

The Public

Sixth Year.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

Number 304.

LOUIS F. POST, Editor.

Entered at the Chicago, Ill., Post Office as second-class matter.

For terms and all other particulars of publication, see last page.

The suggestion of Gen. Nelson A. Miles as the Democratic candidate for President, a suggestion which is now echoed from many sources with more or less distinctness, is very far from being the worst that might be made. In fact, it seems at first blush to be among the best, if indeed it is not the very best.

Since William J. Bryan is politically dead, buried, epitaphed and forgotten, there is something puzzling about the consternation his declaration of political policy has created among the plutocratic politicians and newspapers of both parties who have killed, buried, epitaphed and forgotten him. The fact of the consternation is indisputable. The plutocratic papers ring with evidences of it. Just as the hungry Democratic politicians and the grasping captains of industry were reorganizing the Democratic masses and classes for another grand bunko fight for the Presidency, commiseriated with Wall street money duly bargained for, Bryan "kicks up a rumpus" by demanding the re-adoption of the essential principles of the Kansas City platform. Now, how can a dead man kick up a rumpus? Has Bryan's ghost done it, as the ghost of Hamlet's father did, by exposing the Denmarkian rottenness of the reorganization? Or is Bryan, after all, not dead, buried, epitaphed and forgotten, but still a great power with the common people? Either hypothesis would explain the rumpus Bryan has made. But could anything else?

The report of the trustees of

the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, of which Booker T. Washington is the head and personification, declares that the chief need of the Negroes of the South is "for teachers or leaders who will not only teach in the ordinary manner, but who will emphasize the dignity of labor," etc. But nothing is said of the need of emphasizing the fundamental rights of laborers, namely their right to natural opportunities and their right to the full value of their productions. Dignity of labor and exploitation of laborers are incompatible things. So long as our institutions allow laborers to be exploited, just so long shall we have to plead for a recognition of the dignity of labor, and plead in vain. The very classes that are most insistent verbally upon the dignity of labor are least insistent practically upon getting their share of this dignity. Give them the products of labor and they care not who has its dignity. So long as this is so, the Negroes of the South cannot be truly impressed with the dignity of labor. While they observe that it is not the man who labors, but the one who lives in luxury upon the labor of others, who is respected and honored—and the greater his unearned income the greater the respect and honor—how can they really believe that there is dignity in labor? With their native courtesy they may reply, "Das so! I reckon das so!" but in their hearts they must feel like exclaiming, "G'way, chile! G'way!"

Most of the talk about "the dignity of labor" is mere mockery. It is like that other phrase, now so common in plutocratic circles, about "liberty to work." In truth, labor is dignified, in the nature of things; but it is not dignified in the estimation of society. That

society does dignify it is the untruth to which our plutocracy tries to give currency as truth. They want a contented menial class upon whose labor they may luxuriously live, and this is one of the little confidence games they play upon the unsophisticated. In truth, also, liberty to work is an inherent right. But that is not what the plutocrats and their parasites, clerical and lay, mean when they talk of "liberty to work." All they mean is that trade union rules must not be allowed to obstruct liberty to work; they do not object to the obstructions of monopolistic laws. It is simply a case of whose ox is gored. If it is "my ox," then "liberty to work" is an obvious right; but if it is "your ox," then the principle of liberty to work raises very complex questions which, though they may be solved some ages hence, "through much pain and suffering," are only academic now!

The verdict of the coroner's jury on the Iroquois theater disaster (p. 660) is remarkable both for its findings and its failures to find. It holds several city officials responsible for the disaster, and includes Mayor Harrison because "he has shown a lamentable lack of force in his efforts to shirk responsibility," and "following this weak course has given Chicago inefficient service, which makes such calamities as the Iroquois theater horror a menace until the public service is purified of incompetents." Accordingly the jury recommends that Mayor Harrison "be held to the grand jury until discharged by due course of law." The Mayor was arrested and held in \$5,000 bail; but, very properly as it seems upon the face of the matter, has been exonerated by Judge Tuthill in habeas corpus proceedings. Others recommended for grand jury action and

arrested are the building commissioner, a building inspector, the fire marshal, the theater fireman, the electric light operator, and the stage carpenter. A similar recommendation is made with reference to Will J. Davis, the president and general manager of the Iroquois company, who has also been arrested.

To many, the arrest of the Mayor and the omission of the names of all but one of the prominent persons interested in and responsible for the safe condition of structure and performance, will seem significant. However that may be, one omission is extremely so. We refer to the neglect to ascertain the character of the explosion that occurred, and the probability of its having been caused by chemicals and having generated deadly gases.

There is nothing in the verdict to indicate that any explosion occurred. Yet evidence that a terrific explosion from some cause did occur on the stage, and that it expended its force partly through a stage skylight and partly out through the auditorium, is abundant. No testimony as to the upward explosion was elicited, although the coroner was apprised of its availability; but some evidence of the lateral explosion was given. Such as was given received scant attention; while the fact that scores of the victims were killed instantly, leaving no indications of even a momentary struggle for life, and that many were free from all marks of external injury from fire—suggestive though that fact is of death from deadly gases—was ignored or glossed over.

Besides the testimony that could have been elicited to prove the explosion through the skylight, the testimony of witnesses who were within was at least enough to put the jury on inquiry as to the causes of this explosion. One of the actresses testified that a group of which she was one "were simply blown out into the alley by a blast of air." Mr.

Foy, one of the principal actors, testified:

When I was hollering for the curtain down, how many times I don't know, and talking to this man to let them out quietly, there was a sort of a cyclone. The thing was flying behind me. I felt it coming.

Q. What do you mean by a cyclone—cyclone of what?

A. It was a whirl of smoke. When I looked around the scenery had broken—the slats the scenery is nailed to. It came down behind me and I didn't know whether to go in front or behind. The stage was covered with smoke and it was a cold draught and there was an explosion of some kind like you would light a match and the box goes off.

Here the questioning veered away from the subject of an explosion. Later the witness came back to it. Having testified to seeing the curtain on fire and down, he was asked:

Q. Then you went back?

A. Yes, when the scenery came down the explosion took place.

Again the questioning veered away from the explosion, but after awhile returned:

Q. Where were you, Mr. Foy, when the explosion occurred? A. At the footlights.

Q. Do you know what caused the explosion? A. No, sir, I do not.

Q. Nor what exploded? A. Well, it was a cold draft sort of cyclone bringing the smoke, and a sort of bursting of something; what it was I don't know.

The subject appears to have been followed no further. But Mrs. James D. Pinero, while giving her experience within the theater at the time of the disaster, said:

I saw the big ball of flame come out from the stage and fall in the auditorium of the theater on the heads of those in front and I thought: "Now is the time to get out," and I walked quietly to what I supposed was an exit, and there was a little man there before me who had torn aside the drapery, and I saw an iron door, or doors heavily bolted, and we couldn't get that door open. It was bolted, and I heard this man ask the usher to please unlock the door, and he refused. The usher was standing there and we were frantically, of course, trying to get the door open, but it would not open, and I judge we were standing at least two minutes, probably a minute and a half—time seems long in a case like that—

Q. One minute, please. Was that the first door or the door nearest to the box?

A. Yes, sir, nearest the stage, and finally the man induced this usher to try and open the door. At least, they were trying to, the two of them, and I was right behind them—trying to open that door—when all of a sudden there was a rush of wind. I thought at the time it was an explosion, because I didn't know of any force powerful enough to open those iron doors, and those iron doors blew open and blew us into the alley.

Nothing further was asked Mrs. Pinero, as reported in the press. One witness, however, is reported as having been cognizant of an explosion on the opening night of the theater when the same play was first produced. This was John Bickles, an employe in the construction of the theater. He said:

A. I was in the basement the night the theater opened, in a short passage southwest of the stage. I heard a loud report, and flames came over the partitions over my head.

Q. What partitions are there? A. They are partitions in the basement under the stage.

Q. Do they run from the floor to the ceiling? A. No, sir.

Q. How high up? A. Probably eight feet.

Q. And then what? A. Well, shortly after that I went upstairs.

Q. Did you go to see where the flames came from? A. Shortly after I did; but there was a crowd rushed around the door, and I could not see without pushing my way, and I did not bother about it; I went upstairs.

Q. Then what? A. Well, I was told it was some kind of a gas tank that exploded.

Here would seem to be evidence enough to demand a full presentation of all the facts regarding an explosion on the occasion of the great disaster, and an examination of experts for the purpose of ascertaining its character. Possibly the explosion was an unimportant incident of a fire. Possibly the death of persons who made no fight for life and showed no marks of burning upon their bodies, was caused by the fierce blaze or dense smoke of a great conflagration. Possibly no chemicals were used on the stage and no chemical explosion generating deadly gases occurred. All that is possible. But the circumstances are sufficiently suggestive of a contrary conclusion to have demanded an investigation and report from the coroner's jury. Yet

no adequate investigation was made by that body, and the verdict totally ignores the subject.

John H. Hamline is now quoted as stating that the tentative traction ordinance proposed by a committee of the Chicago council (p. 648) is disingenuous. He seems to be right. When first published this ordinance looked at best like a crude makeshift. It now begins to look like an unmistakable fraud. The indications are numerous that it was from the beginning in no sense tentative, but was instead (as to everything but amount of royalty) a hard and fast agreement, secretly made, between the sub-committee of the council and a group of more or less scrupulous local capitalists.

The annual report of the New York Tax Reform association,—the efficient and tireless secretary of which is Lawson Purdy, who has been the leader in securing the change regarding tax assessments in New York which has disclosed the remarkable facts noted last week (p. 659) and emphasized in Stephen Bell's editorial correspondence in our present issue—has just been published. It is a model report of marvelously good work marvelously well done. Of the assessment reform the report modestly says:

The passage of this amendment to the charter was the result of many years' work. We believe it gives the city of New York the best law for the assessment of real estate in the United States. The assessment roll will be published for the first time next October.

United with the Tax Reform association in its work are the committee on city affairs of the Reform Club, and the Brooklyn Revenue Reform Club, both of which join in the report. Their great accomplishment, referred to above, is supplemented by an encouraging report of progress on the next step in this sane movement for sound fiscal methods. Leading civic and business organizations in 13 counties of New York are named as having within the year

joined those already so recorded, in approving the apportionment and local option bills of the Tax Reform association. The apportionment bill would do away with apportionment boards and would apportion State taxation to the different localities on the basis, mathematically, of the expenditure of the localities respectively for local purposes; while the local option bill would allow localities to levy their taxes ad valorem upon land, improvements, personal property, or all three, at their own discretion. These bills have been endorsed within the year also by the Association of the Bar of the city of New York.

How American sympathy went out to the evicted Irish some years ago, when as many as 3,000 families were turned out of their houses for nonpayment of rent! But 60,463 families were evicted in the city of New York, Manhattan borough alone, during the year 1903, without exciting special wonder. Yet where is the difference? Apparently the only difference is in the fact that New York evictions last year were about 20 times as many as in the worst year of Irish evictions. In proportion to population the disparity is much greater. Whereas the Irish evictions of the heaviest year numbered about 1 to every 1,300 of population, those of New York numbered about 1 to every 35 of population.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

Some weeks ago The Public called attention in its notices of periodicals (p. 256) to a remarkable leading article in the Westminster Review in which the importance of the land question and its inevitable entrance into English politics were set forth with great force and clearness. Now comes the Contemporary Review for January, with an article more political than economic, which in a different way bears similar testimony. It is entitled "The Need of a Radical Party," and, after giving some of the history of the Liberals, shows that the signs now point to the new issue.

"There remains," says the writer, "the condition of a great question which will fire men's imaginations with the feeling of a distinct and vital need. Can there be any doubt that the land question answers to this description? 'Man is a land animal,' says Henry George, and in England man and the land are parted. It is not surprising, therefore, that not one but a thousand currents of thought flow into this channel. What, for example, is the one solid feature of the national economy which gives force to the revival of Protection? The decline of agriculture, the fact that a yearly decreasing body of Englishmen live and work on the soil, and a yearly decreasing proportion of food is raised on English land. From 1851 to 1891 the number of agricultural laborers has declined 36 per cent.; during the ensuing ten years a further decline of 25 per cent. has taken place, while in fatal testimony to the tendency to make land the sporting ground of the rich rather than the patrimony of the entire people, the number of gamekeepers has increased 25 per cent. in the same period. Is it possible to state a fact of greater social significance?"

The writer goes on to describe further the desertion of English fields and the degradation of the landless laborers, and asks, "What are the remedies?"

"Not the discredited device of protection, which the laborers will not have at any price," he answers, "but the reform of our land system. For that system furnishes the most effective bar to the application of the wonderful discovery that the old Malthusian specter of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence is laid forever, and that, as Kropotkin shows, the land of England could sustain out of its own resources, not merely the foreign-fled multitudes of to-day, but double and treble that number."

As a second division of the question the Contemporary writer turns to the allied subjects of urban land and taxation, and speaks of the remarkable development of public opinion on this matter.

"This is not surprising," he says, "for it is on the towns that

the afflicting flight from our deserted fields mainly settles down. Municipalities — distracted with the growing burden of improvements, the increasing difficulties of traction and urban extension, the appalling evils of overcrowding—are rapidly coming to Mr. Booth's conclusion that the taxation of ground values lies at the root of the housing problem."

The article then shows the reasonableness of this method of taxation, and violently attacks Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, calling them a "monstrous piece of economic atavism"—an attempt to shift more and more of the burdens of the state upon industry and wages.

The conclusion of the author is that "the land question is ripe for action."

Whether English voters are yet ready to see their deliverance and the path to freedom, or whether they must suffer yet awhile, enduring even the heavier bonds which Chamberlain is trying to fasten upon them, remains to be seen. It may be that the world needs to see a grand finale of the comedy of Protection before it will learn who it is that gets the protection.

But surely such an article as this, in a review of such standing as the Contemporary, is doubly significant. Its very appearance at the present stage of English politics is an indication that many faces are turning toward the light, and that the policy of silent disregard is wearing out. Steadily, without much heralding in high places, the numbers of those who see and speak have been increasing.

Still further evidence of this appears from an editorial in the London Speaker for January 9. As the Speaker is the leading Liberal weekly, its declarations are not without some of the flavor of party authority. "We have to attack not merely the false remedies the Protectionists are offering us," the Speaker begins, "but the real abuses and injustices they are defending."

Then it proceeds: "For this reason we are delighted to notice the emphasis laid by the Independent Review on the necessity of land reform, a subject which occupies

two articles in the January number of that periodical. The first article, presumably from the pen of the editor, destroys in a terse and luminous retrospect the historical defenses for land monopoly; the second, written by Mr. Charles Trevelyan, sets out some of the arguments for the taxation of land values. Our own strong opinions in favor of treating this question as one of immediate urgency have been expressed often enough in these columns. Mr. Trevelyan quotes very aptly from Mr. Charles Booth's strong appeal for the site-value taxation in the closing volume of his great work on London: 'When, for the advantage of the consumer, and in the interest of the towns and of trade, the food of the people was relieved of a large part of the taxation it had borne, it seems to have been overlooked, or not fully foreseen, that the houses the people lived in were, or would come to be, even more heavily taxed than their food had ever been, and that free internal development would be hindered by the peculiar incidence of this burden.'

The Speaker does not stop with these citations. It adjures the Liberal party, of which it is so able a journalistic representative, to grapple fearlessly with the land problem. "The case for action in this particular," it urges, "is unusually strong, and when Liberals come to address themselves to this question they can claim the authority of a Tory ex-cabinet minister. Nobody can affect to regard a project as visionary or impracticable or outrageously revolutionary which has received the sanction of such men as Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Edward Hamilton, and Sir George Murray. A minister in a Conservative cabinet and two of the most important and experienced of the permanent officials declared in the summer of 1901, after reviewing all the evidence given before the Commission on Local Taxation, that site values were a fit subject for direct taxation. They argued that the present arrangement discouraged building. 'Anything,' they wrote, 'which aggravates the appalling evils of overcrowding does not need to be condemned, and it seems clear to us that the present heavy rates on buildings do tend to aggravate those evils, and that the rating of site values

would help to mitigate them.' The same point was made by Mr. Fletcher Moulton when he said a 'tax on buildings proportionate to their value necessitates that the rent of buildings should represent a high rate per cent. on their cost; in other words, it drove people to take (and drove builders to build) poorer houses. Taxation on land has no such effect.' Mr. Chamberlain proposes to increase the price of food without relieving at all the pressure of rent, and if the Liberal party cannot offer the country some real measure of reform its place in the scheme of progress is forfeited. We hope, then, that there will be no hesitation in the Liberal party about grappling with this problem in its various aspects. For the land question is just as important in the country as in the town. The value of the editorial article in the Independent Review is that it shows quite clearly that our existing land system was a part of a system of government, and that, as a survival under a totally different system of government which has relieved the landlords of their responsibilities, it is what Voltaire said the French land system was a century and a half ago—"the rubbish of a Gothic building fallen to ruins."

He must indeed be ignorant of history and forgetful of the briefness of the interval since the work began, who dares to feel either elation or discouragement at the slow progress of the single tax movement. It has been but 22 short years since Henry George's first visit to England, since the sixpenny edition of "Progress and Poverty" began to circulate there, since, with the faith that moves mountains, he wrote home: "We are in the way of doing something—the big stone is really moving."

J. H. DILLARD.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Jan. 19.—New York city's separate assessment of land and buildings is completed, and in the course of a few months will be published in detail in the City Record, where every property owner and voter in the city can see for himself how he and his neighbors are taxed.

The land of the city is worth three and one-half times as much as the city built on it. The mass of stone, brick,

steel, etc., is worth less than one-quarter the value of the room it takes up. In the business sections the building that is worth as much as the land it stands on is a rare exception. Those below Union Square of which this may be said may be counted on one's fingers. Uncle Russell Sage lives in a \$10,000 house on a \$250,000 lot. John Wanamaker's great store is worth \$400,000, while the land under it is worth \$1,600,000. The Equitable building, ten stories high, numbered among New York's finest structures, is assessed at \$2,580,000, while the land under it is valued at \$8,365,000. The Waldorf-Astoria and the Fifth Avenue hotel each stand on ground assessed at \$4,000,000; the former structure is assessed at \$5,000,000 and the latter at \$500,000. R. H. Macy Co.'s great \$6,000,000 store is assessed at \$3,500,000 for the land and \$2,800,000 for the building. The Metropolitan opera house is worth \$405,000, but it takes up \$2,225,000 worth of room. The palatial home of the New York Herald is worth \$200,000, and it stands on a Broadway and Fifth Avenue lot worth \$1,900,000. The Stewart building, a marble structure of which New York is justly proud, is worth \$520,000, and the land under it is valued at \$2,850,000. But the Park Row building, towering 28 stories toward heaven, is worth \$2,000,000, taking up only \$1,241,000 worth of space.

Think of it, you who believe in straight taxation! A few centuries ago the great metropolis was non-existent and the land worth \$0. Now the presence of a great population makes the land worth the vast sum, according to the assessment rolls, of \$3,697,686,935. The labor of past and present generations has built up a city worth \$1,100,657,854. The grand total foots up the inconceivable sum of \$4,798,344,789!

Think of it—more than three-fourths of this sum represents the capitalized power of exacting tribute that goes with land ownership in fee simple, while less than the quarter remaining represents the concrete, tangible results of the labor of some eight generations! When you come to think about it, what measure could be better calculated to make the power of tribute less and increase the worth of human labor than this: Tax that tribute into the communal treasury until not a cent remains in private hands, at the same time exempting human labor and its fruits from any tax whatsoever. This will kill land speculation but not the real estate business, which, legitimately, is the building up of a city. It will force improvement, but it will at the same time make improvement easier by exempting it from taxation. Improvement now waits for the pressure of demand to make high rentals possible, and they must be very high indeed to be profitable. But under the single tax the improver could make more money at low rentals than he can now at the high ones, because the

necessity for the enormous investment in land would be gone.

New York is a collection of "chicken coops"—of temporary "taxpayers." It needs rebuilding. This is going on as fast as it becomes profitable, which is none too fast. We need legislation to make improvement profitable—to make dog-in-the-manger speculating unprofitable. Stop taxing the builders—tax the land values instead.

Among those who will read this there are many who are acquainted with people in the metropolis—business men, laborers, politicians—men of all classes. Correspond with them—call attention to the separate assessment—urge them to study it and see how they are either "done" by or "doing" others, as the case may be.

Great Scott! Think of it! The metropolis of the western hemisphere worth only eleven forty-eighths of the value of the room it takes up in the world! This ought not to be.

STEPHEN BELL.

NEWS

Week ending Thursday, Jan. 28.

Immediately after his welcome-home reception at Lincoln (p. 663), William J. Bryan went East to fill speaking engagements. His first engagement was at the nineteenth annual dinner of the Holland Society, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, where he is reported to have been "the chief figure at the principal table." His speech was free from partisanship, but not from references to the immoralities of contemporaneous politics. Its dominant note was against war, but Mr. Bryan mentioned—

one thing far more dangerous than war—that is the organization of capital, which has no conscience. Another thing is the use of money in elections. It has debauched politics. It has made it possible to buy voters in the streets. To my mind this is the greatest menace to the country.

Referring to these and other social evils, he insisted that they are due, not to material progress but to the fact that the moral sense of the community has not kept pace with material progress. Another of the distinguished speakers on this occasion was the Chinese minister, Chentung Liang Cheng, who spoke earnestly for the abolition of war, concluding with the hope that "the time is not far distant when war between na-

tions will be only a painful memory of the barbarous past."

On the 26th Mr. Bryan addressed a meeting at Madison Square Garden, which he had called himself. Though the weather was extremely inclement, and no organization aided to make the meeting a success, the large hall is described by press dispatches as having been "filled from main floor to the uppermost gallery." The audience is reported to have been composed of "men in all walks of life, including clergymen by the score, judges now on the bench, laborers and business men," who "stood on their feet cheering until the speaker was compelled to raise his hands for silence and beg that he be permitted to resume his speech." It was notable also for its non-attendants. "Organization Democrats," say the reports, "were conspicuous only because of their absence," and among the large number of clergymen there "were few of the better known preachers of the city." Mr. Bryan's subject was "Moral Issues." In opening, he explained:

I have preferred to speak independently of any organization because I do not care to embarrass any friends or supporters who may differ from me in opinion. Both I and they, therefore, are left to pursue in the future, as we have in the past the course that seems to us best.

He made no reference to candidates, insisting that the essential thing is not so much the man as what the man stands for and in what direction he is going to lead the party. To the plea that it is "desirable for all Democrats to get together," when that plea is urged by itself, Mr. Bryan said he had turned a deaf ear because he wanted to know what the getting together is for, "whether to defend rights or to enter on a course of pillage." On this line he continued:

The trouble with our government today is that it is too much influenced in its operations by men whose only loyalty is loyalty to the money bags. "Will it pay?" has been substituted for "Is it right?" and as a consequence our legislative assemblies, city, State and national, are becoming auction-rooms in which governmental privileges are knocked down to the highest bidder. One evidence that our party was honestly seeking to secure justice to the

masses in 1896 and 1900 is to be found in the fact that our campaign funds were insignificant in both campaigns. In 1892 the Democratic party collected a large campaign fund from the corporations. It spent more than \$1,000,000 in the two States of New York and Indiana alone, and what was the result? The most plutocratic administration this country had ever known. We witnessed a surrender to organized and predatory wealth so abject and so complete that seven years of exile from power have not entirely removed the stain from the party. You ask why I am opposed to the reorganization of the Democratic party? Because I want my party to define the rights of the people; I want it to be the fearless champion of their interests; I want it to present the moral issue involved in public questions and to appeal to the public conscience.

In closing, Mr. Bryan "hurled defiance," as the reports express it, "at that element within the Democratic party which is now clamoring for another reorganization," by saying:

I helped to reorganize the Democratic party to rescue it from the doctrine that makes money the master and all else the servant. I have never regretted what I did and I would do it again. Let the Republican party be challenged to meet the moral issue presented—this is democratic, this is patriotic. Let this be done, and unless reason and love of country have fled we shall fight without being ashamed. If we lose, it will be but a temporary defeat and will bring no disgrace with it. If we win, the victory will mean much for our country and for the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Bryan's insistence that it is more important for the Democratic party to be morally right than to win by pacifying monopoly interests, appears from the newspaper reports to be creating great commotion among the official class of Democrats. The following extract from Walter Wellman's Washington dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald of the 24th seems fairly to summarize the situation in that respect:

William Jennings Bryan's "rule or ruin" pronouncement has stirred Democratic senators and representatives almost to a fury of indignation. Their public comments on Colonel Bryan's declaration that the Kansas City platform must be reaffirmed are caustic enough, but their private remarks are absolutely unprintable. Leading Democrats say they cannot understand Bryan's game. Some think he is determined to wreck the party in order to show that no Democrat can succeed in winning the

Presidency where he failed twice. Others believe he is consumed by vanity and a desire to advertise himself, and that he is also suffering under the sting of the snub—for that is what it was—administered to him by the Democratic national committee at its meeting here a few weeks ago. At any rate nine Democrats out of ten in Washington are thoroughly disgusted with his course. They say just as the party was trying to get itself in shape to put up a stiff fight for the Presidency this year Mr. Bryan comes along and kicks up a rumpus which can do no one on earth the slightest good, and which may do a world of harm.

In response to the distorted reports of his views (for which he has certainly given no occasion in his speeches), Mr. Bryan gave out the following interview at New York on the 27th:

While a great outcry has been made because I have demanded the reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform, and an attempt has been made to show that I want to fight over again the battle of 1896, those who are best acquainted with my real views have known that I have been misunderstood. Ever since 1900 I felt that the question of gold or silver is no longer of great importance. But that does not mean that I consider the question answered. I believe it has been absorbed in an issue of greater importance. In the same manner the questions involving trusts, labor unions and imperialism have been included in that larger question: "Shall the money changers rule the United States?" I do not favor making silver the paramount issue of the campaign. I do not favor making the trusts the paramount issue of the campaign. Neither do I believe it wise to make imperialism the paramount issue. The tariff would not be accepted as the paramount issue. But all should be merged into the greater question which I have put into words. That is my suggestion, and I am willing for it to be submitted in advance of the convention to the public to be passed upon by the majority of the Democratic voters.

Complete returns from the Australian Commonwealth elections (p. 646) are now at hand. They show the following result:

	Senate.	House.
Ministerialists	8	26
Opposition	13	26
Labor	15	23

The Opposition gains were in New South Wales, while those of the Labor party were in Queensland and West Australia. As New South Wales is distinctively the free trade State of the Commonwealth, and Victoria is as distinctively the protection State, a com-

parison of the results in these two States is interesting:

VICTORIA (pro.)		
	Senate.	House.
Ministerialists	3	16
Opposition	1	5
Labor	2	2

NEW SOUTH WALES (f. t.)		
	Senate.	House.
Ministerialists	0	3
Opposition	6	16
Labor	0	7

But little interest appears to have been taken in the election as a whole, hardly more than a third of the electors having voted. This could not have been due to any special neglect by women, who have been recently enfranchised; for about as many women voted as men. There were four women candidates, but none were elected. The Labor party is reported to have been the best organized and the least apathetic. Among the defeated candidates was Max Hirsch (author of Socialism versus Democracy), the leading single taxer and, next to Mr. Reid, the leading free trader of the Commonwealth. Mr. Hirsch had resigned a seat in the Victorian parliament in order to be a candidate for the Commonwealth parliament. Judging from the result as a whole the probabilities are that the tariff will not be altered. It is likely either that the ministry will go on with its old programme through petty bargains with the Labor party, or that (if the Labor party demands more than the ministry is willing to yield and presses its demands) a coalition will be formed against it.

The Iroquois theater disaster at Chicago (p. 659) has been made the basis of criminal proceedings against the principal manager and several city officials, including the mayor. This is in consequence of the verdict of the Coroner's jury rendered on the 25th, which recommends the indictment of Carter H. Harrison, mayor; of William H. Musham, chief of the fire department; of George Williams, building commissioner, and of Edward Loughlin, building inspector—all for official negligence. Also of William C. Saller, theater fireman; of James E. Cummings, stage carpenter; of William McMullen, operator of the flood light—for negligence as employes of the theater; and of Will J. Davis, president of the Iroquois theater corporation, for negligent

omission to properly construct and equip the building. All the accused have been arrested. Mayor Harrison gave bail in \$5,000 on the 27th, but soon afterward surrendered to the sheriff and instituted habeas corpus proceedings before Judge Tutthill, who sustained the proceedings and freed the Mayor.

Another terrible disaster is reported, this time from the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania. It was caused by an explosion in a mine at Harwick, sixteen miles from Pittsburg, which occurred on the 25th and buried 180 miners who were working in it. Every life was lost.

In the Stratton Independence mine at Victor, Colo., which is located near the center of that city, another disaster to miners occurred on the 26th. Sixteen men were being hauled up in a cage. The hoisting engine became unmanageable and drew the cage up above the surface into the hoisting rigging. Here the continued strain on the hoisting cable caused it to break, and the released cage shot down the shaft, 1,500 feet deep, with terrific velocity. One of the men was crushed by the surface machinery in which he became entangled. Another was severely injured by entanglement in this machinery, but escaped with his life. The other 14 were plunged to the bottom of the shaft and all were killed.

Still another terrible disaster is reported in the week's news—the utter destruction of Moundville, Ala., a town of 300 inhabitants, 15 miles south of Tuscaloosa. A wrecked drug store is the only thing resembling a structure that is left. The disaster was caused by a tornado of exceptional fury. Such was its fury that some persons were blown hundreds of feet from their beds; bedding, carpets, and wearing apparel were scattered for a distance of ten miles through what was a forest, but is now as clear as if cut by the woodsman's ax; freight cars were torn to splinters, the trucks from them being hurled hundreds of feet from the track; and heavy iron safes, the doors of which in some instances were torn away from their hinges, were carried away by the force of the wind. About 5

white people and 30 Negroes were killed.

NEWS NOTES.

—William H. Taft, ex-Governor of the Philippines and the new secretary of war (p. 648), arrived at San Francisco from the Philippines on the 23d.

—An injunction was granted on the 23d, by a Federal judge restraining the city officials of Cleveland from enforcing the 3-cent fare ordinance (p. 666) which went into effect on the 21st.

—Judge Grosscup, of the Federal Court at Chicago, decided on the 25th that the city ordinance reducing the price of gas to 75 cents a thousand feet, is invalid. He accordingly granted an injunction. The stock of the local gas trust immediately rose in value $2\frac{1}{2}$ points.

—Col. Arthur Lynch, who commanded the Irish brigade in the Boer service during the South African war, and upon conviction of treason about a year ago was sentenced to death, but upon commutation was imprisoned for life instead (vol. v., p. 631), was pardoned on the 24th.

—Whittaker Wright, a distinguished British promoter of "high finance" who was convicted in London of stupendous frauds in connection therewith, and on the 26th was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, committed suicide by poison within an hour after sentence. He had maintained that the acts charged to him are common in business circles.

PRESS OPINIONS.

TAX REFORM IN NEW YORK.

New York Journal of Commerce (fin'l), Jan. 14.—A new feature of the assessment, provided for by a law passed last year, is the separate statement of the value of land and that of "real estate," or land and the buildings or improvements upon it. This ought to contribute to a fairer valuation, for lands similarly located are of approximately the same value for an equal area, while there may be a great difference in the value of the structures and appurtenances placed upon them. Where the two are assessed together there is a large factor of uncertainty in making comparisons. This is materially reduced by assessing the land separately. It ought also to result in more equal taxation by lessening the chance of undervaluing vacant land or that occupied by old or cheap structures. Taxing such land at the same rate as that in better use will stimulate improvement and a wider occupation, and will promote greater equality and a lower general level for land values. This change ought to be a first step toward a local option in the levy of taxes. There is no reason why any community that is a separate entity in levying taxes, like the city of New York, should not be at liberty to raise its needed revenues without taxing personal property at all, if that policy is deemed more expedient for its own interests. If it chooses to exempt real estate improvements and derive its taxes from land alone it should be free to do so, and that would be found to be the most equit-

able tax possible. There would be no difficulty in fairly apportioning its contribution to State revenues, and it could adjust its local taxation to suit its own interests.

PROFITABLE PATERNALISM.

(Hearst's) Chicago Examiner (Dem.), Jan. 22.—The Steel Trust, having cut down the wages of its employes to the extent of many millions of dollars, now offers these employes a chance to buy preferred stock at 55. Last year, as a great piece of philanthropy, they were allowed to buy the stock at 82½. At the same time they were encouraged to invest anything they had left in common stock at about 40, on the proposition that it was a splendid form of investment, paying, as it did, four per cent. annually. Nearly 50,000 shares of the preferred were unloaded on the employes at this high price under this "profit sharing" scheme, but it is not known how many of the workmen were among those who bit at the common stock bait—that is now down to 10½ and which now pays no dividend at all. These efforts to get the workmen to put their money into steel are so much financial pepsin administered with a view to the assimilation of the "undigested securities" that caused J. Pierpont Morgan so much distress. If the highly watered stocks of the dropsical Steel Trust can be put into general circulation, the promoters, who are most interested, do not care what part of the community pays for them.

THE MARCH OF EMPIRE.

Chicago Inter Ocean (Rep.), Jan. 22.—The proposition to annex Panama is not in itself antagonistic to the policies and aspirations of the founders of the republic. Ever since Alexander Hamilton, 100 years ago, planned to Americanize by force of arms the Spanish colonies in Cuba and South America the people of this country have foreseen that in part the dream of a continental republic might be realized. . . . The Panama canal treaty now before the Senate definitely provides for the protection of an independent Isthmian state by the United States. It establishes definitely and for all time American control of Isthmian canals and railroads. It marks the inauguration of a movement which, as President Schurman said the other day, if resisted by Colombia, may result in the American flag's going not only to Panama, but to Bogota, and never to come down. Senator Morgan cannot stay the movement by suggesting the annexation of Panama. His resolution is premature and insincere, but the proposition itself is the logical outcome of traditional American policy.

BRYAN AT THE CONVENTION.

Dubuque (Ia.) Daily Telegraph-Herald (Dem.), Jan. 24.—It may be put down as final—a statement, by the way, that was made in these columns some months ago—that the party will not nominate a man who is not acceptable to Mr. Bryan. Nor will it promulgate a platform that does not meet his favor. Practical politicians will dominate the next convention, and practical politicians know that without Mr. Bryan actively engaged on their side, they cannot hope to win.

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. 38 of that publication.

Washington, Jan. 18-23, 1904.

Senate.

Upon convening on the 18th the Senate considered the post office investigation (p. 902), after which Mr. Teller spoke on the Panama question (p. 910). Several Senators spoke on the same subject on the 19th, 20th

and 21st. On the latter day Mr. Morgan spoke on his bill for the annexation of Panama. Discussion of the Panama question was resumed on the 22d, when adjournment was taken to the 25th.

House.

No business of general interest was done on the 18th, but on the 19th the pure food bill was taken up in committee of the whole (p. 942), and its consideration continued on the 20th, when the bill was passed (p. 993). The army appropriation bill was taken up on the 21st (p. 1048). On the 22d the session was devoted to private measures; but on the 23d the House resumed consideration (p. 1132) of the army appropriation bill.

Record Notes.—Robert Baker's speech on "jug-handled" prosperity (p. 886). Text of Senator Morgan's bill for the annexation of Panama (p. 975). Text of Senator Morgan's resolution relative to Nicaragua canal (p. 976). Speech of Congressman Zenor on appropriations for public roads (p. 993). Speeches on the Panama question by Senator Quarles (p. 1003), and Senator Teller (p. 1009). Text of Ostend manifesto (p. 1044).

MISCELLANY

THE WORTH OF LAND.

For The Public.

The total cash value of New York realty, according to the assessment of 1904, amounts, in round numbers, to \$4,800,000,000. Of this the land is set down as worth \$3,700,000,000, leaving \$1,100,000,000 as the value of the piles of brick, stone, steel, wood, etc., erected by man.

When mighty Pelee shook, and blew its breath

Upon the trembling city at its base,
Its dreadful havoc terrified mankind,
'Twas as the crack of doom to St. Pierre,
To all her busy thousands hushed in death,
And with their works commingled in the dust.

To her the end of mundane things had come.

The withering blast burned up the worth of land,

And St. Pierre was blotted from the earth!

When Johnstown's fatal flood burst through its dam

And hurried through destruction's dreadful work

A wave of horror swept around the world,
'Twas as the crack of doom to those who died,

The while their homes dissolved within the flood,

But that was all. Destruction paused content.

The flood rolled on, but left the worth of land,

And Johnstown rose again, more beautiful.

Over and o'er, through fire and flood and war,

This lesson stamps itself upon our minds:
Man loves his fellow man, and each draws each

To work and dwell in civil amity.

The worth of this is planted in the land
And grows as prospers the community.

'Twill stay with men while men gregarious live,

And disappear when social life dissolves.
Where men will live, the worth of land persists;

Where men are gone, the worth of land is gone.

The worth of Gotham's land—of Gotham life—

Near four times greater than the works of men

Which stand on it and help to make its worth!

It is too vast a worth for private hands,
For private hands ne'er made it. 'Twas the great

And mighty hand of the community.

To whom, by right, belongs this worth, if not

To those who spend their lives/in making it?
STEPHEN BELL.

DEPRESSED WOOLEN INDUSTRY.

Discussing the poor demand for wools and woolens, the Wool and Cotton Reporter of January 21 says:

The radical reductions made in the opening prices on the new heavy weights by certain large manufacturing concerns, and the quietness of the demand for goods even at the reduced quotations, compared with what was anticipated, have naturally exercised a somewhat depressing influence on the trade. . . . As far as the weather is concerned, it has certainly been cold enough to stimulate a demand for heavy weights, but it is believed by many that the present quiet state of the goods market can be traceable to a reduced purchasing power on the part of the masses. However much truth there may be in this view of the situation, manufacturers are determined to pursue a conservative course in the matter of purchasing wool.

What this country needs is higher tariff duties and more tariff-protected trusts to put up prices and bring more Republican "prosperity." This is the variety of prosperity that decreases the use of substantial woolens and compels the people to wear cotton and shoddy goods or go naked. It is the kind of prosperity that reduces our vitality and increases the deaths from pneumonia, which is now epidemic in most of our northern cities. Give us more protection!

BYRON W. HOLT.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

To the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.—Dear Mr. President: Among the many admirable incidents of the family life of our President which find their way into the public prints, none have gratified me more than the one in which your little son is said to have silenced a photographer who was about to take a picture against the child's will, thus:

"Yes, I know you can take a picture, whether I am willing or not; but if I am not willing, and you are a gentleman, you won't."

Of course no man with a spark of gentlemanly instinct would then proceed against the lad's will.

Now, I wonder if Uncle Sam, impersonated by the father of this lad, will proceed against the will of little

Colombia, to take the territory of Panama? If so, is Uncle Sam a gentleman?

Yours, for National Gentlemanliness,

H. D. EASTLY.

Elkhart, Ia.

HOW THE ACTORS FEEL ABOUT THE CHICAGO CITY GOVERNMENT.

As expressed at the benefit performance for stranded actors and actresses, held at the Sherman House, in Chicago, January 23, as reported in the Chicago Chronicle.

It was inevitable that Mayor Harrison should not be forgotten by the performers. His shutting down of the theaters left scores of actors stranded in the city, without money enough to seek employment in other cities. Even some of those who appeared on the programme are in this predicament. Nellie Revell in her songs and monologues let the audience understand the feeling among the theatrical profession.

"I wonder if a police station burned down," she said, "whether Mayor Harrison would order the city hall closed."

Then she told a story about the wonders she had seen at an agricultural exhibition out West. She saw a potato vine on which bananas were growing, and an apple tree bearing tomatoes. On inquiring of a farmer what it all meant, she was told it was merely an exhibition of successful grafting.

"That's nothing to what you see in Chicago," said Miss Revell. "In Chicago they have grafting down so fine that the politicians make plums grow on the city hall."

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

HE REGRETS BECOMING A WORLD POWER.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John:

I don't know about this here world power business. 'Pears to me that before I sunk to be a world power I used to lead all you fellows about three laps, and now all the little states and barbarians are suspicious. I've lost prestige, sure. Why, I mind the time well when you couldn't get along with the Japanese. I had more influence with 'em in a minute than you had all day; but it was because I was straight, then, and well represented abroad.

Sam Hill! but I've had some good men representin' me in my time, in the foreign legations! Along about '63 I had a fine corps. Don't know who appointed 'em, nor keer. Abe Lincoln, I

guess. Abe was a good judge of a man, give him his own head. An' in '62 and '3, well, let's see, there was Tom Corwin in Mexico—had to watch Napoleon there, you know; and Bayard Taylor in Russia—wanted her friendship, and had it; Dayton was in Paris; Charles Francis Adams in London, and Pruyn in Japan. Wasn't that a fine hand when you were playin' the American game? And I was then, you bet! There wasn't a blamed foreigner among 'em—none of 'em ashamed! None of them fellers was a yellin' for fig leaf uniforms to hide his American citizenship. Them men didn't need tussels nor uniforms to bring 'em up to the standard. They were above it at the start; every man of 'em a king. That Adams was a good one. Had his fist under your nose most of the time, I remember, John, to keep you from joinin' the confederacy. Oh, metaphorically, of course, and diplomatically, and ever so darned polite, but there. You require firm treatment, John.

But it's this man Pruyn I'm talkin' about. He was my minister resident at Japan, and a good one; and while the other foreign ministers were a shufflin' and crowdin' the Japs, he got along with 'em easy. Looked over their shoulders a little when they were a playin' the diplomatic game, an' told 'em what was a good move, an' so on. The Japs then were barbarians, you remember, and they didn't like foreigners, neither their smell, their manners, nor the grass that grew under their feet. Once in awhile they killed one. All the foreign legations were heavily guarded with mixed guards; all but the American. Pruyn said to the Japs:

"See here, I'm goin' among you without arms. You know whether I need a guard or not; it's up to you to fix it!"

There were powerful Princes then, and Daimios that the government couldn't control, and it was often unsafe to meet these native troops on the road; but when Pruyn went through them he heard the soldiers say to each other:

"That's the American Minister."

Then, too, the foreign legations spied a nice park, and insisted on having their legation buildings there. The Japs said:

"They have our plum garden, but the blossoms will be red."

Pruyn he hears this, and goes to the Japanese governors for foreign affairs, and says if the people want the park, he don't; and any other just as good land'll suit him.

Uncle Billy Seward—he was my Secretary of State—he caught on. He was

red-headed, Uncle Billy was; but he recognized the pints of peace, and he wrote Pruyn commendatory.

"Pruyn," says he, "I don't see but what you get as much out of the Japs as any of the others, an' you do it without rushin' 'em and treadin' on their toes. That's our proper card. Keep on a playin' it. Your efforts are approved."

Well, along about that time two things happened that illustrate my text—the killing of Richardson, and the wreck of the American bark Chevalier, on the Japanese coast. You remember this, perhaps, John. This Richardson was an Englishman from Hong-Kong; and he, and Marshall of Yokohama, and some others, were traveling on the Japanese highway when they met the Karo or Secretary of the Prince of Satsuma with a guard of two or three hundred men. Well, the Japs of that day were imperialists, and didn't know any better, and the proper caper among 'em was when you met up with a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt or a Postmaster General, to get down off your horse and pound your head on the ground, two or three times, to show how inferior you were. I'm not blamin' the Japs. They were barbarians and imperialists. I have about seven million he-haw rabbits of my own who are votin' now for that sort of thing. But Richardson, he not only didn't mind the customs, but he didn't give the guard no show. Marshall says:

"For God's sake, Richardson, don't let us have any trouble."

Richardson says:

"Let me alone! I have spent fourteen years in China, and know how to treat this people."

Then he forces his horse between the Karo and the guard.

Now I see myself that there is no use in havin' a Karo an' a guard of two hundred, if you are goin' to leave all sorts of hayseeds ram in between 'em; an' the Japs they attacks the party, kills Richardson, wounds two others, and runs the balance into the American consulate.

Now why? There was a British consulate, a Belgian consulate, a French consulate, and four British, three French, and one Dutch men of war in the harbor; but this British party runs lickity split for the American consulate. And, John, I hadn't a man of war on the coast. The poor creaturs weren't huntin' a world power then. Present safety was all they wanted; an' my flag alone was sacred. It would be respected. The good old flag! the noble flag! It makes me cry to think how I have spiled it since.

UNCLE SAM.

THINKING IN MILLIONS.

A portion of a sermon by Herbert S. Bigelow, delivered at the Vine street Congregational church, Cincinnati, January 24, 1904.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the discoverer of natural selection, and one of the greatest thinkers of the age, has made a suggestion that a new branch of study be added to our popular education. He proposes that an effort be made to teach the people the meaning of a million. He thinks that in every large school a room should be devoted to exhibiting a million at a glance. For this, he says, it would be necessary to have 100 sheets of paper, four feet six inches square, ruled in quarter-inch squares. In every other square there should be a black spot. To represent a million spots, it would take a row of these sheets 450 feet long. A room 30 feet square and 25 feet high, with its walls covered with these minute spots, would amaze the eye and help the mind to comprehend the vastness of a million.

COST OF WAR.

Mr. Wallace looks upon war as one of the causes of a reckless expenditure, which would be stopped if men were able to encompass in their thought the vastness of the figures involved.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has attempted to send home to the imagination the true import of these figures. He shows that in the five years from 1898 to 1902 this nation paid \$700,000,000 for war. To tell a man that is about equivalent to saying that the war expenditures for that period equaled the Nth power of X. But Mr. Atkinson supposes that the average breadwinner gets \$700 a year. This means that it took the work of 1,000,000 men working a whole year to pay that war bill. Fancy all the inhabitants of a great city like Philadelphia bound with chains to heavy tasks and pursued for a whole year with lashes and curses. That is not an exaggerated picture of the unrequited labor in that expenditure of seven hundred millions for war.

Our army, navy and pension bills amount to 350 millions annually. That is our tithe to Moloch. That represents the labor of half a million slaves.

MONOPOLY TRIBUTE.

The monopoly prices that we pay on protected goods amounts to 500 millions a year. That represents the labor of 700,000 slaves.

It is moderate to say that the excessive charges of street and steam railroads and other public service cor-

porations amount to 250 millions a year. That represents the labor of 350,000 slaves.

But what about ground rent? This is unmistakable tribute. How much pure ground rent is paid by the people in the United States? From reliable data at hand I estimate it to be six billions a year. Let us subtract four billions to keep well within the truth. That represents the labor of nearly 3,000,000 slaves.

ESSENCE OF SLAVERY.

The essence of slavery is this, that a man should be deprived of the fruits of his labor. The money which is taken from us in the form of ground rents, war revenues, and monopoly profits, is the equivalent of our labor, and the proof of our slavery. The want ads. in our newspapers have taken the place of the old auction block, and the pangs of hunger do the work of the overseer's whip. Slavery remains. The landlords and the tariff barons alone have a mastery over the fruits of men's labor which is vastly more valuable to them than was the labor of the Negro to the chattel slaveholder.

We may not be able to think in millions, but we can imagine something of the horrors of chattel slavery, and he who looks beneath the form of our civilization must find a slavery more far-reaching, more firmly entrenched, and no less terrible in its way than the slavery of the past.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

MAYOR JOHNSON AND THE GRADE CROSSING PROBLEM.

Special correspondence, Cleveland, O., January 23, 1904.

One of the most important questions which has arisen during the administration of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, has been the subject of abolishing grade crossings. Cleveland, as is well known, is almost a flat city, with its railroads crossing practically all the main thoroughfares of the city at grade and making the question of separating the grades of the railroad and the streets difficult and expensive.

Many years ago a law was passed by the city legislature authorizing the city of Cleveland to undertake the separation of grades, but defects in the law were of such a character that nothing was done under it. The legislature at its last session, however, enacted a new grade crossing law by which the city could notify any railroad crossing a street that it had determined to separate the grades. This law required the engineer of the city

and the engineer of the railroad company to agree upon plans for the proposed separation within a certain limited time, and, in the event of failure on the part of the railroad company's engineer either to prepare and submit such plans or to agree to them within the stipulated time, it was provided that the city could apply to the Circuit court of the county and compel the railroad company to act upon the plans approved by the court; and it was further provided that the city could compel the railroad company in question to bear half of the total cost of the proposed improvement.

As soon as this law was passed, Mayor Johnson instructed the city engineer to proceed at once with the preparation of plans and making of surveys involving the most dangerous of all the railway crossings in the city, and the engineer accordingly drew up plans governing almost every grade crossing in the city.

For a long time it was difficult to secure any recognition or cooperation from the railway company—the problem involved was admittedly great, and the expense which would be thrown upon them doubtless made them unwilling to enter upon the improvements so long as it could be prevented. But all the railroad companies have dealings with the city—the necessity for additional side tracks to accommodate their increasing freight demands and many other privileges which they need can only be gained with the consent of the city, and Mayor Johnson withheld such privileges until the roads would obey the law.

Finally, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company sent one of its vice presidents to Cleveland to consult with Mr. Johnson as to the separation of the grades of Detroit street, and immediately an agreement was reached, an ordinance drawn, put through the Council and accepted by the railroad company which affords a precedent for all future action of the same kind, and the work of abolishing this grade crossing is now almost completed.

Since this ordinance was passed the engineers of the various railroad companies, together with the railroad managers, have had frequent meetings with Mayor Johnson and his city engineer, and the result of his pressure and activity is that within a year seven or eight of the most dangerous railroad crossings in the city of Cleveland will be things of the past. The magnitude of this problem will be easily understood from what has been said

above. If the streets of Cleveland ran over hills and through valleys, it would be easy either to project the line of a street from the top of a hill or to carry a railroad from hill to hill, and allow the street to pass beneath, but a flat city presents a much more serious problem; but, with Mayor Johnson, such questions are of very little importance—his way suggests the reply of the Minister of France to Marie Antoinette. When the Queen told the Minister that she had a request which was exceedingly difficult of accomplishment, his polite reply was: "Madame, if it be but difficult, it is done; if it is impossible, it shall be done."

The result of these years of work in this direction is that the railroad companies have now accepted Mayor Johnson's view that in a great and populous city, the exposure of the lives and property of persons upon dangerous grade crossings is unjustifiable, no matter how great the expense involved in preventing it, and there is now manifested by all the railroad companies hearty cooperation in the accomplishment and achievement of this great work.

Resisting all arguments of convenience and arguments of thrift, Mayor Johnson has insisted upon preserving the beauty of the city unimpaired, while increasing the convenience and safety of the use of the streets.

SUNDAY CLOSING OF THEATERS.

Mayor Johnson stated yesterday that while he does not intend to interfere with the performances of the German theater on Sunday nights he will not allow any other theaters to be open and will refuse to grant any permits for Sunday shows.

"The Germans have been forced to hold their performances on Sunday because they could obtain a theater for no other night," said the mayor. "The custom is one which has been established for a long time, and I shall not interfere. With other companies, however, there is not the same excuse, and I shall not lower the bars to make Cleveland an open Sunday town. The first Sunday performance, two weeks ago, was held without my knowledge. As soon as I heard of the second proposed performance I had it stopped. They are now accusing me of favoritism in allowing the German theater to continue. Perhaps the charge is just, but I believe that as long as the Sunday performances are confined, as they have been in the past, to high class performances in German, there will be no danger of a wide

open Sunday in Cleveland."—Cleveland Plain Dealer, of Jan. 26.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL.

Portions of a speech made by William J. Bryan, delivered at the Jackson day banquet of the New Haven Democratic club in New Haven, Conn., January 11, 1904, as reported in The New Haven Union of January 12.

What is the value of an ideal? At what would you value it? Go into the home of some man of wealth, a man with an only son for whom there is no necessity to work; brought up in idleness. Instead of realizing the hopes of his parents, this son goes astray, and sinks down and down, until he is beyond all hope of reform. Then, ask that father what he would give for an ideal that would have raised that son to the pinnacle where he had hoped to see him, and he would tell you that he would give all the money he possessed. That is the value of an ideal—the difference between success and failure.

My talk will not be so much on politics, for between campaigns we must talk on ideals, for it is ideals that will win campaigns. An ideal must be high enough above us to keep us looking up to it all our lives, and far enough ahead of us to keep us following it all our lives. It is the greatest misfortune for a man to catch up with his ideal, for when he does his progress stops. "Evergreen" is a good motto, for evergreen is ever growing.

Circumstances change plans — they have changed mine. I have had three ambitions in my life, two so far back that I can hardly remember, and one so recent that it seems I can never forget it. My first ambition was to be a Baptist preacher, but when my father took me to see an immersion and told me that was part of the business, I changed my mind. Some of my Republican friends have said that I manifested the Democratic dislike for water even at that early age.

My next ambition was to be a farmer and raise pumpkins, and apparently half the American people are glad to see that I have the opportunity, unhampered by any cares of office. My third ambition was to be a lawyer. That ambition led me through boyhood and college days, and I went to Nebraska to practice law, and not to go into politics. This is proved by the fact that the State, the county, the district and even the ward in which I settled were Republican. And I must say that they have not changed to any appreciable extent.

I got into politics by accident, and I have stayed there by design. I was nominated for Congress, not because they thought I would be elected, but because they thought I wouldn't. If they had thought I could be elected, I wouldn't be here now. But the study of the great subjects that perplexed our people have so interested me that I have not been able to withdraw from it. Now, the ideal controls the life. You don't know how it is coming; you don't know when it is coming, or whence. An ideal will not only control a life, it will also revolutionize it.

I have known some people to reject religion because they couldn't accept the miracles. Why, I have seen things so much more wonderful than any miracle that miracles never bother me. In the spring I go out and plant potatoes and onions and watch them grow. These plants all draw sustenance from the same earth, and the same air, yet they come up in different colors and different shapes and different species. These mysteries don't bother us in the dining-room, only in the church. Of all the miracles, the greatest ever known is a change in the human heart, when a man begins to love the things he hated and hate the things he loved. Material philosophy cannot explain that marvelous transformation that takes place in the heart of a man who would sacrifice the whole world to his own advancement, to a man who would give up his life for an ideal. This ideal tells what a life shall be, for as a man thinks in his heart, so is he. I know no better thing a parent can teach his child than to give good service for pay, rather than to serve for good pay.

I've sometimes blushed when I've read of some of our international marriages, because I feared the old world would measure our American ideals by these marriages. I don't mean where hearts have really reached and met across the water, but the other kind. The international marriages I condemn are those in which a girl in this country trades a fortune she never earned for a broken-down man who bears a title which he never earned. Then, there are ideals in our professional life. Take the doctor—he must make money and must be enabled to live that he may help others live. But what would you think of a doctor who only practiced for money alone?

Does a lawyer have an ideal? Yes. Sometimes several. I've known men to boast of the number of clients whose acquittal they have secured, when they

knew them to be guilty. Did you ever watch the influence of a lawyer's ideal on his life? Show me one who has tried to obliterate the difference between right and wrong, and I will show you one who doesn't know the difference between right and wrong. Show me a man who has spent a lifetime trying to discern the right, and I'll show you a man more valuable because of his power to see the truth.

Not only must we have our ideals in these occupations and professions, but we must also have them in politics. What we need in this country to-day is the raising of the political ideal in America. One of the burning sins of the day is the use of money in politics. Many people regard the spending of money and purchasing of votes, to-day, like the woman of a hundred years ago, who was asked if it wasn't a pity that her husband gambled. "Oh, I don't know," she said, "he nearly always wins." If we are going to stop corruption in politics, we cannot do it by corruption. If we are going to stop corruption it must be by an ideal. We must repel money by something stronger than money—conscience! And I appeal to the conscience of the country; not to the Democratic conscience nor the Republican conscience, but the American conscience. Now, the Democratic party has just enough corruption to discourage any disgusted Republican who may want to change, and not enough purity to encourage him to come over. We must have an ideal in our national life. It is the greatest gift one man can bestow on another. You can give a man food, but he will soon grow hungry; give him clothing, and it will wear out. But give him an ideal, and it will give him a broader idea of his relations to his fellows. What we can give of values is an ideal that will lift men to higher things.

They tell me the Anglo-Saxon civilization has reached the summit and can go no further. I am grateful to the Anglo-Saxon civilization. It has taught man to protect his own rights, but let American civilization go further and teach man to respect the rights of others. They say a man is great who would die for his own—better if he would die for rather than trespass on the rights of others.

MULLIGAN, AFTER READING COLERIDGE'S PIPE-DREAM, HAS A DREAM HIMSELF, WHICH HE RELATES.

"Hov ye composed anny pomes since ye'r Panama hat song th' other noight, Donovan?" asked Mulligan, as he

tossed the match, with which he had just lighted his pipe, into the open door of Flynn's big stove.

"Divil the pome," said Donovan.

"Oi had a quare dhream lasht noight, afther read'n a pome be Coleridge."

"An' who is Coleridge?" asked Donovan.

"He was a felly thot tooched the poipe, an' dhreamed poethry."

"Go 'long wid you!"

"Divil the wurrud av a lot Oi'm tell'n' you," said Mulligan. "An' Oi was readin' wan av 'Is poipe dhreams lasht noight, an' a part av it was this:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alf, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns, measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

"Doesn't the sun shoine in Kalamazoo?" asked Donovan.

"And phoy not?" said Mulligan, a little puzzled by the malapropos query.

"Becase," answered Donovan, "thot con do be talkin' about a sunless sea in Kalamazoo!"

"Xanadu! ye block-head!" cried Mulligan.

"Ach! Donnyhoo! av coorse;" exclaimed Donovan, at the same instant snatching off his hat and scratching his head, to the accompaniment of a succession of facial contortions. "Oi mis-understud ye at furrst."

"Well, ye undherstand me now, alright, alright!" said Mulligan, and disdainful to make any further explanation, he continued: "Oi was readin' the pome just befor Oi wint to bed, an' as soon as Oi sthruck the pilly Oi wint to schleep, an' dhreamin'. An' Oi dhreamed Oi was sailin' down the sacred river, Alf. An' Oi sailed an' sailed; an' by an' by Oi got to Xanadu. An' there was th' pleasure dome, and Kubla Khan under th' sitting an' 'is throne. An' the instant he sot eyes upan me, he calls out to me an' says: 'Hello, Mulligan, owld b'y; is thot yersilf?"

"An' if yez'll belave me, gintlemin, Oi didn't know phwhat to soy to 'm! If Oi'd been in Flynn's grocery ut ud been alright; but, under the sarcumstances, Oi wasn't sure whether ut was mesilf or soombody else! Besoides, Oi didn't know phwhat the owld b'y moight be want'n' to do wid the loikes o' me, an' so Oi t'ought ut wud be as well to consale me oidintity. 'Beg'n' yer ryal hoighness' pardon,' siz Oi, 'ye hov the advantage av me.'

"Don't be afeard, Misther Mulligan," sez 'e. "Oi'll never harrum a hair av yer head," sez 'e, sociable-loike. "How's things up at Flynn's?" sez 'e. "Give Misther Mulligan some grub," sez 'e, to

a felly standin' by. An' Oi wint in to dinner. An' Kubla Khan wint in wid huz, an' sat down to talk wid me phoile Oi was aitin'. 'Ye hov a stately pleasure dome out beyant,' sez Oi.

"'Yer're talkin',' sez Kub.

"'Is there annythin' else in the counthry?' sez Oi.

"'Not mooch,' sez 'e.

"'Oi hov obsarved,' sez Oi, 'thot the paypl' seem to be thot poverty shtrick-un,' sez Oi. 'Phoy don't ye set thim to wurruk?' sez Oi.

"'Wurruk!' sez 'e, 'sure, it's wurrukin' all the phoile they are,' sez 'e.

"'Don't they projuce annythin'?' sez Oi.

"'Indade they do,' sez 'e. 'They projuce too mooch!' sez 'e.

"'Phoy don't they put some dacint clothes an their backs, an' some groob in their insoides, thin?' sez Oi.

"'The paypl' are poor,' sez 'e. 'We are suffering from a prolonged period av overprodoction.'

"'Oh, yis,' sez Oi, 'thot accounts for ut. Oi undherstand ut all now. We hov the same koind av throuble in the United Shtates. It's a pity ye couldn't expoort the sarploos,' sez Oi.

"'Expoort, is ut?' sez 'e. 'We hov expoort'n' facilities to bate the band.'

"'Is thot so?' sez Oi. 'To phwhat counthry do yez ship?"

"'Come wid me, and Oi'll show ye,' sez 'e. 'We're goin' t' expoort a ship-load to-day.'

"An' Oi wint wid 'm. An' phwhin we hod sailed out about t'ree miles from shore, the roustabouts began pitch'n' peraties, wheat, corn, cabbages, an' all sorts av foodstuffs overboard! 'Phwhat the divil is thim fellys doin'?' sez Oi. 'Are they crayzee intoirely?"

"'Expoort'n,' sez Kub.

"'Is thot phwhat yez call expoort'n'?' sez Oi.

"'It's the best we can do, under the sarcumstances,' sez 'e.

"'Phoy don't ye hov thim fellys projuce some cloth, furniture, houses, and wan thing and another, if yez hov too mooch grub?' sez Oi.

"'Take a luk an the other side av the ship,' sez Kub. Oi wint across to the starboard soide, an' it's no loi Oi'm tell'n' yez, Misther Flynn, they was doomp'n' overboard chayers an' tables, stoves, an' sewing machines, ready-made clothing, fer both min an' women, needles, thread and manufactured articles too numerous to mintion!

"'Talk about yer favorable balance av thrade!' sez Kub, straightenin' oop, an' lukun proud-loike, 'begorra,' sez 'e, 'Oi think Oi hov the boolge an Ooncle Sam!"

"'Yer Ryal Hoighness,' sez Oi, 'barrin' yer prisince, ye're crayzee!"

"'Not an yer, loife, Mulligan!' sez 'e. 'Av coorse, Oi cud build yachts, an' palaces, an' gambling houses, an' proivate parrks, wid signs warnin' the paypl' t' kape out undher pinalty av twinty-foive plunks foine; but phwhat's the use? Oi hov me pleasure dome, an' Oi'm aisy satisfied."

"'But,' sez Oi, 'phoy don't ye give the sarplooz to thim poor paypl' thot are half shtarved, an' not a sicond shirt to their backs?"

"'Hasn't a mon a roight to do as 'e loikes wid 'is own?' sez Kub.

"'Av coorse,' sez Oi.

"'An' do the landlords and captains av indoostry in the United Staates divide their rint an' profits wid the wurrukin' paypl'? Besoides,' sez 'e, 'don't yer political economists taich thot the wurrust t'ing yez can do is to give the poor someth'n' fer noth'n'? Thot ut makes thramps an' beggars av thim? Oi'm liv'n' up to the sacred principles av political economy as laid down in yer Christian text books (mesilf bein' a haythen); tak'n all thot's offered in rint, and pay'n' the riglar competitive wage rate. And now the advance in prodoctive capacity has raiched a point where we can no longer consoom the projuce. In fact, most av the paypl' hov quit consoom'n' annythin' but peraties an' wather. An' since we can't consoom the projuce, and we can't raich a furrin markud, Oi buy as mooch as Oi plaise av the goods, in arrdher to relaive the marrkud congestion an' doomp ud in the ocean. Under the sarcumstances, even if Oi should thrade goods wid some furrin counthry, it ud be loike thrad'n' dollars—Oi hov more goods than Oi want already."

"'But,' sez Oi, 'if ye cud get pure gold fer the goods.'

"'Phwhat's gold for but to buy goods wid?' sez 'e.

"'Begorra!' sez Oi, 'Oi niver t'ought av thot! Hov yez many captains av indoostry in this haythin counthry?' sez Oi.

"'Nit,' sez Kubla Khan. 'Oi'm the whole thing.'

"'Aha!' sez Oi; 'ye're behoid the toimes. Ye ought 'a distribute the land among yer favorites, an' they wud hilp consoom the sarploos.'

"'But wudn't ut be as demoralizing to me favorites to get somth'n' f'r noth'n' as ut wud be t' annybody else?' sez Kubla.

"'Not accord'n' t' the soacred principles av political economy,' sez Oi. 'How cud the paypl' be saved from the dread-ful fate av get'n' someth'n' f'r noth'n' if there was nobody to pay the rint to?"

Plwhat ye need, yer anner's anner, is soombody t' hilp ye consoom the sarploos. If ye'll give me a hundred thousand acres av land, Oi'll show ye how we do ut in Amaryky,' sez Oi.

"Oi'll give ye a job on wan av me farrums, Mulligan, and ye can save oop money and buy the land, loike a mon,' sez Kubla. Oi'm the only dead beat in Xanadu, to date, an' begorra, Oi'll not hov the mak'n' av another upon me conscience!' sez 'e."

Here' Mulligan arose and apologized for an early departure, as he had an engagement elsewhere for the rest of the evening.

HORACE CLIFTON.

THE ALTGELD BRIBE.

The following article appeared in the Chicago Tribune (Republican) of October 18, 1903, with this explanation: "The Tribune to-day publishes the fourth article of a series of political reminiscences based on real events and throwing much light on political methods. Many readers will be able to fathom the real names in some of the occurrences related." The article is indeed "based on real events." It is literally true in almost every detail. Except that the Governor's partner went at once to the capital to see the Governor, instead of waiting three days for the Governor to come to the city, every occurrence was substantially as here narrated. The time was the summer of 1895; the State was Illinois; the capital was Springfield; "the city" was Chicago; the "Empire" building was the "Unity" building; the vetoed bill was known at the time as the "eternal monopoly bills;" the briber was a Chicago lawyer of high standing; the Governor was John P. Altgeld.

In all my recollection I can recall just one man who could not afford to admit, without cheapening his own character, that he was subjected to a downright temptation—but he didn't admit it! And when the story leaked out after his death, there wasn't a man in the State who didn't take off his hat to the moral stamina that the Governor had shown. That little incident made the eulogies of the pulpits and the newspapers look cheap.

It happened while you were kicking a pigskin at Princeton. There never was a better campaign than the one in which Uncle Cal. Peavey knocked out the machine and landed in the governor's chair. It made a bigger rumpus than a fox in a henhouse, and there was a mighty shaking of dry bones in the fat places on the pay roll.

Almost the whole press of the State was against him and he was hounded as an anarchist, a calamity howler, and a general enemy to society, capital, vested rights and a whole lot of other sacred and civilized things. But Cal kept his nerve and continued to talk right out in meeting. The harder they pounded the more he showed his teeth and stuck out his bristles.

That was the Winter before the United Traction's franchises expired, and a new charter was simply a ground hog case.

Times were tighter than a February freeze. Every cent that the Governor had made in a series of nervy speculations in city real estate had been put into the big Empire building before the hard times set in. Tenants were scarcer than rats, rents fell like snowflakes, and the old man was in the hole for twice what he was worth, with big payments coming due in the course of the Winter. He didn't know which way to turn, as the money market froze tighter and tighter, and it was a certainty that he stood to lose the fortune he had made in years of hard hustling, unless some unexpected stroke of Providence should come to his relief.

But he was made of stern stuff and never gave out a whimper, although he couldn't keep his condition from the wise ones on the street.

Just as he was driving ahead to the last ditch in his private affairs the United Traction was making hay at the session. The Governor wasn't the only man in politics that Winter who had been caught in the financial squeeze. Plenty of legislators were worrying over mortgages and investments—a fact that didn't escape the attention of the traction company's agents.

Although the Governor and his forces put up a strong and crafty fight against the bill, the franchise measure passed both houses by a big majority—and the men who held mortgages on the assets of the members concerned stopped worrying about payments.

Then the calcium light was suddenly shifted to the executive mansion, and the question in every mouth was "What will the governor do?" The situation was strained up to concert pitch and there were all sorts of speculation as to the course which Uncle Cal. would pursue. Generally, however, it was agreed that there were enough votes to pass the bill over his veto and that probably, as a sensible man who knew enough to know when he was licked, he would let the measure become a law without his signature. This was considered the proper manner for a governor to surrender under protest when there was not enough votes at his command to sustain his veto.

A day or two after the bill had gone up to the Governor one of the smoothest mechanics in the fine art of "fixing" ever on the confidential pay roll of the traction company dropped in at the office of the Empire building for a little chat with Mike Boylan, the governor's business partner and general handy man.

Now Mike had knocked about town a good deal, been up as late as midnight several times, and was fairly well acquainted with the landscape in the neighborhood of the city hall; but for all that he didn't really know that his caller was a scout of the traction company. In other words, the fellow was the man for the hour; he had just enough reputation to arouse in Mike's mind a suspicion of his connection with the company and save awkward explanations. On the other hand, he had not made himself common so that his name was known to the members of the gang generally. In short, he was an artist and accepted about one commission in four or five years, but made that one something handsome.

"Mike," he finally said, after they had chatted awhile, "if you're not too busy, I'd like you to do me a little favor."

"Certainly," responded Mike.

"I'd like you to introduce me to the man in charge of the safety deposit vaults of your building here. I want to get the right sort of accommodations, and if you take me in tow it will insure me proper attention from the general in command down there in the basement."

"Sure, I'll fix that," said Mike, taking his hat and wondering if it really were true that his caller was mixed up with the traction people, as he had heard.

They were starting away from the largest wall safe, or "box," when the new patron of the institution called Mike into one of the private stalls. On the table were two good fat telescopes. Up to that time Mike had been merely an interested spectator; but this move gave him a jolt. Could it be that the fellow had trapped him into a position that might be made to reflect on the Governor if it should ever get out?

Mike's conscience had been trained in the kindergarten of the street paving contract business and never swung a danger signal short of the question. "Will it get out?" Nothing but that possibility presented a moral problem to him. The next semaphore which was swung by his acute spiritual sensibilities operated on the question of whether or not a certain course would bring him under the heel of the law.

"If this chap makes a straight proposition," reasoned Mike, as his companion was unstrapping the telescopes, "and it should ever get to the Governor's ears it'll be all day with me. He'll raise my scalp."

"I hope you'll not think I'm suspicious of the boys down here," said the caller, "but I'm taking care of a whole lot of cash for a pool I'm interested in; the fellows who are with me are afraid

of banks in these times and insist on planting our funds in a safe deposit vault. That puts the whole thing on my shoulders and it occurred to me that it would be a safe precaution to ask you to come down here and check up with me the amount I'm planting—it won't take but a minute."

"You chaps going to make books on the races?" laughed Mike.

His answer was a knowing wink and Mike heaved a sigh of relief at the thought that he was out of a disagreeable scrape in which a quarrel with the Governor was almost a moral certainty—and Mike was more afraid of old Cal. than of any other being in the whole universe. In fact the Governor had become a sort of god to Mike, although Cal. didn't know it himself.

Half the packages were in thousand-dollar bills and the rest in five hundreds, so it was an easy job to check them up, according to the figures on the paper bands pinned about the packages. Mike's eyes fairly stood out of his head as he looked from the figures on his tab to the currency on the table. One million dollars! He had never seen that much money in one heap before in his life, and his nimble, acquisitive mind began right away to figure out the things that could be done with that money. It almost stupefied him and he made no objection when asked to help stack it away in the big wall safe.

Then they went upstairs and the caller suddenly remembered that he had left his umbrella in Mike's private office. He got it, and started for the door, then stopped and began to draw on his gloves. Mike had not yet come out of his trance. He was still saying to himself: "A million dollars."

"You're satisfied as to the amount in the vault?" casually inquired the caller.

"Yes," absently responded Mike, writing the figures on the desk blotter.

Suddenly the keys to the big deposit drawer fell on the desk in front of him and he heard the words:

"Well—you know what to do with these!"

For a second he stared hard at them. Then he grabbed them up and made a plunge for the door and out into the hall. But his smooth caller had gone down the stairs to the floor below, taken the elevator which served the side entrance to the building and was gone!

From that time until Friday afternoon, when the Governor came to the city to give two or three days to his private affairs, Mike scoured the town for a trace of the man who had dumped a million of dollars of bribe money into

his hands. And in that time he felt more stings of conscience than he had ever known in all his life before. He was the worst scared man in the city, and it seemed to him he'd rather jump into the crater of a volcano than face the wrath of the Governor. Or could it be that under the certainty of complete financial ruin the old man was facing he might possibly weaken? And why shouldn't he take the money? He would be doing nothing for it—not so much as signing his name! Hadn't the Governor fought the bill tooth and nail? And wouldn't his failure to sign it be a protest against it? This was just what the party and the State expected him to do; then why shouldn't he keep the money that had been thrown at him—and without a possible tracer attached?

But even Mike's moral obtuseness was not so great that he didn't recoil from the possibility that the Governor might look at the matter in this way. If it should be so, he would know that there wasn't a man on earth who couldn't be reached if all the circumstances were right.

When the Governor came in Mike was looking uncommonly pale, but the old man was too preoccupied to notice it. His grizzled face was as haggard as if he had just got up from a run of fever, and his eyes shone with a grim, unnatural brightness.

He slumped into a big leather chair and, in a shaky voice, said:

"Mike, it's all up! I stopped in at the trust company's office on my way from the station, and they say we can't have any more time. Then I went over to the other place and thrashed it out with fellows we hoped might come into the thing as a last resort. But they're scared, and nothing can move 'em to furnish the funds."

He choked for a minute, but finally continued:

"But there's one consolation. The property's worth the money, and no one'll lose a dollar. And there'll be no scandal attached. Thank God, I never wronged a man out of a cent that I know of, but it's kind of tough to see the work of years swept away in a second! And then there's the little woman at home—that's the hardest part of it!"

Then Mike knew that it was up to him to make a clean breast of the safe deposit business—and he did it, too.

The eyes of the old man seemed to bore Mike right through as the story came out in a shaky voice. For a minute or two the old Governor sat with his chin resting in his hands, the mus-

cles of his face twitching like a spider's legs.

But it was all over in a minute. Slowly rising to his feet, the old man pointed his long bony finger at Mike and, in a voice that had the grit of iron in it, he said:

"Young man! I'd advise you to take better care of that damned scoundrel's money than you ever did of any money in your life."

That night the Governor wrote a veto message on the traction bill that fairly scorched the rails of the line. Then he called in the real scrappers in his political camp and began a fight against foregone defeat that ripped up the whole State and made history. He didn't stop at anything that came under the head of things "fair in love and war." Before the fight was finished he was forced practically to kidnap two or three weak-kneed members of the opposition and take them out of the State. And there were a few others that had to be given a close range view of the penitentiary before they experienced a change of heart. But when the vote on the veto was taken the old Governor won out by three votes—and he celebrated the triumph by surrendering to his creditors and backers all the property that he had accumulated in 50 years of harder work than a stone-breaker ever put in.

In less than three years from then I acted as a pall-bearer at Calvin Peavey's funeral and joined in a subscription to buy the widow a home.

That's the sort of a moral backbone that is entitled to flowers, according to my notion. And there isn't much of anything short of that brand that is. When I go into hero worship I'm going to cap my shrine with a bust of honest old Cal.

Mayor Collins' inaugural is short, but is full of meat. Every Boston citizen should read it.—Boston Globe.

You will excuse the vegetarians, of course.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Will Russia pounce upon Japan
And some choice islands grab?
Or is the bear that walks like a man
About to walk like a crab?
—Chicago Daily News.

God is not in the ironclads, nor in the armies, but in the still small voice of Justice that issues from tribunals like that at The Hague.—William Jennings Bryan.

While another man has no land, my title to mine, yours to yours, is at once vitiated.—Emerson.

BOOKS

"JOHN PERCYFIELD."

There are love stories and love stories; and those people who enjoy the kind that tell of maidens sighing in lonely castles for their absent knights or brave cavaliers risking their lives to save their beloved from drowning or being dashed over a terrible precipice, might not enjoy "John Percyfield."

C. Hanford Henderson, the author of this most charming book, is a prominent Philadelphia educator. The subtitle of the book, "The Anatomy of Cheerfulness," sounds a little pedantic, as if one would say: "Go to, now let us analyze the quality of cheerfulness, and if the result be satisfactory, we, too, will be cheerful." But the bones of this anatomy are so well covered with living, pulsing flesh, that the name is almost a misnomer.

The book is supposed to be largely autobiographical, and is written in the first person; and while the pride of family, that characteristic trait of the true Philadelphian, is plainly visible, it is a pride which sees the necessity of living up to the high standard set by the grandfather, who was a thorough gentleman, in every sense of the word.

The chapter describing John Percyfield's life in New Orleans when he was a boy, his devotion to his sister Charlotte, and the natural, lovely life they lead, are most charming. Later on, when he is living in the old chateau in Switzerland, one feels the continual atmosphere of sunshine and flowers, and natural, unconventional life that is so idyllic. The whole tone of the book is healthy and unaffected.

In regard to the influence of his grandfather Percyfield, he says: "More severe people said that my Grandfather Percyfield spoiled Charlotte and me by allowing us to live such a joyous, natural life, and by doing so much for our comfort and pleasure. . . . Along with the pleasure he gave us the desire to use it at its highest, and through our great love and admiration for him, he implanted in us a sense of noblesse oblige that would, I verily believe, have taken us through fire and water, had there been any occasion for it. . . . It is not hardships that make men brave and women heroic. It is the ideas which they mix with their daily bread and butter."

The whole tone of the book can be described in this sentence: "On the whole, I think it (happiness), is more useful than mathematics, but this, you must remember, is the opinion of a man who never keeps accounts, and has not tasted the spiritual joy of having them come out to a penny at the end of a week or fortnight."

The plot of the story is so slight as to hardly deserve the name, yet there is not one uninteresting page in the book; and the author weaves in, as side re-

marks, what with many writers would be called "preaching," yet they come so naturally that one hardly realizes at first what is said.

The description of the wedding is most charming, and one instinctively compares it with the society show weddings which have to be rehearsed beforehand. In speaking of the life in London, after his marriage with Margaret, the author says: "Everything new that I bought I had sent home to Mrs. John Percyfield. It was such a joy to say the name and to see it written. It took me some time, though, to get used to the cold-blooded, unemotional way in which the clerks in the different shops put it down in their scrawly, running handwriting. You might have thought that it was just an ordinary name, instead of being brand-new and full of sentiment."

Their stay in England was for the purpose of studying social questions, and here is one false note in the book. The author's remedy for social ills is more paternalism. He sympathizes with suffering and sorrow everywhere, but he is not large enough to see that more freedom, not less, is the cure; yet he says that "private charities are an indictment of inadequate social action," and "essentially undemocratic and undesirable." Yet he adds the most undemocratic statement that the doctrine of equality is a "monstrous lie," thereby showing himself to be undemocratic and ignorant of the natural rights of man. It may be, however, that if he were called upon to explain himself more fully, he would modify that statement.

The great charm of the book lies in its fresh, simple style of telling a natural story, and one feels when he has finished reading it that he has been enjoying green fields and sunny days.

FLORENCE A. BURLEIGH.

THREE PAMPHLETS.

It would be well if every assessor in America could be supplied with a copy of Lawson Purdy's "Taxation of Personal Property," and could be induced to read and ponder it. As previously noted in the Public, it is a revised edition of a magazine article, now handsomely printed in a pamphlet of 37 pp., with index, under the auspices of the New York Tax Reform Association, 52 William street, N. Y. Of course all who have read Professor Ely's valuable book on the subject, or have in even a superficial way looked into the subject of the taxation of personal property, know how utterly absurd are the attempts to assess such property, but there are many who are unfortunately ignorant on the subject. As Mr. Purdy says, "The average intelligent business man who is well-informed on most subjects is usually ill-informed as to what the tax system actually is, and the injury which he suffers from a bad system." This pamphlet is just the thing to open his eyes.

"The Selfishness of Grief" is the title

of a sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published in neat pamphlet form (Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago, 10 cts.). If the title were the Vanity of Funeral Fashions it would come nearer describing the purport of the eloquent author's earnest discourse. As a plea for sensible reform this pamphlet deserves wide circulation. Whether or not cremation, which the author advocates, be adopted, the suggested changes in the conduct of a funeral are in the line of good form as well as of good sense.

E. T. Weeks, of New Iberia, La., has published a leaflet, entitled, "Tenets of the Single Tax," which shows great power of combining clearness with conciseness. "We assert," says Mr. Weeks, "that a tax on land values would destroy speculation in land by making it unprofitable to hold land out of use; would give capital and labor access to vast quantities of land, including oil, coal, iron and other mineral deposits, and make impossible the monopolizing of the original sources of supply; would derive the revenues of government from the very fund which society itself creates; and since more than ninety per cent. of all land values are in urban lands, franchises, and mineral deposits, it would take off of the farming and the wage-earning population the great burden of taxation, which, as the principal consumers, now falls ultimately upon them. We assert that by abolishing all revenue taxes upon improvements, capital, labor and the products of labor, and giving access to lands now monopolized and idle, it would stimulate investment, promote industry and enterprise, raise wages and bring about general and more equal prosperity."

J. H. DILLARD.

PERIODICALS.

Sound Currency for December, the regular periodical of the "Sound Currency" Committee of the New York Reform Club, describes the present status of the currency reform movement and offers suggestions by various writers, including Charles S. Fairchild, all from the gold standard point of view.

Justin McCarthy, writing in the New York Independent on What We Are Thinking About in England, says of the present state of politics and parties in that country: "The whole situation is intensely interesting and exciting, and I do not remember for many years back any political crisis during which the unexpected may be more likely to come to pass." J. H. D.

President Hadley, of Yale university, in a recent address before Harvard students, is reported to have said that a man "should not enter the political field at all unless rich, for if he does he will have to yield sooner or later to the wrong influence or else get out and starve." It is hard to believe that the president of Yale could have been guilty of uttering before a body of young students a criticism of our democratic republic so utterly scathing and pessimistic. J. H. D.

In answering a question "about ministers that engage in the pursuit of work that tends to prosecute evil doers in the line of intemperance and vice," the Appeal to Reason says: "Ministers who try to make a reputation prosecuting the evil doers you mention are misdirecting their energy. Intemperance and vice are effects, not causes. Remove the causes and you have not only removed these crimes in the



HIS "DESCENT" FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY FATHERS.
Facilis descensus Avernii.

present but have provided against their occurrence in the future. My opinion of ministers in general is that they are well intentioned, but are ignorant of sociological laws." J. H. D.

The Army and Navy Register is very hard on Capt. Hobson and his many-billion bill. After speaking of his spoiling by adulation, it says: "He has been more or less of a public character, usually in the harmless capacity of a peripatetic lecturer. He reappears after this period of comparative oratorical obscurity as the author of a freak bill which if seriously considered would arouse the country to anti-naval sentiment." The navy people are smart enough to see that Hobson is their own worst enemy. What they want is to get the money without being so spectacular about it. J. H. D.

The World To-day for January presents a varied and interesting table of contents, some of the leading articles being: "Graft in Private Business," by a prominent manufacturer; "Boston and the Small Graft," by Edward H. Chandler; "Who Own the Railways?" by Slason Thompson; "Against the Machine or in the Machine?" by Prof. Harry Pratt Judson, and other papers of a lighter nature. The writer of the first named article, who, the editor says, "for obvious reasons does not wish his name known," tells some very painful secrets. He thinks the idea that public business is more corrupt than private business is a mistake. "Corruption," he says, "extends down to the smallest details of buying and selling, where the buyer is not buying for his own use, but for some one else." J. H. D.

How well we Americans are living up, as a nation, to our opportunities and professions, is the subject of a thoughtful editorial in the Lewiston (Me.) Sun. After speaking of our claims to superior motives and a higher moral plane, the writer says: "If with such moral superiority we start out into more intimate relations with other peoples, shouldn't we present before them a plainly higher standard of political morality than they practice? Shouldn't we? But we haven't. Our most noticeable acts in these five and one-half years of posing as a 'world power,' instead of being to the nations a national application of the golden rule, are rather the same old bad kind of acts that have disgraced the old nations. We have even gone them one worse." For our failure to show up better

as a world power the writer lays much blame on the colleges. J. H. D.

"In accordance with the trend of the times," says Dr. J. M. Rice, in the Forum, "it has become the custom to call a teacher successful if her methods are in the latest style, if her manners are pleasant, and if her pupils show an interest in the current lesson; while a teacher is placed on a lower plane if she does not come up to all these requirements. But this position is untenable. One who makes the impression that she is all that a successful teacher ought to be may be a successful teacher in fact, or she may be lacking in certain essential elements involved in good teaching, and fail to accomplish much in the end." This is most true, as every observant school-principal knows, and is only another illustration of the falseness of judging by appearance. What pupils know of the subject, how they can deal with it and use it "in the end," is the test of a successful teacher. Many a modest woman with least ability to show off before visitors may be the best teacher in the school. J. H. D.

NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

The verbatim report of the Turner Hall debate on Socialism vs. Single Tax, which was originally announced for publication January 20, has been unavoidably delayed in the printing, but all orders will be filled before the end of next week. We trust that the many readers of The Public who have sent advance orders will accept this explanation, believing as we do that they will be more than pleased with both the matter and form of the book when received. It will contain full-page portraits of Karl Marx, Henry George and the six debaters, and the price, including postage, will be 25 cents, five copies for \$1.12 copies for \$2. Charles H. Kerr & Company, 66 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

JOHN Z. WHITE'S MOVEMENTS

Mr. White completes his engagement at Minneapolis and St. Paul, Sunday Evening, Jan. 24. He begins a week's engagement in Detroit, Monday Evening, Jan. 25. He has a few open dates between Feb. 1st and 10th. On Feb. 11th, 12th and 13th he is busy in Winona, Minn.
Friends in Wisconsin or Minnesota who wish to secure Mr. White for open dates before or following his Winona, Minn., appointments please write at once to
F. H. MONROE, President,
Henry George Association,
134 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The Public

is a weekly review which prints in concise and plain terms, with lucid explanations and without editorial bias, all the news of the world of historical value. It is also an editorial paper. Though it abstains from mingling editorial opinions with its news accounts, it has opinions of a pronounced character, based upon the principles of radical democracy, which, in the columns reserved for editorial comment, it expresses fully and freely, without favor or prejudice, without fear of consequences, and without hope of discreditable reward. Yet it makes no pretensions to infallibility, either in opinions or in statements of fact; it simply aspires to a deserved reputation for intelligence and honesty in both. Besides its editorial and news features, the paper contains a department of original and selected miscellany, in which appear articles and extracts upon various subjects, verse as well as prose, chosen alike for their literary merit and their wholesome human interest. Familiarity with THE PUBLIC will commend it as a paper that is not only worth reading, but also worth filing.

TERMS:—Annual Subscription, \$2.00; Semi-Annual Subscription, \$1.00; Quarterly Subscription, 50 cents; Trial Subscription (4 weeks), 10 cents; Single Copies, 5 cents. Free of postage in United States, Canada, Cuba and Mexico. Elsewhere, postage extra, at the rate of one cent per week. All checks, drafts, post office money orders and express money orders should be made payable to the order of THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING CO. Subscribers wishing to change address must give the old address as well as the new one.

Published weekly by THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1641 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill. Post office address, THE PUBLIC, Box 687, Chicago, Ill.

ATTORNEYS.

EWING & RING,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS,
HOUSTON, TEXAS.
Fresley K. Ewing. Henry F. Ring.

FRED. CYRUS LEUBUSCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BENNETT BLDG.,
50 Nassau St., Borough of Manhattan,
Tel. Call, 4294 Cortlandt. Rooms 1111-1214,
NEW YORK.

BOOKS FOR STUDENTS

By JOHN P. ALTGELD.
Live Questions, 1,000 Pages.
Containing all his important public addresses on social and political questions, together with official state papers written while Governor of Illinois, such as reasons for pardoning the Anarchists, and protest to President Cleveland for sending U. S. troops to Illinois during Railroad Strike of 1894. In cloth, \$3.50; postage, 30c; Oratory, cloth, 50c. ("S. Darrow," "Pearlman Pearl," \$1.50; "Rebel Not Evil," cloth, 75c. John Mitchell's Book on Organized Labor, cloth, \$1.75.
GEO. A. SCHILLING,
519-85 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Clubs of Three

To extend the circulation of The Public among new readers, and at the same time to relieve of expense such regular readers, or others, as take the trouble to procure us new subscriptions, we will supply three subscriptions for the price of two, on the following terms:

- A Club of Three Annual Subscriptions (at least two of them new).....\$4.00
- A Club of Three Semi-Annual Subscriptions (at least two of them new).....\$3.00
- A Club of Three Quarterly Subscriptions (at least two of them new).....\$1.00

Any person soliciting new subscribers will be allowed the same terms. For every two new subscriptions for which he forwards us cash at regular rates we will honor his order for a third subscription free.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to
THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING CO.,
Box 687, CHICAGO, ILL.