

1906

DECEMBER

15 CENTS

WATSON'S MAGAZINE



15 CENTS
MONTHLY

\$1.50
PER YEAR

LIBERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

2 WEST 40th STREET
NEW YORK

"Better Than Gas"

Says This New Yorker:



"I have used The Angle Lamp far beyond the time set for trial and find that one cannot be too enthusiastic over it," writes Mr. Granville Barnum, of Cold Springs, N. J. "It certainly gives the brightest and at the same time the softest illumination one could desire."

"We lived, for some years, in New York City, and used the latest and most improved appliances, devices, etc. in connection with gas or electricity and yet I must sincerely urge the superiority of this simple yet wonderful method of illumination. One can hardly say too much in its praise."

Notice please, that Mr. Barnum has used gas and electricity with all the most approved devices for years. He, like thousands of others who use these systems, would probably have pool-pooled the idea that an oil-burning lamp (or any other system for that matter) could be more satisfactory—until he tried The Angle Lamp.

He now admits that The Angle Lamp is far superior. For he has found from use that this oil-lamp gives him all that either gas or electricity can give in convenience and something more—kerosene

quality light. It floods his rooms with the finest, softest, pleasantest of all artificial lights.

Yet THE ANGLE LAMP Pays for Itself

For where the ordinary lamp with the round wick, generally considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about five hours on a quart of oil, The Angle Lamp burns a full sixteen hours on the same quantity. This, even where oil is cheap, soon amounts to more than its original cost. But in another way it saves as much—perhaps more.

Ordinary lamps must always be turned at full height, although on an average of two hours a night all that is really needed is a dim light ready to be turned up full when wanted. A gallon of oil a week absolutely wasted, simply because your lamps cannot be turned low without unbearable odor. All this is saved in The Angle Lamp for whether burned at full height or turned low, it gives not the slightest trace of odor or smoke.

Why White Light Causes Blindness

We have given you several good reasons why you should use Angle Lamps for lighting your home, reasons that appeal to your pocket-book, to your common sense and to your love of a well lighted attractive home.

There is one more reason, and it is the most important of all—the health of your eyes. The light of The Angle Lamp, while more brilliant than ordinary lamps and intensified by being all thrown directly downward upon your book, table or work, is of the soft, warm, restful quality for which kerosene oil is so justly noted—the quality which causes even the people who use gas or electricity for general lighting, to stick to oil lamps for reading or working.

There are, you know, really but two kinds of light for home use. One is this splendid, soft kerosene light. The other, the thin, penetrating colorless light such as comes from the use of a mantle, with gas or gasoline and the acetylene light.

A few years ago this white light was quite the rage. City people had all their gas jets fitted with mantle burners, and country people tried gasoline.

But they only used them for a little while. Then they went back to the open tip burner and kerosene lamp. Not because the breaking of mantles caused a great deal of annoyance and expense, although that did have its influence. No, people went back to these older systems because they found that the penetrating mantle light was fast ruining their eyes.

Do you know that the most conscientious American manufacturers no longer manufacture what is known as the "pure white" mantle? Simply because they have found what all students of illumination have found—that the pure white mantle develops a light so thin and colorless and penetrating that it pierces the

retina of the eye, and, like the X-Ray, paralyzes the optic nerve, soon causing blindness.

Yet this pure white mantle, at first heralded as the perfect imitation of sunlight, is merely the highest development of the kind of light which some people use because of penetrating qualities that enable them to read a long distance from the fixture. They either forget or fail to appreciate the destructive effect of this very quality on the eyes.

Now that fact contains another thought for you about lighting—look out for any light that imitates the light of the sun too closely! For such lights are dangerous.

Because when you read or work by sunlight you use only the diffused, softened light, never the direct rays of the sun, which so quickly dazzle the eyes. But when you work under artificial light you must always use the direct rays of light; for you know that you can't read with some-one "standing in your light."

Consequently artificial light must be of softer, warmer quality than the sun's direct rays.

And that is just why kerosene is the most perfect illuminant: the direct rays of the oil light contain just enough of red and yellow to give the softened, diffused indirect rays of the sun.

Now, reader, if you are interested in a satisfactory lighting method—a method which will cause your friends and neighbors to exclaim "how beautifully your home is lighted," that will save you one-third to one-half of what your present system costs you; that will give you the operating convenience of gas and a light of the soft, warm quality which fully rests and relaxes the tired nerves of the eye—then write for our catalog "27" and our proposition to prove our statements about the Angle Lamp by

30 DAYS' TRIAL

Yes, write for catalog "27" and do it now. For surely when such people as Ex-Pres. Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies and thousands of others find, after trying The Angle Lamp, that it is profitable to rip out gas and electricity, to throw away gasoline and acetylene outfits or ordinary lamps, it is worth your while to send a postal to find out about it.

Our catalog "27" listing 32 varieties, from \$1.80 up, and our booklet, "Lighting and Common Sense," which gives you the benefit of our ten years' experience and experiments with all known lighting methods, are free on request.

THE ANGLE MANUFACTURING CO., 78-80 Murray St., New York

200,000 Americans

HAVE PLACED IN THEIR HOMES THE WORLD-FAMED PUBLICATION

Ridpath's History of the World

This means that practically as many Americans have bought Ridpath as have bought the great Encyclopedia Britannica and the Century Dictionary combined. Can you imagine any greater testimonial for any book?

Dr. Ridpath's immortal work commands the admiration of the English-speaking world. It is endorsed by the scholarship of the world, and by the great American people as the only history of the world worth having.

THE FAILURE OF THE PUBLISHERS

Places in our hands the remaining sets of this great publication.

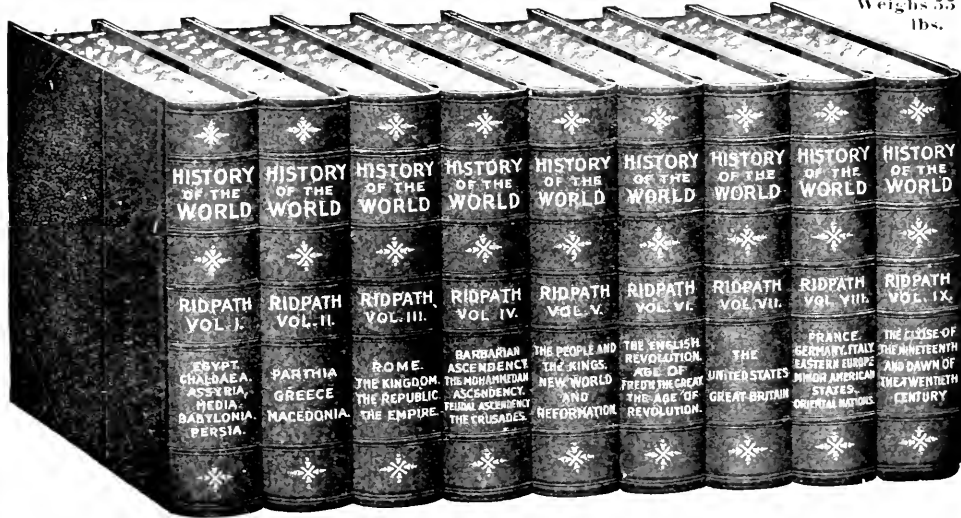
Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, 4,000 double-column pages, 1,000 superb illustrations. Brand new, latest edition, down to 1906, beautifully bound in Half Morocco. We are selling these sets while they last

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly and mail to us now before you forget it.

Here is your opportunity to secure Ridpath's History of the World at the lowest price ever offered—and on easy terms. It will cost you nothing to inspect the beautiful specimen pages and let us mail you full particulars of our offer. The sample pages are free.

Weights 55 lbs.



RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the fields of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

RIDPATH'S History is strongly endorsed by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley, Jefferson Davis, Lew Wallace, John L. Stoddard, Bishop Vincent, Dr. Cuyler, Rabbi Hirsch, Presidents of Ann Arbor, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Tufts, Trinity, Bates, Colby, Smith, Vassar, Yale, and other Colleges, and by the Great American People, 200,000 of whom own and love it.

RIDPATH'S is generally conceded the **Greatest History** ever written. It is so **beautifully written** your children will learn to **love** it. It is the **only** general history recognized as an **authority**. You should know history in these **history-making days**. This is your chance to buy it for much less than ever before.

Send Coupon To-Day and We Will Mail Sample Pages FREE.

\$1

Brings the Complete Set Balance Small Sums Monthly

FOLD HERE. TEAR OUT, SIGN AND MAIL

Name _____
Address _____

12, 06
FREE COUPON
Western Newspaper Association
204 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail sample pages Ridpath's History containing famous "Race Chart" in colors, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write full particulars of your special offer to WATSON'S MAGAZINE readers.

To Our Readers:

Every day in the year the tariff, and trusts, and railroads take from you unjustly more than the price of WATSON'S for a full twelve months. Isn't it worth while to make one more attempt to stop these robberies?

The campaign of 1908 is less than two years off. A year from now will see the present political chaos assuming definite outlines. The issue even now is the People against the Plutocrats, but the former are divided into many minor parties and cliques, each in a way an Ishmaelite, making war upon all the others.

Plutocratic victory is certain unless these factions unite; and it is the mission of WATSON'S MAGAZINE to help bring about such a union of reformers as will make victory possible. The editors unaided can do but little to bring about such a desirable result; but their readers, once awakened to the possibilities, can become an irresistible force in the coming conflict.

This is *your* magazine. *You* can make it a medium for uniting those who wish for justice. We may differ as to the means of securing justice—but after a year of honest discussion, carried on in a spirit of fair play, of “live and let live,” we can surely find common ground for uniting against the forces of greed. We *must* find this. *You* can help—no matter how modestly you regard your powers. Real democracy is not a game of “follow the leader.” It is a union of individual wills resulting in a mighty collective force for the common good. *You* can do your part—and every man must do it if the People are to overcome Plutocracy.

Every new subscriber extends the power of this, your magazine. Won't *you* get us at least one new reader NOW or in the next thirty days?

This is *your* magazine. It is the personal organ of no man, but a forum for *all* earnest men. Give us your views as to the best way. Talk to your neighbor. Get him to thinking. Get him to expressing his views. Ask him to subscribe for WATSON'S MAGAZINE—*your* magazine, and his.

C. Q. DEFRANCE, Business Manager.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

C. Q. DE FRANCE, Business Manager. ARTHUR S. HOFFMAN, Managing Editor.
TED FLAACKE, Advertising Manager.

December, 1906

Frontispiec

Editorials 161-178

*The Elections—Christmas in Politics—Prosperity—Events of the
Month—Editorial Comment*

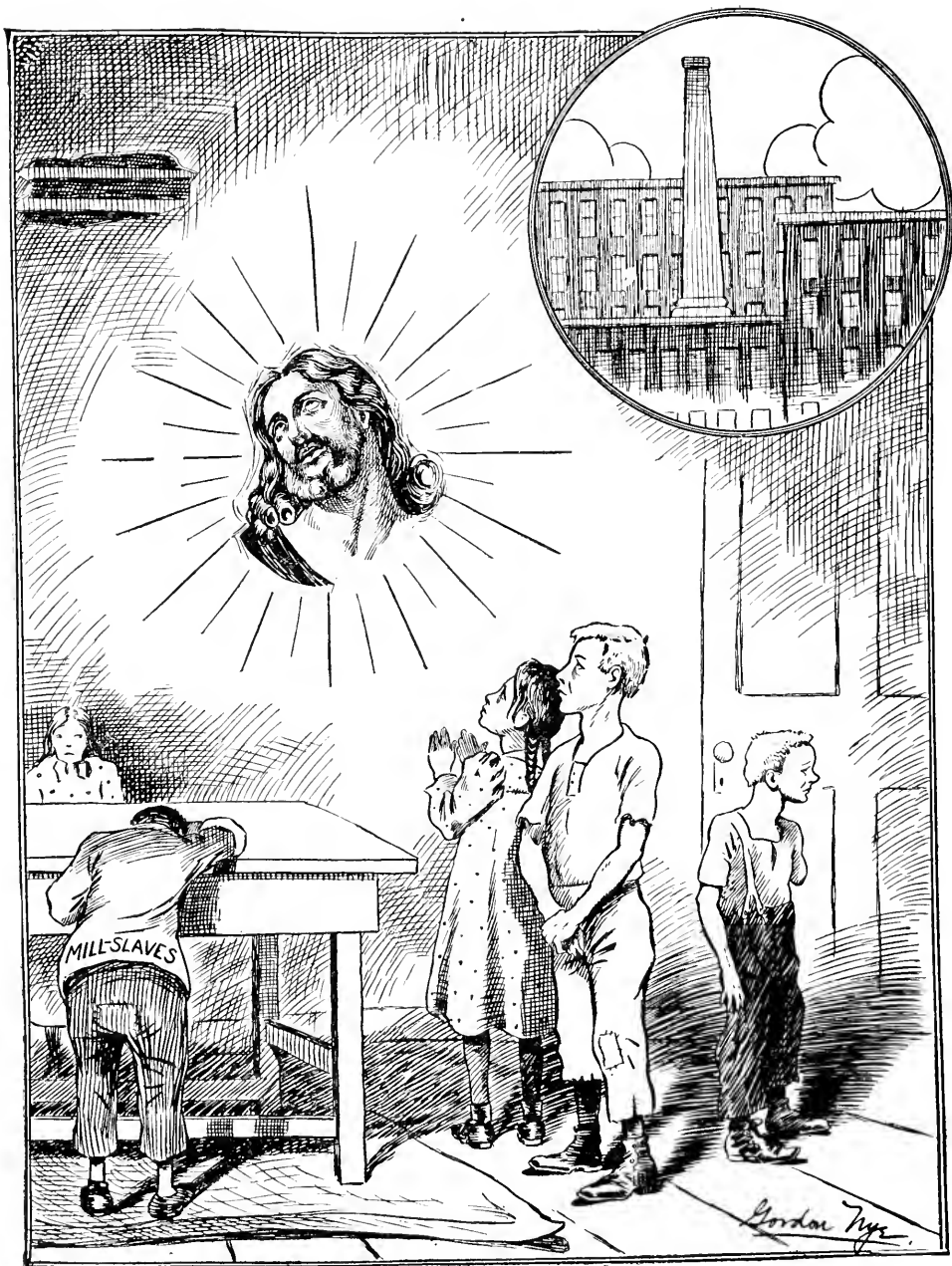
<i>The People or Plutocracy?</i>	Wharton Barker	179
<i>A Prosperous Country?</i>		185
<i>The Female Boss of Duval</i>	Guy A. Jamieson	186
<i>A Hall of Shame</i>		190
<i>Retail Selling</i>	Elteced Pomerooy	191
<i>The Labor Union and Its Unfulfilled Mission</i>	R. D. Kathrens	193
<i>The Christmas Guest</i>	Helen Frances Huntington	205
<i>A Union of 750,000 Farmers</i>	J. W. McCannon	211
<i>The Backslidin' of Martha Crocker</i>	Sara Ware Bassett	214
<i>Revenge</i>		218
<i>Some Comments Upon Recent Railroad Legislation</i>	Edgar E. Robinson	219
<i>The Day of Reconciliation</i>	Linda M. Stevens	227
<i>Private Property and Socialism</i>	Hiram Maine	229
<i>Duncan and the Suffolk Superbs</i>	Kenneth Brown	236
<i>An Immediate Vital Issue</i>	Albert Griffin	240
<i>Postal Deficit Unnecessary</i>	Calvin E. Keach	245
<i>Upon the Great World's Altar—Stairs</i>	Louise Hardenbergh Adams	246
<i>The War Between the States and the New Era (Conclusion)</i>	Edgar L. Masters	249
<i>A Question of Philanthropy</i>		256
<i>The Wisdom of the Heart</i>	L. M. Montgomery	257
<i>Home, "Christmas"</i>	Mrs. Louise H. Miller	262
<i>Benedict Arnold</i>		275
<i>Letters from the People</i>		276
<i>Books</i>		289
<i>The Say of Other Editors</i>		301
<i>"The Little Done, the Vast Undone"</i>		309
<i>News Record</i>		310
<i>Along the Firing Line</i>	Charles Q. De France	319

Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 16, 1906, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1906, in U. S. and Great Britain.

Published by LIBERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 2 WEST 40TH STREET, N. Y.

TERMS: \$1.50 A YEAR; 15 CENTS A NUMBER



THE MILL SLAVES' CHRISTMAS.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1906

No. 2

Editorials

The Elections

AT this writing it is yet too early to make a complete statement of the election results. Official figures will be required to decide a number of cases. In general the Democrats made gains. This was to be expected, because the Republican majority in Congress was too large for comfort; but for an off year, the Democrats seemingly did not do so well as formerly.

Of the 386 seats to be filled in the national House of Representatives, the Republicans won 212, the Democrats 155, and 19 are in doubt. Giving these 19 to the Democrats, the Republicans have a majority of 38.

Twenty-one districts represented by Republicans have been captured by the Democracy; 2 in Illinois, 4 in Missouri, 3 in Ohio, 5 in Pennsylvania, and 1 each in Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, and Wisconsin. In Illinois the defeated Republicans are Reives and Dickson, of the Twenty-first and Twenty-third districts; in Indiana, Cromer of the Eighth (and probably Frederick Landes, of the Eleventh); in Iowa, Lacey, of the Sixth; in Missouri, Fulkerson of the Fourth, Ellis of the Fifth, Welborn of the Seventh and Caulkins of the Fifteenth; in Nebraska, Kennedy, of the second; in New York, Wadsworth, of the Thirty-fourth; in New Jersey, Pickett, of the Ninth; in North Carolina, Blackburn, of the Eighth; in Ohio, Douglas, who beat Grosvenor for the Republican nomination in the Eleventh, Hildebrant, of the Sixth, and

McClelland, of the Ninth. In Wisconsin Babcock gives his seat to a Democrat; in Pennsylvania, Dale of the Tenth, Palmer, Eleventh and Samuel, Sixteenth. The Republicans gained the Third Kentucky District, where A. D. James defeated Representative Richardson. This is the only Republican gain so far reported. Speaker Cannon received his usual 15,000 majority, and comes back to Congress for the seventeenth time. The fight against Representative Dalzell, of Pittsburg, was futile, as Mr. Dalzell is re-elected with a reduced majority.

The following governors were elected:

Alabama—Braxton B. Comer. . . Democrat
California—James N. Gillette. . . Republican
Colorado—Henry A. Buchtel. . . Republican
Connecticut—Rollin S. Woodruff Republican
Idaho—Frank O. Stockslager. . . Democrat
Iowa—A. B. Cummins. Republican
Kansas—G. W. Hoch. Republican
Massachusetts—Curtis Guild, Jr. Republican
Michigan—Fred M. Warner. . . . Republican
Minnesota—John A. Johnson. . . Democrat
Nebraska—George L. Sheldon. . . Republican
Nevada—John Sparks. Democrat
New Hampshire—No majority; legislature will elect.
New York—Charles E. Hughes. . . Republican
North Dakota—Burke. Democrat
Pennsylvania—Edwin S. Stuart. . . Republican
Rhode Island—James H. Higgins. Democrat
South Carolina—Martin F. Ansel. Democrat
South Dakota—Coe I. Crawford. Republican
Tennessee—Malcolm R. Patterson. Democrat
Texas—Thomas M. Campbell. . . . Democrat
Wisconsin—John O. Davidson. . . Republican
Wyoming—Bryant B. Brooks. . . Republican

Oklahoma and Indian Territory went Democratic, thus insuring a state constitution written by that party.

* * * * *

The real meaning of this election as

a whole is hard to determine. Here in New York, Mr. Hearst, at the head of the Independence League-Democratic fusion ticket was defeated by some 55,000 votes, but his colleagues were elected by pluralities ranging from 1,000 to 10,000 votes.

Mr. Hearst's newspaper opponents in New York City—and that means all dailies except the *News*—congratulate themselves that the people have eradicated the "blight of Hearstism." They point to his own defeat; to the defeat of Moran in Massachusetts, indorsed by Hearst's Independence League; and to the Republican victories in Illinois and California, where the league had taken a hand in politics.

The fact seems to be that a concerted effort was made to block the progress of the Independence League at whatever cost. The Republicans deemed it potentially a more formidable opponent than the Democratic party; and it is certain that jealousy caused both Tammany and Bryan Democrats to vote for Hughes, but no more of the Republican ticket. Mr. Bryan himself was not responsible for the defection of his admirers, having in the *Commoner* and in personal letters, expressed an earnest desire to see Mr. Hearst elected.

There is much speculation and difference of opinion as to the effect of this election on Mr. Hearst's political future. He said immediately after the result was known:

"In view of the result, I have only to repeat what I have said in my speeches.

"I am enlisted in this fight against the control of government by the trusts and corrupt corporations, and I will fight it out to the end.

"But I will serve in the lead or in the ranks, just exactly as the people desire, and as earnestly and loyally in one place as in the other.

"The people have decided to retain the Republican party in power. I will make my fight in the ranks, therefore, and, as a private citizen, do my best to promote the interests of my fellow citizens."

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Richard Croker, former Tammany leader, prior to the election threw his

influence against Hearst, but since then says:

"The fact that Hearst was defeated necessarily shows that there was a falling off from him by his own side, or that he was not fully supported by Tammany Hall, or that he received only the partial support of both organizations. Of course I am unable to say to what extent he was supported by either.

"Tammany supported Hearst in order to save its own local ticket, and in so doing it sacrificed its principles. Hearst and Murphy pooled their issues.

"The Independence League, Hearst's organization, had become stronger than Tammany. Hearst's organization had occupied a position of superiority for the past two years, and Hearst achieved this result by adopting labor issues and an anti-trust platform which Tammany should have adopted, but did not adopt. Consequently Tammany Hall adopted Hearst, leaving aside its principles in order to win the local ticket. It is the first time Tammany Hall has been forced to do a thing of that kind. I would rather be defeated on principle than elected by a departure from principle.

"Hearst in this election showed wonderful strength under circumstances that make him a factor in the next Presidential election, either as a candidate himself or as affecting the chances of the candidate on whose side he might throw his forces. The governorship election showed that he had a great following among the working classes."

The *New York World* says:

United States Senator John C. Spooner is of the opinion that Hearst's defeat does not end his political career.

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, thinks that the election in New York decides not only the fate of Hearst, but that Bryan also goes down and out with him, and says there is no one to lead the Democratic party.

Secretary Bonaparte of the Navy thinks that Hearst is buried for some time at least.

Mr. Bryan said in an interview on Oct. 8:

"The reduction of the Republican majority to 40,000, as the returns now indicate, is a triumph for Mr. Hearst, as much as if he had been elected.

"It may yet develop that the Democrats have won two or three of the disputed governorships, and I prefer to await the final figures before making a formal statement about the elections."

The *New York Evening Post*, a most pronounced anti-Hearst paper said:

There is a sobering aspect of the election. It undoubtedly spoke of a great protest and popular revolt. If the unformulated discontent of the people could have been voiced by a leader who was not at once a

demagogue and a hateful personality, it would have taken an impressive and ominous shape. Even with Hearst as its selfish exploiter, had the times been bad, nothing could have saved the Republicans from being submerged. As it was, thousands of angry citizens who detested and distrusted Hearst, yet voted for him in order to record their resentment at what they thought betrayal by Republican leaders. The way in which multitudes of the poor and ignorant stood by their ideal of Hearst as the righter of their wrongs was deeply pathetic. It is a dumb unreasoning loyalty with which Mr. Hughes must reckon.

Our escape from Hearst does not free us from the duty of weighing rightly the forces which alone made him formidable. Recognition of that is general. Secretary Bonaparte sees something "ominous" in the touching if misdirected devotion and hope which Hearst's appeals evoked, and declares that we must be prepared to "deal with the questions" he has been agitating "in a spirit at once liberal and conservative." Such Bunsbyisms we do not ordinarily get from Mr. Bonaparte. More specific is Major Henry Higginson, of Boston. In Massachusetts, too, corporations and the rich at ease in Zion had their fright; and considering the old-time Republican majorities, the defeat of Moran by only 30,000 shows a break-up and discontent as marked as in New York. On all this, Major Higginson remarks with much point and force:

"I cannot help thinking that we deserved this shake-up. Many men have grown fat and lazy, and have thought of nothing but their purses, automobiles and good dinners, and in their way they are just as bad citizens as the loafers in the street who do not care to do a day's work. A lot of successful men have been pushing their success to a dangerous point, and have been flaunting it in the eyes of the public. It is the old story about a larger and wider philosophy and religion which have got to come to the front and choke such nonsense as Hearst and his followers put out."

Major Higginson's conclusion is: "Today is the day to heed the signal."

Henry Watterson, in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, said:

The election of Hearst meant the final overthrow and death of the Democratic party. It meant the creation in its place of a brand-new party, with Hearst for its cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night; in other words, the setting up of Hearstism in room of Democracy.

Whatever the individual Hearst may be, he is not a Democrat. Whatever Hearstism may be, it is not Democracy. That Hearst gave utterance to many ugly truths during the just-ended campaign need not be denied; but no candidate for office can be separated from his character, his associates and his methods. Hearst bought and paid for the

official Democratic label. Through bargain, intrigue and treachery he made a foul deal with Tammany. With his money and his machinery he constructed a holding company called the Independence League. By the excesses and extremism of his newspapers he consolidated the labor-union vote. All this was purely personal politics, selfish politics, venal politics. At the best it could only have substituted in New York for a corrupt Republican ring a corrupt Hearst ring.

But its triumph would have misled honest Democrats all over the land. Its triumph would have poured into the next dominating National Democratic Convention a flood of base money, a flock of unclean birds of prey, and a noisome omnium gatherum of mercenaries, adventurers and crooks. It would have both diverted and deflowered all Democratic standards.

Death were preferable to this.

Even the plutocracy of England felt called upon to sound a note of "warning." The *London Spectator* said:

Hearst still remains one of the two great personal forces in American politics. America is beginning to realize that unless equality of opportunity is maintained by constant state interference opportunities will soon become flagrantly unequal. The law is too often simply the screen of the rich. It is not surprising that everywhere in America there is a feeling of despair and a proneness to adopt desperate remedies.

Hearst owes his strength to his representation of the great national longing, and he owes his defeat to the fact that Roosevelt represents the same longing and the majority of the people believe Roosevelt's is the better way.

But the narrowness of the margin conveys a warning to America to put her house in order by a reasonable method or prepare for sterner discipline.

* * * * *

Our own judgment is that Mr. Hearst, far from being eliminated as a Presidential possibility, will be found to gain in strength the next two years. He may not be the candidate, he may not even aspire to the nomination; but he will be a powerful factor in the next national convention.

We agree, however, with Mr. Watterson that his success will mean "the final overthrow and death of the Democratic Party"—as it is at present constituted. That it will mean "the creation of a brand new party," with the principles so ably defended by Hearst—and not Hearst himself—"as

its cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night." What Mr. Hearst stands for, and not Mr. Hearst the man, is the life of the movement he leads and will continue to lead, even though he is nominally serving in the ranks. No recent movement has been so little influenced by personality, or so much influenced by principles. Mr. Bryan, widely known and loved for his big heart and personal magnetism, has thousands of followers who idolize the man, but make no secret of disagreeing with him on many questions. Mr. Hearst is to countless thousands only a name. It is true that he is loved by those who personally know him—but these are comparatively a mere handful. His following, therefore, is not influenced by a magnetic personality, but by the attractiveness of the principles he supports.

Mr. Bryan, having lectured to hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, at various Chautauqua gatherings, is probably the best known man in America—the President not excepted. That is to say, more persons have grasped him by the hand and chatted with him in an unconventional way, than have similarly met any other American citizen.

Doubtless Mr. Hearst's retiring, almost shy, disposition, cost him votes at the recent election; but if we go on the theory that principles and not men should receive our support, then his showing of strength is all the more gratifying, because it will persist, whether he or someone else is the nominal leader.

Mr. Hearst's marvelous faculty for organization is sure to count. To manage one large daily like the New York *Journal* would tax to the utmost the powers of most men; but Mr. Hearst has a string of big papers, here, in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and all of them, although widely separated geographically, work harmoniously together with the precision of clock-work. His work in organizing the League of Democratic Clubs first showed his ability in the field of politics; and now the Independ-

dence League, less than a year old, has established its right to appear on the official ballots of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois as a recognized party. This alone is a feat to be proud of, because the more recent election legislation in all states has been with an eye to suppressing third party movements by making it almost impossible for them to acquire or retain a place on the ballot.

That this league movement will extend to other states is a foregone conclusion. And whether it will supplant the Democratic Party in 1908 or later depends upon what that party does to reform itself. Mr. Bryan's attack on Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, if successful, and if extended to all members of the party in Sullivan's class, would have meant the death of the Democratic Party and a Phoenix-like arising of a new and different Democratic Party upon the ruins of the old. All history points to the futility of trying to reform a party or church from within. The reforming pressure must come from without. And the Independence League bids fair to be the instrument to apply the necessary pressure.

Whether the chief opposition to the plutocratic Republican Party in 1908, is to come from the Democratic Party, the Independence League, or some other, is in the realm of prophecy. No one can foretell how fast the movement for "equal rights to all, special privileges to none" will progress. It was not powerful enough to elect Mr. Hearst Governor of New York this year—although the plutocrats are shaking like an aspen even yet. It *may* be strong enough to elect him President in 1908—God knows it *ought* to be—but plutocracy is powerfully entrenched and has millions of wage-slaves to do its bidding.

It may be Mr. Hearst will prefer to "serve in the ranks" and lend his great gifts of organization to elect some equally sincere candidate, who has a greater personal following, but less ability as an organizer. He may prefer to be a Warwick rather than an Edward.

C. Q. D.

Christmas in Politics.

ISN'T it? Of course—everything is, with the possible exception of statesmanship. Just step over to the fireplace and see what the politicians have put into your stocking this year. Don't look too closely—but we common people never do that—for it is rather a nasty mess and might spoil our Christmas jollity. For it has been a prosperous year, you know, and the politicians have put in a good deal, in spite of putting by considerable.

Yes, there has been a lot going on this past twelve months and now the end of the year comes and it is time to look back. Let us do it now, then, with a good Christmas dinner in prospect or in digestion and with our minds tempered to something of philosophic kindness by the spirit of the season. By all means let us be fair; if at times we must give the Devil his abiding-place, let us also give him his due. Yes, let us be fair to all men, and especially to ourselves—even if it hurts

While we are at it we might as well look forward a little, too. Why not make our New Year's resolutions now, instead of waiting till our Christmas dinner has disagreed with us and made us feel so bad and sour that even good resolutions appear good and sweet by contrast? That is no spirit to make good resolutions in!

1907! In a few days that will be the date we shall have to begin all our letters with, put on all our legal documents, our newspapers and magazines, everything. There are not many hours left in which we can write the 6. Then, throughout the world, by day and by night, in happiness and in sorrow, everyone will write a figure 7 in its place, and that 6 will be dead forever—gone, vanished utterly. Who knows what may happen before we—if we are then alive—can write another 6 at the top of our letters? Who knows?

1906! What has it brought to us? Surely not all bad? Surely not all good? And, in particular, what has it brought to those Christmas stockings of ours at the year's end? Surely not all bad? Surely not all good?

How could one find the myriad answers to these few questions? Let us not try that. Each of us knows much of both the good and the evil that have come to our country during 1906, and no two know the same. But in these days when the reformer is abroad in the land and even the people themselves are awakening there have been unearthed and brought to light many grave scandals in the body politic and in the walks of trade. Of these sore places all of us know at least something—"muck-rakers," beef-packers, insurance thieves, corporation vultures, bribed officers of the public, all are familiar terms. Our name has become a byword among the peoples of the earth, and the nations point a finger of scorn at our experiment in democracy, our "government for the people of the people, by the people." We could bear *that*. It is the shame of our own hearts that makes us writhe.

That is the legacy of 1906. Let us thank God for it!

Knowledge of evil, shame—these are the beginnings of all that is good, all that is true, all that is just. Until now, we have builded upon the foundation of our own self-ignorance, upon our own blind self-righteousness, upon our vain-glorious self-esteem. We thought that we, being Americans, were the one free people of the world; that, compared to other nations, our blemishes were slight. Now we know.

Now we know, and, being Americans, we will proceed to set things right. We will lay our hands upon the root of the evil and tear it out and trample it under foot! Those who have betrayed us, them will we rend limb from limb, that traitors may have their due and the land be purged! Those who have ground down the helpless, their names shall become a shame throughout the world!

Empty boastings! Blind, unreasoning, stupid cant! The unconscious hypocrisy of the fanatic! With all our knowledge of evil, with all our shame, still our self-ignorance, our blind self-righteousness, our vainglorious self-esteem live on.

For which among us shall cast the first stone?

Why do the trusts, the thieves, the grafters work their evil will upon us? Why are the corrupt in power? Because we let them. The fault is ours, not theirs. Ah, but now it is time to turn them out! Exactly. And another set will promptly take their places. Perhaps some of us may be among the number—which adds zest to our hue and cry against the first set of rascals.

What, then? Obviously it is our commercial and political system that is to blame, not the men who very humanly profit by its weaknesses. Democracy is better than all that has gone before, but we have not yet learned how to apply it. The end is good: the means have been bad. Let us be rid of enough of our ignorance and boastfulness for that cold fact to sink deep into our minds and then, in seriousness, carefulness and justice, correct the means in order that we may attain the end of true democracy. There are laws to be enforced, laws to be passed, laws to be made void; there are institutions to be modified, wiped out, created. And, when we have done, if we act wisely, we shall have better laws and institutions than we have now. Yet under these new laws and throughout these new institutions we shall have graft, injustice, betrayal of trust, just as we have them now, but, from lack of opportunity, in less degree.

It will be the same old, old game, with the rascals a trifle heavier of foot and the honest men a trifle more alert, a bit more courageous. For what laws we may pass and what institutions we may create must be only human laws, only human institutions, and whatever restrictions we may be wise enough to lay upon ourselves, those restrictions we shall prove crafty enough to evade. Better may still be bad.

But that much, at least, we can do—we must do, for it is a duty plain and strong before us. We can limit graft, injustice, treason, by stringent regulation, and then bear the evil left

upon us with what grace and hope we may.

Yet what a flat, disappointing future to look forward to! What an inglorious end to all this valiant clamoring against the evils of the day!

For these evils will remain, and the once boastful exponents of democracy must admit to the world that, even should France, Switzerland and Brazil succeed, we have irretrievably failed to prove that the people, not the few, can rule a nation. We, who once called to the nations to come to us if they would have freedom, must eat our words and own to chains we cannot break. We, who once looked with scorn upon the peoples yoked under a monarchy, must bitterly confess that the yoke upon our own necks is heavier than theirs, for kings may be deposed and customs change, but of the yoke upon *our* necks there is no shaking off. We placed it there, and it is part of us until we die. We that bragged so loudly of our enlightenment and are ruled by a few men, much money and infinite dishonesties!

And all our talk is of laws and customs to make our slavery lighter. Thus, even in our abasement, even in our anger against those we ourselves have made our oppressors, it is our vaunting self-esteem, our dull self-ignorance, that blinds us to an only hope! One true, real hope—even the impossible cannot crush a thousand phantom hopes from breasts that have breathed freedom. Yet from the one hope that is a hope we turn our faces.

The one hope is written in the geometries—*the whole cannot be greater than the sum of its parts!*

The whole cannot be greater than its parts! Nor less, nor worse, nor better! Herein lies the hope, for herein we find the incontrovertible Truth that points the way—a truth so simple, so universally known, so long in the minds of men that it is become an empty axiom, dead under the dead weight of less enduring things, buried under a thousand vain theories and maddened remedies.

If America is great, it is because the

sum of its parts is great; if evil, it is because the sum of its parts is evil. And from that point it is such a very tiny step in arithmetic to the fact that if the sum of the parts is evil it is because the parts themselves are evil. And *we*, good people, are the parts!

A very simple problem, truly, but one whose answer we have been ignoring, unshakable and self-righteous in our individual conceit. "But we are not *all* bad!" someone cries out. No, all of us are not all bad, but the gentleman who cried out will please remember that it was the Pharisee who once cried out in much the same tone of voice. *Who* will stand out from among us and say, "I am a perfect part. The rest may be bad, but *I* have contributed no evil to the general fund." *Who* will so stand out and thus prove himself not human but divine?

And let no Pharisee arise, saying, "I am an honest man and a good citizen, at least, and better than my neighbor who betrays his trust or sells his vote." Lest perhaps the parable of the mote and beam may apply to him who speaks! And whether it does or not, the question we have to face is not one of our neighbor, but of *ourselves*. If our neighbor is bad and we ourselves fairly good, it is still true that the *sum* is evil and that you, that we, are not good *enough*, since our goodness is not big enough to outweigh his badness. It is with the *sum* and with *ourselves* that we are primarily concerned.

No, look down into your own heart and find a part of our country's question answered there.

Make sure that *you* are divine, not human, before you lay the blame at your neighbor's door. Let us play the man, not the coward or the fool.

Have you ever sold your vote outright? "No!" answer a dozen voices. "Yes," one voice admits.

Though you have never received cash or direct payment for your vote, have you ever cast it with an eye to your political, financial or personal gain? The chorus of "No's" is not

quite so loud. There are some who hesitate; perhaps they are not quite sure of all the question means. It means more and more and still more as you think of it. It reaches into the inmost recesses of your heart, seeking relentlessly, restlessly, irresistibly among the tiny hidden things until it lays strong hands upon its shameful victim and drags it forth into the light of your eyes—the time you voted for So-and-so for the legislature because he, as a public law-maker, would advocate a certain measure you knew would help your private business; *not* because you believed him to be the best man to represent *all* the people of your district—ah, yes, you had forgotten that! The time you voted for Smith for city council, and worked so hard for him at the primaries because you felt sure he would try to prevent the new trolley-line from clanging along right under your side windows, and would have it go down Main Street instead and bother other people; *not* because you thought him the best man for the place. The time you voted for Brown for Congress because he favored a tariff for revenue only and you were an importer of foreign goods; *not* because you thought him fit for the place. The time you voted for Jones or Gray or Martin for this or for that, because you knew his election would benefit some small private interest of your own; *not* because you wanted to choose the man who would best represent the interests of the majority. Do they come back to you now, these little things you had forgotten? The time you voted for O'Connell because he was a friend of yours, or because Schwartz's wife had gossiped about your eldest daughter; *not* because you believed O'Connell a better man than the German? The time you voted for—but *you* know. Now take account of yourself.

Another question. Have you ever voted for a man for any office, city, county, state, national, without *knowing* that he was the best man for that office, or without having investigated to your *fullest* ability? Have you ever voted for or against a measure or a

policy without having investigated it to your *fullest* ability, not having merely formed an opinion from those of other people? How many of us dare deny it?

Another question. It is said we are not to be damned for doing evil, but for *not doing good*. Merely avoiding crimes will not build up the edifice of good that the world must have for its progress and its salvation. Have you ever, in all your life, for any reason short of absolute necessity, omitted to cast your vote in any election? The man who complains against evil in high places, against rottenness in the whole of which he is a part, after having neglected to do his part toward preventing it, should be struck across the mouth as something more contemptible than the grafters against whom he complains. They at least are honest rascals, trading their souls equally for booty, but he is the vampire that saps the strength of all good—demanding everything, but giving nothing.

“What does my one vote amount to? What good can one man do?” What fool’s talk! What good does *any* one vote amount to? Yet it is the sum of these single votes that decides the future of city, state or county. What *can* one man do? Yet it is the sum of their efforts that accomplishes all things.

Another question. Have you ever placed party before principle? Ah, yes, there are hundreds of cases in which party itself stands for principle, but there are thousands of other cases in which it does not. Have you ever placed party before principle? The chorus of “No’s” is very small indeed and rather weak!

The whole cannot be greater than the sum of its parts. The country cannot be better than the citizens that are its parts, and if among *us* evil preponderates over good, so will it preponderate in the Nation. Our Nation *is* its people.

It is only idle to rage against those who, under conditions we have helped to make or allowed to be established, have accumulated vast wealth at our

expense. It is theirs by right, and we gave them that right. How many of us would do the same if we were in their place! It is only foolish to curse the traitors and grafters who have, very humanly profiting by conditions, abused public trusts and robbed the public coffers. Punish them as we would any other criminals and have done with them, but do not blame *them* for what *we* have made not only possible but natural, for the same sins that *we* commit according to our opportunities. For we, Pharisees and hypocrites, have equally betrayed a trust. Let us, the parts, make those parts better—and behold! we have already builded a better whole. There has been too loud a clamor about our *rights* and too awful a silence on the subject of our *duty*.

And yet we are not even now at the heart of the matter. The fact that we have neglected or violated our political duty as common citizens is not quite the fundamental evil underlying the Nation’s shame. There is one step yet to go. We find our country corrupt because we, its parts, have failed in our public duty, but we, its parts, have failed in our public duty *because we have failed in our duty in the private walks of life*. It is in our attitude toward our families, the people next door, the man on the street or in the field, those with whom we do business, toward our own consciences—it is in these that the real evil lies.

Have you imposed upon your wife, encroached upon your neighbor’s lot-line or left rubbish in your backyard to offend his eye or nose, crowded the man on the pavement from his right of way, underpaid or overworked him in your field or at your desk, put sand in the sugar or accepted a “gift” when you awarded a contract? Have you forced him that is under you to carry some of *your* burden because you had the power, shifted from your shoulders responsibility for wrong practices in behalf of him that is over you, given short weight or short measure? Have you used your position for unjust extortions “on the side,” em-

ployed children in your factories, robbed your employer of part of the time you are paid to give him? Have you held your boy on the farm to help you when he should be living his life for himself, kept your daughter a drudge instead of a free human being? Have you driven an unjust bargain?

"But what have *these* things to do with a corrupt United States Senate? It is absurd!" As absurd as you please, but the whole cannot be greater than the sum of its parts. Little things, most of them, things that are "nobody's business but our own," and yet these little things are those that shape our private characters, our private characters determine our actions as units in our system of government, as parts of the whole, and the whole is its parts, neither greater nor less, neither worse nor better.

It is these little things that make our characters, that influence the characters of others, and all of us together are the nation, *the people*. Our private characters become the character of the people as a whole, and how can we expect the people collectively to be anything but what they are individually? If we, each of us contributing his one part of the whole, have built our parts imperfectly and besmirched them more or less with false principles, selfish ambitions, dishonest methods, how can we hope to see the whole of the people, that is builded out of these parts, anything but imperfect and besmirched with false principles, selfish ambitions, dishonest methods? How can we look for anything else than the insurance scandals, beef outrages, railroad extortions and myriad grafts that have become a stench under the nostrils?

But let us lay aside this negative morality. These are evils to be corrected and they are at our own fire-sides, not the Nation's. Let us correct them and then turn from the business of not doing wrong to the business of doing right.

Our country is what we make ourselves. Evil will not down at the mere making of laws and institutions.

These of the present have been found wanting and new ones must take their place, but there must be *better men* to carry out those laws, to carry on those institutions. It is we who must become those better men. Not our neighbors, but we, ourselves.

We might begin by hauling out from its dusty corner the true old idea that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Perhaps, after all, there are things more worth while than money. Let us no longer make it the measure of our neighbors and of ourselves, no longer set it as the goal of our ambition. Success? Is that, too, worldly wealth? Or is it something better than that?

Somehow, our standards have all been wrong. Let us establish new ones in our daily lives. Let honesty count for something, and honor. Let full justice to our families and our fellows count for something; unselfishness, clean living, fair dealing, love of country, sense of duty, the rights of others, the good of all—let these be the standards by which we judge our neighbors and ourselves! If a man attains these in reasonable degree, let us give him our honor and esteem; if he lacks them, let him feel in the home, in society, in business, in the church, in the state, that, no matter if he be rich as Cræsus, as accomplished as Satan, he has been weighed and found wanting and is a shame before the eyes of men.

Let us teach our children that wealth and position are of value if rightly gained and justly used, yet that these are things a knave may acquire; but teach them that duty, justice and true patriotism are the highest, for these only a true man may have.

And behold, the Nation becomes clean again!

The place to begin work for a more honest Senate, a better House, clean legislatures in the states, an unimpeachable judiciary, just men in office, reforms in "high finance," improvements in our commercial and industrial systems, for true democracy and the

abolishment of graft—the place to begin real and lasting work for these things is by our own firesides, across our dinner tables, over the side fence,

in our offices or shops, in the school-room and in our own hearts!

Just a theory?

It is as true as death. A. S. H.

Prosperity

THIS Magazine and all the energies chiefly represented therein will hereafter be devoted to a strenuous endeavor to bring about prosperity!

It is no longer necessary to persuade the people that great evils exist which stand in the way of general prosperity in this country. That work has been very thoroughly done. So thoroughly that the great mass of the intelligent people of the country know what these evils are, and are a unit in demanding their removal. It only remains for them to agree upon the wisest and speediest methods of removal.

They know that giant trusts organized chiefly not to carry on industry and enterprise, but to realize quick millions sponged from the savings of the people through the sale of watered stocks, control some of the country's greatest enterprises and industries. They know that these industries under that kind of control are run with a view of getting the highest possible monopoly price for the product from the consumers on the one hand, while paying the lowest possible price to the actual producers on the other. The chief, and apparently in some cases the only, object being to influence and manipulate the speculative price of these stocks by paying an abnormal share of the prices extorted from the consumers in dividends thereon or by reducing dividends or withholding them altogether.

They know that the coal and oil deposits of America are being monopolized and controlled for similar purposes of unwarranted extortion, without regard to the people's rights, and that the great avenues of transportation

and communication are not only being largely managed in the same way, but are also being used to further the unjust ends of the combinations named.

They know that through similar combinations the grain and cattle raisers of the West are compelled to accept only a fraction of the price received from the Eastern and European consumers of such Western products, while these railroad and such other combinations confiscate the rest either as railroad freight rates, terminal and car charges, or in some other similar way.

They know that Eastern agriculturists are as unjustly dealt with, and that the New York State farmer who raises, feeds and cares for his cows gets only about one-quarter the price the city consumer pays for his milk, and that the railroads and the Milk Trust get the rest.

They know that while the great agricultural West and the cotton-raising South are regularly embarrassed for money to move their crops and are often forced to pay usurious rates for it or to get it under usurious conditions, millions of the people's own money are regularly handed to the New York banks free of interest, but under the guise and the name of Government deposits, to relieve the necessities of stock speculators there. They know that step after step has been taken to deprive these industrious producers of every kind of Government paper currency, from silver certificates to Treasury notes, with the plain object of giving a monopoly of the issue of this nation's paper currency to the national banks, and with the evidently

intended result that every dollar of paper currency used by this busy commercial people must be passed over a banker's counter and the user compelled to pay interest for it. They know that nearly all the financial legislation introduced and passed in the nation's Congress is in the interest of this monopoly or in the interest of bond speculators and money-changers.

They know that public franchises are being bought or sold or stolen for use for private profit, and used largely without regard to the people's needs, and often in direct and violent outrage of their plainest rights.

They know that these trusts and monopolies are entrenched in our Senate and Congress and in our state legislatures in force great enough to enable them to hold up, delay and often finally smother or defeat every measure of relief from their extortions that the people want, and to push through almost any legislation that the Trusts want.

They know that these Trust representatives in our Congress and legislatures are being steadily recruited by skilful, boss-directed control of nominations for such positions *on both party tickets* with the end in view that whichever congressional or legislative nominee the voters elect, a trust representative will be sure to be sent.

The people know these things and a large majority of the thinking citizens of all parties are evidently ready to join hands in a determined effort to abolish them. The main object being to restore and permanently establish normal and just conditions without prejudice either to capital or labor, and

to bring to all our industrious people the general and generous prosperity which, but for the charges and extortions, they would now be enjoying.

Hereafter this Magazine will be devoted to that work, and to a discussion—a broad and liberal discussion—of ways and means of bringing it about.

Therefore we invite the interest and co-operation of everyone interested in this endeavor and every capitalist or laborer contributing to this result.

We especially ask the views of those high-minded, courageous and generous-hearted employers of labor who have proved by actual experiment and have demonstrated to a grateful world that it pays, even in dollars and cents and in tangible profits, to treat men and women workers as they would have their own wives, sons and daughters treated, instead of as if they were mere pieces of machinery. We invite such employers to give us their experiences and any suggestions they have to offer their fellow-employers.

We also as earnestly and cordially invite every thoughtful and experienced labor organizer or labor leader who has the betterment of the conditions of his fellow-workmen at heart to give us his views.

To our old friends and fellow-workers in the many fields of progressive reform to which this Magazine has been devoted, we say that our latching string is always out, and we urge them to join these newer forces in this new and affirmative effort and determination to bring about general prosperity.

JAMES BARTLEY.

Events of the Month

In another department, the "News Record," will be found in chronological order those news items which we believe will interest our busy readers. It is not intended to record in that department sensational news, unless it has a

direct bearing on the progress of democracy. But everything which tends toward reform, or which teaches a lesson in democracy, will be found, stated in as brief a manner as is consistent with clearness.

Under this heading we expect to comment editorially upon current events, showing the bearing each has upon true democracy.

Less Governing

Many "Jefferson" Democrats conscientiously oppose public ownership and operation of the railroads, because they believe that that is the best Government which governs least—that, aside from preserving the public peace and health, meddles least with private affairs. But do the facts square with the theory? Would public ownership cause more governing?

A recent instance is in point. The Pennsylvania Railroad, being obliged by law to sell tickets at the rate of two cents per mile, acquiesces. But it does a little legislating on its own hook—a little governing on its own account. By a "ruling" it is decreed (by the Pennsylvania Railroad—not by either state or Federal authority) that passengers who fail to buy tickets, and pay on the train, are to be charged an additional 15 per cent. of the tariff rate, and no refund will be made.

One going a hundred miles over the Pennsylvania would thus pay 30 cents extra—a tax of 15 per cent. imposed by a governing power just as real as though it were the State of Pennsylvania.

It is worth while for these Democrats to think little. We are now governed very much—too much—by nation, state, municipality, township, school district, railroads, banks, light companies, street railroads, etc. Public ownership would consolidate these—but need not *increase* the amount of *governing*.

Municipal Ownership Growing

Municipal ownership marches on. New York City has been operating the ferry to Staten Island for over a year—and with success. Now the city buys the Thirty-ninth street ferry for three quarters of a million dollars and will operate it. Three new boats are being built for use there.

Bank Deposits and Money

The annual hoax—maybe it is semi-

annual—is going the rounds, about the enormous sums of *money* Western farmers have in the banks. Kansas is usually the "horrible example." Her bank commissioner reports that in the past six months the people of Kansas have increased their deposits ten million dollars and that the farmers have deposited most of this. And the newspapers invariably speak of it as having "money in the banks."

Now, a good many people know—and *all* ought to—that only a portion of that ten millions is in actual cash in the banks of Kansas; and that no farmer (or other person) has a *dollar of money* in any bank either in Kansas or elsewhere—unless he placed it there simply for safekeeping.

Most of that ten millions increase, and of the prior sum it augmented, is loaned out on commercial paper; part of it is deposited by the Kansas bankers in reserve banks; and by these, in central reserve banks; while only a small portion—somewhere between 9 and 15 per cent. is in actual coin in the Kansas banks' vaults. It is safe to say that Kansas banks could not, in an hour's time, produce one-fifth of that increase—say, \$2,000,000. It is not in their vaults. Hence, it is a mistake to talk about ten millions of *money*, when we mean ten millions of *deposits*.

We said that no depositor has a dollar of money in the bank. That is true, no matter how large his deposit, unless he deposits specially; in which case he would put his coin in a sack or box and leave it at the bank for safekeeping. The ordinary checking account, or demand or time certificate, is not strictly a "deposit" at all. It is a loan of money or money-bearing paper *by* the customer *to* the bank. The customer parts ownership with the money he "deposits" and becomes a creditor of the bank—the bank owes him the amount he "deposits." The banker becomes owner of the money—it is *his*, not the depositors'—and is debtor to the customer. It is a plain case of loaning money—but with some variations from the usual method

our readers understand. The banker does not give a promissory note, but, unless he issues a certificate of deposit, marks the amount in a little pass book. He agrees to repay part or all the "loan" on demand, either by returning the certificate endorsed, or by issuing a check signed by the depositor.

Not long ago a reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE suggested that a trustee is held responsible for wrongful use of trust funds, and if he profits by such use can be made to refund it. He argued that bankers loan out their customers' money without their knowledge or consent, and, hence, ought to be liable to the customers for all interest received by the banker on loans of that kind.

It was an ingenious argument, but, unfortunately, his premises were bad. The banker is *not* a trustee but a debtor. The depositor is not a *cestui que trust* but a creditor. The banker loans only *his own money*, although he borrowed it himself.

(By the way, Albert Griffin's "Hocus Pocus Money Book" is an eye-opener on this question.)

The Telephone a Natural Monopoly

Real, normal, healthy competition is an impossibility in those industries which, for want of a better term, we designate as "natural monopolies." The recent merger of fifteen independent telephone companies in the Middle West—to be called the American Union Telephone Company—is only additional proof of what has been known for a long time: That the telephone is a "natural monopoly;" that competition in telephonic service is not a permanent possibility; and, that combination and consolidation of independent lines is not only inevitable, but desirable.

Two telephone systems in a city may temporarily decrease the rental of a single 'phone; but, as every business man of any importance must have both systems in his place, it will be found that the *two* rentals usually exceed what the *one* did before, to say nothing of the annoyance of a

double system in the office. Monopoly is inherent in the telephone; competition may be artificially produced for a time, but it cannot last.

But a monopoly in private hands is indefensible. Ergo, the telephone eventually must become public property.

Railroad Taxation

One powerful argument in favor of public ownership of natural monopolies is the difficulty of taxing them equitably. Perhaps no subject, outside the tariff on imports, is so complex in detail as railroad taxation. Over in Illinois, for example, it is asserted that in the last thirty years the state has lost hundreds of millions of dollars in taxes—and the railroads gained that much—because of failure of the taxing officers to assess capital stock and franchise values together with the tangible property. It is shown that railroad capital stock and franchise values in 1873 were assessed at \$64,411,000, and that in 1905 this item had shrunk to \$2,983,850.

It seems to us that it is an error to assess tangible property, capital stock and franchise values of a railroad corporation. It is double taxation, or worse, if the assessment is honestly made, because the capitalization (stock and bonded debt), represents all the tangible property and all of the franchise. It is impossible to value a franchise without first knowing the total value of the railroad as a "going concern," and from this must be deducted the value of the physical or tangible property.

But how value the physical property? What is the value of a mile of track? Is it what it cost originally for right of way, grading, ties, rails, labor, etc., less some unknown per cent. for depreciation? It is not so difficult to value the rolling stock, perhaps; but to get at a proper valuation of all the physical property is a herculean task.

Why separate franchise value from any other? Why not tax the railroad as a going concern, as an entity, without regard to its original cost or

what it would cost to reproduce it? How is this ascertained?

Railroad capitalization consists of stocks and bonds. Both are liabilities of the concern, but technically the stock is regarded as evidence of ownership of the railroad, while the bonds are a debt against it. The former owns and controls, the latter can sue for default in payment and get a receiver in the courts.

Practically the actual cost of producing a given railroad coincides with the bonds outstanding against it; the stocks represent franchise value, which was given to the corporation by the people. The bonds paid for building and equipping the road; the stocks give their holders ownership of something they paid nothing for, but which becomes very valuable in time.

To illustrate: The Podunk Railroad was built 20 years ago. Its cost in round numbers some \$1,500,000 for the 100 miles of track and equipment. It was bonded for \$1,750,000 and the capital stock was \$2,000,000. It was a two-million dollar road (on paper), which cost in hard cash a million and a half, and which was in debt a million and three quarters. At the end of five years it is found that the bond interest (7 per cent.) has been paid promptly; the road-bed and rolling stock are in good condition; and there is enough surplus earnings to pay a 7 per cent. dividend on the stock. Assuming 7 per cent. to be a fair rate of interest, it is evident that the Podunk Railroad is worth—franchise and all—\$3,750,000, because it is paying a good return on that sum, wholly regardless of original cost, or value of the tangible property today.

The stock market will show Podunk stocks and bonds selling right about par, fluctuating no doubt because of raids by bulls and bears, but on the whole averaging about 100. Why make a hard task of valuing the Podunk line? Take the stocks and bonds for a basis and ignore everything else. That will catch franchise value as well as physical property values.

The Bankers' Meeting

The old story of the boy who cried "Wolf!" will be repeated one of these fine days in the matter of legislation for an "elastic currency." It is not improbable the wolf may come at the next session of Congress. Rumor has it that the President will in his next message advise Congress to enact legislation to that end. Of course the American Bankers' Association (in session at St. Louis, October 17) resolved that the present system is not sufficiently flexible—to "meet the needs of the agricultural sections!" Still, the present system is flexible enough to permit one bank embezzler to make away with bank funds each day in the year.

The "elasticity" which these bankers are really after is to do away with the sub-treasury system, retire the \$346,000,000 of greenbacks, re-coin the silver dollars into subsidiary coin (limited in tender to \$5), and to replace these with national bank notes, thus securing control over every form of our circulating medium, except the gold coin; and even this they will practically control by locking it up as reserves.

One cannot blame the banker for attempting to control the money system of our country, any more than he can blame the Farmers' Union for trying to hold up the price of cotton—as long as each tells the truth. The Union says frankly what it is trying to do—help cotton growers. But the banker is different—he is vitally concerned, not for himself, but for the agriculturist who is sorely in need of an "elastic currency!" And if the banker wins his point—well, we are to blame for permitting it.

No observant man can doubt that the bankers intend to get all legislation possible—and as rapidly as in their good judgment it is safe—for the purpose of giving them absolute control of our circulating medium. That they will use this control for their own enrichment, goes without saying.

They would not be human if they did

otherwise and that this will impoverish other business men, is quite evident.

Naturally the bankers will not try to ruin American industry. That would kill the goose that lays the golden egg. But by their control of our money supply they will take a still larger share of what labor produces, and without rendering an equivalent therefor.

Bankers are surely getting enough now—more than their share we believe. Shall they be permitted to take still more, without protest from us who are not bankers? Read Albert Griffin's article in this number—"An Immediate Vital Issue"—and do some acting on your own account.

Balance of Trade

The death of Lord Scully (October 18), brings to mind that wonderful "balance of trade in our favor" the past several years of high protective tariff rule. Scully owned more than 50,000 acres of good, black American soil in the states of Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri. These lands were principally raw prairie when Scully bought them years ago at \$1.25 an acre and upward. They were rented somewhat after the English landlord-tenant system. He made no improvements himself, but had the tenant do this work. Year by year the lands grew in rental value. It is perhaps a conservative estimate to say that they, in later years, netted him \$100,000 a year income. Every dollar of this was produced by American labor; every dollar of it went abroad to be used there by Lord Scully.

Now, it matters not what sort of paper bills of exchange, bank drafts, or what not, were sent to Lord Scully by his agent here in remitting that hundred thousand dollars, ultimately that much value in merchandise or gold, or silver, must be exported to cover Scully's income. The "favorable trade balance" is augmented \$100,000 by the exports which finally pay Scully's rents. We have shipped out a hundred thousand dollars more than we've shipped in. Hooray! We're prosperous beyond measure. Look at that favorable balance of trade!

But a *favorable* balance is one we can draw against when we feel like it. What will we ever get back of that Scully rent? That's a hundred thousand a year lost to the American people as absolutely as if it had been dropped into the sea.

Folk's Railroad Control

Since Mr. Bryan came out for public ownership—"triple state socialism," as the New York *World* calls it—a number of prominent Democrats, giving heed to the newspaper attacks on Bryan's proposal, have been racking their brains for some method of control to be used as a plank in the Democratic platform of 1908. Governor Folk, of Missouri, the other day outlined his plan. It is patterned after the so-called control of national banks by the Federal Government: The President to appoint a comptroller, with absolute power to suspend railroad officials found violating the law.

Digressing for a moment: This would be applying Jeffersonian principles with a vengeance! It would be a case of governing least! The owners of vast properties place certain men in charge to care for them. Uncle Sam asserts the right to suspend these officials for violating the law. We recognize the right of government to fine or imprison persons for violating the laws—but isn't it rather meddlesome for Uncle Sam to discharge an employee he did not hire, who is operating property Uncle Sam does not own? Of course, it *can* be done. But is it morally right? Is it in harmony with Jeffersonian Democracy?

Such control will probably be as effective as control of national banks. The Comptroller of the Currency has had knowledge at many times that the reserve banks of St. Louis were away short in their legal cash reserves. Did he ever suspend one of the officials? Not that you could notice.

Public ownership is the only ultimate solution, but it should not come until we have public ownership of our Government. At present a few Trusts, banks and railroads own Uncle Sam's machinery of government. Public

ownership under such conditions would give no relief. But control would be no better, for it would rest with the Trusts, banks and railroads themselves.

C. Q. D.

Standard Oil Trial

The trial of the Standard Oil Company, the Buckeye Pipe Line and the Manhattan Oil Company, charged with violating the Valentine anti-trust law, was held before Judge Banker in the Probate Court of Hancock County, Ohio. According to the Valentine law, a trust is a combination of capital, skill, or acts by two or more persons or firms to create or carry out restrictions in trade. Violations of the law are punishable by a fine of from \$50 to \$5,000, or by imprisonment for from six to twelve months. Counsel for defence objected that the Probate Court has no jurisdiction in such cases, but was overruled by Judge Banker. The jury selected was made up chiefly of farmers.

The counsel for the prosecution charged that the Oil Company became a trust in 1882 and had committed the offences of a trust each year since. In support of these allegations he gave a full account of the formation of the trust with documentary evidence of it, all of which the Oil Company's attorney declared was "ancient history" and not pertinent to the case as the events did not occur in Hancock County.

The most notable thing about the trial was the testimony of P. T. Cuthbert, president of the Manhattan Oil Company, that the stock of that concern is held by the General Industrial Development Company, Limited, of London. He has power of attorney to vote all the shares held by the holding company. Mr. Cuthbert testified that the Manhattan does not compete with the Standard, but does compete with independent companies. It is conceded that the move of the Standard in 1903 in placing the ownership of the Manhattan stock in the hands of a London syndicate was a shrewd one, for, if the stock of any trust company

is held abroad, a link in the chain of evidence of conspiracy in restraint of trade is missing, and the difficulty of proving a case is thereby increased. If such conspiracy can be proved, however, the offence is punishable in the state where it was committed whether the stock is held in England or anywhere else.

During the trial Judge Banker ruled that evidence showing that the agents of the Trust had given rebates could not be admitted unless it was proved that the company had authorized the rebates. This ruling rendered useless much of the evidence which the State had collected. The case went to the jury on the 17th and after thirty-two hours' deliberation they brought in a verdict of guilty. Later Judge Banker fined the Standard \$5,000 and costs. The company will appeal.

Railroad Rebate Case

The indictments of the Federal grand jury against the railroads for granting rebates were made public October 9th. The first case tried was that of the New York Central, charged with giving rebates to the American Sugar Refining Company. The Northern Steamship Company, the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad and other carriers are charged with the same offence. At the trial of the Central, a letter was produced in which the Assistant Traffic Manager agreed to give Edgar & Sons, sugar dealers of Detroit, a rate of 18 cents a hundred, New York to Detroit, shipments to be billed at tariff rates and refund made by voucher. When the counsel for defence summed up, he said "there was no evidence to show that the president or directors knew that one of its agents was giving rebates." He insisted that the directors thought the money was paid to the sugar company for overcharges arising out of mistakes and not for a rebate. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty and the fines imposed by Judge Holt amount to \$108,000 besides a fine of \$6,000. against the traffic manager, Pomeroy. The judge declared that such violations

of the law are more heinous than the ordinary crimes brought before the criminal courts. An appeal will be taken by the railroad.

Affairs in Cuba

Insurgents have disbanded in all provinces except Santa Clara and disbandment is progressing there. Consul-General Steinhart was sent by Governor Taft to Cienfuegos to reconcile political differences there. The amnesty granted to insurgents will be general. Charles E. Magoon, appointed Provisional Governor in place of William E. Taft, arrived in Havana October 9th. On the 13th, Governor Taft, Assistant Secretary Bacon and General Funston left. On that day, Secretary Taft stated that, "it is absolutely impossible for the Provisional Government to recognize that the Isle of Pines is not under its jurisdiction as part of the Republic of Cuba. Separation would be a violation of the sacred trust imposed upon the Government to preserve their interests."

The United States continues to keep a force of infantry and marines in Cuba, but the warships are being withdrawn. When the insurgents disarmed, they handed over only very old and useless weapons. If the serviceable ones which they conceal are discovered they make the statement that these are their individual property. Should there be another revolution and the insurgents again failed, they would produce the same useless guns for surrender purposes and retain the valuable ones for the next revolt. Our Government understands this and will block the game by having the guns which are surrendered this time dropped into deep water.

Cuba is not yet quiet, and there is still strong feeling between the Moderates and the Liberals. The United States will remain there until there is a certainty that fair elections can be held, by the results of which all parties will abide. Our intervention there has now cost \$1,000,000, which Cuba will have to pay.

Russian Revolution

Bomb-throwing continues as a part

of the campaign of the Terrorists, and the severely repressive measures taken by the Government do not seem to lessen their number. A riot resulted when Cossacks attacked men who were giving decent burial to five Terrorists who had been hanged. When two young girl students at the University of St. Petersburg were condemned to death for complicity in the plot to blow up the building where the court-martial in mutiny cases was being held, convicts at Kronstadt refused to hang them, although offered pardon and money if they would do it. The girls were shot. No new large strike has been begun, although one was expected on October 30. Revolutionists gained money for their campaign by throwing a bomb to wreck a carriage in which a cashier of the custom house was conveying a large sum. In the fight that followed between the gendarmes and the revolutionists, one package of money containing about \$193,000 was abandoned. A woman revolutionist seized it and escaped. Persons arrested in connection with the affair were tried and executed but the money was not given up.

A commission appointed to investigate mutinies among the soldiery decided that they are due to lax discipline on the part of officers and that these officers should be punished. The commission acknowledged that mutinies in the navy, engineering corps and artillery are unavoidable at present. The infantry is not as much disaffected. Social Democrats have begun an active campaign against military service. Thousands of circulars have been sent to new conscripts by means of which they hope to prevent some from enrolling and to spread disorders in the army.

Two popular decrees have been issued by the Emperor, one abolishing the poll tax and granting to peasants the right to move from one commune to another, the other granting full religious freedom to all "Old Believers," a sect having several million adherents.

A reactionary measure is that of the Senate of Russia which, in interpreting doubtful points in the election laws,

ruled that only actual resident house-owners are eligible for peasant electors. This will exclude most educated leaders of the peasant group. The premier has

ordered the local authorities to prohibit non-residents from taking part in village or city campaign meetings.
F. L. F.

Editorial Comment

WE want public ownership of the railroads, but not until we have public ownership of the Government.

BETTER to have in office an honest man who sometimes makes mistakes than a politician who never makes any.

A NEWLY elected United States senator is not, by Senatorial custom, allowed to speak in the Senate until he has sat in that august body one whole year. That is, the august Senate deprives each state in the Union of one-half its voice in public affairs during that time. The people of a state elect a man—or come as near doing it as they are permitted to under the present indirect and corrupt system—to represent them in the Upper House of the Congress of what is supposed to be a democratic Government. Then the Senate makes a little rule, purely on its own authority, that this man shall *not* represent the people who elected him until the Senate is ready for him to do it! He can vote quietly and unobtrusively, but he mustn't talk, even to present the urgent needs of the thousands or millions of people he is supposed to represent. Ah, no! He must sit silent for a year until he has learned how the Senate does things. And when he does learn how the Senate does things, God help the people he is supposed to represent.

It is not many months since a measure for railroad investigation and reform succeeded in passing our national House of Representatives by a clever trick in the manipulation of the rules of order. It was a good measure and it

has passed by exactly the same kind of manipulation that the enemies of reform have used to defeat other good measures. But isn't it ridiculous—ridiculous, unjust and shameful—that, with our House of Representatives created and allowed to exist solely that it might express the will of the people, its decisions should be made, not according to the will of the people, not according to the merits of the case, but according to a formal code of rules and regulations intended merely to facilitate the transaction of the work our representatives are paid and trusted to do, but rules not intended to control or make decisions?

Yet in all our legislative assemblages, national, state and municipal, this has come to be the real condition of affairs. Again and again a smart and clever manipulation of the "rules of order" and such chance happenings as the neglectful absence of certain representatives of the people override all points of right or wrong, justice or injustice, honesty or dishonesty. Armed with these same "rules of order," the presiding officer of a public legislative assemblage wields a power he was never intended to wield, and he alone only too often decides the fate of a question that is supposed to be decided by millions of people, or at least by their supposed representatives. What our legislative bodies need is less letter and more spirit, less cleverness and more statesmanship, less manipulation and more honesty.

THE people would gladly trade senatorial courtesy for senatorial honesty.
A. S. H.

The People or Plutocracy?

BY WHARTON BARKER

THE elections of November open a new era in our national politics. It is obvious that the American people are awake to the evils of the situation, to the degradation of the industrial classes, and that they will no longer allow unscrupulous politicians and the moneyed oligarchy behind them to use partisan war-cries to cover the evil from attack. The public conscience is at last aroused and the people gather in every part of the land to express in political action their indignation.

They are convinced that the Democratic and Republican parties have ceased to respond or correspond to the needs of the people. Neither party has any answer to the great and pressing questions that must be solved rightly now, and so there must be a severance of party lines in order to accomplish the will of the people in dealing with the evils they can no longer tolerate.

The general realization of the aggression of corporate and associated capital now in control of all the internal activities of the country, and the knowledge of the power of the moneyed oligarchy to check at its pleasure and to tax for its profit, to enrich itself at the cost of every class of producers, to crush out competition on the part of lesser rivals and to throw the burdens upon the great body of the people by indirect taxation, have broken down all party lines. The people, thus awake, will surely now organize a party for the commonweal and make the campaign of 1908 on the high level of the liberty, probity, justice and equality of opportunity the founders of the Republic proclaimed.

Make the conflict between the people and plutocracy irrepressible and with-

out compromise. The people and plutocrats are now face to face with the paramount question, Are human rights to be crushed that property rights may be enthroned? The best and utmost that Republicans and Democrats offer is a reform of the most crying abuses, all of which might be swept away without effecting any radical and lasting change for the better.

To stop robbing through public contracts and so save a few million dollars each year is well, of course, but it amounts to very little as long as robbing through corporations and trusts of all kinds obtains. For the most noxious and pernicious form of indirect taxation is permitted to consume many hundred million dollars each year; an overcharge for anthracite coal of two dollars per ton—and this is the present overcharge—means a tax upon the consumer in the aggregate of one hundred and forty million dollars (\$140,000,000) per annum.

The railroad corporations take from the people through excessive freight and passenger charges at least three hundred million dollars (\$300,000,000) per annum to pay interest on fictitious stocks and bonds—to vitalize a capitalization of seven or eight billion dollars for which no money or services of any kind were given. Our railroad corporations, with about two hundred and fifteen thousand (215,000) miles of line, with about three hundred and twenty thousand (320,000) miles of single track, cost less than six billion dollars to build and equip, and they are capitalized for more than thirteen billion dollars. Private investors have not furnished for our railroads more than four billion dollars, for national, state, city and county contributed money paid by the taxpayers amounting

in the aggregate to two billion dollars. The only charge for interest upon capital that railroad corporations can properly make is to cover interest on four billion dollars, at 6 per cent. per annum, a sum of two hundred and forty million dollars (\$240,000,000); whereas the last year they took almost six hundred million dollars (\$600,000,000) above the expenses of operation and renewal.

These illustrations of overcharges are sufficient at this time to illustrate the robbery of the people through overcharges by corporations. Until overcapitalization of corporations and overcharges for services are put an end to the people will be robbed and the corporations will continue to ignore legal authority and statute law, to buy venal legislation and to influence events by improper methods, and political parties dominated by the moneyed oligarchy will not curb or in any way correct these abuses.

Both the Republican and Democratic parties are so dominated; a party standing and working for the commonweal must win before we can abate or destroy these abuses. We must have a political party whose main purposes are to deal with this corruption and these overcharges and to meet the great economic questions now in the very front—in other words, a party able to redeem the nation from control of mammon. The people must take sides in our politics for or against such a revolution as can alone free them from the domination of plutocracy, for the lines are drawn between plutocracy on the one side and the people on the other.

I believe so many will take the side for such revolution, so few against, that the plutocracy will be powerless to resist; that its overthrow will be signal and that the upbuilding of true democracy, with the people once again enthroned, will be as rapid as it shall be final. Of course such a conflict must be a class conflict, for capital controls now all lines of production, distribution and finance. The people in control of the Government, national, state and municipal, will uncover the gross misman-

agement of corporations, railroads, trust companies, insurance companies, and will unmask plutocracy.

With plutocracy unmasked we shall soon have public ownership and operation of all enterprises that in their very nature are monopolies. Public monopolies, properly managed—and they can be so managed—are good, not bad; but private monopolies cannot be good. They must always prey upon the public.

When Tweed robbed New York of a few million dollars the people with energy and anger sent him to prison. When the Credit Mobilier robbed the Union Pacific Railroad Company, the people at once made known their indignation in so aggressive a way that members of Congress connected with it lost public confidence and failed of re-election. When the Harrisburg ring of political pirates robbed the people of Pennsylvania of four or five millions of dollars through the Capitol contracts, the people drove the Republican party to buy venal Democrats to hold power.

Unmask plutocracy over the country; show how, through corporations, financial, industrial, transportation, meat, oil and fuel combinations, plutocracy robs the people of several billion dollars each year—and this can be done with ease. Who can doubt what side the body of our people will take?

When the misrepresentation which has kept the people quiet and silent and submissive while plutocracy has been built up is understood; when the people appreciate how the money oligarchy has caused them to divide their efforts and spend their energies in support of the Republican and Democratic parties battling with each other, but both serving the interests of plutocracy, regardless of the welfare of the multitude, then the masses of the people will break away from the Republican and Democratic parties and align themselves against plutocracy, for the social revolution that will restore to them their rights and liberties.

We will then have a party of the people and a party of the plutocrats. The wage earners and salaried men and women on farm, in mine, in mill, in store, on the railroad, in fact, the whole body of our producers of wealth on one side, and the bankers and industrial captains and idle capitalists on the other. The small capitalists, who are themselves producers of wealth—those known as the middle class—will all be on the side of the people, for their industrial operations are being crushed by the great corporations and their accumulated capital has been largely absorbed by ventures in stocks and bonds based upon wind and issued and sold upon false statements of value.

The plutocrats now believe they are all-powerful and they have thrown off the mask—they have cast their gauntlet to those who may deny their right to rule. Because of this challenge the lines are drawn. This challenge the American people must take up or suffer the trampling out of democratic government in the North American continent, acknowledge the failure of the greatest attempt ever made to establish a government of, by, and for the people, and accept now industrial slavery—a slavery far more galling and oppressive than chattel slavery. There surely can be only one answer from the American people at such a crisis when the issue is simply—*rule by the people or by plutocracy!*

It is, then, a question of social revolution or degeneracy. Men often hesitate to go into revolution, cringe before mention of revolution. But what is revolution? It is revolt against oppression; the overthrow and destruction of those things that hold men down. It is progress, it is the advancement and uplifting of mankind. Once more the American people have come to a great crisis in their affairs. In 1776 they met and defeated foreign aggression. They won then, because the plain people were determined that human rights should be supreme in our land. So rich and

powerful England was defeated, notwithstanding the support and cooperation the capitalistic class in America gave George the Third and his ministers. In 1860 the plain people under the leadership of the immortal Lincoln, defeated and overthrew the slave-holding oligarchy of the South, an oligarchy as detrimental to master as to slave. This war was also made to preserve human rights.

But that war made the opportunity for a class caring less for country than for self, caring naught for the sufferings of humanity, caring more for the dictates of Mammon than the teachings of Christ. The plain people cheerfully made the sacrifices to overthrow the oligarchy of slavery; they gave life and prosperity for the great cause; without murmuring, they met the payment of burdensome taxation and in every way gave evidence of the highest patriotism.

But there were men in the North who saw the war only as a source of profit, men who gave neither life nor property in defence of their country. These men were the money-lenders, men without sympathy for man or country. They and their descendants are the moneyed oligarchy that now has our people by the throat. The American moneyed lords are allied with British and European capitalists and with them, strive to establish industrial slavery in all countries.

The crisis now at hand must be more momentous than the crisis of 1776 or 1860, for the motive must be the overthrow of plutocracy and the firm establishment of the rights of man. Man, not money, must rule in America. The American people will it so, and they will make any sacrifice to get their own.

To organize a new political party, national in purpose, is no easy task; and any effort to do so must be abortive at any time other than at a great crisis in the affairs of the country. The conditions that exist must make the call to arms—must make the declaration of principles, must point

the way to organize the people for action. No one, surely, can be so rash as to assert that any man or group of men who assume leadership in such work, can command the support of any considerable body of our people.

But men who have a more intimate knowledge of the economic conditions that prevail, must not hesitate to stand in the open and on the firing line when the crisis comes, nor refuse to put in very definite form the cardinal principles that force the creation of a new political party. In short, what the world knows as a platform.

There is no need at this time to discuss further the conditions that exist, nor to talk of the purpose of the moneyed class to pauperize and to enslave the body of the American people. But there is need of a very definite statement of the public demands, for neither of the old parties will or can secure them to the people. The Republican and Democratic parties are now the creatures of plutocracy and cannot get from the clutch of the men who put money rights above the rights of man. Does the People's Party or the Socialist party meet these demands? Is either a party working for the commonweal?

It is now my duty and my privilege to state what public demands I believe a party of the commonweal must make if the suffrages of the great public are to be given at the elections of 1908 to its candidates. This statement must be made with explicitness and in such shape that its meaning is beyond question. A party standing for the common good cannot be an opportunist party, cannot do or say aught for expediency. Therefore its measures must be conceived with the purpose of establishing on this earth a rule of justice and love in place of a rule of greed, conceived in the spirit of Him who preached the sermon on the Mount, conceived in the spirit in which democracy is founded. I suggest that we propose a declaration of faith something after this manner.

PUBLIC DEMANDS

1. We must have direct legislation to the end that the people shall be able to govern themselves, veto the acts of their representatives who may prove unfaithful to their trust, become their own legislators if their representatives refuse to carry out their will. In no other way can the people hold supreme power in their own hands. In no other way can democracy be preserved, and justice, liberty and equality of opportunity be insured. The people will make this demand because they know they are fitted to govern themselves, capable of discovering that which is good for them and that which is not. This demand must be placed foremost as the fundamental step to the preservation of our endangered liberties, for unless the vote of the citizen is superior to the will of the representative, to destroy the power of the corruptionist to steal the people's rights, we will have, within a decade, an industrial slavery which only very long and bloody war can cast off.

2. We must have honest money; national money, not bank money. Money that will serve creditor no better than debtor; that will assure stability of prices, and thus be an honest measure of value, encourage honest industry and discourage speculation. The people will make this demand when the need is properly presented, because they know that through the instrumentality of banks the speculative cliques control the value of money and make general fluctuation of prices, booms and panics. Honest money is national paper money; not bank paper money; not gold or silver. Paper money issued for service rendered the people and redeemed and retired in payment of taxes and out of the revenues of public works created by its issues. When the people know that the value of money is dependent on its quantity, not its quality, they will make this demand.

3. We must have public ownership of railroads, telegraph lines, and all other enterprises and operations that

in their very nature must be monopolies, for private monopolies of public utilities cannot be tolerated. Not to do so, will in a few years pauperize our people.

4. We must destroy "Trusts" and combinations that rest upon tariff protection, public franchises and transportation discrimination. To talk of licensing trusts is to trifle with evil. So, since enterprises must continue to be monopolies because of the very nature of their being, the nation, the state, the municipality must be the monopolist in order that the people may be protected in their rights. When monopoly cannot be destroyed, or when, being a natural growth, it is not to the interest of the people to destroy it, the Government must be the monopolist. Private monopoly must be a bane, public monopoly of natural monopolies must be a blessing.

5. We must have direct taxation in place of indirect taxation. We must tax property, not men, tax accumulated wealth for state and municipal purposes; tax the earnings of accumulated wealth for national purposes. It is a self-evident truth that men should contribute to the cost of government in proportion to their wealth. But in raising the national revenues this truth has not been followed. These revenues are largely raised from taxes on articles of general consumption, articles of which the rich consume no more than the poor. It is not equitable, it is not fair. The people will surely demand direct taxation; when they understand the question they will tax the dollar, not the man.

6. We must have legislation that will give the working man as good an opportunity to earn fair wages as the law secures to the money-lender or the capitalist the earning of their profits; and we must have the abstinence of the courts from proceeding by injunction against men engaged in any strike, who have not resorted to violence.

7. We must have legislation which shall prevent the excessive concen-

tration of capital by the unification of corporations into trusts, the over-capitalization of corporations, the issue of stocks and bonds against public franchises, and their attempts to establish monopolies of necessities. Also, these abuses must be punished as criminal offences.

8. We must have such a revision of the national tariff as shall reduce excessive duties, place on the free list all articles not produced in this country or not increased in production by the enactment of a duty and all articles sold abroad by their producers at a lower price than is asked of the American consumer.

9. We must recognize the right of man to land enough to rear a habitation on, and also to use and occupancy of land for cultivation not so used and occupied by others. The great expounder of common law in his Commentaries said that: "There is no foundation in Nature or in natural laws why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land. The use and occupancy alone give to man an exclusive right to retain in a permanent manner that specific land which before belonged generally to everybody but particularly to nobody." So may the people insist that use and occupancy of land are, of right, requisite to make good title; that when a parcel of land ceases to be so used and occupied, it of right reverts to the State; that the holding of lands by alien or non-resident landlords should be prohibited. This system of land tenure has prevailed in China for centuries. Surely if the State has a right to tax land as a prior lien, a right to take what we call private lands for public use, it has a right to take land from those who neither use nor occupy it and bestow it upon those who will use and occupy it, upon those who will make it productive.

According to the parable, the master took the money from the servant who did not use; and so we have law and precedent for taking land from those who do not use it and giving it to those who will make it productive.

10. We must demand legislation that will establish, on a basis fair to labor and capital, compulsory arbitration of all disputes between them. Our industries have been so ramified and interdependent, the one on the other, that such action is now requisite. All fair-minded men must sympathize with the poor and down-trodden and thus favor this demand.

To these declarations upon domestic questions must be added three upon foreign affairs; for the war with Spain put us in the position of what the politicians call "a world power"; and we must go back to American relations and responsibilities, or go forward to European and Asiatic relations and complications. The American policy must give us power and prosperity: the European and Asiatic policy war and distress. Our course in the Philippines has not been in accord with the rules of eternal rectitude our forefathers handed down to us with the great truths they proclaimed in the immortal Declaration of Independence for our guidance. Our course in the Philippines was dictated by motives of greed and for aggression upon China. The day of aggression in the Far East has surely passed and the day of doing justice to the people of the Philippines as surely dawns. The American people should now, in a feeling of love, charity and justice, encourage Filipinos in their aspirations and help them—give them at once independence and help them to build up a republic of their own. Let our foreign policy then be as follows:

(1) Keep out of European and Asiatic alliances.

(2) Declare the independence of the Philippines, saying to European and Asiatic nations: "Hands off the Filipino Republic, as off the republics of America; they are one and all under our protection."

(3) Reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine and extend the close relations that already exist between American nations, and offer at once to all American nations and American dependencies of European nations an Ameri-

can Zollverein, an American Commercial Union of all America, under a common tariff and with a fair distribution of all customs receipts among the nations in the union. This foreign policy could not fail to bring peace and great prosperity to all the peoples of North and South America and give to the people of the United States an expansion of trade not now dreamed of.

Upon such a platform the people would surely defeat plutocracy—for the welfare of 90 per cent. of the people would be advanced by the adoption of such a policy. A party standing for such principles would be indeed a party of the commonweal. Although this platform is strong, no party can be gathered to stand for it, save by voting-precinct organization the country over; and such precinct organization can be made only through co-operation of able, resolute, honest men living in all parts of the country, by national, state and precinct committees working of their own motion with a strong pull, a long pull and a pull all together.

I began by saying the elections of this year show a break-up of old party lines. This I repeat in conclusion and point to the vote in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Hearst was defeated in New York, but Republicans met defeat all down the line. In New Jersey the Republicans are badly demoralized by their losses, and in Pennsylvania the Republicans won by the purchase of Hessian Democrats and by the assistance of President Roosevelt given in ways well known to politicians, but little understood by men in private life; and as in these states, so in all sections of the country we have great disaffection in the Republican Party and absolute break-up of the Democratic Party. The way is open for the party of the commonweal, and such a party will be organized immediately, put in fighting order everywhere in time to win a great victory in 1908, *provided one thousand steadfast and aggressive men take up the work.*

Do not patriots live now as in 1776 and in 1860? I believe they will rise and do the work when they appreciate that the hour of action has come. And they cannot much longer fail to hear the call.

A Prosperous Country?

- THE country is prosperous; therefore everything in it is just as it should be.
- The country is prosperous; therefore we are being governed in the best possible manner.
- The country is prosperous; therefore we should vote for a coroner, surveyor and state judge of the same old party.
- The country is prosperous; therefore it couldn't be more prosperous.
- The country is prosperous; look at John D. Rockefeller. Also at Andrew Carnegie in Scotland, Richard Croker in Ireland and William Waldorf Astor in London.
- The country is prosperous; the life insurance companies and the packing-houses are still doing a thriving business.
- The country is prosperous; there is graft enough for nearly everyone.
- The country is prosperous; look at the Trusts.
- The country is prosperous; see how much our infant industries are getting out of the tariff.
- The country is prosperous; there could have been many more strikes than there were.
- The country is prosperous; many small dealers are still in business.
- The country is prosperous; see how much rich, black muck there is to fertilize successful grafting.
- The country is prosperous; see how easily the national banks make money.
- The country is prosperous; oil is much cheaper than it was before the general progress of invention, including the rebate, enabled the Standard to prevent small dealers from making a living by selling at the same reduced price, or even a lower one.
- The country is prosperous: our big manufacturers can afford to help the people of foreign countries by selling them goods for much less than we Americans have to pay.
- The country is prosperous; we do not need to save money by a parcels post as all other civilized nations, except China and one or two others, have to do.
- The country is prosperous; see what high wages our workingmen are getting and how much of it is left after they have bought the necessities of life at current prices.
- The country is prosperous; notice how much even the public servants of the people can make out of their jobs.
- The country is prosperous; see how many women and little children find steady employment in factories.
- The country is prosperous; we can easily afford to pay the telephone, telegraph, express and railroad companies much more than we should have to if these public services were owned by the Government.
- The country is prosperous; note carefully how many of the big railroads are rich enough to reduce their fares voluntarily a little before the people make them do it.
- The country is prosperous; thousands every year are killed by the railroads and factories, but there are lots more of us.
- The country is prosperous; it has been said that only one in ten of our population is buried in a pauper's grave.

The Female Boss of Duval

BY GUY A. JAMIESON

“SPEAKING of bosses,” said Archie Parr, rancher and politician of Duval County, “Grandma Powell can lay it over anything that ever aspired to political round-ups in old Duval. She’s the cleverest and persuadingest boss that ever run a brand or busted the other fellow’s machine.

“She’s Sheriff Powell’s ancestor. You know him? Well, he’s had the harness on for three terms and there ain’t no sign of wear or tear yet. You see Powell was raised somewhere up in the Cross Timbers. When the old man cashed in, the old lady went to live with a married daughter and Jo drifted out here with a few hundred and went into the sheep business. Honorabest sheep man I ever seen. Too much of a gentleman to ’sociate with muttuns for long, and if they hadn’t quit him, sooner or later, he’d have quit them. They must have sensed they couldn’t live up to their company, for the second year they all took the epizoot or something and defuncted.

“Jo was the cleanest, cheerfulest fellow that ever busted a bronc. Wasn’t a cowman that didn’t like him—they didn’t seem to mind his business. Jo had a way of riding into your affections, and he generally kept his saddle. The fact is he was just too darn natural big-hearted for his own good. Seemed to do him good to do a fellow a favor, and the other fellow usually anteed with ekal reciprocation. Wasn’t a cow-camp in the county where the latch-string wasn’t dangling for him, and he’s that darned social, as I was remarking, that he’d leave his sheep with his Mexican herder for days while he helped the boys with their round-ups.

“And with all his soft ways he had plenty nerve. He’d joke as hard as the hardest, and take just as good as he’d send. He never whimpered or kicked or took advantage. Everything was above board, and I don’t believe he ever did a mean thing in his life. He was just out and out Jo Powell, and everybody soon learned what Jo Powell stood for.

“Once some greasers came through and rode off old Bud Hoffman’s best cut-out pony and forgot to bring him back. Well, Jo just threw a saddle on a bronc, telling the boys to keep an eye on his herder and not let him vamoose with the sheep and he’d see if he couldn’t make the acquaintance of them greasers. He was always silent about the introductions, but in five days he turned up fresh and smiling with the pony. The boys ’lowed the international amenities must have been short and warm. But, as I said, Jo was modest on that point.

“Well, things went mighty smooth till them muttuns demised. That seemed to cofumix Jo. He didn’t say nothing, but we could see it was working on his vitals. We learned afterwards that the money put in them was the old lady’s, and that explained it.

“The bosses just fell over each other offering him jobs. It seemed to pain him to have to refuse, but he’d have to spread himself pretty thin to cover all the ranches in Duval, so he just thanked them with a tear in his voice and settled down to work at old Bud Hoffman’s.

“They were a pretty unregenerate set out there and it wasn’t a month till they had him steered straight to the bad. He was bucking faro and poker, filling up on red-eye, and making love to the señoritas here at San Diego

with the best of them. The boys say he was a marvel of a poker player. Wearing the same grateful, thank-you smile, winning or losing. If he lost, he'd congratulate the boys so heartily they'd feel sorry for their luck, and if he'd win, he'd blow it all in making the boys feel cheerful. Naturally, at this stage of the game, the only capital he was accumulating was friends. And it's a capital some people don't always seem to value at par. But Jo's was the kind that could be cashed in at face value on demand, as you'll see presently.

"But I reckon you're wondering where the female takes a hand? Well, I'm coming to that. About this time there was an old lady got off the train over at Corpus one day and crawled into the San Diego stage. Bill Hobbs, the driver, said afterwards that she seemed to know what was on her mind from the start. She didn't fuss about, ask foolish questions and wait helpless 'round for assistance like the common run of the antiquated weaker sex. Not that it wouldn't have been welcome from Bill Hobbs, for he's a gentleman. Or from Neil Robertson and myself, who were going out on the same stage, for we both pride ourselves on being agreeable and fascinating to the ladies. Why, Neil—but I'll tell you about that some other time.

"Well, we hadn't more'n pulled out of Corpus, when this old lady turns to me, who was sitting alongside her, and asks if I know Jo Powell out in Duval.

"'Jo Powell!' says I. 'Well, I reckon I do. Me and Jo's like brothers and a whiter man never lived.'

"'Well, I don't know,' says the old lady, hesitating, like she was feeling her way. 'I'm his mother, and when he left home he was considerable sunburned, and I've heard living on the prairie wasn't good for the complexion, but if you mean that he's the best son a mother ever had, you speak true.'

"'That's exactly what I mean, ma'am,' says I, shaking her hand and expressing how glad I was to meet her.

"'Likely you're the friends he's been writing me about?' she says softly.

"'Don't know,' says I, not knowing what had been writ and not wishing to take credit for nothing I was not entitled. 'Jo's got a whole herd of friends. Reckon he could round-up as many as the next fellow.'

"'I'm so glad of that,' says Mrs. Powell, with a kind of easeful sigh, as if she'd let go something she was glad to get rid of. 'They'll be so much help to him in the election. Jo's been writing how his friends were standing by him, but Jo was always so confident and hopeful,' she says, innocent. 'You think, then, Jo stands a good chance for sheriff?'

"'For a moment I thought I'd run up against a proper bluff, and didn't know whether to throw up my hand or raise. You see, Jo nor no one had ever said a word about his running for sheriff. About the time I tumbled to the correct play, Bill Hobbs burst out in his barrel kind of voice, 'Jo Powell running for sheriff? Why—' Then Neil gave him a dig in the ribs and cut off his wind. Bill's a gentleman and just as free-hearted as air, but it takes a forty-five Colt to get an idea into his head.

"'Look out where you're driving,' says Neil, fumbling with the reins and winking at Bill like a lunatic. Bill stared like a stifled steer, then he began to look riled, for he prided himself on his driving. But by this time the crisis had passed, as the doctors say when the patient begins to get well in spite of them.

"'Stand a chance for sheriff?' says I. 'No chance at all—dead certainty.'

"Bill gasped. Then it trickled into his vacuum how the land lay.

"'Jo Powell running for sheriff?' he broke out again in the same barrel voice. He didn't have any other. 'Why—' Neil was just getting ready to choke him—'I should say he was. He says to me only this morning, says he, "Bill, I'm running like lightning." Bill was a good liar in a good cause, but he

wasn't always pat in his figures of speech.

"You just ought to have seen that old lady's face. It fairly flashed and crinkled. I guess there's not a spot on this half of the globe where the sun gets in its licks to better advantage than on that stretch of prairie between Corpus and San Diego, but I'm a liar if it didn't seem brighter when that old lady smiled.

"How's Jo's sheep?' she asks, springing a fresh hand on us. Well, that liked to have bogged me. Them sheep had been dead over a year, and Bill would have sure stampeded the game if it hadn't been he didn't know anything about them.

"Jo been writing lately about the sheep?' I asks, playing for another move before showing my hand.

"Last time he wrote he said the sheep were doing fine, but he was thinking of selling out and going into the cattle business.'

"Well, he went,' I says, breathing easy again; 'and he's prospering—natural born cowman.'

"Bill again warmed up to the game. 'Bud Hoffman was saying just the other day,' says he, "Bill, Jo Powell is the best cow-puncher"—here Neil's heel ground into Bill's bunioned toe. Bill hesitated, floundered, then finished according to Hoyle—"that ever quit the sheep business.'"

"The old lady looked happy. She then tackled the scenery. Gushed about the cactus-dotted plain, the big sky, salubrious climate—it was ninety in the shade—and fell to telling about Jo. How religious and reliable he was. How he had never drunk or gambled or told a lie. All of which we heartily corroborated, and I reckoned we never lied cheerfuller or more to the point in our lives.

"The faith and love she had for that boy was touching, and Bill Hobbs, who has a soft spot in his heart same as in his head, gulped a time or two, and slashed into the horses unmerciful to keep from blubbering when she got to telling about when Jo was a baby—how good he was and about his brown eyes

and how his hair curled and how he'd lie all day on his back and play with his toes and goo-goo and never whimper unless a pin or a colicky pain struck his anatomy.

"I seen the cards would have to be stacked on the old lady or all the strain we'd put on our imaginations would be knocked into a cocked hat when we reached San Diego. So when we started down Mesquite Divide, I says, 'Hold up, Bill, that breeching is getting all flabbergasted,' and Neil and me jumped out. Under cover of the horses we held a consultation. We resolved then and there to take that derelict of Jo Powell's father under our arms and keep any slanderous reports reflecting on her offspring from reaching her.

"What did you say was the matter with the harness?' she asked, as we crawled back into the stage.

"Oh, that's just a word we use when things get mixed up,' I says, and she sank back with a soft little 'Oh!'

"As we pulled into town and swung across the plaza, I thought sure the jig was up. Jo sighted us from Penna's Dive and began waving his hands and yelling. We could see at a glance he was tanked up, and there was no telling what would have happened if Neil hadn't tumbled out and corralled him, while I directed his mother's attention to the court-house. I pointed out the window of the sheriff's office, and losing my head, I says, 'There's where your son will be elevated from his ranch when the returns are all in.'

"Why, Jo didn't write me that he owned a ranch,' says the widow, surprised.

"Well, no, he ain't bought one just yet,' I says, 'but it's only a question of time, which is the same thing with Jo. At present he's holding with Bud Hoffman. He's out there now, and I'm going to fetch him right in. He'll be monster proud to see you.' Then I put her off at 'The Maverick.' When I had seen her safe and comfortable in her room, I told old Dawson who she was and made him swear he'd shoot the first galoot that contradicted a

word she said about her descendant.

"When I found Neil he'd already run Jo in and had about fixed him. But he was still holding out against the uncertainty of the thing. Said he didn't want to boost up his mother's hopes and play on her superstition for three or four months and then disappoint her. Said he was a gibbering idiot ever to have deceived her. You see, when he wrote her he was running for sheriff, he had no other idea than to stave off a threatened visit. Told her he was up to his eyes in the canvass and she had better wait until winter when he'd have time to make things pleasant for her. But finally he agreed if we'd do our levellest for him, he'd consent to become a innocent, accidental and unintentional candidate—they's his words—and go in to win.

"Then we put him to bed. The next morning we groomed him up till he looked as fresh as a pink and took him down to see the old lady. We didn't stay for the reunion.

"Well, that woman was a wonder. Natural born politician. I seen she was a winner from the minute she took the bits in her mouth. There wasn't nothing mannish about her, either, nor yet too effeminate. She had kind of a soft, gentle way that went straight to the spot. She didn't bore you or get on your nerves. She knowed just what to say and when to say it and when she'd said enough. When her firm little hand would flutter in yours and she'd look into your eyes in that trustful way she had, you'd feel just like you wanted to purr, and you knowed you were going to do just what she said. Yes, she had winning ways—took them after Jo. And her faith in that boy was ketching.

"Hadn't been here a week before she knew everybody in town and was sitting up with the sick women and nursing the Mexican kids, and telling them all about Jo. Jo was the note she was keyed to.

"She 'tended all the speakings and established a headquarters at the big

camp-meeting on the Neuces. It was amusing the way she could handle her politics and religion most in the same breath and never seem to get them mixed. She'd tackle a big cowboy bristling with six shooters and have him roped before he'd know what had struck him.

"'Are you religious?' she'd ask in her winning way, then in a twinkle she'd trump with Jo. The fellows followed her around like a herd trailing after a hay-wagon. She never failed to get salt on their tails, and if she didn't convert them to religion, she sure made 'em believe in Jo.

"Never was but one other fellow that came as near making me feel religious. A preacher they call Bishop Johnston, that makes San Diego occasionally, and prays out of a book about not doing what we ought and doing what we ought not. He always makes me believe he's straight and feel like I wish I was. He's a Jo Powell kind of a preacher, and, if he knowed it, could rope me as easy as a locoed steer.

"But I've jumped the trail. Well, you see, Hopkins took it as a big joke—anybody beating him for sheriff. 'Specially Jo, who wasn't more'n of age and just a raw cow-puncher. The antics of the old woman struck him as awful funny. But she hadn't been on the range long before he discovered she wasn't riding no slouch of a bronc. Then he got frightened and wanted to compromise. Offered to make Jo his first deputy if he'd pull out of the race. Jo just smiled the kind of a smile his mother wore, and said he'd make Hopkins the same proposition. Well, Hopkins kicked and swore. Referred to Powell in a very sacrilegious and reflecting way. But before election he knocked under. Jo didn't hold his language against him, and he's been deputy ever since.

"The old woman had a wonderful bracing effect on Jo. About the second week after her arrival he rounded us up one day and says, 'Boys, I don't want to interfere with none of your habits, but after this you can cut me out. Can't herd with you any

more. Mother ain't never knowing told a lie in her life, and I ain't going to stand for her spreading defamatory reports concerning my character over the county.' And from that day to this he ain't bucked faro, tapped his blasphemy or bottled up on pizen. And the boys ain't held it against him.

"I heard that Bishop Johnston I was telling you about say something about a moral force in one of his Sunday oratories. I didn't exactly savvy at the time, but since Powell's parent spread her wings over Duval I have an idea

what he meant. She's a moral force.

"Yonder she comes now. That basket is filled with things for Jo's baby. You see, he's been married more'n a year. That's the reason we call her Grandma. He married one of them high-steppers that took her culture at a swell college in the East. She plays grand opera and sings the classics just as easy as whistling 'Yankee Doodle.'

"Excuse me," he broke off; "I want to speak to Grandma about the progression of the baby's new tooth."

A Hall of Shame

SOMEONE has been low enough to suggest the establishment of a national Hall of Shame, just as we already have a Hall of Fame. In the Hall of Fame a committee places the busts of men who have been an honor to our country. In the other Hall the qualifications would be different. It is also to be hoped that whoever chose the candidates would use more intelligence than the gentry who omitted Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman from the Hall of Fame.

It is to be feared that the project for a Hall of Shame is not a worthy one. But it's mighty interesting. And mighty tempting. However, it is poor policy and poor ethics to dwell on evil instead of devoting attention to increasing the good in this world.

But if anyone else goes and establishes that Hall of Shame and enshrines there the busts of the men who, in all the history of our country, stand first in dishonor and infamy, we should like to suggest that, if one-fourth the things we hear of them are true, Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef, the boss of San Francisco since the disaster, ought to have a whole row of busts erected to them. Beasts of prey like lions and tigers are bad enough, though we can admire their strength and courage and they take toll only of the living, but a jackal preys upon the helpless and the dead.

"WHATSOEVER became of young Jones?"

"Married and died."

"Cause and effect?"

"Cigarettes and effect."

THE early bird has to eat a worm.

Retail Selling

ELTWEED POMEROY

COSTLY aggressiveness, not economy and efficiency, is the keynote of at least retail selling in the United States today. Have the economy and efficiency, too, if you can, and a certain modicum of both is, of course, necessary; but the highest degree of either cannot accompany aggression; and aggression one must have to be successful in modern selling—and aggression is costly.

Someone once asked old P. D. Armour how he could afford to spend the immense sums he was then spending on advertising the Armour hams. "Oh," he replied, "I charge two cents more per pound than I used to, and more than my neighbors charge, and spend one cent of it in advertising."

Talking with one of the best posted hardware men in the country recently, I asked him if the department stores cut the price on his goods. "Occasionally," he replied, "on something of which everyone knows the price, but usually they sell higher than the regular dealers. They have caught on to the fact that if you advertise you can get higher prices. Thus B [a large department store in the city we were in] bought a lot of our cheapest lawnmowers this spring. They paid our regular quantity price of \$1.75 each and had a different name and different color of paint put on them, which, of course, we will do for anyone. Today's paper had a flaming advertisement that they would sell one hundred of these beautiful machines which regularly retail for \$3 for \$2.65. Why, I can go down to [and here he mentioned several good regular hardware stores] and buy these machines for \$2.25 or \$2.35. That is all the regular stores have asked. But because of his flaming advertisement many people will

think they are buying a great bargain at B's today."

This has been the policy of many of the department stores. Cut the prices down to the quick on goods whose price is widely known; more than make up for it on others and advertise heavily. The department stores do not conduct their business at any lower ratio of expenses to sales than good-sized stores keeping only one line. Thus the hardware in a department store will cost 18 to 20 per cent. of the sales to conduct it, the stationery 25 per cent., the cut goods 30 to 35 per cent., and so on, which are about the same as good single-line stores. They do not buy any larger volume of one kind of goods than many a regular store and do not buy any cheaper. But this policy has hurt the regular store.

To illustrate, when the Boston Siegel store was opened they sold a well-known brand of sardines, which usually retails at 25 cents and which cost them and others 18 cents, for 17 cents. Right next to it they had another brand which cost them 8 cents, marked to sell at 16 cents, and the clerks were instructed to sell as few of the 17-cent and as many of the 16-cent as possible.

Macy sells *Harper's Magazine* at 25 cents. It costs at wholesale \$28 per hundred, and the regular price, as everyone knows, is 35 cents. A friend recently wanted to buy a china closet. He found the same piece of furniture in Macy's and in Horner's, and Horner is supposed to be one of the high-priced furniture stores in New York City. Macy asked \$41 and Horner \$31. Macy's extra \$10 was put on to make up for the loss of three cents on each *Harper's Magazine* that he sold.

Siegel, Cooper & Co. will sell a breakfast food that retails for 15 cents, and is widely advertised, for 11 or 12 cents, and make no profit or even a loss on the sale. I wanted a nice rug a year or so ago and found identically the same rug in Sloane's, supposed to be one of the highest priced carpet stores in New York, and in Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s. Sloane was 25 per cent. cheaper than Siegel, Cooper's.

This method of having leaders is essentially dishonest. It temporarily increases business. But, like alcohol, the more you have of it the more you need, until almost everything in your store becomes a profitless leader. The best department stores have stopped it. But their competition, while less rasping, will become more dangerous. They advertise heavily and they are giving a service in large and varied stock, in easily seen display of that stock, in clearly marked prices and in delivering purchases. But the regular stores often think this unnecessary. They say they cannot do these things at the margin of profit they are selling at. This is often true, at least partially. Then raise your prices so as to make a larger profit and put part of the extra profit into advertising and giving better service. - The American people want better service and they are willing to pay for it.

I happen to know about the stationery business and have made a careful investigation of the cost of doing it. The ratio of expenses to sales ranges from 22 to 30 per cent., and averages 25 per cent. in a good retail stationery business. But the man who does his business at the lowest ratio of

expenses to sales is not the one who is increasing his business and making the most profit. The one who has a comparatively high ratio of expenses to sales, who ignores his competitors and adds enough additional profit to his costs to a little more than cover his extra expenses is the one who is rapidly increasing both his business and his profits.

I have in mind an exceedingly nice illustration of this: a man who took a once fine business that had been run almost into bankruptcy by the mistaken idea of trying to double or triple the business by cutting prices and having leaders. This gentleman has gradually and skilfully reversed this policy, has dropped price leaders, has increased his quality leaders, increased his advertising, increased his display, his service, his ratio of expenses to sales in a way that would make the former owner and manager turn in his grave, and has thereby increased his profit ratio, and today is probably doing the nicest and most profitable business in that city.

I do not say that this is the ideal situation. But it is a fact of present day business that costly aggression will get business when economy and efficiency will not. This change has taken place in the last twenty years and mainly in the last ten years. The men who have taken advantage of the psychological movement, or fact, are the ones who have made the big successes. Have economy and efficiency in your aggression, but be aggressive, and as aggressiveness is always costly, do not hesitate at the necessary cost for aggression.



The Labor Union and Its Unfulfilled Mission

BY R. D. KATHRENS

The statistical matter presented in this article is reliable. I spent several months in the New England States, investigating the condition of laboring people there. In that time I personally interviewed more than a thousand working-girls, and what I have written concerning them and the influence of their presence in the gainful occupations, is entirely trustworthy and is offered without bias or undue coloring.

THERE is a sympathetic quality, inherent in human nature—a singular and indefinable something—that prompts men to fraternize. This disposition or impulse or instinct within us to draw nearer to one another is the source and occasion of fellowship among men, the fountainhead from which social order and progress receive their inspiration. While this fellow-feeling is a natural and distinguishing property of the human species, its general manifestation is hindered and delayed by a cultivated sense of self-interest, the outgrowth of a mistaken notion concerning the relation of man to man. One of the most beneficent purposes of civilization is to correct this erroneous conception—to teach men to be natural; to raise them above self and to imbue every man with a thoughtful and considerate regard for the good and well-being of every other man.

A menacing evil of this time is the tendency toward caste in our social and industrial system. The fixing of classes and the segregating of bodies of men according to race, creed, nativity, financial condition or industrial status, in respect to the exercise of those rights wherein all are equal, are contrary to natural laws and are therefore a positive calamity. Under such a condition

of affairs *force* ultimately becomes the law, and *might* alone is made the measure of right. From time immemorial civilization and savagery have contended for mastery along that line. The battleground has been the hearts and consciences of men.

By the slow processes of education, the weak and oppressed have gained a hearing for their cause. The mailed hand of physical power is no longer the arbiter of human destiny. Reason now wears the purple and Justice sits high in the councils of men, but the old tiger spirit is not yet dead and unceasing vigilance is still demanded of those who would preserve the institutions of Liberty.

Even in this age of enlightenment and in this "land of the free" may be noted isolated cases of abnormal men, occupying positions of leadership, who are seeking to overturn the natural industrial order and to absorb and appropriate to themselves and to their perverted coterie the large benefits that flow from the toil of others. To accomplish their unworthy ends, sacred rights are ignored and the industrial activity and opportunity of millions are thereby restricted and cut off.

Vaunted charity and advertised philanthropy are made the cloak for heartless strategy, and the subtle influence of money is employed to defeat legislation, to frustrate the ends of justice, and to quiet the public press.

Opposed to this attempted plutocracy are arrayed a variety of defensive organizations whose membership is recruited largely from the ranks of the poor. The most important and formidable of these associations and the

most competent mouthpiece of the common people is the fraternity of strenuous workers known as the Labor Union.

This paper will be devoted chiefly to a consideration of something of the doings of this society of men—its unfoldment, mission, methods and opportunity.

In the capacity of an observer, and incidentally in that of a student, I have followed with a fascinated interest the evolution of the Labor Union from a mere yearning to a realization; from an inconstant hope to a developed potency. At first, as the plaintive cry of one oppressed, the suppliant's appeal to heart and conscience, it awakened the sympathy and gained the support of those who held a kinship with sorrow. Many who believed their opportunities restricted or their rights imperiled found in this awakening a fellowship and a promise. Courage attended fellow-feeling and resolve was born of hope. Strength was sought in numbers, and association followed; and then, by easy stages and in the natural order of things, the method of entreaty gave way to that of protest, and protest was succeeded by demand, until today, under the nurturing influence of free government, the Labor Union has developed into a commanding and compelling force.

The Union has come in response to natural causes, and it will remain so long as selfishness and greed and indifference to the rights of others hold a place in the affairs and relations of men. The Union is the product of the economic conditions under which we live—the legitimate child of an age in which money-getting is the chief pursuit of men. This is a period of combination as against individual effort, and association and organization have become imperative. In the commercial world the tendency is toward amalgamation, union and centralization; and the application of brains to business methods and relations is necessary to large success.

It is quite as essential to the well-being of workpeople that they combine their counsel and resources in an organized movement to defend their rights and protect their opportunities as that Capital should organize for similar ends.

The principle of Unionism is good and needs no defense. It is thoroughly consistent with the spirit of democratic institutions, for if any class of citizens is denied the right to organize for mutual advancement or defense, then we must bring into controversy the fundamental principles of free government.

The only danger that may come from Unionism lies in the possible abuse of the power thus acquired.

The Labor Union is the answer that the spirit of freedom makes to injustice and oppression. Its mission is one of the noblest and most worthy to which men are called. It is the real champion of the common people—the conservator of the rights of the poor.

Under wise and prudent direction, the Union may be made a power for greatest good in the nation, *but I apprehend a serious and threatened danger in the possibility of an incapable, dishonest and vacillating leadership.*

There rests upon the generals having command of the heterogeneous hosts of Labor a grave and solemn responsibility. They are frequently called upon to decide in matters of most serious moment—questions of duty and obligation between man and man; and upon their verdict rests the peace and quiet and prosperity of whole communities; hence it is important and essential to the success of Labor's cause that those charged with authority shall have the benefit of wise counsel, and that their recommendations be directed along broad, tolerant, humane and just lines.

The success of the rational method, finally employed in the settlement of the great Anthracite Coal Strike of 1902, proved the wisdom and the expediency of submitting such momentous differences to the calm and im-

partial judgment of a disinterested court. And I hold it to be deeply significant of the better day coming that the representatives of 150,000 men and the representatives of hundreds of millions of money, after five months of unyielding warfare, should have agreed to arbitrate the questions that estranged and divided them.

The courageous and magnanimous concessions granted by each of the contestants in that most unfortunate conflict made possible an honorable adjustment of their respective claims. Not only did their wise and timely determination to abandon barbarous methods and to adopt a course more acceptable to the public conscience avert a most disastrous calamity, but the moral effect of their act accomplished an immeasurable good for the cause of employer and employee throughout the industrial world. The demands of public sentiment were satisfied and as a result turbulent spirits were appeased, the people ceased taking sides, the atmosphere was cleared and the way opened for a better view of the real situation.

With a sense of assurance we may now encourage the hope that the current theory of the relations of Capital and Labor will give way to one better designed to secure a more even adjustment of the burdens and blessings of life, and that the methods of Labor and Capital, with regard to the enforcement of their respective rights and demands, will be reformed and made to fit higher ideals and nobler conceptions of justice and rectitude.

In this controversy between Labor and Capital there must be met a deep-seated prejudice on the one hand and an arrogant indifference on the other. Of course I speak in the abstract without regard to individual or particular cases. Labor has been led to believe, until it has become almost a conviction, that Capital is its greatest enemy; and Capital, while more cautious and politic, reveals by its acts a methodical opposition to the success of Labor's cause. This unfortunate condition of affairs cannot be disregarded. The

fight goes on because too much is expected of one side. Both sides must make concessions. Rivalry should give way to mutual interest; heart and conscience should enter into the negotiations and this fact should be borne in mind—Labor's struggle is for life, while the struggle of Capital is for profits.

These great industrial disturbances will continue periodically to menace the peace of the country so long as Capital and Labor attempt separately to deal with the causes behind them, and I am convinced that the condition of the workingman will never be generally improved until Capital honestly and magnanimously co-operates with Labor in the effort to solve the economic problems involved in these dissensions. Capital and Labor are interdependent and each is necessary to the success of the other. The contest between them is both unnatural and indefensible. Instead of assailing each other, a purer purpose and a better motive would direct a united attack upon the condition which binds equally employer and employee.

While I avow full accord with the spirit and purpose of the Labor Union, I am not in sympathy with all of its practices.

I am unwilling to accept the theory that "the end justifies the means"; nor am I ready to concede that justice and honesty of purpose have always presided on one side in these unfortunate conflicts.

So, if I speak in deprecation of the incongruous, bad and wasteful methods of the Union, I trust I may not be charged with hostile design or unworthy bias; and I shall regret exceedingly if the real spirit which prompts my recommendations, in the interest of certain reforms within the organization, is not made clearly manifest.

My absorbing hope is that Labor and Capital, each in its own best interest, shall realize the expediency and the wisdom of cultivating a closer relation, to the end that these now opposing forces may be harnessed in a move-

ment for their mutual profit and the public well-being.

Self-preservation being the first law of nature, the American laborer, individually or in union with others, is justified in demanding compensation for his toil sufficient in amount to provide for him at least the common necessities. It is not only his right, but it is his duty, in his capacity of citizen, to protest against unbearable conditions imposed upon him, and no one shall justly question his patriotism because he interposes a defense against an invasion of his rights.

But to destroy or damage property, to endanger and threaten life, to deny to others the rights that he enjoys, to persecute those who honestly differ from him, to demand that goods bearing his imprint shall be given preference over products not so marked, are un-American, dangerous and ill-advised policies. The employment of such methods constitutes a radical and unwarranted departure from the moral purpose and policy of the Union, and is contradictory of the hopes and objects of its founders. Such a course, if persisted in, must eventually bring disaster to the organization.

To limit and fix the hours of the workday in all fields where employment is attended with hazard to the life or health of the laborer, to adjust and maintain the wage-scale in accordance with the varied conditions surrounding workers, to create consistent sentiments in matters pertaining to social and civic science, to disseminate true views of the dignity of the individual man and woman and of the rights and duties of citizenship, and to promote and secure by legal enactment equal justice to all, are among the objects properly within the legitimate sphere of the Union.

The processes by which these objects are to be realized are necessarily slow. Education is the only force that civilizes, and this is a work of civilization.

THE STRIKE

The Union will do wisely and well to

abandon its attempt to best brains with brawn. In the struggle to maintain its position with Capital a better method than the strike must be found. Only a misconception of the relation of one to the other could prompt physical force or the threat of violence.

The strike never has and never can accomplish any permanent good. In the very nature of things it is an agency for harm. It is not a remedy, but an irritant. It is not consistent with good morals and its philosophy is shortsighted. It awakens all that is wicked and vicious in men. It engenders hate and malice where amity and good-will should prevail. It widens and deepens the chasm between Employer and Employee which it is the duty of civilization to close. The strike is retroactive in its results and the cost falls finally upon the striker. The hardships suffered by the working classes today because of the decreasing value of a day's labor are the consequences, the cost and product of strikes of the past. Unless the striker has the power to enforce his demands the whole plan fails and new weight is added to the already too heavy burden.

And what if the striker should win?

Human nature is the same whether worn by a serf or a king.

Concessions granted under pressure are never satisfactory. They are not prompted by sympathy or any impulse of goodness, but are merely a means of tiding over—a ruse to quiet the public mind. Later on a pretext is found for the striker's removal; later on the same old abuses are repeated. There is never a settlement, only an armed truce, so to speak, and Labor pays all the costs of the contest.

While I oppose the strike from principle, my sympathy is with the man who feels impelled to strike. I can appreciate something of the burden he carries, of the injustice he suffers, but there is a better method than the strike if republican institutions have the power to protect the life and rights of the citizen. The strike is to be condemned as its cause is to be deplored.

THE STRIKE FUND

After earnest and painstaking inquiry into the causes for the continuing strife between employers and employees the unwelcome conviction has come to me that much of the dissatisfaction and contention that disquiets and inflames is systematically promoted and encouraged by agents of the Union. I have found that the Strike Fund is not only a grim monition to invested capital, but it is a perpetual menace to the peace and contentment of working-people. It affords unscrupulous men both the occasion and incentive for dishonesty, and it breeds a horde of roving demagogues who fatten upon stress and strife.

So soon as the monthly contributions to this fund represent a considerable sum, the professional agitator is abroad, and the walking delegate is active until a conflict is on and the fund dissipated; then the strike is called off. Confiding workmen submit, without public protest, to this system of periodical fleecing. The passing of the strike fund will effectually dispose of the strike with its terror and loss and despair, and make it possible for the friendly co-operation of Labor and Capital in a rational effort to solve the problems that come up.

THE BOYCOTT

The boycott is a heritage of barbarism and should be discouraged. It is an odious and offensive expedient, and its employment by the Union has done much to weaken its claim upon public favor. The boycott is a direct and ruthless interference with the liberties of the people. It is as reprehensible as the black-list, and both should be relegated, as unworthy of civilized warfare.

THE UNION LABEL

The intolerance of the Union label has no place in free America, and the cry of "scab" is alien to our national creed, and should give way to a spirit of brotherly love and unselfish concern.

IT IS INEXPLICABLE THAT A PEOPLE STRUGGLING THEMSELVES TO BE FREE SHOULD SEEK TO PLACE UNREASONABLE

RESTRICTIONS UPON THE FREEDOM OF OTHERS.

DIVISION BY TRADES

To my mind, the division of working-people according to trades is a serious mistake. Under the Trades Union system, the benefits are reserved for a certain craft or the members of a particular Union. The followers of other pursuits, whose interests may be identical, are required to work out their own salvation, and those laborers outside of the Union are not esteemed worthy of friendly regard or consideration.

The power of the Union should not be divided and wasted in an attempt to raise, locally and discriminatingly, the wages of certain classes of laborers, but it should be conserved and directed in a concerted movement for the improvement and protection of the *earning power of all* who work, and particularly and primarily of those workers who need assistance most.

If it is desired to advance the general condition of the working-people, the whole structure must be raised from the bottom. The lowest in the wage-scale, those who receive the least for devoted services, are the proper and legitimate objects of first concern.

The Union should proceed upon the safe theory that the security of all the people depends upon the security of the individual; that no citizen can long remain safe in the enjoyment of his rights while the rights of any other citizen are abridged or denied. "That institution," declared President Roosevelt in a recent speech, "is the best representative of each of us that seeks to do good to each by doing good to *all*, because the welfare of each of us is dependent fundamentally upon the welfare of all of us."

There should be no trade or race or sex distinction in the Labor Union. All who labor should be eligible to membership and entitled to equal participation in the benefits of the organization, and moreover their membership should be optional with them.

The *real* and most serious trouble that confronts working-people, indeed, the gravest danger to *all the people*, is the steadily decreasing value of a day's work in nearly every department of industrial activity.

Many employers of labor will receive this statement with no little surprise and its truth will be challenged by those who will be able, no doubt, to cite their own experience as proof that a contrary wage condition exists, but the alarming, menacing fact remains that the drift and tendency of wages is *downward*.

It must be admitted that in some localities and in some vocations wages have been advanced, *through the operation of an artificial demand, brought about by the arbitrary action of the Union*; but this is not reflective of the general condition. While it is true that ironworkers, plumbers, brick-masons, and the members of several other crafts, are just now enjoying unprecedented prosperity in their wages, it is equally true that clerks in nearly all departments of business, bookkeepers, stenographers and other office employees, have suffered a considerable cut in their salaries. Unless something is done to control or hold in check the mischievous forces that conspire to "bear" the price of labor, we have reason to be apprehensive of dangerous economic disturbances, amounting to a national calamity, for no man can overestimate the evil consequences to society and the nation that must attend an unstable and depreciating wage standard.

The condition is upon us, and its underlying cause demands the earnest and intelligent attention of every good citizen; and, in a particular manner, the patriotic and unselfish consideration of the Labor Union. The *occasion* for the present predicament is the first thing to be ascertained, then we may intelligently address ourselves to the larger task of effecting its removal or reformation.

Following this suggestion, I beg to submit for thoughtful consideration a few facts and figures which, in my

humble opinion, tend to disclose a most considerable factor, if, in truth, they do not point out the chief cause of wage depression.

MENACE OF WOMEN

The real trouble in all probability will be found in that system by which employers have been enabled to press into service, at reduced wages, several millions of the population which formerly devoted themselves to other pursuits outside the field of gainful occupation. The thoughtful and unprejudiced student of the situation cannot escape the conclusion that the most potent and insidious of all the forces uniting to lower the price of labor is the pernicious practice that operates to make women the competitors of men.

The introduction of this new factor into the business and industrial world has demoralized wage standards and contributes an alarming complexity to the whole problem of labor.

The system that rejects George because Fanny is cheaper is responsible for the fierce competition in labor markets today, and I shall attempt to show how this new order of things seriously affects the earning power of every worker in nearly every industrial pursuit. Women and children are deliberately defrauded out of sixty per cent. of their just wage due. Go into the textile and shoe districts of New England, the cotton mills of the South and the great department stores of the country, if you would seek a verification of this statement.

It is a criminal advantage to withhold from those unable to assert their rights fair compensation for devoted services, and the statutes should recognize the offense and prescribe a penalty for it. Here is opportunity, in a neglected field, for the purifying and uplifting influence of the Union—the field in which women and children labor.

The working girl, struggling like a man to meet new demands imposed upon her by unnatural social condi-

tions, is to me the most admirable and the saddest spectacle of our civilization.

She seeks work in extra-domestic fields because the condition at home is such that father, brother or husband is not able to provide sufficient to meet the demands of their scanty living. She is employed because she is faithful, industrious, punctual, attentive, honest, sober and all that a man should be. She is required to accept less pay than her male predecessor received for identical work because she has no means to enforce her demands for better pay. She cannot strike, if she would imitate the methods of men, because society prescribes certain rules of conduct for her which men are not required to observe. Under the circumstances her presence in the gainful occupations is a serious menace to the scale of wages paid to man. *The reduced scale at which the woman is required to work becomes the standard by which the value of a man's labor is measured.*

The admission of pauper labor from Europe and Asia is vigorously denounced by labor leaders and politicians, while this system by which our own labor is pauperized is permitted to flourish without serious opposition. A pauper from Massachusetts is just as serviceable to the wage-cutter as one imported from Hungary or China.

In many quarters the responsibility of supporting families is shifting to mothers and daughters because of the enforced idleness or reduced earning power of fathers or brothers. The stern necessity of maintaining themselves is forcing women out of their natural sphere and crowding them into every channel in which men labor. The field of employment for men is becoming more and more circumscribed as women and children enter the gainful occupations. Already more than one hundred departments in industrial work have been closed to men, and in every one of these departments salaries have steadily depreciated.

The competition of women has been most severely felt in the more refined and genteel vocations in which capable

men found agreeable and profitable employment.

The average scale of wages paid to bookkeepers, stenographers, cashiers in stores and those engaged as clerks in offices and salesmen in storerooms has been reduced from 35 to 65 per cent. within the past twenty years.

The competition in these fields is *direct*, and wages have declined very rapidly as a consequence.

The wages paid to switchmen, locomotive engineers and firemen, blacksmiths, butchers, coopers, miners, etc., have also fallen, but not so suddenly. Women do not as yet present themselves for such positions, but the army of idle men, displaced and crowded out of other fields, has entered those avenues in quest of employment, until the number seeking to perform such work has increased far beyond the demand, and as a result the price of labor has been bid down.

Bookkeeping, a high and worthy calling, was at one time considered a promising and lucrative field of employment. Boys were taught to apply themselves to the study of the science of accounts because good bookkeepers always commanded good salaries. That was true fifteen or twenty years ago, before the employment of women as accountants became so general. Today the salary attaching to the average position of bookkeeper is no longer attractive to men who have family responsibilities to meet. The unequal contest is forcing men into other channels and women and girls are succeeding to their places at a surprising rate.

Information supplied by the Census Office with reference to the number of persons in the United States engaged as bookkeepers and accountants reveals an alarming condition. The number of females engaged in keeping accounts in 1870 is reported at less than 1,800 and the number of males at about 60,000. In 1900 the number of females had increased to 74,186 and the number of males to 181,340, or an increase in thirty years of about 300 per cent. for the males and 4,000 per

cent. for the females. Those male accountants who have not been supplanted by women have either submitted to a considerable cut in salary or await with nervous anticipation the inevitable coming of the day when they will be notified of a reduction. So every bookkeeper, whether employed or idle, is a sufferer because of the depressing competition of women.

By identically the same process the positions of male office clerks and salesmen in stores are becoming more uncertain every day. Male stenographers are rapidly disappearing and the handsome salary paid for that character of labor fifteen years ago has been reduced to an average of less than \$40 per month.

So it goes throughout the whole wage world. Men upon whom devolve the support of families are subjected to the alternative of meeting the unfair competition of helpless women or of forfeiting their positions.

The time is ripe for some strong voice to sound the alarm.

Just a bit of history, if you please. There was a time, within the memory of men still young, when the New England states were the scene of the bitterest contentions that have shocked the industrial world. Quite different now. Hardly an eddy ripple disturbs the surface of those deep waters, as placid as the black depths of Mammoth Cave. What miracle hath wrought peace out of rancor and rebellion? Have the rights of strikers been recognized? Are wages better there now than they were in the past day? Does this peace proclaim the satisfaction of smoothly gliding lives, or does it rather tell of the uncomplaining sacrifice of poor mortals who cannot protest save with unavailing tears, and of whom the world seems to take no heed?

It was in the State of Massachusetts, the state that gave to the world at the same time the paradoxical spectacle of human freedom and puritanical intolerance, that women were first impressed, in this fair land, to do the

work of men. The first woman to accept such employment—stitching shoes at Lynn, or feeding looms at New Bedford—was some poor, forlorn creature whose helplessness forced her to seek a livelihood in foreign and uncongenial fields. After a while, afflicted and long-sorrowing wives and mothers presented themselves for work at any wage that would assist to make up the growing deficit at home.

At first the public conscience sustained a shock, but in time the general employment of females was countenanced. The applications of women were given favor over those of men because it was found that they performed their work with neatness, that their attention to duty was better and that they suffered wrongs with that patience peculiar to their sex.

It was discovered, too, that women did not strike when a reduction in wages was declared. Then began a systematic displacement of men and the employment of women and girls in nearly every field of industrial activity.

The displacement of men by women would not afford occasion for serious alarm were it not for the fact that a wicked and criminal design underlies this new order of things. There is method in the plan, and my observation and investigation have brought me unquestionable evidence of the fact that in many manufacturing fields *females are chosen, at a diminished wage, for the purpose of reducing the earning power of men. The enslavement of women and children is the cruel answer that Capital makes to the demands of the striker.*

There was a time when men stood boldly for human rights, without regard to any particular human—a time when the cause of the weak was championed by the strong. Now selfishness is the way of the world and every man is plotting and planning for his personal advancement and profit with scarcely any thought of his fellow. Now and then a voice is heard to cry out. "Thou art thy brother's keeper," but the mad world answers, "Not I!" "Not I!"

Heretofore men have pleaded and exhorted, and struck and fought for wage reforms for *men*, not taking any note of the needs and rights of women; but now the time is at hand when, in self-defense, the tardy fight for the wage woman must be assumed by men.

The right of any woman to labor in any field in which she shall elect to engage herself cannot be justly denied, restricted or questioned. She is not to be excluded from the enjoyment of any opportunity open to men, but an awakened conscience and an informed public sentiment will demand that she receive equal compensation with men wherever she does equal work—that she shall be paid according to her work and not according to her sex!

It is frequently urged in defense of the system that uses women to "bear" the scale of wages paid to men that if men cannot meet the competition of women they must submit and get out. Such argument is neither sound nor fair. If we apply it in defense of the employment of Chinese, or pauper labor from foreign lands, its insufficiency becomes apparent and public sentiment repudiates it.

There are in round numbers today four millions of females engaged in extra-domestic work. This vast number does not include 65,000 hotel and boarding-house keepers, or 147,000 that act in the capacity of stewards, or 335,000 laundresses, or 110,000 nurses, or 1,285,000 servants, housemaids and waitresses.

These four millions of mothers and daughters are toiling in manufacturing fields, in trade and transportation and in professional service, which opportunities of gainful occupation were, until within a very few years, reserved for men.

Two millions are in the New England and North Atlantic states, and all the rest, with the exception of some scattered thousands, are in the territory east of the Mississippi River.

Each of this valiant host of displaced mothers of men has succeeded to a position in which a man formerly found employment. This means four

millions of men locked out. Not only that, but it means four millions of men crowded into other fields.

Here are eight millions of American workpeople directly affected by the changed condition. We need take no note of the other millions that suffer in consequence of a system that places a premium upon pauperism.

These eight millions of struggling men and women are practically without organization. They belong to the great under strata for whose rights nobody seems to care. They include within their number the defenseless and the dependent, the indigent poor and the friendless scab. They plead for deliverance from a bondage worse than slavery.

"And woe unto those nations and peoples that hear their cry—but do not heed!"

In a contributory sense, at least, the Labor Union must bear the responsibility for this state of affairs. And if it continues to refuse comfort and succor to those less fortunate fellow-workers who are without organization and who endure hardships without a means of redress, it sins against itself, admits its deficiency, questions its right to survive and fails utterly of its mission.

The Labor Union is the natural agency and the best equipped organization to bring about all the reforms that wage-workers demand. But before it can rightfully assume the role of conservator of public morals it must first purge itself. It must reform many of its own policies and practices, it must abandon forever methods offensive to the public conscience and it must shape its course in conformity with American ideals and American institutions.

LAW AND THE BALLOT

It is a condition that confronts workingmen, and attacks upon the property or person of individuals will not avail to remedy the situation.

The Law is the thing!

I am sensible of the futility of legislation to correct conditions, but I know that wise statutes will do much to hold in check those unscrupulous combina-

tions either of Capital or Labor that take advantage of conditions to oppress or extort.

Capital invokes the law, and with success. It will be profitable for Labor to follow the example.

If there are no laws on the statute books under which workpeople may seek redress for grievances or refuge from oppression, then it is the duty of Labor to put them there.

The question arises, *how* may this be done? The ballot makes the law. The wage-earners of the United States have a voting strength of probably fifteen millions. All power under this Government lies subservient to their concerted demand.

Labor holds Capital in the hollow of its palm, and yet neglects to assert its sovereignty!

The working classes of this country, united, working along the same lines, with a single, determined purpose and the approval of conscience, have it absolutely within their power to assume mastery of the situation and to right every wrong that afflicts them!

The ballot is the way—the ideal way!

Under a republican form of government, all problems affecting the rights of the people will be best solved by an intelligent exercise of the ballot.

I am not unmindful of the tremendous task presented by this suggestion and I have some appreciation of the difficulties to be encountered from within and without, and the many obstacles in the way of a speedy realization of such a hope.

To marshal all the forces of Labor into one mighty Federation, to overcome intense partisan differences and to centre all minds, as it were, on a new principle, and then to move, as one man, under the guidance of a loved and trusted leader, were a heroic work that only some Titan genius dare attempt.

Until some new Napoleon answers the cry for Justice, I fear we may only speculate and theorize upon the possibilities of such a stupendous undertaking.

But in due time, I am convinced the

man equal to the demands of the hour will arise and announce himself.

LOBBIES

In the meantime there is another way and a plan productive of quicker returns. This plan is also inspired by Capital, and Labor will do wisely to adopt it.

There are no lobbies at our capitols to urge the claims of workingmen, especially if their claims are without political significance, and for that reason Labor receives comparatively little at the hands of legislators. After election the "people's representatives" too frequently become agents of the rich. Wealth receives the large benefits of legislation. The poor get only the crumbs that fall from the table—a part of the overabundance.

I do not wish to charge, even in an implied way, that legislators are venal and corrupt, or that legislation has become a commodity to be had for so much in hand paid. No! No!

But there is no disguising the fact that in this age money exercises a peculiar charm upon many minds, and has been known to influence opinions, to give birth to second thought and to overcome the bitterest antagonisms.

The world patronizes prosperity. The man of wealth or the representative of wealth has a distinct advantage.

Capital employs the best brains; it proceeds cautiously and with deliberation and carefully gauged tread; it rewards its friends with loyalty; it appeals to cupidity; it flatters the vanity and assists the private or political ambitions of those whose favor it seeks, and in this manner, disclaiming bribery, it tempers the radicalism of the Populist and brings Republican and Democrat together in perfect accord. In this manner the corporations pay for every line favorable to their interests that gets into the statute books, and directly or indirectly for every line, adulatory or apologetic, that appears in the public press.

FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE

Labor should be prevailed upon to

conserve its strength and not to waste its resources in unpropitious strikes. United Labor has not only an immensely preponderating vote with which to control the administration of government, but it has ample means at its command, if not dissipated in useless warfare, to meet Capital upon an equality.

I do not even suggest that Labor shall use money to endow the palm of unscrupulous politicians, but that it shall use it as the necessary medium to bring to its councils the wisest and best talent of the nation. The reason that so many lawyers of force and ability are enlisted in the service of corporations is because corporations pay well for brains. Labor must follow this example, if it hopes for the success of its cause. *It must learn to take its inspiration from men acquainted with large responsibilities, and it must pay for their saving advice.*

For the benefit of those heroic but misguided men who followed Mr. Debs through the horrors of the Pullman strike, I want to make this declaration: If the money burned upon the altar of a false god, under the direction of that deluded and over-zealous leader, had been expended under the guidance of wise counsel in support of prudent legislation, an equitable measure further securing the citizen in his rights could have been spread upon the statute books of the land, and many subsequent industrial calamities have been averted.

If every strike fund were closed into a Legislation Fund, ample means would at once become available and this plan operative.

No combination of Capital can withstand the assault that United Labor can make if it will. Labor can contribute millions a month to such a campaign without seriously impairing its resources or disturbing for one hour the business of the country. In such a contest no bitterness would be engendered, as the attack would be directed against the condition and never against individual or local interests.

Under such a new order of things every demand would be prompted by

considerations of justice and humanity, and public sentiment would determine the right of each to stand or fall.

Under such a new order of things opportunity would be found for beneficent practices on the part of many—outside the field of wage-workers who desire to promote the happiness of others, which present Union methods render impracticable.

Under such a new order of things, it would be neither uncommon nor strange for honest manufacturers to appear before legislative committees, side by side with honest toilers, pleading for the enactment of laws designed to put an end to the barbarous enslavement of children and the monstrous discriminations practiced against women.

Under such a new order of things, we might, with reason, contemplate the perfect reconciliation of Labor and Capital; we might confidently look forward to a time when these great essential forces, now occupying hostile camps, will, recognizing and realizing their mutual dependence, harmonize their differences and with locked arms, so to speak, go forward and upward to the accomplishment of a common destiny.

In the interest of an intelligent effort to solve these industrial problems, I have made bold to outline a plan and to indicate a method, imperfect and incomplete to be sure, but conceived in a spirit of fairness, and, in my judgment, capable of practical and beneficial exploitation. My primary object will have been accomplished and my personal wishes quite fully satisfied if I can induce abler men to test the value of my suggestions. My only desire is to contribute something to the common good, and a thought earnestly and fearlessly expressed is the only philanthropy I am permitted to indulge.

With the aid of an imperfect light I am seeking to find and to touch the truth. I have sought to point the necessity for better education along certain lines, for conservative, dispassionate, unprejudiced discussion of the

great questions within the scope of industrial economics that are pressing now for solution. *I have attempted to focus public attention upon a palpable evil in our industrial system which, if not corrected, must accomplish ultimately the enslavement of the working classes, and above all, I seek to dissuade laboring men from violence—to give up the methods of the Strike, to seek redress for grievances in the Law, to resort to Reason rather than to Riot.*

In these mad days of strife and strain,
When life seems but a race for gain,
The world's imperative great need
Is men who are not slaves to greed,
Men who prize honor more than gold,
Men who are never bought nor sold,
Men who in office, home or mart
Are straight of thought and clean of heart.

THE OUTLOOK

Despite the evil influence of reckless and inflammable agitation, and notwithstanding direful predictions recently indulged through the public press by certain men prominently identified with organizations both of employers and employees, which tend to give an ominous cast to the outlook, I feel constrained to view the situation with equanimity.

I am not an optimist, nor yet am I a pessimist. While not disposed always to look upon the brightest side, I am not without hope for the future. I am unwilling to believe that the moral and intellectual development of man has reached its highest possibilities, or that "the world is going back into the melting-pot," as a certain conspicuous Socialist recently declared.

I would rather believe that the world is growing better; that the remolding processes are constantly going on; that great conservative and constructive forces are all the while at work; that every seemingly backward step is offset by a proportionate advance made in other directions; that no truth, laid bare by the genius of man, can ever be lost, and that no influence for good, once set vibrant, may ever be banished from the earth or cease its salutary ministrations to the needs of humanity.

While the immediate outlook may not be reassuring, I perceive no real occasion for serious alarm.

My trust is in the increasing intelligence of the masses. The people have their faces to the sun, and notwithstanding the countless obstacles in the way, the lowering clouds that obscure the distant goal, the doubt and uncertainty that clothe the prospect, the unknown perils of the path, their movement is forward—wavering, hesitant, disconcerted, but ever ONWARD!

I believe the people are about ready to try these great industrial problems and to announce a decision that shall put at rest jarring factions and place a quietus upon the spirit of rebellion. The most certain and assuring sign of the approaching dawn is to be found in the popular interest everywhere aroused.

The struggle throughout the industrial world that we now witness and deplore is the travail incident to the birth of a new philosophy. Out of the hopes and yearnings of the ages is being evolved a new order of things that will make for the lasting benefit of mankind; and economic conditions are slowly and laboriously adjusting themselves.

We stand at the threshold of a new dispensation!

I look forward to a time, not far distant, when the pendulum will swing the other way and men will become natural; a time when it will be both popular and profitable to deal justly, under all circumstances; when questions of *right* will be discussed in a spirit of perfect fairness and conflicting claims will be determined without regard to *profits*, the comparative financial strength of the claimants or the ability of either to resist or interdict the mandate of the other; a time when the responsibilities that invariably accompany great wealth will be fully recognized, and when the employers of men will realize that a condition of *real* prosperity for themselves must include the contentment and the well-being of those who labor.

The Christmas Guest

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON

“THE Cresslys are coming today, I suppose,” said James Randal, as he took his place at the immaculate breakfast-table opposite his no less immaculate sister whose patrician face looked exactly like the pale, old-fashioned miniatures on the Sèvres coffee-cup beside her.

“No, I didn’t ask them this year,” Miss Mattie answered. “The boys are growing so big and noisy and they worry the cats so.” As she spoke she glanced down at a beautiful Angora cat that basked in the patch of dim wintry sunlight straggling through the window.

“I am afraid they will feel seriously disappointed,” James observed after a slight pause during which he, too, had looked speculatively at the dozing cat.

“I think not, James. I sent Hallie a substantial check instead of the invitation, and that will probably please the boys more than the usual visit here, besides sparing me a good deal of discomfort.”

“Don’t you think you may be a little lonely without them?” James ventured half apologetically.

Miss Mattie smiled dryly. “Not at all,” she declared. “On the contrary, I shall enjoy the quiet, for I really dislike the domestic derangements that the Cresslys’ presence always creates. I suppose Hallie is not to blame for her slack upbringing, but her children are certainly very trying to the nerves. None of them are like the Randals in the very least.”

“I shall miss them,” said James, with the ghost of a sigh.

Miss Mattie glanced sharply at her brother, in whom she had once or twice detected signs of what she considered a weakening of social principle. She

had surprised him in earnest conversation with the little Bedells, of vagrant manners and hybrid ancestors, who supplied old Judy with vegetables from their neighboring farm; and once when she had driven through the adjoining town where James occupied a dim office in the county court-house, she had seen James actually engaged in wiping the tear-stained face of a little strayed urchin whom even Judy would have scorned to touch.

“If you think you will be lonely, James,” said she, a little coldly, “you had better ask Mr. Frayle over to play chess with you tomorrow afternoon.”

“Very well,” said James in a tone that implied no very great exhilaration. Long association with Miss Mattie had impressed upon James’s amiable character a profound reserve that went well with his innate dignity and separated him from the easy, heedless commoners among whom he moved and worked like a royal alien. He had acquired the ceremonious habits of his sister, which strictly maintained the old regime of their youth in the midst of a painfully antagonistic era. As he glanced about the handsome paneled dining-room he noticed that everything was just as it had been in his boyhood when his beautiful young mother had unexpectedly turned her back upon the life that she loved, leaving him and his sister in possession of the old home and the still older traditions of an illustrious family. Even their two negro servants were unchanged except for the impress of age; they still prided themselves loyally upon their affiliation with “de Randals uv Gawgia, suh,” and their occupation of the fine old mansion that had miraculously escaped the ravages of war.

"Can I do anything in town for you, Mattie?" asked James as he thrust his napkin into the massive silver ring that had once graced the table of a peer.

"No, thank you. I shall pass through town this afternoon on my way to the Narrow-gauge depot where I am to meet the Rosedale train. Mrs. Gray has invited a lonely young theological student up for the holidays, and as she is to be particularly busy she asked me to meet her guest instead of helping her with the mission tree, as I had offered to do. I believe the student is a poor young man who is working his way through college."

"Very commendable," said James perfunctorily. "I am afraid we shall have stormy weather, after all. Well, good-bye, Mattie."

"Good-bye. Be careful not to get your feet wet, James."

After James had stamped down the front steps in his heavy arctics Miss Mattie called old Judy into the dining-room to talk over the day's work, and when that was over with, Sambo was sent for and given his day's orders—orders which accorded with the aged groom's feeble strength. Lastly, Miss Mattie donned apron and cap and employed herself industriously with a feather duster, although she failed to discover anything that needed dusting. After luncheon she made out her yearly donations to the church and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to which all the Randals had contributed since the birth of the organization, long before war times. There was a small donation for the county poorhouse also, but nothing of a personal nature, for the spirit of brotherly love had departed from the House of Randal, and those four elderly, honest, refined people lived as the Master had said that no man shall live—to themselves alone.

That was the reason that Christmas had lost its worldwide meaning to Miss Mattie, but she did not realize it. Mistress and master and servants held themselves aloof from the plebeian, bustling life of the young town that was not of the select old stock from which

the Randals sprang, in the midst of which they existed like depleted flowers whose fragrance has long departed for want of nourishment.

As the afternoon wore on the sky darkened and the raw chill of the morning deepened to bitter cold. By four o'clock, when Miss Mattie seated herself in her old-fashioned road-cart preparatory to driving to the depot, a light snowfall added to the dreariness of the gray day, and by the time she reached the dull little station the shades of a stormy twilight had deepened to dusk. The train rumbled in noisily while Miss Mattie waited on the uncovered platform for the young man she was to welcome in Mrs. Gray's place. He did not appear, however. Two lumbering farmers alighted, followed by a woman who hurried away with her head bowed against the driving wind, and lastly a child of ten or thereabout, very poorly and insufficiently dressed, clambered down the train steps and stood staring about in a bewildered, utterly helpless fashion that attracted the attention of the gruffly cheerful stationmaster.

"You lookin' for somebody?" he asked good-naturedly.

"Yes, sir, I'm lookin' for my pa," she answered in a scared voice. "He wrote for me to come and stay with him."

"What's your pa's name?"

"Mr. John Baynes."

The man dropped his handful of brass checks and stooped to pick them up before he attempted to ask further questions. When he finally looked at her his homely, honest face was curiously perturbed.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked again, with elaborate carelessness.

"Mr. John Baynes."

"Oh, yes, I rec'lect now. He worked at the switch here a while, didn't he? Well, he's gone off somewhere, but I reckon he'll be back soon if he expects you. When did he write for you to come?"

"Day 'fore yisterday. He said for me to git here by Christmas, sure. I'm goin' to stay an' keep house for him

right along," said the little girl seriously.

"Oh, you are! You don't look big enough to do much of anything," the stationmaster observed, measuring her size and strength with troubled eyes.

"I ain't very big, but I can work real good," the child assured him with a note of pride. "Aunt Lindy learned me to do 'most everything so's her girls could go to school reg'lar."

"Oh, then you've got kin-folks," the man exclaimed in a relieved voice.

"Jest Aunt Lindy's all. I lived with her two years, till I got sick an' she sent me to the hospital. When I got well the doctors told Aunt Lindy I'd have to quit workin' an' go to school, an' Aunt Lindy she sent me to the orphan 'sylum till pa got his stiddy job here an' then he sent for me."

"That so!" The stationmaster took off his cap and rubbed his head roughly as if something troubled him deeply. "Well," said he, "you go right in yonder an' set by the stove till I find out when your pa is comin' back. I'll telegraph up the road an' see about it."

The little girl obeyed promptly, shivering as she went, for the icy wind pierced her thin cotton skirts like barbed arrows. Miss Mattie, in costly furs, accosted the stationmaster in behalf of Mrs. Gray's guest, but had some difficulty in focusing his wandering attention.

"Oh, yes, yes, a message did come for someone in town," he recollected suddenly. "'Party can't leave!' That's what the telegram said. It's done been sent to Mis' Gray. I was jest goin' to ask your opinion about that little tyke in yonder," he added in a lower voice. "A lady knows how to handle children, an' a man don't. She's come from the 'sylum to live with her pa who got killed yesterday morning by a freight train. She's got to be told some time, of course, but not now—such news ain't for a time like Christmas. If I had a home to take her to, I'd keep her over Christmas, but the place I board at ain't fit for children. Couldn't you take her home with you?"

Miss Mattie drew back in mute refusal. "Why, I know nothing about the child. She may be——"

"What difference does it make if you don't know her?" the man broke in. "I can't send her back to the 'sylum an' it Christmas! An' there ain't no down train till mornin', anyhow. Surely a lady like yourself has got enough sympathy for a poor little orphan to take care of her for one night, an' it Christmas, too!"

"Certainly I am sorry for her," Miss Mattie answered, "but I dislike to take an utter stranger into my house, especially one that may have been exposed to all sorts of contagion. Besides I disapprove of deception such as you just now indulged in."

"You ain't got the heart to tell her about her pa, so sudden-like, without a little preparation, have you? If you'd take her home an' sorter mother her a little it would be easier for her when she is told."

"I'll take her home with me," said Miss Mattie abruptly, "but will send her back by my coachman the day after tomorrow."

"By that time," said the man, with a gleam of hope, "something else may turn up for the poor little tyke." He hurried to the waiting-room door and called the little girl out with an air of forced cheerfulness that served its purpose well.

"I've found out that your pa can't git back right now," he explained. "There's some business keepin' him; but he wants you to go home with this here lady, who is a real good friend of his'n, an' stay till he sends you word. I'll let you know soon as I hear from him."

Miss Mattie gave the speaker a look that showed severe disapproval of his kindly fabrication, but she took the little girl's blue hand in hers and led her to the shed where Sambo awaited her in liveried dignity.

James Randal, who had been rather anxiously peering through the stormy dusk from the library window, welcomed his sister's return with old-fashioned courtesy.

"A Christmas guest!" he exclaimed in surprise when he became aware of the child's shrinking presence.

"Oh, no," Miss Mattie answered gravely; "merely a waif who found no one to welcome her at the station. Judy can take her in charge. She is to be sent back the day after tomorrow."

"She looks very lonely," James remarked sympathetically, as the door closed behind Judy and the silent child. "Don't you think we ought to have her dine with us, Mattie? It is Christmas Eve, you know."

"Certainly not," Miss Mattie answered emphatically. "Why, the child is a waif of the commonest class! Her father was a switchman, and she has just come from an asylum where she may have been exposed to all sorts of diseases. Besides, it is easy to see that she hasn't been accustomed to anything better than kitchen comfort."

"Even so," said James, "the occasion calls for every indulgence, does it not?"

"I am sure Judy will see that she is properly cared for, James. Please do not argue the matter any further."

James deferred, as usual, to his sister's wishes. While their dinner was in progress Miss Mattie related, briefly, the occurrence at the station in which James exhibited a profound interest. He asked anxiously whether Judy had been instructed to treat her particularly well, and was told, by Judy herself, that the child would be attended to in due time, "after you-all git waited on."

"When she is ready for bed, Judy, you may put her in the little room next to yours. Please see that she is well supplied with covering, for it is a cold night."

Judy accidentally left the dining-room door ajar when she withdrew, and neither Miss Mattie nor James noticed the fact until they heard a stranger's voice in the kitchen—the voice of a young man who had brought in a late consignment of expressage. He was talking to Judy in a loud but

pleasant voice that carried distinctly to the dining-room.

"Got Christmas company, I see, Judy," said he cheerily.

Judy explained with characteristic brevity.

"Why, she must be John Baynes's little tyke," said the young man with heedless impetuosity. "Say, little girl, didn't they tell you your pa got killed yesterday?"

For one intensely still moment the listeners waited with indrawn breath, then a piercingly clear little voice cried out in sudden panic: "Oh, no, no! Pa ain't killed! I know he ain't!"

James rose and stumbled toward the door, but before he had reached it the expressman had told little Mary the brutal truth. She stood staring at him with eyes full of incredulous pain, her pretty, childish face as pale as snow and her hands clinched in front of her in an attitude of intense rigidity, when James crossed the threshold and hurried toward her. Her glance swerved to his face with a sudden agonized appeal.

"Oh, say it ain't true about my pa!" she implored. "Say he ain't dead! Say it!"

James Randal drew a deep breath that seemed to sweep inward with a strange warmth that melted the long-frozen fountain of emotion, and dropping to his knees he drew the little, rigid, trembling form into his arms. "My dear little girl, it is true," he said in a voice of infinite pity. "Your father is dead. Oh, how sorry we all feel! There, don't try to keep from crying, but have it out. Cry, poor little girl, and have the worst over with, if you can."

And Mary cried. Oh, how she cried! Till the deep fountain of tears was exhausted and her frail strength worn away; and all the while James Randal held her to his heart while the tears trickled down his cheeks on her brown curls. Judy, leaning weakly against the wall, cried, too, in a choking, spasmodic way as if the unaccustomed emotion taxed her strength fearfully. Miss Mattie stood in the doorway, white and silent, with a strange light

in her dark, bright eyes, and the blundering expressman looked on in profound self-abasement.

"If I didn't go an' do it *this* time," he said over and over in a mumbling whisper.

By and bye James gently unclasped Mary's rigid arms and rose. He laid his hand on the drooping brown head beside him and looked straight into his sister's expectant eyes. "Mattie," said he, "our home is to be this child's home as long as I am able to provide a living for her. You will try to take a mother's part by her, will you not?"

Miss Mattie dropped weakly into a nearby chair, for the magnitude of her brother's act appalled her, although it did not anger her. When James led little Mary to his sister's side she took the hot, trembling, plebeian hand in her own delicate palm and said, very kindly: "We are going to be as fond of you as possible, and I hope you will be happy with us. Don't cry any more, please, Mary."

But Mary's grief was too deep to be assuaged at once; yet she could not help but respond to the consolation of kindness that had suddenly descended upon her from all sides. She sat still and tearful beside Miss Mattie while James and Judy and Sambo vied with each other in little comforting services, and by and bye tired nature brought the balm of sleep, and Miss Mattie and Judy ensconced their little charge in the big splendid guest-room, instead of in the servants' quarters, and waited beside the drowsy child until she had fallen into a sound sleep. When the two women returned to the dining-room they found James Randal and Sambo ready for a fight with the storm, booted and gloved and armed with an axe and a halter.

"We are going to give her a Christmas tree," James announced jubilantly. "She probably never had one in her life, poor little thing! It may help her to forget her bereavement."

"But James, where can you procure a tree at this time of the night?" Miss Mattie asked surprisedly.

"In the woods, of course. We'll be

back within an hour, and I wish, Mattie, that you would hunt up some little gifts to hang on the tree in the meanwhile, will you?"

"Oh, James, I don't think you ought to venture out in such a storm! You are not very robust, remember," said Miss Mattie anxiously.

But James and his old servant merely smiled at Miss Mattie's fears and hurried away, eager as boys bent on some delectable adventure. Miss Mattie closed the door after them with a sigh that was full of expectancy, for she was beginning to respond to something that called to her across the lapse of the long, dull, luxurious years that separated her from her buoyant youth. She went up to the great storeroom where she brought to light many forgotten treasures of childhood, while old Judy fell to work at her long-neglected art of turning shapeless brown dough into the rampant gingerbread animals which had so delighted the children of long ago. When the two old men returned with a festively green cedar tree they found a great number of bright-hued packages awaiting the decoration of the tree, at which all hands fell to work with true Christmas zeal.

"Seem lak ole times come back, don't it, Miss Mattie," murmured Judy as she hung a fat brown elephant on a spicy bough.

Miss Mattie smiled as she lifted a satin-dressed doll from its camphored repose of half a century. "Judy, do you remember the Christmas that Aunt Lida gave me this doll?" she asked.

"Laws, honey, dat's jes' as plain in mah mind as if it happened yisterday! Everybody was jes' brimmin' ovah wid friendliness lak dey wanted foh to mek ever'body else happier dan deyse'f. Times has changed a heap sence den, Miss Mattie."

"The fault lies with us, Judy," said James soberly, "not with the times. We have lost interest in our fellow-beings without realizing it. What have we ever done for outsiders except to give a few dollars to charities and pass

the fallen by on the other side, like self-righteous men of old? If we should die tonight there would be no one in all the world to miss us. Think of that."

Miss Mattie paused over her examination of a bright little string of beads which Judy had donated from her hoarded treasures and looked at her brother with dim eyes, for the memories connected with the eager offerings of the old negroes touched her with a quickening sense of remorse. She had been responsible for the slow decay of feeling, the inevitable narrowing of their sympathies, because she had molded them after her own, self-centred, prideful standard of deportment which was without the humble grace that the world needs so sorely—the love that descended to earth when the Young Child came to His manger cradle on the holy night centuries ago.

"You are right, James," said she. "The change is in us." She paused to hang the beads carefully beside Sambo's queer offering. "Who knows but that our little Christmas guest was sent to us for the purpose of teaching us the human lesson that we have so long neglected?"

Before James could answer, a thin, silvery chime of bells heralded the dawn of Christmas morning. While the four old people listened to the music of the bells there came a knock on the kitchen door and a brisk stamping of hob-nailed feet.

Judy hastened to answer the early summons and found a gruff, kindly-faced man who accosted her in loud, plebeian accents.

"I'm the depot agent that asked your lady to take care of that little tyke," he explained briefly, "an' I've brung her a little Christmas gift, thinkin' it might liven her up a bit if she woke an' found it in her stockin'. I meant to leave it hangin' to the door, but seein' a light I thought I might as well knock."

Miss Mattie opened the dining-room door and invited the early caller in, and after a moment's hesitation he shuffled rather embarrassedly into her pres-

ence. But at the sight of the gaily decorated tree he paused in frank amazement.

"We thought little Mary would be pleased with a tree," Miss Mattie explained simply, "so we fixed this up as best we could."

"Well, well, that's great!" the caller approved heartily, holding out a big package from which a sulphur-colored wig protruded. "Jest hang this doll on for her, will you? 'Tain't what I'd like to give, but it's the best that could be got at such a late hour. Say, ain't it wonderful how kinder pleasant disposed Christmas makes you feel? It's a great thing, not only for the kids, but for the rest of us as well. Keeps a man feelin' right towards the rest of the world, don't it?"

"It does," said James heartily, "it does indeed!"

"Well, I'll go, 'cause I've got to be on hand over yonder, Christmas or no Christmas. I kinder think Abe Simmons's wife will take the little tyke for a spell an' mebbly a real home can be found for her meantime. So jest please send her down to Simmons's tomorrow."

"We have decided to keep her," Miss Mattie told him briefly.

The man's homely face broke into a ripple of smiles that made it very good to look at. "You don't tell me!" he exclaimed. "Say, I never knowed that you-all was such a blamed good-hearted crowd! Appearances don't always count, I tell *you!* Well, I'm powerful glad the little tyke has found such a fine home. I must be goin'. Merry Christmas to all of you!"

He shook hands all around and stamped out with a noisy cheer that filled the listeners with a sense of human kinship almost too poignant for happiness. Miss Mattie fumbled tremulously with the fastenings of the big flaxen-haired doll for a moment, then she looked up at her brother with brimming eyes.

"Oh, James," she said, "this is certainly our happiest Christmas since mother died!"

A Union of 750,000 Farmers

BY J. W. McCAMMON

“IT takes muscle to raise a crop; it takes brains to sell the crop for what it is worth after it has been raised.”

With this homely bit of philosophy for a slogan, the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union has silently but swiftly developed into an organization of such strength that a complete revolution of the commercial status of the American agriculturist is promised.

From an insignificant beginning in Rains County, Tex., where four years ago the late Newt Gresham, a picturesque and brilliant character of the Southwest, organized the first local union with ten charter members, the idea has expanded until the closing months of 1906 find the organization with a total membership of 750,000, representing a score or more of states.

Tersely stated, the paramount issue before the Union is the elimination of the middlemen or speculators and the inauguration of unionized control of farm products throughout the nation, with a view to establishing prices satisfactory to the producers. Just now the Union leaders are devoting special attention to wheat; in fact, they are planning to corner the entire wheat crop of the United States. They assert that the price of wheat is not so high as it should be, and they propose to store this year's output in the co-operative elevators, which are located at numerous convenient points throughout the wheat-producing states, and hold it until whatever price they may agree upon is offered.

It is surprising how these co-operative elevators have sprung up. Forty-six of them were chartered in South Dakota the first week of last September; one hundred and twenty-seven are now in operation in Minnesota; Illinois

has over a hundred; Kansas boasts of eighty-three; Oklahoma has forty; Texas ninety; Nebraska something like the same number, while new ones are being chartered all the while in other states which have been smitten by the co-operative fever.

The Farmers' Union takes to itself credit for the present increased price of cotton, and it is asserted that what has been done for the cotton raisers can be accomplished just as easily for the producers of wheat or any other product of the soil.

The Union is a secret order, fully equipped with mysterious symbols, passwords and other adjuncts of the lodge-room. In the beginning but little attention was given to the movement. Nobody except the intrepid Newt Gresham and his local followers took the proposition seriously—in fact, nobody seemed to know or to care much about it. The first week in September of this year, however, the several state organizations met at Texarkana, Tex., in national convention, delegates being present from over twenty states, including far-away Washington on the Pacific Coast, and old Virginia by the Atlantic. Texas, the birthplace of the Union, exceeds all other states in point of membership, with Georgia a close second. Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Iowa are also especially well unionized.

The Texarkana convention was of such magnitude that the attention of the whole country was attracted. Daily newspapers which had hitherto ignored the bucolic Union were forced as a matter of news value to give comprehensive reports under first-page display headings. The convention brought together an army of delegates

sufficient in number to tax the capacity of Texarkana, and the sessions continued six days. All proceedings were behind closed doors, but a press committee gave out each day such matter as was deemed necessary and advisable for publication.

For the purpose of spreading its membership, an assessment has been levied upon each of the 750,000 members, and the fund thus secured, which is supplemental to the regular dues, is to defray the expense of a band of organizers which is to canvass the country in search of recruits. One hundred and fifty organizers have already been sent to Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Minnesota, and as rapidly as suitable men for this work are found other states will be visited. The leaders of the Union declare that they intend to avoid the mistakes that brought doom to the Farmers' Alliance, the Wheel and other agricultural organizations that flourished and faded in former years.

James Butler, of Topeka, Kan., one of the national directors, originated the idea of a Farmers' Business Congress to be held in Topeka, composed of delegates from the various local unions, the purpose of such congress being to take definite action with reference to storing the wheat crop. Other congresses will be held, it is declared, in various parts of the country from time to time, and the signs of the times seem to indicate that the men from the fields are thoroughly awake to the fact that in union there is strength.

The first meeting of the Union in Rains County, Tex., in the autumn of 1902, was held in a barn, and there, by the flickering rays of a coal-oil lamp, Newt Gresham, the founder, wrote with a flinty lead pencil on a five-cent tablet a preamble setting forth the creed or platform of the Union. A copy follows:

This institution is based upon the principles of equity, justice and the golden rule. We, the charter members of the Co-operative Union, have already lived to see the Grange rise like a young giant and then wither like the grass, even before the day was half

spent. We rejoiced in the birth of the once glorious Farmers' Alliance, and we witnessed the first revolution of the Agricultural Wheel—then wept as we saw the two laid to rest, side by side in the same premature grave. From these we have learned a simple lesson. We are told that all professions of men under the sun can be successfully organized except alone the man who plows. Is this true? If so, then we of all the people are most unfortunate. Great combinations of capital now control the price of every commodity that is made for man's use and happiness. We price nothing. The simple lesson we have learned is this: As all institutions must come up from small beginnings and profit from experience of past ages, even so do we propose to take lessons from those institutions that have passed into history. Ultimate success is not gained at a single bound in any great movement. The world only moves by inches. Because the Grange, Wheel, Farmers' Alliance and all kindred movements failed to reach the goal, does that mean that we must forever give up? Do we teach our children that sort of lesson? Or do we teach them to follow each failure with another and stronger effort?

These institutions which have passed into history cannot be branded as failures. They have served as good schools and have, in reality, paved the way for the launching of another great institution whose objects and aims are as follows:

First—To discourage as much as possible the present mortgage and credit system.

Second—To assist our members in buying and selling.

Third—To labor for the education of the agricultural classes.

Fourth—To constantly strive to secure entire harmony among all mankind.

Fifth—To use our influence for suppression of crime and immorality.

It was expressly stipulated by the founder of the Union that it shall be in no sense a political organization, and that no discussion of partyism shall ever be tolerated in a Union meeting. However, non-partisan discussions of the science of government are declared to be in order always.

The spirit of fraternity is thoroughly impregnated in the Union, as is evidenced by the fact that a comparatively enormous fund has been raised for the purpose of providing a monument dedicated to the memory of the late Newt Gresham, founder of the order. This monument is to be placed over the grave of Gresham in a little Texas cemetery where he was laid to rest at the close of his strenuous and pictur-

esque career. Like most patriots and reformers, Gresham died poor, leaving a large family. The Union is not only providing a monument, but has also raised funds to defray the expenses incident to the education of Gresham's children. It is proposed to put them through a preparatory training and then into the best colleges the country affords.

The national officers of the Union, elected at the Texarkana convention, are as follows:

President—C. S. Barrett, Atwater, Ga.

Vice-President—J. E. Montgomery, Gleeson, Tenn.

Secretary—R. H. McCulloch, Beebe, Ark.

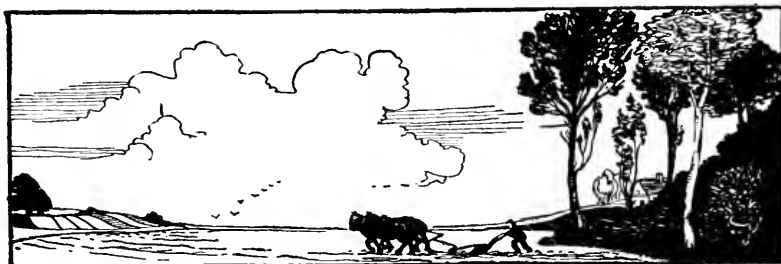
Directors—James Butler, Topeka, Kan.; W. A. Morris, Sulligent, Ala.; I. N. McCollister, Rattan, La.; W. S. Miller, Lake Creek, Tex.; Campbell Russell, Russell, I. T.

From the geographical location of the officers, it is obvious that Southern sentiment is prevalent in Union affairs, and one of the crusades recently taken up and one that is being vigorously prosecuted, is a demand upon Congress for the restoration to the cotton-producing states of a Civil War levy of

\$6,500,000 contributed to the Government by way of special tax on cotton. Every congressman and every United States senator in the entire Union has received from the national secretary of the Union a copy of a resolution touching the Civil War cotton tax, the aforesaid resolution being a part of the convention proceedings at Texarkana.

The North, however, especially Minnesota and the Dakotas, seems to have waived every lingering vestige of sectional prejudice and the granaries of the North and West have been thrown into a common pool with the cotton warehouses of the South.

With the one hundred and fifty organizers now at work in the field, with the three-quarters of a million members already in the ranks, with the immense fund accumulated by levy upon each member, and with the recruits that will be drawn in by additional force of organizers soon to be assigned to outlying districts of undeveloped territory, the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, the creation of picturesque old Newt Gresham's restless brain, bids fair to become a power of great consequence in shaping the affairs of this country.



The Backslidin' of Martha Crocker

BY SARA WARE BASSETT

“WELL, Martha Crocker, all I can say is, you're a fool, a perfect fool. When my brother Ezra died a month ago and left you every bit of his money I didn't begrudge you one cent of it. Ezra never gave you much to spend—I always knew that—and I says: 'I'm glad Martha has it, to get some good of it before she dies. She ain't never had any fun, and I'm glad.' But now—well, I wouldn't 'a' thought you'd be so foolish.”

Mrs. Dole rocked rapidly to and fro in the slippery haircloth rocking-chair, and, as her excitement increased, the vehemence of her motion so kept pace with it that she was in constant peril of precipitating herself into the arms of her sister-in-law sitting opposite. Nothing but an involuntary backward jerk, each time she caught her breath, kept her in her seat.

“I've heard all you say, Mary,” answered Martha Crocker patiently, “and I ain't mad a mite; but I've made up my mind to have 'em, and I'm goin' to have 'em!”

Mary Dole rose, completely vexed. Some are born who through life exact compliance from others; such was Mary. Others are born who as unflinchingly comply, and such was Martha. She had never, in all the history of her seventy-one years, “riz up,” and her revolt was both a shock and a humiliation to Mary Dole. As she swept disapprovingly out of the gate she encountered the tall, awkward form of the minister just entering.

“Oh, Mr. Perkins,” burst out Mrs. Dole, “I've just left Martha, and I do hope, if you can do anything with her, you'll get her out of this backslidin'.”

“I'll see what I can do,” said Mr. Perkins, with assurance.

Mr. Perkins was an earnest and faithful laborer in the vineyard. His parish was scattered and much of his work was discouraging; the one prop which upheld him in his long pastorate at Wilson's Crossing was the fact that his flock believed utterly in his infallibility. They were a deeply religious people, and not one of his congregation ever questioned his “soundness” or his doctrines.

When he preached on “The Last Judgment” his description was so graphic that it seemed as if he must have witnessed the scenes of which he spoke, and Predestination and Everlasting Punishment were settled so finally and to such universal satisfaction that his parishoners would as soon have disbelieved in the rising of the sun as to have doubted them. His religion being a reality and linked with a vivid imagination, there was nothing in the Bible for which he failed to have a lucid and exhaustive description. He could portray the face, form, disposition, thought and feeling of any character demanded, and was never at a loss for explicit solutions of the most puzzling questions.

Wilson's Crossing paid him to expound the Good Book from cover to cover, and, like young Lochinvar, “He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone.” With absolute concreteness he brought everything down to the unimaginative New England comprehension, and his congregation accepted every word he said and were completely at rest with regard to the gospel which they received in return for their money.

Martha Crocker saw him coming and opened the door, saying, with the shadow of a smile and a courage born of her recent uprising against Mary

Dole, "I suppose the parish sent you to labor with me, Mr. Perkins, but I warn you it won't do any good."

Mr. Perkins seated himself in the haircloth rocking-chair just vacated by the irate Mary Dole.

"Well, Mrs. Crocker," he began, clearing his throat, "I did come to talk a little seriously with you about what they say you are going to do with your money. Is it true about the—the stairs?" He hesitated before the enormity of the sin of extravagance proposed. Not so Martha Crocker.

"Yes, Mr. Perkins," she returned, without flinching, "it is true." The thin figure straightened itself for the coming fray and sat, a rigid statue, defiance flashing from the mild blue eyes.

"You know, parson," she went on, hardly waiting for breath, "what my life here has been. You know how I married Ezra Crocker over fifty years ago, and come here a girl of eighteen to live in this town. You know how he succeeded in his farming, and of the money his uncle left him. You know he got rich, and you know, too, that he wouldn't spend a cent of his money if he could help it. You know how we worried and pinched on this little bit of a farm to 'save.' We didn't have one thing we didn't have to—we saved and saved, until I hated the very sound of the word.

"I never had my way in anything—and never had one thing I wanted, and never knew what it was to have one penny without fighting for it. I did so want a flower-garden, but Ezra said the seeds would cost, and we must use the money and land for something we could sell. He never wanted anything pretty or just to look at. Is it wicked, I wonder, to want things like that?"

She paused piteously a second and Mr. Perkins started to interrupt her, but she gathered her forces in a flash and began again. She had much to say, this meek little woman. All the pent-up wrongs and silenced opinions of years gushed forth.

"Once," pursued Martha Crocker, "I went to Boston to visit my sister

Fannie. Ezra didn't want me to go, but I just had to. I'd have died to stay here forever with no break in the drudgery of all these years. Fannie is married to a rich man, and her house in the city is just grand. That's where I saw the stairs. My, but wasn't they splendid! All oak, and carved and polished so you could see your face in 'em anywhere! They were the one thing in the house I wanted, and I told Fannie then that if I ever could get the money together I'd have some just like 'em; and that's what I mean to do now!"

Martha Crocker fairly glowed in her enthusiasm. "A grand staircase," she went on, "such as you read about in books—big posts with heads and flowers carved on 'em—" She stopped at last and sank back in her chair. She had never enjoyed such freedom of speech in her life, and the unusual exertion left her quite exhausted.

Mr. Perkins seized the opportunity presented by the widow's temporary helplessness and dashed rapidly into his argument. Much as he disliked to lay aside his profound and weighty manner, he beheld in this a case of necessity and recognized that it was no time for culled phrases or forensic grandeur. He was grappling with worldliness in a most unexpected quarter, and he saw at once that it was not to be so easily won a battle as he had expected. At such a time even theological dignity was not a thing to be considered.

"But think of the good you might do with the money; think, Mrs. Crocker, of the missionaries working, amid great privations, in the foreign fields; think of the struggling churches, the needy everywhere!" He gathered courage and fell into his pompous Sabbath manner: "The land is full of want—want confronts us on every hand——"

"I've thought of it," said Martha Crocker firmly, cutting him off at the introduction of what promised to be a lengthy discourse, "yes, I've thought of it all," she repeated, "but I'm goin' to have 'em just the same."

In vain did the Rev. William Archibald Perkins struggle to remind her of her Christian duty and the sin of setting the heart on the things of this world. The little woman was as firm as the everlasting hills. At dusk he took up his hat and departed in the bitterness of actual defeat, leaving the widow to her "folly," as he expressed it.

In truth Martha Crocker's "folly" roused the whole diminutive New Hampshire village. She was discussed at the weekly prayer-meeting, after church on Sunday, at the sewing-circle and at singing-school. If Mrs. Gray ran over to Mrs. Brewster's house for a "drawin' o' tea" the ensuing chat was sure to end with, "And what *do* you think of Martha Crocker's goin's-on?"

She was a never-ending source of speculation at the one store in town where the "men folks" gathered once a day to see the mail come in. Silas Bridge "reckoned" the stairs would cost a "sight o' money," and wondered if Martha would have any left to live on. Lem Harding observed, between puffs at his pipe, that he'd like to know where Martha was "cal'atin'" to put her parlor, kitchen and two bedrooms when she got in those stairs. All the farmers dwelt graphically and with many appreciative and gleeful chuckles on Ezra's state of mind if he could know what was going on.

Meanwhile loads of oak arrived from the city. Men and tools followed, and soon the wonder began to take form. Martha's face beamed and she seemed to grow young again; a faint rose color crept into her faded cheek, and her eyes sparkled with happiness.

She seldom went out of doors, but sat at home enjoying to the full every ring of the hammer, and every sound which brought nearer the gratification of her ambition.

At length, one December noontide, the echo of the hammer ceased, the saws and planes were still, the carpenters packed up their tools and returned to the city, and Martha Crocker stood in childish delight at the foot of the completed staircase.

Her expression was one of perfect

satisfaction. There was no regret at the expenditure of her money, no shade of disappointment in the realization of her dream. She saw nothing incongruous in the stateliness of the hall and the humbleness of the tiny parlor with its stiff haircloth furniture, wax flowers and faded carpet. She failed to note the apologetic air which the entire house had assumed toward the magnificent guest in the hall. She saw only the shadowy reflection of her own face in the polished surface of the stairs, and as she laid her cheek almost caressingly against the carved banister a sigh of pure happiness escaped her lips.

The stairs had been finished about a week and everyone in the little town who could find the ghost of an excuse had been to call on Martha Crocker. Men came with errands from their wives, and wives came to see whether their husbands had remembered to come; children came with every sort of reason for coming; the minister came; and people whom poor Martha had never known in her life now took this opportunity to open a long-desired acquaintance. The little house was overflowing with visitors morning, noon and night, and not one went away without casually remarking during the call, "Why, haven't you some new stairs, Mrs. Crocker?" quite as if he had never heard of them before.

Almost the only person who possessed the physical strength to reach Martha Crocker's home, and had not been there, was Mary Dole. Much as she secretly desired to see the marvel of which she had heard so much, she could not bring herself to go to her sister-in-law's house.

"If she regretted it one bit," said Mary to the minister, "I'd go; but folks say she's as proud of 'em as she can be, and her heart ain't softened one mite about the sin of havin' 'em."

Another week passed before Mary Dole conquered herself sufficiently to go to Martha's. It was late in the afternoon when she started, and deep twilight when she reached the low,

white house. There were no lights in the windows and Mary Dole almost hoped that Martha was away. "I can tell her some time I've been," she said to herself, "and if I don't see her I sha'n't say nothin' to regret."

The front door was securely fastened, but Mary Dole, familiar with the house, went around by the woodshed and pushed open the outer door.

"She must be here—she'd never leave this door open. Martha!" she called, "Martha! True as I live, she ain't here."

Mary stepped softly into the kitchen and through the chilly, forbidding parlor into the hall. She groped her way to the foot of the stairs, calling as she went, when suddenly her foot touched something upon the floor. Instantly she turned and hurried back for a lamp. The story was soon told, for at the foot of the stairs lay Martha Crocker, white and unconscious, while around her was scattered the contents of an overturned workbasket.

"She's slipped and fell down 'em, true as I live!" whispered Mary Dole. "Those stairs was the temptation of Satan and the devil himself is in 'em!"

All anger was forgotten as she went hurriedly forward and knelt beside the helpless figure huddled on the floor. She spoke to Martha in a scared whisper as she tenderly bathed her forehead, but no answer came.

"It's a judgment of the Lord upon her," said Mary at last in a low tone.

"No, it ain't," replied Martha Crocker, slowly opening her eyes, and smiling whimsically. "It ain't a judgment at all; it's just that I ain't used to coming downstairs as if I was Queen Elizabeth—I'll have to practice a little."

Mary got her up on her feet, and it actually proved that beyond a badly wrenched ankle there really was nothing the matter with the plucky little woman. With the aid of a cane she was about again in a few days, much to the chagrin of those who searched the Scriptures for texts to apply to the fate which had befallen her.

Of course the "haughty spirit" which is generally admitted to pre-

cede such a calamity was quoted broadcast, and sympathy did not increase when all sorts of queer packages began to go to the Crocker house. By mail and by express they came until the neighbors were nearly beside themselves with curiosity.

"Spendin' more of her money on foolishness," snapped Mary Dole. "Well, nothin' she can do will surprise me now. She may be havin' royal robes sent her for all I know."

"It is unfortunate and sad," said Mr. Perkins, "to see a woman of her age so self-centred and drawn toward the vanities of this life."

So the village was unprepared to have a neat, white envelope come through the mail to every child in town, and more unprepared yet when on opening it they read:

Martha Crocker requests the pleasure of your company on her Front Stairs on Christmas Afternoon at three o'clock.

"What is it goin' to be? What new thing is Martha Crocker goin' to do now?" everybody asked.

Of course they went, every child, attended in most cases by both parents, "just to see that Johnnie got here safe," they said apologetically as they came in the back door. None of them had ever witnessed such a scene as met their eyes. At the foot of the stairs stood a huge Christmas tree, laden to the utmost with sparkling tinsel, candles and toys, while on the stairs from top to bottom were tier after tier of eager, happy children.

Martha Crocker came modestly out before the tree with her face beaming, and, turning to the many parents and neighbors crowded into the little parlor, said:

"Of course I know you didn't any of you approve of my havin' these stairs. It did seem foolish and you didn't understand what they meant to me—I never can make you; but the stairs were only half of what I wanted. I wanted somethin' else that I couldn't buy with any of my money. Always when I shut my eyes and thought of the stairs it was with children goin' up

and down 'em. Ezra and me never had any children"—the tears came into her eyes and she stopped a moment—"and so," she continued, with a nervous little laugh, "I'm borrowin' all yours. I want 'em to come every Christmas Day just like this, and I want 'em to remember the fun they've had on Martha Crocker's stairs, and maybe sometimes they'll want to come and run about the house if it ain't Christmas. And now," turning to Mr. Perkins, who had come in answer to a most urgent note, "if you will help me, we'll take the things off this tree."

Such a fête as it was! At the end

there were ice cream and candy enough to satisfy even the most unfillable small boy in the village.

As Mr. Perkins turned homeward a throng of new suggestions and queries assailed his theology. In a subtle sense it seemed that the very radiance of the winter sunset was a reflection of Martha Crocker's philosophy.

"I may be backslidin' myself," he murmured, with a grim laugh, "but I'm glad she had 'em."

Meantime, alone in her tiny house, Martha Crocker crept happily to bed and closed her tired eyes upon her first truly Merry Christmas.

Revenge

HE wore a faded G. A. R. uniform and he boarded the train at Philadelphia. He had imbibed enough to be uncertain in his movements and very happy. A huge and dilapidated canvas grip of the telescope variety occupied most of his attention, but when he finally dropped into a seat and put both feet on his precious burden he showed a desire to talk.

"Say," he exploded, turning around in his seat and addressing the whole car, "I'm goin' to Gettysburg." Several people made polite responses. "Yes, by gash! Ain't been there in over forty-three years. Not since '63. Say, all of you come over here. Want to show you."

Many of the amused passengers clustered around his seat and watched him open up his big grip.

"Forty-three years it's been. Now looky here, by gash!"

And he pulled up the lid of the telescope and began tossing and rolling out the contents. There were four loaves of bread, a demijohn (contents unknown), a whole ham, a coffee-pot, two pipes, five sacks of tobacco, a box of matches, several handfuls of Wheeling "tobies," some sausages, a sack of salt, a dozen bottles of beer, two boxes of breakfast food, an old canteen, about a peck of Irish potatoes scattered everywhere and numerous other sacks and packages.

"Ain't been there, by gash, since '63! Then I was there four days—four days and nights, by gash! There wa'n't nothin' to eat, by gash, nothin' to smoke, by gash, nothin' to sleep on, by gash, nothin' to nothin' by gash! Now, by gash, I'm goin' back! Been trying to go back for forty-three years, and now I'm a-doin' it! Goin' to stay there four days an' nights an' by gash eat and drink an' smoke an' sleep till I bust! Been tryin' to git even with the gash-darned place for forty-three years and now, by gash, I'm a-goin' to do it!"

TO fret and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish and theologically unpardonable.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Some Comments Upon Recent Railroad Legislation

BY EDGAR E. ROBINSON

THE so-called "Hepburn Railroad Rate bill" passed by the last Congress has now gone into effect. The tremendous wave of radical reform in railroad abuses which is said to have swept the country has receded. When once this sincere, but often misguided public opinion had succeeded, so it seemed, in compelling an unwilling Congress to accede to its demands in the question of the regulation of railroad rates, the average citizen felt that his work and interest were no longer needed. The citizen is very apt to forget the old, old lesson which he and his ancestors have been learning for the past two thousand years.

The bill passed the House with seven negative votes and three senators voted against it on the final vote in the Senate. In Congress the question agitated the lawmakers for months, and has caused much bitterness and revealed much weakness in party lines. The supposed remedy for railroad abuses possesses universal qualities which might indicate that the sentiment of the country was very general in favor of some certain action. That action has been taken. As to the meaning of the action and the results to be expected, few men versed in the subject will agree. Certain it is that the law as now enacted will be given a trial in our courts of law and before the more impetuous bar of public opinion. There are a few earnest and honest men who are guarding the interests of the people against surprise, but it is to be regretted that their warnings are for the most part entirely disregarded.

Outside of Congress, for months, the newspapers, magazines, and other molders of public opinion have agitated in every way the question of railroad legislation. The Democratic National Platform for 1904 declared emphatically or increased powers for the Interstate Commerce Commission. President Roosevelt in his message, December, 1904, urged Congress to give the Interstate Commerce Commission the power "to revise rates and regulations, the revised rate to go into effect *at once*, and to stay in effect unless and until the court of review reverses it." In his message, December, 1905, the President advocated giving the Commission the power to fix "a maximum reasonable rate, the decision to go into effect within a *reasonable time* and to obtain from thence onward, subject to review by the courts." The President's opponents, and more particularly the more radical of the friends of regulation, claim that the President backed down within that year and that his second recommendation was too greatly modified. Comments upon this and his acceptance of the present bill will be given later in this paper.

The friends of regulation held the "Interstate Commerce Commission Convention" in Chicago last October for the purpose of indorsing the President's plans, and they read out of the convention all of those who disagreed with them. So say the members of the rump convention, and this was one of the reports spread broadcast over the country by the famous (or infamous) "Railroad Information Bureau." This source of intelligence

(or of evil), located in the Bond Building, Washington, and with Western quarters at Chicago, was instituted by the railroads in an effort to convince the people that increased powers would not best be granted to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some say that the now well-known book of H. R. Meyer, of the University of Chicago, was inspired for present publication by these interests. Certain it is that it has presented some phases of the railroad question which are undoubtedly true and should be realized; and the publication has convinced many people of the increasing complexity of any solution for the railroad problem.

Such, in brief, are some of the facts to be gleaned from the recent history of the preliminary campaign fought outside of Congress. The Railroad Bureau was abandoned at the end of two months; the ardor of many of the radicals was cooled by the logic of lawyers and by the clearer vision of elapsing time, and, finally, now that the bill has passed (it would be so with any bill whatsoever), we find general commendation. It is to be feared that the statesman sees too strongly the constitutional phases at the expense of the actual conditions. It is certain that the average man knows little in regard to the details, legal or practical. He sees only a blemish or a favored spot, here and there, and judges accordingly. The railroad man is as much prejudiced (and perhaps no more) in one way, as the shipper and stockholder are in other ways.

Says the *Outlook* in an editorial, May 26, 1906: "The Hepburn bill as passed by the Senate is both definite and comprehensive. Under its provisions the Federal Government will have greater powers than ever before in the history of the country. The passage of the bill is in our opinion a great and far-reaching achievement on behalf of good government and free industrial democracy." In an editorial of May 25, 1906, *The Commoner* says: "So far as regards railroad reform, Mr. Roosevelt has surrendered. He has yielded the very ground which he has all along

insisted was all important to public interests." On the passage of the bill, Senator Tillman said: "The success of the bill is due to Theodore Roosevelt. Had it not been for his earnest advocacy of the bill, it would never have become a law" (*Record-Herald*, May 19, 1906). In casting his vote against the bill, Senator Foraker declared that he was convinced that it would be declared unconstitutional.

In the closing hours of the debate Senator La Follette declared: "I deny that this bill complies with the recommendations of the President. In 1901 he urged Congress to amend the law, declaring that the people were entitled to just and equal rates. In 1904 he urged reasonable rates, and in 1905 he recommended such legislation as would insure maximum reasonable rates. This bill does not comply with any of the recommendations of the President" (*Congressional Record*). Said Senator Dolliver after the vote was announced: "I think we ought to honor the President for the splendid fight he has carried to a successful culmination" (*Record-Herald*, May 19, 1906). However, in the eyes of the average unbiased citizen the spectacle of a railroad bill supported (no, rather voted for) by such men as Elkins, Allison, Knox, Hopkins, Kean and Spooner does not mean much to the general public, and it may mean a great deal to the public service corporations whom they represent.

Let us make a brief survey of conditions as they are represented today, and then see how the provisions of the bill provide, or attempt to provide, remedies for these evils. Unlike the agitation of the year 1887, just preceding and succeeding passage of the original Act, the heart of the present problem does not seem to be high rates, but reasonable relative rates. Equality of treatment has been the cry all along. Even the actuality of discrimination does not seem to worry the citizen as much as the possibility of awful increase of power unless safeguards are provided. The people have

wrestled with the problem for years, yet conditions *are* bad. Of sixty-seven letters received (from men in every walk of life) by the writer in a general investigation of the railroad problem, in answer to the question, "Can present conditions in the railroad world continue?" fifty-eight unqualifiedly answered, "No."

In "present conditions" the heart of the problem and the keynote of all legislative debate has been discriminations. In his recent book, "The Heart of the Railroad Problem," Professor Frank Parsons enumerates sixty different forms of railroad rate discrimination which are in practice today. To mention some of the most important—"passes, secret rates, secret rebates, transfer charges, midnight tariff competitive low rates, favored shippers, stand-in with the agent, joint rates, false classification, under-billing, arbitrary routing, special rates on exports and imports." Unjust discriminations do exist between persons and places and on commodities. Railroad paternalism has increased the antagonism between the owners and the public. Stock watering is an evil nowhere unknown today. Safety of public and of employees is everywhere sacrificed for dividends. Some say that giant monopolies control the Government. This is a dark picture. Yet facts seem to justify it. Says the Interstate Commerce Commission in the report of 1904: "We said in our reports to Congress for 1902-03, and now repeat, that in view of the rapid disappearance of competition and maintenance of rates established by the Commission, the Commission regards the matter as increasingly grave and desires to emphasize its conviction that safeguards required for protection of the public will not be provided until the regulating statute is thoroughly revised."

Legislation of some kind was demanded by all. Speaking of the former law, President Ramsey, formerly of the Wabash, said: "We are forced to violate the law by the very requirements of the law" (newspaper report

of interview). Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railroad, stated before the House Committee that he stood with the President of the United States for any legislation that would stop the payment of rebates, but that he was unalterably opposed to any legislation which vested in any tribunal the power to alter or fix a rate. Regardless of what effect the present legislation may have, sufficient evidence is seen in the public prints throughout the country during the past five or ten years, not to speak of the no uncertain expressions of public will, to show that present conditions, or anything similar to them, will *not* continue.

After all, the real point at issue is the overwhelming control of our politics and our Government by the railroad corporations. Were it not for the deep-seated conviction which every man feels that, should these few men but desire it, he is at their mercy absolutely, there would be little agitation in regard to discriminations or false classifications except among shippers and little comment made by the public upon stock watering or corruption in high finance.

The power of the railroads is little comprehended. In the January, 1906, *Arena* Professor Frank Parsons gave figures which were astounding in their revelations. In miles the roads in the United States would circle the globe twelve times. They carried 700,000,000 passengers last year and 1,300,000,000 tons of freight. They employ directly or indirectly 2,500,000 persons and support 10,500,000 workmen and families. They are capitalized at about one-seventh of the wealth of the nation. Six great groups include nine-tenths of the railroads of the United States. These groups co-operate to a large extent and their interests are practically the same. After the "Northern Securities Case" decision was given adverse to plans of the railroads, J. P. Morgan was called on and cleared up the situation by placing an officer of each road on the Board of Directors of each other road with

whom it wished to co-operate. This "community of interest" is a favorite device of the railroads in the present day. Six men *can*, if they so desire, determine the transportation rates of the country.

With these facts in mind, does it seem possible that five or seven men composing a railroad commission, given as great powers as you please, will be able to control the railroad monopoly, to insure its strict obedience to just laws, or to fix or even aid in determining rates fairly and with justice to all concerned? The best they can do is to see that rank discrimination does not occur, by inspection to prevent false capitalization and by speedy investigation and decision to provide a remedy for the evil in *individual* cases. But as for controlling the railroads, they might as successfully try the experiment of the old woman who tried to sweep back the sea with a broom. It is reported that a railroad president was asked last winter, "What will happen if the Interstate Commerce Commission is given the power to fix rates?" He replied, "The Commission will have to be controlled." This is indeed the spirit of the modern, hustling railroad man, who permits the "far-sighted statesman" to dabble in legislative and constitutional theories of rate-making and control of public service corporations as long as the practical side is left untouched and his field of exploitation and his permission to make dividends remain clear.

The Hepburn bill may be judged as a whole by considering in turn the more important features. Many more companies are included, notably express companies, pipe lines and sleeping-car companies. In this the law is commendable in that it places under at least some restriction portions of transportation hitherto entirely without restriction. The terms "common carrier" and "railroad" are again carefully and legally defined. The line between state and national control is drawn. At least such a line is attempted. Under our dual form of government Congress may legislate

only over interstate commerce and legislatures only over state commerce. Power so divided makes it impossible to insure a system of uniform regulation. Local complaint is as insistent as national complaint, and the railroads will find themselves controlled in the matter of charges by two distinct commissions, each endeavoring to secure the lowest possible rates for their separate interests. The matter is further complicated by the fact that not one of the twenty-two states having rate-making power knows positively over what portion of the traffic they have jurisdiction. It is the endeavor of each state to secure rates no higher, and perhaps a little lower, than its neighbors. This difference in rates acts as a protective tariff and is one of the strong points made in the recent book of H. R. Meyer, mentioned above. Conflict of authority between national and state commissions will create a condition intolerable alike to carrier and public. It is clear that the provision in the recent Act does not solve this difficulty nor does it draw the line between two distinct authorities. As increased powers are granted to the Interstate Commission, increased difficulty will be evidenced between the jurisdiction of the two commissions.

The Act reads: "All charges made for any service rendered or to be rendered in the transportation of persons and property shall be just and reasonable, and every unjust and unreasonable charge for such service is prohibited and declared to be unlawful." Who is to determine what is just and reasonable and what is to be their criterion? A railroad tariff may be regarded from two essentially different standpoints, the public and the private. To the consumer the railroad rate is a tax, whether levied by private corporation or the Government, for all must pay it. To the corporation it is a price for service rendered, for the capital invested is assumed by law to have a just and reasonable dividend. As a public carrier it aims at the lowest possible rates; as a corporation, at the highest possible dividends. To subordinate

the private to the public side is plainly mismanagement. The owners of every dollar's worth of railroad stock are assured of a just and reasonable dividend by the Constitution, which warns, (1) "No person shall be deprived of property without due process of law; (2) That private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation."

Reasonableness of rates must be determined accurately, quickly and absolutely. If this is impossible, legislation must fail. Neither cost of service nor value of service can determine it practically or generally. Nor can comparison be used as a basis. The words "just and reasonable" do not imply comparison. Decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of the courts hold that rates must be not only comparatively reasonable but reasonable in themselves. With the problem of what constitutes a reasonable rate unanswered, no legislation and no commission with whatever powers can afford prompt relief. It would mean that it must ascertain and establish as many standards of reasonableness as there are railroads, for what is reasonable for an old, conservatively managed road is not reasonable for one fresh from the hands of the receiver. A rate which may be just and reasonable today may be confiscatory tomorrow.

In the Maximum Rate Case (169 U.S. 466) the Supreme Court held:

"The basis of all calculations as to the reasonableness of rates must be a fair value of the property being used. In order to ascertain that value, the original cost of construction, the amount expended in permanent improvement, the amount and market value of its stocks and bonds, the present as compared with the original cost of construction, the probable earning capacity of the company under any rates prescribed by statute and the sum required to meet operating expenses are all matters for consideration and to be given such weight as may be just and right in the particular case."

Commenting upon this case, the

Interstate Commerce Commission in its report, 1903 (page 54), said:

"It is difficult to say what constitutes a reasonable rate, although the Supreme Court has given certain rules by which to test that reasonableness. Although the Commission has endeavored to supply those rules, yet whenever it has questioned railroad officials as to whether or not they were governed by them in making rates they have invariably answered in the negative and declared that to do so would be impractical. The carriers apparently do not possess such data and there is at present no other source from which the Commission can obtain such data."

The Supreme Court is not certain how one may determine the reasonableness of rates and the Interstate Commerce Commission has not the necessary data to determine it. Then to what purpose is additional power bestowed upon the Commission? Justice Brewer says: "No more difficult problem can be presented than this." (64 Fed. Report, 165). In Haines, "Restrictive Legislation" (page 171): "The attempt to fix a stable valuation of railroad property as a measure of reasonable return is fallacious in theory as it has proved fatal in practice." And yet when the present law declares that all rates must be just and reasonable, the solution is hailed with joy by the people who fondly imagine that these twenty-five words will bring the panacea in railroad matters, and by the railroads who know just how much such hollow phrases mean as far as curtailing their privileges and lessening their control.

Senator La Follette said truly (*Record-Herald*, May 19):

"When you clothe the Commission merely with the power to ascertain whether rates are simply relatively equal, but withhold from it all authority and all means of determining whether those rates are just and reasonable, you cannot expect that legislation to settle the matter." The law provides no means and gives no additional aid which will change the conditions

or the conclusions drawn from the decisions of the Supreme Court or the Interstate Commerce Commission which have been cited above.

The new law forbids the giving of passes. Other laws have done this and there seems to be no additional safeguard in the national law. The Pennsylvania state laws have prohibited such practices for years, yet in an address before the Economic Club of Boston last year Professor Parsons produced photographs of passes given by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to legislators and city councilmen in the year 1905 (Report of Meeting, "Ec. Club of Boston," page 10). True, the new law imposes a fine of \$100 to \$2,000, to the giver and user, but the Senate passed the bill only after it had been amended in sufficient different ways to exempt some 10,000,000 persons from its application.

"From and after May 1, 1908, it shall be unlawful for any road to carry its own products." This is aimed at such monopolies as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and may work much good. However, in view of the ease with which railroad companies find a "community of interest" the application of the law may become one of theory rather than one of practice. The Commission has absolute power of determining the method of keeping books, and publicity is certain. This may give some additional weight to the provision which declares that time shall elapse between changing of rates and making of new schedules. Rebates and favors are declared illegal. Publicity will aid in this regard. The prison penalty which was excluded from the Elkins Act in 1903 is re-enacted.

The Commission is given the power to fix maximum rates, but this may be set aside by court injunction. Thus neither the recommendation of the President nor the problem presented by latest reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission finds answer or solution. This is the celebrated "court review" over which the

Senate fought for many weeks. Without going into the mazes of legal entanglement, we find that the Senate question was, in brief, this: "Shall the rate ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, provided Commission is empowered to put a reasonable rate in place of an unreasonable one, go into effect at the end of thirty days, subject to supervision or setting aside by competent courts, or shall it keep Commission's rate from going into effect until after courts have passed on it?" (*Literary Digest*, May, 1906). The former position was finally taken. The House bill included no such provision, but authorities seem to hold that such review was implied, if *not* expressly stated.

Commissioner Prouty stated in *May Review of Reviews* that such probable review can merely pass upon reasonableness or unreasonableness of rate made by legislative commission. In Supreme Court decision, 1896, in *I. C. C. vs. N. O. & T. P. R. R. Co.* (167 U. S. 819, 243, 414), the court held: "An inquiry whether rates of carriers are reasonable or not is a judicial act, but to prescribe rates for the future is a legislative act." In Noyes, "American Railroad Rates" (page 255), the author, speaking in regard to the old question of divided power, judicial and legislative, describes another solution. He would create a *special court* to pass on reasonableness or unreasonableness of railroad-made rates. If unreasonable, Commission would fix the reasonable rate. Then right of court review could be employed again by the carrier.

Several points are to be noted because of their absence. Nothing is said nor is any power granted of control over changes in classification. This is vital weakness, for if classifications may be changed at will, the control over changes in rates will amount to very little indeed. The indefinite provisions as to "long and short haul" of the old bill are left as they were, and the interpretation the Supreme Court has given to "under substantially similar conditions" must stand as pre-

viously, very much of an impediment to remedial action to be expected from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The bill, as it passed the House, contained in the section giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix a maximum rate the words "in its judgment," which made the ruling of the Commission final as far as the merits of the case were concerned. The Senate struck out these words, the argument being that such power would make the law unconstitutional.

In regard to the actual remedies to be expected of the new law, I quote from a footnote of Professor Parsons's recent book written after the bill had passed the House ("Heart of Railroad Problem," page 263):

"If passed by the Senate and put in force it promises to operate as a serious check upon the abuses connected with private cars, terminal railroads and midnight tariffs, but it does not touch at all nine-tenths of the methods of discrimination. The fixing of a maximum rate cannot prevent either secret rate cutting or favoritism in facilities and service, or even open discrimination in arrangement of classification and adjustment of rates between different localities. No doubt this law in the hands of an able and honest Commission would do much good, but it cannot reach the heart of the railroad problem, which is the unjust discrimination between persons and places. No amount of maximum rate fixing can destroy discrimination so long as we have the pressure of great private interests driving railroads into the practice of favoritism. What reasons, then, to believe that railroads will accept a new statute in good faith and obey it any more than any former law? Even if Congress gave the full power at first demanded by the President, to fix a precise rate to be charged, the general effect would probably be that railroads would exert themselves to control the Commission. It is very doubtful whether railroad representatives in the United States Senate will permit any law to pass until it is so amended that review

in courts shall go to the merits of Commissioner's order in each case." The result in the Senate has justified the prophecy of Professor Parsons and the results obtained will probably be of the same general trend.

President Ripley, of the Santa Fé, says ("Heart of Railroad Problem," page 237), "The situation is practically remediless. I think it will always be." President J. J. Hill says ("Heart of Railroad Problem," page 237), "We have to discriminate." Ex-President Fish, of the Illinois Central, says, "Tell me how to enforce the Ten Commandments and I will tell you how to stop discrimination."

Will the bill justify the opinion of Senator Foraker and be declared unconstitutional? Will it change any of the conditions now complained of? Will it check the popular demand for radical legislation or merely increase the desire? Does it meet the demands of the President, and, if so, have the railroads actually found "discretion the better part of valor," and retreated?

President Hadley (Boston *Transcript* report, February, 1906) said, "I do not know of a single instance of successful rate making by a government which attempted to control roads somebody else operated." No general rate-making power has been granted. Professor Hadley ("Economics," page 165) says, "They (the people) will be prone to accept the socialistic solution of the problem and insist that the Government should own the railroads, as the surest means of avoiding such abuses." Professor Ripley stated before Senate Committee (Report of Com., page 2334), "When some proportion of 80,000,000 people think *too long* about the railroad question, when they concentrate their attention upon that issue, upon that pebble in their shoe or cinder in their eye, they will get to thinking of Government Ownership as a remedy."

Bradly, a traffic manager, said (Report of Senate Hearings, page 2835), "If the Commission gets control of rate-fixing power, we feel it would be a step to Government Ownership."

Mr. Hines, railroad counsel, said (before Senate Committee), "In my opinion when you once cross the line between leaving a railroad to regulate its property and substitute for that method of doing business the method of having a Government Bureau do railroad business, it is not only not getting away from Government Ownership, but is going a long way toward it."

How far have we gone? How far do the general public wish to go in the matter? Is regulation a step to ownership? Has past experience shown the futility of any Government control? Will the present legislation solve the problem or will it pave the way for further encroachments on private interest? In the midst of this widespread agitation, there has been little direct reference to Government Ownership as the final solution. However, the slight references made by prominent men are significant. W. J. Bryan has expressed himself in favor of Government regulation because it is a step to ownership. President Roosevelt in his last annual message took pains to impress the fact that Government Regulation was the only safeguard against Government Ownership. Richard Olney opposes the Hepburn bill because he thinks it leads to ultimate Government Ownership. Government Ownership would mean the inauguration of an entirely new system—a doubtful experiment even if it were among the possibilities.

It is clear that someone must make the rates of the railroads. Just so certain is it that someone must suffer. After all, the only solution for this, as in the other problems, is the greatest good for the greatest number. Until the interests of the public and of private corporations are made one, compromise must be the keynote of every legislative action, "conservatism" the watchword of every judicial decision.

REFERENCES

- Congressional Records.*
 Frank Parsons, "The Heart of the Railroad Problem."
 Report of "Hearings of Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce."

Arena, January, February and March, 1906.
North American Review, November, 1906.
 Reports of I. C. C., 1902-03-04.
 United States Reports, 167, 169, 170.
Record-Herald, May 19, 1906.
The Commoner, May 25, 1906.
Outlook, May 26, 1906.
Literary Digest, April, 1906.
 Haines, "Restrictive Railroad Legislation."

Noyes, "American Railroad Rates."
 Meyer, H. R., "Government Regulation of Railroad Rates."

FOOTNOTE.—Mr. Robinson is to be congratulated upon his clear exposition of the difficulties attending Government rate making and control while the roads are under private ownership. He leaves us thinking such a course must inevitably fail. Yet he leaves us wholly in the dark as to the solution.

"Government Ownership," he says, "would mean the inauguration of an entirely new system—a doubtful experiment even if it were among the possibilities." Why doubtful and why not possible? Other countries have made the experiment—found it not only possible, but also far from doubtful. If railroads are proper for private ownership, Government rate making is no more necessary than Government regulated attorneys' fees, laborers' wages, landlords' rents, the price of wheat or hotel rates. The fact that there is no public clamor for these latter regulations seems to indicate a difference between railroad property and railroad service as compared with an attorney's library and his services, a hotel and its rates, a farm and the price of grain.

Mr. Robinson believes "it is clear that someone must make the rates . . . (and) that someone must suffer." Not necessarily the latter. If the present owners were paid a just price for their railroad property, why should anyone suffer from rates made by Government for service over Government roads?

I do not believe that "the interests of the public and of private corporations" can be "made one" in the case of any corporation exercising powers of government. Railroads and banks of issue exercise such powers. The owner and operator of a factory, or a farm, or a store does not. Only by depriving all corporations of power which should properly be exercised by government alone can the interests be "made one."

Mr. Robinson has not had his ear close to the ground if he believes "little direct reference to Government Ownership as the final solution has been made." Why, his favorite authority, Professor Parsons, alone has influenced many thousands by very direct references to Government Ownership. And he is but one (a very important one) of thousands of others who are referring to the matter, in speech and with pen, every day.
 —C. Q. D.

The Day of Reconciliation

BY LINDA M. STEVENS

“I RECKON, mother, I’ll go after Em’ly today. I’ve about come to the conclusion that it ain’t no use to keep harborin’ up this old fuss an’ I’m goin’ to make an end of it. You know ’bout as well as I do that I wasn’t the most to blame, but I ain’t goin’ to fume on whose fault ’twas. I’m goin’ an’ fetch her home.”

The man glanced down the broad highroad, hemmed in by little white-washed cottages and bright green meadows dotted with daisies and golden buttercups.

“You’re ’bout right, John.” The old woman in the doorway followed his gaze. The sweetness of the spring morning, the smell of the newly turned earth, his declaration, awakened a new gladness within her, and knotting her shawl over her bosom she stepped out to his side, “I’m gettin’ along, son, an’ we need Em’ly now more than ever. It’s been fifteen years ago today an’ I dunno but what she’ll be expectin’ you.”

Fifteen years since they had quarreled and broken their lovers’ troth, and all the while Emily had only been ten miles away! The man sighed and keenly regretted the bitter silent interval they had lived apart. Maybe after all one was as much to blame as the other, and, with a strange, new impulse surging through him, he felt willing to crush his pride and go for her today.

He heard his mother humming in a low, tremulous voice and he knew he had made her happy. Suddenly he was conscious of a new joy in living, and he smiled at a passing lad and went blithely into the garden to work the soil. The birds became riotous and sang gaily to one another in the tree-tops. Myriads of dandelions and purple-eyed violets peeped through the

shimmering grass, and the sight of the daffodils and tall spreading lilacs along the whitewashed fence gladdened his heart. It seemed everything was prepared to welcome her at last. He applied himself to work with a buoyant zest, and worked steadily, with the knowledge of shouldering a fresh, pleasant burden. The emotion tingling within his heart rapidly increased and he vaguely wondered how he ever could have delayed their reconciliation.

He glanced at the sun, placed his hoe against the gate and went into the house.

“It’s nigh on to eight, mother. You lay out my good clothes, an’ I’ll go hitch up the gray hoss.”

A tear fell softly over the old woman’s wrinkled face as she hurried away to do his bidding.

At noon he reached Emily’s. He drove up the back way and Emily’s sister came down the basswood-bordered path to meet him.

“Howdy,” she said, shading her emotionless face with a bony hand.

“Good morning, Aggie,” he answered, and proceeded to tie the gray horse to a post.

“Em’ly ’lowed you’d come.”

“Did she?” he asked quickly. “How is she?”

“Is she?” cried the woman. “Don’t you know?”

“No,” John replied; “it’s been fifteen years.”

“Em’ly died yesterday,” the woman said, wiping her eyes. “She left you that little ring you give her once. She said it looked sort of selfish to be laid away with expensive jew’lry an’——”

“I don’t deserve it,” said the man, and his voice was strange and hollow.

“No,” answered the woman, “I don’t ’spect you do, but my experience

is, when women-folks love, they jes' love on until it pretty nigh eats their hearts out, an' they don't go to contendin' how much they ought to git in return."

"I reckon you're right," said John, fingering his hat.

"Emily's laid out in the parlor. You can see her, an' here's the ring. I've been wearin' it till you come."

He took it reverently and followed Emily's sister up the path, across the porch, through a room filled with women sympathizers, to the darkened

little parlor. The door closed and he was alone. He walked uncertainly over to the cheap pine coffin. There she lay in her Sunday dress, very white and very cold. He almost sobbed aloud, for the little mouth, drawn and pathetic, touched the tenderest cord of his heart. Then he raised her hand, slipped the ring on her finger and went softly out.

"You ain't goin'?" asked Emily's sister.

"I reckon it ain't worth while to stay," he said as he untied the gray horse.



Private Property and Socialism

BY HIRAM MAINE

[NOTE.—Hiram Maine, now of Indianapolis, is one of the Old Guard Greenbackers, having been an editor on the Chicago *Express*, the principal organ of scientific money in the days of Peter Cooper, Butler, and the rest. He is now a Populist, but is not a partisan.

Mr. Maine was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana in 1888 on the Anti-Monopoly ticket. He has been a frequent contributor to reform papers and magazines.—THE EDITORS.]

WE have no means of knowing or proving absolutely the truth of anything. In every discussion we must begin with unproven premises and some or all of our inferences may be faulty. Were this not true we would soon all be of one opinion. One religion and one political party would result. As it is, men with the best intentions and love of truth disagree upon great questions. It is wise not to be too positive of the truth of any proposition, for a vast amount of evidence must remain unheard and unknown.

As we believe, so will we act. Errors may be innumerable, but there is only one truth. Man's condition and history show that nearly all of his beliefs have been, and are still, false.

The trouble with nearly all of our reasoning is our neglect or inability to begin far enough back, close to Nature. Some call it reasoning to hunt for proofs of only one side of a contention, the side that suits their interests. Experience shows the permanency of Nature's laws and we may wisely rely on them. We reason by seeking to compare or relate our propositions to Nature's eternal harmonies of action so far as we can see and know them. It is very wrong for one honest man to deride another honest man's convictions. The world is full of misery, most of which is the result of injustice

between men, caused by governments. Men who think themselves perfectly honest have very dim and confused ideas of justice, of right and wrong. The average man does not look farther than custom, or the enactments of legislatures, for his notions of right and wrong. Falsehoods are often enacted into laws. Customs and laws still retain the cruelty inherited from our former state of savagery. The basis of nearly all of our so-called legal rights today rests upon the idea that might makes right.

We have not progressed in evolution beyond the doctrine of the right of conquest. We practice it between nations. We mold our laws and commerce by it. Ethics and morals are left to philosophers and Bibles while the statutes uphold and enforce the victories of force in the battlefields called the markets. Something for nothing is made lawful. Rules of the game of grab, of unearned gain, fill our statute books. Contracts with the cornered and helpless are ruthlessly enforced.

It is true that we have not yet emerged from virtual cannibalism and savagery, from the rankest injustice, in the evolution of our moral ideas and our enacted laws. Under pressure, threats and bribes from fiercely greedy and cunning men, legislatures enact laws which are simply robbery, taking from one and giving to another without equivalent or any repayment. Yet the law-abiding citizen, even the professed Christian, looks no farther than the statute laws, and complacently and without moral questioning becomes a thief and a robber of the toil and products of his fellows.

True laws are discovered in Nature, not enacted by men. Government

should be a science of natural justice, not a game of grab. There exists no right of men to legislate, only to preserve and protect the rights we are born with from Nature. Majorities have no right except to do right. Legislatures and constitution builders, pretending to create rights, actually create wrongs and then enforce them with gun and sword. This is usurpation, conquest, slavery of the individual citizen. Even the unborn are foredoomed to lives of unpaid toil or granted wealth and luxury at the expense of others.

There can be no policy, politics or government higher than truth; no valid enactments giving false titles to pretended property, contrary to natural law and justice. It is a serious and laudable thing to seek for the natural principles which govern justice. "The truth shall make us free."

The principal reason for establishing governments among men is to regulate the questions of property. Nearly all laws relate to property. Human life and comfort depend upon a sufficient supply of the products of work upon the elements of Nature. So the rights of property become as sacred as the right to life. The laws pretend to defend this sacred right. If they really did so, we could have no rich non-producers, idlers, while the industrious makers of products are by law deprived of them.

No man can live upon the earth without work, done by himself or by others for him. *Only by exchange of equal service can work be repaid. Beyond this line every gain is forced gain from unjust privilege.*

Man cannot absorb nourishment from the air and soil like trees. Vegetable life and other animal life must sustain our lives. These cannot be utilized for our support without work. Nature is very prolific and bountiful in materials. That Nature intended all of these elements for the free and equal use of all men seems not necessary to argue. The right to live includes it.

Why, then, is there such turmoil in the world? Why so much property in the

hands of the idle, and so much poverty the doom of the industrious? The trouble arises from too much law, false law. We are over-governed. We are not allowed to live natural lives. All rights are natural rights and these we possess equally. No legislature can create rights. Legislatures can and do create wrongs. That has been their principal work so far.

A few very simple laws would be sufficient, if they were just and based upon the truth, upon natural laws.

It is a common saying that it takes several lies to prop up a lie. We pretend to *give* men rights by enactment. This is the ethical dead line. No enacted law can create a human right that is righteous. These existed since the world began. Such false rights depend upon force, usurpation, tyranny, conquest, slavery. No man can be granted any privilege by law without its being at the expense of his fellows. No class can be given the monopoly of anything without a proportionate loss of toil by others.

Yet do legislators blasphemously contravene Nature by setting up so-called rights which do not exist as rights but only as wrongs. That is why we have such a complicated system of so-called laws to bolster up *false property*. Nearly all the vast wealth of the millionaires and billionaires consists in legal documents which are valuable because of their conferred legal power to take tolls from the stream of human life. They are mortgages upon men's lives, backed by the guns and swords of the Nation. It is a traffic in men. It is slavery.

If we own our lives we own our energy, our work, our product. Nature furnishes every material for nothing.

What, then, is the natural basis of property? What can we and do we justly and exclusively own? What is property in the light of justice and truth? Adam could have answered that, but we get confused by cruel customs and false laws.

No man ever made an atom of matter. No man can ever destroy a single atom of matter. *He borrows it*

from Nature, works it into useful forms, wears it out in sustaining life, and it returns to Nature. The bookkeeping is exact and no loss ever occurs.

No man ever owned an atom of matter. He borrows it from Nature and must return it. He cannot evade or avoid this. *What he owns is his work.* He truly owns the life-supporting utility of the products of his toil. That is Nature's wages. Less is robbery and cannot be accepted, except by force, privilege, monopoly, slavery.

In the May number of this Magazine its then editor, Mr. Watson, furnished ten pages of powerful argument on this subject in reviewing "The Jungle," a Socialist novel. This stirred up replies and in the August number Mr. Watson again discussed the question in a twenty-two-page editorial article, headed, "The Cow and the Socialist," reviewing with great skill and strength the position of various Socialists, Debs, Sinclair, Wayland and Herbert Bigelow, the Cincinnati Single-Tax preacher and lecturer.

The contention revolved about Mr. Watson's previous statement of his belief that a man has as much right to own a cow-lot as to own a cow. In other words, that a man may ethically, justly, own land as well as products. Let us not forget that economists all define land to mean "all matter outside of man himself." The exclusion of man himself is inconsistent with the fact, however, that men, as slaves, were called property. A cow is *land*, or matter, by economic definition—material wealth, land wealth.

Of course economic definitions overlap, and the pretended science, "the dismal science," is a mass of inconsistencies, leading to false ethics and unjust laws. But from a natural standpoint there is not, in fact, any ethical distinction between the two forms of property, in so far as either of them is property at all. To clear the atmosphere we must first agree upon a definition of the word property. The State may enact that another man's body is my property, my slave; that another's product or work is mine. The State

takes from one and gives it to another. But *the State is a thief and a robber.*

The legislature could enact a statute granting to me the ownership of the air, the moon, or mountains filled with metals, rivers, lakes, coal-beds, forests, rich valleys, but the grant must rest on force, and must be maintained by force of guns and swords. All others were born with equal rights to these things. Some senseless formality may be arranged, beads or trinkets to savages, or \$1.25 per acre to the nation.

But has any legislature any right to confirm and protect me in the monopoly and possession of anything in the earth or upon it *which I did not produce? What Nature produced belongs to all men alike*, and the legislature does not own it and cannot grant it justly.

It is an act of violence. An individual owns only his work in his product. The State owns nothing, only what it takes from these products by taxation, and has nothing to grant. The "difference in principle" between the ownership of the cow and of the cow-lot depends upon distinctions in law. No real difference exists. Do we own either the cow or the land? If so, how far and why? We do *own the work* of fencing, draining, clearing of stones and trees and underbrush off this piece of ground, but the State or Nation cannot give us a title, justly, for more than our work. Nor can it give us any title whatever to land we never saw or worked upon. Our work entitles us to *possession for use*, in repayment for our work.

If we sell it, the ethical price, by natural laws, would be for the same amount of work in some other form. Cows, for instance. It takes work to raise cows. We say we own the cow. We own the work she cost us. She is a combination of about three-fourths water, some lime, some carbon, nitrogen, etc. The water is composed of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. Free nitrogen is a gas, a part of the air. Carbon, in the form of carbon dioxide, floats in the air as a gas and nourishes vegetation.

Well, now, who is proprietor of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, lime, etc.? It is the same proprietor that owns the carbon in the air, in the coal-beds, in the trees. The same proprietor that owns the ocean, the sun, the air, all matter, all land. It is Nature, and all men equally, for use, as heirs of Nature.

Every human being may justly use, but not own, matter, land. A man tickles the earth with a hoe and coaxes from Nature, with the help of free sunshine and rain and free soil, and produces a cabbage. He puts this in his stomach and the energy he exerted is returned to him. By its nourishment his muscles are ready to go on and raise cows, clear land, raise wheat.

His product, all of it, is his natural wage. It is a deal between him and his Maker, and no man dare justly step between them and demand a share. He owns not the matter in his product, in his land improvement, in the land, fences, cows, cabbages, wheat. He owns what he created, his toil. The matter he borrows from Nature, to contain for a time his work, and the work is his only property.

Adam Smith enunciated the truth that man's natural wages is the entire product, and that all true or just exchanges are, in effect, exchanges of *service for equal service*.

We have found what property really is, by nature, justice, ethics. Property by natural law is the utility of products, the result of work. Where there is no work there is no natural or just title to property. No man can justly possess or use more than his work or services have produced or equitably exchanged for. All work is not physical labor, but service in any form is work, and may justly exchange for other work in products. This conforms with Adam Smith's basic ethical idea of production, property and exchange.

Now, having found what property really is, Henry George, Herbert Bigelow, Mr. Debs and Mr. Watson can all unite in demanding *protection for the*

sacred rights of property. The only human property that ever existed, by natural law and justice, was work, in the arm, in the man, in the product. We wind up a clock to benefit by its running down. We form matter, wear it out, but it belongs to Nature, not to us.

That is the cycle of life energy, its conservation, in and out of product, and in and out of life. Now, if reformers will put the whole breed of blasphemous legislators out of business, stop their enacting lies, and defending them by force, as rights, we will soon have justice.

Soon will there be no man rich at the expense of others' toil, and no man poor by being deprived by law of his products, his work, his time, his life, his freedom. No man will own more than he has produced or earned by actual service.

If a man improves land into a farm, or hydrogen, carbon, oxygen and nitrogen into a cow or a cabbage, *he owns his improvements, his work*. That is all. That is enough, for it is just. He may sell his work, his improvements of Nature's elements, for equal work or equal service, in some other form. But by no law of Nature can he monopolize matter he does not use, nor obtain gain from others for simple permission to work, for standing out of the way with his guns and swords. How can the idle be rich without robbery? Great fortunes are law-made plunder. The possessor did not and could not earn so much. Dare the state protect any man in *grabbing, by any method*, millions for which he never gave the community any service or any equivalent?

If a man cannot, or will not, work the precious soil in his possession the State should pay him fairly for his improvements and sell them again to some man who will till the land. So with city lots. No right exists to hold them out of use.

The Nation authorized slavery and should have suffered the loss, and would, no doubt, if it had been a peaceable act, not an act of war. So also

should land values be redeemed by the Nation, whose laws are to blame, not innocent holders. It is to be hoped it will not be an act of war.

But no human, or inhuman, enactment of so-called laws can justify the title given to a bare lot in the early Chicago swamp, an eighth of an acre, for sixteen cents, or \$1.25 per acre, without work or improvement, guarding it from intrusion by the guns and swords of the Nation until men are forced today to give to the so-called owner \$40,000 a year for the privilege of using it in their crowded condition. The people *must* congregate in centres of commerce and production, or trade would stop. Every man who sells or buys there pays a share of this \$40,000 tax the Nation collects for the owner who travels luxuriously in Europe, and his posterity forever after him, all for sixteen cents. Talk of Esau and his mess of pottage!

It takes human toil to make up every dollar of this mud-lot rent. It keeps forty men busy. What do they get? The fact that the non-resident, so-called owner is an idler, and gets his income for nothing, makes it impossible for the workers, the producers of the \$40,000 to get anything. *Somebody must work for nothing* to the extent of \$40,000 in order that the Nation's pet, the sixteen-cent man, shall have that much for nothing. It amounts to the State or Nation taking it by force from these men and handing it over to that man. That is only one lot. Think of the many thousands of them in all the cities. The Nation has been foolish and unjust. Let it buy the lot and stop the robbery.

As for Socialism, it can never come until the people, a majority of them, want it. When it does come, if it ever does, it will be so quietly and gradually that no one will realize it. The Populists are clearing the way to justice, and when we get justice we will forget about Socialism and many another ism. In the meantime they may find means to aid mutually in some reforms.

No people on this continent will ever allow any system which will not make

each home separate, with its food and raiment and house, pretty much as it is today. Possession of ground can be equitably arranged. Only that means of production will ever be publicly owned which cannot be privately owned *without monopoly* or injury to others. With their earnings from public service they can buy what they like, own what they please. But they cannot grab other people's products. Nor would private industry pay with private facilities, and the motive would cease if better pay, the full product, came from the State's industries. No one would work any more than he desired nor at any employment he did not want to work at. The Commonwealth must pay a price for any kind of work that will induce men to do disagreeable work. Today the vilest work is the most poorly paid because only the helpless must take such work. Men in a social co-operative commonwealth would never allow themselves to be made helpless. Only monopoly can make men so.

Such Socialism as can ever come will be *what Populists now demand* and such *gradual extensions* as will be just. We really have Socialism today in the matter of the postal system, schools, highways, bridges, parks, hospitals, waterworks, lighting plants, courts, police, army, navy, Government, libraries, baths, corporations, all publicly owned, operated or protected utilities. Nor will any system ever permit the idler or shirker to have equal wages with the alert and industrious.

No intelligent Socialist expects or desires such folly. Every man will *own all he earns*. But their doctrine need not preclude the idea of the people, the State, gradually absorbing *all the great natural monopolies*, and, *if need be*, *all the industries* into *government ownership*, paying the workers all they produce and not, as now shown by Census Bulletin No. 150, that workers produce an average of \$2,451 in a year and in return receive of their own product but \$437. Over \$2,000 per man is robbed from them by our system. Present capital, plants, fac-

tories and railroads will never be confiscated by the State. Very few think of any plan but to buy them all or build anew.

This robbery of the workers could not continue if the true nature of property were understood and the laws made accordingly. The only just price of anything is its cost in work, ultimately paid in equal work. Replacement is the ethical charge for products, money, work or anything. When all privilege and monopoly in materials, land, grants, public service, etc., are abolished *prices will equalize on the basis of service for service, work for work.*

But we can never reach ethical exchange while man is bought and sold in the name of land and privilege which make him helpless. The coal, the metals, the timber, the soil, all materials, must be *free of monopoly*. The use of these must be made *free* in some equitable manner, not by taking it away from the workers in a single-tax, benefiting those who have no share in the work, not by confiscation.

Repealing about nine-tenths of our laws would be a mighty reform and a long step toward justice. A corporation should not be an evil. Corporations will sometime become public servants. The only excuse for granting corporate powers to a company is that it will prove a benefit to the people who grant it life and protect it. The State must supervise their operations, regulate the wages and tenure of employment of employees, the officers' salaries, the issuing and transfer of stock, the dividends, and the selling price of products or service.

Sometime the workers may own the most of the corporations for which they work.

An era of co-operation is bound to follow the present monopolistic system of production and exchange.

Any country in which any man, by *any method*, can grab vast wealth from the producers for nothing is in an unsafe condition. Any country that upholds by force *any system* by which idlers become rich and the producers

of all wealth are kept poor will come rapidly to a revolution, either bloody or otherwise.

It is pitiful to see the wasted efforts of reformers. Party is the curse of this Republic. An evil becomes unendurable and a political party automatically springs into life to combat it. We have had as high as eight tickets in the field at one national election. The monopolist sneers and exults at the division of the people, and says, "The people be damned!"

Our methods are very crude. We have much science and philosophy. We know much about bugs, chemistry and astronomy, but we don't know enough to run a republic justly. We do not succeed in curbing the rapacity of greedy scoundrels who make us toil like slaves for nothing in return. It is not enough to say our chances are equal. It is false. Nature and toil and product are limited. If one may grab a million of it, the others must lose the million. We cannot all be millionaires. In fact there is not produced more than enough to make all comfortable. If not so, it is time to work less. Prate about the sacred rights of property! Property starts with the producer, the toiler. What do we do to protect it there?

Government is a science worthy of our study as well as bugs and fossils and Sanscrit. We are a Nation of fools. With votes in our hands we let oppressors sneer at our squirming. All of the minority parties are right in something. But in our system of party rule and voting we fight each other. The Socialists see the wrongs. The Populists see them. Likewise the Democrats and Prohibitionists. These may all agree on, say, a money plank, or an anti-national bank-monopoly plank. We might agree on a tariff plank. But no, reformers are pitted against reformers and we are doomed to vote for men, not planks, though the plank be favored by all of us. We simply waste and scatter our reform votes. It is of no use to fight about things that cannot come for a generation or two.

The Socialist, if he ever gets his wish, must first march over the ground the Populist is now wearily treading. The Single-Taxer sees the evils of the monopoly of land.

Until the people, by a mighty effort, break the Lilliputian threads that bind us to party folly and arise and establish Direct Legislation, our time, our efforts, are wasted. The present conditions are pitiful enough to make the strong man with an honest heart weep, curse or fight. How long shall we keep on investing a thousand millions of the people's work in a little dried-up, old, canting, professed-Christian hypocrite in New York? Did it pay us well to invest a hundred millions of our work in a stingy old reprobate that gave the community absolutely nothing in return? Too stingy to dress decently. Was it a sage and wise thing to do?

Our entire theory of property is false. These men have no titles to their possessions by any law of God, Nature, justice or ethics.

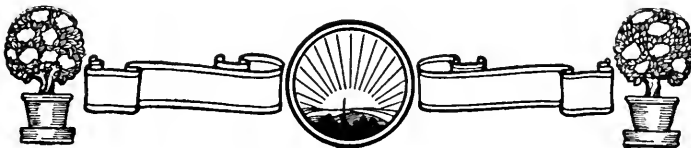
Why not try nominating and electing principles for a change? We can't elect men. Why not all reformers unite upon one doctrine, Direct Legislation, Popular Initiative, the Referendum, the Imperative Mandate and Recall and Direct Nominations? We need not abandon our parties at all. We could call a national convention of reformers, including many Republicans and Democrats, to nominate such principles as we could agree

upon. We could then require candidates to make written pledges, bonded if finally necessary, before we will vote for them. We might elect some doctrines, if not a few officeholders.

Bloodshed will come before we can reach reform by our present scattering methods. The people will not endure wholesale robbery much longer in this boasted Republic. The root of all economic injustice and oppression rests on the absorption of the products of toil, *robbing the workers, by Rent, Interest and Profit*. All philosophers agree that these are the leak-holes by which workers become poor and idlers rich. These three industrial demons enslave us helplessly. Populism may properly destroy these evils.

As above shadowed forth, let land be nationalized and *Rent, except wear and tear of improvements, be abolished*. Let the banks of issue be abolished and the nation issue an absolute money at cost, to the people, as is its duty. That will *kill Interest*. Let public industries enough be established to force prices to cost of production. *Then will greedy Profit be extirpated*.

This program is more reasonable and just than Socialism or Single-Tax. It would satisfy and disarm both. Fighting reformers will never bring reform. It would allow every citizen free activity, personal initiative, to rise by industry, service and merit, but not by privilege, monopoly, robbery. Civilized progress demands that the something for nothing system be abrogated.



Duncan and the Suffolk Superbs

BY KENNETH BROWN

THIS adventure of Duncan's was double-barreled. The first barrel was farce, for those whose sense of humor runs that way; and the second came dangerously near to tragedy. It would have been tragedy, except for good shooting and good luck on Duncan's part. At the time he did not care whether it was or not; afterward he was glad that a lenient fate pointed the muzzle of his revolver true, and that no worse resulted. He has been a little shy of South Africa since that time, although the Suffolk Superbs hushed the matter up and, to tell the truth, entertain considerable admiration for the American who single-handed whipped fifteen of them—as is the Anglo-Saxon way.

The Suffolk Superbs won their name by their apparel, not by their gallantry on the field of battle. Indeed they had never been on the field of battle when they left England, though they snorted to meet and annihilate the foe. Probably they were the most bumptious of the many raw regiments that England sent out to South Africa to be turned into regiments of men—what there was left of them. They came with the common British opinion of foreigners; that is, they had no opinion of them at all.

Before land was sighted one of the regiment's wits suggested—and the Superbs joyfully adopted—the additional sobriquet of "Pigstickers," as indicative of what they would do to the Boers—note the original play upon the word—and they loudly proclaimed this name to everybody, until they had been on the veldt a little while. But that is a matter of later history.

The Suffolk Superbs were bounding with animal spirits. They came ashore

with a whoop, and looked around for Boers to annihilate. Instead of annihilation there followed nearly eight weeks in barracks; for this was a time when England was sorely puzzled what to do in her little war, the direction of which seemed most unreasonably to be kept in the hands of the enemy. The animal spirits of the Pigstickers grew like yeast, till the barracks were too small and the roof seemed likely to come off. They were not puzzled about the conducting of the war; all they wanted was to get at the D. D.'s—of which the last D. stands for Dutchmen.

It was rather a pity the Pigstickers couldn't have found the Boers immediately; but then it was one of the unfortunate circumstances about the war, at that time, that the English couldn't find the Boers, but that, instead, the Boers found them.

The Suffolk Superbs, since they were not allowed to slake their thirst for gore, put in many hours of the day in the intellectual occupation of telling each other how the war ought to be managed. They would have told others, not being unduly depressed with modesty, except for the foolish, military etiquette which prevented them from going around to Kitchener and telling him about it; so they pawed the ground and tried their tie-rein every now and then to see if it were loose.

An army in barracks, waiting impatiently to go to the front, may be filled with patriotism and all that sort of thing, but it isn't a Sunday school, any more than war itself is; and Cape Town had various "outrages" to discuss and hush up during the time that the waiting troops had their energies bottled up. Hazing of a none too

gentle kind was indulged in several times against individuals with incautious tongues who made themselves obnoxious to the prevailing sentiment, and these hazings were what brought Duncan into hot water, or rather into cold water.

Duncan was an American trader for whom the mere swapping of goods to his profit was less than doing it in strange and interesting places. As a rule he sought out the lonesome parts of the earth; but the world was profoundly stirred by the Boer War and it had stirred even Duncan to leave his lonely wandering and come to see for himself the things as they happened. At Cape Town he fell in with several officers of the Superbs, at the time when they were most effervescent, and although he was not a society man even in the society that exists in the farthest wings of our stage. the acquaintance grew, and he was taken around to mess with them.

In the far ends of the world when Anglo-Saxon meets Anglo-Saxon it is as if kin meets kin. But when many English fresh from England foregather, a stray American is almost a foreigner, and during the evening Duncan perceived this more and more plainly, especially after wine had flowed and blurred the outline of reason and good manners.

The talk touched on the recent hazing of a South African by an English company because of his criticisms. Now an American—except when he is at college, or elsewhere submits to it voluntarily—who is put to a great personal indignity by a number of his fellow-men has aroused in him the ferocity of primitive man battling for life. Duncan was not a man given to ventilating his ideas, but, as has been said, the atmosphere was surcharged by reason of the wine, and he announced that he would be damned before *he* would submit to such indignity without retaliation, no matter what he chose to say.

"The beggars would have got more of the same, if they had tried any of that," the Honorable Thomas Lyttle-

ton replied, with the superb assurance of the Briton.

More opinions were interchanged, and though the feeling of guest on one side and of host on the other kept these within bounds, there was considerable animosity aroused, the result of which proved all the stronger because there had not been wine enough to make them forget all about it in the morning.

Two days later Duncan received a note from the Honorable Thomas Lyttleton inviting him to a banquet with a number of the younger officers of the Superbs. The invitation was monstrously polite, and Duncan, who had not forgotten the words that had been spoken, felt a flash of suspicion as he read it. He accepted it, however, resolved on this occasion to keep on safe grounds of discussion.

The Honorable Thomas Lyttleton was a man who fortified himself for drinks to come by drinks in the present, and on the afternoon before the banquet he drank at a bar in the near proximity of a newspaper correspondent of the New York *Planet*, named Schneider. Schneider was a man of quick ear, and when he heard the Honorable Thomas refer, in a tone that was meant to be guarded, to "that damned fellow from the States," and a lesson that was to be taught him, he became interested. He sprawled on one elbow over the bar in a way that brought his sharpened ear still closer to the two soldiers, and was rewarded by catching the name of Duncan a little later. Schneider had a slight acquaintance with Duncan, and after the Englishmen had gone away Schneider was at considerable pains to look up his fellow-countryman.

"Say, have you been queering yourself with any of these unbaked soldiers?" he asked Duncan when he found him. "I heard two of the subalterns of the Suffolk regiment telling that they were going to give it good and plenty to someone named Duncan. Are you, by any chance, the man?"

"Well, I may have said a few indis-

creet things the other night when we got into an argument about hazing," replied Duncan.

"I guess they've got it in for you, all right," Schneider warned him.

Duncan thanked him, and spent a thoughtful hour or two. Nevertheless he went to the banquet, after making careful preparations for it. He was received by the young Englishmen with an enthusiasm that was so enthusiastic as to savor of the "chaffing" liked by a certain type of British mind. The Honorable Thomas Lyttleton, his face flushed like a Western sunset, conducted him to his seat, and the banquet began. Wine flowed freely, but flowed less freely down the throat of the American than down those of his hosts. Toward the end, as, standing, they were all drinking confusion to the Queen's enemies at the hands of the Pigstickers, the men on either side of Duncan suddenly clasped his arms in a warm embrace, while the Honorable Thomas Lyttleton mounted a chair at the other end of the table and announced that now, for the good of his soul, their distinguished guest was to be initiated into the Mystic Order of the Goldfishes.

Great cheering greeted the announcement, and the clasp of the two at Duncan's sides became more close and restraining. Just how far these patriotic young officers intended to go with Duncan it is hard to tell. They bore him no real ill-will and perhaps would have been satisfied had they seen him well frightened at their preparations. On the other hand, men's sense of the humor of practical joking grows with indulgence, and conveniently close to the banqueting-room was the pond wherein the South African of former discussion had been half drowned to prove to him the error of his opinions, or at least of the expression of them.

To Duncan it was plain that the time had come for extricating himself from his predicament. He was standing calmly, the hands of his pinioned arms thrust inside his coat. Each hand had sought and found the butt of a self-cocking revolver, and at the last

words of his host he pulled the triggers of both revolvers, trying to keep the bullets from hitting the men at his side. After the first report, which sounded uncommonly loud there in the dining-room, Duncan pulled out his revolver—for there was now no clasp upon his arms to restrain him—and raked the table with revolver bullets, avoiding men with precision, but smashing glass and crockery in a scandalous manner.

When the smoke cleared away Duncan and broken dishes were all that remained, except the man who had held his left arm, whose leg had unfortunately stood in the way of the first bullet that had passed out through Duncan's coat. This one groaned and cursed with vigor; and Duncan turned to him and lifted a half-filled glass that had escaped destruction in the toast: "To Englishmen—may they learn to know beans!" An impolite toast.

The man with the punctured leg repeated the toast to his comrades when they came back to carry him away and pay for the breakage.

The joke thus far was Duncan's. But a few nights later a committee of the fifteen banqueters lay in wait for Duncan, tripped him up by the boyish ruse of a stretched cord, and overpowered him before he had a chance to draw his revolver. The fifteen then proceeded to carry out their original program with thoroughness. They stripped him of his clothes and threw him into the pond. When he climbed out they threw him in again. When he stayed out in the middle of the pond they lassoed him with a clothesline, amid shouts of laughter, and dragged him back to the shore that they might throw him in again, with every indignity that their wits could devise. They were "teaching him better," and he swallowed the dose bitterly. He had been caught at a disadvantage and had had no chance. He had fought as a rat fights a terrier, but what was his strength to that of fifteen? Yet many bore bruises they had received before he was subdued, and

these added zest to their baiting. The better element of the Superbs was absent, and this gave the greater license to the others. There is no need to linger over this part. I am not sure upon which side of it the tragedy begins. It was a comedy only to such as think it is.

When they let Duncan go he was nearly exhausted, yet not so much as he seemed, for the cunning of the trapped animal had come to him, and toward the last he had given every thought to conserving his energies while appearing to have reached their limits. The fifteen kicked him off into the dark, and, thoroughly well pleased with their night's entertainment and their revenge, went in to the table which had been prepared for them in anticipation of this happy consummation.

Duncan crawled away beneath a bush and sat with his head between his hands. A timid Kaffir brought him his clothes. After a while he put them on and walked toward his room. On the way he stopped to take one drink. He did not need more. He was no longer cold. The anger within him seemed to have dried him. He could hardly see what was before him for the rage that burned red in his soul at the indignities he had suffered. Yet he was punctiliously polite to the bar-keeper; and, jostling accidentally against a common sailor, he apologized profusely. He had no quarrel with anyone in the world except a certain few men. By comparison all others were his friends. Yet his words came from between teeth so set they would hardly separate to let the words out.

An hour later Duncan appeared at the door of the room where the Suffolk Superbs were still celebrating. He had got his nerve back and was armed. He began to shoot at once. With swift accuracy he smashed the bridge of the Hon. Thomas Lyttleton's nose, and he fell like a dead man, though he had only lost the beautiful profile that had been his pride. Dun-

can winged the next man in the arm, and a third through the seat of his breeches as he was diving for a window. Then the rout was on, and no rats in a bin dashed more wildly about. Yet none got scathless out of the room. Duncan shot as if inspired. He did not wish to kill; for a dead man suffers no pains, and he wanted them all to live and remember him. The yells that arose with each shot might have been from pigs stuck instead of from pigstickers. Whether the waiters on the outside took all this for joyful carousing and popping corks or whether they did not, none interfered, and, happening to be out when it began, they stayed out till long after it was ended.

Of the fifteen only three escaped untouched. Duncan's two revolvers, with his marvelous shooting, sufficed for the other twelve. The three unhurt were found afterward under the table. They explained that they had descended for executing a subterranean movement, to grab Duncan's legs and overthrow him. But under the sheltering table-top his legs seemed to have lost all attractions for them; at any rate they were not near his end of the room, and he was in too much scorn of them to hunt for them beneath the table-cloth, even after he had coolly reloaded his emptied revolvers. And perhaps that kind of scathlessness was better than any wound he could have inflicted: the Three Good Tablers are remembered to this day.

Duncan retreated in good order, and what he subsequently saw of the course of the war was seen from the Boer side. It is only fair to the Suffolk Superbs to say that he could probably have made the campaign with them had he wished. They themselves learned many things during the next two years and acquitted themselves well after they had learned them. If they should ever be moved to do any more hazing, however, it is safe to say that they would not pick out an American.

An Immediate Vital Issue

BY ALBERT GRIFFIN

WHEN the last Bankers' National Convention adjourned the impression went abroad that its Western members had beaten the Eastern delegates to a finish, and that little or nothing more would be done until after the next Presidential election. The reason was that the "Elastic Currency plan" proposed by the previously appointed Legislative Committee was so vigorously opposed that it was not even brought to a vote. This was not, however, because it was abandoned by the Eastern manipulators, but because they decided to have it nominally recast by a carefully selected commission—and the triumphant(?) objectors rushed pellmell into the trap.

The views of the opposition were voiced by Mr. Van Blarcom, who was highly commended by the *Chicago Banker* in a leading editorial, and reported as saying:

In nearly all of the propositions that have been advanced for providing to our people a currency which should be elastic, *i.e.*, available in time of need, and for the retirement of which adequate provision is made when it is issued, it is noticeable that the suggestion came from the large centres, and are such as will be for their direct benefit, the country banker receiving his proportion of the benefits *only by indirection*.

This makes it clear that the opposition was not to the Elastic Currency idea, but was merely a demand for a more equal distribution of the graft. When the nut was finally cracked the shell was given to the Westerners and the meat to the Easterners by the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That a commission of fifteen shall be appointed by the Executive Council, five members of which shall be the present Legislative Committee, the other ten members to be selected with due regard to national and state banks and trust com-

panies, and said committee shall confer with the Chamber of Commerce of New York City, and, after a careful investigation and study of plans submitted, shall co-operate with the proper Congressional committees with the end in view of the enactment of a bill covering this subject.

The general character of the bill that will be presented is forecast by the character of the "commission." The Legislative Committee which reported the rejected plan constitutes one-third of it. The Executive Council authorized three of its members to select the other ten—and, after making an elaborate show of consulting everybody, this trio did as they pleased—as from the first it was intended they should do. As to the probable results, the *Chicago Banker*, October 27, says:

The Commission will probably take up other financial measures in addition to elastic currency. Well-informed bankers think that it will recommend to Congress the following measures: A law requiring the Treasury Department to deposit the Treasury surplus with national banks, as fast as the revenue comes in, under an equitable distribution of the deposits to the various depository banks; a law repealing the \$3,000,000 a month redemption restriction on national bank-notes, leaving redemption in any amount at the option of the banks.

The greenback retirement feature in the clearing currency plan is the only one which members of that committee feel *is certain* to meet the indorsement of the Commission. *Its adoption will be very strongly urged*.

The controlling bankers of this country are inflexibly determined to, in some way, (1) have the Government required to keep its cash balances on deposit with the banks; (2) have the greenbacks canceled; (3) secure the right to issue more bank bills without increasing their capital, and (4) to obtain the right to contract their bank currency at pleasure.

With the Government's money in their possession, the greenbacks out

of the way, and the power alternately to expand and contract the volume of real as well as of fictitious money as they may desire, the bankers will be able to create a boom, with rising prices, whenever they are ready to sell, and to depress the market, slightly or greatly, whenever they wish to buy.

Their power over property values and every kind of business is already incalculably great—and every step in the directions named *must* greatly increase it. Commenting on the Commission resolution the Chicago *Banker* says:

It is expected, as a result of the Association's action, that an elastic currency law *will be enacted* at the next session of Congress. *Unqualified statements were freely made that President Roosevelt had let the officers of the Association know of his particular interest in the subject.* Charles N. Fowler, Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the National House of Representatives, assured the convention Wednesday of his desire to co-operate in securing a practical law. There seems to be no question, therefore, among the delegates that the movement will be effective.

The adoption of this *far-reaching* resolution was a fitting close to the most strenuous convention that the American Bankers' Association has ever held.

At the last session of Congress President Roosevelt forced the passage of several laws from which much good is hoped, and not a few senators and congressmen will be exceedingly glad, while making themselves solid with the banks, to hide behind, instead of being sat down upon by him.

President Roosevelt is a great and good man, but his utterances on currency matters indicate that he knows no more on those lines than when he left college. He evidently still regards the whole subject from the standpoint of the schoolman and doctrinaire. As is the case with 99 per cent. of the people, he apparently has never studied, nor given any independent thought to, the most important of the many phases of the Money Problem—viz, the use of purely fictitious money as a substitute for real money—and if, in consequence, his great personal influence is thrown to the plutocratic side this winter, the evil

results are likely to more than counter-balance the good done at the previous session.

The need of more money is so great that bankers are now actually using as money between seven and eight billion dollars of what some of them call "bank credit" and others "liquid capital." But the demand for money increases so much faster than the supply of both the real and fictitious kinds that blighting business depression in the near future can be prevented only by greatly increasing the quantity of real money, or by such a change in their policy as bankers will not willingly make.

If Congress concedes the bankers' demands there is likely to be another boom, such as followed the banking law of 1899—with the important difference that it will be shorter lived, and that a still larger share of the new money will be used for the promotion of trusts and private speculations by bank magnates and their friends.

The bankers will ask authority to issue several hundred million dollars of bank-notes—at the risk of their depositors—on which they are willing to pay 3 or 4 per cent. interest. Most people think this would not leave them much margin for profit. But the controller's reports show that every dollar of real money left in their possession enables them to lend (?) from \$3 to \$10. That is, \$100,000,000 of *real* money in their vaults enables them to collect interest on between three and ten hundred million dollars of *fictitious* money—much of it "loaned" at exorbitant rates.

The number of banks, and the quantity of bank capital, have nearly doubled in nine years, but their capital "available for loans and discounts" actually *decreased* \$621,000,000—leaving less than \$29,000,000 that could be thus used. The amount of real money they claim to have in their possession increased \$490,000,000, but their liabilities, *due on demand*, increased \$6,314,000,000—more than thirteen times as much.

Ten years ago the banks collected interest on \$4.57 for every dollar of their capital not otherwise invested, and one year ago the proportion was \$256 to \$1. In 1896 the ratio of their cash liabilities to their cash in hand was \$6.91 to \$1, and in 1905 it had increased to \$10.04 to \$1.

Nor is this all. Ten years ago nearly all of our banks were independent institutions, but they are now rapidly passing under the control of great capitalists. Already single individuals, or small coteries, control scores and even hundreds of banks—and those who understand this business know that banks are so dependent upon each other that it is impossible for the small ones long to defend themselves against the combined large ones. And, at the rate they are now being swallowed, or linked, there will soon be no independent banks left—one syndicate dictating the policy of all. This is the end to which Wall Street is working, and the passage of the bill now being concocted will hasten this consummation.

It may be well to note here the fact that the men who control the deposit banking institutions of the country really constitute "*the money power.*"

They, and they alone, are allowed actually to make the greater part of the money used in their business. They not only make this money, but—incredible as the statement may seem—they make it out of nothing. And, although it is purely fictitious, the courts treat it as money, and it has exactly the same effect on values, prices and business that the same amount of real money would have. In 1905 the Treasury Department put the entire volume of real money in circulation at \$2,743,000,000; and the Controller's Report for that year showed that the banks were using \$7,300,000,000 of purely fictitious, or "hocus-pocus" money. I repeat that *every dollar of this vast sum was manufactured by the banks out of nothing.* Moreover, it is to compel people to use this unreal money that bankers have always sought to have all national money

destroyed and the aggregate volume of real money kept ruinously small.

Bankers have long denounced greenbacks and silver coin principally on the grounds that they are "cheap money" designed to benefit silver producers, or to "enable debtors to cheat their creditors"; and have so rung the changes on "honest money" and "trying to get something for nothing" that they have secured the support of multitudes of conscientious people (that do not understand this phase of the money problem), in spite of the fact that they are themselves the only class of business men who really do get something for nothing. Of a truth, the hocus-pocus money which they make out of nothing—and for the use of which they receive hundreds of millions of dollars every year—is the "cheapest" money ever made. It is also the "unsoundest," shortest lived and most "dishonest" money ever known. And it certainly needs no argument to show that *any* kind of *real* money, that can be seen and handled and has the nation behind it, *must* be better and safer than this purely fictitious money, that can be neither seen nor handled and that has behind it only some local bank.

The bill that the bankers will try to force through Congress this winter will enable them to issue from one to three hundred million dollars of an inferior kind of real money—bank bills—the deposit of which in their vaults will enable them to exact from business men interest on from one to three billion dollars of hocus-pocus money. He must be blind indeed who fails to see that this will be the most vitally important issue before Congress this winter. The quotations from the *Chicago Banker* show that its editors are alive to this fact.

No one has ever been able to induce deposit bankers to discuss the basic principles and practices upon which this business is founded. In some way they get the needed measures passed without such discussion, and a large part of their privileges have been conferred "by interpretation" by the Treasury Department. Indeed, clauses

are known to have been inserted in laws for the purpose of enabling officials to do this. Bankers or their allies control most of the leading periodicals and use their columns and pages for offense and defense, but never notice anything that bears upon the unstable foundation upon which their business rests—which fact creates a presumption that they know it is indefensible.

Sometimes they talk about "lending" their "credit," but the truth is that banks practically "borrow" billions of dollars, yet never really "lend" anything; and further, there is no such thing as "bank credit."

But, now that we are up against this vitally important issue, the practical question is, what shall be done about it? Unless something be done to inform and arouse the people—and that quickly—the bill will pass. If the people knew the facts there would be no danger—for a resistless wave of indignation would sweep over the land. But, in the absence of an enlightened press that dare print the truth on this subject, something must be done to secure united action; and for this purpose some Kansans have organized a society whose constitution reads:

REAL MONEY LEAGUE
OF SHAWNEE COUNTY, KAN.
CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I—NAME AND OBJECT

Section 1. The name of this organization is the Real Money League of Shawnee County, Kan.

Section 2. This League is strictly non-partisan. Its purpose is to promote open-minded study of the one phase of the money problem which, despite its unequalled importance, has never been generally discussed, to wit:

The system of "banking on deposits" enables bankers to use the real money in their possession as a basis for creating from three to fifty times as much absolutely fictitious money.

The unjust privilege of doing this gives to promoters and other frenzied financiers the most of their crushing power.

And the alternate expansion and contraction of its volume causes the money market to fluctuate frequently, and often violently.

Bankers themselves now admit that it is impossible to frame laws that will make banking on deposits, for private gain, en-

tirely safe, when the managers of banks are incompetent or dishonest. And it is also impossible to keep such men out of such a business.

Moreover, as serious as is the loss to depositors of large amounts of money by the failure of banks, other evil results of the system are a hundred times greater.

That deposit banks do much good is freely admitted; but a system can—and ought to—be devised that will do a great deal more good, with none of its baneful results.

Emphasis is laid on the following fundamental propositions:

1. Civilization and progress are impossible without money.

2. The only essential function of money is to serve as "the medium of exchange"; and the "quantitative theory" cannot be sustained unless everything that does the work of money, and does nothing else, is recognized as a part of the "volume of money." This means that the more than \$7,000,000,000 of the purely fictitious money which bankers "lend" and "borrowers" pay for, and which has exactly the same effects on values and business that real money has, and which the courts recognize as money, should be added to, and included in, the "general stock of money" reported by the Treasury Department.

3. The "best money" is that the exchange value of which varies the least—and the constant effort should be to increase the quantity of the best until there is enough of it, and to decrease that of the poorer kinds until only the best remains.

4. Whenever there is enough money in actual use to enable all the people to exchange their products, the demand for services necessarily equals the supply, and no wage-earner is compelled to accept unfair wages nor to submit to unjust treatment.

5. Whenever the volume of money increases faster than that of products and services values and prices tend upward, the demand for services grows, and all kinds of business improve. But when the increase in the quantity of money does not keep up with the ever-enlarging demand for it values and prices tend downward, the demand for services decreases and business is proportionately depressed. These are undeniable historic facts.

6. No person, or nation, can produce as much as he, or it, desires to consume; and therefore aggregate overproduction is impossible. But, as the ability of the people to produce is greater each day than it ever was before, more money is required every day to effect the needed exchanges and, therefore, contracting its aggregate volume must always do harm—and should never be permitted.

7. There never was a commercial panic until after the deposit banking system had become firmly established. These economic

earthquakes are still unknown in all countries that have no banks of deposit, and they are most frequent and calamitous where the largest proportion of the business is done through them. In fact, the relation of deposit banking to commercial panics and long periods of business depression is that of cause and effect.

8. The reason is that from 75 to 98 per cent. of the money "loaned" by these institutions (and upon which they annually collect hundreds of millions of dollars of interest) is undeniably fictitious—can be neither seen nor handled.

And, because it is fictitious, their managers are often compelled to suddenly contract its volume.

And contracting its volume has exactly the same effect on business and values as has the destruction of an equal proportion of the real money in use.

Moreover, this system enables bankers (by such contraction) to depress business, and even to precipitate panics, almost at will—and this power is often used.

9. The best financial writers agree that this kind of business cannot be rendered even approximately safe unless the banks keep in their possession one-third—or at least one-fourth—as much real money as they are liable to be called upon to pay out at any one time; and yet the appalling fact is that, of the 6,148 national banks doing business September 4 last, 5,781 are not required by law to keep even 6 per cent., and none have to keep 25 per cent.—and the state and private banks are even more reckless than the national banks are.

10. Any kind of real money issued by the nation, with all the people pledged to its support, must be better than unreal, "hocus-pocus" money, with only some local bank behind it. Yet bankers, who dare not discuss the facts herein set forth, are demanding the right to issue "asset currency," or "emergency currency," and still other privileges that would make matters worse instead of better; and it behoves thinking people to compel a full discussion of this incalculably important subject, so that, when the rapidly approaching financial tornado arrives, the people will be prepared to substitute a really "safe and sound" system for the present unsafe and unsound one.

11. The constitutional authority given Congress to "coin money and regulate the value thereof" is equivalent to a command. As the only way to regulate the value of money is to keep its volume as nearly as possible exactly equal to the market demand, this language requires Congress to see to it that the supply is always abundant, and to prevent any man or set of men from usurping this prerogative. And it is a grave offense against humanity for congressmen to fail to discharge this the most important of all of their duties.

12. Fortunately, although the fast crys-

tallizing money trust is the most powerful and dangerous division of the plutocracy, it is much the easiest to overthrow—for, with a rational monetary system, every well-managed bank that might wish to wind up its affairs could do so without the loss of a dollar of its capital or the imposing of a tax on the people or the issuance of a bond by the Government.

The foregoing and other facts make it clear that, instead of still further increasing the privileges and powers of great bankers, the Government should unceasingly supply the people with a sufficient quantity of some kind of real money; and that it should also compel the banks to do a safer business—by requiring them to gradually increase their cash reserves to at least 25 per cent. of their deposits. Each step in these directions must make every kind of legitimate business safer and more profitable, and decrease the likelihood of business depression and financial panics.

ARTICLE II—OFFICERS

Section 1. The officers of this League shall be a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, who shall discharge the duties usually devolving upon such officers.

Section 2. The officers and directors shall be elected at the first regular meeting in October and April of each year, and serve until their successors are qualified.

ARTICLE III—BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The four officers and three elected members shall constitute a board of directors, which shall have power to act for the League when it is not in session, under such rules as may, from time to time, be prescribed. It shall also arrange for public meetings, for the organization of study and reading clubs, and for the circulation of petitions and literature.

ARTICLE IV—MISCELLANEOUS

Section 1. The regular meetings of the League shall be held monthly, at such time and place as shall be fixed by resolution.

Section 2. Amendments to this constitution must be presented in writing at one regular meeting and receive a majority of the votes of the members present at a subsequent meeting.

Section 3. The names of applicants for membership shall be presented to the Board of Directors, and, if there are no objections, they shall be permitted to sign the constitution.

At present the Real Money League of Shawnee County will be an "organizing" as well as local league. Inquiries about the League may be addressed to any of the following officers: Albert Griffin, president; George E. Overmeyer, vice-president; Orla L. Aley, secretary; J. R. McKeever, treasurer. The four officers and T. R. Hawks, D. H. Morgan and Fred W. Boutwell constitute the Board of Directors.

It will be noticed that this League does not propose to suppress deposit

banking, but only that the Government shall, in some way, see that the people are provided with enough real money of some kind, and that the banks shall be required to increase their reserves until depositors are made reasonably safe.

It should not be difficult to organize similar leagues everywhere. The plan is not copyrighted. People can get together anywhere and, with or without correspondence with us, organize leagues, and proceed to study the problem, arouse others, and let their congressmen know that there is to be a day of reckoning with those that do not do their duty.

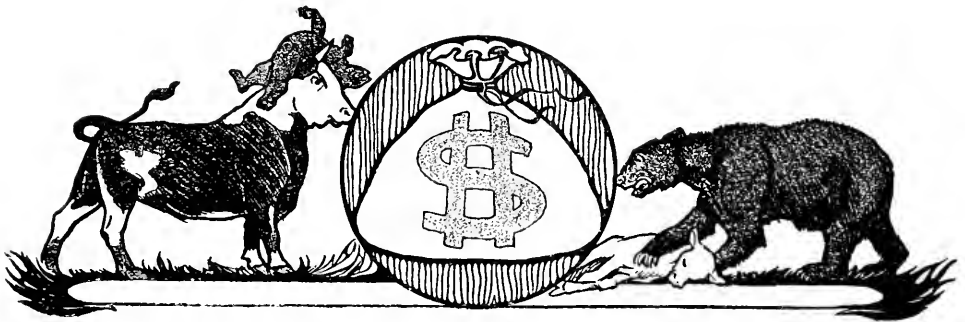
Topeka, Kan.

POSTAL DEFICIT UNNECESSARY

I READ with interest your article on "Rates of Postage" in the November number of the Magazine. Let me suggest that the franking privilege given to members of Congress is the most direct cause of the deficit in postage rate busi-

ness. Tons of matter are sent out yearly "free" by this process, of which not 2 per cent. is looked over by the recipient, but finds its way to the waste-paper gatherer and ragpicker. I suggest that a bill be passed in Congress to allow every senator and member of the House of Representatives, say, \$1,000 extra pay each year for postage. That would be, for fifty weeks a year (holidays out), at the rate of \$20 a week for postage. Then let them pay the same rates that the rest of us have to for letters and for printed speeches they make and want to send to friends.

I know of members of Congress that habitually violate the rule of the franking law, and send out private letters and political letters and personal documents to thousands of people; and the United States pays the mail-carriers so much per pound to do the distributing. Let this stop and within one year I predict that the Post-office Department will pay a handsome revenue above expenses.—*Calvin E. Keach.*



Upon the Great World's Altar-Stairs

BY LOUISE HARDENBERGH ADAMS

“GOOD MORNING, Mr. Silverthorn!” Mrs. Hathaway exclaimed, pausing before the counter and glancing kindly at the frail-looking old man who was nervously trying to make the best display of a pile of cheap goods. “Why, Jonathan Silverthorn, what have you been doing with yourself? Have you been sick?” Her rich voice, with its sympathetic note, rang clearly through the little store.

The old man dropped a gaudy dress-pattern as he cast an apprehensive glance about him. “I’m perfectly well, Mrs. Hathaway, perfectly well,” he answered, bowing low over the hand she offered him, with old-fashioned courtesy. “You know time plays tricks with us all, and it’s had a chance to do so since you saw me.”

Mrs. Hathaway’s face betrayed the contrition she felt, as her memory suggested the cause of the change so apparent in her old friend. “I heard that you’d lost your mother, Jonathan,” she said pityingly, “and you can feel assured that you have my full sympathy and——”

“What’s the price o’ this?” interrupted a fretful-faced woman, pushing a bolt of goods along the counter toward Mr. Silverthorn. He turned to Mrs. Hathaway, an apologetic look on his life-worn face.

“Never mind,” she responded instantly. “Wait on your customer, and I’ll see you again when we both have more time.”

She left the store and a few moments later hurried into her husband’s office. “Ray!” she exclaimed, drawing a chair up to his desk, and gazing brightly at the man who dropped his work at her greeting. “Oh, Ray, it’s just as you said. I’ve

found many changes, but the greatest one is in Jonathan Silverthorn. What has happened to him?”

“Jonathan fell among thieves and they stripped him of all he possessed,” Mr. Hathaway answered, lighting a fresh cigar, as he shot a quizzical look at his wife. “I knew, Electa, you wouldn’t be home five hours before you found someone to expend your overflow of sympathy upon, but Jonathan’s a worthy cause, and we really owe it to him to help the old fellow. I guess we’re all in his debt for numberless favors. Did I tell you he’d lost his mother while you were away?”

“Yes, and I was positively ashamed of myself for not remembering,” Mrs. Hathaway hastily explained. “I wondered what he was doing in that cheap-John store, and went in to see. Ray, it’s a shame! Couldn’t he find anything better than clerking there?”

“I’m afraid not, Electa,” Mr. Hathaway answered soberly. “I never saw a man break as fast as he has done since his mother’s death; his only comfort has been in the fact that she was not here to suffer through his business losses.”

“Didn’t he save anything?” Mrs. Hathaway asked eagerly. “I thought you wrote me that the Union Club bought his quaint old home for their clubhouse.”

“So we did, and we paid a good price for it; but every cent of the money went to Jonathan’s creditors. It was a shame!” Mr. Hathaway cried indignantly. “A regular highway robbery, but I just couldn’t make him see that he ought to protect himself.”

“He has always been liberal-spirited and generous, and without a thought for himself,” Mrs. Hathaway said emphatically. “We all know how he”

devoted his life to his invalid mother; and yet he always found time to do a kindly deed for a friend."

"Yes, I don't believe there's a man in the Union Club that couldn't tell you some story of Jonathan's helpfulness, just when he needed it most." Mr. Hathaway's face lost its mask of sternness. "I tell you, Electa, a man like Jonathan, whether we realize it or not, is the angel that keeps the sluggish pool of disinterested kindness stirred, and a lot of us are the gainers." He paused and sent the smoke whirling above his head. "I've been so confoundedly busy lately, and lacking the incentive of your presence, have let the matter slide, while I know something ought to be done."

"Where does Jonathan live?" Mrs. Hathaway asked, with interested abruptness.

"He has a room in the top of that old rookery where he works," her husband said soberly. "I discovered it by chance, for he has been very shy of telling anything about himself, and I——"

"Oh, I've thought of the very thing!" Mrs. Hathaway interrupted, with an enigmatical smile. "How fortunate I came home before Christmas!"

Jonathan Silverthorn's encounter with Mrs. Hathaway quickened his realization of the past and its misfortunes. Its bitterness shadowed him all the long day in the dingy store, adding sharpness to his customers' complaints and filling him with apprehension whenever his employer's strident voice reached his ears. Self-pity held small place in his philosophy. He carried his toil-wearied body up the four flights of stairs to his dingy room with a grim determination to face the future with a decent show of bravery. "Other men have failed," he muttered, "and other men have grown old and suffered bravely. What they have done I can do—and I will!"

Jonathan's "I will" held soul-inspiring tonic. Forgetful of his weariness he lighted the lamp, filled his pipe

with cheap tobacco, then, after throwing a blanket about his bowed, shivering shoulders, picked up a book and followed the celebrated case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce with an interest ever new; lifted out of his shabby surroundings, the troubles of the past, the fears for the future, by the witchery of the story.

Meanwhile a party of his friends had his case under advisement as they gathered in answer to an urgent requisition from the Hathaways. One result of their conference was apparent when they issued invitations for a Christmas housewarming in the club's new quarters at the old Silverthorn place.

Jonathan received his invitation with a strange sense of injury. "I've 'bout made up my mind to drop out o' the Union Club," he said simply, in response to Mr. Hathaway's urgent insistence upon his attendance. "I'm not fixed to keep up my dues, and while I realize how good you've all been to me in the past, and am sorry to leave you, I'm not going to be a burden, and this is a good time to drop out."

Mr. Hathaway's firm mouth twitched at the corners. "I don't agree with you, Jonathan, for it'll never do for you to drop out of the club now. I grant it'll seem hard for you to accept the changes in your old home, but they were made by your friends, and in order to persuade them that you take what they've done in a kindly spirit you'll have to be on hand at the opening high jinks."

Jonathan's distress showed in his face. "See here, Ray," he began, laying his trembling hand on his friend's shoulder, "I just can't go. You can explain it so it seems all right. Won't you?" he added pleadingly.

Mr. Hathaway began to realize that his wife's predictions in regard to the outcome of his talk might prove true. Something in the old man's face roused the sympathy he seldom showed. "You know how fond Electa is of you," he said, with wide shrewdness. "She often talks about the good advice you gave her the first time she bought dry-

goods from you, when she was only a slip of a girl, and what a benefit it has always been to her. Well, Electa's managing this club affair, and she'll feel awfully disappointed if you should fail her. She commissioned me to tell you so, and say that she depends on you for ever so much help."

The comfortable feeling of being wanted took the sting out of Jonathan's bitterness. "You're a mighty good pleader, Ray," he laughed, with a return of his old manner. "You can take my best compliments to Mrs. Hathaway, and tell her I'll be on hand and at her service."

"I'd rather spend the night on top of the Main Street bridge than go so shabby," Jonathan muttered ruefully, after a vain endeavor to brush newness into his ancient coat the evening of the club's opening. A dandy in his way, his poverty became two-edged when it touched his appearance. He was still busy with his brush when Mr. Hathaway opened the door.

"My wife sent me for you," he explained, relieved to find Jonathan so nearly ready. "She wants you to ride with us, and as she is scheduled to be there early, we'd better start." He hurried the old man away, laughingly refusing to listen to his muttered regrets and excuses for not dressing more in accordance with the occasion.

Jonathan had never been near his old home since he lost it, now in the company of his friends he found courage for the ordeal. He stepped into the spacious reception-hall with a strange pride of past possession. "Ray is anxious to show you how well the beautiful old place looks." Mrs. Hathaway's voice roused him as she laid her

hand lightly on his arm. "We trust in every change you will see the true regard of your friends," she added, with a smile.

Jonathan cast a grateful glance at her glowing, intense face, then followed her husband up the wide flight of stairs and into the lovely old room where he had counted many of the years, and found in them his portion of both joy and sorrow.

Mr. Hathaway never delayed an explanation. He turned to Jonathan with a look that would have blessed him on a son's face. "Mr. Silverthorn," he began, with tender solemnity, "your friends have tried to do what was needed here with the fewest possible alterations; this room is almost untouched; the little room that side has been converted into a bath, and the big one on the other into a bedroom. As far as practical they are furnished with your old belongings. I've been empowered by the members of the club to offer you the office of host, with a comfortable salary, and the use of these rooms for the rest of your life.

"Don't try to express your feelings," he cried hastily, as Jonathan's emotion threatened his composure. "We have never done anything we enjoyed so much. By the way, you'll find a little gift from the boys on your bed in there. I guess they'll be a fit, for your old tailor made them. No, you can't refuse a Christmas present," he added, as Jonathan began to speak. "Now, I must leave you, but I want to give you a friendly hint before I go; when you take your place, as master of ceremonies, at the banquet-table, don't be afraid of the lot of roses Electa used to trim your chair, for she's taken off every thorn."

IT is the history of our kindnesses that alone makes this world tolerable.—
Robert Louis Stevenson.

The War Between the States and the New Era

BY EDGAR L. MASTERS

(Conclusion)

LET me now briefly discuss certain conditions or consequences which have followed the war. To do this, however, I must still go back to the beginning of centralization, for centralization did not grow entirely out of the war and the doctrine which made it supreme. To be sure the Philippine conquest seems to be the consummation of arbitrary power, but if it was right to subjugate the Southern States, the subjugation of the Filipinos rested upon a greater right, if that were possible. The truth is, however, that the war found ready a scheme of centralization already worked out, and whose outlines had been sketched at intervals from the adoption of the Constitution, so that the system under which we now live is the product of a hundred years, the war having given it an impetus and a supreme authority.

When the Government of the Constitution took up its powers it was chiefly administered by men who feared the people, who disliked the liberal features of the Constitution, and who undertook by administrative infiltration to construct a different system from that contemplated by the Constitution.

The states before the time of the Union had raised their revenue by taxation upon property, and that is their system to this day. The European system in 1787, and before, consisted in taxation upon wages, or plundering the poor by covert and indirect assessments in the way of tariff laws. The Government had been in operation but two years when Mr. Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, made a report upon manufactures, and as a result of

this the first protective tariff law was put into effect, and thus the European system was engrafted upon the new Republic. It is with us today, and has produced untold corruption and oppression, and has helped to establish our present plutocracy.

Likewise Mr. Hamilton, at about the same time, recommended a funding system, the essential effect of which led to the establishment of a public debt, which has always been a feature of monarchical governments, and was designed, as it was in England, to establish a league between men of wealth and the Government by furnishing a source of investment to men of wealth. Thus the Government purchases the friendship of wealth. Hamilton called this arraying property on the side of the Government. We, in this day, call it placing the Government in the grip of money.

Mr. Hamilton also procured, at the same time, the establishment of a United States bank by a national charter, and gave it a monopoly of the banking business, with power to issue paper money. Thus the principles of monopoly were introduced into our free system, while all of these measures depended for their vitality upon a loose construction of the Constitution, and thereby paved the way for overriding that instrument in many other ways, according to circumstances and occasion.

Again, in 1789, Oliver Ellsworth drafted the Federal Court Judiciary Act, which gave the Federal court the power to reverse and overthrow the decision of the highest courts of the states in cases where a Federal question,

so-called, was involved; and upon its passage the states were subjected to the negative of those courts upon their laws and decisions, which centralized the Government, much to the convenience and power of property arrayed on the side of the Government. The Fourteenth Amendment laid new restrictions upon the states of broad and comprehensive character, and the Federal courts in enforcing these restrictions use the power under the Ellsworth Act, and thereby discipline the states in many different ways and upon a variety of subjects. At an early time the Supreme Court held that it had the power to nullify a law of Congress, so that having the power to nullify state laws and national laws, popular government received a severe setback.

The three Hamiltonian measures and the Ellsworth Act constitute the bone and sinew of plutocracy, and they are the instruments by which plutocracy has risen in this day strong enough, for the time at least, to control the people and the Government.

A new birth of liberty took place with the accession of Jefferson to the Presidency. His election destroyed the party calling itself Federal, but which was really a centralist party. The same men and influences afterward adopted the name Whig, in imitation of the liberal party in England, but they continued to pursue the same plutocratic policies, they still worked for centralization in government and expansion of what they called the implied powers of the Constitution.

The slavery question, meanwhile, was growing to be more and more perplexing, and the clause in the Constitution which forbade the importation of slaves after the year 1808 became operative during the close of Jefferson's second term. Jefferson tried, when drafting the Declaration of Independence, to speak out against slavery, but the clause upon that subject was stricken out. Many of the fathers held the institution in abhorrence, but Jefferson deprecated the idea of making a political question of it as a means of attacking the independ-

ence and sovereignty of the states. This was the point of cleavage between real liberals, like Jefferson, and the men who wanted to use the question to advance centralization of government. And hence, in 1820, when the admission of Missouri into the Union came before Congress, and it was proposed, respecting that admission, that the Federal Government should regulate the institution of slavery upon a geographical division, Jefferson said:

"The Federalists, completely put down and despairing of ever rising again under the old division of Whig and Tory, devised a new one of slaveholding and non-slaveholding states, which, while it had a semblance of being moral, was at the same time geographical and calculated to give them ascendancy by debauching their old opponents to a coalition with them."

This is a severe charge and casts a suspicion upon the noblest pretensions, but it proceeds from a great man, and in view of the actual fruits of the war between the states, can its truth be doubted?

So, from 1820 till the beginning of the bloodshed in 1861, angry debate and fiery denunciation flourished. Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier in poetry, Seward and Lincoln in oratory, and a host of abolitionist lecturers, aroused the emotions of the people; and during all the time the South held her own and cultivated and spread her cherished institution. We cannot impugn the motives of good men; we can only search out the things they did and the effect of the things they did, whether they knew the effect of the things they did or not. Doing this, we inevitably develop paradoxes. State sovereignty or local self-government is a cardinal ingredient of liberty; it is the prerequisite of a free system. The South stood for this in defense of slavery. Centralization and consolidation are stepping-stones to empire; indeed, they are imperialism. But the abolitionists were willing to consolidate the Government in order to abolish slavery; and the question is whether it was better

to preserve the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, even at the expense of having slavery, or whether it was better to have imperialism and emancipation.

Two decisions of the Supreme Court stand in direct opposition in respect to this choice of governmental policies. The Dred Scott decision, which deprived Dred Scott of his liberty, did so on the ground that the Constitution follows the flag, to use the modern expression, and that, as slavery was recognized in the Constitution, all territory owned by the United States was under that clause in it recognizing slavery; hence a national law debaring it from a territory was void. This is constitutional government, whatever may be said against it. But the insular cases hold that the Constitution does not follow the flag, and that our brown subjects cannot claim the benefits of the Constitution until Congress extend them to those people. The insular decisions are some of the fruits of the war; and when the court said in rendering it that that war had impaired the effect of the Dred Scott decision, it was not indulging in an idle boast. Let each one decide for himself whether it is better to have black subjects at home or brown subjects abroad.

Mr. Lincoln had repeatedly asserted that the Federal Government had no disposition to and would not interfere in any way with the rights of the Southern States; but when he was elected those states chose to secede, although many of their most eminent men deprecated that course and tried to prevent it. When those states did secede, however, the imaginations and passions of the people at the North were played upon by various catch-words, such as "the Union," "the flag," "rebellion," "treason," and like terms, and a Northern army was brought together without reference to law, and the draft, intimidation, social ostracism, terrorism and the power of the Government employed to silence objection and create a war party. A

war spirit is always created in the same way and by the same means, and in face of the awful consequences, which everyone could see were impending, the forces of the South and North were brought together.

At the beginning of the war Congress passed a resolution reciting "that this war is not prosecuted on our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those states, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several states; that as soon as these objects are accomplished, war ought to cease."

Let us see what actually happened.

This resolution expressed the policy and object of the war, and you will observe that it does not contemplate the abolition of slavery. But the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, was proposed by Congress on February 1, 1865, and by December 18, 1865, it had been ratified by twenty-seven of the then thirty-six states, among which were Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Arkansas, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina and Georgia. By the adoption of this amendment the dream of the abolitionist was realized, although it went beyond the congressional resolution mentioned, and therefore the Northern sentiment against slavery became crystallized in the organic law.

I do not care to discuss the Fifteenth Amendment further than to say that it belongs to the states to say who shall have the elective franchise; but at the same time no consistent friend of liberty and equality before the law can deny the right of the franchise to the negro.

But the Fourteenth Amendment is open to profounder objection. It was passed to accomplish a far-reaching centralization, and in the hands of the Federal courts it has brought the desired results. Under it corporations

dodge their taxes, by it state laws are broken down, and through it monopoly flourishes. It has drawn the control of great and important affairs directly concerning local interests into the hands of the Federal Government, and it has produced evils that have crept into the remotest parts of our system of government. In order to procure its adoption, the Southern States were placed under military government, upon a pretense that there were no governments in those states, when, as we have already seen, there were sufficient governments there to ratify the Thirteenth Amendment to the satisfaction of the paramount party. This military government surpassed in corruption and tyranny anything known in modern history. The Southern States, to escape it, ratified the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Amendments. So unpopular, however, was the Fourteenth Amendment that even New Jersey, Ohio and Kentucky at first rejected it, while Delaware and Maryland rejected it and have not ratified it to this day. Most of the seceding states at first rejected the amendment, but in time chose the lesser evil and accepted the consequences of defeat. The story of the Reconstruction period, when written, will be one of the most shameful pages in history. It is very questionable if real reforms are possible without first repealing the Fourteenth Amendment.

Jefferson at an early day, Calhoun in his day, Douglas and Davis and Stephens in their day, had charged the Federalists, Whigs and Republicans in turn with seeking to use the negro question to get political power, and with nourishing a plan to impair state sovereignty and local self-government. The Republicans stoutly denied this charge, but the fruits of the war demonstrated the truth of the charge. The war not only impaired state sovereignty, but at the same time reinvigorated the forces of plutocracy and turned them loose upon a people whose strength was sapped.

The national debt was paid off dur-

ing the administration of Jackson. Between that time and 1860 the Mexican war had created a small debt. When the war between the states broke out the national debt was about \$64,000,000. In 1866 it had grown to \$2,773,236,175. It is nearly the same amount today in point of figures; in point of value it has doubled by reason of the increase in the exchange power of money. This national debt is the foundation of our national banks and the rule of the banks.

The United States Bank was destroyed by Jackson; but its friends patiently bided their time. It came when the people were at war. In 1863 the national bank law was passed, and the bonds issued to free the negro became a source of profit to the bankers, for in their hands the bonds went on functioning even more than money. They got the interest on the bonds and they got the interest on the bank-notes which the bonds secured.

And again, during the war the protective tariff resumed its sway. Something of the magnitude of the war tariff can be gathered from the fact that in 1860 the Federal revenues were \$56,000,000, which included both customs duties and internal revenues, while in 1866 those revenues were \$520,000,000, at least half of which was attributable to the tariff.

All the Republican Party lacked at the close of the war to complete a full-fledged plutocracy it procured in 1898. With the adoption of the colonial system, in taking over Porto Rico and the Philippines, the United States became what the monarchies of Europe were in the seventeenth century, and still are, patrons of the mercantile philosophy. With the accession of America to that philosophy the world is now ruled by a system whose vitality flows from colonies, public debts, heavy taxes, bankocracy, protective tariffs and commercial wars.

This country was settled by men who objected to kings and their favorites owning the bulk of the property and setting the political and religious fashions; but with the conversion of

our form of Government to the substance of monarchy the same conditions resulted in America. Statistics show that 1 per cent. of the families of the United States own 99 per cent. of the national wealth. And why is this? It is due to the fact that 1 per cent. has used the taxing power and the bank power to accumulate capital to the point of such ownership. It is due to the fact that the poor pay two-thirds of the indirect taxes; that the banks issue and control, as shown by the statistics of 1904, one-fifth of the circulating money of the land, and that by the power of the tariff tribute is levied and fabulous fortunes concentrated in the hands of its favorites.

Let us briefly specify some features of this centralization of national wealth. There are something over 200,000 miles of steam railroads in the United States. Ninety-five per cent. of this mileage is controlled by five groups of men, and the remainder is partially controlled by the same groups. These groups are the Morgan, the Vanderbilt, the Pennsylvania, the Gould-Rockefeller and the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb. How did these men get the money to acquire such possessions as these? Through tariffs, through banks and bonds, and through the power these gave and the power that money develops when it accumulates. Look at the steel industry, the sugar industry; look at the mines, look at the oil, the tobacco, the whole field of products: all are in the control of a few central interests. The Rockefeller group of financiers and the Morgan group of financiers have their hands in every activity, industry and interest in the land. Nothing that produces money escapes the hands of one of these groups. They own magazines and newspapers, they make the law, they use the courts, they manipulate preachers to preach and professors to teach; they mold public opinions; they fool the people. All this was said of the so-called slavocracy of the South. But how crude, how shabby, how provincial, how small and unimportant

that was compared to this cunning, sleepless, powerful, insatiable, pious, gentlemanly plutocracy of this day! What does this plutocracy care about the disfranchisement of the negro? It has induced an undercurrent of approval of the late constitutions of the South which keep the negro out of politics, and now, with the settlement of the public mind upon the subject, he who truly mourns for the thousands of men who went to their death over the construction of a written document will grieve indeed that the folly of the world invariably brings such results, and that the wisdom of the world can foretell and explain, but cannot prevent them.

He would be lacking in human nature and understanding who thought lightly of the soldier of either the North or the South, or who inverted the glass and reduced their stature and their deeds to comic proportions. I reverence them, not because they loved the flag, for that is only love of a football standard at maturity; nor because they were loyal, for thousands of men went to war in fear and trembling and against their will; the rank and file were young; all were thoughtless, seeking adventure even in the cannon's mouth; but I reverence all who, through thought or imagination, saw Liberty imperiled and made the fight in her behalf; all who were carried into action by the bright pinions of a youthful vision. We turn our eyes away when we see a coarse plutocracy drinking from their skulls and the hoofs of empire trampling their graves. In spite of the facts, the mind revolts from the idea that these men fought and died in vain. We love to think that if they believed in liberty enough to die for it, that liberty shall be achieved; that if they fought for justice and equality, justice and equality shall come to pass. In contemplating their deeds we shut our eyes instinctively to the facts that show this Government was made thoroughly bourgeois by the war, which placed a bourgeois influence like Rockefeller and his kind in control, and made a constitutional government

elastic and adaptable to the schemes of Capitalism.

In the history of nations the battles are not fought so much between the right and the wrong as between one interest and another, between one class of men and another. Such a war was the war between the states. It was a war between imperialists and republicans.

I repeat it was a war of interests, but really it was the war of the European mercantile system against the American republican system.

And, now, what of the New Era? It began to prepare itself for entrance upon the stage during the Lincoln administrations; it made its bow during the first administration of Grant, and has retired to reappear at intervals arrayed in the peculiar fashion of the moment. With military government at the South, with banks and the imperial spirit in control at the North, the grand spectacle of American plutocracy unfolded itself. Elections had been carried at the point of the bayonet, Democrats had been exiled, the habeas corpus overthrown and the Supreme Court flouted. These trespasses repeated themselves in form or substance and they have left a taint in the American system which any temporary fever brings to the surface.

Disorder, corruption and moral degeneration always follow a war. The war between the states was no exception. Interests had to be bolstered up and pet theories vindicated. Administrative policies could not be suffered to fail and administrations embarrassed. Do evil that good may come is forever the dogma in such times. The price of subjugation had to be paid, but chiefly to those who only stayed at home and collected interest and profits.

Hence followed one scandal after another. The Supreme Court was packed to save the legal tender law; then came the Force bill, the Union Pacific loot, the demonetization of silver, the iniquitous tariff, the Billion-dollar Congress, with paternalism, jobbery and cruel extravagance trium-

phant everywhere. Carpet-bag government at the South did, in the way of plunder and oppression, more than can ever be told. In 1868 Grant received less than 300,000 popular majority, with Mississippi, Texas and Virginia not voting, and the other Southern states denied a free expression at the polls. In 1876 Tilden defeated Hayes by over 250,000 votes, but the victory was stolen from Tilden. And thus, by hook or crook, the modern plutocracy worked its way to the front and into supremacy. These facts show that the majority is defeated by cunning, and that if the American people can have their will they will put their enemies to flight.

As between centralization and local self-government, as between arbitrary and constitutional government, as between the European and the American system, where do our people really stand? In 1860 Mr. Lincoln received 29 per cent. of the total vote; the other 71 per cent. went to Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell. In 1864 Mr. Lincoln received a popular majority of about 400,000, but with eleven Southern states not voting. Grant was elected during a military regime, and with certain Southern states not voting or rejected. Hayes was defeated. Garfield received a popular majority of 915 votes, while Weaver, who is properly classified against Garfield, polled over 300,000 votes. Cleveland received a majority of the popular vote in 1884, 1888 and 1892. As to the election of 1896, the *Wall Street News*, a paper not to be classed as Populistic, recently said that "the country has suffered more by reason of the political corruption of the 1896 campaign than it would have suffered from the triumph of free silver," and that "the money spent in 1896 to prevent the election of Bryan resulted in political debauchery such as was never before experienced in the United States."

All of this belongs to the New Era. To crown it all came imperialism in 1898, and with it came knee-breeches, Presidential boxes and yachts, lèse-majesté, postal censorship, intermed-

dling in monarchical squabbles, special embassies to the weddings of royal personages, a system of foreign representation devoting itself to social intrigue and frivolities. Were the predictions of Jefferson right, that this party looked toward monarchy? If modern plutocracy is not monarchical, if ruling the Filipinos is not imperialism, why does it not discard gewgaws and kneebreeches and avoid the appearances of monarchy?

But, in some of the very facts mentioned there is hope for America. There is comfort in the Presidential vote referred to. It shows how the majority of the people feel. Alongside of this current of centralism, which has flowed for more than forty years, a current of liberalism has been flowing too. The imperial current has been strong, but at intervals, and springing up near it, profound revolutions in sentiment have made their appearance. The Greenback movement, the Granger movement, the Populist movement and the great revolt of 1896 show that the American people are still vigorous. And if nothing definite has been accomplished, yet an army is being formed which will do effective battle when the hour of rehabilitation is ready to strike.

As late as 1876 one state elected its Presidential electors by the legislature; now the President is really elected by the popular vote. In a few years senators will be elected by popular vote, and the election of Federal judges by popular vote is a reform that must come to pass. Nearly all of the states elect their judges by popular vote; formerly this was considered improper, as subjecting the judiciary to popular passions. The current of freedom flows on. Measures for the relief of the people are gradually obtaining footing. If we are to have a centralized government, the tendency is toward the people running that government. Perhaps the telegraph and modern methods will compress the great United States to the compass of ancient Greece for the purposes of popular expression and rule.

While the reign of special privilege dates from the close of the war, the trusts have been with us scarcely twenty years. It was after the election of 1896 that trust-making became the fashion. In that election the radical movement received a setback. The reaction was toward plutocracy. Since 1898 of the 318 important industrial trusts, 236 were formed. The illegal and immoral monopolization of the nation's wealth went forward with none to object except a few voices from a defeated party. The press called it industrial evolution; political economists said it was inevitable. The lessons of monopoly which experience had taught were scorned. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Morgan, and their kind, were eulogized as captains of industry, benefactors of mankind and leaders in a new day. What has been the dénouement? Monopoly is the same everywhere and always. It means oppression, corruption, adulteration, fraud. But the captains of industry have latterly shriveled into common criminals; some have been indicted, others are in hiding; all are the victims of an avenging public opinion. Why is this? Because these men and their interests have overridden the laws and debauched public officials, and degraded and slimed the institutions of their country. Only during the administration of Grant has such an era of corruption been known in America as that which dates from 1896 to the present time.

Some changes in standards and ideals are noticeable, however. The trust is no longer defended; the banks are not considered philanthropic institutions; insurance presidents have lost caste; big lawyers are not quite so bold about manipulating the law; the flag is beginning to segregate from Mr. Depew and his kind; hypocrisy, having been pointed out, has grown demure; plutocratic demagogues have less to say. Higher and more fundamental thinking is growing in vogue; frankness, truth-telling, courageous exposure are the order of the day.

In spite of the great war, which

drained our power and imperialized our institutions, America yet remains the promise of the world. Energy, intellectual activity, love of freedom, love of fair play, a sense of justice, capacity to progress, are distinctive characteristics of our people. The war, however, should teach us the lesson that the problem of peace and war is not in the hands of God or destiny, but of men; that wars are planned and executed

just as murders are, and that they are neither divine nor inevitable, that they lead to the same social and fundamental diseases in all climes and ages. We should have no more of them, on any pretext, except to stay aggression. Then will come the better era, when men shall see a new heaven and a new earth, and a civilization will arise which will justify the prophecy of those who have prayed for peace.

A Question of Philanthropy

IT has been said that E. H. Harriman is the greatest promoter of Government Ownership. This is evidently based upon the quite reasonable theory that he will sooner or later have under his control all the railroads of the United States. Just what is to happen after that is not quite so clear.

Does it mean that the culmination of the trust idea into such a one-man power will be too much for the people?

Are the people at last to see that they must choose between having all means of transportation owned either by one or two individuals, over whom they can exercise no control whatever, or by the Government, in which they can have at least some voice, since, in the last analysis, they themselves *are* the Government? Does it mean simply that Mr. Harriman will make private ownership so unbearable that public ownership will *have* to come?

Or does it mean that Mr. Harriman is a philanthropist and patriot whose name is to be enscrolled upon the tablets of fair fame? Is he getting hold of all the railroads just so he can turn them over to the people through their Government, as lesser men give libraries and endow colleges? So that he himself, alone and unaided, can put an end to private ownership of railroads? So that other capitalists cannot interfere? Oh, glorious! Liberator of the people!

In any case, what will he charge for them when he turns them over? Or will the people have enough say in their Government by that time to see that it, not Mr. Harriman, fixes the price, and fixes it at a reasonable figure so that the investment will prove a paying one?

Or will the people, on their own hook, secure public ownership of both the Government and the railroads before Mr. Harriman can make known his intention?

THE little daughter of a Methodist minister in a small town where the Disciples were the rival denomination was shown a picture of Christ and His twelve followers. Suddenly she looked up with tears in her eyes: "But were they *all* Disciples? Weren't there *any* Methodists?"

The Wisdom of the Heart

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

JUST because I am an old woman outwardly it doesn't follow that I am one inwardly. Hearts don't grow old—or shouldn't. Mine, I am thankful to say, hasn't. I'm only an old lady who can do little more than sit by the window and knit; but eyes were made for seeing and I use mine for that purpose. When I see the good and the beautiful things—and a body need never look for the other kind, you know—the things God has planned from the beginning and brought about in spite of the counter plans and schemes of men, I feel such a deep joy that I'm glad, even at seventy-five, to be alive in a world where such things come to pass. And if ever God meant and made two people for each other, those people are Doctor John and Marcella Barry, and that is what I always tell people who come here commenting on the difference in their ages. "Old enough to be her father," sniffed Mrs. Riddell to me the other day. I didn't *say* anything to Mrs. Riddell—I just *looked* at her. I presume my face expressed what I thought pretty clearly. How any woman can live for sixty years in this world, as Mrs. Riddell has, as a wife and mother at that, and not get some realization of the beauty of a real and abiding love is something I cannot understand and never shall be able to.

Nobody in Bridgeport believed that Marcella would ever come back except Doctor John and me—not even her Aunt Sara. I've heard people laugh at me when I said I knew she would, but nobody minds being laughed at when she is sure of a thing, and I was as sure that Marcella Barry would come back as that the sun rose and set. I hadn't lived beside her for eight years to know so little about her

as to doubt her. Neither had Doctor John.

Marcella was only eight years old when she came to live in Bridgeport. Her father had just died; her mother, who was a sister of Miss Sara Bryant, my next-door neighbor, had been dead for four years. Marcella's father left her to the guardianship of his brother, Richard Barry; but Miss Sara pleaded so hard to have the little girl that the Barrys consented to let Marcella live with her aunt until she was sixteen. Then, they said, she would have to go back to them to be properly educated and take the place of her father's daughter in his world. For, of course, it is a fact that Miss Sara Bryant's world was a very different one from Chester Barry's world. As to which side the difference really favors, that isn't for me to say. It all depends on your standard of what is really worth while, you see.

So Marcella came to live with us in Bridgeport. I say "us" advisedly. She slept and ate in her aunt's house; but every house in the village was a home to her, for, with all our little disagreements and diverse opinions, we are really all one big family and everybody feels an interest in and a good working affection for everybody else. Besides, Marcella was one of those children whom everybody loves at sight and keeps on loving. One long, steady gaze from those big, grayish blue eyes of hers went right into your heart and stayed there.

She was a pretty child and as good as she was pretty. It was the right sort of goodness, too, with just enough spice of original sin in it to keep it from spoiling by reason of over-sweetness. She was a frank, brave, loyal little thing, even at eight, and wouldn't

have said or done a mean thing to save her life.

She and I were right good friends from the beginning. She loved me and she loved her Aunt Sara; but from the very first her best and deepest affection went out to Doctor John. It was predestination; I'm old-fashioned enough to believe in that.

Doctor John lived next door to Miss Sara on the other side, in a big brick house that had been his father's before him when his father had been Doctor Haven. Doctor John was a Bridgeport boy, and when he got through college he came right home and settled down here, with his widowed mother. The Bridgeport girls were fluttered, for eligible young men were scarce in our village; there was considerable setting of caps, I must say *that*, although I despise ill-natured gossip; but neither the caps nor the wearers thereof seemed to make any impression on Doctor John. Mrs. Riddell said he was a born old bachelor. I suppose she based her opinion on the fact that Doctor John was always a quiet, bookish fellow who didn't care a button for society and had never been guilty of a flirtation in his life. I knew Doctor John's heart far better than Martha Riddell could ever know it, and I knew there was nothing of the old bachelor in his nature. He just had to wait for the right woman, that was all, not being able to content himself with less, as some men can and do. If she never came, Doctor John would never marry, but he wouldn't be an old bachelor for all that.

He was thirty when Marcella came to Bridgeport—a tall, broad-shouldered man with a mass of thick brown curls and level dark hazel eyes. He walked with a little stoop, his hands clasped behind him, and he had the sweetest voice—spoken music, if ever a voice was. He was kind and brave and gentle, but a little distant and reserved with most people. Everybody in Bridgeport liked him, but only a very few ever passed the inner gates of his confidence or were admitted to any share in his real life. I am proud to

say I was one. I think it is something for an old woman to boast of.

Doctor John was always fond of children and they of him. It was natural that he and the little Marcella should take to each other. He had the most to do with bringing her up, for Miss Sara consulted him in everything. Marcella was not hard to manage, for the most part; but she had a will of her own, and, when she did set it up in opposition to the powers that were, nobody but the doctor could influence her at all. She never resisted or disobeyed his wishes.

Marcella was one of those girls who develop early. I suppose her constant association with us elderly folks had something to do with it too. But at fifteen she was a woman, beautiful, loving, spirited. And Doctor John loved her—loved the woman, not the child. I knew it before he did, but not, I think, before Marcella knew, for those young, straight-gazing eyes of hers were wonderfully quick to read into other people's hearts. I watched them together and I saw the love growing between them, like a strong, fair, perfect flower whose fragrance was to endure for eternity. Miss Sara saw it too, and was half pleased and half worried; even Miss Sara thought the doctor was too old for Marcella, and, besides, there were the Barrys to be reckoned with. Those Barrys were the nightmare dread of poor Miss Sara's life.

The time came when Doctor John's eyes were opened. He looked into his own heart and read what life had written there for him. As he told me afterward, it came to him with a shock. But he was a brave, sensible fellow and he looked the matter squarely in the face. First of all, he put on one side all that the world might say . . . he would not take that into account at all; the thing concerned only Marcella and him, and the world had nothing to do with it. Then he asked himself calmly if he had any right to try to win Marcella's love. He decided that he had not. It would be taking, he thought, an

unfair advantage of her youth and inexperience. He knew that she must soon go to her father's people. She must not go bound by any ties of his making. Doctor John was not a vain man, but I think he knew he could make Marcella love him; and for her sake he gave the decision against his own heart.

So much Doctor John told me, his old friend and confidante. I said nothing and gave no advice, not having lived seventy-five years for nothing. I knew that Doctor John's decision was manly and right and fair, but I also knew it was all nullified by the fact that Marcella already loved him.

So much I *knew*; the rest I was left to suppose. The doctor and Marcella told me much, but there were some things too sacred to be told, even to me. So that to this day I don't know how the doctor found out that Marcella loved him. All I know is that one day, just a month before her sixteenth birthday, the two came hand in hand to Miss Sara and me, as we sat on Miss Sara's veranda, and told us simply that they had plighted their troth to one another.

I looked at them, standing there with that wonderful sunrise of life and love on their faces—the doctor tall and serious, with a sprinkle of silver in his brown hair and the smile of a happy man on his lips, and Marcella, such a slip of a girl, with her black hair in a long braid and her lovely face all dewed over with tears and sunned over with smiles. I, an old woman, looked at them, and thanked the good God for them and their delight.

Miss Sara laughed and cried and kissed, and foreboded what the Barrys would do. Her forebodings proved only too true. When the doctor wrote to Richard Barry, Marcella's guardian, asking his consent to their engagement, Richard Barry promptly made trouble. He descended on Bridgeport in his wrath and completely overwhelmed Miss Sara. He laughed at the idea of countenancing an engagement between

a child like Marcella and an obscure country doctor, and he carried Marcella off with him.

She had to go, of course. He was her legal guardian and he would listen to no pleadings of any kind. He didn't know anything about Marcella's character and he thought that a new life in the great world would soon blot out her childish fancy.

After the first outburst of tears and prayers Marcella took it very calmly, as far as outward eye could see. She was as cool and dignified and stately as a young queen. On the night before she went away she came over to say good-bye to me. She did not shed any tears, but the look in her eyes told of bitter hurt.

"It is good-bye for five years, Miss Tranquil," she said steadily. "When I am twenty-one I shall come back. That is the only promise I can make. They will not even let me write to John or Aunt Sara, and I will do nothing underhanded. But I will not forget, and I will come back."

Richard Barry would not even let her see Doctor John alone again. She had to bid him good-bye beneath those cold, contemptuous eyes of the man of the world. So there was just a hand-clasp and one long, deep look between them that was tenderer than any kiss and more eloquent than any words.

"I shall come back when I am twenty-one," said Marcella. And I saw Richard Barry smile.

So Marcella went away, and in all Bridgeport only two people believed that she would ever return. There is no keeping a secret in Bridgeport, and everybody knew all about the love-affair between Doctor John and Marcella and the promise she had made. Everybody sympathized with the doctor, for everybody believed that he had lost his sweetheart.

"For of course she'll never come back," said Mrs. Riddell to me. "She's only a child and she'll forget him in a year. She's to be sent to school and taken abroad and between times she'll live with the Richard Barrys, and they move, as everyone

knows, in the very highest and gayest society. I'm sorry for the doctor, though. A man of his age doesn't get over a thing like that in a hurry, and he was perfectly silly over Marcella. But it really serves him right for falling in love with a child."

There are times when Martha Ridell gets on my nerves. She is a good-hearted woman and she means well, but she rasps—rasps terribly.

Even Miss Sara exasperated me. But then she had excuses. The child she loved like her own had been torn from her, and it had almost broken her heart. But, even so, I thought she might have had a little more faith in Marcella.

"Oh, no, she'll never come back," sobbed Miss Sara. "Yes, I know she promised . . . but they'll wean her away from me. She'll have such a gay, splendid life that she'll not want to come back. Five years is a lifetime at her age. No, don't try to comfort me, Tranquil, because I *won't* be comforted."

When a person has made up her mind to be miserable you just have to let her be miserable.

I almost dreaded to see Doctor John for fear he would be in the deeps of despair, too, without any confidence in Marcella. But when he came I saw I needn't have worried. The light had gone out of his eyes, but there was a calm, steady patience in them.

"She will come back to me, Miss Tranquil," he said. "I know what people are saying, but that does not trouble me. They do not know Marcella as I do. She promised and she will keep her word—keep it joyously, too. If I did not know *that*, I would not wish its fulfilment at all. When she is free she will turn her back on that brilliant world and all it offers and come to me. My part is to wait and trust."

So Doctor John waited and trusted. After a little while the gossip died away and people forgot Marcella. We never heard from or about her, except a paragraph now and then in the society column of the city paper the doctor took. We knew that she was sent to

school for three years; then the Barrys took her abroad. She was presented at court. When the doctor read this—he was with me at the time—he put his hand over his eyes and sat silent for a long time. I wondered if at last some doubt had crept into his mind—if he did not fear that Marcella must have forgotten him. The paper told of her beauty and her triumphs; it hinted at a titled suitor. Was it probable or even possible that she would be faithful to him after all this?

The doctor must have read my thoughts, for after a time he looked up with a smile.

"She will come back," was all he said. But I saw that the doubt, if doubt it was, had gone. I watched him as he went away, that tall, gentle, kindly-eyed man, and I prayed that his trust might not prove misplaced.

Five years seemed a long time in looking forward. But it passes quickly enough. One day I remembered that it was Marcella's twenty-first birthday. Only one other person thought of it. Even Miss Sara did not. Miss Sara remembered Marcella only as a child that had been loved and lost. Nobody else in Bridgeport thought about her at all.

The doctor came in that evening. He had a rose in his buttonhole and he walked with a light step.

"She is free today," he said. "We shall soon have her again, Miss Tranquil."

"Do you think she will be the same?" I said.

I don't know what made me say it. I hate to be one of those people who throw cold water on other people's hopes. But it slipped out before I thought. I suppose the doubt had been vaguely troubling me always under all my faith in Marcella, and now made itself felt in spite of me.

But the doctor only laughed.

"How could *she* be changed?" he said. "Some women might be, but not Marcella—never Marcella. Dear Miss Tranquil, don't spoil your beautiful record of confidence by doubting her now. We shall have her again soon."

how soon I don't know, for I don't even know where she is, whether in the Old World or the New, but just as soon as she can come to us."

We said nothing more. But every day the light in the doctor's eyes grew brighter and deeper and tenderer. He never spoke of Marcella, but I knew she was in his thoughts every moment. He was much calmer than I was. I trembled when the postman knocked, and jumped when the gate latch clicked; and I fairly had a cold chill if I saw a telegraph boy running down the street.

One evening, a fortnight later, I went over to see Miss Sara. She was out somewhere, so I sat down in her little sitting-room to wait for her. Presently the doctor dropped in and we sat in the soft twilight, talking a little now and then, but silent when we wanted to be, as became real friendship. It was such a beautiful evening! Outside, in Miss Sara's garden, the roses were white and red and sweet with dew; the honeysuckle at the window sent in delicious breaths now and again; a few sleepy birds were twittering; between the trees the sky was all pink and silvery blue, and there was an evening star over the elm in my front yard. We heard somebody come in at the front door and through the hall. I turned, expecting to see Miss Sara: and I saw Marcella!

She was standing in the doorway, tall and beautiful, with a ray of sunset light falling athwart the black hair under her traveling hat. She was looking past me at Doctor John, and in her splendid eyes was the look of the exile who had come home to her own.

"Marcella!" said the doctor.

I went out by the other door and shut it behind me, leaving them alone together.

The wedding is to be next month. Miss Sara is beside herself with delight and Bridgeport *cannot* get used to it. The excitement has been something terrible, and the way people have talked and wondered and exclaimed has almost worn my patience clean out. I've snubbed more people in the last ten days than I ever did in my life before. But there are really some persons who haven't sense enough to know when they *are* snubbed.

Nothing worries Doctor John and Marcella, though. They are too happy to care for gossip or outside curiosity. The Barrys are not coming to the wedding, I understand; they refuse to forgive Marcella or countenance her "folly" in any way.

Folly! When I see those two together and realize what they mean to each other I have some humble, reverent understanding of what true wisdom is!





HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.



THE Home Department welcomes contributions that will make woman's life brighter, broader and more useful. We, all of us—you as well as I—are the editors of "Home"; let us make it as good and helpful as we can. Suggest subjects for discussion.

Don't worry about "not knowing how to write." We aren't trying to be authors—we're just women trying to help one another.

Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller, care of WATSON'S MAGAZINE, 2 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

PRIZES

Every month there will be a prize of a year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution under each of the following heads: the subject for the month, "Interest of Everyday Things," "Heroism at Home," "Recipes, Old and New," "Various Hints," and one for the best general contribution outside of these. No two of the six prizes will be awarded for the same contribution, but one person may receive more than one in a single issue by sending in more than one prize-winning contribution.

January Number.—The care of our bodies. Exercise, breathing, ventilation and fresh air, bathing, massage, and so on. Food, drink and clothing will be left till later.

February Number.—As this is the beginning of the second year of our Department we will make it a kind of anniversary number, publishing some of the articles on various subjects which have not fallen into place under the topics for the months, discussing the past year and laying plans for the new. Every one of you is invited to send in criticisms and suggestions.

March Number.—Child labor. Its extent in this country. Who is responsible for this evil? How can it be done away with? On whom can we women exert our influence to suppress it? What methods can we use? What has already been accomplished?

Coming Anniversary Number

It occurred to me that it would be a good plan to postpone our subject for February, 1907 (doesn't it always surprise you a little to see for the first time the figures representing the new year?) and to make that number an anniversary issue. We shall be one year old then and it will be a good plan to look back over that year to see wherein we might have done better and to lay plans for the year to come. We would be ashamed to grow older with-

out growing better and wiser, so we will do well to take stock of ourselves in our February number. Let each and every one of us send in his opinion. If the Department, or any division of it, has pleased you, tell us why; if the Department, or any division of it, has seemed to you weak, ill-judged or useless, tell frankly and without hesitation why this is so. For mercy's sake, don't be afraid of hurting *my* feelings—in the part of our work that I have done I have had only one object. That object is to make our Department *do good*.

I'm not writing to see myself in print or to hunt for compliments. I want our Department to be a help to the women that read it, including myself, and I welcome any suggestion that will make it help still more. I *want* criticisms! The only way you can hurt my feelings is by not offering any opinion or by just saying that you don't see any way to improve our Department. *There is always a way to improve anything!*

I don't mean that it will hurt my feelings if you really go over the situation and *then* can't think of any particular way to improve "Home." That would be foolish in me, for, although I know it can be improved a great deal, I am not able myself to see just what ought to be done to it. That is exactly why I want all of you to help

me. I couldn't have got along at all if the rest of you had not done your part so faithfully from the very first, but here is something more important than sending in good contributions. Here is where we must exercise a little generalship and forethought—must be real editors. We must get together in the February number and decide how we can make our Department *lots* better than it is.

It will be a sort of vote, with any reader of this Department entitled to a full ballot. The opinions, criticisms and suggestions will be published in the February number and then we can see how we stand and about what ought to be done.

I think it will make things move more quickly if each one of us begins by saying, first of all, (1) which part of our Department she likes best, and (2) which part she thinks is the poorest. Give your reasons when possible. After that there are many things to give an opinion about. And be sure to suggest subjects for discussion and research during the coming year.

One thing more: Remember the February number appears January 25, and to reach the printer in time contributions should be sent in by the middle of December—Christmas, at the very latest. Make the Department and me a Christmas present of some good, strong, honest criticisms.

* * *

In a number of letters to me some of you have expressed the fear that the change in the management of the Magazine might affect our Home Department. I am happy to say that it will go right along, as usual, except that we—you and I—are going to make it better. The larger type, for one thing, is a fine start in the right direction. The more important improvements lie with *us*.

* * *

Speaking of personal letters, the many that have come to me showing not only that our Department is liked, but that it is *doing good* and *helping others*, have been a great comfort. It is only fair that the rest of you who

have helped make the Department should also have a chance to see these letters, so in our February number I am going to publish at least some of them, taking care to leave out anything that the writer might prefer not having made public.

Now, if any of you don't want your letters published, be sure to write to me and let me know.

* * *

Note carefully the personal letters accompanying the first two contributions under our subject for the month. They illustrate by actual experience the value of what we discussed in November and October—the benefits to be derived from learning how to use the information lying neglected within one's reach. What did these two women gain when, with independence and self-reliance, they made use of the encyclopedias? Read their letters and see. Read their articles and notice how much they have been able to tell the rest of you as a result of this self-reliance. A little independent investigation and they are enabled not only to learn interesting things themselves, but to interest thousands and thousands of other women all over the country.

It is a very good object-lesson.

* * *

It being Christmas-tide, I am going to give a prize to each of the three articles on our subject this month. Mrs. Richardson was too ill to use encyclopedias when she wrote her article, but in spite of her illness she found strength to send us a valuable contribution. If she, from her sick-bed and rocking-chair, could find strength and energy to do something for others, surely we well ones ought to be able to do our share.

* * *

My dear Mrs. Miller:

I send you an article for the December number of your Magazine which I hope you can use. I thought I knew something about Christmas, if any subject in the world, but when I began to "browse around among encyclopedias" (from which you will see I have made quite a lengthy quotation) I found I knew absolutely nothing, so my

article does not come up to what I hope to make it. With best wishes,

Very cordially,
MARGARET G. NORRELL.

CHRISTMAS

Merry, merry Christmas, happy childhood's day of bliss! Will I ever forget my first peep at my toys on Christmas morning in the long ago, and what would I not give to feel again those ecstatic thrills of perfect contentment!

"Christmas, the feast of Christ's birth, was, according to many critics, not celebrated in the first centuries of the Christian Church, as the Christian usage in general was to celebrate the death of remarkable persons rather than their birth. The death of the martyr Stephen and the massacre of the innocents of Bethlehem had been already long celebrated when, perhaps in opposition to the doctrine of the Manicheans respecting the birth of the Saviour, a feast was established in memory of the event in the fourth century. In the fifth century the Western Church ordered it to be celebrated forever on the day of the old Roman feast of the birth of Sol, on the twenty-fifth of December, though no information respecting *the day* of Christ's birth existed. In the East Christmas was celebrated on the sixth of January."

St. Luke, in the second chapter of his gospel, gives a very beautiful account of the birth of Christ. And we all love to think of the wise men, led by the star in the East, bringing gifts to the infant Saviour, of the shepherds watching their flocks by night and the song of the Heavenly Host on the first Christmas morning: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." The Americanized Encyclopedia Britannica says: "There is, however, a difficulty in accepting this (December 25) as the date of the Nativity, December being the height of the rainy season in Judea, when neither flocks nor shepherds could have been at night in the fields of Bethlehem."

Be that as it may, we know every-

thing else is correct but the date, so we will just go on having a happy time, and December 25 seems just the right time. Christmas Day is a legal holiday in all states except Colorado. All civilized countries celebrate Christmas, England, it is said, entering more joyfully into its festivities than any other, but I hardly think so, for in the United States, and particularly in the South, Christmas is ahead of all other days.

As for gifts, *do* give something of service if it cost ever so little; even a dusting-brush or a hearth-broom is better than some gifts I have seen. A year's subscription to our Magazine, books, handkerchiefs, pretty things for the neck are some of the nice articles that could be given. If one has plenty to spend it is an easy matter to find pretty gifts—it is to those of us who must make a dollar go a long way that for each purchase much thought must be given. However, no matter how *small* the gift either given or sent let love go with it and appreciation receive it; this is the true spirit of Christmas. "Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good-night."

Margaret Graeme Norrell, Georgia.

Dear Mrs. Miller:

Noticing that the subject for December was "Christmas," I decided to find out all I could about the day, its origin, history, etc. I was really surprised when I found out how little I knew about so important a holiday. I send you my article, hoping that it may prove interesting to others, if you think it worth publishing.

Wishing the Home Department success, I remain,

Yours truly,
CARRIE BONEWITZ.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas, the day on which the nativity of the Saviour is observed, is denounced by some churches as a human institution. It is even declared by some people that the twenty-fifth of December *cannot* be the nativity of the Saviour because it is then the height of the rainy season in Judea, and the shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night on the

plains. But the twenty-fifth is at present the generally accepted date to celebrate Christ's birthday, and will probably remain so as long as the earth lasts. The institution of the festival is attributed by the spurious Decretals to Telesphorus, who flourished in the reign of Antonius Pius (138-161 A.D.), but the first certain traces are found in the reign of Commodus (180-192 A.D.). Diocletian, while keeping court at Nicomedia, learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus. He ordered the doors of their retreat closed, after which he set fire to the building. All the worshipers perished in the flames. At first there was no uniformity in the periods of observing the Nativity, some churches holding the festival in May or April, others in January. Christmas was the parent of many other festivals. Between the fifth and eighth centuries many other festivals gathered around it, making what may be termed a Christmas cycle. Among the causes that co-operated in fixing the twenty-fifth of December as the proper period to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, the most powerful was that almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as a most important point of the year, as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and of the gods, who were originally merely the symbolical personifications of these. Many of the beliefs and usages of the old Germans, and also of the Romans, relating to the festival passed from heathenism to Christianity, and have partly survived to the present day. The heathen nations celebrated Christmas with songs, dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and His early life, etc. Hence sprang our Christmas carols, dramas, and (at a later date) Christmas-trees, or Christmas trees, and the custom of reciprocal presents. But even today Christmas is celebrated in different ways by different countries. In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Russia and Germany Christmas is celebrated much as it is in our own country, by

Christmas trees, church-going and the illumination of the homes of the people. France now celebrates Christmas like the first named countries, although the Christmas tree was unknown there until quite recently. Christmas in the Catholic countries of Southern Europe is very different from Christmas in these Northern lands. In Rome it is a quiet and solemn day, the chief interest being in religious services. The celebration lasts from December twenty-fifth to January sixth. In most towns of Italy we find no Christmas trees, but large straw baskets, decorated with green things, hold the gifts. In Spain the celebration is much the same as in Italy. Instead of hanging up their stockings, the Spanish children hide their shoes and slippers in the bushes, and in the morning find them filled with fruit and candy. In England Christmas is celebrated as it is in America, with the addition of the custom of hanging mistletoe in the doorway or somewhere on the ceiling. This custom is now practiced to some extent in the United States.

Carrie Bonewitz, Indiana.

CHRISTMAS

The true definition of Christmas is the "festival of the Christian Church," and, of course, we all have Christmas trees either in church or at our homes. It is a round of pleasure to everybody. Don't say that is old-timey, for such a thing cannot be. I think of all times of the year this should be prized the most. We should feel just as the Shepherd did, and this is why I write to mothers and tell them how I make dolls or clowns to decorate Christmas trees for the children. All you need is odds and ends of time and material. No expense at all. They will like this, you may be sure. Everyone can find bits of silk or any kind of goods, some fine wire and a bale of cotton, colored thread, to form the legs and arms of wire, so it will be tall as your hand. Make a head of black or white, and then dress the wire to suit the taste. Use the cotton for hair and make them

carrying a grip or umbrella or fiddles or anything. It is fun to make them. You will surely get your nose up off the grindstone long enough to laugh in this business. After the dear children have recited and sung their very best it is sweet to see them receive a good amount of presents including all the comic dolls. We cannot do too much work for the Christmas exercises, but all to the glory of God.

Mrs. E. A. Richardson, Georgia.

There is much to learn from this article—in spirit as well as in fact.

* * *

I have ventured to add still some more from the Britannica. It would not be a bad plan to look up in a good unabridged dictionary some of the terms and references in the four articles on "Christmas," "Yule," for example. Your investigation may lead you on to "Druid." If so, be sure to read up on the Druids, their beliefs and customs (including human sacrifice). Many of our Christmas features are traced back to these mysterious old people. If I remember correctly, the oak, apple, mistletoe, etc., were held in especial esteem by them. You may have read of famous Stonehenge, in England, in Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The strongest scene is laid among the old Druid monuments of Stonehenge. And there is another group of these monuments, almost as famous as Stonehenge, at Carnac, in Brittany, which, as you know, is the northwestern part of France. The Bretons do not speak French, though the French Government is gradually forcing them to, just as the Russian Government is trying to compel the Finns and Poles to speak Russian; and just as the Germans, after the Franco-Prussian War, compelled the French in Alsace and Lorraine to learn German. The Bretons are Celts and have their own strange language, which is very similar to the native tongues of the Welsh, Irish and Scotch, for all these people, too, are Celts.

Dear me, "how I do run on!" But that's exactly what you will do if you

hunt up an interesting word in the dictionary and keep on hunting up the other interesting words you come across as you read. Christmas—mistletoe—Druid—Celt. Look up "Celt" and then find a history and learn more. If you do, you will have learned a very important part of the world's history.

But I *will* finish what I was saying about the Druid monuments. Besides Stonehenge and Carnac, there are some more important ones in Switzerland. There, now, I'm through! Here is the other quotation from the Britannica:

CHRISTMAS

By the fifth century, whether from the influence of some tradition or from the desire to supplant heathen festivals of that period of the year, such as the Saturnalia, the twenty-fifth of December had been generally agreed upon. Augustine expressly mentions this date; and Chrysostom seems to speak of it as a custom imported from the West within ten years. Before that time it appears to have been kept conjointly with the feast of the Epiphany, on the sixth of January. It is generally considered to rank third among the festivals of the Church (Easter and Whitsuntide alone being placed above it), and to have a joy peculiarly its own. In all civilized countries the annual recurrence of Christmas has been celebrated with festivities of various kinds. In none, however, was it more joyfully welcomed than in England, where even still the "old honour" has not altogether fled. In that country it was the custom on Christmas Eve, after the usual devotions were over, to light large candles and throw on the hearth a huge log, called the Yule Log or Christmas Block. At court and in the houses of the wealthy an officer named the Lord of Misrule was appointed to superintend the revels; and in Scotland a similar functionary used to be appointed under the title of the Abbot of Unreason, till the year 1555, when the office was abolished by Act of Parliament. The reign of the Lord of Misrule began on All-Hallow Eve and

lasted until Candlemas Day. The favorite pastimes over which he presided were gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, fool-plow, hot cockles, blind man's buff, etc., and various Christian preachers (as, for instance, St. Bernard) have taken occasion to remonstrate with their flocks for paying too great attention to the festive character of the season and too little to its solemn aspects. The favorite dishes for breakfast and supper at this season were the boar's head with an apple or an orange in its mouth, and set off with rosemary, plum pudding and mince pies. The houses and churches were decorated with evergreens, especially mistletoe, to which a traditionary sacredness was attached since the days of the Druids.

As might be expected this festival has been illustrated by many fine and admirable outpourings of devotion in the way of services, and of Christian oratory, hymnology and art. The services must be sought in the liturgies and office-books of different communities. Among preachers who have dwelt with striking impressiveness on the ideas and associations of this sacred season may be specially named St. Leo, St. Chrysostom, St. Bernard, Matthias Faber, Bourdeloue, Bishop Andrews, Dr. Mill, Dr. Newman. Medieval Latin hymns may be found in Archbishop Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry and in Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus. Many of these have been paraphrased with great effect by German Lutherans, and of late years, with considerable success, by English compilers of hymn-books. Among the most popular original contributions to the English hymns of the season must be mentioned those of Charles Wesley, Tate, Byron, Heber and Keble. The Nativity has been represented by a host of great painters; and it is the inspiring theme of a large part of Handel's greatest triumph, the Messiah.

* * *

DERIVATION OF THE WORD "CHRIST-MAS"

But where did the word "Christmas"

come from? See what the Century Dictionary says.

It comes from the Middle English, *Cristmas*, *Cristmes*, *Cristemasse* or *Cristesmesse*. Corresponding to these Middle English words are: Middle Dutch *Kerstmisse*, Dutch *Kersmis*, Middle Low German *Kerstesmisse*. All of them mean "Christ's mass, or holy day."

Then follows the definition, all of which we now know, except that "its celebration was formerly forbidden by the Puritans."

But the derivation told us to look up "mass" and "Christ." Let us look up the name of our Saviour and see how He came to be called that. His own real name was Jesus, and "Christ" is only a kind of title. We will even see how the name changes, yet remains always essentially the same among other nations, past and present.

"Christ," says the Century, "is from the Middle English word *Crist*, which in turn came from the Anglo-Saxon word *Crist*. It is the same in the Old Friesian tongue and is equivalent to Dutch *Christus*, Middle Low German *Krist*, *Kerst*, *Karst*, or *Kirst*, Old High and Middle High German *Christ* or *Krist*, German *Christus*, Icelandic *Kristr*, Swedish *Krist* (now *Christus*), Danish *Krist* (now *Kristus*), Gothic *Christus*, French *Christ*, Provençal *Christ* or *Crist*, Spanish and Italian *Cristo*, Portuguese *Christo*. All of these came from the Latin word *Christus*, and that Latin word came from the Greek word *Christos*. Now that Greek word is properly an adjective, meaning "anointed" (*ho Christos* meaning "the anointed"), and that adjective comes from *chriein*, a verb meaning "to rub, graze, besmear, anoint," and corresponds to the Sanscrit root *ghar*, meaning "grind, rub, scratch" ("compare," says the dictionary, "with the root *ghar*, sprinkle, *ghrista*, clarified butter: see *ghee*," but we won't stop to "see *ghee*"). The Greek verb corresponds also to the Latin verbs *friare*, crumble, and *fricare*.

Wasn't that a chase back through the centuries and among strange peo-

ples! "Christ" means, then, the anointed one—one whose head has been rubbed, besmeared or anointed with oil. Now let's look at the definition that follows in the dictionary, though we have learned the gist of it already.

"The Anointed; a title of Jesus of Nazareth, synonymous with, and the Greek translation of *Messiah*, originally used with the definite article strictly as a title, *the Christ*, that is, the

Anointed, but from an early period used without the article as a part of the proper name *Jesus Christ*."

You can look up "mass" for yourselves, but I venture you have learned one or two plain facts you did not know before, to say nothing of a lot of little points of less importance. By the way, if you are within reach of a Century Dictionary, look up "Candlemas" in it.

THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS.

We want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil, and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside.

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2. If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department or tell us where to find it. Always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

I am glad that this sub-department is beginning to arouse more general interest. In it is "something outside to think about," which, by the way, I think would make a good motto for our Home Department. Under "The Interest of Everyday Things" will be found "an even better thing—"something *inside* to think about," though it falls under the other head really. Here we try to lead the housewife's mind, inevitably at least a little narrowed and deadened by daily routine, into refreshing and broadening interests by finding for her in the very implements of her daily toil some appeal to her imagination—to make her tools interesting by revealing some of the wealth of story, science and history that is hidden in them. It is a good work and all of us ought to help.

This month the increasing general interest is evidenced by a contribution

from a man—not only a man, but a man who has written articles for our Magazine and many other publications. Our previous study of fruits, with its brief general survey of botany, in September and October, will be of help in understanding the terms used by Mr. Hollenbeck.

We are glad to have the men help us in our work, and Mr. Hollenbeck is far from being the first of his sex to furnish us valuable contributions. The prize this month goes to him and other articles will be saved for future numbers.

Note what he says about the way buds are placed on twigs of different plants or trees. Some grow in pairs or clusters, some singly; in one plant every third bud will be in a line over the first, in another every fourth, etc., but every plant has its own rule and holds to it. Note the double terminal bud of the lilac and others.

I note your appeal for contributions to "The Interest of Everyday Things" and send in "Apples." I think it readable and hope it may lead others to deeper thought on the marvels in everyday things if it be published.

ERNEST HOLLENBECK.

THE APPLE

Could you readily tell what an apple is? This is the season of the year when apples are at their best. They are now readily obtainable. We may easily study them these long winter evenings.

Take a smooth branch from an apple tree, this year's growth, if possible, about the size of a pencil and full of leaves. If the leaves have fallen, the buds and a vivid imagination will do very well. Hold the branch with the growing tip toward your eyes so you may look down it lengthwise and note how the leaves and buds are arranged in regular rows. Now take a thread and wind it around the branch so it may touch each bud, or leaf stalk, in succession. You will find the thread describes a spiral quite similar to a screw thread. You may learn that these leaf rows and spirals differ in various species of trees if you examine them.

Now call up your vivid imagination and see your thumb placed on the growing tip and, pressing firmly, causing the branch to slide together like a telescope or spyglass, until it is but an inch or two long. You would then have a short branch covered with a crowded whorl of leaves.

This is quite like what Nature does in forming the fruit spur—lays the hand of force on the growing tip and condenses the growth into a fruit spur. In this repressive process, which prevents onward and outward growth, the leaves become changed in form and duties. When the sleeping buds on the end of the shortened branch hear the voice of spring waking them to active life they rouse to growth. Their efforts are repressed to a modified branch, the flower and fruit stalk bearing a crowning whorl of leaves dwarfed and of a different pattern, the so-called sepals of the calyx. Within this another whorl of repressed

leaves on shorter stalks turn white and pink and perfume the air of spring for their too brief life-period and then drift down the air tides like flecks of living snow, the dying petals of the corolla. Within this floral envelope still other whorls of leaves spring up. The force of repression is now so powerful on them that the form is barely discernible as that of leaf, stalk and blade. But so they are, a slender petiole crowned with a tiny blade that presently opens and lets the bees revel in its golden hued grains. The stamens of the botanists, with filaments and anthers, are but leaves which force has modified and endowed with subtler functions. The yellow grains, the pollen, the fertilizing element, with the potency of new leaves, new species and new varieties, borne on the wings of winds and living forms, fall, some of them, on the central whorl of leaves. This pollen makes fine objects for the slides of microscopes.

Aha! have we finally found the last leaf of your growing tip, now so strangely shaped as to be recognized with great difficulty? It is folded together lengthwise and the edges, united in growth, form a sort of tube. The pointed leaf end is prolonged and crowned by the spongy leaf edges turned outward so they may readily catch and hold the pollen dust. The pistil of the botanist with carpel, style and crowning stigma, a leaf so strangely changed. Now a most marvelous thing has taken place. Our fruit spur may have been crowned with several of these leaves changed to flowers, but in the fierce "struggle for the survival of the fittest" perhaps all but one, two or three have died the death, robbed of food and life and power by their more puissant brethren. The attractive floral leaf whorls, the corolla and stamens have drifted down death's current on the spring-time breeze. The mortality of infant appledom is cruel, unthinkable vast; the loss of lives innumerable. But the one, two or three survivors who have taken all the food and drink sent to that branch repressed for outward growth become

tumid, swollen with the plenitude of food and drink; become rare expansionists. Like nations they become greedy with success and ever grasp at more. The mighty hand of Force now labors night and day pumping up the floods through myriad woody arteries to the lungs of the tree, for the true leaves are to be elaborated into food for the fruit that ever becomes more and more rotund with its greed and growth. The leaf that once was a pistil, a carpel, becomes an outer skin of toughened cells within which is stored the watery solution of plant food—carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, potash and minerals mined from the fertile soil by those engineers, the roots. The roots are sappers, miners and chemists as well, separating in their laboratories the elements of life from the dross of death.

The current being checked in its onward flow and unable to form the extension of branch, is robbed of its cellulose that should form the woody fibre. This cellulose is vitalized to form the cellulose we call pomace, within whose cells is stored the sap, the life current of the tree, to be changed by sun, air, chemic force and Life into rare plant foods. Within this pulp other miracles are being wrought by the deft powers of that mode of Force we name Life. Other whorls of leaves grow their edges together in the so-named core, so nearly imitating thin plates of horn that we spur imaginations to realize that these also are modified leaves. Can you, offhand,

tell the number of these core cell leaves?

But life has been busy with the pollen that fell on the stigma. Its life-giving cells have penetrated the citadel of our rotund sybarite, and wrought a miracle within these leaf cells. Other whorls of leaves, one in each cell, have seized upon refined portions of the food compounds, have united their edges and stored within their corneous envelopes a new but dormant life, having all the potentialities of years of active growth and reproduction, the seed with its germ; the embryo of life renewed; a tree with organs and lives infinitesimal beyond the microscope's far-reaching ken. Life with a treasury of food at hand, protein, carbohydrates, fat and minerals. Aye, and drink as well!

So our apple is but growth repressed, compressed, whorl within whorl of leaves modified in form and function; all surrounding and ministering to embryo life within the *sanctum sanctorum*; about which citadel the plant builds all its factories and fortresses, that life renewed may rise from the pyre of parent forms.

Pyre? Aye! for our apple is botanically *Pyrus malus*, a fruit well known to Roman, to Greek, even lost in the myths of men long ere history lived, and now fruiting in myriad millions throughout our native land.

Do you sigh for a miracle? Eat of the apple that you may become as the gods, knowing Good and Evil!

Ernest Hollenbeck, Michigan.

HEROISM AT HOME.

EVERY month the Department will publish a little story of heroism *in the home*—not any one act of heroism, but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice in *everyday life*. It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over 500 words.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out.

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free Subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any name you choose.

The prize this month goes to the story of "A Heroic Boy."

So many of our stories of heroism have had a man for hero. Well and good. We don't grudge the men anything that belongs to them, least of all, credit for brave, unselfish living. We want more stories about them. But why are there not more about women? Can't we be heroic, too? Yes, we have had many stories about women, but we want *more*. For the honor of our sex.

Again, the South has been represented far oftener than has the North.

A HEROIC BOY

About twenty-five years ago Charles Gordon was born in a little North Georgia town. His parents represented two of the first families in the State and were financially well-to-do. When Charles was six years old his father's business failed and giving up everything he carried his family to the city, where as bookkeeper he began life over again. Unaccustomed as he was to hardships, he soon became a physical wreck. It was then that little Charles began spending his afternoons and Saturdays in a grocery store to help buy his school clothes.

At the age of twelve he left school to go with his parents to the farm. Being unusually bright, he worked with judgment far beyond his years. As time passed the circumstances grew worse. Still, he had a beautiful, saintly mother who, by her encouragement and advice, was the strength and inspiration of his life, till a few years ago she faded away, leaving Charles with a burden almost heavier than he could bear. Fortunately, his father's health had improved to the extent that he was able to shoulder a part of the burden, but his business carried him to another State and Charles was left to be father, mother, sister and brother. Brave, generous, courageous, self-sacrificing, he has fought on, gaining slowly but steadily.

Three years ago he gave his heart to a deserving, worthy girl, whose influence for higher things is strong. But, absolutely forgetful of self, this noble,

honest, Christian boy toils uncomplainingly on with no hope of release and a home of his own with the gifted woman of his choice.

A glorious account is being placed beside his name in heaven and a saint smiles down with the loving God on the work of their child.—*Georgia*.

A SAMPLE OF PLUCK

The youth's face flushed red and in his eyes was a look of revolt. "Father," he cried, "why is it that you do not want me to go to Paris?"

They were walking along the seashore in a little town in Germany—the burgomaster and his only son, a youth of seventeen. The old man replied sternly: "Because, as I have told you, you must go to the university. And why are you always speaking of wanting to leave Germany? We have the greatest country in the world. No, my son, you cannot go to Paris!"

"Well, then," the youth said calmly, "I'll go to America—I can already speak English a little!"

The air was still, the man answered not and the silence was unbroken save for the occasional yell of a longshoreman or the hoarse, penetrating sound of the boat whistles.

They walked home in silence. The old man knew well that, while the son wished to be obedient, he would not yield in this, and besides the lad was an exceptional young fellow—he had finished the gymnasium at seventeen; and now the old man's mind was inclining toward that of his son—that it would be a good thing for any youth to get out in the world away from home and struggle for himself.

It was decided that the lad should sail on a merchant vessel for Charleston, S. C. It was a three-masted schooner which carried no passengers, but the old man knew the captain, who consented to land the boy at Charleston for a small consideration, assuring him that the boy would "get enough" before he reached Charleston, and would probably change his mind and return home when he saw America.

The schooner sailed—the boy on

A HEROINE

board. The father had given him twenty dollars and a passage to America. Here the tragedy of his life was begun. He had along but one friend—his violin; the days he spent mostly at work, for the ship's crew was short and the captain proved treacherously mean. The lad knew all about the ropes and sails—he knew them all by name, and many a stormy night he would be ordered up in the ice-coated rigging to gather in sails, but he didn't mind it much, for his heart was brave and he was of good cheer.

The schooner landed safely at Charleston after a two months' voyage. With his slight knowledge of English he solicited a "job" and finally found one—an office-boy in a wholesale establishment owned by Germans. Very soon his wages were doubled, for pluck always wins; and before long he was furnished pony and saddle and sent collecting among the merchants. Then the terrible yellow fever broke out in Charleston, and, as Fate would have it, detained him in bed for weeks. Then the doctors advised the "up-country" for him—the Piedmont. There he went, and, settling in a small town, secured a position as bookkeeper of a grocery.

Since then, now thirty-two years, he has held various positions. By energy and thrift he has accumulated some property and has, by his excellent judgment and accurate business methods, won the respect of not only his community and county, but the entire section of the Piedmont belt.

I have told this as an example of thrift, industry, pluck, energy, struggle. Handicapped by his extreme youth, in a strange country and without friends, this man has slowly struggled and won. His reputation in his adopted city is that of a public-spirited, generous and big-hearted citizen, and he holds not only the respect but the admiration of everyone.

South Carolina

Mrs. C. was left an orphan while very young. Her parents were very poor and left her nothing but a spotless name. So her aunt took her to live with her, giving her board and clothes for her labor. Even from a child her dearest wish was to do unto others as she wanted to be done by, and while staying with her aunt she never shrank from work, but would help her aunt in the house and then go to the field and help her uncle, they having several children, some of whom were nearly grown, and she was ever good and kind to them, winning their lasting love. But after staying there a few years her aunt and uncle having no further need of her services, as they were poor, she did not like to impose on them. She had no education at all, so there was nothing for her to do but to toil with her hands. So she went to live with a country doctor as a servant. After staying there several years she married an orphan boy, who had had a similar experience. They had nothing except each other, a cheerful disposition and a will to work. So they bargained for a farm, and went to work upon it. Their pathway was not always smooth. There were obstacles in the way, but they met them bravely. Our heroine would do up the work in the house, take her little ones, go to the field and work bravely by the side of our hero. Besides her work in the field she kept up the family by selling butter, chickens, eggs, etc. The writer visited them last March and they now have paid for their home, have erected a nice dwelling, have several horses and cows and are sending their children to one of the leading colleges in the State and own several shares in a prosperous bank.

These things have cost our hero and heroine a life of self-sacrifice, but they are still a noble husband and wife and a loving father and mother. *Georgia.*



VARIOUS HINTS.



EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Various Hints."

NOTICE

I did a very unwise thing in the November number by printing a contribution, in "Various Hints," which gave a remedy for scarlet fever. Personally, I do not believe in prescribing medicine for other people. No one but a doctor should do that. Why I let a prescription slip into our Department I do not know, except that the Magazine was so late that month that I was nearly crazy with the rush and hurry. Needless to say, there will never be another one in the Home Department without the indorsement of a physician. Dr. C. H. Prince, of Conifer, S. C., has written that the proportion of sulphate of zinc given in the recipe is much too large. I owe him sincere thanks and I ask each one of you to take the trouble to mark out or cut out that item from any copy of the November number that is in your hands.

The December prize is awarded to Mrs. Cipperley, of Alberta, Canada.

Headache Cure

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of black coffee without any sugar will cure sick headache.

Mrs. G. H. Cipperley, Alberta, Canada.

Ink Stains

To remove ink stains rub on a little lard and molasses.

I. L. Easter, Massachusetts.

Keep a small box or jar and put into it all the pennies that come to you in change. You will not only thus always have a supply of pennies for making change quickly and exactly, but you will also have a little fund in reserve, which may unexpectedly help you out of an emergency. And it is surprising how they mount up if you put them away with the idea of saving them up for a special purpose. Make your husband help you.

Mrs. Alexander Leroy, Ohio.

Paint Helps

Some white paint, to be coated afterward with white enamel paint, will work wonders in the bathroom if judiciously and tastefully applied.

Mrs. John T. Haverman, California.

Frost-bites or Chilblains

Put enough salt into hot water to make it quite salt, hold the parts frosted in the hot brine for fifteen or twenty minutes; keep it as hot as can well be endured. More hot water can be added to it. Use every evening until you effect a cure. From three to five times will cure in most cases.

C. L. Blair, St. Charles, Minnesota.

Best Money System

If possible, persuade your husband, father or whoever is the breadwinner of the family to devote a fixed *allowance* to household expenditures. Enough to cover table and running expenses outside of rent, water, etc. All the better if it is enough to furnish an incentive to save. This arrangement is the most practical and also gives the housekeeper a dignity and self-respect impossible when she has to ask for money for every little item or every day or two. A definite, settled basis is always best and if your husband tries it once he will much prefer it.

The same can be said for a personal allowance to the wife, daughter or other members of the family. Independence pays all concerned in the long run.

Mrs. T. H. Albert, Illinois.

Clean Teeth


To keep the teeth clean and beautiful, clean them each morning with a good toilet soap (brushing lightly). Brush them again with clear water before retiring.

M. C., Nebraska.

One-fifth of Income

It is a good plan never to let the rent amount to more than a fifth of the income, at the most.

Eva N. Gray, Delaware.



RECIPES, OLD AND NEW



EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to **WATSON'S MAGAZINE**, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Recipes, Old and New"

The prize for the best recipe goes to Mrs. W. J. Beeson, of North Carolina. It is true that rice is generally spoiled in the cooking, and Mrs. Beeson deserves particular credit for her discovery made from thoughtful observation, though, of course, the method of dropping in only a few grains at a time is known to many others.

Pineapple Ice or Sherbet

Boil the water and sugar together, let it cool and allow enough lemon juice to suit your taste. After it begins to freeze a little put in the beaten whites of two eggs. This for a gallon of sherbet.

Potato Salad

Cut five or six large potatoes up and pour over them half a glass of water with plenty of salt and pepper which have been standing in it for some time. Then add two or three tablespoons of vinegar, two of olive oil and one large bunch of parsley chopped fine with two small onions.

Pea Soup

One-half peck of peas. Take the shells or pods, boil in two quarts of water and put through the colander; then pour the water into the peas. Boil the peas till soft and tender. Take off and put through the colander again. Add a quart of cream (or cream and milk), two even tablespoons of flour and less than one ounce of butter, and let come to a boil. Pepper and salt.

Dear Mrs. Miller:

Inclosed please find recipe for cooking one of our most useful, but generally ruined in the cooking, dishes, rice. I have tried this method and found it out myself by putting rice in boiling soup.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. W. J. BEESON.

Cooking Rice

Recipe for cooking rice which tastes like a different dish from the old-time

soggy rice put on in cold water: Have your water boiling and put in a light teaspoon of salt to a quart of water, wash the rice well and drain, then put in slowly not over a teaspoonful at a time, so the water will continue to boil until all is in.

In twenty minutes the rice will be cooked and each grain stand to itself. Add cup of milk and tablespoon of butter.

It takes two quarts of water to a teacup of rice.

Mrs. W. J. Beeson, North Carolina.

Peanut Brittle

Clean a frying-pan until it has not a vestige of grease about it, and put into it a teacupful of sugar (no water or anything else). Set on the stove, and stir until it turns golden brown and melts. Be careful that it does not get very dark brown, or it will scorch. Add to it a good pinch of soda and a heaping teaspoonful of butter. Stir another minute and pour into greased plates which have been lined with shelled and halved peanuts. Cool and serve.

Mrs. Edwin Wiley, Tennessee.

Winter-made Jellies

Steady heat in the cooking-range during cold weather makes it a good time for jelly making if one had the fruit. Apples are abundant and cheap. They make superior home-made jellies in great variety. The white-skinned apples make a delicate jelly that may be tinted with the parings of red apples, juice of red beets, huckleberries canned, fruit sugars or turmeric, and flavored with pineapple, lemon, canned fruit or spiced with cinnamon, or rival catsup for cold meats if made with pepper and condiments. If it does not jelly readily, gelatine may be added.

Ernest Hollenbeck, Michigan.


 THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.
 

UNDER this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the works of some great man. There is no rule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful and an aid to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom

This work can best be done, in the right way."
 Then shall I see it not too great nor small
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
 And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke, in *Outlook*.

Benedict Arnold

IT is always interesting to note with what capriciousness we pass judgment upon men and how the mere setting of the scene may determine the spectators' opinion of the actors. For example, in all American history the name that stands pre-eminently for "traitor" is that of Benedict Arnold. He basely betrayed his country and he is justly branded with treason. His betrayal, born of imaginary wrongs, was as open and courageous as his previous devotion to his country had been, and it was because it was enacted before the eyes of the world and in the gaudy trappings of war that Benedict Arnold is today, after one hundred and twenty-six years, the typical traitor of America.

The peculiar thing about it is that we have under our very noses hundreds and thousands of traitors to the country who are every whit as black as Benedict Arnold, yet we do not think of them as traitors. You know some of them and treat them as your equals. You even give them other chances to betray their country. You yourself may be one of them. They are seldom looked upon as traitors, for they do not, like Benedict Arnold, work in the open and they are not decked in the gaudy trappings of war.

Here is one who is a county clerk. Here is one upon a judge's bench. Here one in the legislature of your State. Here one in Congress. For is he not a traitor who betrays a public trust? And is he not guilty of treason who rots the foundation upon which his country is builded?

THE Nation's Lullaby—"Party Loyalty."



Letters From The People

An Open Forum for Republicans, Democrats, Members of the People's Party, Socialists, Single-Taxers, Direct Legislationists, and All Other Citizens Who Have at Heart Their Country's Best Interests.

While many of these letters from the people are really short articles equal in interest to those in the body of the Magazine, the value and significance of this Department, in which any citizen may voice his views, may not at first glance be wholly apparent. It might well be called "The Pulse of the People," or "The Way the Wind Blows."

What questions are most prominent in the minds of the American people? What answers do the people give? Are party lines changing? Why? How much? On what issues? What men hold public favor and confidence? Why? Do the people prosper, or complain? Is there a general awakening? Along what lines? Are there theories seriously before the public now which five years ago were hooted at as dangerous and insane? What will be the issues at the next Presidential election? To what extent is section arrayed against section? Why? Class against class? Why? Money, land, the trusts, public ownership, Socialism, labor and capital, imperialism, the tariff—what of these? How do these things affect the private, everyday individuals who compose our nation? Which laws, systems and institutions bring them material benefits? Which ones arouse their wrath? What are present conditions? What will be the future?

To the thinking mind these "Letters from the People" will go far toward answering such questions as those above. These letters from every class and section and belief of our country are an index of her future history, a prophecy of what is to come. For sooner or later the people's will becomes their law.

We trust that this Department will do still more—that it will, by giving any citizen an opportunity to speak out publicly on the questions of the day to thousands of his countrymen, increase the right interest in these questions, lead to their best solution and foster the spirit of true democracy and true patriotism in which lie all our country's hopes.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

We welcome contributions to this Department, whether they be careful presentations of beliefs and theories or straightforward statements of facts and conditions that have come under the writers' own observation, but, because they are becoming more numerous every month, we are compelled to limit the length of letters that come to us hereafter, in order that a few may not fill so much space that others will be crowded out. "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." Write as long a letter as you choose, but please *mark the part you want published* and limit that part to 200 or 300 words, **NEVER MORE THAN 400 WORDS.** This will give you over a whole column for your own.

If you have an extended theory to put before the people—more than 400 words—condense it as much as possible, put it into the form of a short ARTICLE and label it for “Letters From the People.” We cannot publish all such articles, but will find room, either in a special part of this Department or in the front of the Magazine, for those that are clear, short, concise and full of meat. The rest, in fairness to other friends who wish to be heard, we must reserve the privilege of not publishing. If you wish your article returned to you, please inclose a stamped and addressed envelope, just as the contributors to any magazine are supposed to do. But be assured we shall never fail to publish these short articles because we don’t happen to agree with your opinions. You may express any political or economic ideas you please and, if you do it in about 300 words, we will do our best to make room for it. But if you make it longer than that, then you will have to let us decide about printing it.

We do not publish letters of praise for the Magazine, but we appreciate them and are always intensely interested in both your praise and your criticism. We desire, especially in this Department, to keep closely in touch with our readers.

THE EDITORS.

THE QUESTION OF PARTY

The Future of the Democracy

John L. Mooney, Gonzales, Tex.

WATSON’S MAGAZINE is an all-wool and yard-wide reform document. It preaches the right kind of political doctrine, and it is causing some people to get their thinking machines in operation. I feel sure that if the people of this Government knew the true condition of governmental affairs there would be an upheaval in political affairs, such a cleansing of Augean stables as has never been known. But what of the future? With Hearst defeated for Governor of New York, then what will happen? I am free to answer, I don’t know. But it is possible that Hearst may abandon the Democratic Party, declare for a new and independent one whose basic principles will be along lines advocated by him for years. Then in that event what will become of Bryan and the Democratic Party? Again, if these things should occur, what may reasonably be expected of the followers of Governor Folk, Governor Cummins, Senator La Follette, Mayors Dunne, Weaver, Johnson, Adams and others who have of recent years been dubbed “malcontent,” “disruptionist” and other like names? Bryan occupies a unique position on the political chess-board with true friends who stand by

him and with sham friends who will desert him, when it will be to their personal interest to do so.

The Democratic Party Dead?

—, Rochester, N. Y.

The Democratic Party is dead, as a national party. Democrats there are, but there is no longer a Democratic Party. The party has gone the way of the Whig Party in 1852. Contortions and death-throes were visible for a time, but the party expired. So with the Democratic Party of today. Then let us organize a new party on the ruins of the old. The field is clear for the formation of such a party, on a platform that is the outcome of the times.

Government ownership of the coal-fields and means of transportation and communication must be a principal plank.

The Recall must also not be forgotten. When we send a man to Congress, to the Legislature or to the Bench we must have a string on him to pull him loose if he gets unruly or out of order.

The money plank and the land plank of the Omaha Platform must also be remembered.

I like the way the Magazine smites the “gold-standard maniacs.” Away

with this Rothschilds' blots upon our money system. Away with *all* debasing "standards" and fraudulent "bases" for money. I sometimes wonder whether the "maniacs" worry about the "standard" of promissory notes, or as to what postage stamps are "based" upon.

Give us national *fibre* money that is honest and decent instead of the base scrap-metal money we now have.

The New Party in Montana

J. H. Calderhead, Helena, Mont.

In WATSON'S MAGAZINE, under the heading "The New Party—What Shall It Be Named?" you say, "The new party is bound to come."

While I would much prefer that we should proceed under the old People's Party, it is the hope of a majority, I

think, of the people of this State that the time and conditions call for a new party, and it is also the firm belief that such party would carry Montana. Since the call of Mr. Forrest in the Magazine I have been approached by many urging me to take the lead in the organization and they assure me that the following will astonish us all.

There is great dissatisfaction among the people and party lines are very lightly held. The sentiment in favor of public ownership is very strong, and in our city campaign here both parties declared for municipal ownership. I am just waiting to see what will come of the movement and where the meeting will be called. If Hearst, Tom Johnson and others of such positive character and good records can be made a part of the movement, it is sure of success.

MONEY

Banks Belong to the People

G. A. Hatch, Hayward, Wis.

I read the Magazine edited by you and think it is all right. I am a poor scholar, but would like to ask the people the reason we cannot get together on something that will be of benefit to the whole people. You talk with men, and nine out of the ten think that things are rotten, but they will go to the polls and vote the same old thing. I will say to you, voters of this country, that you think the banking laws are wrong, but the time is not far distant when the banks will issue all money and will control it as they want to. There is only one way that I know to stop them, and that is to take it out of their hands and let the people handle their own money. Why should we pay one favored man to handle our money and make his millions? Why not let the people take that? Ask yourself this question, and forget that we belong to any parties, but rather that the parties belong to us and when they do not do as we tell them turn them out.

The Best Banking System

J. C. Woodroof, Independence, Kan.

I wish to say that I am seventy-four years old, and that I started in with Peter Cooper for reform, and have never let up on the fight, and shall be found in the ranks as long as I am above ground. I have explained to many a crowd of men the difference between the Greenback and National Bank Bills. I take two \$10 bills and ask them if they know what the difference is in keeping them in circulation to do the same work of exchange in trade, and many of the people cannot tell. Then I prove to them that in from seven to ten years the National Bank Bill will consume the Greenback in interest and that National Banks have got their Greenback, and that we have only got the National Bank Bill, or \$10 that is eating itself up to do the work of the \$20 that we had to start with. And they will use it—the best banking system we ever had (best for the banker). It reminds me of the old horse that had a pole strapped on each side of him, with the end so far in

front of him he couldn't reach the ends of it—one with a bushel of oats and the other with an ear of corn stuck on it. He ran himself to death trying to get it. Enough.

The Story of the Gold Standard

Dr. G. Demars, Hallock, Minn.

The trail of the gold standard is like the Juggernaut's course: strewn with thousands, aye, millions of victims. That standard is the bulwark of the money-lenders. That question has risen every year; it towers over the world with the bankers raising its banner and the millions of producers prostrated and reduced more and more to a cruel dependency.

How did it come to take hold of this country of free men?

The Constitution established the double standard and Washington, Jefferson, Hancock, Madison, etc., except the Tories, favored and praised it. Up to 1836 no sign of the monster appeared; then a few bankers tried to raise its head, but the brave Jackson crushed it down and all parties rallied around Jackson. Relentlessly the same monster power whose brain is in Lombard Street divided the country in four factions in 1860, and the result was the Civil War, which raged for four years.

The proof of all the plans to rule this country, to drain its wealth and engulf the largest part of the fruits of the labor of the people, farmers, laborers, mechanics, artisans of all classes, came out in 1862. The English bankers held a conference, Hazard, Secretary. The result was a circular addressed to the bankers of America telling them that "Negro slavery will be abolished, but you know that the slave costs you too much, his lodging, clothing and feeding, etc., and poor work. A large debt will be upon the country and of necessity bonds will be issued. You will take care to have control of these bonds; call on us and afterward we will arrange to furnish the finances of the country. White slavery will follow. It will be cheaper."

The same circular, signed by Secre-

tary Hazard, hints at the odious appearance of the greenbacks, and the bankers of Wall Street went to Secretary Chase and forced him to print the exemption clause on their back.

In 1865 Secretary McCullough, of the Treasury, writes in his report: "After four years of a stupendous war the country is practically free from individual mortgages." And from the immortal Lincoln's declaration, who had just been inaugurated for his second term, this: "The national debt would have soon been paid. But that sinister spirit, whose throne is in the financial hall in Lombard Street, grinned savagely; that man is doomed. The thirst of gold produces the thirst of blood."

Five weeks after, on April 14, 1865, the assassin Booth served the purpose of that spirit. Booth had no grievances, no revenge to satisfy; he was not insane; but he was in a conspiracy organized by the very men who wanted Lincoln out of their infernal way. By the way, the people at that time lived in comfort. There were no paupers, no tramps and no millionaires, but everyone had work and money, every man and woman was fed and clothed for seven or eight years.

Then came that spirit again who had his clutches on a certain senator who in 1873 inserted a clause in the mint and coinage bill when the Gold Standard was born, apparently inoffensive, in its cradle on February 12, 1873, and nobody knew it until 1876. No senators, no representatives knew of it. In the House and in the Senate all called it a colossal swindle. President Grant had signed it when Senator Sherman had presented it to him. Nobody, no party, no newspaper man, no one except its senatorial midwife knew of the birth of that bastard until 1876—its father not daring to acknowledge its parentage. So that unconstitutional standard with the financial policy of the Republican Party and the Gold Democrats has fulfilled the prophecy of Secretary Hazard. On one side a few enormously rich men—the men controlled by that spirit; on the other

many millions of impoverished workers. In this land of plenty today the Treasury Department statistics show that 1 per cent. of our population owns 78 per cent. of the wealth of the country. The middle class and poor, 99 per cent., own 22 per cent. And still that 99 per cent. will vote to support the party who schemed and carried out such diabolical schemes. In 1881 President Garfield was assassinated. Perhaps it was the act of a lunatic, but the court said "No," and Guiteau was hung. No crazy lunatic has ever been condemned to death. Perhaps that creature was also a tool. Who knows? Garfield was a great friend of bimetallism. The same spirit of fraud, greed and spoliation defeated Blaine and Logan in 1884. They were both known to be friends to bimetallism, and in New York, where the balance of votes was to decide, the financiers, Republicans and Democrats, had a banquet on the eve of the election and there a reverend made a great speech for the Irish. You remember the three R's (Rum, Romanism and Rebellion) in favor of Cleveland. That made 25,000 votes change, and gave 1,000 majority to the man who was once the sheriff in New York State, and who now is a millionaire.

The same sinister spirit originated the same frauds in 1896—intimidation and boodle, false promises never deemed. Voters, you have been hoodwinked. Think a little for yourself, as the bankers and the other trust and corporation men do. Meet often and study and discuss all those questions. You of all parties, you will unite for comfort where we have now misery, when we know that the foe is relentless, persistent and full of a cruel zeal to perfect the plan to rule the country for all time to come.

Money Not a Standard of Value

N. Stead Offabook, Rockford, Ill.

No matter how wise a man is, he cannot make much headway toward an understanding of the money question if

he regards money as a standard of value. There can be no standard of value. Value is a mental concept and deludes standardization. Think of a standard of joy, or pain, or hunger, or temper. How would you like to be chairman of a congressional committee to formulate a bill making it unlawful for any officer of the Government (say, the incumbent of the chief magistracy, for instance) to permit his temper to rise above a certain established standard of temper?

Money is a labor-saving device to reduce the number of entries needful in a system of bookkeeping and to settle balances incident to commercial credits. Money should be a medium of exchange. If, as in our present system, money can be employed to hinder instead of facilitating exchanges, look for the difficulty and it will be revealed to you. And I mean to tell you where to look. Then you will find that the greatest teacher on the subject never "writ" a book.

And so you think that a revolt of the people at the ballot-box will curb our exploiters and preserve our democratic Republic. Why, bless your heart, Tom Watson, we have never had a democratic Republic in the realm of finance, never! A republic eschews royalty. We maintain it in the domain of money. Otherwise we would not now be paying about one-half of what we produce in the form of royalty. Interest is royalty. Legal tender laws are manifestoes of royalty. In your October number you treated of the land question, and evidently overlooked the element of royalty in that. But I don't care to interject my views on the land question into this little primer lesson on money.

And now to the Great Teacher who never "writ" a book. The smart Alecks of His day once sought to inveigle Him into a discussion of the money question, and He took a coin in His hand and regarded the image of Cæsar upon it (we seek to get away from the royalty end of the game by using a figure of Liberty—God save the mark!), and He said:

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

We are so accustomed to hearing the sayings of Jesus intoned in funereal accents and lugubrious bass that it's no wonder we assume that they were originally spoken by a visionary and impractical dreamer. The pulpit has misinterpreted Jesus by sanctimoniously pounding it into us that His teachings would come into vogue some of these days—along about the time when the will of the Almighty would be done on earth as they think it ought to be in heaven.

Did you ever know a preacher who proclaimed that every one of the injunctions of Jesus was the embodiment of practical wisdom, susceptible of being put into practice here and now? Not only susceptible of being put into immediate practice, but any other course is visionary, impractical, destructive and iniquitous.

Take any scheme of human relationship, and if it fails to bring social tranquillity, you need look no further than to find wherein it infringes upon the doctrine of non-resistance. And whatsoever is in consonance with that doctrine cannot fail to promote the common weal.

This is not true because Jesus or anyone else said so. It is true because it is in harmony with the principles that underlie the very nature of things.

The principle of brotherhood is firmly imbedded in the nature of man. We need not "change human nature" in order that we shall see that principle at constant work. But we can, and some day will, remove the overgrowths of superstitions that at present prevent the free interplay of the forces inherent in the heart of man.

Our rendering unto Cæsar the things which Cæsarism unrighteously demands is doing its abundant share to keep real human nature **from** manifesting itself.

Interest Legalized Robbery

H. S. Brown, Worcester, Mass.

Believing as I do that interest, rent

and profit, in one word, interest, is legalized robbery, I take the liberty of expressing a few of my ideas.

While it is true that we do not sanction many customs that were common in olden times, it is also true that we do sanction many customs today that are a crime against the people, such, for instance, as the bank currency system and, greatest of all, interest taking, which, be it said to their credit, the Jews sanctioned only as a punishment for the Gentiles and they showed their wisdom in selecting such a severe one.

I have always supposed that all man-made wealth was produced by the laborer, by the use of his mental or manual powers. If this is true, I do not see why he should not have the full product of his labor.

I have never understood how wealth, inert matter, stored-up labor, can produce other matter, or stored-up labor. To say that to pay for the use of stored-up labor is the same as to pay for the active force which is producing that stored-up labor cannot be true, as the payments are not equal, more being paid for one than for the other. Hence they are not parallel cases.

If it is right to take 1 per cent., why is it not right to take 100 per cent.? To compare the taking of a reasonable amount of interest as the same as taking a reasonable amount of food or drink do not seem to me to be parallel cases, for in the first case the amount of interest which I could take which would be of benefit to me would be unlimited, while the amount of food or drink I could take and be of benefit to me would be limited.

Under present conditions the few having control of all the wealth may say they will never, never, never loan their wealth without interest. This only shows that it is a matter of compulsion that interest is paid and not of a free-will offering, although sometimes it may appear so, for no person would pay interest if he could get a loan of wealth without. Primarily it is wealth that is loaned, not mon-

ey. Money is simply a means to an end.

A good illustration which seems to me proof that interest, rent and profit is robbery, unjustifiable and against the laws of God, is to consider this proposition. That profit is to get something for nothing. In other words, get more for a thing than it costs to produce it. This the whole country is trying to do. It is trying to do an utter impossibility, for the country as a whole cannot sell its gross products and make a profit. It is true that a few people (part of the country) do sell their product and make a profit, but it is only at the expense of others, which is to their sorrow.

Suppose that one trust or one person owned the entire wealth of the country. In that case it would employ all of the people. Say they produced one billion dollars' worth of wealth. It would of course pay the people one billion. Being in business for profit, how could it sell its gross products and make a profit, say, of one single dollar? It would be impossible, as the exchange would be equal. But under present industrial conditions, having the power to rob the producers, they proceed to sell back to them part of their product, charging them the full one billion dollars, the balance kept

showing their profits at the extent of the robbery. I sometimes think that the few people who now control the wealth will never, never, never voluntarily give up the power to rob the people through interest, rent and profit, especially when I read in the Good Book "that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." In other words, for a rich man to be willing to have conditions changed whereby he cannot take interest and see everybody trying to ape the rich. Then, again, I take courage when I read in the book of Isaiah, speaking of the coming of the new Jerusalem: "When we shall build houses and inhabit them, we shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. We shall not build and another inhabit, we shall not plant and another eat." In other words, we shall labor and get the full product of our labor, which can never be so long as interest exists.

I am not one of those persons always berating and denouncing the millionaires for their great incomes, at the same time praising and upholding the little savings-bank depositor. To me they look alike, both robbing the people, only in a different degree, which does not alter the principle.

INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, RECALL

The Best Way

C. L. Poorman, Bellaire, O.

I have for years been a student of economic questions and have reached the conclusion that representative government as administered under existing dominating influences is a practical failure and has so far defeated the object of the framers of our national Constitution in their purpose to provide for the "general welfare" under government by the people. I fully indorse the views of the People's Party as to the government ownership of the public utilities and the issue and control of money. Also as to the adoption of the Initiative, Referendum and

Recall as the best method of genuine popular free government and of making these the basis of unifying the forces of reform; but I have been discouraged over the slow progress made in the work of unification and at the rapid concentration of the labor forces under the banners of so-called Socialistic parties, which, judged by the utterances of their leaders, are actuated by class influences rather than by true social ideas as advocated by Rodbertus and his followers.

In view of this dangerous trend in the situation, I have thought there was want of true understanding as to the real situation and the causes that

have led up to it, and understanding as to the character of a remedy that will be efficient in bringing about the reforms desired; and that the lack of a true understanding on these points is at the bottom of the failure to unify forces of reform. I have prepared the manuscript of a small volume of 300 or more pages in reviewing the discontent in the existing social and economic conditions; the slow progress to the enfranchisement of man as a factor in human affairs, because of human greed and selfishness as a controlling factor in those affairs, and the reasons why the revival of intelligence and aspirations for better environments following the overthrow of slavery and serfdom and the failure to bring about the desired improvements in social and civic conditions. I then review the various methods of reform suggested and experimented with and their failures and the reasons of their failures. Among these methods I find that government by the people on the basis of equal rights was the most promising, but failed because special pampered interests, by concreting their power and acting as a balance of power between conflicting factions, have been able to practically control public affairs—first slavery and then the capitalistic money power.

I then discuss the remedies suggested and insist that the only form of control that can and will shape public administrations in the interest of all and

to "promote the general welfare" is that in which the representative is simply the agent or servant of the people whose work may be constantly supervised by the principal and the agent discharged when he fails to do his work as a faithful agent. This Government when so constituted should see that the productive forces are managed in the interest of the people and to promote the general welfare, even if it become necessary for the Government to own and control such productive and distributive forces. I then indicate that this reform is to be secured by and through the general adoption of the Initiative, etc., and suggest how the Government may obtain the control of the productive and distributive forces, and the beneficent results to labor and consumers by these changes.

Of course, this is a very brief outline of the work, which contains a great amount of information in the way of facts sustaining the argument and showing the drift of thought. I believe this work, if published and circulated, would prove efficient in arousing public thought, concentrating the action of all classes of reformers and hastening the triumph of reforms, that there is well-nigh universal agreement are much needed.

If Mr. Poorman will send us a copy of his book, we shall take pleasure in giving it a review notice in "Books."—THE EDITORS.

ON SOCIALISM

*From the Editor of the Chicago "Public"
Louis F. Post, Chicago, Ill.*

I notice that in one of your articles you class me as a Socialist. Considering the term merely as an epithet, I haven't the slightest objection to it, for some of the best men and women of the world today are Socialists. But in the interests of fair and intelligent criticism I suggest, though I do not insist, that you take advantage of the first reasonable opportunity to make a correction.

There is of course a certain indefinite sense in which I might be classified as a Socialist, for I believe in trying to bring about better social conditions; but under that criticism you also are a Socialist, and I do not understand that you so class yourself. But whether you do or not, the word "Socialism" has come to have a very definite meaning. The only indefiniteness about it any more is caused by the fact that there are two general classes of Socialists, one of which is distinguished as

the "scientific" Socialist and the other as the "utopian" Socialist. But by every shade of both classes, the distinguishing doctrine of Socialism is accepted, namely, that competition must be abolished. As I do not believe either in the desirability or the possibility of the abolition of competition, I do not see how it is possible to describe my attitude toward social conditions as in any definite sense Socialistic.

So far as the work of my life is concerned, it is recognized by all who know me, Socialists and anti-Socialists alike, as opposed to Socialism; and as editor for eight years past of *The Public*, a paper of Jeffersonian Democracy, I think I have justified that position. While respecting Socialists for the sincerity of their opinions and the zeal of their work, I am not a Socialist, but a Democrat—a radical Democrat if you choose, provided you give to the term radical its original meaning.

Calling Indians Socialists

A. N. Judd, Watsonville, Cal.

Having read with much interest your criticisms on Socialism, I am constrained to send this letter of appreciation, and also under separate cover a booklet of but little interest to anyone except to those who participated in its stirring incidents, as fully explained in the last paragraph. The reason I send it to you is from the fact that indirectly it shows real Socialism as carried out by the North American Indian. Their life is an unconscious illustration of what to expect the Socialistic idea would be if carried to a final conclusion. I see no reason to believe that the present propaganda of Socialism if carried out would differ materially from the results brought about by the greed, cruelty and force that divided many former divisions made by the savages of the plains. We are born with the same cruel, criminal and selfish instincts as the aborigine. The principle of "Collectivism," like trade-unionism, destroys ambition, initiative and the desire to build up, and in consequence

these selfish instincts of the strong, like the wily Sioux, would keep dividing until the weak were annihilated or made slaves as in the paragraph spoken of. The results are apparent to those who want to follow Socialism. Socialism is not a new and untried thing. It is as old and dates back as far as the oldest ancestor of any of the wild tribes of Africa or the United States.

A Plea for Party Co-operation

B. M. Billings, Osage City, Kan.

You exposed the fallacy of the Socialist contention that they do not intend the distribution of property which is apparent in Sinclair's reply to your criticism of "The Jungle." I hope that your article may do much good, and open the eyes of the blind followers of this dangerous doctrine to the fact that no man with a home and a cow-lot is going to give it up and throw it into the common sink and work for labor checks or meat tickets for his daily bread. The Wayland brand of Socialism will never be adopted in this country for the reason that the home with all its refining influences is the foundation on which rest the free institutions of the Republic. That broken up, anarchy reigns, producing idleness and crime and a lot of grafters that want to get something for nothing and get rid of work.

Now that Bryan has returned to the struggle with old and new world reforms, and the dictum has gone forth that you can't have him and Sullivan, too, the trusts and corporations are howling at his heels, saying he will disrupt the party and lose his chance to be President; if he'd rather be right than President he ought not to be censured for his integrity. It looks as if the time had come for all the reform forces in all parties to join in one grand phalanx that will be irresistible. Whether it will be Bryan or Hearst or La Follette that will lead in the battle two years from now, we could win. If Bryan's hostility to corporate greed loses him the nomination in 1908 and

they put up another Parker, we can put up La Follette against him as the Republicans are about to leave him out of the party for his honest convictions of right; and if all reform Democrats, Republicans and Populists and some

Socialists support him, we can sweep the field. All we need to do is to lay aside our private differences and unite on the paramount issue of destroying the trusts and corporation rules and victory will be ours.

CONCERNING MR. BRYAN

A Bryan Defender

Ellis Wilson, Middleton, W. Va.

Couldn't do without WATSON'S, "no-how." Fight it out on this line, keep it up. I don't ask anything better. But, Tom, don't keep throwing stones at Bill. I believe that he is just as sincerely working for the good of the common people as you are. He is traveling in the same direction, maybe a few steps behind, as you are a few steps behind the Socialists, but he is a leader. Don't you think he is leading his followers back to Jeffersonian Democracy, where the Populists now have their camp, just as fast as they will come?

What have you against him? What's the reason that all the reform parties can't get together? Is it on account of the leaders being afraid some of the others may get the highest office? What difference does it make who has the office as long as the people get justice?

I am for prohibition, tariff reform, fiat money (gee, ain't that a scary name!), government ownership of public utilities (isn't that Socialism as far as it goes?) and for equal rights to all, special privileges to none. That includes women's suffrage, of course.

Don't you think that if all who believe that any of these is the dominant issue would for its sake unite with those who believe in the others, that such a combination would sweep the country?

By No Means for Bryan

M. W. C. Frazier, Carrigo Springs, Tex.

I see you publish many letters on various subjects sent you by your subscribers. I have written to some reform papers, but from some cause

they decline to publish my letters. I thought I would try you. You see, as I am seventy-six years old I have but little time.

I desire to call your attention to facts of record from 1896 to the present time. In 1896 the so-called Democratic Party met at Chicago in national convention for the purpose of adopting a platform and nominating candidates. Well, W. J. Bryan was there with the People's Party platform in his vest pocket. He was there, as the facts recorded show, for the purposes of breaking up and destroying the People's Party. Now for the facts.

Bryan told the convention that the money question was the paramount issue in that campaign. (True, and everybody knows that Bryan wrote the Chicago Platform, the Bible and prayer-book of the so-called Democrats until 1904.) Now for the money plank. In Bryan's platform he did not offer any suggestions or make requests, but positive demands. Listen, first demand: "We demand the repeal of the national banking law"—cutting off four-fifths of the money in circulation at one stroke, creating a commercial and money crash unprecedented in the history of the country. Oh, yes! the Bryan Democrats say, we know all that is true, but the next demand cures all that. Listen, second demand: "We demand that the Government issue all of the paper money." Great God, did you ever hear the like from a Democratic convention, all from the P. P. platform!

Now, Mr. Bryan, what kind of money would your paper money be when issued? Simply a coin certificate, just like a silver certificate, using the word "coin" instead of "silver." Thus, five

ten or twenty, as the case may be, "coin-dollars deposited in the United States Treasury, payable to bearer on demand."

Now if Bryan had stopped there at "all of the paper money," he would have been elected President in spite of the world, but that was not in the bond notes which he was there for. Listen! "Issue all the paper money redeemable in coin." That

fixed everything to Shylock's entire satisfaction; beat Bryan for President; dragged him and his party down to political infamy, where they are now to stay. Bryan is playing sharp. He has been abroad manufacturing popularity. Listen to him. He says, "I have no desire to be a candidate in 1908 unless circumstances render it necessary." Shylock being the judge, of course.

THE PLATFORM

High Praise

Rev. L. W. Hamby, Neosho, Mo.

I used to vote Republican until the Populists organized in Missouri. I studied the platform and liked it so well I voted it till the Bryan fusion. Then I voted for Bryan twice. And I still admire Mr. Bryan, but when I study the platform in the July Magazine I say that it is the best thing I ever saw. I do not see how an American and a Christian can resist this platform. It seems to me that it ought to be a leader for a landslide in 1908. I have been so disgusted that I nearly went to the Socialists, but this platform seems to me to reach the spot. It is more than a reformation. It is radical and not quite a revolution. That's what we need. I know that it would pull up by the roots the noxious weeds, and yet we should have individual initiative and liberty in private ownership. Let's have it. Have seen the day-star rising that is soon to make this land the asylum of God's oppressed children, and the poor Jew that is soon to be restored. Their King and ours is at hand. He will find millions of them preparing for His return. Woe betide Russia on that day. God intended this land to be the queen of the world and child of the skies, but we have been partly blinded and greed and the devil in the lead, while we ignominiously and stupidly slept. Arouse, ye voters, before too late. Arouse, I say, cast party prejudice to the winds. They are all liars who say God cares not for our economy.

A Suggestion

W. H. Wade, Quinlan, Tex.

Your platform for 1908 in the July Magazine is all right, except the fourth plank, which I think ought to read: "Congress to pass a law abolishing all inferior courts, except army and navy courts, taking all appellate jurisdiction from the Supreme Court, except from these courts." This would allow State courts final jurisdiction over all corporate and trust cases.

I like WATSON'S MAGAZINE for the bold manner of expressing what it believes about all reforms. If the general press could be freed from its servility to the money power, reforms would move quickly along, but while the general press is ruled and run by the trusts and corporations as now the reform publications will have a rough road fighting servility, greed and graft. There are no ruling dominant political parties.

Age Pensions

Jackson Loudenback, St. Paris, Ohio.

Your suggestion for a platform in 1908 in July number is all sound and right.

I am heartily in favor of an age pension for all over sixty-five years—at least one hundred dollars per annum, except those who are now drawing pensions, and one pension to a family. One hundred and twenty-five million dollars would pay the bill. Raise the amount by income and inheritance tax.

MISCELLANEOUS

For Universal Railroad Rates

Nemo, Dodge, Ga.

From my recent perusal of an article in defense of the railroads, it appears to me that the officials do not deny rate discriminations, and are surprised that any sane man will question their right to favor one business from a certain section, to gain freight receipts for themselves, and enable the business to compete with others nearer the terminal point; nor that a higher rate is charged for hauling a similar commodity a shorter distance for similar purpose, to increase freight receipts.

In fact, they go so far as to admit that some kinds of business would be ruined at certain seasons without these preferential freight rates. They do not claim that any money is lost on the longer haul, but that the increased business resulting gives even a greater profit; but that so low a rate on the short haul would give an undue advantage to that shipper. So, ostensibly, we have a soulless corporation posing as the governor or balance wheel upon this mighty engine of national distribution of industrial commodities—a sort of paternal concern, to give every shipper a "square deal." If not so serious, it would indeed be comical. However, it seems serious that supply and demand should depend upon their mediation and be menaced without their intervention to equalize. Woe betide the shipper not looked after, or even purposely overlooked, by this kindly corporate power. Would his business suffer? It is a poor rule that does not work both ways, and if the railroads can equalize distribution, they can also control the same either to their own advantage or to that of a favored shipper. Convicted on their own evidence.

But presuming that the regulation of rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission is constitutional, and that Commission is overwhelmed with this same gigantic problem in good faith in order not to injure one shipper as against another. What plan could

be adapted to railroad rates as a whole and to shippers all over the United States? This seems the only real solution to come out of a chaos, created for corporation purpose, a vast system so complex that the cost of even so much as understanding it will demand experts very expensive to the Government and to the people. After it has been decided whether a few judges, with wigs on their heads, can change the meaning of the Constitution and laws of the United States, or whether the people have a word to say about it, then it will be worth while to consider a "Universal Scale of Freight Rates for the entire United States," and the only one simple and effective, viz, of the same nature as the postal rates—that is, the same rate per pound, or per ton, over the entire country, and let natural supply and demand do the rest.

In other words, since the railway officials themselves create emergency rates, and have no cause to complain of the increased business or dividends, why not make these permanent all over the Union? If a bushel of potatoes can be sent out from Utah or Colorado for 5 cents as emergency rates, why should a shipper South pay 10 cents when he desires to ship? If 1,000 feet of lumber can be sent into Georgia from New England as cheaply as from Texas, why not let it come from Oregon for the same rate? This meddling with supply and demand is just a complex system of pure graft which is designed to mystify the public, and I venture to say that so much clerk hire and wages of expert bookkeepers would be eliminated by its entire abolition that the railroad companies would be glad of the change.

A universal scale of rates, founded on the simple plan of equal privilege to all shippers, to any point in the United States, would require fewer clerks. If the corporations howl louder and louder over this proposition, we may rest assured that we have at last found the legal range and have fired the fatal shot to explode their balloon. We

need only to array the proper public men to rally and charge and the victory will be ours.

The passenger problem is very simple because mileage can apply where the charge is by count and not by weight, but even then it is doubtful whether a rate of one cent per mile would not bring greater profits by the increased business. People would not then dread an extensive trip. Railroad experts have even admitted as much.

Sounding the Alarm

J. L. Springston, Vian, I. T.

You and your correspondents say some pretty good things and at times rather harshly, and go unquestioned. Your Magazine I prefer to all else to read. I suppose it is arguing for the masses instead of the classes, but the masses will have to rise in their might and act aggressively before the existing evils are corrected. Take the trust and syndicate combines, and go after them to see and learn from them how they are conducted and managed in their system of illegal graft and every conceivable means is placed as a bar to avoid publicity, or even explain conditions.

The people here are becoming convinced that the attack on this money power is simply a sham, done to ease them off, even unto paying in money for their knowing and intentional violation of law.

The President says the trusts, combines and syndicates are violating the law openly and above-board, as we understand it, and the masses are paying for it. Imagine the millions of money flowing to the coffers of the powerful money sharks, and the press exposing the system. At the same time the leaders of the Government announcing to the world that all is well and the Kangaroo hangs high. If the Government fails to correct the evils existing as alleged, then who? The governed? Who can blame the masses for complaining and, too, when our postal system is daily burdened with a lot of "watered stocks"; Rome rose high and then fell hard.

France rose high and then fell hard. Who next of the high and low?

Worthy Inquiry

R. D. Peters, Fayetteville, Ark.

Won't you be the first to call attention to the great number of murders being committed by railroad thugs? These murders are of daily occurrence, the victims being mostly young men who, in the general demoralization from the privileged ownership and enjoyment of public functions, think that they, too, must beat their way over the roads. But should they be murdered for this? And with an almost daily note of these victims by the press there is never a suggestion as to the cause, never a suspicion noted, no accusation, no warning. It is impossible to think of such a state of affairs in any other civilized country.

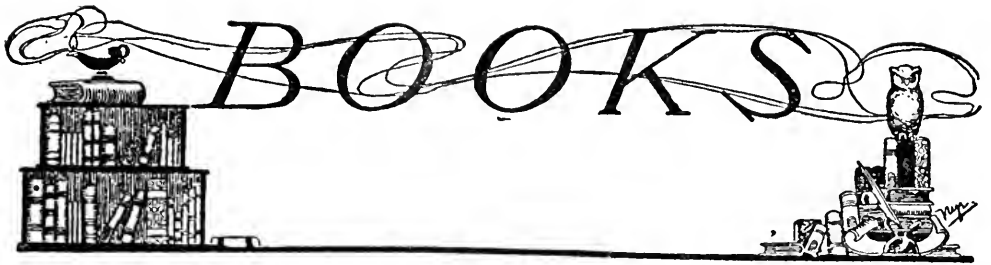
A Striking Scheme

E. C. McDowell, Seattle, Wash.

I suggest as a means of getting the people together in a people's party in favor of equal rights to all and special privileges to none—a party in favor of a government by and for the people—that the people, irrespective of former party affiliation in every county in the United States, meet on a fixed day in June, 1907, and select delegates (let the delegation be as large as possible) who will meet in their respective State capitals on the Fourth of July, 1907. Then let the Declaration of Independence be read to the convention. Have orators to show how far we have departed from the principles of this immortal document. Then pass suitable resolutions in favor of restoring this Government to its simple primitive administration, declaring that this shall no longer be a government of a class and for the behalf and benefit of a class.

Also let these conventions send delegates to a national Fourth of July convention to be held in 1908, or a people's convention to be held earlier.

It seems to me that this would be a grand way of celebrating the Fourth of July, and that this would stir and wake the people as nothing else would.



We are doing a new thing in book reviewing. We intend to make this Department interesting to ANY reader. Those who review books for us must pass literary and technical judgment on them for the guidance of our readers, and they are free to express their personal views, for we do not believe in muzzling honest opinions. But they must do something more—they must make their reviews into really interesting general reading. No one can make a learned work on finance very exciting for a woman who loathes the subject, nor a book on political economy into a charming fairy-tale for children—easy as it may seem in some cases. But by selecting BOOKS OF ALL KINDS, by reprinting short, interesting things from them, by telling enough of their contents to seize and hold the attention, by quoting bright and witty sayings, and by always searching for what will make good general reading, we believe it possible to make this Department a feature for one and all.

THE EDITORS.

White Fang. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

A few years ago a multitude of people read "The Call of the Wild" with surprised and delighted enthusiasm. To many of them it must seem impossible that Mr. London could sound the same note again with so nearly the same freshness and vigor as he has just done in "White Fang." Once more the scene is laid along the rivers of Alaska, close to the heart of primeval nature, once more it is a story of a dog subjected to the rival influences of civilization and "the Wild." The former tale dealt with the return of a dog to his ancestors, the wolves; the new story describes the development and the adventurous life of a wolf that is one-fourth dog, and his slow recall to domestic life. The theme, after all, is a truth great enough to fill many books, since this struggle between the tendency toward civilization and the tendency toward reversion is the basis of all cultivation and development in the plant and animal worlds.

As a story "White Fang," with its graphic description of Arctic life, with its atmosphere of adventure, has the

simple truth, the dramatic quality and the charm of the earlier tale.

M. D. H.

A Lady of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

"A Lady of Rome" owes its chief interest to the fact that, unlike Mr. Crawford's earlier novels of Italian life, it pictures certain phases in the Roman society of today. The story, which opens with the always depressing situation of a lady loving one man and married to another, manages to work itself out very happily with few complications other than the psychological ones in the heroine herself. The characters are few compared to the number that fill "Saracinesca" and the other tales of the Roman families of which they are the modern representatives. The rising national spirit of Italy is constantly suggested. Even the automobile adds its touch of modernity to this pleasing tale. "Morally," Mr. Crawford says, "motoring is probably a good rather than an evil. People who live in constant danger of their lives are usually much more honest and fearless than those who dawdle

through an existence of uneventful safety."

M. D. H.

Gray Mist. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated in color from paintings by the author. Harper & Brothers. New York. \$1.50.

All that is Celt in us must always respond to anything concerning Brittany, that stronghold of Celtic tradition and of Celtic feeling which keeps it a country forever separate, forever rebellious, under French dominion. The passionate spirit of the Bretons, their splendid virtues, the picturesqueness of their customs and dress, the eerie charm of their folklore are sympathetically expressed in "Gray Mist," a tale of the fisher-people of Brittany. And through it all is the undercurrent of the sea—the terrible human character, with its wild fury, its strange calm, its treacherous mists, that the sea has for the folk of these rocky coasts whose lives depend upon its favor.

The story concerns itself with the fortunes of a child whom the tide carries away as he lies asleep, where his nurse has carelessly left him, in a box used to hold sardine baskets. He is rescued by a fisherman whose young wife is nearly crazed by the drowning of her own babe some time before and is instantly accepted by the young mother as the answer to her vow to Saint Yvon, Restorer of the Lost Ones. She had sought the favor of the saint by fashioning in his honor a tiny boat of one of her Sunday sabots of beechwood.

The masts were of furze branches stripped of their thorns. The yard-arms were her best knitting needles; her wedding apron of silver and azure brocade furnished the sails, and fine ropes of her own golden hair she used as cordage; while the prow of this fairy craft bore the cross of the mother's rosary.

The quaintness of this fancy is characteristic of the folklore with which the book abounds. Brittany is *par excellence* the land of miracles,

as the author says, superstition is in the air that the people breathe. *Pierre*, the youth, is struck with horror at a sudden resemblance of his young wife to Ahes, the Lady of Ker-Ys. Even the cure murmurs an exorcism at the vision of Lestr ar Vassen, the pest ship, as *Pierre* describes it.

There is a beautiful description of a Breton wedding ceremony, of the Pardon, that famous religious festival of Brittany, and, among many others worthy of notice, a picture of the Breton smugglers worshiping their patron saint that has a decided flavor of Scott.

But it is naturally of Pierre Loti that we are most constantly reminded. Ill omen, before which the stoutest hearts in Brittany recoil, follows *Pierre* from the moment of the first deception of his foster-mother to the dramatic one in which his parentage is revealed and the terrible consequences of learning it too late lead him to give himself manfully to a life that shall continue and end upon the sea, under the gray mist.

M. D. H.

Casual Essays of the Sun: Editorial Articles on Many Subjects, Clothed With the Philosophy of the Bright Side of Things. Published by Robert Grier Cooke, New York.

If one were to make a list of the institutions germane to American life, by all means the New York *Sun* would have to be included. And it was a happy thought of the publisher to put into cloth covers a collection of *Sun* editorials, "that have appeared in the last twenty years, from which those of ephemeral interest, or of a controversial nature, have been excluded." The book is a cozy and full-chested fireside companion with whom to make journeys of fancy in many fields and far. At this season one cannot do better than quote the *Sun's* dictum on a question agitating many minds of childhood, and some, perchance, whose doubts are different, but not the less perplexing:

"IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?"

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the *Sun*:

"DEAR EDITOR: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so.' Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?"

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

"115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age.

"They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus.

"The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor

men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart.

"Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

R. D.

Great Riches. Charles W. Eliot, LL. D.
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Considered from a standpoint purely philosophical the recent essay on "Great Riches," by the president of Harvard University, possesses the double merit of importance and attractiveness. President Eliot always writes lucidly and with a certain charm of aloofness; in addition, there is real thought behind his utterances. In this book he makes no pretense of solving our economic problems, but what he does say should induce a certain intellectual temper in the minds of those who believe that a better understanding of the subject of wealth must be an aid along the tortuous path of all reform. We cite the following:

"Satisfactions not Dependent on Wealth.

"All thinking men and women get the main satisfaction of life, aside from the domestic joys, out of the productive work they do. It is therefore a pertinent inquiry, What occupations are open to the very rich, occupations from

which they can get solid satisfaction? In the first place, they can have, on a large scale, the satisfaction which accompanies the continuous accumulation of property. This satisfaction, however, is fortunately a very common one. The man or the woman who earns five or six hundred dollars a year and lays up a hundred dollars of his income may enjoy this satisfaction to a high degree. It is a serious error to suppose that satisfaction in the acquisition of property is proportionate to the amount of property acquired. A man can be as eager and pleased over the accumulation of a few hundred dollars as he can be over a few millions; just as it may be much more generous for one man or woman to give away five dollars than it is for another to give away five hundred thousand. That is the reason that property is so secure in a democracy. Almost everybody has some property; and the man who has a little will fight for that little as fiercely as the man who has a great deal. The passion for accumulation is doubtless highly gratified in the very rich man's case; and there is apparently a kind of pride which is gratified by the possession of monstrous sums merely because they are monstrous, just as some people seem to be gratified by being twitched through space at the rate of fifty miles an hour because it is fifty and not twenty. This well-nigh universal desire to acquire and accumulate is, of course, the source of the progressive prosperity of a vigorous and thrifty race. It provides what is called capital. The very rich man has unquestionably much more capacity in this direction than the average man. He accumulates on a much larger scale than the average man, and in all probability, although his satisfaction is not proportionate to the size of his accumulations, he gets somewhat more satisfaction from this source than the man whose accumulations are small.

"To build a palace at fifty years of age in city or country, and maintain it handsomely for his family, seems to be a natural performance for a very rich man. It is interesting to build a

palace, and it affords some temporary occupation, but it is incredible that this achievement should give as much pleasure to the owner as a young mechanic gets who has saved a few hundred dollars, and then builds a six-room cottage, to which he brings a young wife. He, being skilful at his trade, builds the cottage largely with his own hands, and she, out of her savings, provides the household linen and her own wardrobe. The achievement of the mechanic and his wife is a personal one, hallowed by the most sacred loves and hopes. The palace is the rich owner's public triumph, finely executed by hired artists and laborers. It is a personal achievement only in an indirect way."

Other suggestive topics of the essay are "The Children of the Very Rich," "The World's Attitude Toward Rich Men," "Publicity a Safeguard for Wealth," and "No Abiding Class of Rich Men." If space allowed, one might cull from any or all of these. This additional quotation must suffice:

"Aids to Health.

"In the care of health—their own and that of those they love—very rich people have certain indisputable advantages, although they also suffer from peculiar exposure to the diseases consequent on luxury and ennui. Thus, they are under no necessity of enduring excessive labor, but can order their daily lives so as to avoid all strains and excesses in work. Moreover, if any physical evil befall them or those they love, they can procure all possible aids in the way of skilled attendants and medical or surgical advice; and they can procure for themselves and their families any advised change of scene or climate, and procure it at the right moment and in the most comfortable way. Lord Rosebery has pointed out that this freedom to spend money for aids in case of sickness or accident is the chief advantage the rich man has over the poor man: but it should be observed that one need not be very rich in order to procure these advantages in case of illness or accident. Moreover, remedies for disease are a

poor substitute for health. The ability to pay for any amount of massage is an imperfect compensation for the loss of enjoyable use of the muscles in work and play, or for the exhaustion of the nervous system. No one who has had large means of observation can have failed to see that the very rich are by no means the healthiest and most vigorous members of the community. The uneducated rich seem to be peculiarly liable to medical delusions, perhaps because their wealth enables them to try in quick succession all sorts of expensive cure-alls and quackeries. Their wealth has its own disadvantageous effects on their bodies. Thus, the keen pursuit of wealth is often exciting and exacting; to keep and defend great wealth is sometimes an anxious business; and if great riches bring with them a habit of self-indulgence and of luxurious living in general, it is well-nigh certain that the self-indulgent and luxurious person will suffer bodily evils which his plain-living neighbors will escape. Of course a wise rich man may escape all these perils of luxury. He may keep himself in good physical condition by all sorts of outdoor sports. He may do as the Duke of Wellington is said to have habitually done—provide elaborate French dishes for his guests at dinner, and himself eat two plain chops and a boiled potato; but such an habitual self-protection requires an unusual amount of will-power and prudence. Health being the chief blessing of life after the domestic affections, the fact that very rich people have no advantage over common people in respect to keeping their health, but rather are at a disadvantage, suggests strongly that there is a formidable discount on the possession of great riches."

On the whole the book is of rare tonic quality. It is small and inexpensive, good to read on a day of depression; to re-read and ponder on in the meditative hours of evening. It would be interesting to have a companion essay, from the same author, on the subject of "Poverty." R. D.

Tales from Herodotus. H. A. Havell. Illustrated, T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

No book is so valuable as a gift for the youthful reader as that in which the story is based on historical fact and tradition. The child that makes first acquaintance with history in this captivating manner acquires a love for the study which makes it always one of the easy branches. In so handy and attractive a book as this one he gets to know the real story of Cræsus and Cyrus, and others of whom he will read in allusion all his life long.

All the wonderful happenings of far-away epochs, veiled in the twilight of tradition, will become part of the real world to him. The moral of it all will loom vague and undistinguished, but the prowess of his heroes, their voyages by sea and land, their battles and sieges, their sorrows and their triumphs, will be indelibly fixed in his mind, to form the treasure-house of the memory of youth. These "Tales from Herodotus" are simply and directly told, with a goodly array of illustrations. R. D.

The Romance of John Bainbridge.

By Henry George, Jr. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

A political novel, delicately pointing out a way for our multi-millionaires to avoid the disgrace of dying rich without building libraries or endowing hospitals and colleges. A political novel teaching without preaching. A political novel, yet cleverly disguised as a love story.

Few authors succeed in making a readable "purpose" novel, especially if the purpose be to teach a lesson in political economy or politics. Some—in fact most—adopt a sort of sandwich method, using a few paragraphs of romance to connect essays on the subject to be taught. Sometimes, as in Bellamy's "Equality," the essays are dressed up as dialogue; at other times, as in Wells's "In the Days of the Comet," the story is told in the first person, and he indulges in long moralizations on present day evils; in other stories an unseen chorus at your elbow

lets you into the secret and preaches long sermons for your particular benefit.

Mr. George has wisely avoided the sandwich method. He has written a romance which only incidentally reveals the crooked methods adopted by owners of public service corporations to debauch city government.

John Bainbridge had, at the age of eighteen, quarreled with his father and left home. The father, proprietor of the Bainbridge Art Window and Mosaic Works, in New York, had the artistic temperament. "He lived in the world of art and all things else seemed trifling or sordid." John had no ambition to be an artist; "he wanted to rove." So he left home and struck out for the West.

For a year or two his life was a hard one; he was little better off than the veriest hobo. But finally "good fortune brought him under the eyes of an able and prosperous lawyer, named Swayne (in, say, Seattle), who was making vigorous and successful opposition to the avaricious demands" of a big railroad company. Bainbridge went into Swayne's office, studied law, was admitted to practice. The two made great headway against the corporation. They became powerful among the people.

The inevitable happened. Swayne was engaged as special counsel by the railroad, with a handsome retainer. Bainbridge opened an office for himself and took up Swayne's old fight. In time the railroad came to him with a retainer—but he rejected it with scorn.

"Bainbridge was at that time only twenty-four. For the next five years he piled success upon success, until at twenty-nine he had become a distinguished lawyer and as famous a champion of popular rights in opposition to monopoly as Swayne formerly had been."

His father was now nearly sixty and John determined to go back to New York and help him in his declining years, "but arriving, he quickly realized that . . . his father was

hale and hardy, needed no help from him, and, having narrowed visions and ways more set, was incapable of sharing his expansive range of view, arising from the roving, adventurous Western life."

He opened a law office, but was chagrined to learn that his "brilliant Western successes had not been heard of, or, if heard of, were valued at nothing." New York is not Seattle. A year had gone by and John had accomplished nothing. He had built up a "charity" practice—but little else. He had no "pull."

Sitting in his father's office one October afternoon John was reviewing his life failure and had about decided to return to the West. A message was delivered for his father—who was out at the time—and John, assuming that it related to important business, opened it. It was from Victor Arlington, of a big firm of Wall Street bankers, announcing that a young artist, Jessica Long, would shortly call on the window-maker with designs for illuminated windows; that Bainbridge, senior, should spare no pains in executing the work, and that Arlington would indorse for the pay.

Of course, Jessica Long was soon thereafter ushered into the art window office, else this story might not have been written. John was puzzled; he seemed to remember her face—he could not tell where he had seen her. She had come with her drawings. The interview was short; Bainbridge, senior, was out; she would call next day.

Of course, it was love at first sight. It always is. So we need not recount, as the author has done so well, the various incidents which prove that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

John while in Seattle had successfully acquitted a young man, Cavanaugh, charged with murder. The elder Cavanaugh, Tiger leader in the Seventh Assembly District, had, after much searching, discovered Bainbridge's office and tried to pay him for what he had done for the son. John would accept no fee. Then Cavanaugh ot-

ferred him the nomination for Alderman. John, after much persuasion, accepted. He was elected.

Meantime John had called at Jessica Long's studio. One day he told her his intention to block the Fenn terminal grab. Fenn had gobbled up and consolidated the street railways. Now he wanted a franchise for a huge railroad terminal. It was an outright steal of public values—and John determined to prevent it. He did not know that Jessica Long, artist, was Jessica Long Fenn at home, else he might have been more careful; he might have refrained from calling Fenn a robber and thief. But how could he know that the girl he loved was daughter of the man he had resolved to fight as the arch-enemy of society? No well-regulated story would permit such knowledge!

Jessica Fenn knew nothing of her father's business affairs. She believed him a much maligned man. Yet she loved John, notwithstanding his harsh words regarding her father. Election over, inauguration had passed, and the Fenn ordinance came up. John had fought it unsuccessfully through two readings, but had stirred up popular clamor to the point that the ordinance's backers were afraid to try a third reading and it remained unfinished business.

Fenn used his daughter to trick John into going to Boston to interview a Fenn briber, who was addicted to periodical drunks, and when intoxicated would boast of his crooked work for Fenn. While John was at Boston the ordinance was taken up for passage. Jessica and her father attended the council meeting. Fenn addressed the committee. Jessica, in the gallery, overheard her father's attorney offering a hostile Alderman \$25,000 for his vote. She was appalled.

Bainbridge returned from Boston and in a most dramatic manner reached the council chamber and cast his vote against the ordinance. But it passed by one vote—the vote of Fitzgerald, who had been bought at the last moment, believing John had deserted and sold out.

The deed was done. Fenn and his daughter quarreled. She refused to go home with him. She and John met and he reproached her for tricking him into going to Boston—then turned on his heel and left her. Jessica went to live with her aunt.

Fenn was quite heartbroken by his daughter's desertion. He went up into Vermont, to his old summer home—his home town of years ago. He paid off the church debt. He bought up the street-car lines, electric lights and waterworks and presented them to the city, to be operated by the municipality.

Bainbridge had again determined to go West. He had failed. The girl he loved was false. He would resign and have young Cavanaugh his successor as Alderman.

But Cavanaugh the elder had decided that John should be the Tiger nominee for Mayor. And about that time Fenn, from his Vermont retreat, wrote John that he would transfer to the City of New York all his ownership in the terminal franchise and the street-car lines of that city, if the citizens would elect as Mayor "one to whom it would be safe to intrust the large and complicated property interests" involved, intimating that John had shown himself to be such a man.

"And when the sun had sunk and the moon had risen Jessica asked her lover if he would go and sit with her among the roses. She put a silken scarf about her shoulders and went forth into the moonlight with him.

"Fenn saw them melt into the silvery night. 'There go Laura and Frederick,' he said softly to himself."

C. Q. D.

Richard Elliott, Financier. By George Carling. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A novel of "high finance"—the "System" depicted by Thomas W. Lawson—disguised as the autobiography of one Richard Elliott, who began business life as stenographer to the president of the Granbury Furniture Company, and in a remarkably short

time rose to the millionaire ranks, finally became so strong and shrewd as to lock horns successfully with the all-powerful "Standard Wool Company," but eventually fell a victim of that organization through the secret work of his illegitimate son, Paul.

The devious methods employed by those in "frenzied finance," the trickery, unfaith, hypocrisy, are well depicted, although, in the opening chapters at least, there is a flippant tone in telling the story which rather jars on one. We expect the frank confession of a knave, of course, but the sanctified smirk of Elliott, Sunday-school teacher, and his sly winks as he naively tells of eavesdropping and other anti-social practices, seem rather overdone. It is difficult to point out the discordant note—but it is there.

The later chapters tend to correct this blemish of an otherwise very interesting story—especially interesting in these "muck-raking" days, when everyone is greedy to learn all the inner workings of high finance. As a work of fiction it is more varied and rather truer to life than Howe's "Confessions of a Monopolist"; but the latter, by constant hammering on the vital point, perhaps leaves a more lasting impression of the basic facts upon which the theory of "getting something for nothing" is founded.

Young Elliott's typewriter was in a little office next the president's room. The former, a close student of the Young Man's Adviser, was anxious to learn; so he "unscrewed a disused gas-bracket in the wall next to the president's room, bored the hole clear through, so that it came just below the top of his roll-top desk." This he called "my educational spigot."

One day he overheard a meeting of the board of directors through this "spigot." It was evident that some agreement was reached to "bear" the company's stock (without seriously injuring the factory) and buy out the little fellows for a song. The directors solemnly agreed not to sell a share themselves. After the others had left the president, Blinkendorf, wrote an

order to his brokers to sell 2,000 shares and gave the letter to Elliott for mailing. Elliott managed to open the letter secretly and copy its contents. Then he went to Raddle, one of the scheming directors, with his story.

Raddle was, of course, indignant, but resolved to teach Blinkendorf a lesson. He advised young Elliott to keep silence and to sell the five shares the young man had bought previously. This was done. The upshot of Raddle's plans was that Blinkendorf got pinched for \$80,000, Raddle made almost as much, and Elliott cleaned up \$1,700. He had had aspirations to buy out a small grocery, and had previously approached Raddle for a "loan" of \$500. After the stock-gambling experience, however, he experienced a change of mind and told Raddle he believed he'd stay right on at the furniture company's office. Raddle, having given him a check for \$500, said:

"Better go into the groceries, my boy. I don't think that the company will appreciate your peculiar character and energies in the future."

But he did not "go into the groceries." He was ruined for that. So Raddle gave him a letter of introduction to one Lewis, a broker in New York. He called upon Lewis and after an extended conference the twain bought out a small tool factory at Weybourne for \$2,500 and capitalized it for \$100,000, Lewis furnishing an old worthless patent as basis for the stock watering. In a year or two they had almost wrecked the concern and Elliott sold his interest and quit \$50,000 to the good.

After that his rise was rapid. Soon after selling out of the tool factory he fell madly in love with Helen Tompkins, while on a vacation visit with his cousin, Peleg Cheever, but just as he was on the verge of marrying her certain investigations into the Weybourne Tool Company's business made him think it desirable to take a longer vacation out in Indiana. At the last moment Raddle decided to go, too.

Out in the Indiana town where they went were "several small street rail-

ways that were in excellent condition for consolidating and financing." We need not recite the story of how those small lines were actually consolidated, and how Elliott secretly robbed his co-thieves—for the author has told it well. Young Elliott came out with a million dollars clear and soon had it trebled. Then his thoughts again turned toward marriage—but not with pretty Helen Tompkins. Not for Richard! He wooed and won plain Elfrida Rainsford, daughter of a very wealthy capitalist and speculator. Elfrida had three-quarters of a million in her own right, too; and her father was hand-in-glove with Elliott in several promoting schemes.

Elfrida proved to be a good wife, kind, gentle and affectionate. She bore him a crippled son who died in boyhood. But Elliott was too much engrossed with the game of high finance to be either father or husband. He was simply a money-making machine.

After making a successful raid on the Standard Wool Company Elliott began to think himself invincible. He branched out in numerous ways.

Paul Markley, who had been in Elliott's office for several years, was now in the wool company's employ, and was regularly giving Elliott inside information of what the company was secretly planning to do. A despatch from Paul stated that the wool crowd "had decided to build a 600-mile extension of the Storbenville & Kenosha Railroad, clear across the Northern wilds of Michigan in Wisconsin."

Let Elliott tell how it all fell out:

"In a moment I knew what this meant—that the great company was beginning to move toward the acquisition of the immense pine timber properties through which such a railroad would run.

"As I argued this over with myself, I could not but feel keen jealousy at their entering this field. 'They have their great wool industry,' I thought, 'and their railroads, their banks and their mines, why cannot they be content to let me handle the lumber?' I did not fear that they would again

make any attempt to get my oak timber interests from me. I felt that their object was to consolidate and control all the pine output. But I wanted that myself. Its acquisition had been my dream for years—the unfailing object of my ambition; and my thoughts and energies had been steadily directed to the attainment of it.

"I obtained from Paul copies of the maps of the route which had been secretly made, also the reports and estimates of the surveyors. He sent me other documents which showed, without a possibility of a doubt, that the matter had been decided upon—that the bill for the charter had been prepared and would go before the next legislature. He also showed me that the Wool crowd had not yet made any extensive purchases of land in those great lumber sections, most of which were inaccessible for commercial exploitation, unless a railroad was put through them.

"I thoroughly weighed all the points before me. And so careful was I that, at my next interview with Mr. Grauman, I suggested that just such an extension of the road be made.

"He looked at me with his inscrutable eyes and said:

"A good idea, Richard! A very praiseworthy plan. But we are not yet ready to go into this. When we do begin we must be prepared to use every force at our command. We must attack this industry at all points—all along the line. I think I am right in that. It will be a great operation, Richard. Be watchful, and keep yourself ever in readiness. You will hear from me when our plans are ripe."

"Of course I knew that he was throwing wool in my eyes!—that the matter was decided, and that I was to be left in the cold. The evidence Paul had furnished me was indisputable! So I decided that I would get in ahead of Mr. Grauman! I would summon every resource I could command, and buy up so large a portion of those pine lands that he would be compelled to recognize me as a power to be reckoned with; a power to be taken into the great

monopoly which must surely result from the operation of so extensive and far-reaching a project as this new railroad—a road which would form the only outlet for the immense products of those forests.

"I knew that I should have to make enormous investments—that a man with small holdings would be but a puppet in their hands. But my courage was high. My successes had been so great and so unvarying that I now prepared for the new venture with eagerness and elation, rather than with any feelings of doubt or hesitancy.

"I had at this time upward of three millions of cash lying idle; the proceeds of sales of Consolidated Lumber stock which, following my usual custom, I had sold when the price was high, intending to purchase it back when I saw the opportunity to make depressing reports and so crowd the price down fifteen or twenty points.

"But this capital I now resolved to devote to the purchase of timber tracts on the route of the new railroad. For this purpose I sent several agents up into that district with ample funds and instructions.

"'Increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on.' As section after section of those forest lands were added to my possessions I became greedily hungry for more. I borrowed on my securities and bought more land. I borrowed on personal notes, and still bought more land. The stupendous possibilities of the pine trade overshadowed every other thing in my mind. I saw myself, in the future, the greatest timber owner in the country—probably the Lumber King of the world. A power able to dictate terms even to the great Standard Company.

"Then suddenly, in the midst of the wild soarings of my ambition, in the dreams of the future great wealth, and power and prestige coming within my grasp, a little trouble—a little question—came into my mind: 'Why were not the Wool crowd buying up land?' The time was approaching when the legislature would convene and the railroad bill should go in. The moment

this occurred—the moment such a project was made public—those lands would double in value! Yes, perhaps triple, or quadruple! Why were not the Wool crowd buying? Why this delay?

"Within the hour that this thought occurred to me I was in a fever of anxiety and doubt. I spent the night in closely examining Paul's statements, and the evidence he had given to support those statements. I found nothing to doubt—no ground for suspicion—but my fears which had come so suddenly would not down. I telegraphed to Paul—in cipher, of course—asking why the Wool Company was not buying—if there were any new developments. His answer came by mail. The accursed story was before me:

"'RICHARD ELLIOTT—The time has arrived when I am prepared to give full information upon the points you inquire about. The Standard Wool Company does not now intend, nor has it ever intended, to build the extension along the route you have supposed. It will be built sixty miles south of that route. Your land is valueless!

"'When I entered your employ, seven years ago, I was aware that you were my father. Though but a boy in years I was a man in feeling and in the determination to avenge the wrongs of my mother.

"'For the past three years I have been in close communication with Mr. Grauman. Every project of yours, every investment, every detail of your business of which I gained knowledge was instantly reported to him. He has been as resolute to oust you from any share in the lumber trade as I have been to secure your ruin. It is to this end we have both worked, and worked together. Every pointer I have secretly (?) given you as to the Standard's movements has been with his knowledge. They were given for the purpose of securing your fullest confidence, in preparation for this final snare.

"'This snare was devised by myself. To me was intrusted its construction and details. Mesh after mesh was

woven in Mr. Grauman's office, and then thrown around you.

"The close familiarity I recently had with your affairs, added to the splendid espionage of the Standard system, gives us certain knowledge of your present standing, and assures us that your ruin is complete. Your securities, both of Consolidated Lumber and Etna Implement stock, are pledged, and the proceeds tied up in a vast tract of unproductive forest. Years hence those lands may show some value—but you will not reap it. Long before any realization can be had your notes will fall due and your mortgages be foreclosed. You have reached your end!

"Perhaps if, when I first came in contact with you, you had proven to be a different man; had showed any qualities—any possession even—of heart, my feelings would have softened. Perhaps, if I had learned that your youth had been marked by any intemperance of habit—impetuosity of feeling—carelessness of results—errors of the head alone, in short, anything that was human I might have been won over by other qualities you now possess which are not without a certain charm.

"But your career has been one of unqualified selfishness and calculating devilishness. Not one human motive has ever actuated your thoughts or your actions. Along the trail you have left are wrecks of lives, ruined, disgraced and dishonored. The death of my mother, the suicides of others, are but mile-stones in your journey of success. The end of that journey has come!

"It is to yourself you owe the terrible efficiency of the trap in which you are caught. Your training of myself has been emphasized by your approval and encouragement of such traits as I have inherited from you. A resourcefulness of cunning; a law-abiding and law-perverting strategy; an ingenuity in the distortion of wrong to appear right—these are my inheritances. For them I have to thank you. And to their exercise, backed by my never-

failing patience, by my ever-present memory of your crime against my mother, you owe the position in which you are now placed.

"Your friends are only friends of your wealth, and will disappear with it. We know that no opportunity will be afforded you to regain one step of the position you have lost—that your future career will probably be confined to the peddling of cheap suburban lots and petty insurance.

"With it all, you can console yourself that it is still your own handiwork—that the brain which devised this net and the hand which pulled the strings were sired and trained by yourself—in

'THE SON OF HELEN MARKLEY.'

"As I read, the words were of fire, searing my brain, blistering and shriveling my heart; turning my blood into a boiling, maddening torrent. I dashed my chair back into a corner and broke into a frenzy of horrible invective. A madness of horror, despair and rage overwhelmed me. I dashed another chair against my desk, smashing it to splinters. And when my secretary rushed into the room I turned upon him with fearful blasphemings, and ordered him to fetch me brandy. Then I collapsed!

"For weeks afterward I raved in delirious and incoherent ramblings. I talked with the dead rather than the living. I saw jeering crowds of ruined men—wrecks of commerce—welcoming me to their ranks. Sometimes my wife's cool hand would press gently on my forehead and she would say something, but I called her Helen Markley, cursing her, and bade her note the specimen of a boy she had brought into the world.

"Then, when the fever left me, they wheeled me out on to the great veranda—a wreck, physically and mentally. In everything I saw 'Ruin!' The quiet river flowing through the garden formed in its little sunlit ripples the word 'Ruin!' Below, at the Falls, the busy hum of the magical wheels, in the great power-house which I had created, sang 'Ruin!' The flickering leaves on the trees—the waving twigs—

the nodding flowers—all pointed at me with derision and contempt.

"Once my wife slipped her hand into mine, and, thinking perhaps to comfort me, began in her gentle way to speak of the future—of the pitiful little shreds of fortune which might be

gathered together. But I turned from her in disgust and despair. Ever in my ears rang the bitter, sneering prediction of that ingrate: 'Peddling cheap suburban lots, and petty insurance!'"

C. Q. D.

BOOKS RESERVED FOR NOTICE

- A Short History of Modern English Literature.** Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.
- The Heart That Knows.** Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
- The Duchess of Padua; Salome: Plays** by Oscar Wilde. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York.
- The Little Colonel: Maid of Honor.** Annie Fellows Johnston. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
- Certain Delightful English Towns.** By William Dean Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3 net.
- Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley.** Written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2 net.
- When Love Speaks.** By Will Payne. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.
- The Call of the Blood.** By Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah," etc. Illustrated by Orson Lowell. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.
- On the Trail of the Immigrant.** By Edward A. Steiner. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago. \$1.50 net.
- The Battles of Labor.** Being the William Levi Bull Lectures for the Year 1906. By Carroll D. Wright, Ph.D., LL.D., former United States Commissioner of Labor, president of Clark College and author of "Industrial Evolution of the United States," "Outline of Practical Sociology," etc. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1 net.
- The Story Book Girls.** By Christina Gowans Whyte. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.
- Model Factories and Villages: Ideal Conditions of Labor and Housing.** By Budgett Meakin, Lecturer on Industrial Betterment and author of "The Moorish Empire," etc. With 209 illustrations, many of them from the author's camera. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.
- America's Awakening.** The Triumph of Righteousness in High Places. By Philip Loring Allen. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago. \$1.25 net.
- Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers.** By Wallace Irwin. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50 net.

NO man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.—*Abraham Lincoln.*



As in "Letters from the People" we have the free voice of the people themselves on the questions of the day, so in this Department we have the voice of perhaps the greatest influence upon public opinion—the press. The newspapers of the country both form and follow public sentiment. Too many of them are controlled or owned outright by the great moneyed interests or the two great political parties; and their opinions, like their souls, are not their own. On the other hand, many are essentially independent and fearless. All, good and bad alike, must eventually at least approximate public opinion.

We give here the sayings not only of the larger papers throughout the country, but of the smallest. The small town papers and the country weeklies are a tremendous factor in national affairs, and their influence is not to be overlooked.

THE EDITORS.

People Want Results

In the minds of lots of people the Republicans "scatter" too much. Roosevelt is now playing to the grandstand with a talk about an inheritance tax. And still the trusts are doing business in the same old way. The people are not getting sore at the principles and changes advocated by Roosevelt, but rather feel that he is simply tantalizing them with the possibility of all these reforms. The average person does not want someone to play to the grandstand, telling them what would be good for them. They know that. What they do want is someone to enforce the laws that will give them the needed reforms that the Republicans have been promising for the past several years.—*Independent, Burlington, Kan.*

Army and Navy

Armies and navies are expensive; we need farmers more than we need soldiers; we need merchant ships more than we need battleships. The Civil War demonstrated that it does not take long to make a first-class fighting man of the American citizen, and there are 10,000,000 such ready to fight in a quarrel with a stranger. The only Power that is at all likely to give us

serious trouble is Japan, and she will not undertake it until she shall think herself strong enough to order all the other white folks out of her neighborhood. That will be generations hence and need give us no concern. Our business is to make money, not to engage in war. We have an immense territory right here in the Republic that is yet virgin and the demand is for laborers, not soldiers.—*Record, Kiowa, Col.*

The Tariff Responsible

While President Roosevelt is hitting the trusts he should remove his pillow-mitts and go bare-knuckled after their father, the tariff. That is what the country wants and needs. Give the Dingley monstrosity a knockout blow and the trusts can be reached and controlled.—*News, Dana, Ind.*

Organized Labor

Organized labor wishes our country to lead the world in industrial production, in morality, in religious liberty, in the conception of all that makes men noble, women beautiful and children bright and happy. Organized labor appeals for aid to accomplish emancipation from industrial injustice, to establish brotherhood, to help make each

day brighter than that which has gone before, for your sympathy and co-operation that countless millions yet unborn will rise up and say your name is blessed.—*Gage County Herald, Beatrice, Neb.*

Note This Well

The Populists have held a convention of their national committee, and National Chairman Ferriss, of Illinois, delivered an address, in which he laid claim to such eminent statesmen and publicists as Theodore Roosevelt, Robert M. La Follette, Thomas W. Lawson, William Jennings Bryan, Governor Folk and William R. Hearst as exemplars of Populist principles.

Is it a vain boast this man has made? If there had been no Populist Party in 1896, would there have been a railroad rate bill in 1906? We doubt it! If there had not been 2,000,000 voting Populists ten years ago, would the recent assaults have been made on trusts and monopolists in the courts? Would we have had the beef scandal, or the insurance investigation, or the Pennsylvania Railroad exposures, or a prosecution of various other trusts, if Jerry Simpson had not chased the octopus on the prairies of the West and Tom Watson had not pursued it under the genial sun and starry skies of the South, when the last panic sent cotton down to five cents, and corn was cheaper than coal for fuel in Kansas?

The Populist Party was a perfectly natural and a perfectly inevitable affair—the child of paternalism. It threw both parties into fits, and its "principles" are "writ large" in the United States statutes. The next Republican platform will point with pride to the achievements of the G. O. P. that were inventions of the Populist Party. It is somewhere written to this effect, "He needs must go that the devil drives"; and the Populist Party, sitting on the box, has been driving the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey at a terrific, a frightful gait ever since 1891, and the national old carryall was never making such speed as it is right now.

There is no telling what sort of roads it will skiddoo over when the Sixtieth Congress shall set about the grand and indispensable game of solonizing in this town some year and a half hence.

It is useless to deny it—the Populist Party is vindicated and accorded the sincere flattery of imitation by both the other parties.—*Post, Washington, D. C.*

Effects of Tariff

The condition of the New York stock market has for some weeks been occasioning great concern throughout the country; there is entirely too much of a downward tendency manifest to suit the speculators, and it is feared by many that a great slump, as they call it, is in sight. The feature which will interest the outside world is the fact that this decline is attributed to the withdrawal of trade by countries which are becoming hostile to us because of our tariff restrictions, and if this conclusion is correct, there is no favorable reaction hoped for. We have probably reached the point where we will be compelled to tear down our tariff fences if we want to do business with the outside world.—*Democrat, Vandalia, Ill.*

Ghouls

Senator La Follette has been systematically hazed by the Senate, which has endeavored to teach him to know his place. Every amendment he has offered to the rate bill has been laid on the table by the Senate, just to show the new senator that he cannot hope to be recognized as a political power in the Senate until he has served a proper length of time there. No better amendment, however, has been introduced in the rate discussion than that of Senator La Follette, when he sought to include the express companies in the provisions of the rate bill. He had figures from the War Department which showed that \$300,000 of the appropriation for the California sufferers went into the pockets of the express companies. He also showed that the express companies had charged the Government full rates for all of

the supplies sent to San Francisco after the earthquake and fire, and the Government was forced to submit, owing to the fact that the emergency was so great that freight transportation could not be waited for. There are not many institutions in the country that would have deliberately profited at the expense of San Francisco at that time, and none had so little need of it as the enormously wealthy express companies.—*Review, Ripley, N. Y.*

Secretary of State Shaw says that no man with ideas should work for the Government. At times we have almost come to the conclusion that there were, in fact, none thus employed.—*Enterprise, West Mansfield, Ohio.*

Come what will, settlement or no settlement, the robbers of the Coal Trust should be prosecuted for their violation of State and national laws until every one of the insolent criminals finds a prison cell for his habitation.—*Labor Standard, Paterson, N. J.*

As has been previously stated, now that the Government has decided to shoulder the cost of meat inspection, the packers will first deduct it from the cost of the cattle and then add it to the price of steaks.—*News, Harvey, Ia.*

Inspection from hoof to can is the slogan of the people in regard to the beef business, but a glance into hotel and restaurant kitchens suggests that inspection from hoof to table might not be wasted.—*Grayson News, Galax, Va.*

Writing of the death of Mrs. Davis the *New York Commercial* says:

With a different or an inferior woman for a wife, one can well imagine Jefferson Davis losing heart and nerve and judgment at some most critical period in the conduct of the war between the States in a way and with results that might have changed the whole current of history, military and political, of this country. As it was, she was in perfect, intelligent and militant sympathy with the cause, a ready counselor and encourager at

her husband's elbow and an ever-present inspiration.

One can hardly imagine Mr. Davis losing courage under any circumstances, but there is no questioning the fact that Mrs. Davis was a constant, never faltering help and inspiration to him in the darkest hours of his life. To the love of a good woman for a noble husband she united a devotion for the cause of the South that knew no abatement and a courage that few women possess. Just how much she was to him no one can tell, but we may easily believe that she held up his hands and strengthened his courage when both were almost gone. All sections unite in paying a tribute of honor to her name.—*Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

How Different

William J. Bryan says that a great change is coming over the people and in this he is right. A few years ago men who were advocating the same political doctrines that Bryan is preaching today were hooted from the stump, denounced as cranks, fanatics and every other vile name that their accusers could think of. Now how strange when we read an account of a great Democratic love feast in Atlanta, Ga., that leading Democrats boldly declare for government ownership and indeed every other principle that the Populists have stood for for fifteen years. And yet you want to sink and curse a man for being a Populist.—*Watchman, Cleburne, Tex.*

Psalm XXIII

The politician is my shepherd, I shall not want for anything during this campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleth my pocket with good cigars; my cup of beer runneth over. He inquireth concerning my family, even unto the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and the rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse, when he is elected straightway he forgetteth me. Although I meet him at his own house, he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over

my eyes all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of a chump forever.—*Owl, Stanberry, Mo.*

She Will

"Shall woman be given the suffrage?" asks a contemporary. Well, if the time ever comes when they can act as a unit on the subject there'll probably be no question of giving. They'll take it, as they've been taking whatever they want since the days of Eve.—*Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

Bryan and Clay

Some of the contemporaries are fond of saying that Bryan is following closely in the footsteps of Henry Clay, says the *Peoria Star*. Both were popular idols, both were candidates for the Presidency, and both were defeated because of the free expression of their opinions. The parallel, however, does not hold. Clay was defeated because he would not take a stand against slavery and he was manifestly willing to conciliate the slave power. Bryan, on the contrary, could have received the Democratic nomination, and doubtless would have been elected had he chosen to conciliate his enemies, even by keeping silent. He did not do this, but boldly entered the lists and confronted the whole push, declaring that there could be no compromise with fraud or rascality. He may not be President, but he has given evidence of purity of purpose that has made him still more of a popular idol than he was before.—*News Joliet, Ill.*

We Are Reminded

This talk of Cortelyou for Secretary of the Treasury reminds us that President Roosevelt has never publicly apologized to Judge Parker for wrongfully calling him a liar in 1904.

The circumstances of the case are perhaps fresh in the memory of the people, but they will bear repeating here briefly.

Mr. Roosevelt was the Republican candidate for President. He made

Mr. Cortelyou, who was then Secretary of Commerce and Labor, his collector of money to pay the expenses of his campaign.

Judge Parker, who was the Democratic candidate for President, publicly charged that Collector Cortelyou was getting large contributions of money from corporations.

Mr. Roosevelt immediately gave out a statement in which he branded the charge as a lie. He declared that Collector Cortelyou had assured him that not one cent had been received from the corporations by him.

It was shown by the testimony of witnesses at the investigation of the insurance business in this State that the companies had given large sums of money, which they had stolen from the widows and orphans of policyholders, to Collector Cortelyou.

Mr. Roosevelt expressed surprise and talked bravely of restitution, but none of the stolen money of which Collector Cortelyou was receiver has been given back to its rightful owners.

The apology due Judge Parker is still withheld.—*Evening Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*

Knowledge Is Money

The old saying used to be that knowledge is power. In view of recent reports on grain growing in Russia it may be just as well to modify and say that knowledge is not only power, but money as well.

The Russian peasant is one of the great wheat growers of the world. At least twice in recent years his crop has exceeded the wheat crop of the United States. The Russian wheat area is more than ten million acres larger than that of the United States, and if Russian crops equaled in yield the crops attained in Germany, for example, the Russian peasant would be able to market thirteen hundred million bushels, or more than twice as much as he has ever raised.

The Russian peasant has such poor methods of cultivation as to obtain a yield per acre of only from five to eleven bushels. The average in the

United States is fifteen and it is shown in the last report of the Government that the Russian inferiority is due to ignorance of farming methods, to the absence of good farm tools and to the system of petty landholding, which changes ownership at occasional intervals and so leaves a man without ambition to go on and improve his land as he ought to. If he were better educated he would be a better farmer, produce a better crop, and have larger returns and make more money. Clearly, knowledge is money as well as power.—*Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.*

An Early Muck-raker

In all ages and under all conditions men, while living, have been criticized unmercifully by their envious and embittered fellows, and so long as the world may stand no means will ever be invented to keep mudslingers from befouling decent people with their calumny. Those who have the idea that even such a man as George Washington could escape such criticism need only to be disabused of that idea.

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages; let the history of the Federal Government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people."—From the *Aurora*, December 23, 1796, edited by B. F. Bache, a grandson of Benjamin Franklin.—*Fort Worth Record, Tex.*

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* says, "We shall continue to stand pat on Mr. Bryan." Time was when the *Courier-Journal* considered standing on Mr. Bryan's neck standing pat on Mr. Bryan.—*Ledger, Balsam Lake, Wis.*

Rockefeller Worry

John D. Rockefeller is said to have recently expressed a sense of

worrimment as to how he should properly dispose of his vast fortune. Truly, it is a serious thought. But if Mr. Rockefeller had worried at the right time over the propriety of the ways in which he was accumulating it he would not be so disturbed as he is now by nightmares of remorse.

No doubt much of his thinking on this line is how he may compensate for the wrongs he has done. He is an old man, approaching the end of life, and it may well be believed he is harassed by the knowledge which is certainly his of how he is generally regarded by the people. The magnitude of his wealth arouses no hostility. But he is loathed, generally loathed, for the ways in which he got it.

That there is trouble on the old man's mind can be readily appreciated. His oil sells in Uniontown at fifteen cents a gallon; in Europe at less than seven cents a gallon. He is a robber of his own people and always has been. We'd like to be loafing round simply as a curious looker-on when he knocks at the gate of the pearly kingdom to see how he makes out.—*Genius, Uniontown, Pa.*

A Good Citizen?

Says the *Pittsburg Leader*: Marshall Field dodged taxes of a value to him of \$400,000 a year. According to the census of 1900 the average earnings of a skilled workingman is about \$400 a year. It thus required the earnings of 1,000 men each year to pay the deficit to the community that Marshall Field honestly owed. In other words, he took from the commonwealth of the City of Chicago, through the dishonesty of tax-dodging, the wages of 1,000 skilled workmen every year.—*Advance, Fitzgerald, Ga.*

Bryan

Nine out of every ten Democrats, when asked as to whom is their choice for candidate, will instantly place Bryan first. This only proves that he is extremely popular with the masses of the party. He also has the respect of

nine out of every ten Republicans.—*News, Dana, Ind.*

Does it Pay?

Mr. Republican, you who have always "been loyal to the party," count up and see what you have ever got for it. You voted in the circle, and talked yourself hoarse for the success of candidates you would not have trusted to feed the pigs on your own farm, and you followed the lead of men whose only interest in you was the fact that they were under contract with higher powers to "deliver So-and-so many straight votes," one of whom you were. What have you got for it? Burton. Long. Hoch. A treasury embezzlement. A crooked bond steal. A Katy railroad favor to John D. Rockefeller. Higher taxes. Unjust freight discriminations, protected by a Republican board of railroad commissioners in spite of the law. That's all. How much longer will you let a party of any kind turn mushrooms of promise into toadstools of fulfilment?—*Journal, Toadman, Kan.*

Certainly! Rockefeller says he sees "disaster in Government regulations." Of course he does. So does Jim Hill—proof that "no rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law."—*Waseca Herald, Waseca, Minn.*

True

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." No man who is financially connected with a corporation that is seeking privileges ought to act as a member of a political organization, because he cannot represent his corporation and the people at the same time. He cannot serve the party while he is seeking to promote the financial interests of the corporation with which he is connected.—*Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.*

Parcels Post

The Merchants' League of America has been organized by New York merchants to oppose any parcels-post leg-

islation, and they are at work to create public sentiment against such legislation. The establishment of a parcels-post system, similar to that of England, would be directly in the interest of the farmers, and the sentiment among them is largely in favor of such legislation.—*Texas Farmer, Dallas, Tex.*

Pot and Kettle

One of the amusing things in politics is to read in a Pennsylvania Republican newspaper a denunciation of Democratic "gangs" in that State. Some of them don't really seem to see the absurdity of a Republican talking against gang rule in that State and applying it to Democrats.—*Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

The Keynote

William R. Hearst strikes the keynote when he says: "Patriotic duty is superior to party loyalty, and a sense of public duty compels all sincere citizens to repudiate unworthy candidates for office, whether they claim to be Democrats, Republicans or Independents."—*Argus, Alpena, Mich.*

Mr. Bryan's Expenses

The Watonga Republican's last issue has several editorial paragraphs ridiculing the people for paying the expense bills so that Bryan can ride about over the country, in a private car, and talk to them. The people gladly help to pay the expense of a man who is working to better their condition. On the other hand they look with doubt and suspicion on the great Republican leaders who ride about the country in palace cars, furnished at the expense of the railroad corporations.—*Renfrew's Record, Alva, Okla.*

Prison, Not Fines

It is announced that the Government threatens to fine Standard Oil magnates \$100,000 for various violations of legal ordinances, but they don't mind that; they can make it back dead easy, just by turning the screw a little tighter on the people, and they'll "pay

the freight." So the first move of Standard Oil is to advance the price of gasoline a cent per gallon! Thus the fine will come out of the people's pockets at last. Why don't the courts, instead of fining these rich offenders, send them to the penitentiary as they do poor culprits? Then they would personally pay the penalty of their offenses.—*Tribune, Cullman, Ala.*

General Buckner, of Kentucky, is out in a lengthy interview in which he scores Bryan heavily. It will be remembered that he was the tail-end of the "Sound-money Democratic" Presidential ticket in 1896. This ticket carried one precinct in the United States—a pump station in Western Kansas where only six votes were cast—four negroes and two dagoes. What Mr. Buckner says is not liable to cause any stampedes or seismic disturbances.—*Honey Grove Signal, Honey Grove, Tex.*

The Democratic Party has been "dead" many times, but the pesky thing won't stay dead.—*Argus, Alpena, Mich.*

Hetty Green's son has decided that he will not run for the position of Governor of Texas. Under the most favorable circumstances it would cost some real money.—*Evening News, Atlanta, Ga.*

Direct Legislation

Every Republican who is in earnest in a desire to control the trusts, and every Democrat who is in earnest in a desire to bust the trusts, should be heartily in favor of the initiative, referendum and power of recall of public servants, for it is only by the direct vote of the people that the trusts can either be controlled or busted. The trusts and corporations own the party bosses, buys them at so much a head. The corporations and trusts own the legislators, pay them in attorneys' fees, etc., and it is only by direct legislation, the initiative and referendum that the people can get the laws they de-

mand, and it is only through the imperative mandate of the power of recall that the people can get rid of a rascal in office.—*Herald, Tahlequah, I. T.*

You can teach a monkey to imitate a man, but a man can imitate a monkey without any teaching. That is why so many of our working-people make monkeys of themselves on Election Day, when they should be making monkeys of the rotten politicians who use them against their own bread and butter interests.—*Enterprise, East Hartford, Conn.*

Tom Johnson has won some more three-cent car line decisions. The opponents of Cleveland's Mayor might as well lie down and let themselves be tied.—*Sun, Schaghticoke, N. Y.*

The Right Kind of Boy

Here is a sentence from President Roosevelt's speech at the York, Pa., fair: "No government can help that man who is always sitting down." And yet that is the sort of a man who is expecting most. There is an old adage that "God helps them who help themselves." The Almighty knows the law of success, and the government cannot follow a better one.

The most that a government can do is to see that no obstacles are set in the way of self-reliance—no government burdens that oppress, no corporate privilege that restricts, no discrimination that despoils. In other words—the square deal, the equal opportunity. That is the condition of self-reliance.

What a fine observation to bring home to the heart of a boy, this of Roosevelt's—the sorry fate of a boy who is "always sitting down." This is the sentiment that makes the prospect of the poor boy brighter than that of the rich boy. He cannot always be sitting down. He must be up and doing. Most of the rich men of today were poor boys; many of the poor men today were rich boys. Prosperity does not depend upon the condition; it depends upon the personality.

A poor boy, who has a high purpose and a good heart and holds onto them, is certain to be a success. At least, he cannot, like a toad, just sit around.—*Ohio State Journal, Columbus, O.*

A Doubtful Practice

President Roosevelt is said to be so anxious about conditions in Western Pennsylvania that he has had Senator Penrose in conference at the White House. It would be better for him and his party if he would keep his hands off Pennsylvania politics. A much needed job of house-cleaning is under way in the State and Penrose opposes it.—*New York World.*

Such incidents as the Penrose conference are unfortunate. They necessarily create disagreeable doubts in the minds of many of the President's admirers.—*Daily Record, Long Branch, N. J.*

Bob Taylor's Weapon

When Bob Taylor gets into the Senate he should carry his best fiddle to the daily sessions. Then, if the senators get into a wrangle, one or two of Bob's good old tunes will put them all in a good humor. The poet tells us that "music hath power to charm the savage breast," and what so good as fiddling?—*Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

The Populist Ship

The Populist Ship was scuttled by her own officers who turned pirates; these pirates scuttled the ship, but she did not sink; she became waterlogged, which impedes her progress, but she is not out of her course; the cardinal points of her compass still point the same way, and the few sturdy Populist mariners, who steadfastly refused to join the pirates, are sticking to the pumps, and this incessant labor keeps her gunwale above the water's edge; and her tattered flag of hope still flies at the main, bidding defiance to the discomfited pirates. The "Good Ship Independent" is heaving in sight, commanded by Captain Hearst, who will convoy the old Populist Ship to her desired haven in due time.

It was the officers of the Populist Ship who turned pirate, not the crew, those who had received official positions, and emoluments. The Demo-Republico Pirate Ship offered these Pop Pirates great official positions if they would scuttle the Populist Ship and join them; the Pop Pirates carried out their part of the program; but when they got the Pops aboard, instead of giving them positions on the quarterdeck, they were appointed as cooks, stewards, cook's mates, flunkies, etc., with the prospect of reaching the dignified position of "Bosun," in the sweet by and bye. Ta, ta, pirates.—*Patriarch, Seattle, Wash.*

Speaker Cannon

The *New York Press* is calling upon the Republican State Committee to send Joe Cannon and other spellbinders, who have been brought into this State to stump, back to their homes. It declares that the people here want to be educated on State issues, not national issues.

Hughes claims to be waging a campaign for decency, yet he has Cannon here calling Bryan, Hearst and other Democrats "skunks and polecats."

After being thrashed on the floor of the House of Representatives by a member who objected to obscene language used by the Illinoisan being heard by his wife, who sat in the gallery, and denied a renomination for eight years, Cannon reformed and regained his former position. Evidently he is sinking back to his level.—*Evening Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*

Kind Secretary Shaw

Secretary Shaw is nothing if not an altruist. Hear what he said in a campaign speech the other day:

"If it shall be necessary that I pay more for my clothes, more for my shoes, more for my sewing machine, more for my typewriter, more for the barbed wire used on my Iowa farm than is paid for the same articles in Europe, then I will not object so long as the products of American farms feed, and the products of American looms clothe,

and the products of American labor generally supply every need of those who produce these things thus sold abroad at reduced prices. I will consent to pay a little more than otherwise would be necessary to the end that the products of American labor shall be put on foreign markets."

What a very kind gentleman Secretary Shaw is. Personally, we don't care how much he pays for anything he buys, provided he has the money with which to pay for them. And he is reputed to have the money. We do object, however, to giving foreigners cheap products at the expense of American citizens. Every American is not as well off in the goods of this world as is Secretary Shaw. Therefore all of us cannot afford to indulge in his altruistic talk.

It is very pretty indeed to talk of the

desirability of putting the products of American labor on foreign markets. But when those products are put on foreign markets and sold there for less money than Americans are required to pay for them, something is radically wrong about the system. The Democratic theory is that the tariff is responsible for this condition, and no Republican speaker has ever successfully controverted the argument.—*Herald, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Senator Foraker's speech at the Ohio Republican convention ridiculing President Roosevelt's spelling reform is said to have saved Senator Dick from being side-tracked. It does not, evidently, require a sensible argument to convince Ohio machine Republicans, merely nerve—just nerve.—*News, Macon, Ga.*

"The Little Done, The Vast Undone"

THE little done sustaineth no man's soul;
 It knows it for an atom of a whole,
 A tiny atom scarce worth heaven's seeing,
 Or man's acclaim or e'en a moment's being;
 And this although a fellow or a State
 Hold the accomplished thing as truly great.

Nay, not the thing that's done, but what's undone
 Gives strength and comfort underneath the sun;
 The poems that the poets never write,
 Yet dream and drink through many a summer night,
 The statues chiselled when the imperial mind
 Is by no need of handicraft confined.

The vast that beckons, stoops, but never yields
 Its fuller brightness in these earthly fields—
 These are the things that lift the spirit up
 And place unto its lips the living cup.
 That give unto the soul of man the strength
 To bear with all the year's injurious length!

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

WHILE the child may be Father to the Man, the Man reserves the privilege of spanking.—*A. T. Quiller-Couch.*



FROM OCTOBER 8 TO NOVEMBER 8

For further news see under "Events of the Month" in the editorial section

Home News

October 8.—The Pennsylvania Railroad is obliged by law to sell tickets at the rate of two cents per mile, but by a ruling of its own will compel passengers who do not buy tickets before they board the trains to pay 15 per cent. of the tariff rate additional and this amount will not be refunded.

The newest trust is to be a railway equipment company, capitalized at \$100,000,000. It will furnish refrigerator and live-stock cars to the railroads. Its stock will be held by the railroads.

October 9.—In Philadelphia, Armour & Co. have been charged with illegal use of boric acid in hams, and warrants were sworn out for the arrest of their managers in that city.

Machinists on the Southern Railway lines struck yesterday for an increase in pay of 25 cents per day. The capital stock and franchise values of the railroads in the state of Illinois were assessed at \$64,411,000 in 1873. This was exclusive of the tangible property. In 1905, through neglect to assess the debt value of the companies, the assessments on capital stock and franchises had shrunken to \$2,983,850. The loss in taxes to the state in the intervening thirty years is estimated at hundreds of millions.

A new method in the letting of contracts has been decided upon by the Isthmian Canal Commission. It is new to Government contractors, but has been used

by large corporations. The contractors will receive for their profit a percentage on the cost of work, and the work will be let to the contractor who in his bid offers to accept the smallest percentage for his profit. Bids for completion of the canal work will be opened December 12. The successful bidder will have to give a bond for \$3,000,000.

October 11.—The International Policyholders' Committee protests against the New York Life Insurance Company's use of the policyholders' money to send out circulars to influence votes for the old trustees. It also charges that Thomas P. Morgan, Jr., a manager of the Mutual Life at Washington, has been traveling over the country at policyholders' expense to get endorsements of the old administration from prominent men.

The crop-reporting board of the Bureau of Statistics announces that the corn crop will be about 2,780,000 bushels, the greatest in years.

October 12.—A heavy storm has been raging on the Great Lakes for more than twenty-four hours. Much damage to fruit and trees in the sections of country near the lakes has resulted. There is a heavy frost in some of the Southern states with consequent damage to the cotton and tobacco crops.

October 13.—Our exports to Japan and China in the first eight months of 1906 were about thirty-eight

millions less in value than they were in the corresponding period of 1905. In that year they were abnormally large because of the increase in the importations of China when her ports were again opened after having been closed during much of the Russo-Japanese war.

October 14.—The President in his next message will advise Congress to enact legislation which will give more elasticity to the currency and enable the Secretary of the Treasury to regulate the supply to the demand.

In reply to the report of President Peabody of the Mutual Life Insurance Company that a saving of \$3,000,000 has been made, the manager of the International Committee declares that this is due to a loss in business and the discontinuance of padded bills since the investigation, and not to any real reforms in administration.

A new law in regard to the naturalization of foreigners will go into effect tomorrow. It provides that the applicant shall be examined before a Judge of the District Court instead of a Commissioner as before. He must show a knowledge of the laws and present a sworn statement by two witnesses that he has borne a good reputation during five years' residence in this country. At the time of taking out the first papers a detailed description of the applicant must be filed with the clerk of the court, giving height, color of hair, etc., to prevent foreigners from qualifying on papers issued to relatives.

The Department of Justice at Washington has decided to abandon the prosecution of the packing companies for violation of the trust laws.

Secretary Root's recent visit to South American countries has been very successful in promoting the friendship of those countries for the United States and in dispelling any notion they may have had

that we are willing to aggrandize ourselves at their expense.

October 15.—Three hundred Ute Indians, whose home is in Utah, are over the border in Wyoming and are making trouble there. The Indians are said to be destitute.

Sam Jones, evangelist, died suddenly today while returning from a revival in Oklahoma City. His home was in Cartersville, Ga.

October 16.—The postal department will recommend to Congress the raising of salaries of all postal employees throughout the United States. The present scale of salaries was fixed about twenty years ago when the cost of living was much less than now.

October 17.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the President of the Confederacy, died in New York last night from pneumonia. A brief service will be held at some church in New York, and then the body will be removed to Richmond, Va., to rest beside her husband.

The Reading Railway will give a 5 per cent. increase in wages to engineers, brakemen, yardmen and conductors.

The constitutionality of the eighty cent gas law passed by the last New York Legislature is before Federal courts, and the gas company claims that, in view of this fact, the courts of the state have no right to issue an injunction restraining the company from shutting off the supply to consumers who refuse to pay more than eighty cents. The Court of Appeals decides that the state court has such right and that the gas company may not enforce the payment of its \$1 rate by cutting off the supply.

The American Bankers' Association is holding a session at St. Louis. The currency reform conference passed resolutions to the effect that the present currency system is not sufficiently flexible to meet the needs of the agricultural sections and that certain changes in

banking laws are expedient. Commissioner Jay said at the convention that he would estimate the number of embezzlements in the United States as one for each day in the year.

October 18.—The Charles McCaul Company and the Penn Bridge Company, both doing construction work for the Government, have been found guilty of violating the eight-hour law, and fined.

Assistant-Attorney Charles W. Russell is appointed by the Federal Government to investigate peonage cases in the South and to prosecute those persons now under indictment.

A hurricane visits Cuba and the southern and eastern coasts of Florida. Miami suffers severely; churches, car sheds and many houses were blown down. Telegraphic communication with Havana and Miami is cut off.

Contractor Ellis is found guilty of violating the Federal eight-hour law on work at the Charlestown Navyyard.

October 19.—General Greeley is instructed by Secretary Taft to send a troop of cavalry against the Ute Indians who have wandered from their reservation and force them to go back.

The New York Life Insurance Company is sending to its policyholders ballots with the names of the candidates of the International Policyholders' Committee erased. This is a trick to get more votes for the Administration ticket. The company is also sending two ballots to men who hold two policies apparently with the hope of getting them to vote twice, although the law forbids "repeating."

October 20.—Secretary Wilson makes public the regulations under which the Pure Food and Drug Act will be enforced. They provide that the label on a product shall be attached to an original, unbroken package. Manufacturers

of proprietary foods are required to state on the label the names and percentages of the materials used. The factories where proprietary foods are manufactured must be open to inspection by the proper officers. Mineral substances of all kinds are forbidden in confectionery. The reduction of a substance to a powder to conceal inferiority in character is prohibited. The use of a geographical name shall not be permitted in connection with a food or drug not manufactured or produced in that place when such name indicates that the article was manufactured or produced in that place.

October 21.—Trouble has arisen in San Francisco over the decision of the local Board of Education to provide separate schools for all children of Oriental races, including the Japanese, and to prohibit their attendance at schools of white Americans. Japanese Ambassador Aohi carried the matter to the State Department at Washington and asked that the Japanese children have the rights which are accorded to the children of any European race. President Roosevelt will send Mr. Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to San Francisco to settle the matter diplomatically if he can, and to get and transmit to Washington full information on the subject. The Japanese contend that the treaty of 1894 has been violated. This treaty provides that the subjects of each country shall enjoy in the territories of the other the same liberties, privileges and rights as its subjects.

When the knowledge of the exclusion reached Tokio the newspapers there started an agitation which caused a decided anti-American feeling and produced the firm attitude of Japan, as expressed by her Ambassador here.

The coming session of Congress will be watched by the "People's

Lobby," a civic reform movement. The object of the bureau in Washington is to scrutinize legislation in Congress and keep a record of the work done there. Members hope to make this bureau permanent.

October 22.—Joseph R. Burton, ex-senator from Kansas, entered jail today to serve a six months' sentence for using his influence as senator to prevent the Rialto Grain and Securities Company from being denied the use of the mails.

October 23.—The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen present demands for a reduction of their working day from ten hours to eight, wages to remain the same. This demand is made upon all lines west of Buffalo and Pittsburg. The committees of the Brotherhood ask the officers of the railroads to hold a conference with them within ten days. If the eight-hour day is not granted then, a general strike and tie-up may follow.

When Attorney-General Moody resigns from the Cabinet the President will appoint Oscar S. Straus Secretary of Commerce and Labor to succeed Victor H. Metcalf. Mr. Straus was appointed Minister to Turkey by President Cleveland, and is now a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague. He is the first Hebrew to be appointed to the Cabinet. The following is a list of Cabinet officers as they will be filled after Mr. Moody's resignation:

Secretary of State, Elihu Root; Secretary of the Treasury, George B. Cortelyou; Secretary of War, William H. Taft; Attorney-General, Charles J. Bonaparte; Postmaster-General, George Von L. Meyer; Secretary of the Navy, Victor H. Metcalf; Secretary of the Interior, Ethan A. Hitchcock; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Oscar S. Straus.

Dr. Warren, Pennsylvania's Dairy

and Food Commissioner, investigated the food supply on the Pullman cars of the Pennsylvania road between New York and Pittsburg and found that the milk and cream contained formaldehyde. Officials of the Pullman Company will be prosecuted. The milk and cream used on the buffet cars operated by the railroad were found to be pure.

October 24.—The Trans-Alaska-Siberian Railway Company is incorporated in New Jersey. It will tunnel under Behring Strait and build an all-rail route from Alaska to Siberia.

October 25.—The Chicago City Railway Company and the Union Traction Company have proposed a plan for the settlement of the traction question in that city. They are willing to be licensed during good behavior instead of getting a twenty-year franchise. They offer to clean and keep in repair the streets on which their tracks are laid and pay a fixed percentage of their receipts as compensation to the city. The city may require the construction of a subway, and has the right to purchase all the street railways.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has ruled that railroad transportation must not be given to newspapers in exchange for advertising space. The chairman of the Commission believes that newspapers have been unduly influenced by the exchange of advertising for passes.

A \$25,000,000 Milk Trust is being formed in New York to be called the New York Dairy Company. The farmers favor it, because they believe it will cut down the expenses of transportation and distribution. The promoters promise that the price of milk shall not be raised.

The State Supreme Court decides against the Chicago Street Railway Company in a case in which the company was charged with

violating the ordinance which provided that the street cars shall be properly heated and ventilated and run in sufficient numbers to prevent overcrowding. The court's opinion is that the city has a right to pass and enforce such ordinances.

Several municipalities in New Jersey are considering the question of buying and operating their own lighting plants and will vote for or against such a plan at the November election. Because of this agitation the Public Service Corporation, which controls the lighting in many cities, announces a reduction in its prices and offers better terms on five-year contracts.

October 27.—The War Department will send a regiment of a thousand men to capture the Ute Indians who have been gathering in Wyoming.

In his opening address Professor John W. Burgess, Roosevelt professor of American History and Institutions at the University of Berlin, declares that since the transformation of European states and the entrance of the United States among world powers, the Monroe Doctrine is an almost senseless theory. The best interests of the world would be fostered, he says, by Teutonic settlement of South America. Emperor William was present and at the conclusion of the lecture called for three cheers for President Roosevelt. Professor Burgess' utterances are not only unofficial but directly at variance with the sentiments of the administration and the purpose of his mission. The President is much incensed over the misrepresentation.

October 28.—A disastrous wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad at Atlantic City. Three cars running on the third-rail electric system went over a bridge, two of them going to the bottom of the stream beneath and the third being partly submerged. About sixty

persons were drowned and twenty injured. The cause of the wreck has not been determined, but it is thought to be due to a defect in the rails.

It is reported that Mary Baker G. Eddy, the head of the Christian Scientists, is dying of cancer, and that Mrs. Parmelia Leonard impersonates her in interviews and on drives in order that her condition may not be known. This report is denied by members of her household, who say that she is mentally and physically strong, and by the Mayor of Concord, N. H., in which town Mrs. Eddy resides.

October 30.—All central railways will lower their rates east of the Indiana-Illinois line to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents or less. This is due to the agitation on the part of the public for a two-cent rate and the probability that more state legislatures will pass a two-cent rate law this winter.

The Board of Education in San Francisco, which excludes Japanese children from the public schools and provides separate schools for them, claims it is acting in accordance with the state law and will continue to do so unless the courts decide it is in conflict with the treaty with Japan.

The Ute Indians refuse to return to Utah saying that they cannot get enough to eat there. They wish to go to the Cheyenne Reservation and will not surrender to the soldiers unless compelled to. Settlers on surrounding ranches are frightened.

The Philippines will have a Parliament next year in accordance with a promise made by Taft two years ago. March 27, 1907, is the date set for election. The Parliament will consist of two houses, the upper to be called the Philippine Commission, the lower, the Assembly.

Sir Thomas Lipton will challenge next year for the *America's* cup.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster has been

appointed by direction of President Roosevelt to investigate labor conditions among women and children.

The Newark Stock Yards is suing the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad for \$50,000 for yardage, which the railroad refused to pay after the passage in 1903 of the Elkins Anti-rebate bill, on the ground that it would be a violation of that law. The Vice-President of the road testified that the Stock Yards threatened to stop the shipments of Swift & Co., if the road did not pay. The road still refusing, Swift & Co. ceased to ship by the Lackawanna and caused them a loss of \$100,000 worth of business.

October 31.—The Illinois Audit Company, an organization of shippers, will bring civil and criminal suits aggregating thirty millions against the railroads of Illinois for overcharges and damages.

To get around the amendment to the Inter-State Commerce act which prohibits a railroad from engaging in mining or other outside business, the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad will resort to the foreign holding company plan. A Canadian holding company will be formed which will take up a majority of the stock of that railroad and also of the Northern Coal and Coke Company, the company which the railroad seeks to control.

November 1.—First cars are run on the lines of the Municipal Traction Company, of Cleveland, for which Tom L. Johnson has been fighting. This line charges only three cents fare.

November 2.—A message received from Commander Peary states that he reached latitude 87 degrees, 36 minutes. This is 32 minutes farther than the Duke of the Abruzzi. Peary came within 203 miles of the Pole, the "farthest north."

The Pennsylvania Railroad will raise

the wages of all employees 10 per cent. January 1.

November 4.—Charges are made that Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef, of San Francisco, made enormous sums in graft since the earthquake. Every man who wished to erect a building had to pay Ruef a fee to get him a permit and then give the contract to a favored contracting company at a high figure.

November 5.—The Ute Indians have been placated by the promise that their chiefs may come to Washington to lay their case before the President.

The water power of the mountain streams of Colorado will be used to produce electricity which will furnish motive power for Western railroads and factories.

November 8.—Election returns in New York State give Hughes, Republican, 56,935 plurality. Hearst's plurality in New York City was 71,756, but the other counties gave 128,691 to Hughes. It seems probable now that the Democratic ticket, with the exception of Mr. Hearst, has been elected. The Republican Party will have a majority in the House of Representatives, but much smaller than heretofore. James W. Wadsworth, who fought the Beef Trust last spring, is one of those to lose his seat. In Pennsylvania the Republicans defeated the Fusionists. In Massachusetts John B. Moran, who ran on the Independence League, Democratic and Prohibition tickets, lost, and Governor Guild was re-elected.

Foreign News

October 8.—Workmen in MacLaren's sawmills in Buckingham, Quebec, who have been on strike for three weeks came into conflict with the police today. The men, angered by the report that the owners would import labor, armed themselves and attacked detectives about the mills. The leader of the strikers and one other man were

killed, and several persons wounded. The men struck for an increase in their wages, which had been \$1.25 per day.

The British Government has accepted the terms of the United States in regard to herring fishing off the coast of Newfoundland. That colony is not satisfied with the terms and is trying to organize an opposition to them.

October 9.—New foreign ministers at Washington are José Rosa Pacas, from Salvador and Honduras, and Dr. Enrique Cortez, from Colombia.

Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany, brought suit for libel, asking \$50,000 damages, against the proprietor of the *London Magazine* because of an article in that publication which charged that he obtained money dishonestly during his term of leadership. He denies that he ever used his position for personal profit.

Adelaide Ristori, famous Italian actress, dies at Rome. Her first visit to America was in 1866.

October 10.—England's new battleship, *Dreadnought*, has undergone a thorough eight hours' trial. Her average speed in that time was $21\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. She is powerful as well as rapid. England will build three more battleships of the same class.

October 11.—Manuel Silviera, a merchant banker of Havana, left that city on October 2, to escape the consequences of some defalcations in which he is concerned. The New York firm of J. M. Ceballos & Co. was associated with him and have lost so heavily by him that they were forced to make a general assignment yesterday. The Ceballos firm has had a prominent part in the development of Cuban industries. They own real estate, railroads, sugar plantations and a line of steamships running between Cuba and Spain. Silviera furnished money in aid of the recent revolution in Cuba.

October 13.—The Bank of England raises its discount rate to 5 per cent.

Bertha Krupp, the richest woman in the world, was married yesterday to Dr. von Bohlen, and the Emperor honored the marriage with his presence. He regards the Krupp gun manufactory as necessary to Germany's military power, and since the death of Herr Krupp has exercised some supervision over the works. Miss Krupp also owns shipyards at Kiel, armor works at Magdeburg and a fleet of steamships almost equal to a navy. Dr. von Bohlen is in the diplomatic service.

October 14.—The Ontario Bank of Toronto, Canada, is in difficulties and the news of this getting out caused a run on the bank yesterday. The Bank of Montreal came to its aid and guaranteed its deposits, and under the influence of this guarantee the run ceased. The trouble is said to be due to the manager's speculations in New York stocks.

A railroad forty-five miles long will be built in Iceland, the first one in the island.

The Chinese steamer *Hankow* burned in Hong-Kong harbor today. It carried 2,000 passengers, the greater part of whom lost their lives.

Great Britain will make her first experiments in government ownership of railroads by taking over the Irish lines. Private ownership there is not developing the country or giving the service necessary for the agricultural interests.

October 17.—A great manufactory at Birmingham, England, has decided to use the metric system in all weights and measures and in monetary dealings. The system is legal in England, but not compulsory.

Municipal ownership is strong in Battersea, England. This municipality already owns libraries, gymnasiums, baths, billiard-rooms

and a milk depot. Their next step is to be the establishment of bake-houses and public-houses.

October 18.—The *London Magazine*, which printed an article called "Tammany in England," containing certain statements about Richard Croker, has withdrawn all the allegations reflecting on the character of Croker and has agreed to publish an apology in the next issue of the magazine.

In the storm and hurricane of yesterday about \$2,000,000 damage was done in Havana. Twenty lives were lost. Central America suffered by the storm. The island of Elliott's Key off the coast of Florida was engulfed by a tidal wave.

October 19.—The Bank of England raises its discount rate to 6 per cent. This action is due to the withdrawal of large amounts of gold for Egypt and fear of large withdrawals for the United States.

A European Petroleum Union has been formed in Germany to fight the Standard Oil Company. It is capitalized at \$5,000,000, and has three very strong financial institutions behind it, the Rothschild Company, Deutsche Bank and Nobel Brothers.

October 21.—The publication of the memoirs of the late Prince von Hohenlohe, Chancellor of Germany, attracts wide attention because they reveal to the layman secrets which have been the property of a few men high in politics or in diplomatic circles. Such intimate matters as a conversation with the Czar respecting England's policy in South Africa, and the efforts of the Bismarckian party to restore their leader to favor, are discussed. Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe, younger son of the former Chancellor, caused the publication of these memoirs and in consequence has fallen, temporarily at least, under the displeasure of the Emperor, but there are those who believe that the Em-

peror is secretly pleased to have conversations and policies revealed which put Bismarck in an unfavorable light and justify his treatment of him.

October 23.—M. Clemenceau, the new Premier of France, has completed his Cabinet. For Minister of War he chose General Picquart, who became famous by his advocacy of the cause of Dreyfus. His Minister of Labor is M. Viviani, an Independent Socialist. M. Clemenceau himself is Minister of the Interior, and, in reality, the Minister of Foreign Affairs also, as the nominal holder of that portfolio is his devoted follower. The Premier is regarded with dislike by Germany because of his Anti-German writings when he was a journalist. His presence at the head of affairs is believed to mean that France will draw farther away from Germany and nearer to an alliance with England. The Cabinet is Liberal and progressive legislation may be looked for. Old-age pensions and the State purchase of railroads will probably be among the subjects taken up.

October 27.—M. Caillaux, Minister of Finance in France, favors an income tax. His plan for it is discussed by the Cabinet.

October 29.—The House of Lords voted today on an amendment to the Education bill making religious instruction compulsory in the elementary schools. The amendment was carried by a vote of 256 to 56. This is a defeat of the Government.

October 31.—The new Cabinet in France will consider taking over for the State all mines, and giving to the miners a share in the profits. Purchase of the Western railroad is contemplated.

November 2.—The War Minister of France, General Picquart, takes action against a Socialist paper, the *Voix du Peuple*, teaching the doctrines of Professor Hervé. Professor Hervé opposes militar-

ism and declares that the whole military organization is merely an invention for enslaving the people.

November 3.—The borough elections

of England result in a sweeping victory for the Moderates. Liberals and the Labor Party lost. The Unionists consider it a hopeful sign.

ENOUGH sorrow and trouble is required that a man may appreciate what elements of consolation and joy there are in everything but absolutely physical pain or disgrace, and how in almost all circumstances the human soul can play a fair part.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

PROFESSOR (*to class in political economy*)—Now why would you be more ready to accept a promise to pay from the Golden Bank of San Francisco, for example, than from—well, from me?

FUTURE FINANCIER—Well, we don't know the Golden Bank of San Francisco.

THE carriage had stopped in the country road while its occupants chatted with a sturdy little barefoot who was telling them about his "people."

"And is your uncle married, too, dear?"

"Naw, he's a church member."

ALGERNON CITYBRED (*in the country and noticing the haymow door*)—I say, now, what is that big door for clear up in the second story of your barn?

FARMER HICKS—For the spring-wagons.

WHAT is the picture doing, aunt?

The picture hangs, my dear.

Why does the picture hang, dear aunt?

The artist is not here.

THE ice-wagon has run over the dog. Is the dog glad? Why does he not wag his tail? I give it up, but I see the ice-wagon.

Along The Firing Line



By The Circulation Manager.

OUR "Explanatory" editorial in the November number announced that Hon. Thomas E. Watson is no longer connected with WATSON'S MAGAZINE and stated in plain language how the rupture occurred.

Mr. Watson is now publishing a weekly paper at Augusta, called *The Jeffersonian*, and announces that he will soon begin publication of a monthly magazine at Atlanta, to be called *Watson's Monthly Jeffersonian*.

For the present we shall retain the name WATSON'S MAGAZINE, because it is copyrighted and entered at the post-office under that title. To make a change of name requires a lot of red tape which complicates matters in our busy season, so we shall not change now, if at all. But we desire no subscriptions whatever on the false impression that Thomas E. Watson is editor or that he is in any way connected with this Magazine.

Some forty or fifty of our old subscribers, taking for truth Mr. Watson's feverish and lurid claims that he has been ill-treated, have asked that their subscriptions be discontinued. Some have asked that their subscriptions be transferred to *The Jeffersonian*; some have asked for a refund of whatever is paid ahead. We must politely, but firmly, refuse these requests. We have no arrangements for transferring subscriptions of WATSON'S MAGAZINE to *The Jeffersonian* or any other publication—and shall make none. We intend to fill every subscription to the full time paid for—if the subscriber will take it from the post-office—and, therefore, shall refund no money received on subscription. Any publica-

tion may, if it choose, change editors or editorial policy, without incurring any obligation to refund part of subscriptions received and entered.

The subscriber, of course, can refuse to renew for another year. Some of our present subscribers will doubtless do this. We expect it. Every controversy has two sides, each side its partisans. Some will doubtless be influenced by Mr. Watson's wealth of billingsgate and believe him a much abused person; while others, not dazzled by his verbal pyrotechnics, will see that no one man is big enough to kill a magazine or a political movement by pouting.

The former will regard Mr. Watson as a martyr to liberty—one who has made enormous sacrifices to the cause of reform. He confesses it. But the latter, remembering his eight years of sullen silence from 1896 to 1903, his destruction of the *People's Party Paper* (because he lost a few subscribers), his aloofness and refusal to help reunite the People's Party after several years of internal strife had almost wrecked it, will not be overwhelmed with grief because Mr. Watson failed in his attempt to "scoop" this Magazine from men who expended more than \$112,000, besides its earnings, in establishing it. His name and fame and vigorous writing, and *their* money, placed WATSON'S MAGAZINE where it was in October. Had he shown a disposition "to tote fair" he would still be its editor.

But he had learned in a hazy sort of way certain Wall Street tricks and thought to "bear" the Magazine, practically wreck it, and then "scoop it," to use one of his classical expressions. In this he failed. And his

present utterances are simply the rantings of a disappointed man who set a trap and got caught in it himself.

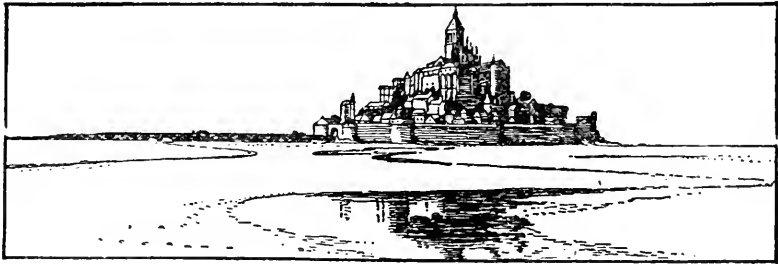
Mr. Watson, however, comes out far ahead of the game. He has had twenty months of constant advertising, glorifying himself and his ideas, at a cost to him of some \$8,500 worth of labor at \$500 per month—and not a cent of his money. Whereas, his backers expended \$180,000 all told to give Mr. Watson this publicity. He was not content to wait for his salary until the Magazine revenues made it a paying venture, but, like the horse-leech's daughters, was forever crying, "Give, give." His idea of fairness, his altruism, all centred in Thomas E. Watson. No consideration for others was needed. "I am this Magazine"; why should I

have regard for the feelings of others?

To call Colonel Mann a "human hoop-skirt" may sound funny to some, but it does not answer the accusation. The Colonel may look like a cross between Falstaff and Santa Claus, and, if he does, he gave Mr. Watson a bigger doll than was ever before put in the Watsonian stocking. Of course, there are animals that bite the hand that feeds them; there are fools who kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Mr. Watson has exhibited a peevishness that would warrant the prescription of Mrs. Winslow's famous remedy; but he should remember to "beware the fury of a patient man."

C. Q. D.



OSTERMOOR MATTRESS



FROM US
EXPRESS PREPAID
OR FROM AN
OSTERMOOR
DEALER



The Trade-Mark Above

printed in red and black, is sewn on the end of every genuine Ostermoor Mattress. It protects you against substitution, and guarantees you the one mattress that is built, not stuffed, made of clean, Ostermoor sheets, hand-laid in the ticking, will not mat, get hard or lumpy, and never needs re-making; the one mattress that remains always soft, even, comfortable and sleep-inducing.

Samples of Ticking AND Valuable Book Free

Simply fill in and mail us the coupon and we will send you free, full line of ticking samples, our handsome 144-page book, "The Test of Time," and name of your local authorized Ostermoor dealer.

You can select a ticking to harmonize with the furnishings of your room and suit your individual taste with the samples which we will send you. They include the new Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects of Blue, Pink, Yellow, Green and Lavender; Gray and White dust-proof satin finish ticking, striped in linen effect; Blue and White Herringbone; and the staple A.C.A. ticking, wide or narrow stripe. Send in coupon to-day while we can supply the full line of tickings at regular prices.

We Sell By Mail, or Through 2500 Ostermoor Dealers

Regular Sizes and Prices

- 2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs., \$8.35
- 3 feet wide, 30 lbs., 10.00
- 3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs., 11.70
- 4 feet wide, 40 lbs., 13.35
- 4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs., 15.00
- All 6 feet 3 inches long.

Express Charges Prepaid. In two parts, 50 cents extra, Special sizes, special prices.

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim. We were compelled to this move by the necessity of protecting the public against worthless imitations. Your Ostermoor dealer—he sure to ask us who he is—he will show you a mattress with the Ostermoor name and trade-mark label sewn on the end. Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & CO.
201 Elizabeth Street
New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

OSTERMOOR & CO.
201 Elizabeth St., New York

Without obligation on my part, please send me your 144-page book and free

SAMPLES

of ticking used on the Ostermoor, and the name of my Ostermoor dealer.

(Watson's)

Name.....

Address.....

Martha Washington Table Silver

Knives, Forks, Spoons and Fancy Pieces, with handles patterned after that of a Cream Ladle used by General and Mrs. Washington.

Send for booklet, "Recollections of Mount Vernon."

GALT & BRO.

ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY
Jewellers, Silversmiths, Stationers
WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOME STUDY COURSES



GEORGE CHASE, PH.D.
Professor of Greek

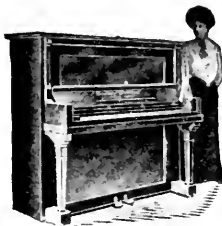
OUR School affords the home student an opportunity to pursue a Complete High School Course under professors in leading American colleges and universities. The Courses in English are given by Prof. Gennung, of Amherst; Latin, by Prof. Harkness, of Brown; Greek, by Prof. Chase, of Harvard. An eminent specialist is at the head of every department.

We also offer normal and review instructions in the Common Branches, also courses in Kindergarten, Pedagogy, Science and Art of Teaching, etc.

Students may register at any time and may take up complete courses or pursue special branches. Special attention is given to students preparing for teachers' examinations or for college.

Every reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE who is interested in home study and correspondence teaching is invited to send for free copy of our eighty-page catalogue and full information in regard to our home study course.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. H Springfield, Mass.



**COLUMBUS
PIANOS**
\$100
To
\$250

A LITTLE DOWN AND A
LITTLE EACH MONTH

Bouloir Sextine \$150

The above illustration represents our "Bouloir Sextine," which, in appearance, tone, quality, volume and mechanical perfection, is the equal of any \$225 instrument on the market. We make a full line of Pianos in our own factory under the best method of construction, and sell them at

FACTORY PRICES,

which means a saving to the purchaser of from \$75 to \$150, and places the possession of a high grade Piano within easy reach of everyone. Our instruments are all sold under a binding guarantee, all freight prepaid east of the Mississippi. We allow

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

in your own home, and arrange for easy monthly payments. Every purchaser of a Columbus Piano will receive a whole year's course of

MUSIC LESSONS FREE.

Our Pianos are designed to suit any purse or purpose—Sunday school, summer cottages, small rooms, as well as the music room of the well-to-do. Our new booklet "Piano Wisdom" is free. Write to-day.

COLUMBUS PIANO COMPANY

232 Spruce Street - - Columbus, O.

The
best
way

To KEEP Your Savings

is to invest a fixed amount each month where it will bring the largest dividends

consistent with safety.

The dividends are what count—your money working to make more money for you, not for others.

\$100 deposited in a Savings Bank one year at 3 per cent earns for you just \$3; while \$100 invested in some good stock earns easily from \$12 to \$15 a year.

Some Banks that pay 3 per cent yearly interest to their depositors pay as high as 24 per cent yearly dividends to their stockholders. They are anxious to get your dollar at three cents a year, to put it where it will earn enough for them, after paying high-salaried officials and maintaining magnificent buildings, to give their shareholders 24 per cent a year for every dollar's worth of stock they hold. Let your money work for YOU. Send for Booklet "C."

MAILED FREE. WRITE TO-DAY.

Union Securities Co. of Nevada
27 William Street, New York.

I WILL HELP YOU
MAKE MONEY

(The same as I have helped over 5,000 others)

No matter where you are located or what your former occupation. If you are honest and ambitious, write me at once. I will teach you the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business thoroughly by mail and appoint you

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of my company the largest and strongest in America) and assist you to become a prosperous and successful business man with an income of \$2,000 to \$5,000 annually.

I will help you establish a business of your own and become your own boss.

No business, trade or profession in the world offers better opportunities to progressive men; our practical system of co-operation has opened the doors everywhere to profits never before dreamed of; we furnish our representatives large weekly lists of choice, salable properties and actual bonafide customers and afford them the constant advice and co-operation of our powerful organization with over 5,000 assistants.

This is an unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars FREE. Write to-day.

Address Either Office

EDWIN R. MARDEN, Pres't

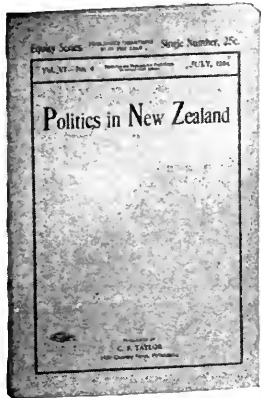
NAT'L CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.

318 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago

318 Maryland Bldg., Washington, D.C.



POLITICS IN NEW ZEALAND



One of Dr. Taylor's "Equity Series." Adapted from "The Story of New Zealand"—a large \$3.00 book, too expensive for popular circulation. The smaller volume gives all the political facts about the most progressive country in the world.

The following are some of the chapters which will prove of special interest to American reformers: The Torrens System of Title Registration; Public Telegraphs and Telephones; Postal Savings Banks; Direct Nominations; Questioning Candidates and Voting by Mail; A New Land Policy; Government Loans at Low Interest to

Farmers, Traders and Workingmen; The Labor Department; The State Farm; The Factory Laws; The Eight-Hour Day; Industrial Arbitration; Co-operation, etc., etc. We wish every reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE had a copy of "Politics in New Zealand." We would like to place ten thousand copies in the hands of new subscribers. The Magazine a year and "Politics in New Zealand," sent postpaid for only \$1.55. Regular price of book, 25 cents; to present subscribers and newsstand buyers, 15 cents.

Watson's Magazine,

Book Dept., 2 W. 40th St., New York.

REMARKABLE INVENTION

An Instrument that Improves and Restores Eyesight

Spectacles Can Be Abandoned

This instrument, which the inventors have patented, is called "Actina"—a trade-mark word.

In the treatment of eye diseases the inventors of "Actina" claim there is no need for cutting or drugging the eye for most forms of disease. Cataracts, pterygiums, and other abnormal growths can be removed and weakened vision improved or restored by the new and more humane method. If this is a fact there will be no need to go blind or to wear spectacles. "Actina" has been tested in hundreds of cases and has effected marvelous cures. So confident are the inventors that this device is an article of great merit that they give absolutely a free



trial. They want everyone interested to make a thorough investigation and a personal test of "Actina." One will be sent on trial postpaid. Any person can give it a test.

They issue a book of 100 pages—a complete dictionary of disease—which tells all about "Actina," the diseases it will cure, what others think of it, what marvelous cures it has effected, and all about the responsibility of its owners—all is sent absolutely free upon request. This book should be in the library of every family. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 37R, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

SHOEMAKER'S



BOOK
ON
POULTRY

AND ALMANAC FOR 1906.

There is nothing in the world like it, it contains 224 large pages, handsomely illustrated. A number of most beautiful COLORED PLATES OF FOWLS true to life. It tells all about all kinds of **Thoroughbred Fowls**, with life-like illustrations, and prices of same. It tells how to raise poultry successfully and how to treat all diseases common among them. It gives working plans and illustrations of convenient Poultry Houses. It tells all about

INCUBATORS AND BROODERS.

It gives full instructions for operating all kinds of incubators. This chapter is marvelously complete and worth dollars to anyone using an incubator. It gives descriptions and prices of Incubators, Brooders and all kinds of Poultry Supplies. In fact, it is an encyclopedia of chicken-edom and will be mailed to anyone on receipt of only

15 cents. Your money returned if not pleased.

C. C. SHOEMAKER BOX 200 FREEPORT ILL.



EARN YEARLY \$3,000 TO \$10,000 IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

We will teach you the REAL ESTATE, GENERAL BROKERAGE, and INSURANCE business and appoint you SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE



of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. A thorough Commercial Law Course free to each representative. Write for 62-page book Free. THE CROSS COMPANY, 372 Reaper Block, Chicago.

THE VITALS OF MONOPOLY LAID BARE

The narrative by Frederic C. Howe, entitled "The Confessions of a Monopoliist," tells the story of an American business man who exploits special privilege and makes society work for him, and so gains great power and becomes a United States Senator. This story draws strong statements from the press. It is "the deadliest text-book of practical politics that ever was printed"; "a masterpiece of cold-blooded satire"; "the condensation of all the recent muck-raking"; "as racy as any romance"; etc.

The Confessions of a Monopoliist,

By HON. FREDERIC C. HOWE

12mo, cloth, 170 pages, \$1.00 (postage 8 cents)

The
Public Publishing Company
First National Bank Building, Chicago

Tailored-to-Order Suits only \$12.50



Perfect Fit Guaranteed
or Your Money Refunded

\$100 FORFEIT: We will pay this forfeit to anyone who will prove we do not cut, trim and tailor every suit strictly in accordance with the measurements and instructions sent us.

\$6.50 Trousers Free

Our Offer To You

Providing you will agree to hand 10 sets of our advertising matter to 10 of your friends likely to order tailored suits soon, we will give you a pair of our regular \$6.50 trousers, tailored-to-your-order, FREE with any of our tailored-to-order \$12.50 Suits, or with our better grades at \$15, \$18 and \$20.

Write today for samples of our fine All-Wool and Pure Worsted Suitings, in all the new weaves, together with City Fashion Plates, simple instructions for taking measurements, order blanks and tape measure. Notice: Be sure to ask for samples of the \$6.50 Trousers we make and give FREE.

Owen T. Moses & Co.
195 Moses Bldg., Chicago.

City Tailors.

References: 1,000,000 satisfied customers, or Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock, \$250,000.00.



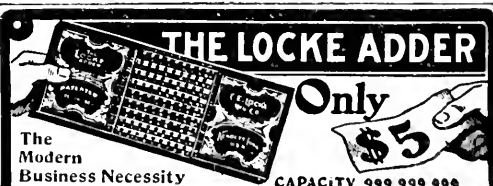
Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEEL WIND American movement Watch highly expressed and fully warranted time-keeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a 30 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain, Ladies or Gents style.

ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 808 Chicago.

MAGIC LANTERNS

Stereopticons and Moving Picture Machines—all sizes, all prices. Views illustrating timely subjects. Fine thing for Church and Home Entertainments. Men with small capital make money giving public exhibitions. Illustrated catalogue free.
McALLISTER MFG. OPTICIAN, 49 Nassau St., New York.



THE LOCKE ADDER

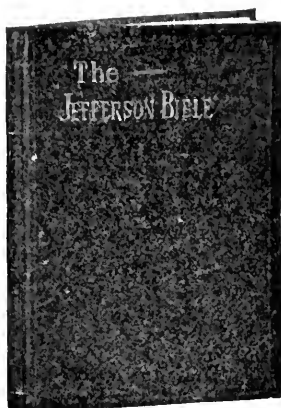
Only \$5
CAPACITY 999,999,999

The Modern Business Necessity

The famous Calculating Machine. Enthusiastically endorsed the world over. Rapid, accurate, simple, durable.

\$100.00 would not take it from me. It is all you claim.—
B. A. Carter, Troy Center, Wisconsin.
I do not think the \$175.00 machines can be compared with your \$100.00 machine—R. G. Malliot, Avoca, Louisiana.
Have found it entirely equal to any of the high priced calculating machines.—W. J. Hiral, Kasaan, California.
Two models: oxidized copper finish, \$5.00; oxidized silver finish, \$10.00, prepaid in U. S.
Write for Free Booklet and Special Offer. Agents wanted.
C. E. LOCKE MFG CO 239 Walnut St., Kensett, Iowa

Jefferson's Bible



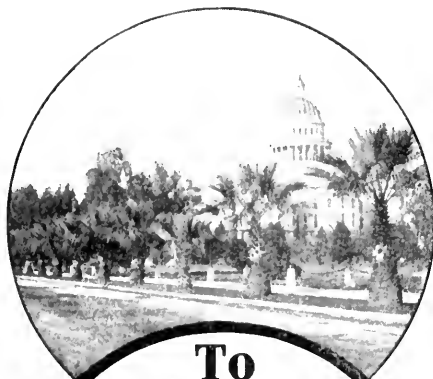
Nearly 103 years ago Thomas Jefferson, while "overwhelmed with other business," cut such passages from the Evangelists as he believed would best present the ethical teachings of Jesus, and "arranged them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order of time or subject." This book he called "The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth." Before the original was turned over to the State Department, an accurate copy of the English text was made while in the possession of Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Mr. Jefferson's oldest grandson. From this copy was printed the edition now offered to our subscribers. Bound in green cloth, stamped in gold; 168 pages and frontispiece. Book sent postpaid to subscribers and news-stand buyers for 35 cents; with the Magazine 1 year, \$1.85.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

BOOK DEPT.

2 West 40th St.

New York



To California

In planning a journey to the Coast the route of travel is the one important consideration—one upon which depends the many little comforts and conveniences that go to make up a pleasurable trip. Select the right train on the right road and the fullest measure of satisfaction is assured before you start.

This train is The

Overland Limited

on the Chicago,
Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Composed entirely of highest-class equipment, with electric lighting throughout. Handsome observation parlor and unsurpassed sleeping and dining service are among the luxuries enjoyed most by patrons of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

From Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 8 p. m. daily Tourist Sleepers at 10.25 p. m. Information and booklets upon request to F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago.



Classified Advertising

The charge for advertisements appearing under this heading is 60 cents per agate line. No advertisement of less than 4 lines, or more than 10 lines, accepted. Allow 8 words to the line. Classified forms close 5th of month preceding date of issue.

INVESTMENTS

GUARANTEED MORTGAGE investments. Interest at 5 4-10% & 6% From \$1200 up. Gilt-edged properties. Mortgages Insured. My reference is Hamilton Trust Co., Philadelphia. Charles H. Buckley W. 38 So. Fortieth St., Philadelphia.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., first mortgages, 6 & 7% net, title guaranteed, papers all complete, delivered through your own bank. Investments, reports, and appraisals free. Bank references. 25 yrs. exp. L. C. Crossmin W. Chamber of Commerce Building.

I HANDLE NOTHING BUT DIVIDEND PAYING securities, and invite your correspondence regarding any you may desire to buy, sell or exchange. List on application. H. L. McCauley, 1524 W. Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE—5% first Mortgage gold Bonds to net 5 3/4%, principal and semi-annual interest payable in New York—issued by a Water and Light Company with Liberal City franchise in one of the best towns in the South. Jas. Thompson, Walhalla, S. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

6% ON YOUR MONEY by local Building & Loan Ass'n 14 years in business. Never had a loss, or failed to meet an obligation. Stock in force \$750,000. Write for free literature. Jefferson County B. & L. Association, Birmingham, Ala.

A FEW DOLLARS will start a prosperous mail order business; we furnish catalogues and every thing necessary; by our easy method failure impossible. Send for particulars. Milburn-Hicks, 741 Pontiac Building, Chicago.

DOES YOUR PRESENT INCOME SATISFY YOU? You can double it by taking the **SHELDON SHORT CUTS** in **SELLING and MANAGEMENT**. One salesman says: "You added \$5,000 to my salary last year." Another states: "A single deal closed by your method netted 50 times original cost." 8,000 others and nearly 1,000 firms are using it to increase sales and earnings. All instruction by correspondence. You owe it to yourself to investigate. Write for more facts and proof.

SHELDON (1750) The Republic, CHICAGO

THERE ARE GOOD OPPORTUNITIES on the lecture and reading platform. Test your talent in a recital for Criticism in your locality. Write for plan. Edward Amherst Ott, 252 W. Sixty-first Street, Chicago, Ill.

TEN VALUABLE MONEY-MAKING Formulas sent for one dollar. Preparations that you can sell. That will pay big profits. W. Formulae Co., 832 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Md.

HOME COMPANION TOOL SET—No. 710—Special Offer 41 individual tools in hardwood case, sent on receipt of \$5.00. Every tool needed by the home carpenter. W. Goodell-Pratt Company, Greenfield, Mass.

WANTED—Patented specialties of merit. We have branch offices in the principal cities of Europe and agencies all over the world. Our correspondence is in eight languages. Power Specialty Co., T. W. Detroit, Mich.

CUBA: Tropical Fruit plantation: Oranges, Grapefruit, Coconuts, Coffee; on ten years' time; profits enormous; Best investment of kind. By reliable, experienced men; 7 years' experience in Cuban fruit growing; Agents wanted, either sex. Address, Buena Vista Fruit Co., 105 W. Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

WE CAN SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR BUSINESS or real estate no matter where located; or find any kind of Business or Real Estate for you anywhere in U. S. & Canada. Write Fidelity Company, C. Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

PATCHES OF TIMBER turned into big profits by our portable beltless combined sawmill and engine. Small capital required; easy terms. Clean your county for bargains in timber. Lumber prices rising. Wm. Bartley & Sons, W. Bartley, N. I.

WANTED A PARTNER WITH \$25,000 to \$50,000. We have an established and growing business, but lack capital to push it. An investment of thousands will net millions. The investor must be a business man and a worker. Write for particulars, and state fully amount you would invest, previous business experience, etc. Purifico Mfg. Co., B. Ashville, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—\$1,000 acre ranch, 15 miles from Santa Fe, N. M. 3000 irrigated. Gold and Coal on Ranch. Price \$4.25 per acre, or \$2,12 1/2 for half interest. U. S. Renne, Smithland, Ia.

NEW ORLEANS BUSINESS PROPERTY. I have for sale nearly half a square fronting on three streets, near Canal Street and the new Frisco Terminal Station. Now covered with numerous small business houses and one palatial residence. The finest location in the city for Commercial purposes. Can be bought for \$180,000.00. Owner desires to leave this country permanently. Buy now and double your money within five years. J. M. LANE, REAL ESTATE BROKER, 718 MACHECA BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

TWO MILES from Meridian, Miss., on A. G. S. R.R., 506 acres, 200 acres bottom land, balance nice upland, well suited for fruit vegetables, cotton, corn, etc. Plenty timber—pine, white-oak, hickory etc. Finest stock-farm imaginable. Reed winter pasture; Sprinus and wells; purest free stone water. Mineral Spring not analyzed; Great demand for dairy and products. 250 acres cultivated; balance, woodland, \$50.00 per acre. J. C. & L. Williams, Bonita, Miss.

BUY A FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA, NEW JERSEY, OR DELAWARE. The best States for profitable farming; soil adapted to a great variety of crop; near markets that pay best prices for your products; farm lands in three States my specialty—sold and bought; write for particulars. Raymond C. Frick, 1102 T. Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

IOWA FARMS FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE. We have some of the best bargains in improved farms in Iowa. Send for our new illustrated list. Northern Iowa Land Co., Independence, Iowa. Box T. W.

BIG BARGAINS IN LAND for Investment or Home-seeker in Missouri, Kansas, Sunny Texas and Mississippi. Large and small tracts. The Investors Realty Co., 696 W. Hall Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

INVESTORS—HOME-SLEEKERS—take notice. We have for sale 150,000 acres of the richest improved and unimproved land in Indian Territory and the Southwest. Fertile soil—ideal climate—has no competitor for the raising of stock and the growing of the various fruits and grains. Devore-Birkeland & Co., T. W. 131 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMING ALONG GULF IN TEXAS PAYS \$500 an acre. Will deed that land for \$15 an acre on payments. Artesian water; Fine climate; Below Frost line; Have large body ready for Colonization, which will treble in value within 18 months. Immigration Agts. Rock Island R. R. Excursion \$25.00. Oklahoma Texas Land Co., 511 W. Reaper Block, Chicago.

\$500 PER ACRE PROFIT IS THE RECORD for our farmers near Kingsville on the Gulf Coast line, Texas, the Winter Vegetable Garden of America and the finest cotton land in Texas. Send for literature. The National Land Co., 92 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Box W.

A BEAUTY HOME of 2 acres. Finest climate. Near Frisco and University, only \$500. Secure it till you can investigate by deposit of \$25, returnable. Easy payments. Commissions executed. Greater San Francisco Corp'n, Mayfield, Cal.

CALIFORNIA IRRIGATED land is best for home and investment. 5,000 acres just secured in richest section. Ten acres ample. Long time—ample water. Level and clear. Perpetual water right. Extra inducements to those who improve. \$10 to \$50 per acre. W. H. Wise, 218 T. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS SELF-TAUGHT. I teach California methods. Best in world. Sure money-makers. My course shows how. Particulars and map Los Angeles free. Write today, W. A. Carney, Stimson Block, Los Angeles.

CAIFORNIA LAND \$1.00 ACRE. Balance entire purchase \$1.00 week for each 5 acres. No taxes. No interest. 5 acre tracts. Level, rich, clear. Ready to plow. Under irrigation. Perpetual water right. Immediate possession given. Particulars, Maps, Photographs for 25c stamp. Stevinson Colony, 705 W. Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

\$100 down and \$100 for nine consecutive months buys a lot in Arcadia, Fla., the booming county seat of the greatest "Florida" Orange & Cattle region in the state. Remit at once to get in this offer. Address, R. C. Selvidge, Brandon, Miss.

Classified Advertising

LAWYERS

SAMUEL W. WILLIAMS, Attorney at Law, Baecher Lock Vincennes, Indiana. Practice in all the courts. Refer to German National Bank, Vincennes, Ind.

DEROS BAILEY, Lawyer, English Block, Muskogee, Indian Territory. Commercial and Corporation Law a specialty. References: First National Bank, City National Bank, and Bank of Muskogee.

BOOKS

OFFICIAL HISTORY "Christian Endeavor in All Lands" by Rev. Clark, Founder and President. Wonderful Record, 3 years, 66,772 branches, 3,500,000 members. Large book, 38 pages, 200 illustrations. Needed in every Christian home. Beautifully bound. Only \$2.25 postpaid. Offers great opportunity for agents, Particulars and terms free. Write today. Premier Publishing Co., 635 W. Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

"FIRE CHIEF," Latest, Most Effective Extinguisher. Acts instantly without damage to surroundings. Handsome, light, inexpensive. Demand universal. \$40 per Week to High Class Competent Agents. Write today for terms and territory. W. F. A. Company. The Spitzer, Toledo, O.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED Experience necessary if honest, ambitious, and willing to learn the business thoroughly by mail; splendid income assured. Write once for full particulars. Address either office. National Co-operative Realty Co., 268 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or 298 Maryland Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SAFETY DOOR LOCK can be used without tools on any door without scratching. Proof against burglars, sneak thieves, and pass keys. Pocket size, 25 cents. Exclusive territory to good agents. Large profits. Send for samples and terms. Safety Door Lock Co., Seattle, Wash. Dept. T.W.

YOU CAN SELL PORCELA to every bathtub owner in the U. S.—and there are millions of them. Easy to sell. Liberal profits to bright agents. Porcela is the only cleansing preparation that preserves the lustre of the porcelain enamel while cleaning it. Porcela cleans everything from kitchen to bathroom. Write for information today. Porcela Company, Sales Dept. T. W. Pittsburgh Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to handle our line of high grade novelties. Great sellers for cigar stores and newsdealers. Large profits. Catalogue of 300 and wholesale prices free. Write today. National Mfg. Co., Box T.W., Norfolk, Va.

THE HEARWELL TELEPHONE ATTACHMENT makes you hear better and shuts off outside noises. An agency is open for you whether you have a store or are employed. Big opportunity. Hearwell Co., W. 1309 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES, Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides and similar Wonders For Sale. Catalogue Free. We also Buy Magic Picture Machines, Films, Slides, etc. R. Harbach, 839 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SONG WRITERS. Your poems may be worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Send them to us for the music. Accept no offer before reading *Music, Song and Money*. It is free. Hayes Music Co., 223 Star Bldg., Chicago.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE Send for our free booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument, Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write National School of Music, 34 P. O. Block, Montclair, New Jersey.

SONG WRITING PAYS BIG. Your poems may be worth thousands, we write music to your words, pay royalty, publish and popularize. Send for booklet. Brown Music Co., 393 Temple Court, New York City.

STOOPING SHOULDERS—A habit cured without harness or binding braces. The Vitality Suspender scientifically constructed to make large, strong muscles of back carry weight of trousers—through the unconscious law of equipoise—the chest is thrown out with abdomen back—insuring free heart circulation—good lung action—deep breathing—natural digestion. A Suspender, not a harness. Sent by mail postpaid one dollar. The Perfection Mfg. Co., W. Box 60, Girard, Ohio.

HOME STUDY. Every reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE who is interested in home study and correspondence teaching is invited to send for free copy of our eighty-page catalogue and full information in regard to our home study course. The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.

HOLIDAY GIFTS. Beautiful holiday novelties in silver. Something special for souvenir collectors. See our advertisement on page 6, this magazine. Galt & Bro., Washington, D. C.

THE ANGLE LAMP. Best, Cheapest, most Satisfactory of all lighting Method. Burns common kerosene oil; convenient as gas. See large page advt. this Magazine. Tell us what room you wish to light. Angle Mfg. Co., 73 Murray St., New York.

OUR PLANT is specially equipped to handle commercial work, enabling us to do it more economically than others. We have envelopes, bill heads, cards and statements \$1.30 per thousand up. Samples of these and better grades promptly mailed to business men. We also have special price list which includes delivery to far-away points at low rates. Orders promptly shipped; get our figures for other work. L. Fink & Sons, Printers, 5th & Chestnut, T. W. Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED

ADVERTISERS to use space in the CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT of WATSON'S MAGAZINE, which reaches the most prosperous class of people

in the Southern States, Men and Women who read and preserve each number, a condition which materially adds to the life of the advertising it carries.

CLASSIFIED FORMS close 2d of month preceding date of Issue. Send copy at once for the January Number.

REMITTANCE covering charge for insertion MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

The
Price
is



on
70 More
Sets

Only seventy sets of our enormous introductory edition of the
New American Encyclopedic Dictionary
are left. These seventy sets will close the most remarkable cut-price sale in the history of publishing. They are the last sets of this unequalled Dictionary that will be sold at this low special price. If you mail the coupon below at once, you can have one of them at ONE-THIRD the price of any other reference work, with the **Modern Atlas of the World FREE**.

The coupon will bring you a complete set of the **New American Encyclopedic Dictionary** for examination and the **Modern Atlas of the World** absolutely **FREE**. The coupon puts you under no obligation; we pay all express charges and take the books back if you don't like them. The **New American Encyclopedic Dictionary** is an encyclopedia and dictionary combined. You need it in your home and office, because it is the

NEWEST AND BEST

It is up-to-date in every particular; this edition was printed in July, 1906. Three-quarters of a million dollars were spent in editorial expenses and plates before a page was printed. It is absolutely reliable, and the names of its editors are among the greatest in every field of research. As a dictionary, it defines **25,000 words more than any other dictionary**. As an encyclopedia, it treats **50,000 subjects**, covering the whole field of human knowledge

Dr. Francis J. Conedy says: "Nothing short of marvelous energy, most extensive knowledge and years of careful and persistent labor could have produced it. It is indeed a most valuable reference work of great value to all classes of people and indispensable to all professional men and scholars."

Free for Examination

The set is bound in handsome half leather binding, substantial and attractive. If you will fill out and mail this coupon, we will send you a complete set, with the **Atlas**, express charges prepaid, for **examination**. If you like the books and the **Atlas**, you can pay the special reduced price at the rate of \$1.50 a month. If you don't like them, return them to us, and we will pay return charges.



5 Big Volumes
each one foot tall
5,000 Large Pages
Thousands of
Illustrations

\$5.00 ATLAS FREE

The **Modern Atlas of the World** sells regularly for **\$5.00**. It contains more than 100 maps in colors. There is a map of each state, territory and country. It gives the population of all cities of importance. This invaluable Atlas is bound in red cloth and is 10 x 13 inches in size. We will send it to you, absolutely free, if your order for the **Encyclopedic Dictionary** is received at once.

Mail the Coupon To-Day

These seventy sets will not last long. They are such a bargain that they will be sold almost immediately, and we cannot promise you a set unless you are prompt. Mail the coupon to-day; to-morrow may be too late.

J. A. HILL & COMPANY

44-60 East 23d Street, - New York

----- CUT - OFF - THIS - CORNER -----

J. A. HILL @ COMPANY, New York

Send me for examination, express charges prepaid, a set of the **New American Encyclopedic Dictionary** in half leather binding (regular price \$50.00). If satisfactory I agree to pay \$1.00 in 7 days and \$1.50 a month until your special price of \$20.50 is paid. It is understood that I am to get a \$5.00 **Atlas** free with the set. If not satisfied I will return both in 7 days at your expense. (Watson's, 12 '06)

Name
Address
City State

Let Us Send You on Trial
This Two-Horn
DUPLEX
THE IDEAL
Christmas Gift

For your family, your parents, your friend or for yourself. Music—everyone enjoys. A gift that insures many pleasant memories.

Direct
from our
Factory
to any
Address
in U. S.

Freight
Prepaid



ORDER EARLY

Each horn is 30 inches long with
a 17-inch bell.

An Entirely New Principle
in Phonographs

- Two vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound
 - Two horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from both sides of both diaphragms.
 - No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.
- Consequently the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Size of cabinet, 18 inches by 14 by 10 inches high.

Double Volume of Sound

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which **side** of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from **one** side of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise. That's plain, isn't it?

Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted**. You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means. For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Write to-day for catalog and full particulars of our **FREE** trial offer. You will never regret it. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 153 Patterson Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Direct From Our Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made. We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you **one** at **our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly \$70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's, and dealers', profits. We are **actual manufacturers**—not jobbers—and sell direct to you at factory prices.

Sold through dealers, the Duplex would cost you at least \$100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only

\$29.85

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and are under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry out our promises.

Music in Your Home

THINK what a Duplex Phonograph will mean to you! The variety of entertainment you can command at trifling expense is practically unlimited.

You can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dramatic pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two-horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous Artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kublik.

Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

And, best of all, you can hear once more the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson, as, with matchless pathos, he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

With every DUPLEX we send free three 10-inch records.



The Christmas Lamp

No gift lamp, however costly or ornate, will be so thoroughly appreciated as the Peck-Iden. A lamp that generates within its—If the finest quality of illuminating gas, giving two to five times more light than any other fuel, and the only light that can be used for hours without trying the eyes. There are no wicks, chimneys or mantle, there is no odor, no dirt, no smoke.

A PERFECT LAMP

The Peck-Iden Lamp stands 16 inches high from base to burner. It is solidly made of brass, finely lacquered and finished in bronze—an object of real beauty and incomparable value.

To insure the timely placing of holiday orders, write early for Booklet No. 13.

Acetylene Lamp Company
50 University Place, New York
Montreal, Canada

The Reliance Shoe.


\$6.00 SHOES FOR \$3.50

For MEN
In Fractional Sizes at Factory Price.

We fit you perfectly and save you the jobber's and retailer's profits. The sole of a Reliance shoe is made of oak bark-tanned leather, tough and durable, and costs as much as the sole of any \$6.00 shoe. Every piece of leather in every Reliance shoe is up to the same high standard. The workmanship is the product of the most skilled shoemakers. Reliance shoes are made on custom lasts and handsomely finished. In wear and shape retaining \$4.50 equal to any \$5.00 shoe made. The graceful curve of the heel prevents slipping up and down, and the narrow shank properly supports the weight and gives the foot absolute comfort. If you'll investigate Reliance shoes, you'll wear no other makes. Be fair to yourself and do it now. We fully satisfy you in every way or return your money.

Write for our free stylebook and measurement blank. Delivered, express prepaid, **\$3.75.**

Reliance Shoe Company,
40 Main St., Friendship, N. Y.



GENTLEMEN WHO DRESS FOR STYLE NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Added on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



Any Child who has enjoyed the benefit of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder daily since birth is free from the painful chapping and chafing which comes with winter weather.

Mennen's soothes and heals, and if used daily, enables the most tender skin to resist the ill effects of changing conditions of weather.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine, that's a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.

