

"That's right," assented the Eminent Statesman.

"Then it would seem self-evident that in order to abolish special privileges all that is necessary is to repeal the laws creating them. For instance, if our protective tariff laws enable certain manufacturers to make inordinate profits, the remedy would be the abolition of the tariff?"

"Not at all, not by any means," protested the Eminent Statesman. "What is needed to remedy the effects of bad or foolish laws, is more legislation. Thus we have a tariff that creates and protects trusts. Let us have laws against the trusts, and if these laws fail, we must have more laws, and if these laws are no good, then we can have still other laws. But for mercy's sake don't talk of repealing laws as a remedy for the evils of class legislation."

W. G.

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BROTHER BOOTS.

For the Public.

One day when Left and Right were playing in the garden, old Master Spine gave them a push, and said:

"Let's see you run!"

Down the hill they went, tumbling after each other—it was such fun, and brought the glow of health to their cheeks.

After a time, however, Right, seeing Left, whom he regarded as his inferior because of his name, keeping pace with him, grew dissatisfied.

"That wasn't fair, anyway," he grumbled, when they had come to a stop and he discovered a slight scratch on his nose. "We didn't start together."

Old Master Spine smiled.

"All right—try it again, then," he said.

"One! Two! Three!"

High into the air both jumped; and down—flop—together.

"Once more," said Master Spine.

Again they went up,—again they came down,—close together.

"Aw, there's no fun in this," said Right, "I'm tired to death, too."

So he climbed upon Left's back and went to sleep.

"Say, your're hurting me," cried the smothered voice of Left; but Right was fast asleep and did not hear.

When he had quite rested himself he awoke and wanted to run again.

"I can't; my side aches and I am weary," said Left.

"What have you done to make you weary?—Come!"

So they ran again, and again; and after each race, Right would climb upon Left's back to rest. But one day when he awoke from such a nap he saw that Left was dead.

"Oh, what shall I do!" and he went, weeping, to old Master Spine.

"Too late, now——," the sage spoke gravely. "You've killed your brother—and for that you shall be exiled to the Land of the Lifeless and Lonely.

"Oh, oh, how can you be so cruel!" Right begged for mercy; but the old Master simply replied:

"You may find a wooden companion there to suit you; but in the World of Life only Brother Boots can remain.

L. D. MILLER.

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THE NEW BROTHERHOOD.

William Jennings Bryan Before the Women's Democratic Club of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, October 28, as Reported in the Brooklyn Citizen.

To find that here in New York those reform movements for which the Democratic party is pleading are movements which the people are coming to realize have truth and reason underlying them, is gratifying. I am impressed with a growing appreciation on the part of the people that the reforms we are urging contemplate the betterment not of a class but of all the people.

We are recognizing better than we used to that we are all bound together by the bonds of brotherhood, and that we must rise or fall together. Some years ago I visited Tolstoy, in Russia, and he showed me a letter which he had received fifteen years previously from Alexander Dumas. In that letter Dumas said: "The world is about to see a new era which will be marked by the reign of the spirit of brotherhood."

I believe that the world has been coming to see this change in the last twelve or fifteen years. I believe in the awakening consciousness of the world and in a growing confidence in the ties between man and man.

While in this campaign we are discussing matters that lie on the surface of affairs, we never should forget that beneath the surface there is a broader and larger thought for us.

Our whole time should not be occupied with such questions as to whether or not campaign contributions should be published before or after election, nor should our thoughts merely turn to questions of government extravagance in administration, the extortion of the tariff, or the security of bank deposits, or other questions over which we are agitated at the present time. These things, it is true, are all important and must be borne in mind when we go to vote, but back of them all are the larger problems of society.

I believe that one of the largest problems we are facing today is that of the equitable distribution of the proceeds of our patient toil. There is no wealth that is not the product of effort, and some one must be the producer. The great prob-

lem is how to give each producer a proper proportion of the proceeds.

Our eternal effort should be to improve conditions along this line, and to reach as near as possible an approximation of justice; and at the same time to appreciate the brotherhood that unites us all one to another, to realize that the only way to build ourselves up is to lift the foundations on which we all stand, and to see that all society enjoys the benefits of the impulse that will carry us on to higher and better things.

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THE NATURE CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS SHOULD INCLUDE OCCUPATION.

For The Public.

The greatest organized effort ever attempted in the history of the world for the cure and prevention of consumption is under way; public meetings are being held; State boards of health are taking action; editorials appear in nearly every paper and periodical; the widest publicity is being given to encourage investigation and action; exhibits are being collected illustrating the causes and ravages of this insidious disease, and plans are being presented for its eradication and cure.

While discussions and scientific analysis are invaluable for arriving at a truer basis of action, immediate action is necessary to reach the suffering individuals. To-day there are tens of thousands of our fellow men, women and children who are being slowly but surely consumed by these persistent and insistent germs; children are soon to be made orphans, deprived of a mother's loving care; wives are soon to be made widows to struggle for bread for themselves and little ones. Thus time is precious.

The conclusions arrived at at the recent International Tuberculosis Congress held at Washington, D. C., favorable to the "Nature Cure" are most gratifying.

It was suggested that large tracts of land be secured in Colorado in a high altitude as a place of operation. There could be no wiser decision, for there are logical and scientific reasons why Colorado should be suggested. The light, thin air does heal diseased lungs.

How to gather up the sufferers and place them on this reservation has not yet been worked out. The great majority of them have neither ways nor means to take them even a hundred miles from home, and certainly have no means with which to pay board or expenses incident to a residence in a new environment. New England is dotted thick with sufferers whose lives could be saved or greatly prolonged if assistance could reach them at once; but to separate a mother from her family, or a father from his home, is not conducive to

happiness or the health even of people who are in good health, and homesickness certainly would not benefit an invalid.

The only solution of the family problem is to combine *occupation* with the Nature Cure. Occupation is a nature cure natural to animals. Confine one in a cage, and instead of resting he keeps continually on the go. Man is the only animal which in confinement sits down and dies.

There must be useful occupation; no climate on earth will cure an idle man or woman whose only occupation consists in studying their own symptoms and taking their own temperature. Again, occupation pays the board bill, secures independence, and makes it possible for these sufferers to exist and have their families with them.

Quite by accident it was discovered a few years since that consumptives were not only cured in the heart of the Rocky Mountains by dry air, but could become useful and independent by being employed. Parties were digging mica on the surface of the mountains, and employed the most available help. Some of them were those who were seeking health in Colorado. One man from Pennsylvania, whose right lung was so filled that a noticeable indentation was present and he breathed with difficulty, wanted work for he must live. He confessed that he did not think he could earn his board, but he was given \$1.00 per day, and worked for a time about three hours per day, gradually increasing the time. After five months he was able to earn \$80.00 per month; and at the end of two years he earned \$6.00 per day. His family soon joined him, and they are now a happy, useful family. But he must have suffered and finally died, had he been without employment, as well as without air.

Another, a Chicago boy, age 22, came on the stage coach, and was carried into the house by the stage driver and assistant. He at once had a severe hemorrhage, and the crimson spot on his white, white face impressed those present that the end was near. Two physicians stated he would probably not survive the night. But he rallied, and was soon given light work, and a year from this time he cut and hauled hundreds of cords of wood from the surrounding hills, and is to-day a thick-necked athlete.

A man of family from Watertown, Wis., landed at this camp suffering with asthma, influenza, sore eyes and catarrh. He had been given up by his physician. He was put to work as timekeeper, and after six months was cured, and earned \$85.00 per month mining. He sent for his large family, and his sore eyed children were enabled to take off their glasses, needing their assistance no more.

Many Chicago women, old and young, broken in health, nervous wrecks, were employed in the stamping out of mica goods in the mill, and