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If anything more than a general understanding of the dark and devious methods of "high finance" were necessary to convict the Standard Oil "crowd" of Lawson's accusations, they themselves are furnishing it.

Lawson's accusations are made circumstantially. If false they can be easily refuted. But it is no refutation to denounce Lawson. Neither does silence refute. And when to the suspicious silence thus far maintained by the larger fry whom Lawson directly accuses is added an underhand attempt to ruin the magazine through which Lawson speaks, the evidence of guilt accumulates.

Such an attempt appears really to have been made and strenuously. Advertisers have been wheedled or coerced by the Standard Oil "crowd" into withdrawing their patronage, although the magazine is now a better medium for them than ever before. The distributing agencies have been approached and threatened with a view to preventing their handling the magazine. Even the postal department of the government has been urged to exclude it from the mails. This method of defense can have and ought to have but one result. It will confirm a growing opinion in the public mind that Lawson's charges are too hurtful to be ignored and too truthful to be openly challenged.

There is something ominous in the existence of such possibilities of suppressing information as the Standard Oil "crowd" have tried

to avail themselves of in connection with the Lawson exposures. As distributing agencies are few and largely tied up with railroads, pressure enough might be brought to bear upon them to kill any periodical selected by the Standard Oil "crowd" for slaughter. That the mails also might be closed to such a periodical, were the pressure sufficient, is evident from the fact that the postal department arbitrarily decides each case on "its own merits." This method makes it possible to leave the postal door wide open for one periodical while shutting it against another with a bang, though the facts be substantially the same. But most ominous of all, for the ten-cent magazines, is the demonstration in the case of Everybody's Magazine, through which Lawson speaks, that the Standard Oil "crowd" can shoo away advertising.

All ten-cent magazines are published at a loss, which must be made up with advertisements. It is a loss so great that no magazine could long stagger under it if advertisers could be wheedled or coerced away. That this can be done in considerable degree is demonstrated by the loss of advertising to the amount of \$15,000 in Everybody's Magazine for January relatively to the issue for December; and this notwithstanding that the season in which the January number appears is better for advertisers, and that the January number has the larger circulation. Why the same assault has not been made upon McClure's has long been a mystery. Perhaps the Standard Oil "crowd" are more indifferent to exposures of what they used to do than they are to exposures of what they are doing now. The former might embitter the memory, but the latter tends to break up the game. At

any rate, the Standard Oil "crowd" is proving the feasibility of hitting independent magazines by reaching out for their advertisers. Should their proof get to the point of demonstration, all aggressively independent magazines may soon have to face the alternative, which Everybody's Magazine has already faced, of raising their price to readers, as Everybody's has done, or of sacrificing their aggressive independence. This may be a good thing. Magazines intended to be read ought to be supported by readers, not by advertisers; and the fact as to which does support them ought to be generally known.

Lawson's exposure in the last issue of Everybody's is not only confirmed by some of the responses it has provoked, but these responses bring additional names before a questioning public eye. Lawson has not mentioned Judge Gray, for instance.—United States Senator from Delaware at the time of the Delaware "boodling" of which Lawson tells, and afterwards, though a Democrat, appointed by McKinley to the Federal bench; but some of those whom Lawson has mentioned do reflect upon Judge Gray in endeavoring to exonerate themselves. They admit that money was paid under circumstances incompatible with any legitimate explanation, and substantially as Lawson says it was paid. They admit that large as was the amount, over \$200,000, it was in currency of small denominations—a fact which completely confirms Lawson's sinister characterization of the affair; honest financial transactions of such magnitude are never consummated with small currency in these days of certified checks. All they deny is that the money was distributed in the courtroom in

bulk in dress suit cases; but they say it was carried to Judge Gray's office in dress suit cases and distributed there. So far as this affair is concerned, then, Lawson appears to have made a prima facie case. It remains now for H. H. Rogers and the other silent ones to disprove or explain. Roger Foster has explained by asserting his right as the attorney for the petitioning creditor in the receivership proceedings to settle on his own terms and to assent to the discharge of the receiver. On the face of it that is a good explanation. But what of the receivers, who represented not one creditor but all interests? What of the judge who dissolved the receivership upon the mere request of the receiver and the petitioning creditor's lawyer? What of the participation of the Republican national committee? Why did it act as a mask for the Standard Oil "crowd" in the shady settlement of a shady lawsuit? And what of Judge Gray? Was he one of the lawyers who shared Foster's fee, and if so, whom did he represent, and for what? Or, if he had no connection with the matter, why was the "boodle" distributed in his office, as the distributor says it was? If his office was misused by a co-tenant, as is unauthoritatively stated, why does he not vouch for that statement himself? But, above all, what of the use of small currency instead of certified checks? If the affair was an honest one, why was the money distributed as thieves and blackmailers and corruptionists divide plunder? Why was it not distributed as honest men distribute legitimate funds of such magnitude — openly and with checks instead of secretly and with currency in five and ten dollar denominations?

As to the charge that \$5,000,000 was raised to defeat Bryan corruptly in 1896, Lawson has "made good" to a certain extent. He has named Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, as having raised that huge sum and as having explained that it was raised to be corruptly

used. He has also named the brokerage firm in which the work of raising and distributing the fund was said by Rogers to be centered. Unless satisfactory denials or explanations come from Rogers and the survivors of this firm, it must be taken as proved that the huge fund was raised, and raised for the purpose of corruptly reversing the tide that was then running against McKinley. How the money was actually expended, remains yet an open question. Lawson does not indicate whether he has more to tell or not. But whether with reference to its collection or its expenditure, the published denial of the treasurer of the Republican national committee is valueless. Corruption funds are not expended in political campaigns through respectable treasurers of national committees who keep books and use tell-tale checks. They are expended through confidential agents who use only currency and in denominations which tell no tales.

Outside of Colorado the revolutionary significance of the decision of the Supreme Court of that State, reported this week, escapes serious attention. Even in Colorado, except by a few observers, it is not appreciated. But one innocent-looking phrase of the reports should make its sinister significance clear—the phrase which describes the basis of the decision.

The Colorado court, by a vote of two Republican judges to one Democratic judge, decide to throw out the entire vote of certain voting precincts. The basis on which this is done is not that the vote is tainted by fraud, as is commonly supposed; nor because the statutes authorize it, for they do not. It is solely because some acts were committed in those precincts in violation of an injunction which the two majority judges had issued.

The acts in violation of the injunction happened to be frauds and in violation of election laws. The injunction had forbidden only such acts. But that makes no dif-

ference with reference to the vital point in the matter. As every lawyer knows, election statutes are one thing and an injunction another, whether they are parallel or not; and it is for violation of the injunction, not for violation of the statutes, that the court has thrown out all the votes of those precincts. If it could do that for violation of an injunction forbidding infractions of election statutes, it could do it for violation of an injunction forbidding any other acts which, as a "prerogative" court (p. 149), it might choose to forbid. The injunction, not the statute, is the thing in this case.

As stated in our Denver letter (p. 547) this is "the longest stride yet in the direction of government by injunction." The integrity of elections in Colorado is by that decision removed from the protection prescribed by the election statutes; and the function of regulating the voting at elections and determining the results, is arbitrarily assumed by the Supreme Court, sitting simply as a court of equity. So sitting it makes no discrimination between honest and fraudulent voting, but throws out whole precincts upon learning that its injunction has been to any extent violated. In this way a legislature is packed by the Supreme Court; not in regular statutory proceedings, but in extraordinary injunction proceedings. If fear of popular outbreak does not deter them, even the governorship will probably be determined by these usurping judges through this wholesale throwing out of precincts in proceedings for contempt of a "prerogative" writ of injunction.

"I am thankful," writes a New York lawyer of middle age, "that I began to study law long enough ago to have the principles of free speech make a very strong impression upon my mind;" to which he adds: "The successful struggle for it was thought a great deal more of twenty years ago than it is now, when the danger has become great of grafting in the law

books occasional reactionary precedents which in years to come may prove dangerous." He writes with especial reference to the arbitrary action of a New York judge, Marean of the Supreme Court. Judge Marean, as reported by the New York Herald of the 18th, had turned his court into a secret tribunal. He excluded all reporters during a habeas corpus hearing and announced that he would punish for contempt any person present who should divulge the proceedings. This instance only indicates the distance we have drifted from our moorings as a republic in these days of imperialism, frenzied finance, and government by injunction. That any judge should presume to create a star chamber court is evidence of the demoralization of the bench; that he should actually do it without exciting more than passing notice suggests demoralization of the bar and even of the people themselves.

Congressman Hearst's motion for an inquiry into the dismissal from the postal service of carriers for defeating the reelection of Congressmen who had been hostile to the efforts of the carriers' organization to secure better pay, is a meritorious proceeding. It simply asks for the facts. If the dismissed men have been guilty of neglect of their official duties or of misuse of their official powers, their dismissal is just. But if they are dismissed, not for official delinquencies, but for a proper exercise of their rights as citizens, their dismissal is an abuse of power. This raises a question into the facts of which Congress should inquire.

But Congress, as at present constituted, is not swift to inquire into abuses of power. When Congressman Baker offered a resolution relative to the tender regard which the Administration exhibits toward the steel rail trust, which is charging the American people double prices for rails, the majority whispered "Hush!" And "hush" it was; for the committee

reported the Baker resolution back with a recommendation that it lie upon the table, and then put upon it a parliamentary paper weight so heavy that it can't be taken off the table. No one was allowed to say a word during this hushing process.

Another resolution offered by Congressman Baker, calling for action in the limitation of production by the steel trust, must have got lost somewhere in the pigeon holes of the committee on ways and means. It, too, has been "hushed." But Baker himself cannot be hushed. No sooner do the trust protectors in Congress "hush" one disturbing exclamation of his than he produces something still more intolerable. His latest is a demand to know why the criminal products of violators of the anti-trust law are not subjected to confiscation? This punishment is applied, he observes, to smugglers and illicit distillers and derelict cigar makers; then why not also to trusts? Sure enough. Why not? Is there any other reason than that the Republican outcry on the stump against trusts was pure demagoguery?

The anti-trust campaign cry of the Republicans is like their platform demand for the proportionate limitation of Congressional representation from States that place limitations upon male suffrage. This demand was just. But it had no other purpose than to hold the Negro vote in line until after election. Now that the election is over, this reform in Congressional representation is to be dropped—so say the Washington dispatches.

When Tom L. Johnson was defeated for governor of Ohio by a large majority, plutocratic Democrats thought him politically buried and congratulated one another upon having furnished the corpse. But one year later their own candidate, Judge Parker, was beaten in Ohio by double the majority against Johnson. So Johnson hadn't been very successfully

buried. But better results have come out of Johnson's work in Ohio politics than the mere demonstration that he was supported by a vastly larger number of Democrats than were willing to support the plutocrats who had opposed him. Johnson has made his fight in Ohio for equitable taxation, and the Republicans have opposed him; but in West Virginia this Fall the Republicans adopted Johnson's taxation programme and won upon it after a fight. If Johnson had succeeded in doing no more than set an example to West Virginia, his Ohio work would have been well worth while. But his success was greater than that. He struggled in Ohio for home rule in taxation, and the Republicans fought him—fought him successfully because they secured the aid of every plutocrat of every party, church, and labor organization in the State. Yet the Republican attorney general of Ohio, Wade H. Ellis, is now demanding Johnson's home rule programme. Said Mr. Ellis, in a speech on taxation, at a Bar Association gathering in Columbus on the 14th, as reported by the Columbus Citizen of the 15th: "Establish absolute home rule, not only in the system of taxation but in the things taxed." That is exactly what Johnson has urged. The good seed that Johnson and Bigelow sowed in the campaigns of 1902 and 1903 is incalculable in amount, and it is beginning to bear fruit. Wherever Johnson was able to get a fair hearing in 1903, even in the farming communities, where he might have been handicapped by his outspoken advocacy of Henry George's ideas, he increased the Democratic vote. That in itself was significant. But much more significant and encouraging is the tendency of Republican leaders in Ohio and the neighboring State of West Virginia to adopt his fiscal programme.

In a sermon to Harvard students at Cambridge on the 18th, Lyman Abbott declared that his "God is a great and ever-present force, which is manifest in all the

activities of man and all the workings of nature." It seemed strange that he should have coupled this declaration with an anticipation of criticism, for what thoughtful man could be expected at this stage of thought to conceive of God, whether personal or impersonal, as essentially other than "a great and ever-present force, which is manifest in all the activities of man and all the workings of nature"? Yet Dr. Abbott was not out of his reckoning in anticipating criticism. One clergyman absurdly denounces that conception of God's immanence as pantheism, and asserts for the churches that they "conceive of God as a personality, eternal and infinite, apart from and outside the creations which he has brought into being." Another similarly describes God as "the only being outside" the universe he created! In the midst of this paganism it is gratifying to find some clergymen besides Dr. Abbott whose conception of God does not divest Him of omnipresent beneficence and omnipotent rationality.

"Frenzied prosperity" is what the underpaid and the unemployed are beginning to call it.

THE SAFETY AND SANITY OF ANANIAS.

I

Many and many a commonplace liar, perhaps excusable, and certainly comparatively innocuous, has been shamefully entreated by public opinion in being compared with the Great Untruthful of all history, Ananias; and many and many a man of the Ananias class has lived out a long life serenely unconscious of his turpitude, looked up to by far less harmful men, and, in turn, looking down upon his betters from the height of wealth or social respectability which his lack of conscience enabled him to maintain.

What was the sin of Ananias, that he should be singled out from the millions of all time as the rightful occupant of the very pinnacle of disrepute? It could not have been merely that he lied. The Psalmist said in his haste

that all men were liars. He was led to this sweeping conclusion because he was greatly afflicted. Yet in his calmer and more hopeful mood he does not distinctly take it back, and we are left to infer that even his mature opinion of the honesty of mankind was not at all flattering. Tennyson speaks of his own time—which, probably, was as honest as any—as one in which "only the ledger lives and only not all men lie." In the name of all that is decent, why should we pillory the memory of one unfortunate Hebrew and pelt it with our execrations and abuse for twenty centuries?

This fastening upon Ananias as the great liar does Ananias no harm, but it does us much good. When a quality is typified in a person we can understand it so much better and discuss it so much more handily. When we have no actual person to take as a type, we imagine one; and so we have our Drink Demon, our Angel of Peace, our Santa Claus, and all the rest. This raising of Ananias to the bad eminence of the Specimen Liar of all ages is another proof of the wisdom of that great humanity that Talleyrand and Lincoln had in mind when they said: "Everybody thinks better than anybody." The world's judgment of Ananias is absolutely wise.

Let us look at the sin of Ananias, that we may know it, abhor it, flee from it.

This man was a member of a communistic society; it is categorically stated in the record that "they had all things in common." They were a little band of enthusiasts gathered about an Idea. Ananias, like some other members of the band, was a land-owner. Like others he sold a piece of land. But he put into the common fund only a part of the price, though he pretended that he offered it all. The leader of the little community, Peter by name, taxed him with his deceit, and Ananias fell dead. Sapphira, his wife, who had been a party to his fraud, not knowing of the discovery, later made the same attempt to deceive the band. She also was stricken, and was buried with her husband.

Surely this was a fearful penalty for a merely venial sin. Look at the case from Ananias' point of

view. He was probably a far-sighted man, and, as such, he would know that the enthusiasm of the communists would soon wane, and that those who threw their all into the common fund would live to regret, perhaps in age, decrepitude and poverty, the fearful error they had made in trusting the zealots who had pushed themselves into positions of leadership. He agreed, no doubt, with the tenets of the band; but he was not deaf to the counselings of reason and experience. If we assume that he was a wealthy man, we make his case all the stronger. He was contributing much, receiving little, and exercising only partial control; while others gave nothing—having nothing to give—yet demanded as much as he, and had even more to say in directing the affairs of the society. Besides, if he was accustomed all his life to decent surroundings, the breakdown of the communistic organization which he foresaw, and which actually came to pass in a very short time, would mean a fearful fall for him and his family; whereas those who had always been poor would simply return to their accustomed life. He may have had reason to doubt that all the others were actually contributing with perfect honesty to the common fund. In the sales of property and inflow of contributions there must have been cases that looked not exactly right. Would it be safe, would it be sane, for him to give all where others, it might be, were giving only part? Anyway, had not a man a right to do what he would with his own?

If this was the reasoning of Ananias, he deserved his punishment and more, for his very plea was an aggravation of the offense. The strong, earnest man who led the little band of devotees showed the offender in a word or two the nature of his wrongdoing; and it was probably a conscience-stricken and repentant Ananias whose corpse was soon after borne out by the young men. But the communistic leader did not set forth the circumstances. It was not necessary to do so, for all the parties to the discussion knew them perfectly. We must use imagination to see the matter in the light in which it must have presented itself to Ananias himself as judg-

ment was pronounced against him by the leader of the people he had betrayed.

The world of that time was a bad world. We can, without hypocrisy, hope that we of to-day are, on the whole, better than the people of that time were. Religion had been formalized or corrupted; government had become the hiring of the unscrupulous and the crafty; society was little more than communal vice. Every lover of mankind was looking and praying for a remedy for the fearful social diseases of the time.

The little communistic band of which Ananias was a member had the temerity to believe that they had been made the bearers of the message that should save the world. Tremblingly and with an awful joy they were spreading the glad tidings. A part of their message, if not the whole of it, was love,—a love embracing all mankind and knowing no barrier of birth, creed, social condition or worldly wealth. They had been told, and they believed, that they were the salt of the earth, the light of the world. If that salt should lose its savor, if that light should be hidden, the one chance for the sin-sick world would be lost; mankind would be doomed forever. They may have been all wrong. But they wished ill to no man, and they had a right to their opinion. They had a right to demand honest treatment at the hands of others, for they were candid in their dealings with all.

Their association was a perfectly voluntary one. If any man wished to remain outside, he was free to do so. The little band had no offices to give, no honors to confer, no wealth to divide. In the world outside were all these things, and the man who loved them was by that fact excluded from membership in the band, unless he lied to get in. Ananias knew all this, and, by his very membership, declared his acceptance of it. If he changed his mind, he could at any time withdraw. But to change his mind and still act in such a way as to lead the others to believe that he was with them in feeling, was to introduce discord with all its fearful consequences. To say that others had already acted with duplicity could not justify him in so acting; for he had

not established such a charge against them before those to whom they and he were bound, nor could he say that any promise made to him by the band as a whole had been broken. If he was dissatisfied, his course was to withdraw.

Set in contrast, on the one side the self-abnegation, the pure and lofty enthusiasm, and the fond and exultant hope for humanity, that marked the true men of this little band of brothers, and, on the other side, the cold, calculating selfishness, the half-hearted interest, of Ananias, and we see what the communist leader must have meant when he told the poor culprit: "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Ananias may have been killed by some sudden, subtle bolt from heaven. But, if he did not deserve even a worse fate than that which overtook him, the bursting upon his view of the fearful nature of his sin was enough to end his life.

II

After centuries had been spent by mankind in the vain effort to found governments upon force, upon law, upon commerce, upon religion, upon monarchy, upon art; and after nation after nation so founded had waxed, waned, died and been almost or wholly forgotten,—there arose a nation whose cornerstone was declared to be justice. The first words this nation uttered to the world were a declaration of this principle as being so deeply and obviously true that it could not be argued, but must be taken as the ultimate basis of all argument, of all system, of all organization. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," declared this nation as its very first word to the world, "that all men are born equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." To maintain these rights was the one object of government as stated at the inception of this nation.

It was a new evangel to a world sunk in war, chicanery and social mal-adjustments. At that time, the wisest of men were fearful that the "red ruin and the breaking up of laws" of a former day were to come again, and soon. But the utter collapse of government was prevented. The founders of the new state declared, and so did

their successors for generations, that the new principle had been the salvation of the world. The new state prospered as no country had ever prospered before. Some of its people, from the very first, distrusted the new principle of justice, and, as time went on, the number of this class seemed to increase. But there were some who declared that every year proved yet more clearly that government for any other purpose than the maintenance of justice would mean early and utter ruin to the state. And, as their country was the only one that had made justice the object of its government, they saw that to make a change and to found the government upon force, conquest, wealth, or any other form of authority, would be to leave the world again in darkness and the nations without a leader. Mankind would go back, and it could then regain its place only after ages of misery, and only by once more "weltering its way through Chaos and the murk of Hell."

This may have been all a mistake. But there is a band of men in the new nation, be they mistaken or not, and be they few or many, who are devoted heart and soul to the idea that absolute justice, and the maintenance of their country as one in which the government strives after absolute justice, is necessary to the salvation of their country and of the world. Ananias and his moral kin are those whom they have to fear. The man who says that he is one of this band, yet holds that freedom is to be given to certain people only when he is graciously pleased to believe them fit to enjoy it; that robbery is to be prevented only by composition with the robber; that justice is to be proclaimed, not freely as a right, but tentatively as a privilege—this man is the Ananias of the band of believers in the new nation and in the new evangel.

When a man can win a woman by declaring that he loves her, not unselfishly but calculatingly, not devotedly but safely and sanely, then a nation may hope to prosper by chaffering and huxtering with justice. Even conquest cannot make a nation great unless its people devote themselves to conquest. How then can Justice,

whose kingdom is so much harder to establish, make great the nation that gives her half-hearted and cynical devotion? Had the spirit of Ananias animated the early preachers of the gospel of love, the movement would have died before it was born. If those who pretend to love justice are to declare that justice shall be done only when and where it does not interfere with the interests of those who have bought and paid for the privilege of doing injustice, Ananias and his kind are given command of the one movement that is to save the world. "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

A. C. CAMPBELL.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LOUISIANA.

Natchitoches, La., Dec. 15.—I have seen at this place during the past few days a good illustration both of the manner in which effectual work may be done in the interest of juster taxation, and of the readiness with which open-minded men accept clear suggestions.

Natchitoches (pronounced Nack-i-tosh) is one of the most interesting old towns of the South. It combines the beauty of an ancient background with the freshness of modern progress. It is a cathedral town with a Catholic bishop. It is the seat of the State normal school, one of the best in the whole country. Here one may see the flower of Southern hospitality, in homes as simple as they are refined, as open as they are modest, as dignified as they are gracious. Here one may find the best type of the high-toned Southern gentleman—not, perhaps always free from prejudice, who is?—but, in the main, open-minded and well-informed. Here one may sit at table with the old regime and listen to a discussion of woman suffrage. Here one may attend a reception at the home of an enlightened Congressman and find about him a group talking of Henry George and the single tax. Really there are few towns in all these United States superior, in a combination of refined manners and intellectual freshness, to this old and new little city of Natchitoches—with its dignified double-towered cathedral and its own municipal lighting plant.

It is no wonder that Louisiana's recently-elected progressive superintendent of education should have wished to assemble here his first meeting of local superintendents. The normal school, where they met, is, as I have said, one of the best in the land. It is so recognized by the foremost school men, North as well as South. The State superintendent of Maine was present

at the meeting, and he will bear witness to the truth of this statement. It was fine to see his undisguised admiration and his genuine friendliness.

The meeting was notable for its earnestness and for its businesslike conduct. Nearly every corner of the State was represented by some leading man enlisted in the cause of public education. There was an entire absence of politics and political axes—just a determination to further public education. Of course a main underlying thought was the increase of funds for this purpose, and this brings me back to the theme with which I started and which is the purpose of this communication, namely, that earnest men are open-minded and see more things than newspapers are ready to report.

I spoke quietly, not publicly, to men from every part of the State, and found not one who did not agree with me when I said that the large land holdings were shamefully assessed at far below their values, and that the revenues of the parishes ought to be increased by a juster assessment. A parish superintendent said to me that one might ride ten miles in any direction from his town without getting off the land of half a dozen men, that this land was worth on an average at least \$15 per acre, that in fact you could not buy it, and that it was assessed at not more than a dollar per acre. Let me say also that most of these sound-headed men also saw the point that a juster assessment would not only increase revenue, but might force the great land holders to sell land in smaller holdings, a result which they clearly saw would be advantageous to the development of the community.

I talked quietly and individually, because the time is not quite ripe for public agitation of the question. But it cannot be long delayed. The discrimination in favor of large landlords is too marked to escape public attention much longer. Assessors are still timid and conventional. Some who have innocently tried to assess equitably have lost a good job, and the masses of the people have not yet opened their eyes. But the time is approaching when the idea of a better assessment of land values for public revenue will be more generally grasped and a reform demanded. What I found at this meeting was that many who want more money for the public schools already see the point. Meantime nearly all are ready to join in a campaign in favor of local taxation for local schools, and by and by they will agree where to lay the honest burden.

J. H. D.

WASHINGTON.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17.—We hear it on high authority that "words are good when backed by deeds, and only so." Being curious to learn whether "words, words, only words," was the

attitude of the administration towards the "beef trust," and having in mind that the House on March 7, last, at the instance of a Republican (Martin, of South Dakota) unanimously passed a resolution, calling upon the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to report as to the cause of the low price of fresh beef and the large margin between the price of cattle on the hoof and dressed meat; and that nine months have elapsed, and the "early report of his findings according to law," which he was then directed to make, has not been made, I introduced a resolution yesterday, directing the Attorney General to report whether he has ascertained that the "beef trust" is a combination in restraint of trade, and if so, what steps he has taken to cause a "forfeiture of their property" in course of transportation from one State to another?"

The curiosity that dictated the resolution was not lessened by the discovery that in a letter to the American Anti-Trust league, dated August 20, 1901, Mr. Moody's predecessor, Attorney General Knox, declared it to be the duty of his department; "and its object, to enforce the Federal statutes as interpreted by the courts, wherever there is probable cause for believing that they have been violated." As the "probability" of their violation by the "beef trust" must be admitted even by the Attorney General's office—else why the farce of applying for an injunction—it would seem that there is no good reason for not taking the most summary action against this combination that the statutes provide for.

In view of the very explicit wording of section 6 of the "anti-trust" law, of 1890, which provides:

"Sec. 6. Any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy (and being the subject thereof) mentioned in section 1 of this act, and being in the course of transportation from one State to another, or to a foreign country, shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized and condemned by like proceedings as those provided by law for the forfeiture, seizure and condemnation of property imported into the United States contrary to law;"—

what can be more clear, than that it is the obvious duty of the Attorney General to at once take steps for the "forfeiture, seizure and condemnation" of any property of the beef trust which may be (and it always has some) in transit between the States? Does anyone doubt that the combination would dissolve if such summary steps were taken?

Anyone making whisky without complying with the internal revenue law has his property confiscated and destroyed, and is lucky to escape with his life if he attempts to defend his property. He who manufactures cigars except in accordance with internal revenue regulations finds his property confiscated. Whoever brings property into this country without paying duty is liable to lose it. But those who compose

the "trusts," and who, therefore, are in a conspiracy in restraint of trade, do not meet with a like experience. Although the law explicitly directs the forfeiture of their property when transported between the States, and the Attorney General has been given a special fund of \$500,000 to investigate and prosecute these combinations, they are accorded different treatment from that meted out to other violators of law. Is this because they are rich and powerful, or because they have made large contributions to campaign funds?

A bill to "Reform the Consular Service" has been introduced. Surely reformation is hardly needed when the present system results in the selection of men of such high intellectuality as our consul at Nottingham, England, who in a recent lengthy and discursive report on "hard times in England" sums the whole matter up thus:

"A close analysis of the latest returns to the Government Board of Trade seems to show that the general stagnation is due to dullness in the home trade, and apparently a revival therein would restore prosperity."

No matter has come before Congress during my term which so clearly shows the evil effects of failure to put single tax principles in operation decades ago, as did a proposition before the House on Friday last to grant jurisdiction to the Court of Claims to award "a fair and reasonable rent" for the use of an undivided one-sixth interest in a 20-foot building lot in San Francisco, taken over 50 years ago as part of a site for the mint there, and also a suitable indemnity for said property.

It appears that the United States government paid for this 20-foot strip at the time the other land was bought, but the widow (and now the descendants of the widow) of one of the joint owners claimed she did not release her interest in this particular strip. It was not contended that the claimants nor the widow in question had created the land value attaching to that strip at that time, nor that any labor products were taken by the Federal government. All the government took was the use of a strip of land in San Francisco, which had been made valuable by the presence of population. The effect of the passage of this bill would be that we should delve down into the pockets of the laborers of to-day, taking from them a part of their scanty earnings and turn it over to the descendants of a woman who had no moral title to the land value.

Not content with robbing present-day labor to the extent of the capitalized value of the ground rent of 50 years ago, we were asked to rob labor to an amount equal to the additional value which succeeding generations have given to that land; and then on top of all that, to still further rob labor so as to recompense those people for not having col-

lected ground rent for 50 years. I insisted on the floor that if the single tax were in operation the courts would be cleared of endless litigation of a similar character, while the brains and energies of thousands of lawyers who are now engaged in assisting the robbery of labor through the legalizing of such claims would be turned to useful vocations.

ROBERT BAKER.

AUSTRALIA.

Corowa, N. S. W., Nov. 19.—As predicted in my last letter (p. 503), the no-confidence motion against the Reid ministry in the Federal House was defeated by two votes. The voting was exactly the same as when the Watson ministry was defeated, every vote being recorded. Since then the House has been occupied with budget and defense matters.

The Senate has been discussing the arbitration bill, and has restored the worst features to it—preference to unionists, and inclusion of agricultural laborers and domestic servants. This will mean a disagreement with the House, and perhaps the loss of the bill.

ERNEST BRAY.

NEWS

Week ending Thursday, Dec. 22.

Thomas W. Lawson's "frenzied finance" exposures in *Everybody's Magazine* (p. 472) have reached the point originally promised by their author, of circumstantially revealing instances of enormous crime by distinguished persons. In several issues of the magazine he seemed to be making an atmosphere or setting for his revelations by sensationally describing financial conditions which to the sophisticated are familiar enough to be commonplace. But in the December issue he told with details of time, place, person and circumstance, of the bribing of a Massachusetts legislature by men high up in the financial world, and in the January issue he narrates with like particularity the buying off of a receiver under circumstances implying political and judicial corruption. The latter installment of his story surpasses all others in sensational effect.

It tells in detail of the corrupt settlement of a lawsuit, brought by one creditor in the interest of all the creditors of one of J. Edward Addicks's corporations, and for which a receiver had been ap-

pointed. Included in the alleged corruption was a receiver. The judge who had appointed him confirmed the settlement upon the mere application of the plaintiff's counsel and without reference to the rights of other creditors. For effecting this result the fund, some \$225,000, is declared to have been raised by H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil trust, and to have been paid nominally by the Republican national committee of 1896 as a contribution to Addicks's campaign of that year in Delaware. The money is described as having been passed in dress suit cases in the court room upon the signing of the necessary papers by the judge, and by a representative of the prominent Wall street brokerage house of Moore and Schley.

Since the publication of this story, on the 20th, several important newspaper interviews regarding it have appeared. Among these is one from the accused receiver, Dwight Braman, who explains:

I was appointed receiver of the Bay State Gas company in 1895 at the request of attorneys representing William Buchanan, among whom was United States Senator Higgins, Roger Foster, and Frederic E. Snow of Boston. As a result of that receivership J. Edward Addicks was kept out of the United States Senate. It has kept him out ever since for the reason the receivership tied up the securities of the Bay State Gas company in such a way he could not use them to buy votes. Concerning my discharge as receiver, I would say that in the absence of any intervening petitioners, and owing to the fact that I was unable to get the visible assets, I agreed to the discharge, when Foster told me that he had an excellent opportunity to settle the case for his client. Lawson's statement not only affects my own standing but that of President McCauley of the Wilmington Savings bank, who was my co-receiver. Lawson's story as to how the money was paid over is amazing. I never saw, spoke to, or knew by sight H. H. Rogers until last summer. The money was paid to the attorneys for Buchanan in the law office of Judge Gray, then United States Senator from Delaware. The amount paid was over \$125,000, of which \$40,000 went to the attorneys and \$30,000 went to the receivers. The balance, \$55,000, went to Buchanan. In addition the firm of Lawson, Weidenfeld & Co. gave its note for \$50,000, which was later settled for \$25,000.

Roger Foster, counsel for the peti-

tioning creditor, explains as follows:

Lawson's article, in almost every statement in which I am named, is absolutely false. I was retained and acted throughout the litigation to which he refers solely for the protection of Mr. Buchanan's interests. The amount paid me is my private business. It included money due my client, Buchanan, in addition to my own fee. It was not an excessive amount, considering that we had to take care of five different sets of lawyers and two receivers. Another of the interviews is with Elverton R. Chapman, now head of the wall street firm of E. R. Chapman & Co., but in 1896 a partner in the firm of Moore & Schley. He says:

I carried \$225,000 over to Delaware on the day that the gas receiverships were settled, which happened also to be the day of the 1896 sound money parade, and paid it out to certain persons. It is the first time I have told this story to anybody except my business partners. I remember well that it was on Saturday before the election when I started for Wilmington, Del., with something like \$225,000 in two dress suit cases and two small leather bags. The money was all currency in small bills, because the bunch down there will not stand either for checks or for big bills. Mr. Eich, a trusted employe of the firm of Moore & Schley, was with me. We reached Wilmington all right. I left Eich on guard over the money and went to court. My instructions were precise. I merely was to stand pat and wait until the judge had given the decision terminating the receivership. That was to be my signal for getting down to the business of distributing the money. When the decision was finally given I went to the hotel, got Eich, and together we went to the office of Judge—then Senator—Gray of Delaware, where the money was to be paid out. The men who were to be paid out of the funds we had brought were admitted into the ante-room one by one. There was a man standing guard at the door or they would have broken it down, so great was the clamor. When all the money was piled on the table and there was a lull in the proceedings I found I had brought over to Wilmington \$15,000 more than was required to make the settlement, and this was finally brought back to New York.

Former United States Senator Anthony Higgins, Roger Foster's associate counsel, replied on the 21st to newspaper questions as follows:

"About two o'clock in the afternoon of the last Saturday in October, the Saturday before election, in 1896, we all went over to the court-room to effect a dismissal of the proceedings, an agreement having been reached among the

parties." "Do you know who brought the money down from New York?" "It was Mr. Chapman, of the firm of Moore & Schley." "How much did he bring with him?" "I was told before I left the court-room that the amount was \$250,000." "Who furnished the money with which the settlement was effected?" "I have always understood that it came from Henry H. Rogers, of New York."

Senator Higgins's partner, Philip Churchman, said, also on the 21st:

"I never heard of more than \$75,000 figuring in the case." "You know of that amount of cash?" "Certainly, I do. I helped count it. It was in five and ten-dollar bills, and made a pile that covered the top of a desk in H. H. Ward's office. It took three of us a good part of the afternoon to count it, and Roger Foster was in a rage, for, as he said, he had stipulated that it should be paid in \$1,000 bills."

Newspaper reports from Wilmington explain that—

the money was divided in the office of Judge George Gray, former United States senator, but he was not a party to the transaction. It happened that he shared his office with another lawyer, Herbert H. Ward.

Prior to the publication of Lawson's last article, the attorneys for H. H. Rogers attempted to have the magazine excluded from the mails, but the post office authorities at Washington refused to interfere. His attorneys also formally warned the American News Company by letter that if they distributed the magazine they would be prosecuted criminally for libel, but the company proceeded with the distribution.

In connection with the publication of the Delaware episode, Mr. Lawson makes assertions regarding his general accusations of last Summer that the Standard Oil "crowd" collected \$5,000,000 just before the Presidential election of 1896, with which Marcus A. Hanna and others corrupted the vote of five doubtful States to save the election for Mr. McKinley. These assertions are positive, and imply that more details are yet to come. After narrating the circumstances of the agreement to buy off the Delaware receivership, the Lawson article proceeds:

Having reached this point the next problem was how to get the money. Rogers refused absolutely to be a party to any payment that could be traced back to him. He canvassed the sources of hazard: first, through treachery on

the part of Foster, Braman, or Addicks, he might be accused of bribing a court officer, the receiver; Addicks might blackmail him by charging him with conspiracy, or a conspiracy charge might be brought by Bay State stockholders, and he be held for tremendous damages. He refused to put himself into any such trap. I put forward a dozen ways to meet the emergency, but he would have none of them. Finally he suggested a method which was certainly perfect of its kind. He began by letting me into the secret that the chances of a McKinley victory in the election the following week looked pretty bad, and that the latest canvass of the States showed that unless something radical were done, Bryan surely would win. Hanna had called into consultation half a dozen of the biggest financiers in Wall street, and it was decided to turn at least five of the doubtful states. To do this a fund of \$5,000,000 had been raised under Rogers's direction, to be turned over to Mark Hanna and McKinley's cousin, Osborne, through John Moore, the Wall street broker, who was acting as Rogers's representative in collecting the money. It would be legitimate for the national committee to pay out money to carry Delaware, and he, Rogers, would arrange it that the coin to satisfy Braman and Foster should come through this channel. Thus he would be completely protected. "Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, looking at me with intense and deadly seriousness, his voice charged with conviction; "if Bryan's elected, there will be such a panic in this country as the world has never seen, and with his money ideas and the crazy-headed radicals he will call to Washington to administer the nation's affairs, business will surely be destroyed and the working people suffer untold misery. You know we all hate to do what Uncle Mark says is necessary, but it's a case of some of us sacrificing something for the country's good. Bryan's election would set our country back a century, and I believe it's the sacred duty of every honest American to do what he can to save his land from such a calamity." The "System's" conscience has its own quaint logic—the logic of self-interest—and this is how it reasoned: "The election of Bryan would disturb our control of American institutions, therefore American institutions would be destroyed by Bryan's election. On us, 'the System,' devolves the sacred if expensive duty of saving the nation, and, however abhorrent to our fine moral sense, patriotism compels us to spend millions in bribing and corrupting the electorate so that virtue, 'Standard Oil,' and J. P. Morgan may continue the good work of caring for the public's interests as their own."

Cornelius N. Bliss, the official treasurer of the Republican national committee in the campaign of 1896, is reported on the 20th,

in dispatches from New York, as having "denied the story of a \$5,000,000 fund."

Following its decision, reported last week (p. 584), the Supreme Court of Colorado has now thrown out the election returns from five precincts in Denver, thereby unseating three Democratic senators from Denver and changing the control of the Senate from Democratic to Republican. It also reduces Alva Adams's plurality over Peabody for Governor by 1,182. The ground on which the court makes this decision is that at the election in the precincts in question the election officers and some of the persons voting, violated the injunction order of the court. The court does not act in the matter as an election tribunal or in regular review of the determination of any election tribunal. It acts simply as a court of equity in support of its own original writ of injunction. Judge Steele, the Democratic judge, dissents from this decision, but is overruled by the two Republican judges, Gabbert and Campbell.

It is widely believed in Colorado that these proceedings are prompted and promoted not by the Republican party but by a combination of financial interests allied with the Standard Oil trust. A distinguished and high-minded as well as observant Democrat of the State has explained the general situation as follows:

Visitors may think that the Republican machine is intent upon upholding the law and punishing ballot thieves. Nothing of the kind. Their purpose is to use any means good or bad, and resort to any argument true or false, that they may steal the Senate, the new Supreme judgeships, and the governorship if they dare. It is not the Republican party, but a ring of corrupt politicians and selfish corporations who wish to control legislation for their own purposes. They care nothing for the law except as it may be twisted to contribute to their schemes. They use a few miserable ballot thieves—men perhaps trained by themselves—to raise indignation among the people, so that under the protection of this popular storm they may steal a State. The tampering with the ballot is bad. It cannot be condemned too severely. But this is an incident of elections which can be corrected. There are laws to punish election crimes and jails for election criminals. But from the plan of government

devised by Gov. Peabody's counsel, Mr. Waldron, there is no relief. In evil hands it would destroy the Republic itself.

An encouraging departure with reference to legal protection for Negroes is reported from Mississippi. At Brookhaven, in that State, on the 20th, Judge M. A. Wilkinson imposed severe sentences upon members of a so-called "Farmers' League," convicted of mobbing Negroes. As reported, he sentenced these men as follows:

Oscar Franklin, life imprisonment for the murder of Eli Wilson, a Negro; William Franklin, Elbert Gill, T. W. Smith, Elias Smith, and R. L. Smith, 50 years' imprisonment for killing Henry List, a Negro.

The Farmers' League is described as having inaugurated a reign of terror throughout the county. Negro homes were burned, many were shot into from the darkness, many Negroes were killed or wounded or whipped. Notices were posted in many places throughout the county warning the Negroes to leave. Speaking of this, preliminary to sentencing the prisoners, Judge Wilkinson said:

As a representative of the law, and not with any intent to threaten, nor with any braggadocio, but as a fact, I say to you who have been concerned in this thing that you have got to quit. Not "Will you quit?" or "Please quit," but "You have got to quit." This experience is just a little chastisement as you would correct a refractory child with a straw, but the next time we are going to "bust the hide"—you will get the full penalty of the law, even if it takes every man in Lincoln county and makes every woman a widow. The law must be enforced: it's your law.

NEWS NOTES.

—August Belmont was elected on the 15th as president of the Civic Federation to succeed the late Senator Hanna.

—The oration at the 53d convocation of the University of Chicago on the 20th was made by Jane Addams.

—Arthur M. Kenney, of Elgin, died on the 19th. Mr. Kenney, who was an active and influential young man in the organized labor movement, was especially prominent in Elgin as a single tax advocate.

—The Congressmen erroneously named last week as managers of the impeachment trial of Judge Swayne (p. 583) were only a committee to notify the Senate. The managers are Congressmen Palmer, Gillette, Clayton, Jenkins,

Parker of New Jersey, Littlefield and De Armond.

—By a vote of 55 to 5 on the 18th the City Council of Chicago censured Alderman Butler (p. 584), against his protest, for having falsely declared on the floor of the Council "that certain lawyers in the Council will do for their clients what they would not do for themselves," and "that a certain element in the Council want to show what they can do in the traction situation in connection with the ordinance."

—The statistics of exports and imports of the United States (p. 537) for the five months ending November 30, 1904, as given by the statistical sheet of the Department of Commerce and Labor for November, were as follows (M standing for merchandise, G for gold and S for silver):

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
M.....	\$632,088,590	\$430,319,796	\$201,768,794 exp.
G.....	40,259,607	33,647,499	6,612,108 exp.
S.....	19,652,885	9,911,161	9,741,724 exp.
	\$692,001,082	\$473,878,455	\$217,122,627 exp.

IN CONGRESS.

This report is an abstract of the Congressional Record, the official report of Congressional proceedings. It includes all matters of general interest, and closes with the last issue of the Record at hand upon going to press. Page references are to the pages of Vol. 39 of that publication.

Washington, Dec. 12-16, 1904.

Senate.

The Philippine bill was further considered on the 12th (p. 132), and its consideration resumed on the 13th (p. 202), after partial consideration of pure food bill (p. 198). On the 14th message from the House announcing impeachment of Judge Swayne was received (p. 273), and consideration of the Philippine bill resumed (p. 282). The Philippine bill was further considered on the 15th (p. 304), and on the 16th it was passed with amendments (p. 350-370), after which the Senate adjourned to the 19th.

House.

Bill to improve currency conditions was taken up on the 12th (p. 170); and on the 13th (pp. 217-237) the impeachment of Judge Swayne was considered and ordered. Committee to notify the Senate of Judge Swayne's impeachment was appointed (p. 253). On the same day Baker's resolution asking Attorney General to report on violation of law by steel trust was tabled (pp. 253-4) by 141 to 43, after which the urgent deficiency bill was considered and passed (p. 255). Consideration of the currency bill was resumed on the 15th (p. 325), and on the 16th adjournment was taken to the 19th.

Record Notes.—Text of bill to improve currency (p. 171); text of Spooner amendment to Philippine bill (p. 367).

PRESS OPINIONS.

LAWSON'S EXPOSURES.

Milwaukee Daily News (Dem.), Dec. 15.—It is difficult to locate Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. Mr. Lawson may be a fakir and a charlatan, as the "system" charges. He may be playing a "system" of his own in his stock market operations. He may be a buccaneer sailing the financial seas. To the landlubber the Lawson craft is not easy to classify. It is apparently not a scow. It may be a Noah's ark that is to rescue the true believers from the flood which he predicts is going to be pulled off shortly when the sluice gates shall be jarred loose.

Whatever Mr. Lawson may be, reformer, stock market pirate, repentant sinner or Imp of perdition, there can be no mistake that he is the genuine article. . . . He promises to smash the system. If any innocent spectators should be standing around when the crash shall come it won't be his fault. He has repeatedly warned them to get out of the way. The smash may never come, but the howls that are heard in Wall street are worth the price of admission.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES AND CITIZENSHIP.

Chicago Examiner (Dem.), Dec. 20.—When men can no longer talk for or petition for their rights there is little use of the rest of the written Constitution. And yet because Keller, Cunningham, Tumber and Aldrich, letter carriers, and officers in their association, sought to secure legislation to improve the condition of themselves and their associates, they are dismissed by the Postmaster General, the President of the United States approving. These men sought legislation of benefit to their associates. Their association sent some of them to Washington. They distributed literature. It is charged that they encompassed the defeat of men who opposed them. Suppose they did. They had the right. . . . When these men were discharged the section of the Constitution guaranteeing free speech and the right to petition was violated. With the fate of their officers confronting them, what will the other members of the association dare to do to secure better salaries? They do not know what act will cause their dismissal. They can't read the President's mind. The letter of the Constitution of the United States can no longer be their guide. . . . If these men were dismissed for pernicious activity in politics they might demand that Taft and Shaw and all of the other talking members of the Cabinet be discharged for running up and down the country, making political speeches and at the same time drawing full pay from the government. . . . Is there one law for John Hay and William Taft and another for the man who delivers your mail?

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The (Quincy, Mass.) Granite Cutters' Journal (lab.), Dec.—Practically the fifth year of the national eight-hour day of our trade has closed, and reflection shows that every advantage claimed in our campaign for its final introduction as a trade union proposition has been fully verified. Comparison with other conditions shows up so well along this line that his mind is calous indeed, either among employers or employes, who would desire a change to the old conditions. It is gratifying to be able to report that since employers found the advantages of the eight-hour day to our trade, not one of them has expressed a desire to break away from the logical position we advocated and have now had in use for five years. None will deny that employment has been improved; no employer can be quoted that prices or profits have been reduced; those hiring, and the men hired, will unanimously admit that men have worked more steady, that better work has been turned out, that the output has been enhanced and therefore that all around our policy has been of material value to employer, employe, the trade and the public.

BARs AGAINST EMPLOYMENT.

(Detroit) United States Daily (Ind.), Dec. 19.—It has been said that most of the wage workers of the world are only a few days from starvation, so that when there is the least hitch in the industrial machinery—the least miscalculation on the part of its managers—want stalks abroad. Supposing the inhabitants of Great Britain and of the United States and of all other supposedly civilized countries should turn over a new

leaf, let down the bars, and allow the people to get at the natural opportunities for employment. What would be the result? Couldn't the two hands, backed by the average amount of brains in the head of the average workingman, obtain a living? If not, why not? How can this be done? That is another story.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE AND THE NEGRO.

Richmond Planet (Negro), Dec. 17.—It is not right, Mr. Page, for you, of all men, to assail our honesty and make light of our chastity. We were, sir, as clay in the hands of the potter. What we are, you made us, and in the day of the final resurrection, when our God shall judge the quick and the dead and mete equal and exact justice to all men, we believe that many of our follies will be overlooked, and many of our vices recognized as the result of your training, and that mercy, tempered with justice, will give us a high seat even around the great white throne.

BRYAN'S POSITION.

The Commoner, Dec. 16.—It is Mr. Bryan's purpose to contribute toward the securing of every reform within reach. If he could advance these reforms more by becoming a member of some other party he would not hesitate to leave the Democratic party, but he believes that he can accomplish more through the Democratic party, and, while he so believes, he will work with the Democratic party. To him the future seems full of hope. He believes that the Democratic party is going to meet the expectations of its members and disappoint the fears of men who, like Mr. Watson, want to see it destroyed. Mr. Bryan is not a candidate for any office; he has no plans looking to any nomination for any office. He is satisfied to do the work that he is now doing. If he is ever nominated for any office it will be with a full knowledge of his views and because those who nominate him believe him more available for the work in hand than anyone else. He does not desire and would not accept a nomination on any other terms. He has urged the Democratic party to adopt such of the reforms advocated by the Populist party as he believed to be for the good of the country; he will urge the Democratic party to adopt any good reforms suggested by any other party, and he will urge the Democratic party to help the Republican party to do anything good that it proposes. In other words, he is anxious that the Democratic party shall be a positive force for good and that it shall make its influence felt upon the right side of every question without stopping to ask what other party favors the position taken.

SOUND MONEY.

Waechter und Anzeiger, Dec. 2.—According to Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely the money circulation of the world is now \$12,313,100,000; of which \$5,628,200,000 is gold, \$3,201,400,000 silver, and the remainder, \$3,483,500,000, in unsecured paper. Suppose the possessors of this unsecured paper money should demand the real stuff, gold, which is everywhere represented as backing paper currency, where, then, would be gold values? and what would become of trade and business generally?

Two well-known men about town were discussing a new clubhouse which had recently been built at great cost. One of the men had just been inspecting the new building.

"What style did you say it was decorated in?" asked the other.

The man who had seen the interior reflected a moment. "I think it was either Late Pullman or Early North

German Lloyd," he replied.—Harper's Weekly.

MISCELLANY

THE BABY'S GHOST.

For The Public.

A Mexican legend of a "peon" child, supposed to have been murdered by her master, and the body concealed in the enormously thick wall of the house.

"Lady, your doors have each a brace;
The window-bars are in their place;
Your guardian walls are four feet deep;
Their midnight watch the sentries keep;
Yet, I have risen by your side—
A baby-ghost at Christmastide,
In whose dead heart quick sorrows bide;
I cannot rest; I cannot rest!

"All day the sunshine smites the wall;
All night the creeping shadows fall
Where my dead master wailed away
The little one he chanced to slay.
Oh, long and long the years have fled
Since my fierce master laid me dead;
Yet still my wondering brothers wait,
My sister lingers at the gate,
A weary watch my father keeps,
And in the dark my mother weeps—
I cannot rest; I cannot rest!

"Lady, the broad Humayo roars
Before my father's cabin doors;
Wide armed the cottonwoods look up
To drink the dew from Heaven's cup;
And at their feet my brothers play.
Lady, I go—I cannot stay!
My people weep, my people wait,
Their hearts hang ever on my fate,
In Mary's name—for Christ's dear sake—
Go you, and heavy tidings take:
I cannot rest; I cannot rest!

"Their tears are ever in my heart,
While, proud and prosperous, in the mart
My master laughs, my master trades,
And handles jests with men and maids.
My blood is on his strong white hands,
And by his side my spirit stands;
Yet calm-eyed people come and go,
And look beyond me and my woe.
Oh, would their souls my soul could see,
And their hearts feel for mine and me,
I cannot rest; I cannot rest!"

Wide-armed the cottonwoods are green
Where broad Humayo rolls between,
And watching where the sunset rays
Across the crimsoned waters blaze,
I seem to see the baby stand
With baby-ghosts from many a land.
And I bethink me of the woe—
The death-in-life the babies know,
In stunted homes—in mine and mill—
By looms at midnight whirring still.
I cannot rest! I cannot rest!

Oh, little ones whom Want hath claimed;
Whose hearts are starved—whose needs are
shamed;

In whose pinched bodies souls are maimed!
Your bleeding fingers stain the brow
Of all the proud world here and now.
We work and pray—we laugh and play;
Our statesmen wrangle day by day
With Cain's red mark in heart and brain
For little ones whom Want hath slain.
Oh, little ones who may not 'bide,
Oh, little ones by Anguish tried,
Your ghosts are ever at my side—
I cannot rest! I cannot rest!

VIRGINIA M. BUTTERFIELD.

COL. WRIGHT'S STATISTICS.

It will be recalled that the bureau of labor at Washington prepared some statistics, which were much used by the Republicans during the campaign, going to show that wages had been increasing more than the prices of the cost of living. This was shown to be true during the boom period of the past half-dozen years, when the money volume in circulation increased by some 40 per cent.

The New York Times, a sound money organ, while admitting that these statistics are necessarily inconclusive and unsatisfactory, still considers them as exact as any available, and appears disposed to accept the conclusion which they enforce, namely, that the cost of living has not increased "in anything like the ratio in which wages have advanced."

If this is the truth, two very important and remarkable conclusions follow: (1) That the boom period has adversely affected the employing classes, since they have been unable to recover, in the prices of products sold, the increased cost of labor; and (2) that an inflation of the currency with its attendant rise in prices is more favorable to the wage earners than the employing classes.

The first of these conclusions is apparently absurd, for nothing is clearer on the face of things than that capital, and those employing capital as economic undertakers, have chiefly, if not exclusively, profited from the speculative and industrial booming of the past six years. Wages have nominally advanced, but interest and profits—the wages of capital and of the industrial promoter or director—have advanced much more.

However, if this be not the case, and if the first conclusion stands, then does the second stand also, and what follows from this? Clearly that the advocates of sound money and the gold standard in 1896 misled the people when they declared, with all the repetition and emphasis they could command, that wages always lagged behind prices in an upward movement, and that, therefore, currency inflation or the cheapening of the dollar through free silver coinage or any other means, must injure the wage classes and profit only the producing or employing classes.

Is this the fact? Were the people misled? Is monetary inflation, or the falling dollar and rising prices, chiefly helpful to wages? If so, then a weapon has been put into the hands of the next cheap money movement which can be used with deadly effect. The statistics in question were gathered under the direction of Carroll D. Wright. Is he pre-

pared to stand by them, and defend as true this inevitable deduction to be drawn from them?—Weekly Springfield Republican, of Nov. 27.

A REFORMER'S SYMPATHIES.

For The Public.

"I am content to see them trying to pound some sense into each other."

"But don't you hope the Japs will win? They are progressive, and seem sent by Providence to smash the power of that Russian despotism."

"If they are sent by Providence to do that, I am glad to see them do it. But the despotism of Russia is a military despotism, is it not—a tyrannical aristocracy sustained by the army?"

"Yes, and by the police."

"But it is the Cossacks that inflict outrages, knout the crowds and suppress resistance to the tyranny?"

"Of course."

"And what evidence is there that the Japanese aristocracy at the end of this war would make any better use of an army out of a job?"

"Well, even if they would not, you must admit that as Japan was the one threatened by Russia's practical annexation of Manchuria the Japanese people are in the right."

"Do you think the Japanese people or the Russian people, the peasants who never heard of Manchuria and don't know where it is even when they get to it, care anything about who annexes it?"

"Certainly not, but if Russia were allowed to annex it the next thing would be they would attack Japan from that point of advantage."

"The Russian peasants are much like the Japanese peasants, are they not? They don't want Manchuria or to attack Japan, do they?"

"No, they don't; but the aristocracy does."

"Then would the Russian aristocracy attack Japan?"

"Not themselves, of course; but they would send the soldiers, the peasants you talk of, to attack the Japanese people."

"Oh, then it is the harmless peasants who would attack other harmless peasants, and it is the attacked peasants that you are sorry for?"

"Well, yes; the attacked ones are certainly to be pitied."

"But you said the attacked are just the same sort of peasants as the attackers; neither of them have any sense till they pound it into one another."

"Well, but others than the peasants will suffer if Japan comes under the Russian tyranny, the well-to-do, the self-sacrificing reformers, the men of progressive ideas."

"The intelligent and progressive can evade the tyranny themselves, can they not? or they can leave the country?"

"They can, but that leaves the peasants in ignorance, and suffering for their ignorance."

"True, so if they stay, they stay because, being such as they are, they want to stay. But will not the Japanese peasants, flushed with victory and excited by the praises of their women and by loot, be very likely to thirst for more war—to think national glory and success belong to force, and that they are the nation that has the force?"

"It seems probable that it would be so, unless as you say, somebody pounds some sense into them."

"Yes, unless those poor deluded 'foreigners' find by trial that the way of transgressors is hard, and unless somebody—men like Crosby or Tolstoy—teaches them and our poor deluded workmen the better way with trumpet voices, and men like you and me wheresoever we can make our voices heard."

BOLTON HALL.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

From a discourse delivered in Cincinnati, O., December 18, 1904, at the Vine Street Congregational church, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

"The National Sunshine Legion," what is it? A circular announces that an organization by that name has opened in Cincinnati a day nursery for the care of the children of "deserving poor mothers who are obliged to go out to work."

The circular concludes with the statement: "All we want is to help the poor to help themselves."

If a man lays a burden upon his ass greater than he can bear, and I take a part of the burden and carry it, which am I helping, the man, or the ass? If I make a business of giving assistance to the ass so that the master counts on it and loads his beast accordingly, is it not plain that I am only making an ass of myself, and not helping the heavy laden at all?

The Pullman company knows that you are going to fee the porter. That custom is one of the assets of the company. In view of that custom, the wages are lower. When you give the porter a tip, you may flatter yourself that you are helping the porter. But you are not. You are gratifying your own vanity and chipping in on the Pullman pay roll. That is the way it works out in the long run. Charity comes to the same end. If to-day charity were to stop, there would be more misery to-morrow, but the day

after there would be a revolution.

In the parish house of a neighboring church I saw a crowd of young people, girls and boys from the shops and factories, whom society ladies were waiting upon and attending in the most obliging manner. You would have thought that the spirit of caste were really passing away and the rich, in that parish at least, were anxious to surrender their privileges and welcome the dawn of brotherhood.

But wait! On the walls of this parish house was a picture—a picture of the Garden of the Gods. The painting was not unworthy of the subject. As I stood looking at those stupendous snow-clad peaks, it was explained to me that the man who gave the picture was the private owner of the Garden of the Gods, and that it was his brother's money which built the parish house.

The Garden of the Gods the private property of a mortal man! For the moment the idea staggered me. Then another word explained it all. This lord of the Garden of the Gods was a railroad man. Then I remembered that to these railroad men the United States has made a present, all told, of 213,000,000 square acres of the public domain. I recalled a computation I had once made that this railroad grant equals in extent the States of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. The pity of it is that the same law which gives to one man the Garden of the Gods dooms ten others, of economic necessity, to live in some devil's dive, sweated and despoiled. But the rich themselves do not understand this, and many of them, wanting to do some good and not knowing how, build parish houses and support the National Sunshine Legion.

If you want to help the poor to help themselves, it is not a Sunshine Legion that you need. It is a Land League, agitating to restore the earth, the Garden of God, to the sons of men.

There is a Christmas charity nobler even than building parish houses and tending work-women's babies. Take taxes off from industry. Redistribute them according to the value of a man's land. This will reduce the taxes of the small farmer and home owner. It will tear down the fences which private monopoly has built around the Garden of the Gods. It will unlock doors now closed to labor. It will open countless opportunities to men. It will give them a chance to earn their own Christmas dinner and re-

alize the truth of that maxim: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

MRS. TITLOW'S VISITOR.

This story was originally written for Henry George's Standard by the late Thomas L. McCready. It appeared in the Standard of February 23, 1889. It was reprinted in the first Christmas number of The Public, December 24, 1898; and is now again reproduced, by request.

"Dear Mrs. Titlow," said the archdeacon, blandly, "you must not be discouraged. Such experiences come every day to those who work among the poor. They are providentially intended for our guidance, and not for our discouragement."

And the archdeacon sipped his tea. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the tea drinkers' sacred hour, and Mrs. Titlow's tea was excellent.

"But doctor," said the lady, half querulously, "it does seem so impossible to do anything for the poor creatures. It's so hard to do anything with them. Don't you know, when I go on one of my visiting rounds I feel just as though I were looking at something through a plate-glass window. I can see everything plainly enough, but when I reach out my hand to touch anything I find I can't get at it."

The archdeacon smiled benevolently. "You will get over that feeling after awhile," he said. "It probably comes from self-consciousness on your part. Keep on saying to yourself: 'These people are my friends,' and after a time you'll feel that they really are your friends. Then everything will be easy for you."

"Yes, but they're not my friends—that's just the trouble. I don't know why. I'm sure I feel interested enough in them, and friendly enough toward them. But when I give them good advice I can see that they haven't the slightest idea of following it. And I know they often tell me lies in answer to my questions. Now you know, doctor, that's not being friendly."

The archdeacon smiled again and finished his cup of tea before he spoke. "We must recognize the situation," he said, "and not expect too much. The poor are often very hard to deal with. They are prone to rebel against the decrees of providence. They are not always as contented as they should be in the station to which it has pleased God to call them. They are often ignorant and thriftless. And as a rule they are sadly lacking in truthfulness. But all this, dear Mrs. Titlow, only makes it the more necessary that we should labor earnestly among them. In this scheme of God's wise providence we

have been set apart to be the stewards of his bounty. He might have so arranged the world that there should be no poor. But He knew better. 'The poor,' He tells us, 'ye have always with you.' They stimulate our benevolence. They keep our sympathies alive. And we, in turn, if we do our duty by them, will develop in them the virtues of thrift and temperance, and teach them to look with gratitude, not to us, but to the Father who loves all his children equally, and has appointed the wiser and better educated to dispense his bounty among the simple and untaught. Think how objectless your life would be if there were no poor for whose improvement you could labor. Think how wretched the lives of the poor would be if there were no people like you to visit and assist them. Keep up your district visiting, then, and let your poorer brothers and sisters see that, while you are not blind to their faults, you love them still, and want to be their friend."

The archdeacon put down his cup and rose to go. Mrs. Titlow was conscious of a sense of moral exaltation, as though she had just been to church.

"If you please, ma'am," said the housemaid, "there's a woman in the hall that wants to speak to you."

"A woman, Mary?" said Mrs. Titlow. "What woman? Didn't she give any name?"

"No, ma'am. I asked her what her name was, and what she wanted to see you for; and she said you wouldn't know her name, but she knew you'd be glad to see her. I'd ha' sent her off, but I thought she might be one of them charity society women, and you might want to see her after all."

"Good gracious! Mary, you mustn't leave strange women sitting in the hall like that. Why, she may be robbing the drawing-room at this moment! Run downstairs and say I'll be there in a minute, and don't leave her alone until I come."

When Mrs. Titlow descended she found the visitor seated on one of the straight-backed comfortless chairs that flanked the hatrack, while Mary, the housemaid, lingered near, making a pretense of doing something with a duster. Mrs. Titlow gave a gasp of relief. Not a thief, after all. Probably some poor person come a-berging. That was the worst of this charitable work—that it led to unauthorized intrusions of this kind. Mrs. Titlow mentally decided to refer the woman to the office of the Good Samaritan society, where the secretary could investigate her case. It would never do to

encourage visits from people of that kind.

As Mrs. Titlow drew near, the visitor rose and extended her hand. Mrs. Titlow involuntarily put out her own. The stranger grasped it, and held it with a gentle pressure. "You are the lady of the house," she said.

"I am Mrs. Titlow." She made a slight effort to withdraw her hand, but without avail.

"Dear Mrs. Titlow, I am delighted to know you," said the other, sweetly. "I am making my first round of visits this morning, and I am so glad to have commenced with you. But come," this strange woman went on, with a final pressure of the lady's unresponsive hand, "we must not stand here like two strangers. Take me into the parlor, where we can sit down together, as dear friends ought to do."

Take her into the parlor, indeed! What could the woman mean! Mrs. Titlow could do nothing but stare at her. The stranger walked deliberately into the drawing-room, and seated herself in the most comfortable easy chair. Mrs. Titlow followed in bewilderment, and remained standing.

"What a delightful chair," said the visitor. "So restful to the back. I could almost go to sleep in it. Ah! my dear, you rich people have a great deal to be thankful for, after all. Of course, it's sad that you should be so helpless, and need so many people to work for you and wait on you. But you must fight against that sort of degradation, and think, meantime, how good God is to provide you with all these pleasant things. How much more of a burden your helplessness would be to you if you had no nice, spacious house and no comfortable furniture in it. Have you ever thought of that, my dear, in your moments of discontent?"

Mrs. Titlow drew herself up. She was half afraid of this extraordinary female, but she felt it would never do to show her trepidation. "Did you want to see me about anything special?" she said. "If it's any charity business you can leave me your address and I will see that a visitor calls on you. Or, perhaps, you had better go direct to the Good Samaritan office and see the secretary." Mrs. Titlow made this last suggestion with a faint hope that the stranger might take the hint and go at once. But the hope was disappointed. The stranger only settled herself more comfortably in the easy chair and answered:

"See you about anything special? Why, of course, it's something special, or I shouldn't intrude on you in this un-

ceremonious fashion. And it is charity business, too, however you happened to guess it. You must know, I am a member of the Needle's Eye society."

Mrs. Titlow felt more comfortable. Some sewing women's organization, no doubt, that had sent this queer delegate to solicit her patronage. "Yes," she said, encouragingly, "and what sort of work is it you want to do?"

"Oh!" said the stranger, "I'm coming to that in a minute. But do sit down, won't you? Now I insist upon it"—as Mrs. Titlow remained standing—"you must sit down. I want to feel that I am your friend; and how can I think you feel that, or talk to you as a friend should talk, if you persist in standing while I'm sitting in this comfortable chair. Now sit right down, or I won't say another word."

Mrs. Titlow sat down. As she did so, her suppressed indignation at the stranger's impertinence hardened into a resolution that the Needle's Eye society should get mighty little sewing from her. Then the visitor went on:

"There! Now we can have a comfortable talk together. Do you know"—with a little laugh—"it just occurs to me that I haven't introduced myself. That was stupid of me, wasn't it? How could I expect you to look on me as a friend when you didn't even know my name? I am Mrs. Jones—Sophronia Jones. I hope you will learn to call me Sophy. And what shall I learn to call you?"

"I don't think we need go into that, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Titlow, with mild haughtiness. "If you will be kind enough to state your business in as few words as possible I will be obliged."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Jones, "how unsympathetic you rich folks are. I suppose it's one of the evils of your lot in life. If you only knew how much good it would do you to look on me as your friend, and to call me Sophy. But you'll do it by and by. God meant the rich and poor to be brothers and sisters, you know."

Mrs. Titlow felt a chill run down her backbone. This was the sort of thing she had brought upon herself by engaging in charitable work. She felt as though she would never want to go district visiting again.

"You see, dear," Mrs. Jones went on, "you must not think the poor are altogether selfish and heartless. Many of them are so, I know, but not all. Some of us have a keen sympathy for the rich, and long to do them good. It is dreadful, I know, to have all your pleasure in this world, and nothing to look forward to but hell fire in the next. It makes my heart—"

"Good God, woman!" cried Mrs. Titlow, fairly shocked into profanity, "whatever do you mean?"

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Jones, "that you haven't read the Bible? Don't you know 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? You know Christ said that—the same Christ that promised you should always have the poor with you. But, my dear, we must not take the text too literally. It cannot mean that all the rich people will go to hell, but only that most of them must go there. There must be room for some of them in heaven. Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Titlow, how happy shall I be if I can bring you comfort, and make the future less terrible to you. Let me be your friend. I want to be your sister. Now, can't you call me Sophy?"

And really, for a moment, Mrs. Titlow almost felt as if she could call her Sophy, and find relief in doing it. For the woman's strength of earnestness carried conviction with it. She so evidently believed what she said, she was so full of tender sympathy and pity, that the rich woman's heart went out toward her for a space as to a refuge from an impending awful doom. Then Mrs. Titlow remembered the archdeacon, and her soul regained its balance. If the text about the needle's eye were to be strictly interpreted, surely the archdeacon would have told her about it before this. So she said nothing, though she looked at Mrs. Jones with a plainly startled glance.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Jones, "we'll be friends some day. And now I must tell you about our society. Its objects are to induce the poor to cast the mantle of their charity over the rich, and to teach the rich that the poor want to be their friends and to divide their inheritance of eternal glory with them. We poor folks don't want to keep the promise of heaven all to ourselves. We feel as if we were, after a fashion, only stewards of God's bounty, because we want to widen the needle's eye to make it possible for the camel to pass through, and for the rich man to enter the kingdom. And we have arranged to visit among the rich, each one of us in a certain district—to listen to their stories, to investigate the manner of their lives, to find out those among them who are deserving of charity, and to show them that we are indeed their brothers and sisters, more lucky than they are, to be sure, but just the same flesh and blood. And now that you know just what brings me here, try and confide in me. Tell me all about yourself and your family. What is your husband's business? Is he honest in it? Does he treat you kind-

ly? What are your own besetting faults? You see, I'm ready to hear your whole story."

"Archdeacon Ramsay-Brown!" announced Mary, throwing wide the drawing-room door. Mrs. Titlow gave a great gasp of thankfulness. To her surprise Mrs. Jones rose up and greeted the newcomer with effusion. "My dear archdeacon," she said, "I've been studying the texts, and I understand them all. It's just as you said—the rich and poor are brothers and sisters, and meant to be each other's dearest friends. Look at me and Mrs. Titlow. We love each other dearly. And we've organized our society—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the archdeacon. Then, with a movement of apology to Mrs. Titlow, he led the representative of the Needle's Eye society apart and spoke to her earnestly for a few minutes. "You really think so, doctor?" said Mrs. Jones, aloud, at last.

"I really do. You know you must not force your friendship upon your richer sisters. They might think you were inclined to patronize them."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones. "Then I'll say good-by to Mrs. Titlow for the present. But remember, dear, that I want to be your friend, and if you find yourself in need of charity don't hesitate to send for me."

The archdeacon showed the visitor to the door and returned. "A sad case," he said, in pitying tone; "a truly sad case. Of course you saw that she was crazy. I'll have her sent to the asylum on Blackwell's island to-morrow."

THE OLD ANTHEM.

For The Public.

"Make a bright, new Christmas anthem—"
That was how the message came,
In a kindly, pleading letter,
Signed by many a well-loved name.
'Twas my classmates' choral union
In the dear old church at home;
Vainly o'er this task I pondered
For the new words would not come.

From the past a line came floating:
"Hark! the herald angels sing."
It was but the chastened echo
Of a young heart's triumph ring.
So, when dawned the blessed Christmas,
And my friends were gathered round,
Though no new song pealed its greeting,
Each and all a lesson found:

That the old words keep their beauty
And their mystic power to cheer,
When we read their truest meaning,
Searching deeper, year by year.
So we sang that grand old anthem,
And lived o'er our youth again—
"Glory, glory in the highest!
Peace on earth, good will to men."

MARY McNABB JOHNSTON.

Many a man thinks that it is goodness that keeps him from crime, when it is only his full stomach. On

half allowance he would be as ugly and as knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principle.—Carlyle.

The following explanation from a little book put out by the Bureau of Associated Charities of Chicago, seems appropriate for publication in connection with our story, "Mrs. Titlow's Visitor," to be found on another page:

A friendly visitor is exactly what the name implies. In a spirit of genuine friendship the visitor goes to a family in "hard lines." The visit is not made for the purpose of doling out aims. It is made because the visitor has a heart full of sympathy for distress, and desires to make life happier and more useful. Naturally some visitors are not successful. Many are. The idea is undeniably good. The Bureau has organized and is directing an army of about 600 friendly visitors.
—Public of Dec. 24, 1898.

What becomes of pins, pens and needles? A doctor of a curious turn made up his mind to find out. From experiments made in his garden he remarked that pins, little by little, fall into dust. Hairpins, which he watched for 154 days, were worn away with rust by that time. Brass pins only last a very short time. For highly-polished pins it requires nearly a year and a half for their dissolution, while for polished needles nearly two years and a half are taken. Steel pens disappear after 15 months, while their wooden holders are still intact.—Manchester Guardian.

BOOKS

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Bolton Hall, whose fables have introduced him so favorably as an ingenious and entertaining, as well as thoughtful writer, has ventured into the field of juvenile literature. He enters with a delightful collection of children's stories under the title of "Monkey Shines." Although these stories (New York: A. Wessels Company. Price \$1.00) are described on the title page as "little stories for little children," the foreword appreciates them better when it intimates that they are interesting to all children from three years up to sixty.

Mr. Hall has never done better work than this. It is not too much to say that "Monkey Shines" is equal to the best books of the children's story class.

These stories have morals, as all stories ought to have. The story without a moral isn't worth either the reading or the writing. That doesn't mean, to be sure, that the moral must be pointed and labeled. It means that the story must be faithful to some phase of human life, for every phase of human life has its moral. While Mr. Hall's children's stories have morals, he remembers what

so many writers of moral "juveniles" forget, that it is just as offensive to thrust the moral of a child's story down the throat of the child as to thrust the moral of a novel down the throat of the adult. "To explain the moral," says Mr. Hall, "is to make a child hate the story;" and he never does explain it.

But it is there, and no child will hate the stories for it. They are stories of real life, full of incident and vital with character. The scenes are every-day scenes—the commonplaces which to children and grown-ups alike are interesting above all things else when the pen of an artist portrays them.

The delight of it all is in the telling. The language is simple and adapted to immaturity, yet not childish; and the atmosphere of the real is always present. "Willie's uncle went down to Florida," one of the stories begins, and then comes this crisp and unique explanation of going to Florida: "When you go to Florida you sail out of New York and turn to the right, and go by the side of the sea as far south as you can get in the United States. There it is warm, even in winter time, so that oranges get ripe down there." What a picture of coastwise sailing, with orange orchards at the end, and a map between!

The author's insinuating method of emphasizing a moral is often picturesque, and must be effective. When the little Dutch boy has proved his truthfulness under a severe test, his story closes with the remark: "After that, I think if Hanschen had said that a trolley car chased him upstairs, the people would have said: 'I don't see how that could be, but if Hanschen said it, it must be true.'"

Mr. Hall is fortunate in his illustrator, Leon Foster Jones; and also in being able to preface his book with an introduction by the late Bishop Huntington, probably one of the last things from the pen of that kindly man. He is more than fortunate in having infused his stories with a warm feeling of fatherly affection. This is due doubtless to the fact that Mr. Hall invented the stories from time to time for the entertainment and moral development of his own children.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

Some weeks ago, being moved by the spirit of honest appreciation, I attempted (p. 414) to give some idea of the scope and value of "The Letters from a Chinese Official." By the combined strength of internal evidence and external testimony, I was led to believe and strongly assert that the author must be a Chinaman, born and bred, and to give praise to "the scholarly Oriental who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own."

After more thorough investigation, based upon less dubious testimony, it has been found that neither personal con-

viction nor borrowed evidence was to be trusted—that, in fact, what seems to be strong internal proof of the book's Eastern origin, is really but a manifestation of the skill and acumen of the author—who proves to be an Englishman.

This being an acknowledged fact, there seems to me no inconsistency in wheeling about to laud the scholarly Englishman who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own. The book loses not one whit of its vigor, nor is the message it bears in the slightest degree less convincing or condemning. Instead of a Chinaman pleading his country's cause, we have an Englishman—wary of the slight eternally cast upon "The Heathen Chinese"—taking upon himself the task of proving China's right to live her own life, while suggesting with courteous vehemence that the Anglo-Saxon world look at home.

The man who has conceived and accomplished this most praiseworthy task is a Cambridge professor, G. Lowes Dickinson, of King's College. Well known among Englishmen of letters, he is also mentally and ethically willing and able to think of man as man—regardless of his abiding place on the earth.

It is interesting to know that the book was published in London a year or so ago under the title of "Letters from

John Chinaman." In consideration of the attitude of the United States toward the Chinese, it is enlightening to note the title adopted by the American publisher. Verily the American doth dearly love an official!

MARY HEATH LEE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—The Life Within Life; a popular setting forth of Swedenborg's doctrine of degrees. By Charles H. Mann, Eikhart, Ind. Washington, D. C. New Church Educational Association. To be reviewed.

—"Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry." A reprint of war memoranda. By Henry Edwin Tremain, late Brevet Brigadier General, Major and Aide-de-Camp, United States Volunteers. New York: Bonnell, Silver & Bowers. To be reviewed.

—"Genesis of the Social Conscience; the Relation Between the Establishment of Christianity in Europe and the Social Question." By H. S. Nash, professor in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Company. To be reviewed.

—"Surgical Emergencies:—The Surgery of the Abdomen: Part I.—Appendicitis and Other Diseases About the Appendix." By Bayard Holmes, B. S., M. D., professor of surgery in the University of Illinois, professor of clinical surgery in the American Medical Missionary College, Chicago; attending surgeon the Chicago Baptist Hospital. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PAMPHLETS.

Dr. W. E. Macklin, a medical missionary to China, of the Disciples' church, has contributed to the China branch of the Royal Asiatic society a most interesting paper on the great Chinese philosopher Mencius, who died some

300 years before the Christian era. The paper, reproduced in pamphlet, is recorded in the 33rd volume of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society. This pamphlet is especially interesting, because Mr. Macklin takes occasion in it to describe Mencius as an ancient Oriental Adam Smith, Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Patrick Edward Dove and Henry George, all in one. "I don't mean to claim," he writes, "that Mencius's democracy is as well developed as that of Spencer or Jefferson, that his free trade is as well elaborated as that of Adam Smith, or that his management of the land question is as clear and well defined as that of Spencer, Dove and George; I only claim that the principles of democracy, free trade and equity with regard to land are there, and can be compared with our present ideas as Chinese gunpowder and the compass can be compared with the modern article." In support of this claim come very interesting facts about Mencius are brought to light by Dr. Macklin.

PERIODICALS.

Frank Vierth's "Why" (Cedar Rapids, Ia.), devotes a large part of the October number, the appearance of which has been somewhat delayed, to a lecture by John Z. White on the "Conservatism of the Single Tax," coupled with an account of Mr. White's lectur-

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A CHRISTMAS REFLECTION.

(See Mr. Campbell's article "The Safety and Sanity of Ananias" in this issue.)

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Wed., Feb. 15.....Cadillac, Mich.
Thur., Feb. 16.....Manistee, Mich.
Fri., Feb. 17.....Muskegon, Mich.
Sat., Feb. 18.....Kalamazoo, Mich.
Mon., Feb. 20, Banquet to Ernest Howard Crosby.....Chicago.
Tues., Feb. 21.....Oshkosh, Wis.
Wed., Feb. 22.....Wausau, Wis.
Thur., Feb. 23.....Stevens Point, Wis.
Fri., Feb. 24.....Marshfield, Wis.
Sat., Feb. 25.....Colby, Wis.
Sun., Feb. 26.....Abbotsford, Wis.
Mon., Feb. 27 and 28.....Duluth, Minn.
Wed., March 1.....Stillwater, Minn.
Thur., March 2.....River Falls, Wis.
Fri., March 3 to Fri., March 10.....
.....St. Paul & Minneapolis.
March 27, 28, 29 and 30.....Chicago.
Fri., March 31.....Beloit, Wis.
Sat., April 1.....Reedsburg, Wis.
Sun., April 2.....La Crosse, Wis.
Mon., April 3.....Winona, Minn.
Tues., April 4.....Red Wing, Minn.
Wed., April 5.....Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
April 6 and 7.....Milwaukee, Wis.
Mon., April 24 to Wed., April 26.....
.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
Thur., April 27.....Elkhart, Ind.
Fri., April 28.....Chicago.
For particulars address
F. H. MONROE,
Pres. Henry George Lecture Assn.,
Palos Park, Ill.

ing tour from Labor Day at Wilmington, Del., to the end of September at Worcester, Mass. The same number reproduces Henry George's famous sermon, "Thy Kingdom Come," first delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1889.

The Bulletin of the Civil Service Reform association of Chicago has been enlarged and renamed. It now appears as the Civil Service Gazette. The first issue under the new name opens with an encouraging article by Judge Edward F. Dunne on the operations of the civil service law in Chicago, and the second with a paper on civil service, by Leon Hornstein.

Pearson's for December is interesting as usual for its stories, but especially for the paper by Frederick Boyd Stevenson on "The Bloodless Revolution of China," a brief and lucid account of the development of the great reform movement of which for years Hong Yu Wai has been the leader. Pearson's still exasperates its discriminating readers by hiding its table of contents among its advertisements.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Henry George Lecture Association will present the following lectures at Handel Hall, 40 East Randolph Street, Chicago.

Thursday, Jan. 19, 8 p. m. Prof. W. H. Tompkins

Thursday, Jan. 26, 8 p. m. Clarence S. Darrow

Thursday, Feb. 2, 8 p. m. Prof. W. D. McClintock of the Chicago University. Poetry and the Common Life

Thursday, Feb. 16, 8 p. m. Prof. W. M. R. French of the Art Institute

Thursday, Feb. 23, 8 p. m. Ernest Howard Crosby, New York City

Course tickets, \$1. Single Admission, 25c.

For further particulars write or phone, Miss Leonora Beck, 36 South Wood Street, phone 625 Seeley; Dr. Anna M. Lund, 1014 Masonic Temple, phone 3691 Central; Miss Nellie Carlin, 1202 Ashland Block.

ANNOUNCEMENT

It has been proposed that the Henry George men of Chicago organize a lodge to be known as the Henry George Lodge of the Modern Woodmen of America. Arrangements have been made with Mr. John F. Harris, city supervising deputy of this order, to meet at his office, room 616, Ashland Block, 59 Clark Street, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 24, at 8 o'clock to take preliminary steps towards effecting the organization of a lodge. Henry George men and others between the ages of eighteen and forty-five are cordially invited to be present.

W. H. HOLLY,
A. V. WATERS,
JAMES O. MONROE,
F. H. MONROE.

Members of the Modern Woodmen of America and committee in charge of organization.

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