

and fought with the rest.—John Fox, Jr., in Harper's Weekly.

#### PRINTS NOTHING UNPLEASANT.

One of the queerest publications in the world is a newspaper called the Ostrich, printed in Cornwall, England. The paper is issued and distributed gratuitously throughout Cornwall twice a week. Its object is unique—to make its readers happy and healthy. The system of the publisher is based on the science of suggestiveness, and the Ostrich is so arranged that only the most agreeable things are suggested. It is printed on a delightful pale rose-colored paper, and certain words, like happy, good, peace, success, amiable, health, beautiful, etc., are printed in heavy type. All such words as death, pain, killed, misfortune, horrible, etc., are avoided. In the entire paper, with the exception of one column, not a single disagreeable word is printed.

The motto of the Ostrich is: "Even of truth one-half is falsehood." One column bears the title, "What would S. H. D. Say to It?" S. H. D. stands for Sir Humphrey Davy, and he is taken as the model of all human beings, the yardstick with which everything is measured.

Certain kinds of news are printed with a commentary in this column. For example: "At a banquet at Birmingham Lord Salisbury declared that the situation of the Armenians was such as demanded serious consideration.

"S. H. D. would say: 'The consideration only becomes serious by Lord Salisbury's calling it so. There may be less in the matter than one would expect.'"

Another column bears the head, "The Demented of To-morrow." Under it all important political news is commented upon and corrected. The corrections of the Ostrich are considered sound.

"How Does This Concern Me?" is the head of a third department, in which all the news from foreign countries is grouped.

Under the head "We Do Not Believe in It," all accidents, shipwrecks, earthquakes, murders, famines, etc., are collected. The Ostrich does not believe in such things, and in printing this class of news deprives it of all shocking features. For instance, a double murder, the result of delirium tremens, bears the harmless title, "More Milk," conveying the idea that the murderer needed more milk than brandy. The report that a member of parliament

fell from his horse and broke his leg is headed "At Lawn Tennis," and it begins: "At lawn tennis it could never have happened that Sir Robert Harcourt, member of the parliament for Dunbar, would fall from his horse," etc. A flood is called "surplus water," a famine is referred to as "a general frugality," in a railway collision 20 persons are "canceled," a train is not derailed, but "glides from the track," and in the south no yellow fever breaks out, but a "yellowish" one. A building burns down and of 400 persons 277 perish. The Ostrich doesn't mention them, but says: "Not less than 123 were saved."

Sad news is printed in the smallest type, so the experienced reader is warned. No unpleasant details are given. After a mere statement the paragraph ends with "Continuation on page 13." There is no 13th page.

The man who has invented this peculiar newspaper is John Gillis. He was a school teacher, published some essays, and then became a journalist. He studied the population of London and Bristol and gradually formed his opinion of what sort of a newspaper would be appropriate for their health, doing it from purely humanitarian motives.

The paper is a favorite all along the coast. The words printed in heavy type were popular from the beginning. Children learned to read the conspicuous words for themselves and the mothers were rejoiced that their little ones learned first of all to read of joy, of happiness and beauty.—N. Y. Sun.

#### THE CONDITION OF LABOR IN HUNGARY.

For the Public.

If anyone would seek an example to prove the justice and necessity of the single tax he could hardly find a better one than Hungary in its present situation. One who lives here at the center of the agrarian movement has occasion to see how "the people of the earth" are overburdened with taxes, and how small proprietors must sell their little paternal possessions, or at best remain but nominal holders of them. Through personal investigation I have found that during the past hundred years the rich have been steadily becoming richer, and the poor poorer.

Fifty years ago there was hardly a family which did not own land. Now 80 per cent. of the families are landless. Ninety years ago the rent per "hold" (300 square metres greater than an acre) was fl. 0.35 (\$0.14); fifty

years ago the same land rented for fl. 2.32 (\$0.93); and now it rents for from fl. 18 to fl. 20 (\$7.20 to \$8.00),—its purchasing value being from fl. 350 to fl. 400 (\$140 to \$160).

Not only real but also money wages have been decreasing during the last decades, and involuntary idleness, unknown before, is now a common thing. A family will earn in a whole year about fl. 150 (\$60), which is in comparison with average wages a fair living; in the greater part of the year they cannot find work at all. And here I must lay stress upon the fact that the people everywhere are most industrious, willing to perform any kind of labor whatever, and highly intelligent.

In the northern and eastern parts of Hungary the misery of the people is like that in Galicia. According to official statistics wages never exceed fl. 0.50 (\$0.20), and during the whole year the peasants eat only maize bread and potatoes. From them come the ten thousands of emigrants who are driven to undersell labor in Pennsylvania. Of course drunkenness and all the usual concomitants of poverty are showing themselves among these poor people.

Not long since an artisan told me that twenty-five years ago a usurer in this neighborhood lent money at 30 per cent., and even more; and that men willingly borrowed at that rate, and it seldom happened that they were not able to meet these debts; facts which my informant could not account for, but which I have since had corroborated as common usage twenty-five and thirty years ago. But now, with the decline in wages interest is also decreasing.

There is not 43 per cent. of land in Hungary under cultivation. For example: the Greek-Catholic episcopate at Nagyvarad owns 139,675 holds (198,638 acres) of fertile land, and but 1,350 (1,919 acres) is ploughed. Anyone may see that there is plenty of land, and also men willing to use it; they only need "free access to land." It seems the simplest thing in the world.

But the government holds a different opinion as to the labor question. As an example, examine a late number of a newspaper addressed to agrarian workingmen, and you will find it two-thirds blank. In lieu of articles you will find the words, "Seized by legal warrant." The police also have not

been inactive, but have aided the government in its wretched task—the solution of the labor question. All “suspected” persons, after being forcibly officially photographed, are banished from the metropolis for life. Political liberty is even scarcely nominal. A meeting is rarely permitted, and suspected newspapers are submitted to a preliminary censorship. If an article is considered inciting it will be confiscated, and it not seldom happens that its author will be condemned on account of an article which has actually never appeared.

In order that the “poor” landowners should not be obliged to overpay their workmen, the paternal government seeks to make such a thing impossible. Forty thousand reapers are concentrated in different places, and if the workmen anywhere are not willing to work for less than certain wages, the minister of agriculture sends the landowners as many reapers as they need. Could you ask more of paternalism?

In such a state of persecution and misery it is hard to consider peaceful reforms. People are exasperated as never before, and consequences will certainly show that other remedies than those that the government is applying, are required.

ROBERT BRAUN.

Oroshaza, Hungary, July 7, 1898.

#### AN APPEAL FOR THE CUBAN.

... Napoleon said an army moved on its belly, and that is a true word, as our own generals found when the rations failed to follow the moving columns promptly and when men got sick and sore and spiritless from the pinch of hunger.

The Cubans had known that pinch for many, many months. Suddenly food, nourishing, rich food—beef, bread and wholesome vegetables, were dumped down on their shores by the ton. Small blame to them, say I, if they thought more of the food that was there than they did of the fighting which was expected of them. By a curious and amusing set of circumstances I was hungry once for two days—which really isn't being hungry at all in the sense of starvation. But it hurt, bless me, how it hurt, and ever since then I have had a great sympathy for the men who know the real tearing, raring, ravenous brand of hunger.

As has been told often, the diet of the Cuban in war time has been cocoa-

nuts, mangoes and limes. This, on a hot day in Chicago sounds rather appetizing. But, eaten day in and day out for three years, it is poison. The abdomen swells until the skin is stretched taut across the vitals, like a drumhead.

The good, solid, strength-feeding flesh wastes away, and elbows stand out in great knots of bone and gristle, seeming abnormally large by contrast with the weazened forearm. The knee joint is in the same condition, the flesh wasted away from it, the delicate parts of this most delicate mechanism swollen and twisted with fever. You could count the ribs of these soldiers as they toiled by your door, and it didn't take a quick eye to do it, either. Their feet, shoeless more often than shod, were cracked by the heat, their toes were spread far apart, and between them were little red lines, which showed where the skin had burst and the raw flesh had been laid bare. The toenails were broken and worn to the quick. Inflammation often set in as a result of long marches, and then foot, ankle and leg would swell frightfully, sometimes to the girth of a well-grown palm tree—which, to use a more familiar simile, means as big as the leg of a horse. Among the older men the results of hardships would effect the spine and shoulder blades, and they could not walk upright, but would crawl along, supported by a staff.

Poisonous insects had attacked the skin, and you could see great patches of inflammation on the bodies of men, women and children, largest on the tender skins of the children, and less evident on the men and women.

These things I saw. I saw them every day and every hour of that miserable 23 days I passed in Cuba. God help me, I do not lie, and yet I was as good as called a liar when, in trying to defend the shortcomings of the Cuban soldiery, I would cite these instances of misery in their defense.

Once a man said to me—and he was a man who had been on Cuban soil as long as I had—“Well, you may have seen all this, but I didn't. I saw only greasy pot-bellied loafers, who wouldn't fight for anything but food.”

That man, and he holds a responsible position in the service of an American newspaper syndicate, must have been blind. Misery, nakedness, hunger, was on every hand. . . .

There are things one can never forget.

I have seen the dead babies lying un-

buried at the side of the road that leads to Firmeza. I have bent over the dying babies that lay in the streets of Firmeza and have tried to force a bit of hardtack soaked in water between their clenched gums. They were beyond that kind of help. They only could mumble and cry feebly: “Ah-wah, ah-wah, ah-ah-ah!” while they stared up at one with foolish, bleared eyes, whence all sense, even the sense to swallow food, had fled. I have seen the women refugees from Santiago, some of them reconcentrados, who had fled the town when the firing began, trading their jewels for a handful of hardtack. For very shame of the men who trafficked with them I will not say from what state they came or what commonwealth they dishonored. They were American volunteer soldiers, but do you suppose that because they were American volunteers I am going to condemn every man, or even the majority of the men, who constituted that great citizen soldiery?

Yet, when one Cuban did a dirty act or was heard swearing a horrible vengeance on the Spaniard, many a friend of mine would come to me and say: “These, Don Quixote, are the people you have the nerve to defend.”

The charge of cowardice was the one most frequently made against the Cubans by officers and enlisted men of the volunteers and officers of the regular army. The private in the regulars did not sin by talking. He was a rare and beautiful exception.

As has been said, the Cubans were beaten when our troops arrived. The eleventh hour had struck. With it came relief, and with relief a reaction. The Cubans were tired and they thought their share of the work was over. They became, in a measure, infected with the idea the Americans possessed at first, namely, that you had but to wave the American flag in the face of a Spaniard and he would agree to unconditional surrender.

In the opinion of the Cuban, the day of jubilee had come. Among the more devout—and in a childlike, primitive way they all are devout—not the United States of America, but God and the mother of God, had intervened. Therefore, it was his time to rejoice and rest and eat meat. . . .

A superior race and a pure-blooded race must deal very patiently with a race which is the result of two or three centuries of inbreeding by aboriginal Indians, African slaves, freed only 13 years ago, Spaniards, and a general though slight infusion of the blood of many men of many nations