew fiercer, the plain wider and more arid. The air was very clear and very dry, and the out-

lines of the diverging mountains hardened. We were in a great desert of sand and stones and whirling dust. It was cruel on the aching eyes, for green is the only colour that refreshes, and there was no green here. For growth there were but a few trees, touched by autumn into a more dazzling yellow than the buttercup's, and tufts of silver-grey sage. Yet this parched waste stole upon the senses with an imperious beauty that became a fascination. The sky was sapphire; this again is no figure of speech, for it shed out on the air an illumination more lustrous than it received. Under this luminous blue the mountains stood up in all fantastic shapes, painted like the rainbow. Other ranges display an emulous confusion, one peak struggling to overtop another. These preserved their level and their combination for miles together. Grey and cinnamon-brown were their dominant colours; but their huge flanks were blotched and mottled with salmon and blood-red, puce, mauve, and purple. On one side they would line themselves out in barbaric palaces, towers and parapets, giant castle gates, and long stretches of sheer battlement, domes, minarets, and pagodas—all marbled and barred and blazoned with every hue that is rich and delicate in the world. On the other hand would be flat shapeless mounds of dead toneless grey—God's dump-heaps, whereupon was cast all the rubble left over in the making of the world. And over all, at sundown, there floated in the Western

sky magic islands and lagoons of shining scarlet, living violet, molten gold.

To leave hyperbole, this desert of Western Colorado and Utah was the one thing that nobody seems to have thought it worth while to advertise, and the one thing that no words can overpraise or equal. Next day we were in Nevada. To go into detail about the scenery of Nevada, even if there were any detail to go into, would be kicking Nevada when she is down. There was a day—the day of the now forgotten Comstock lode, which built half San Francisco—when Nevada was the most brilliant star on the flag. You had only to step into Nevada to make a fortune; anything in the world you might take there and sell for your own price. But that day is done. The Comstock is worked out. Most of the silver mines are shut down, and the camps are silted up in sand. Nevada is the only State whose population decreased between the censuses of 1880 and 1890; it sank from 62,000 to a beggarly 45,000—a figure exceeded even then by the infant territory of Oklahoma. Yet Nevada is without doubt honeycombed with precious metals, and if it will only rain a little oftener, and if silver will only go up to ninety cents an ounce, Nevada may be a great State again. Meanwhile the passing impression of it is summed up in one word—dust. Alkaline dust that came eddying in through every crack in the Pullman till blue coats went yellow, and the floor was crisp with it—dust

that caked the throat, and clogged the nostrils, and stung the eyes. The sun went down this day in a thick blinding mist—a mist of dust.

The third morning we awoke in California. Here was another turn of the kaleidoscope, displaying huge well-tilled fields, fenced with substantial posts and rails, heavy stacks of hay and straw, and well-nourished stock. It was dry, for the rains will not come for a few weeks yet; but it looked like business. Indeed California is the most versatile State of the Union, and wants only time to be among the richest. In the production of wheat she stands third to Kansas and Minnesota. Alone in California is found a wonderful harvester, which reaps, threshes, and sacks grain and stacks straw all at once. In the number of her sheep she comes first, exceeding even Mr M'Kinley's soon-to-be-protected Ohio. Of the beet-sugar States she is easily first, though Louisiana produces far more from the cane. Her vines and her fruits are famous over all America, and now she is beginning to do wonders with almonds and olives. As for her gold, who has not heard of it? She has put out nearly twice as much as all the other States together. When the long-promised, long-delayed high prices come in sight there should be new fortunes to make in California, and new palaces to build on Nob Hill in San Francisco.

The people of the Pacific slope, living in a country that has very manifestly ways of its own and a will

of its own, have adapted themselves to their environment. What it seems good to them to do, that they do. With many of them fancy goes no further than the wearing of black shirts; with others it takes stronger flights, and soars to clearing out banks and holding up trains. The other day three enterprising persons were shot down by the citizens of a small town in Colorado while attempting the first exploit. The day before a solitary figure, with a perforated sack for a face, climbed over the tender on the Pacific express mail not a dozen miles from the important junction of Ogden. "Throw up your hands, gentlemen," said a small man with two revolvers, adding with simple dignity, "I am here to rob this train." And rob it he did. Uncoupling the engine and mail-cars, he ran them with his own hands half a mile down the line, pocketed the contents of the registered letters, and has not been heard of since. All the inhabitants of the Pacific slope have not the genius of this admirable bandit. Yet nearly all have a pretty taste in dress and manners, which are fit for any court in the world by their absolute innocence of any formula or constraint. If a dishevelled ruffian feels sentimental in the train he takes his banjo from beside his gun and strums a serenade. A stoppage of the train reveals the fact that it is but "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and out of tune at that; but the romance of his liquid eyes fixed passionately upon a fly on the wall remains one of the finest things on earth. All

the little regulations of life on the train are abrogated by mutual consent West of the Rockies. If it seems good to you to sit a few miles on the footboard you do it. On the mail trains there is, of course, a certain compulsion to get to San Francisco somewhere within hail of schedule time. But on the side-lines the conductor will always stop half an hour to give you time to get out and boil an egg.

San Francisco is the capital of the Pacific slope—the metropolis of an empire roughly a dozen times the size of England. Here, so rumour says, Western freedom from restraint takes a special form; it is said to be the one city of America where you can maintain a semi-official wife without the least prejudice to your position in society. “Many of the fair matrons of San Francisco,” remarks the local guide-book, genially, “have memories of gallant times at the Cliff House that lie buried in their hearts as their greatest secrets. The history of many a midnight revel there will for ever lie buried in oblivion.” No doubt; but the fleeting stranger has not time to investigate these affairs. To him the outward aspect of San Francisco would almost appear tame and suburban but for the ground on which it is built. Standing on a stretch of billowing sandhills, it everywhere exposes a panorama of roofs. You seem to have a more intimate knowledge of it than of cities where you can only see a few walls at a time. At night, too, the long dipping lines of lights give an impression of distance and size, air and

freedom. To-night—Saturday night—best part of the city is gathered into Market Street, the central artery. The dense, business-like promenade on each pavement suggests Princes Street in Edinburgh—except that here is electric light instead of half-darkness, as there was till lately in Edinburgh—and an air at once light and lung-filling instead of fog. Down the street, to the accompaniment of a band and a rocket or two, comes a political demonstration—a small thing to the veteran of Chicago Day. At the corner where the local candidate is to speak a scientifically built bonfire is dispensing heat and blaze and liberal sparks. What would the police say—the Briton wonders phlegmatically—if Mr Goschen announced his campaign by a bonfire in front of St George’s, Hanover Square? But in this land of competing sensations some such little attraction is as necessary as the candidate himself.

“It’s a very rapid slope,” remarked a gentleman at Leadville of this portion of the country, and in the moral sense, in which he used them, his words were true. The newspapers are even more sensational than in New York. The Emporium—the Bon Marché of San Francisco, and one of the numerous biggest stores on earth that this country boasts—finds it conducive to trade to woo its patrons by a band of music perched on a pedestal in the midst of a restaurant, and under a dazzlingly illuminated glass dome. It also has the happy idea of setting up a balustrade in the midst of

one of the important departments, over which you can watch golden-haired maidens receiving cash and popping back change into gilt pneumatic tubes.

No doubt San Francisco must be amused. It has a park, which may not be the biggest in the world, but is probably the most completely equipped for pleasure without overmuch profit. Within a thousand acres it contains lawns and drives and beds of dahlias, chrysanthemums, and cannas vying with those of Chicago; a series of hothouses with tropical plants in earth and water; a bicycle-track, a riding-track, a baseball-ground, a children's playground with swings, giant-strides, and donkeys; a Japanese garden with a furnished bungalow, and miniature bridges and streams, and shrubs tied down with string into the gnarled and twisted forms of miniature forest trees; a belvedere, with view over the Pacific; a waterfall and three artificial lakes with boats; a museum and a valley laid out with seats for concerts; an aviary with canaries and blue-grey red-billed Java sparrows and illuminated humming-birds and macaws; a deer-park, with kangaroos; a squirrel-house; a grizzly bear (presented by a local newspaper); and half-a-dozen survivors of the bison. Hampstead Heath, the Zoo, the British Museum, Battersea Park, and the Hall by the Sea may each have something that this Park has not. But what a boon for Bank Holidays to have them all together in one!

Then there is Cliff House, remembered of fair

matrons. By it are the baths, the biggest—but let us avoid tautology. Besides many huge basins of water of all depths and all temperatures, besides every acrobatic device for not getting straight into the water, besides rows and rows of dressing-rooms like the corridors of a first-rate hotel, the biggest basin has a bandstand in the middle, and a huge theatre round it, where San Francisco can hear concerts and see swimming shows. Likewise, there is a museum of weird sea-beasts and Japanese tableaux, and a panorama of the world. When you are tired of that there are gardens with white plaster statuary, and a monkey-house and a terrace overlooking the sea. Hence you can watch the dirty-yellow sea-lions sprawling on the rocks below, and listen to them barking like retrievers. On the right a streak of cloud hangs half-way up the cliffs that form the northern pillar of the Golden Gate. In front the Farallones Islands, twenty-eight miles out—the last speck of West before West becomes East—make little dints in the orange flames of the sunset. The blackening rollers of the Pacific thud beneath your feet. Turning round, you face the hotel—busy, hospitable, discreet—where they are serving dinners for two in private rooms. A rapid slope? At any rate, the San Franciscans enjoy themselves.

XXVI.

THE ISSUE.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October 18.*

I HEARD a short while ago an explanation of the Silver movement, and its culmination at the Chicago Convention, which was so elaborately picturesque that it is perhaps worth while setting down here. According to this theory, the Chicago platform was only the last move of a game which has been playing ever since the Sherman Act, if not for many years longer. It is an enormous political-commercial job on the part of silver-owners and their friends to secure for themselves the control of the whole government of the United States, and untold booty besides.

One of the operations of this ring was the tremendous bulling of silver immediately after the Sherman Act had authorised huge purchases of that metal by the United States Government. In league, it is said, with the Rothschilds and other great capitalists, the silver men forced up the price of their metal almost to par with gold; they would have got it actually

to par, or even to a premium, and reaped enormous profits, had not the Baring failure come upon them to throw their combination out of joint.

But the most interesting side of the great game has been the political. The silver barons aimed at raising themselves into a power like the Chartered Company, as seen by its enemies—a power which should use the leverage of politics for huge private gains, and the attainment of unlimited personal ambition. It began in the Senate. Under the United States constitution the Senate is not based upon proportional representation, as are the House of Representatives and the Electoral College for the choice of President. Every State, great or small, sends two Senators to Washington. It is evident that this provision of the constitution offers a prodigious opportunity to an interest having the local distribution of the silver-mining industry. Colorado, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana contain between them, on the last census, less than seven hundred thousand inhabitants. The State of New York has well over five millions, but the four States have eight Senators to New York's two.

Now, these four States being virtually nothing but silver-mining camps, it was easy for the silver ring to establish a party in the Senate representing the ring, and nothing but the ring, just as Mr Rochfort Maguire was said to represent, not County Clare, but Mr Cecil Rhodes. Hence arose a group of such men as Senators Teller, Dubois, Stewart, and Jones of Nevada—some

of them mine-owners, some of them attorneys engaged for the political representation of the silver interest, but all of them men of great ability and adroitness. Nominally Republicans, really buccaneers, they begin by putting pressure on the party of their putative affiliation. They bartered their support of Protection against a toleration on the part of the official Republicans of bimetallism. It became a sort of working principle of the Republican party that no official pronouncement must be made derogatory to the claims of silver. The party expressed itself again and again in favour of bimetallism. Mr M'Kinley expressed himself personally again and again to the same effect; he would have been perfectly ready to fight this campaign on the free silver basis if the Convention of St Louis had told him to.

Meanwhile—and herein lies the beauty of the combination—the silver group had been at work with the Democratic party also. The rural districts were manured with tons of 'Coin's Financial School.' The Silver party got to work in the local units of organisation—the primaries in the precincts, the committees in the counties. They worked so secretly and to such purpose that the Democratic party was leavened with the theory of free coinage, and the organisation captured before Gold Standard Democrats, like President Cleveland and Senator Hill, realised what was upon them. Then came the Chicago Convention. To the Convention came all

the delegates from the already electroplated local organisations, ready to vote for silver. More than this, the ring—remember, I am only repeating, though repeating what I was told by a man of great knowledge and a foremost economical authority—had prepared them a man against the Presidential nomination, as Samuel had prepared Saul in the Bible. That Mr Bryan's great speech about the Crown of Thorns and the Cross of Gold had been written out and rehearsed beforehand nobody familiar with the unspontaneous methods of American political oratory can doubt for a moment. But on this theory the delegates were also prepared. The storming of the Convention by that speech, and the nomination of Mr Bryan, were nothing more nor less than a put-up scheme, carefully worked out for weeks before. With the official Democracy definitely pledged to independent free coinage of silver, and the official Republicanism afraid to pledge itself definitely against it, the silver buccaneers stood indeed on velvet.

But then came the St Louis Convention, and put the whole game to the touch. Even the St Louis Convention dared not put itself on record as opposing bimetallism outright. But it declared for waiting upon the consent of other nations. By the strenuous efforts of Mr Kohlsaas, a Chicago capitalist, the Convention was induced to take a firm line for the gold standard, on present conditions. Even that was touch and go, for the party wished to hedge to the last, and

to leave the decisive word "gold" out of its declaration of faith. But Mr Kohlsaatt insisted, and the battle of gold was won. Then followed what was described to me as a great uprising of the national financial conscience—not unmixed, I would add, with the personal financial conscience. Anyhow, the feeling for gold surged up, and the Tellers and Stewarts saw themselves obliged to quit their double-faced machinations and go into a straight fight. For them and their clients the stake is variously put at from seven to twelve millions sterling a-year. That is what they stand to win if free silver becomes law and sends the bullion up to par. To this trifle they add the political dominion of seventy millions of people. It is a big stake—perhaps the biggest played for since Napoleon, anyhow the biggest since Dr Jameson. But by the best accounts that stake is not going to be landed.

All this may be an imaginative libel; it is strenuously denied that there is any silver trust at all: but it is a good story, so let it go. At any rate, it is illustrative of the questions on which this election is hinging. People state and deplore the fact that for the first time in the history of the States the poor are now banded against the rich. Others point out that you can draw an almost exact frontier along the Potomac, Ohio, and Mississippi, that cuts off the Bryan country and the M'Kinley country. For the second time in the history of the States one territorial

area is brigaded against another. But I believe that both these facts, striking enough superficially, are only accidental. The real fight is not poor against rich or South and West against North and East, but one commercial interest against another, a fight of pocket against pocket. In the North they make their money by financial operations, banking, brokering, and the like, and by manufactures. Free silver would dislocate the first of these operations, and Protection would put a premium on the second. In the South and the Mississippi valley they make their money, when they make it at all, by crops. Free silver would mean higher prices for their produce, and perhaps a relief from their debts due to the North, while Protection would, to a certain extent, put them in the hands of the manufacturing trusts. In the Rockies they mine. Free silver would raise the value of their depreciated product, and give employment to perhaps a quarter of a million of idle men. On the Pacific Coast they mine gold and farm. Free silver would hurt the one industry and help the other. Therefore the Pacific Coast stands in a somewhat vague and doubtful position. It is bread-and-butter politics, all through, from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate.

Perhaps an exception to this generalisation ought to be made as regards the South; there bitterness against the North is probably at least as potent as the economic factor. But for other parts of the

country one or two examples seem to go in support of my theory of this election. One of the few States west of the Missouri where Mr M'Kinley is conceded to have a chance is Wyoming. Wyoming is a rather absurd little State, given over to female suffrage and generous divorce laws; it has the smallest population in the Union except Nevada, and nobody pretends to take Wyoming seriously. But Wyoming gets its living, not like Montana in the North by silver mining, or Nebraska in the East by farming, but by the production of coal. The mines are largely owned and managed by Eastern capitalists. Now, if Mr M'Kinley is elected, one of the anticipated blessings of his reign is a protective tariff on coal. Wyoming reckons to be then able to sell coal in San Francisco cheaper than it can be sold from Vancouver Island, and Wyoming reckons to put much money in its purse. Therefore, there is thought to be a possibility—so I am assured by seemingly good authority: I have not set foot inside the State—that Wyoming, in the very heart of the Bryan district, will cast her three votes for M'Kinley. Utah affords another instance. Nobody supposes that Utah is going for M'Kinley; silver is too strong for that. But apart from the silver industry, Utah grows sheep and cattle. Therefore a Protective duty on wool and on Mexican imported cattle would put money in Utah's purse also; whence shrewd judges predict a strong minority in Utah also for M'Kinley.

These two cases illustrate and explain the very

practical interest which every single citizen takes in this election. No doubt the theoretical question has its charm. Where the heart is there will the conversation be; probably no democracy has ever tasted the privileges of popular government with such gluttonous enjoyment as the United States have enjoyed these six months' talk of dollars. But the matter goes deeper than the mere pleasure of academic debate. This is perhaps the only contested election of the world's history in which every elector has a direct money interest in the result. The only difficulty is to determine exactly where that interest lies. The arguments of either party are directed less to maintaining the broad balance of national expediency than to showing the individual voter that it was money in his individual pocket to vote for this man or the other. It must not be inferred from this that arguments which take higher ground—appeals to national integrity and patriotism—are consciously, or even unconsciously, insincere. Without doubt, many men support the gold standard because they believe that to abandon it would be to dishonour the bill of their country. Many support silver because they believe that it will lead back to national prosperity. But, to put it summarily, the East has money, and therefore wants to keep up the price of it; the West and South have none, and therefore want to keep the price down. That is the issue in a nutshell.

XXVII.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October 19.*

THE Heathen Chinee is peculiar to San Francisco and the Pacific coast. Not but what as an individual he is fairly common in New York; nowhere, indeed, in the United States would anybody ever turn to look back at a Chinaman. But it is only in San Francisco, which stands opposite to his own country, that he has attained the proportions of a racial problem. It is no inapt illustration, by the way, of the vastness of this country that it maintains a full-grown racial problem at each end, each one knowing little and caring nothing of the other. In the South Atlantic States the sparse Chinee is ignored, but the nigger is a bug-bear. In the Pacific States the nigger is a fellow-citizen, while the Chinee is a reptile.

The method by which the Chinee annexed one of the oldest and most fashionable quarters of San Francisco for his own exclusive use has all the simplicity of true genius. He did it by sheer filth. A Chinee took a

room in a house, and imported other Chinese to share it—for a consideration. Comparatively cleanly in their own persons—though only very comparatively—they never cleaned their clothes or their bedding, or their rooms or their kitchens, or anything that was theirs. Presently the stench became such that no white man would live in the house; the whites went out and the yellows came in. Then the two houses on either side became untenable; they also became filled with Chinese. Then came the turn of the next two, and so on all down the street. But what was the owner of the houses doing all this while? Had he nothing to say to this process of driving out his white tenants? Not he. For houses peopled with Chinese are the most profitable form of property in San Francisco. They live thirty, or forty, or fifty in a twelve-roomed house, and rent rolls in to a brisk tune. And if they cause dilapidations they never ask for repairs; no building, plumbing, plastering, or painting troubles the landlord of the Chinese quarter. Thus the Chinese conquered and colonised a little city for himself in the heart of San Francisco—a city of dirt and colour, of shrewdness and superstition, of industry and debauchery; a city absolutely oriental in the middle of the absolute occident. Too far West has become East.

Out of the blaze of electric light and the whirr of electric tram-cars you make one turn into darkness and silence. You are in the middle of China. The houses were built by westerners for westerners; but

it is wonderful how completely the orientals have orientalised them. First overlaying everything with a thick coat of filth, they have built out green balconies, hung out green streamers with huge golden signs in their own characters, and papered the walls with red placards, on which they inscribe the news of the day. Above a little fruit-stall you will see projecting from the wall a wooden box rather bigger than a coffin. It might be a receptacle for refuse, or perhaps a cistern. But it is neither; it is the house of the stall-keeper. When he closes his stall at night, or in the early morning, he climbs into that box by a ladder, and goes to bed. When you see that, you begin to realise the possibility that white neighbours would find the heathen Chinee a little unsanitary.

The Chinaman has adorned his special district of San Francisco with many buildings sufficiently pretentious. There are two theatres, but neither of them is open just at present. This is the dead season in Chinese theatrical circles; they are exchanging the companies that have served their year in San Francisco for fresh ones. The idolatrous Chinee is commendably free from mummer-worship. The actors live in the theatre, and that for a very sufficient reason; if they show themselves in the street the people set upon them with sticks, stones, vegetables, and any other handy weapons, and half kill them. The explanation of this genial custom is that the actor, being a vagabond and a Bohemian, sends no money over to

his relations in China, whereas all others do. To send money thus out of the country is, in American eyes, the blackest of Chinese sins; to fail to do so is exactly as black in the eyes of the Chinaman.

Chinatown is also adorned with palatial restaurants. The Chinese can be frugal, but it is a mistake to suppose that he will not fling his money about on occasion. Banquets at two pounds a-head, with champagne and every delicacy of the season, are far from uncommon in squalid Chinatown. You enter the banqueting-room up a broad staircase; the room itself is large and handsome, with stained floors, wooden carvings that may be quaint but are undeniably rich and elaborate, hangings of fine texture, and solid walnut-wood chairs with marble seats. In a corner is the safe in which the takings of the establishment are treasured. It has eight locks and eight keys—one for each of the eight proprietors; none can get at the safe except in the presence of all the others. The banquet is enriched with every meat and every drink of the country, sometimes with the choicest vintages of France, usually with many excellent vegetables native to the soil, but eaten only by the Chinese, and always with such delicacies as ducks flattened out and pressed like pressed beef, with all manner of birds and beasts and fish preserved and imported from China. The men sit round the table and feast solemnly from ten or so till four. The women sit in a ring behind them, and eat only what their masters are pleased to pass

over their shoulders. A band of single-stringed fiddles, gongs, and cymbals makes music hardly conducive to a Western digestion. And if a reveller feels the need of opium, there is a divan against the wall where he can lie and smoke his pipe, and then rise and fall to again.

The joss-houses make another of the architectural glories of Chinatown. Here again is much stained wood on floor and walls, with magnificent embroidered hangings, with carved and gilded wooden screens and decorations. The Chinese eye must be as alien to ours as the Chinese ear, for the Western devil can see little form or symmetry in the queer twists and twirls of these masterpieces. If the Chinese can take in all these multitudinous niggles and quiggles of gold, and at one view combine them all into one effect, then he must have an eye with a million facets, like a beetle's. One of the carvings in the biggest joss-house is a special gift from the Emperor of China, who endowed the church in recognition of a subscription by its members to alleviate a famine at home. It bears his monogram in the centre—a golden cobweb, not unlike the fist of Abdul the Damned as shown on the Turkish cigarettes. Before each shrine in the joss-house stands a cup of tea, in case the joss should feel thirsty; he takes it without milk or sugar. The great shrine is a kind of altar with a hideous bearded image seated upon it. This represents a historic Chinese who actually lived on this earth, a

brave, wise, and godly—or should we say jossly?—man, who makes intercession with the real joss. The real joss dwells behind a screen, veiled from the public eye. There are no services of a congregation; the faithful drop in one by one, kneel down on mats, and prefer their petitions. But first of all they bang a gong to make sure that the joss is awake and attending to his business.

The Chinese is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. He is law-abiding as against the whites, but within Chinatown every kind of lawless outrage goes hardly checked. There is indeed a rule within rule among the Chinese. The six provinces which furnish the Chinese population of San Francisco have their several presidents. The six companies, they are called; each worships in its separate joss-house, and talks its separate dialect. A suit between two members of the same company is brought before the president of the company; a dispute between two of its different companies, before the six presidents in conclave. Like the Mormons, the Chinese discourage the use of the civil courts. These presidents have of course no legal status in the United States, but they maintain their authority in a manner effective and thoroughly Chinese. If a Chinese in San Francisco defies their mandate, they send word back to his native place; whereupon his father and mother are burned. But in spite of this rule, terror and anarchy are the real government of Chinatown.

Secret societies, known to the West under the generic title of Highbinders, blackmail and murder at will. Wealthy merchants are constrained to subscribe to these organisations: if they refuse, they are found dead in the street. A cobbler was evicted one day from the stall he had occupied, and a big house was shortly after built on its site. But not a room in that house could be let. The perplexed proprietor sent for a detective knowledgeable in the ways of Chinatown, and he discovered an unobtrusive placard on the new house. "Whoever occupies any part of this building until I am paid two thousand dollars compensation," ran its genial legend, "will be killed." The cobbler was accommodated with a room in the new house, the notice disappeared, and the building filled up with tenants. Sometimes the different gangs of Highbinders carry on private war between themselves, and the streets are thick with smoke. They use long pistols, and rest the barrel on the left arm to aim; they shoot very badly, but the streets of Chinatown are so narrow that a bullet is seldom wasted. However, the Highbinders have attracted the very urgent notice of the Government as well as that of the Chinese Minister at Washington. They have been swept out more than once. They grow up again, but their best days are done.

Besides being bloodthirsty, the Chinese has, as everybody knows a genius for fraud and treachery of every kind. The personal vices he possesses in their most

luxuriant growth. He has invented a spirit that will make you drunker for ten cents than any other brew on earth. He smokes opium fervently without any British Government to tempt him to it. A tedious vice opium-smoking appears. Imagine a dark, dank, underground, foul-smelling courtyard, full of all manner of garbage. Round it rise three storeys of wooden rooms with verandahs, on which the inmates cook their food. Open a door, and you are in a Chinese doss-house. It is something between a scullery and the fore-castle of an ill-found merchantman. Two tiers of filthy bunks run round it, without bed-clothes—accommodation for about two dozen in the space of a decent coal-cellar. On one of the bunks lay a dirty little leather-skinned old man smoking opium. He did not so much as turn his head at the entrance of foreign devils; he took no notice of anything but his opium. In his fingers he held a long pipe; before him was a lamp and a jar of opium. He collected a drop of the viscous syrup on a bodkin and kneaded it in the flame, turning it round and round till it hardened into a little glutinous ball about the size of a pea. Then he put it in his pipe, lit it at the lamp, and inhaled deeply. Out came a cloud of blue, fragrant smoke. Another deep inhalation, another cloud of smoke—and the pipe was out. It took at least two minutes to prepare, and about ten seconds to smoke. To produce the desired intoxication, it takes a seasoned smoker twenty pipes—nearly three-

quarters of an hour twiddling a needle in a lamp-jet. We need not be afraid that opium-smoking will ever become a Western vice.

As for the other debaucheries of the Chinee, they had better be left untold. He practises all that have names, and many that have not. All the women in Chinatown are bought and sold—as truly slaves as any mulatto girl in Carolina before the war. It is true that the Chinee has his virtues. He is wonderfully clever in an imitative way; he will watch a white man making shoes in his booth until he is as good a shoemaker himself. He is a perfect servant in a land where servants are rare and expensive. He wellnigh monopolises the laundry business, not only in San Francisco, but in all large towns. He furnishes admirable tailoring to the most fastidious dandies of the Pacific Coast. He is frugal, industrious, filial. But his very virtues conspire with his vices to earn him the detestation of the white man. He is a good workman: he undersells white labour. He is frugal, and he sends his savings home to his parents: he is draining money out of the country. He is a parasite, a louse; shake him off. So the importation of new Chinamen into the States is now rigorously forbidden. Some come in by virtue of skilful and resolute perjury, but not many. Chinatown must diminish, and the ground won for a space by the East will pass back again to the West.

In the meantime it is hard for the stranger to take

Chinatown seriously for good or for evil. It is too much like falling asleep and dreaming of Aladdin. Under the soft paper lanterns there pass noiseless figures in blouses and loose trousers and slippers, with black red-tufted caps and pigtails down to their knees. You see the big-spectacled jewellers patiently chasing gold ornaments or melting them in the flames from their blow-pipes. You see barbers with short square razors, shaving head and eyebrows, cleaning out ears, and scraping eyeballs. Up a steep flight of broken stairs you see almond-eyed Jezebels simpering behind lattices. Then you turn twenty yards to the left, and there are the electric light and the electric cars again, dry-goods stores and cut-rate ticket-offices. It was surely a dream of Aladdin.

XXVIII.

ON THE ROAD.

MOOSE JAW, ASSINIBOIA, CANADA, *October 26.*

If we are a nation of shopkeepers, then the United States are a nation of commercial travellers. Equally energetic in their different ways, the shopkeeper is the more substantial and the more prudent of the two, the traveller the more vivacious, restless, and plausible. So it is with us and the Americans. It is not only the bagman proper, though he is more ubiquitous and more assertive here than anywhere else, and is respected, almost worshipped, in proportion to his assertion. But every American, bagman or other, must be ever on the move.

It is necessary for his business: with an enterprising caution that Britons might well emulate, he never invests his money in any property, be it a thousand miles away, without first going to take a look at it. But travel is also necessary for his pleasure, even for his existence. To him a week's

journey is far less hardship than a week's stay in the same place. I believe many Americans regard that day as wasted in which they do not see the inside of a railway train. This roving temperament is, after all, perfectly natural. The native American has it in his blood. He descends from generations of colonists, and the colonist is essentially the man who thinks there is something a little further on a little better than what he has, and who goes after it. This sort of rainbow-chaser seldom makes money, but he makes empires. Even the emigrant into America acquires the vagrant disposition. I met an old friend in San Francisco, a man who came out here at fifty or so. He has not prospered—as why should he? But he would be very loath to go back. “I should miss the journeys,” he said—“going up to Victoria, or down to Los Angeles.” Now, in England, that man never even wanted to go away in the summer from the suburb of London in which he lived. But when once a man has got as far as America, he acquires the contempt of distance; having come so far, he might as well go a bit further. Americans often seem to travel for the mere satisfaction of going through a new country, and staying the night in a new hotel. They add them to their collection, so to say, as an entomologist adds a beetle. And that though Western towns are all exactly alike, and instead of being named, might just as well be numbered like their streets. Whether because of busi-

ness, then, or pleasure, or habit, America has to be well equipped for travel. And America is.

The American constitution has been called a system of checks. So is American life. When you want to travel you give your baggage to the porter of your hotel, and he gives you a check in return. At the station you reclaim it with the check, and pass it in at a counter and receive another check. As you approach your destination a functionary comes along the train, takes your check, and gives you another check in its place. He fishes out your baggage and conveys it to your hotel—for a consideration. You have left your third and last check at the office of the hotel when you enter it, and thence it is delivered up on receipt of the baggage. At first you bless this arrangement as the salvation of the traveller. But after a few weeks of it the tyranny of the check becomes so galling that you begin to long for the fine old English method of dumping down your goods in front of a porter and leaving them to find the way for themselves. You would even hail it as a personal triumph if some of your baggage would get lost. But it never does. Sometimes it arrives late, but it always arrives. Yet it seldom arrives in the shape in which it started, if that is any consolation. They who have to do with baggage see to that. You very soon discover why Americans carry their goods in ironclad trunks, and why it is madness for anybody to do anything else. I started out, like an idiot, with a new

leather portmanteau. They ripped the stout brass lock off in the first week—not for plunder apparently, but simply because it is the tradition of the service. They punched it and kicked it and danced on it. In softer hours, when literary inspiration came, they wrote on it. My portmanteau to-day is an epitome of the political sentiment of the United States from New York to San Francisco. As a historical document it is beyond price, and I am contemplating the gift of it to the library of Congress at Washington. As a portmanteau it has both feet in the grave.

The system of checks is not confined to travellers' luggage. The conductor of the train passes ceaselessly to and fro asking for your ticket and giving you a check in return, or asking for your check and returning your ticket. If you hand your stick to a boy in a hotel while you write your name in the register, he dashes off to stow it away in some secret place, and returns triumphant with a check. In the very hotel bar, when you buy sevenpence ha'porth of whisky you get a check and walk two yards across the bar to pay at a desk. But the apotheosis of the check is at Niagara. When you go down to the Cave of the Winds you strip off all your clothes and leave them, as well as your valuables, in a tin box with the attendant. Then you go down to battle with the cataract attired only in a suit of pyjamas, a suit of oilskins, and a check lashed round your neck, rising

and falling with the beating of your heart. No wonder the American speaks of death as handing in his checks. It is only by death that he can rid himself of them.

But in all such mechanical devices as these for saving labour or promoting convenience the Americans, after all, are easy masters of the world. The only fault to be found with them is that they push ingenuity so far that it sometimes becomes almost inconvenient. For billiard-markers, to take an instance, they use strings of numbered checks hung across the room. Now it is no easier to mark on a string of checks than on the ordinary sort of marker we use at home; but it is novel and it is ingenious, and that is enough to commend it in America. You might say the same of the device which puts the gum of an envelope on the body of it and leaves the flap clean, until it occurs to you that thereby you can seal the envelope without licking the gum. Then, if you object to a little harmless necessary gum on your tongue, you cry out in admiration of the ridiculously simple stroke of genius which gets rid of it; if you do not, you may think the invention hardly worth inventing. This is a very fair example of the beauty and simplicity of many American arrangements. Perhaps you could do without it, yet you cannot but admire it.

But the field where American ingenuity runs riot is the railway carriage. In this, as in a warship, space is necessarily limited, and this necessity is the

fertile mother of inventions innumerable. Space is not, of course, so rigidly limited as in one of our own short four-sectioned coaches. The American long-distance car, to carry forty-eight people, is three or four times the length of ours, much higher, and enormously heavier. As neither tracks nor signals are all they might be on most American railroads, the cars are built to stand a tremendous strain without breaking up. The skeleton is of iron or steel girders, again as if it were a battleship; with this framework and their general weight they would cut through an English railway carriage as the *Majestic* would cut through a penny steamboat. I was privileged yesterday to see one of these cars tip over. The West-bound train to Vancouver was leaving a station where it had stopped alongside of us, and in getting back on to the main track it ran off the metals. Dragged against a rail, it snapped it as you might snap a clay pipe-stem, and then ran over the edge of the low embankment. It swayed heavily, poised itself, seemed to hang in the air, half over, for a minute, two minutes—was it going to stay there for ever?—then crash it went over on to its side. There was a shed by the track which broke the fall—and itself, too, as if it had been an empty matchbox. Yet so far as I could see the car was absolutely unharmed. Willing hands immediately smashed half-a-dozen double-windows to get out the five people who were rolling about inside. But

I believe those windows made up the grand total of all the damage done.

Inside, the sleeping-car is a miracle of luxury. All the wood is mahogany—or looks like it—and all the cushions are velvet. It looks as rich and solid as a British dining-room of the old school. Yet every single thing you see is hollow; everything is a cupboard or a bed-fitting, or some convenience of the sort. The panels in the sloping wall above your head let down to form the upper berths. Between them and the wall of the car is stored the bedding. The seats—which run across the car, facing each other in pairs, with an aisle down the middle—draw out to make the lower berths. You get sheets, two pillows, and as many rugs as you like. The bed is not unreasonably short, and there is no necessity to tie yourself up in knots, unless you are well over six feet. As for breadth, the bed is as wide as a seat built for two persons, and I believe two persons sometimes occupy a berth. The objection to this is the rooted American hatred of fresh air, and the tendency to be ill if a room or car goes below 75°. You are even forbidden to have the window giving on to your berth open at night—a prohibition, like all others in the United States, habitually defied. As for your clothes, it looks impossible in the daytime that space could be found to dispose of them. But at night, when you climb into your upper berth or dive into your lower, you find that pegs and racks

and hammocks have grown up round you on every side. After two days' practice you know exactly where to stow each garment. There is room under the lower berth for your boots and your bag, and the black porter has cleaned your boots in the morning. It should be added that your modesty is protected by a curtain which you can button as closely as you will. At night the car looks like a narrow tapestried passage, with nothing but peeping boot-toes and rustling snores to mark it for a fully-peopled dormitory.

This is not all the sleeping-car. There is a drawing-room—simply a cushioned *coupé*, in which four people can live and sleep—and a smoking-room, with arrangements for washing and the like. There are hot steam-pipes under the seats which maintain an equable warmth, and you wonder what sort of a barbarian you are to come from a country where they have got no further than tin water-cans. Between the seats are sockets on which tables can be set up, and the tables have clips to hold a tablecloth. In what are called buffet-cars, you eat food cooked by a nigger W.C. who travels with the train. Such food is simple and almost uniformly bad. As it is cooked in a space of some five feet by eighteen inches, this is hardly wonderful. To other trains a dining-car is attached. With tables and comfortable seats ranged down it, this is a very different affair; you are well served, well fed, and not heavily charged. Where no dining-car is attached, the train stops twenty minutes to

half an hour at a wayside station for meals. They are sometimes wonderfully good and sometimes wonderfully bad, and when you only halt twenty minutes I am not sure but I prefer the bad. To have to eat through excellent trout, sausages, bacon, buttered eggs, fried potatoes, and beef-steak—all piled up round a single plate—is almost too much for twenty minutes, and only encourages unmanly regret for the unattainable. Another luxury in the way of railway accommodation is a drawing-room car with easy-chairs, but these we have at home even more sumptuous. Lastly, there is the observation-car—an open shed on wheels, designed to give you a view of the scenery.

By far the most magnificent sleeping-car I have met is that of the Canadian Pacific, wherein I am trying to write this. It is wider and loftier than any other, more richly and elegantly upholstered. You can tell at once that it hails elsewhere than from the United States by the inscription under the looking-glasses. "Tuum est," it says, and you may bet your life no Yankee ever had any use for a Latin inscription inside a railway carriage. In this car the two middle sections of the six have their seats along the wall of the car instead of across it: this gives a broader floor in the middle. Above these lateral seats are sheets of window nearly twice the usual size. The smoking-room, again, is an especial joy. It occupies the whole width of the car at its hinder

end, instead of being cranked in by a corridor leading past it, as in most of the cars of the United States. With the same large windows on either side, and other windows and a door forming the back end of the car, it affords a splendid prospect on three sides of the train. The food on these C.P.R. trains is above the average, and the price is consistently insignificant. There is even—joy of joys!—a bath-room. True, you may not have a bath in it, for the bath season closes on the first of October, but at least the bath-room affords a sanctuary for the naked, and he is a poor traveller who has not mastered the theory and practice of taking a perpendicular bath. The sleeping and dining cars in the United States belong to the Pullman Company, and are run by them: you take your berth at a different booking-office from that where you get your railway ticket. The Canadian Pacific owns and runs its own, and for comfort and good service I doubt if they have their equal in the world.

Everything is done that admirable organisation, care, and courtesy can do to mitigate the horrors of the week's journey across the continent. The only doubt is whether the Company does not begin at the wrong end. Why not shorten the journey? It is said that when Sir William Van Horne travels on the line his special runs fifty and sixty miles an hour. We poor devils have never once seen forty. It would be the easiest thing in the world to shorten the journey by at least a day, and until this is done the C.P.R. will never

really compete with the Trans-continental lines farther South.

One feature of American train life—for train life is what it comes to when you have passed your second night on board—is the deportment of the officials. The conductor and his subordinates, the porter and the brakeman, the boy who sells newspapers and cigars and chewing-gum—they may all be found sitting on the passengers' seats, dining at the passengers' table, washing in the passengers' basins, and conversing cheerfully the while with the passengers' selves. It is thought by some that they do this to show that they are as good as you. If so, they do it so much that they must think the fact needs a good deal of demonstration. Most English people, and many Americans, object to this habit, and especially complain at having to drink out of a glass wherefrom a nigger has just rinsed his gums. I grant that this is an extreme case, but then happily there are always two glasses. And, personally, I don't mind the rest of it. I have as firm a belief in the natural inequality of man as anybody in the world. I believe that I am superior in intelligence, education, and manners, though possibly inferior in virtue and material wealth, to any railway guard in America. But is that any reason why I should not speak to him? If we spoke only to those whom we deem our equals, the art of language would be lost in a fortnight. And if I speak to him, why should he not sit

down by me? I have had most instructive conversations upon the public attitude towards Anarchism with a conductor whose father was a university graduate, and on the currency question and political economy generally with a black porter. As for washing, why not? They don't dirty the soap; they have, in fact, exactly the same quality of dirt on their hands as I have. At the passengers' table they eat quite correctly—except, of course, the blacks; it would be going too far to admit them. The truth is, that so far as you treat a man as an equal, thus far he tends to become one. And I, unlike **so many Americans**, believe in Democracy.

XXIX.

BUSINESS.

NEW YORK, *October 30.*

BUSINESS is business all the world over ; so, at least, I have been assured by those who ought to know. But it is more emphatically business in the United States than anywhere else. In England business is business, and there's an end of it ; here business is everything, and there is no end or boundary to it. It affords the one career in the country. Politics is a matter that a citizen must interest himself in one year out of four ; but the class which pursues politics day by day and week by week is a small one, and neither very respectable nor very respected. The Church, literature, art, the services—they may be all very excellent things in their way if anybody has the curious fancy to make a life of them. But they are hardly regarded as serious careers. The leading men, go where you will—the show citizens that your hospitable entertainer gives you introductions to—are not any of these ; they are the first men of busi-

ness. The first men of business are the first men outright.

It would be idle for me, who do not know the difference between a bill of exchange and a debenture, to attempt to give any idea of the methods on which American business is conducted. I presume that the law of supply and demand, pending its repeal by President Bryan, is much the same here as at home. Yet I seem to notice a keenness, a cut-throat ferocity of competition in America, which is at least less conspicuous in England. With us the largest and most largely advertised concerns are not necessarily the best, nor even reputed to be the best. If you want to get a bonnet, as I understand, of the one unmistakable and inimitable distinction, you do not go to Peter Robinson's or Marshall & Snellgrove's, but to some little half-lighted shop in Bond Street. So with other commodities. The various supply stores and universal providers are a vast convenience, but I have been told that there are wares a shade better to be got elsewhere. But here everybody goes to the big store of the place, for the little ones cannot live with the prices. In England—of course with limitations—quality rules the market; in America, price.

For instance, in Philadelphia everybody goes to Wanamaker's. Mr Wanamaker was once Postmaster-General of the Republic, and I should think he was a rattling good one. His store was already the largest

retail drapery and hosiery and haberdashery, and all that sort of business, in the world, when by the recent purchase of a giant establishment in New York he made it more largest still. Now the working of Wanamaker's, as I am informed, is this. It is no use going there to get what you want. You must go to get what Mr Wanamaker wants to sell. He tells you each morning in the newspapers what he has got to-day, and if you want it you had better go and get it: the chances are it will be gone to-morrow. The head of each department is intrusted with a certain amount of capital, and buys his goods at his own discretion. But woe unto him if he does not turn over his capital quickly. There is a rule that no stock may be in the house more than, I think, three months; after that off it must go at any sacrifice.

"You can always tell when Mr Wanamaker's in town," said a shop-walker, "because there's always some change being made." And then he added, in a half-voice of awestricken worship, "I believe Mr Wanamaker loves change for its own sake." For the sake of custom, I should say; for this formula of change for change's sake is one of the master-keys of American character. Mr Wanamaker keeps a picture-gallery, with some really fine modern French paintings, to beguile his patrons. To-day he will have an orchestrion playing, to-morrow a costume exhibition of spinning-girls from all the lands of the earth,—every day something new. One day, by

moving a table six feet, so that people had to walk round it instead of past it, he increased the sales of an article from three shillings to hundreds of pounds. If that is not genius, tell me what is.

But the really Napoleonic—I was going to say dæmonic—feature of the Wanamaker system is the unerring skill with which it reaps its profits out of the necessities of others. Fixing his price according to the economic doctrine of final utility—taking no account, that is, of the cost of production, but only of the price at which most people will find it worth their while to buy—Mr Wanamaker realises 10 per cent for himself, and an enormous saving for the consumers. A cargo of rose-trees had been consigned from Holland to a firm of florists, which failed while the plants were in mid-ocean. They went a-begging till Mr Wanamaker bought them up and put them on the market at about half the rate current in Philadelphia. In ten days not one of the twenty thousand was left. A firm which manufactured hundred-dollar bicycles found itself without cash to meet its liabilities. Mr Wanamaker bought up the stock and altered the maker's label as well as one peculiarity of the gear. Then he broke the price to sixty-six dollars, and subsequently to thirty-three. They all went off in a week or so. He bought the plates of a huge edition of the hundred-dollar Century Dictionary, altered the title-page, bound them for himself, and put the article on the market at fifty-one dollars and a half. In six weeks he had sold

two thousand. A firm in California, which manufactures a particularly excellent kind of blanket, was in difficulties. Mr Wanamaker bought up the stock, and sold it at a third of the normal price in three days.

All this is magnificent for the customer, and apparently not unprofitable to Mr Wanamaker. But plainly somebody has to pay, and who? The small trader. After the rose-tree deal nobody wanted to buy roses of the florists of Philadelphia. The city is stocked with bicycles and Century Dictionaries, and nobody within a radius of miles will want to buy a pair of blankets for a generation. Mr Wanamaker sends out three hundred and sixty-five thousand parcels to his customers in the slackest month of the year, and turns over thirteen million dollars annually. The small people, it is presumed, are ground to powder against the wall.

Rather similar is the story of Armour's glue-factory in Chicago. Mr Armour's original line in life, as all the world knows, is packing pork. If your tastes lie in the direction of blood, you can spend a happy morning at his place watching dying hogs kick out puncheons of it. Personally I didn't like it. Not that I object either to blood or to pork; but I resented the way in which the screaming hog, sliding down a rail by one of his hind-legs, is unsympathetically put in position for the knife by a hireling: he might at least be allowed to go to the sticker in his own attitude. But the pork-packing business is not what

it was, so Mr Armour had to look to his by-products. Nobody would pay him a profitable price, so he went into the by-product business himself. He melts the fat in huge vats, and runs it down into moulds, where it congeals as soap; the soap is run through wires which cut it, and through machines which stamp it, and there you are. The fat that is over from the soap runs into the next room, and runs out of it as glycerine. The oddments of hide and hoof from the deceased tinned meat are boiled up and cooled and run through wires, and come out glue. The hair and bristles are blown about hydraulically, and heated and cooled and curled, and come out ready for sofa-pillows. The shin-bones reappear as tooth-brushes, or go to Japan for imitation ivoryware; the odd bones are ground up into manure. The very drippings of the fat are caught in a trap, on the brink of falling into the river, and brought back captive to the soap-kettles. And what results from all this? Mr Armour, having a world-wide repute, and a world-wide business organisation, is underselling the firms which cut the price of his fat and bristles. They squeezed him; now he squeezes them. It is the fortune of war.

It is not wonderful that producers try to escape from the mutual butchery of business competition by the construction of trusts and combines. It is even less wonderful that the consumer fiercely resents these. You have only to represent Mr M'Kinley as the nominee of the trusts to raise a howl of

execration. But to what extent America is really cursed with these organisations it is hard to determine. Newspaper agitators see a trust in everything, from bread down to meat-skewers. I am hardly competent to criticise the statement, but I doubt it. It must be borne in mind that any such combination to regulate the price of a necessity of life is illegal in this country, and it is hardly credible that if they existed widely evidence would not be found to convict their members, at least occasionally. For instance, it is fairly certain that there is a trust in anthracite coal. That was as good as proved by the fact that a number of tenders being recently made for coal in Chicago, half-a-dozen firms quoted widely different figures for bituminous coal, but all the same high price for anthracite. Legal proceedings were pending, or said to be, when I left Chicago. On the other hand, it is urged that the Standard Oil Company, an arrant and unblushing trust, has been the means of supplying very excellent oil to everybody at a very low price. It seeks its profits by the extended use of oil rather than by a high price—by making it cheap instead of dear. Of course, this is no justification for leaving trusts unregulated by law; that would be madness in any State. For the more the Standard Oil Trust allures the consumer to make oil a necessity of life, the more helpless he will be delivered into its hands when some day it sees fit to pocket untold millions by

raising the price. But I believe—I may be wrong—that the present necessity for such regulation is limited to a very few cases.

But I am straying away from the question. What is the effect of this universality of business in America? It has its murderous side, as we have seen. The weak men who go down are not pitied, and especially not respected. They are dead failures. In Europe there remain some kindly superstitions under which the unsuccessful may take refuge from public contempt. A man may be incompetent, but after all he is of good family; he is well educated; he is a fine musician; he is a witty fellow. But in America the man who fails in business has failed in the one thing there is to do. The one test of worth in business is to make money, for that is the object of business. Failing in that, his failure is absolute.

But there is another side. In the first place, the pre-eminence of business is a great clip that holds this unwieldy country together. An active man of business will have interests in every quarter of the States. These interests compel him to know every part of the country, its economic conditions, the habits, pursuits, and character of its inhabitants. But for this bond I verily believe the Union would go to pieces in a twelvemonth. But contact with all parts of the country brings understanding, rubs the edge off prejudice, promotes a candid consideration of the position of others. Prejudiced or uninformed

the American may sometimes be ; wantonly unjust—I say it deliberately—never. Another good result, as I take it, of the deification of business is that it keeps democracy fresh and wholesome. Commerce is the most democratic of all pursuits. In the august presence of the dollar all men are equal. It is not this man who graduated at Harvard against that man who herded swine ; it is this man's credit and capital as set down in ' Bradstreet '—an amiable little work which gives the money value of every business man in the States, and computes the degree of trust that may be reposed in his signed paper—as against that other man's.

But all this is hideously materialistic. No doubt : only what do you mean by materialistic ? In a sense, which I will explain in a page or two, the Americans appear to me the most materialistic people in the world. But as for the love of money, I don't think they are down with it any worse than any other people. I still think, as I said at the very beginning, that it is not the dollars they worship but the faculties that got them. The man who has made money in this country has attained what is the one aim of ninety-nine out of every hundred of his countrymen. He has had the ability to do what everybody is trying to do. Is it wonderful that he is respected ? It would be wonderful indeed if he were not.

Cut off from the hard-won civilisation of the Old World, and left to struggle by themselves with the

forest and the prairie, it was inevitable that the Americans should prize most highly those less highly-organised qualities of the mind which insured success in the struggle. The others may come with time. In the meanwhile there is this consolation for those who go down. Failure may be complete, but it is never irredeemable. In Europe a boy goes into a bank; he may hate it, but in the bank he usually remains. In America he will next appear in a newspaper office, then behind a draper's counter, then in Congress, then in bankruptcy, and then in a gold-mine. You never meet the man who has got a good place and don't mean to lose it. No place is good enough for the American's estimate of his own deserts—nor is the estimate inexcusable, for no possibility is beyond his legitimate aspiration. Nobody is ever done with. And this applies to the millionaire as well as to the starveling. A man of huge fortune is always breaking out, like Mr Armour, into some new and unfamiliar trade. I have met a gentleman who made a large fortune as an ironmaster. One day it occurred to him to buy a newspaper. He did not know small pica from nonpareil, and by the time he was mastering the difference his fortune had melted away, and he had a mortgage on the house his wife and children lived in. He went about his business with an unmoved face. Why not? This was his life. He was playing the great game for the pleasure of playing it; and he played it and won it like a man.

XXX.

WAITING.

NEW YORK, *November 2.*

I LANDED myself in New York just in time for the biggest political demonstration in the world's history. Exactly how many men turned out on Saturday to parade for M'Kinley and Gold it is hard to estimate. The Silver partisans admit that more than eighty thousand men marched in the great procession, while enthusiastic gold-bugs put the figure at nearly double. Probably a hundred to a hundred and ten thousand would about hit it. Anyhow, there were so many that it hardly matters to an odd ten thousand how many there were. It was the greatest assembly of organised men this country has seen since the muster of Union veterans in Washington to disband after the close of the Civil War. It is estimated that there were more men tramping the streets of New York in Saturday's parade than there are voters in the States of Colorado, Idaho, and Nevada put together. **There** was every manner of man in the procession:

millionaires in shining silk hats, and working men in corduroy trousers. The men in one line alone were appraised by expert valuers at thirty million dollars. The head of the procession reached the reviewing stand in Madison Square at a quarter to eleven in the morning; the tail did not arrive until half-past six in the evening. Looking from the window of the 'Daily Mail' office, Fifth Avenue was dark for miles with the steadily rolling lines of paraders. Nobody ever saw so many American flags in one day. Every man shouldered this weapon, and the blending of the red, white, and blue made a violet embroidery over the black masses.

As a pageant it was far inferior to the parade I saw in Chicago the other day. There were no gorgeous floats in yesterday's procession, a huge gold-bug on wheels being the nearest approach to that sort of embellishment. There were few horsemen, and little saffron or cloth-of-gold. But there were more men. It was hopeless to try and watch it. You looked at a mile or two of it, went away, came back, and there were miles on miles still filing past. Always the same men, carrying the same flags. Yet hundreds of thousands of people stood gazing at the monotonous marching all day. Tens of thousands of men fell in line under the blazing sun after an early breakfast, and did not disband till the cold stars were out. Why? Because this solemn profession of allegiance was a sacrament of political

faith, and it would have been almost impious to get ill and go home. As the day wore on the multitude only became the more enthusiastic. The parade, which in the morning was loosely coupled and almost apathetic, wound up at night with salvos of cheers and the enthusiastic singing of patriotic songs. The whole thing was prodigious, crushing, final.

After the parade had disbanded thousands lingered round the scene of it. They had made the supreme effort of the campaign, and had nothing left to do. Many turned to needed but injudicious refreshment. At dead of night, when rival Bryan and M'Kinley meetings were held in Madison Square, the opposing crowds exchanged first arguments, then fierce volleys of cheers ; presently the cheers became insults, and then the insults became assaults. The first faction-fight of the campaign in New York was promisingly under way when the police arrived. The New York police may have political sympathies, but duty, and the pleasure of knocking citizens about, transcend all minor emotions. The embattled hosts walked hastily and ingloriously away before the truncheons. Each party accuses the other of provocation, but the real instigator of the riot was whisky on an empty stomach. Sunday morning found the streets still strewn with fragments of the great parade. Early-retiring citizens awakened in the middle of the night with a start to find the last echoes of belated cheers breaking round

their pillows. It must have been nearly daylight before the police finally swept up the scraps, and then New York enjoyed such quiet as it ever gets.

Yet even on Saturday night hundreds gathered quietly in the hotels of the city, not discussing, not drinking—doing nothing but simply waiting the result. New York is holding its breath ready to break out in huzzas or lamentations, according as the dice may fall. Never was so huge a mass of people so completely centred in one thing. In Wall Street there is no panic, but utter stagnation. The modern machinery of credit has ceased work, and business is set back centuries to the primitive conditions of hoard and barter. Nobody carries stock on credit, nobody buys, nobody lends. A man came in desperately to a leading lawyer the other day in deathly want of cash. He had two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Government bonds, but nobody would lend him a cent on them. A Jewish banker put the case well when he said: "Wall Street can take care of itself with a gold standard, and it can take care of itself with a silver standard. But the devil of it is getting from one to the other. You can sail a boat above Niagara, and below Niagara; but try to sail down Niagara, and where are you?" So the Wall Street broker to-day is hoarding his hidden gold in a stocking like a French peasant.

To flat Sunday has succeeded interminable Monday. Even to me the suspense, the idleness, has been un-

bearable. I could not sit still. I wandered vaguely about the street looking for something interesting and not finding it. And if it took the unprejudiced spectator in this way, what about the millions of actors in the momentous drama? For them the suspense is little less than an agony. Their work is over, yet somehow they have had to put in twenty-four hours without seeing the fruit of it. It is like the breathless interval between the firing of a cannon and the hearing of the report, when every second seems a year. Or you may say New York is like a besieged city, hanging, heart in mouth, upon tidings that may mean salvation and may mean ruin. It is done now, and there is nothing to do but wait. Yet upon men's minds there presses a sickening suspicion that they may have been forgotten—some effort left unmade which it is now too late to make. New York is pretending to go about its business—more for the sake of giving itself an occupation than in the expectation that the pretence will impose upon anybody. The clamorous city roars according to its wont, but the roar rings hollow somehow. Through it all you can hear New York's heart beat.

Having nothing else to talk about, people are still living on Saturday's parade. "You'd have wanted ten thousand police and soldiers to keep that crowd in order in London," I heard a fat man say. It is strange that the travelled American seldom seems to bring back the same high estimate of the orderly

behaviour of our crowds and the moderation of our police which we congratulate ourselves upon. For myself, I admit the good behaviour of the American crowd freely, but I also stoutly maintain that of ours. As to police, though the New York Irishman may not be quite so bad as he is sometimes painted, and especially behaves very well to women, I will back ours for courtesy and self-control any day of the week. But what, am I about to begin talking other things than politics on this day? We are not here to consider Saturday's crowd as a work of art, but as a M'Kinley vote-machine. Most people say it settled the matter. Of course it didn't: how could it? What bearing had the fact that a hundred thousand men paraded New York to do with the rural vote of Indiana? And the last is a vital factor; the Republicanism of New York has been discounted long ago. All the same, you see here the psychological effect of the great demonstration. If it has done nothing else, it has given men confidence, and persuaded the waverer that by voting for M'Kinley he will put himself on the winning side.

Musing thus, I thought I would go across Broadway to my old acquaintance, Mr St John, at the Democratic headquarters, and see what he had got to say. There is no great profit in visits to headquarters, for they will only tell you what they think good for you, and what they think good for you you can read in every newspaper. But I found Mr St John genuinely

and incurably optimistic. Not a doubt of Mr Bryan's election! Illinois in particular quite certain! In the latest table given out by Senator Jones, the Democratic chairman, at Chicago, Illinois was classed as doubtful. Now as no chairman's estimate was ever known to err on the side of moderation, this means that Illinois is given up as lost. But Mr St John would not hear of it. "We shall carry Illinois," he cried, cheerfully. "Shall you carry New York?" I asked, not without irony. "Yes," he began—"but no; I won't say that. But I do say we shall astonish a great many people. I'm not going on figures; I don't care a hang about figures. What I go by is this. This is a great popular moment, and the most experienced canvasser can't estimate or measure its impetus. Why, take the case of Henry George when he ran for Mayor in 1886. On paper he hadn't got a chance, but he very nearly got in. Remember that George is working on our side in this election. Why, I heard something the other day about a bank here. Its president is a great M'Kinley man—makes speeches and all the rest of it. Now, the fifty clerks in that bank probably all marched in the parade on Saturday. But I know that out of the fifty only eight mean to vote for M'Kinley."

Undeniably there is something in Mr St John's point of view. That is not a mere fancy of my own; it is proved by the attitude of many of the hottest believers in M'Kinley's chance. If ever there was a

certainty on the book, this election is a certainty for M'Kinley. But yet any element of the incalculable and unexpected must make in favour of Bryan. The influential men who have gained support for the gold candidate are not quite so sure of their influence after all. The votes are promised all right, and totted up in the Republican forecasts. But I have met more than one Republican who has frankly owned that he will feel more comfortable when the votes have been given and counted. Nobody can see how it is possible for Mr Bryan to win, and yet nobody would be surprised if he did.

No doubt a good deal of this is due to the extraordinary personal campaign that Mr Bryan has made. Nobody quite knows what he is doing in the middle States—whether he is wasting his breath or turning votes by the thousand. In any case, he is fighting up to the last moment, and fighting this very day as resolutely and as vigorously as he fought on the day of his nomination. Win or lose, he has done his best, and perhaps made the finest campaign since election campaigns were invented. Every newspaper is full of the thousands of miles he has travelled, the hundreds of speeches he has made, the millions of electors who have heard the sound of his voice, and the billions of words that voice has uttered. Consider it merely as a feat of physical endurance, and this iron man must be pronounced one of the phenomena of the nineteenth century. Through it all he has not lost

one meal or one night's sleep.¹ But it has wanted courage as well as strength. He has seen the enthusiasm of his first day's candidature fade away into the M'Kinley reaction. He must know he has been struggling to stem a torrent instead of floating on it—and that to the demagogic temperament is no light trial. And he has been struggling alone. Not one Democrat of high reputation has come forward on his side. His Altgelds and his Tillmans are notorious, indeed, but their notoriety has done him more harm than good. His loneliness is the blackest omen against him, since, if astute men of the Hill stamp thought he were going to win, they would be found at his side to share the spoil. He has fought the battle alone, and he has fought it with an elastic toughness, an unshaken courage, an unflagging fervour, that lifts him to the highest rank of popular leaders alongside of Gladstone and Gambetta.

With Monday's dusk New York has awakened from its two days' torpor. As darkness cleared the traffic from the streets you might see here or there a dense knot of men gathered at a corner. You would have said a fight or a fit. Hurrying, up you found nothing but two champions discussing the currency in semi-public. The listeners now applauded, now mocked, but not one would tear himself away. The hall of the Hoffman House, where by good luck rather

¹ On the day after his defeat he ate a beef-steak and four eggs for breakfast. That is what I call a man.

than judgment I put up, presented a mixture of Tattersall's Ring on a Derby Day and the lobby of the House of Commons on the fall of a Ministry. There were in the jostling crowd bookmakers, parsons, financiers, and clerks, men with white ties and men with no collars. You could not move, much less hear yourself speak, and by reason of the press they had ceased to serve cocktails at the bar. In the centre of the crowd were groups of political plungers, and now and again above the general tumult you heard their raucous voices calling the latest odds on M'Kinley. Yet there was very little betting. The contest was considered all one way, and though no end of information could be found that whole streets full of working men had resolved to vote for Bryan, the Republicans had established a funk. So the betting languished, and interest in offered odds palled, till the crowd fell back on the exhausting but unexhausted currency discussion. Several Free Silver meetings disengaged themselves. The Gold men responded to their vociferous arguments with an occasional jeer, but mostly contented themselves with the unanswerable repartee of putting up money to bet. The mass thinned out towards midnight, but again the crowds gathered outside and rang the chimes of the small hours with peals of cheers rolling down the echoing streets.

To-morrow!



XXXI.

THE DAY.

NEW YORK, *November 4.*

THE belated demonstrators were hardly silent when the day of destiny dawned. And almost before it had actually dawned the day's work had begun. The polls open at six o'clock in New York, and even by that hour millionaire and beggar had lined up in front of the polling-booths as if they were the pit-door of a theatre. The strain of the last few days had become no longer bearable. Nobody could lie abed when the moment for action had at last come. Unbreakfasted, unwashed, unclothed, all hastened to get the momentous vote off their chests. The clustering figures in the half-daylight, muffled in overcoats, recalled an Oxford undergraduates' eight o'clock roll-call.

It must be explained that Americans do not vote, like us, in a public building. During the last few days broad, dark-green wooden sheds have squatted on the streets all over the city. In these tabernacles

they take the sacrament of citizenship. In the poorer quarters, where the streets are narrower, shops are consecrated to the solemn rite. Usually cigar-stores are chosen—sometimes, with genial irony for the defeated candidate, an undertaker's.

By the time the city ordinarily wakes up nearly half the votes had been cast. Already New York, its duty done, had settled itself down to enjoy a holiday under the clear sunlight of an Indian summer's day. The polling-places were soon deserted, but for a little knot of party watchers, tallymen all decked out with ribbons like prize shorthorns, and the police. Rarely a candidate or some high party official bustled up on a tour of inspection; then the oracle of the voice of the people sank back into dumbness again. The party headquarters were no longer crowded as in past days. Only a few devotees were there, keeping lists and receiving reports from the polling-places. Tammany Hall itself was half empty, and almost silent. Wall Street and the other business quarters were ablaze with the national colours, but there were no business men. The Broadway shops and restaurants were all decked out in bunting, but all were closed. Fifth Avenue was as depopulated as in the middle of August. The mean streets of the East Side were filled with unshaven men, slatternly women, and barefooted children. But this assemblage was merely because here the street takes the place of the country and the seaside. Only at rare street corners stood three or

four men, with puckered faces, wondering why Mike O'Flaherty had not voted yet. Meanwhile crowds of people were streaming to the ferries and the railway stations, seeking the country. The streets gradually filled with citizens' wives and children, all in their Sunday clothes. It was a Sabbath without any Sabbatarianism. You would say the city was quietly enjoying victory instead of being in the midst of battle.

But this is a day of vast activity for the street Arabs of New York. It is their day of days in the four long years. From early dawn they began to collect every available sort of material for bonfires. Their Guy Fawkes' day is a movable feast, dependent on the day of election. All day long they steal barrels, and planks, and straw, and boxes, under the very noses of the tolerant proprietors. Impatient enthusiasts had little fires crackling, in full sunlight and in the middle of the street, as early as nine o'clock. For the rest, the only signs of public excitement were the dense black masses of people fringing the pavement opposite all the newspaper offices—awaiting tidings not yet due for six hours. Altogether it was a day of waiting, but of waiting that was endurable compared with yesterday's. To-day each man had done all that in him lay, and he could await the result with clean-conscienced resignation.

But the polling was hardly over when the supreme day became merged in a supreme night. It was a day

for work, which had been done in perfect order, and with a calmness and a dignity that fitted the momentous occasion. Mr Roosevelt, New York's Chief Commissioner of Police, told me that this was the most peacefully conducted election in American history. Hardly an arrest was made all day. The very Italian roadmakers and the Yiddish hucksters put on character for one day, and carried themselves as citizens worthy of their citizenship.

But the night was given to a gluttony of sensation, after the suspense between triumph and despair in the last hour. Before the polls closed, at five o'clock, New York had settled down to an emotional debauch. The city was drained dry of voters early in the day, and the closest polling organisation hardly squeezed out a single elector in that last hour. Now to see if the great struggle of six months should issue in a burst of prosperity or in collapse and ruin!

Hours before any news was possible great crowds had massed in the City Hall Park and in Printing House Square. Here are most of the great newspaper offices, packed together even closer than in London. One big building is shared by both Silver and Gold newspapers. Caricatures, separated only by a window, showed any given statesman as the saviour of his country or as an embezzler of public funds, according to the taste of the exhibitor and the observer. The stereopticon bulletin shows being so close together, they could be depended on for an entertaining

rivalry of picturesque sensation, which New York resolved to enjoy to the full. The towering face of the 'World' building was masked by an enormous screen, and half-a-dozen other newspaper buildings were almost as generously furnished with raw material for the cartoons and bulletins that should move to laughter or to tears. One could hardly move there by five o'clock; by six, when the first meagre results began to come in, the crush was almost terrifying in its unmeasurable and ungovernable force.

Meanwhile, inside the newspaper offices the most important work in four years was progressing feverishly. Only highly authenticated visitors were permitted inside to-night. To realise the work before the newspaper you must remember that thirteen millions of votes were coming in from points three thousand miles apart, some of them three hours in time behind the others. On the basis of whatever flimsy indications arrived before press-time the paper must calculate a result for the whole country, whose accuracy might make or mar. The biggest room in each office was laid out with trestle-tables, whereat sat men adding, subtracting, and multiplying. Each man had in his head, or at least on paper at his side, the vote of 1892 in every county and precinct, in order to estimate from the early returns of the smallest village the probable trend and force of the stream sweeping over the whole country. The opinion of thousands of counties had thus to be dealt with, and the complexity and magni-

tude of the task strained every rivet in the newspaper organisation. The scene inside the office was a combination of mad confusion and perfect harmony. A little army of boys were flying with telegraphic results to the calculators, and flying back with each result reduced to its proper place in the general scheme. The calculators mopped their brows without speaking, and calculated fiercely.

The anxious crowd outside surged denser and more terrible in its ungovernable weight. Thousands stood craning their necks to the walls of the huge buildings before them, faintly outlined against the deep sky. Search-lights spun round the horizon, lighting up signal-kites floating aloft. On the screens appeared scenes shown by the cinematographe, which were received with alternate delight and derision. When the first returns were shown the crowd lost mastery of itself. The City Hall Park is cut up by public buildings, with parallelograms and triangles of grass. The crowd broke against the wire fences, swept them down, and surged over the sacred enclosures. It could not help it. The laws of space and force were the only things that had not taken a night off for the election.

From the first moment of the arrival of returns, the direction of the stream was clearly apparent. New York City, where never before had a majority been given for a Republican President, was going steadily and surely for Mr M'Kinley. One hundred

districts, two hundred districts, three hundred districts, were heard from, and Mr M'Kinley forged steadily ahead, till his majority in the city was certain to be at least 20,000. Then the serried masses began to open their lungs, and fierce yells and whoops and cheers crashed from side to side of the great square.

Passing north-eastward through the city was like passing from a mill-race to a mill-pool. The poverty-stricken streets, where three hours before one could hardly move for the crowds of dirty aliens lounging away the holiday on the pavement, were now silent and dark, save where the chartered sons of the gutter danced and whooped around the bonfires. Early in the day these had been made from purloined boxes and barrels; now they were being fed with straw mattresses and cheap furniture. But the adults, the Italians, Poles, and miscellaneous Yiddishers, were still under the spell of their brief dignity of citizenship.

At the main police office was an election bureau for receiving the first official counts of the city voting. The bare flagstones of the stairs rang with the hasty heels of journalists scurrying up and down with despatches. In the court-room was assembled a job lot of curious listeners, and from time to time the officials enthroned on the bench hastily snatched papers from hurrying messengers and read aloud a bulletin putting a fresh nail in the coffin of Bryanism. The listening loafers chaffed the police and indulged

in good-natured horseplay, while the constables laid aside their official majesty and worked away industriously with paper, pencil, and figures like ordinary commoners. In Commissioner Roosevelt's room was a tape telegraph-machine, ticking away feverishly.

Now began the announcements of voting in the country outside of New York. Chicago came along, swinging heavily to M'Kinley. Then came Kentucky, and like portents, in crushing sequence, from East and West and South. "That settles it," snapped out a hard sharp voice, at the announcement of the certain defeat of Governor Altgeld in Illinois, and smiles wreathed the hard bitter face of an old inspector standing beside the instrument. Word quickly ran along the sentinels in the corridors and on the stairs of the downfall of the enemy of the law. The telegraph clicked more breathlessly, the official roared out the results more lustily, the journalists scurried about more wildly as the returns from everywhere came tumbling over each other, all pointing the same way.

Thence I went up deserted Broadway to Madison Square. Here a dense crowd was packed across the thoroughfare before the bulletin-boards of the up-town newspaper offices. Here doubt was dispelled in a frenzy of triumph. Many of the announcements were premature and incorrect, but enough was quickly known to send the watchers mad, and the air was torn with cheers. But loud above the cheers and the

crackle of laughter that swept the crowds when the stereoptician joked, above the grinding of the cable-cars elbowing their way and banging their gongs, arose the deafening blast of tin horns, which were sold by hundreds in the crowd. At each new triumph of Republicanism the ear-splitting bray of these tin trumpets boomed out. This was the form which the voice of the people chose to manifest its exultation. White men and black men, sober men and hilarious men, young men, staid middle-age and grey-beards, matrons and maidens, all were gravely tootling these babies' tin trumpets. Everybody was too exultant to care whether he behaved like an infant or not. There was no escape from the infernal din.

At the Republican headquarters I found the worn, pale, sleepless heroes of the fight summoning their last energies to revel without affectation of self-control in the brilliancy of their victory. Here, again, of course, were the newspaper-men, gathering the threads of information despatched to headquarters, and weaving them together into the complete tale of triumph. But hardly anybody was now concerned to add and compare returns. White-bearded, frock-coated men were rushing about shaking hands with everybody in sight. The rooms echoed with the ripple of light-hearted girls' laughter. A little army of waiters was perspiringly trying to keep pace with the unquenchable demand for champagne. Distracted with delight, the solid pillars of Sound Money could only laugh

and babble, and hurry from the tape to the window and from the window back to the tape. Their joy would not allow them to keep still one second.

At Democratic headquarters things were very different. Here was only lassitude after effort. There was no victory or champagne to fillip it into a flicker of animation. Everything and every one was most gloomily silent, with the exception of a few unconquerable optimists, who were still vainly trying to demonstrate that maturer returns might retrieve all. Tammany Hall gave up the struggle early, and by eleven o'clock was black and voiceless. Jeering enemies encamped on its steps undisturbed and unanswered.

Passing on to the University Club, I found every member present exulting and dancing like schoolboys, as a waiter read item after item of the colossal pile of victories. These fine gentlemen of New York cried for cheers for M'Kinley, hurled stentorian congratulations at entering friends, clasped each other round the waist by threes and fours, and waltzed round the room under the approving smiles of the head-waiters.

My next task was to fight my way up to Herald Square. Here were two cinematographes at work, but by now the people hardly deigned to glance at them. This was the climax. No longer was the crowd made up of men and women, but of rejoicing machines. The wide square was one riot of delirium. The crowd spread itself over the tram rails,

and almost sought to push back the crawling cable-cars which attempted to jostle them from an immediate view of the next undreamed-of success posted on the bulletins. Now rockets and Roman candles were blazing on every side. Gunpowder flared, bands crashed, bugles rang; overhead the late trains puffed and clattered, and above all rang volleys of cheers and the interminable discordant blare of tin trumpets, all blended in a furious jangle of jubilation. The whole place was mad, demoniac, inspired with a divine frenzy.

But by now it was well past midnight. Reports came rarely; the lights began to go out; gangs of young men with linked arms charged and split up the thinning crowd. The elevated trains and the cable-cars making for the northern suburbs looked as though human bees had swarmed over them. Every inch of floor and outside platform had a foot clinging precariously to it. People were even hanging desperately from the brakes and couplings. So New York began to empty, the vast assemblage falling asleep with the reaction from an excitement that was almost too intense for life. And through the crowd came pushing a man with matted hair crying the morning papers.

The night of nights was justified of its supreme destiny. The expectation had been the tensest for a generation, but the realisation had risen to it and had

overwhelmed it. The last screams of jubilation grew fainter and more distant; gradually the glamour of the dream wore off, and the city paled to ordinary dawn and ordinary day. New York was her daily self again, with the most stirring night of her recent fate behind **her**.

XXXII.

THE OUTLOOK.

SS. AUGUSTA VICTORIA, *November 7.*

WELL, it is all over, and William M'Kinley is to be the twenty-fifth President of the United States. What then? What has been accomplished by the six months of stress and conflict? What is to be the ultimate fate of free silver and free trade? Has the incoming surge of anarchy been swept back for good, or is it retiring only to thunder in again with tenfold violence on some future day, to engulf industry and order, protection and free trade, labour and capital together?

Almost the last words of Mr Bryan before the declaration of the polls were to the effect that if he were beaten this time he was ready to begin work at once on the campaign of 1900. He has been beaten, and, being a man of indomitable energy and unquenchable faith, news comes that he is all ready to fulfil his word. But the most indomitable general cannot fight battles without soldiers, nor yet with mutinous soldiers. The doctrine of free coinage lay

never really at the heart of the rank and file of Democrats. In the Rocky Mountains every man, Democrat or Republican, was white-hot for it, because it meant more mines working, more miners wanted to work them, and more money to be spent generally. The western farmer was for free coinage because he thought it offered a hope of better prices, and no other hope was on his horizon. The South was for free silver, partly for the same reason and partly because the North was against it.

But the Democrats of the North and East and central States cared no more for free silver than the rank and file of English Radicals in 1886 cared for Home Rule. They voted for it partly because it was the regular and official programme of their party, and partly because, since the partial free trade of the Wilson tariff had not brought prosperity, there was nothing else handy to vote for. And partly they did not vote for it at all. It is in these districts, East of the Mississippi and North of Mason and Dixon's line, that the loss of Democratic votes lost the fight for Mr Bryan; it is here that he must seek to win them back if the defeat of 1896 is to lead up to the victory of 1900. The National Democrats, the schismatics who supported the gold standard, hoped that a smashing defeat this year would throw the party back into their arms. They talked of holding a convention in Chicago within sixty days of the election to reorganise the party on a gold basis. Two days after the election

proposals were actually on foot for some such re-organisation in the State of New York, to include all the old leaders, like Mr Cleveland's personal following, Senator Hill, and others who have stood out of this campaign. But such reconciliations, easy enough to project, are exceedingly hard to bring to realisation. The beaten majority will never come, cap in hand, to the minority who have purchased victory by deserting to the enemy. It was found impracticable in England, and it is very questionable if any number of round-table conferences will bring it about in the United States.

The Free Silver Democrats are rancorously bitter against the Gold Democrats, and the petty vote realised by the latter at the polls is hardly worth eating humble-pie for. If the National Democrats could make it clear to the others that reunion would afford a really promising chance of victory in 1900, with attendant spoils, there might be something to say. But it is not easy to see how this is to be done.

Failing this chance, there is the free silver agitation to go on with. If Mr Bryan is to lead the next campaign, his obstinate fanaticism on the subject of silver will rule out any other question as the main issue. Supposing that in 1900 the country is in a state of commercial depression, anything like the depression of this year, that campaign would stand an admirable chance of success. All over the country people will

have come to think there might have been something in free silver after all. That is what some of the most level-headed Westerners are counting on. But unless the North and East are depressed in 1900, then it is hard to see what other device can be used to make free coinage attractive in those regions. At present, being blamed for this year's disaster, it is a great deal less popular than ever.

At any rate, the Democratic party, beaten, divided, leaderless, split with mutual recriminations, jealousies, and distrusts, is done with for the four years of Mr M'Kinley's term. It may form up again in face of the enemy, as it has often done before. It will hardly do so sooner, for we need not take the projected convention at Denver too seriously. What use will Mr M'Kinley make of the field left clear to him? His own political vision has room but for a single idea—Protection. No doubt there will be influences to make against any extreme revision of the tariff. The Gold Democrats will urge—indeed, they began it the day after the election—that Mr M'Kinley is the elect, not of a party, but of the best elements of the whole nation. They will urge that they were the main agency of his victory, and charge him with black ingratitude if he countenances any advance in protective dues beyond what is at present urgently needed to balance revenue and expenditure.

Another influence against Protection will be the Senate. It is true that the Senate of 1897 will have,

on paper, a Republican majority of half-a-dozen or so. But this includes the Senators from the silver States—Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana. Nominally Republican, these men, many of them the paid attorneys of mining companies, are silver men first, second, and always. It is true that they have voted for Protection before, but then they were bartering their voices against Republican encouragement for bimetallism. That game is up now; he who is not for silver is against it. It remains to be seen whether the Protectionism of these gentlemen will be as ready to the empty hand as it was when the hand paid cash, or at least promissory notes, for goods delivered.

But the coming President, by patronage and diplomatic arts, hopes to evade this obstacle. Even if he fails—and the silver corporations are not children to be cajoled with lollipops—it is only a case of waiting a year or two. With a handsome Republican majority in most of the State legislatures, the satisfactory leavening of the Senate with Protection needs only time. As for the Gold Democrats, Mr M'Kinley may owe them much, but he owes the industrial magnates of his own party a great deal more. Theirs will be ever the most potent voice in his ear, and it will be ever suggestive of Protection. Mr Hanna alone, as the personal payment of his cool and unerring conduct of the campaign, might fairly claim a duty on coal. But besides Mr Hanna there are hundreds of wealthy individuals and corporations that have almost the

right—at any rate in the American code of political ethics—to demand a protective policy in return for what they have done to secure this election. A campaign of education, even though it never outstep the bounds of the most legitimate influences, demands vast resources to buy speakers, literature, special trains, and the like. Without the funds supplied by these men and bodies, the campaign just over could never have been fought. Their dollars won it. They paid the piper; they will call the tune.

If we wish to look beyond 1900 down the vista of the twentieth century, there is doubtless light to be derived from the election of 1896. Doubtless there is more light than has been thrown by any of the more recent elections, for at least two of the questions that are likely to exert a controlling influence on the remote fortunes of the United States have this year been seen in germ. These two dangers—for dangers they are, and some day may be very grave ones—arise respectively out of the opposition of distinct localities and of distinct classes.

Many people have said that the United States are too large to exist permanently as one nation. Probably it would be at least as true a statement of the situation to say that their commercial interests are too diverse, and that the whole nation is too intently concentrated on the commercial to the exclusion of other influences which might keep the country together. No doubt distance has a good deal

to do with it. Distance does not necessarily beget antagonism, but it deadens understanding and sympathy. Hence there grows up a feeling between localities—let us say the big cities of the East and the mining camps of the Rocky Mountains—analogueous to the feeling that the United States entertain towards ourselves. It is not hostility, but it is a kind of latent ill-will, sedulously fostered, which is the raw material of hostility. There is no apparent reason for it, unless it be jealousy and a kind of half-voiced resentment of the fact that people who are so alike in most points, and ought to be so near, are unlike in some points, and dwell so far apart.

Besides this vague dislike which comes of distance, the somewhat emulous and self-conscious character of the American fosters jealousies between States and cities which sometimes become almost hatreds. Each city sub-consciously selects the rival nearest it in size and strength to vie with it and to detest it. A man from New York and a man from Chicago, a man from San Francisco and a man from St Louis, can hardly meet without squabbling over the respective lordliness of their homes. St Paul and Minneapolis, living on exactly opposite sides of the Mississippi, are said to be the bitterest rivals of all. This rivalry has its stimulating side, and the stimulus is very beneficent. But behind it there remains the fact that the West and South, broadly speaking, produce raw material, while the North-East manufactures and exchanges it. **A■**

long as business is good this fact does no harm. Indeed, as I have said, the business relations between buyer and seller, reseller and buyer-back-again, are a powerful clamp to keep the country together. It is when the commercial interests of the two tracts clash, or appear to clash, that danger is in the air. This year for the first time the two sides stood embattled on a direct commercial issue. The rise in wheat and the general pick-me-up dealt round to all business by Mr M'Kinley's victory have somewhat smoothed the defeat for West and South. Should there come a day when the gain of the one part of the country means the dead unrelieved loss of the other, that day the United States will be on the edge of very deep peril.

But for myself I do not see how this day is to come. In the United States themselves men have mocked at the prediction throughout, and the event, this time at any rate, has proved them right. In truth there is no solid West, and no prospect of it. To suppose that the West is seriously banded against the East on the silver question or any other is a complete delusion. The election returns dispel it in a moment. Mr Bryan carried most of the States West of the Mississippi, it is true. But he did not carry Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, California, or Oregon. In South Dakota, his own Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, and Washington, his majorities were small. Now, a country so evenly divided can never enter with effect upon a civil war. Furthermore, the com-

mercial relations between the two halves of the country, the East supplying manufactures, the West food-stuffs, forbid any such internecine madness. If there was no hint of a fight this time, when the monetary interests of the two seemed diametrically opposed, there is not likely to be next time, nor any time in the immediate future.

There remain the forces of anarchy. Ever since the bomb-throwing in Chicago seven or eight years ago, the United States, like Continental nations, have rather lost their heads on the subject of Anarchism. They see Anarchists behind every bush. For instance, Mr Altgeld is labelled Anarchist because, as Governor of Illinois, he pardoned certain not especially heinous Anarchists who had already spent several of the best years of their lives in Joliet jail. You might as well call Sir Matthew White Ridley dynamiter because he let out Dr Gallagher. It is probably true that what were called the anarchistic features of the Chicago platform—the attacks on Federal intervention in State affairs and upon the Supreme Court—were due to the personal spite of Governor Altgeld, who had come into collision with the central Government more than once. But people should have seen that this fact made them less, and not more, portentous; they were in their origin petty and ridiculous, and in effect they did the Chicago platform infinitely more harm than good.

They were meant to reinforce the lukewarm silver

sentiment in the working man of the East. They signally failed. The party of hunger needs to be offered stronger food than vague constitutional changes, which hold out no prospect of bread-and-butter to anybody. Yet on the side of labour, as against capital, the Eastern working man is certainly open to incitement. Some other time the form of appeal against capital may be better chosen, and will not fail. Americans have complained that this is the first election in which class has been arrayed against class; it will assuredly not be the last. Open warfare between capital and labour will be earlier and bitterer in the United States than in Europe, for the sufficient reason that legal organisation of industry has been left wholly wanting. Little is done by the State; all is left to the initiative of the individual. The owner of a plot of ground in New York or Chicago can put up a building of twenty storeys, if he has the mind and the capital, without troubling himself either about his neighbours' ancient lights or the width of the street. The apparent negligence is explained partly by the Americans' horror of retarding mechanical progress, and partly by their reliance on competition. They have cast overboard the law as the safeguard of individual right, and put themselves under the protection of competition, and of it alone. Now, a trust, in its exacter acceptation, is the flat negation of competition. It is a combination of all the producers of a necessary article to regulate

its price to their own profit and the loss of the public. And there are far more unlikely things than that the battle-cry of the next election will be, Death to the trusts!

Newspapers may exaggerate the extent to which trusts are able to control the prices of the necessities of life. Absolute control of supply is probably rare; coalitions among leading producers strong enough to set the tune to the market are as probably very common. Be that so or not, it is certain that commercial concerns make frequent, powerful, and successful combinations to override the public interest. One of the most odious forms of this is a combination among great employers of labour—railway companies and the like—to keep a mutual black list. If a working man offends one of them, in time of strike or otherwise, he will get no employment from any. Men have changed their names and disguised themselves in vain to escape this omniscient and merciless boycott. But all such corporations are left unfettered in a way that to an Englishman appears almost a return to savagery. The defencelessness of individual liberty against the encroachments of railway companies, tramway companies, nuisance-committing manure companies, and the like, is little less than horrible. You are as much at their mercy as in Germany you are at the mercy of the Government. Where regulating Acts are proposed, the companies unite to oppose them; where such Acts exist, they bribe corrupt offi-

cials to ignore them. When they want any Act for themselves, it can always be bought for cash. They maintain their own members in legislative bodies—pocket assemblymen, pocket representatives, pocket senators. In the name of individual freedom and industrial progress they are become the tyrants of the whole community.

On the other hand, labour, though most enviably well off, judged by any European standard, is becoming increasingly discontented and violent. It is becoming rare now to find a strike in which gunpowder and dynamite are not the ultimate appeal. Lawless greed on the one side and lawless brutality on the other—the outlook frowns. On the wisdom of the rulers of the country in salving or embittering these antagonisms—still more, on the fortune of the people in either modifying or hardening their present conviction that to get dollars is the one end of life—it depends whether the future of the United States is to be of eminent beneficence or unspeakable disaster. It may stretch out the light of liberty to the whole world. It may become the Devil's drill-ground, where the cohorts of anarchy will furbish themselves against the social Armageddon. It rests with themselves.

XXXIII.

THE AMERICAN.

LONDON, *November 12.*

THE proudest moment of my fifteen thousand miles of wandering came upon me in a bank in Chicago. As I was waiting there the policeman on duty approached me stealthily, as one about to confide a secret of deep importance.

“Are ye not an Englishman, sorr?” he whispered.

“Yes,” I said.

“I knew ut,” he responded with enthusiasm. “I knew ut the minute ye came through the dure. There is nothing like ut in the worrld.”

Howbeit, there is something very strangely like it, and at the same time most strangely unlike. That is the American. He does not look like an Englishman, yet it is manifest at sight that he cannot be of any other known breed of man. He talks English — often as if he were trying to imitate Mr Eugene Stratton, often with a clarity of pronunciation that put me again and again to shame. When

I was dictating to a typewriter and she could not understand what I said, when at last she caught the word and repeated it, I wondered why I could not make a vowel sound with the same distinctness and purity. Yet that typewriter could not spell; for the Americans, as I have hinted, are a nation of but superficial education.

But the essential difference which new environment has grafted into the English stock strikes deeper than appearance and language. If I am asked to give it a name, it is hard to find one. The American is a highly electric Anglo-Saxon. His temperament is of quicksilver. There is as much difference in vivacity and emotion between him and an Englishman as there is between an Englishman and an Italian. Yet curiously there is just as much difference between him and the Italian. His emotion is not the least like that of the Southern European. For behind the flash of his passion there shines always the steady light of dry, hard, practical reason. Shrewd yet excitable, hot-hearted and cool-headed, he combines the northern and the southern temperaments, and yet is utterly distinct from either. He has developed into a new sort of Anglo-Saxon, a new national character, a new race.

The keynote of this character is its irresistible impulse to impress all its sentiments externally by the crudest and most obvious medium. The Americans are the most demonstrative of all the peoples of the

earth. Everything must be brought to the surface, embodied in a visible, palpable form. For a fact to make any effect on the American mind it must be put in a shape where it can be seen, heard, handled. If you want to impress your fellows you must do it not through their reasoning powers, but through the five senses of their bodies.

I noticed it first in connection with their way of conducting an election. A hundred thousand men are going to vote for M'Kinley; that is nothing. Put your hundred thousand men down in Broadway, so that we can see them marching, hear them shouting; then we will begin to appreciate the fact. And the more you give us to see and hear in the way of banners and bands, the more we shall appreciate it. The demonstrative nature of the race, once discovered in this respect, soon appeared a master-key which would unlock most of the puzzles in the American. The most patriotic of men, his patriotism seems always to centre rather on his flag than on his country: he can see the flag, but he can't see the country. Why does he cover his person with childish buttons and badges? Because you can see them, and you can't see the sentiments in his mind. Why does he cling all his life to the title of some rank or office he held twenty years ago? You can hear the title pronounced, but you can't see the history of his life. A man's self is no good unless he can put a big legible label on it. Thus,

again, they will not intrust their goods to anybody without receiving a check—something you can see and jingle in your pocket. They do not read Shakespeare, but would think it almost a sin to visit England without seeing Shakespeare's house. In business they are the most unwearied and ingenious advertisers in the world. In dress they appear vain, out of just the same reverence for the concrete and indifference to the abstract. No nation in the world is in such bondage to fashion as democratic America. Her men and women, young and old, wear boots that narrow to a sharp point, like skates, two inches beyond the toes; they tinker at their faces with complexion-washes and nose-machines as zealously as some people in England tinker at their souls. But the extremest case I met of the appeal to the concrete was a lawsuit in which parents claimed damages for an assault on their child. A kick had brought on necrosis of the bone, and the necrosised bone was duly produced in court and handed round among the jury. That settled it. There was plenty of medical evidence as to the cause of death, but all this weighed as nothing to the sight and feel of the accusing bone.

It is in this sense that the Americans may fairly be called the most materialistic people of the world. Materialistic in the sense of being avaricious, I do not think they are: they make money, as I have said, because they must make something, and there

is nothing else to make. But materialistic, in the sense that they must have all their ideas put in material form, they unquestionably are.

Another characteristic which may perhaps be partly explained on the same theory, is the American want of thoroughness. Whether in building a railway or in tilling a field, in enforcing a law or in keeping an appointment, they are less thorough than we. Everything is left, to the English mind, half finished. Perhaps one reason is that a certain amount has been done; there is something to show; the instinct of display is gratified. Without waiting to perfect the details that make no show, the American turns to attain palpable and striking results elsewhere. This may not be the whole explanation. There is also the roving temperament innate in the emigrant's children. Still more to the point is the very wise and practical turn which forbids wasting further effort on what will serve its purpose as it is. This virtue they have most eminently: except for little foibles born of the desire for outward effect, they are most free from pedantry. If the American is less doggedly resolute and persevering than the Englishman, he is proportionately more irresistible and ingenious in devising possible means to attain any impossible end.

To pass from the manufactory, and the farm, and the mine, into the home, it is believed by people in this country that the American still preserves the private life of the Puritan, from whom, in some not

unexaggerated measure, he descends. But there is a good deal of misapprehension about this. As to the home, the Americans talk about it a great deal. A man never builds himself a house: he builds himself a home. But you cannot call a people who will never be happy ten years in the same place, who build themselves houses with the view of shortly moving them bodily somewhere else, who often voluntarily live in public and comfortless hotels—you cannot call them home-loving in the English sense. As to Puritanism, people point to their irreproachable novels. Yes, but look at their disreputable newspapers. They will refuse to call legs anything but limbs, yet they will readily produce generous pictures of those limbs in tights. There is no need to go into the evidence, but I am satisfied that in point of morality the Americans are neither more nor less puritanical than ourselves. And the facts that they are the hardest of gamblers and the most ingenious of blasphemers, though far from utterly damning, are hardly evidence of direct spiritual descent from the Puritans. Still less is the more important fact that, while often hide-bound by convention, America is magnificently free from intolerance.

In one virtue these men furnish a shining example to all the world—in their devoted chivalry towards their women. They toil and slave, they kill themselves at forty, that their women may live in luxury and become socially and intellectually superior to

themselves. They do it without even an idea that there is any self-sacrifice in it. Whether it is good for the women might be doubted, but it is unspeakably noble and honouring to the men. The age of chivalry is not gone; until America it never came.

On the other side of the picture is the American attitude to children and to the old. With children they are merely foolishly indulgent, thus producing an undisciplined, conceited, and ignorant youth. No American is fit to talk to until he is thirty, and he retains all his life a want of discipline, an incapacity for ordered and corporate effort. The individual may be the fresher and the stronger for it, but it is not productive of good government. With the old the accusation is graver; they are shouldered unmercifully out of existence. It would be impossible in America to find a newspaper correspondence like one which appeared in the 'Daily Mail' upon "reasonable correction" of wives. But I found in New York a correspondence on the open question whether the old have any right to respect. Many of the public thought, quite seriously, they had no right even to existence. Why, it was asked, should those who had spent their lives in self-indulgence (that is, who had not saved money) presume to stand in the way of the self-denying (or money-making)? Away with them! Now that would be impossible in England.

One explanation is that virtually there are no old in America at all. The strenuous fever of life kills

the American at fifty or so. An American woman is old at thirty. And certainly the climate helps. It is not yet certain that North America is not the deadliest white man's grave in the world. For the old families die out; the native-born population at the last census had not increased, but had heavily decreased. Maybe the climate is a man-killing one; the French-Canadians breed prodigiously, but it appears from remains that the country never carried a population comparable to many areas of the Old World. Partly it may be that the nervous unrest of life in the States is antagonistic to the begetting of children; partly it is the deliberate refusal of pampered women to assume the responsibilities of motherhood. Both these dangers are real ones. From whatever cause, the old element, the English element, the natural leaders of the country, are dying out, and the vacancies are filled by contributions from every nation of the earth. Will they blend? Will these tributaries of new blood turn the stream of national character into another channel? It is too early to say.

It is entirely to be hoped not, for the character of the present American is not one to be lightly lost from the world. His worst fault is that he dislikes us. But that—though it sound a paradox—is because he respects us. Entirely free from personal self-consciousness, the Americans are nationally most self-conscious; they resent the existence of a nation they are bound to respect. But that will go with time.

Meanwhile the American may make his mind easy about his country. It is a credit to him, and he is a credit to it. You may differ from him, you may laugh at him; but neither of these is the predominant emotion he inspires. Even while you differ or laugh, he is essentially the man with whom you are always wanting to shake hands.



THE END.

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