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About this text (7 notes on this issue)

- `[word?]` is a best guess; `[illegible]` means unreadable. Line-end hyphens are joined. Misprints are kept as printed; letters judged to be broken type are written as intended but listed among the misprints (marked “broken type”).
- p2: “last Saturday, April [3?]”, April 3, 1888 was a Tuesday; the preceding Saturday was April 7. “$1. [15?]”, “[3,646,899?]” carats, “[700?]”. “!” printed for “?” twice in the John Stewart letter.
- p4: “[80,000?] tons”, the article’s arithmetic implies 50,000; “[400,000?]”, “[43?]”. Masthead over-inked. “Luther R. Marsh” signed LOUIS F. POST; preceding editorials left unsigned. “A Common Sense Diagnosis and Prescription” breaks mid-sentence at the foot of c6 and continues at p5 c1 (no jump line). “Horsehoe”/“Horseshoe”.
- p5: lower c6 (Society Notes) faint; read from contrast-boosted crops — most `[?]` are here (“[30,000?]”, “[1867?]”, “[6,000?]”, “Joseph [Rosman?]”). SOCIETY NOTES heading stands over both the Tupper poem and the clippings. Sherwood blockquote boundaries chosen by voice, not type size, check. “Path street” (Bath?) kept, not listed.
- p6: “Minnie Kelsey” Ch. I–II signed HAGAN DWEN (pen name). Blot after “say” may be comma or ink.
- p7: Progress and Poverty “[250?] pages” and German edition “[430?] pages” badly struck, the first looks too low. Tract price table in c6 faint (9 `[?]`). Railway News engraving (p7_fig1) mostly illegible. “Cityeus and Rusticus”, “FORTSCHRITT AND ARMUTH”, “Krupotkin” as printed.
- p8: recruiting-fund “Total to date” illegible (items sum to $2,272.58). “lorely” and “Thet” listed as possible misprints, check original. Italic “the democratic”/“to support” in the Rev. W. E. Lincoln item looks like wrong font.

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THE STANDARD

HENRY GEORGE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NO. 67—VOL. III, NO. 15.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

p. 1, col. 1

The offices of THE STANDARD have been removed from 25 Ann street to 12 Union square, East, to which address all communications should be sent.

CONTENTS:

[Note: a subscriber's address is stamped diagonally in ink across this list, reading "104 Dr Walter Mendelson 167 / 179 W 74th St"; it hides parts of several entries.]

Our Opportu[nity?].

Spread of Free [Trade Sentim?]ents in Pennsylvania.

Quinine.

The Absurdity of Pro[tection?].

The Brewers' Impending [illegible].

The Cigar Makers.

Pen, Paste and Scissors.

The Week.—The Direct Tax B[ill; Senat?]or Beck's Amendment; The Vote Market in R[hode?] Island; The Fund for Chief Justice Waite's Family; The Burlington Strike; Jacob Sharp; The Squabble with Morocco; General Butterfield to the Bricklayers; Love in High Life; English Justice; The London Docks; Natural Gas in Alleghany City; The Jumel Estate Sale; Crowded Out of the World; Spoiling the Egyptians; A Mission to the Poor; Prince Oscar of Sweden's Marriage; A Flutter at Albany; The Earl of Harewood and His Villages; The "United Labor Age;" The Call for the Chicago Conference.

Straws Which Show the Wind.

The Duty on Tin Plate.

Learning to Play at Work.

Luther R. Marsh.

The Business Man's Fate.

A Common Sense Diagnosis and Prescription.

On Causes of Crime.

Why We Should Not Nominate.

Mrs. Sherwood on "Adventurers."

Society Notes.

There Might Be Two (a poem).

Minnie Kelsey.

St. Michael, the Weigher (a poem).

The Forsaken Merman (a poem).

Electric Motors.

Women.

Publisher's Notes.

A State Convention at Alabama.

The Burial of Moses (a poem).

How Invention Marches On.

The United Labor Party General Committee.

Personal.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

Here is a letter which in a vague way probably expresses the feelings of quite a number of our friends:

> ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 4.—When Grover Cleveland presented his message to congress it had the ring of free trade. It was looked upon as "a free trade message," not only by us single tax men, but to a great extent by the press. And the stand that you and many others of the united labor party took I thought was bold and commendable, and was the most expedient course to pursue considering the then circumstances. But it now seems that the issue between the republican party and the democratic is of no more importance than it has been for many years, as the subject of free trade has been entirely ignored, and the democratic press all over the country with but few exceptions are taking pains to declare that the democratic party does not want free trade and does not advocate free trade, but simply a reduction of the tariff. And as the "Mills bill" is clearly, as you intimated it to be a few weeks ago, a measure to catch votes, and as that feature is so manifest in it, I think the outlook exceedingly discouraging.

> The argument that "if a little 'protection,' such as the democratic party would have, is beneficial to America, then it must follow that a great deal more protection, or a much higher tariff, as the republican party would have, is preferable," catches the ordinary, ignorant mind, and it is nearly impossible to such people to perceive the truth. And that is a weighty argument, too, with them. There can be no enthusiasm excited by a party whose congressional record will be a defeated tariff reduction bill, and that a bill so timid that it leaves the most powerful trusts untouched and only reduces a few duties and abolishes a few others. There can be no joyous enthusiasm manifested by any one unless there be a real cause, a feeling of love and devotedness for some truth, some principle.
>
> And it is undoubtedly enthusiasm that carries the common mind. I confess that I cannot say one word in favor of the democratic party's policy, though I can say a great many against the policy of the republican party. I will not vote or attempt to induce others to vote for Grover Cleveland, nor will I vote for James G. Blaine, who I believe will be the republican candidate.
>
> And whether tickets are printed or not, whether a national single tax party is established or not, I am inclined to think that I can vote only for some one that represents our ideas, viz.: That the land is God's, and we, his children, are all entitled to the use of it; that the only expedient way of insuring to every human being his full earnings is by a single tax on land values. It seems to me that a union of the single tax men with the McGlynn element, if such a thing were possible without compromising the principle of absolute free trade that is embodied in the Syracuse platform, would be advisable. And if that were impossible, I would be in favor of a true single tax party without our "protectionist" friends, for I believe that it would excite very much more discussion and enthusiasm than the democratic party can ever excite.
>
> Do you think it possible or expedient, considering the turn affairs have taken, to make a move in this direction?
>
> K. P. ALEXANDER.

In the sense of openly declaring for free trade, Mr. Cleveland's message was not a free trade message. On the contrary, he made in it an evident effort to avoid being classed as a free trader, and all that he proposed was a mere modification of some of the protective features of our tariff. But it did, as our correspondent says, have "the ring of free trade," inasmuch as its arguments for tariff reduction were really anti-protection arguments, and if carried to their logical conclusions would condemn the whole protective system. As I said, in commenting on the message the day after it was delivered:

> Mr. Cleveland endeavors to avoid the stigma of free trade, and much of his argument is illogical and confused. But it is, nevertheless, an argument for free trade and against protection. He has recognized the inevitable issue that is before the country and has not shirked it. He has come to the point where the roads fork, and though he betrays a natural desire to postpone the certain split in his party, he has at least set his face in the direction that leads to freedom.

There is nothing to indicate that Mr. Cleveland has, since that message was written, gone back one iota. On the contrary, there is every evidence that he has resisted the tremendous pressure that has been put upon him by the politicians of his own party who fear the tariff issue, and is more, instead of less, determined to stake
p. 1, col. 2
his political fortunes and those of his party on that issue.

And the discussion that Mr. Cleveland's message opened has gone on increasing in the most gratifying way. The republican papers that denounced him as a free trader as soon as his message was printed are denouncing him as a free trader more violently now. If the democratic papers are still declaring that the democratic party does not

advocate free trade, and only wants to reform protection, not abolish it, those of them at least that follow the banners of the democratic administration are devoting their columns to most effective attacks upon protection, and are, in spite of their own disavowals, educating themselves and their readers in the direction of free trade.

As for the Mills bill, it is indeed a poor and inconsequential measure as compared with the bill abolishing custom houses which it is our ultimate aim some day to have passed by the congress of the United States. Considering existing conditions, however, it is the best kind of a free trade bill. It is not only amply sufficient to accomplish all that we can at present hope to have accomplished—the opening of the fight—but it is, because of its moderation, far better for this purpose than a radical bill would be. If it is framed with the art of the politician; if its reductions and exemptions have been carefully arranged so as to give as little opportunity as possible for the division of the party vote; if it passes respectfully by giant interests that have fattened on protection, and only strikes at some of the smaller ones, it is on these accounts all the better as an entering wedge.

So far from there being anything in the present attitude of Mr. Cleveland, or of his party supporters, or of the press, to make us single tax men feel that the hope his message gave us was delusive, we have every reason to feel the greatest encouragement. What at the time of the message seemed almost too good to hope for, is now a certainty—that the line between the two great parties in the coming national campaign is to be drawn on the tariff question. And this means something that Mr. Alexander and those who feel as he does do not appreciate—it means that the real issue in the presidential campaign is to be between protection on the one side and free trade on the other.

Our St. Louis friend is not one of those who would run a national ticket upon state issues; nor is he in favor of advocating [a horizontal line, probably a fold or stray mark running across columns 2–6, strikes through "nor is he in favor of advocat-"; text legible] the single tax without any reference to the tariff, at a time when everyone will be thinking and talking of the tariff. He sees that the abolition of the tariff is an essential part of the single tax programme, and that it is that part of the programme which relates to national action, and which must be fought out in the arena of national politics. But he seems to fear that for real free traders to give their political support to a party or a man who proposes only to lessen protection would be to condone protection and to lose the strength that the advocacy of a clear and consistent principle always gives. He seems to think that real free traders could better satisfy their consciences and could accomplish more in the way of education by refusing to support those who would only modify the tariff and running some sort of a party that should declare for absolute free tade[sic]. In all this I think he is mistaken. To specifically answer his questions, I do not think any "union of the single tax men with the McGlynn element without compromising the principle of absolute free trade," is possible, since the ignoring of the tariff question is the essential point in the programme of the "McGlynn element," and is necessary to their making any show with the pretense of a combination party that they hope to start in Cincinnati next month. Neither do I think it would be possible—nor if it were possible would I think it expedient—to run a third party on an absolute free trade platform, at this election. If instead of having such a party yet to form, it were already in the field, and if its organization were ten times as strong as any we could now hope for, I would be opposed to its taking any independent part in the contest this year, and should deem it the dictate of political policy and of political principle that its members should, in the coming campaign, support with all their might the candidate of that one of the two great parties which represented opposition to protection and which the party of protection would exert itself to the utmost to defeat.

Let me give the reasons for my opinions, since they may be of use to some of our friends who find it hard to give up the idea of running an independent party, and voting a ticket which shall express their ultimate aims.

Sic in the original; probably "free trade".

Here is a little restaurant on the "American plan,"—the only one for miles. A traveler enters and sits down. The waiter comes to him, and laconically inquires:

"Bean soup or pea soup?"

What will be the use in the traveler replying, "Turtle soup."

If he will have neither bean soup nor pea soup, but insists upon having turtle soup before eating anything at all, he will have to go hungry until he reaches the next restaurant, and even there his chances of
p. 1, col. 3
getting turtle soup are not likely to be at all improved.

The only thing he could hope for by insisting on "turtle soup or nothing" is that if enough others did the same thing the restaurant keeper after awhile might be induced to keep it. But before determining to go hungry for this reason, it would be well for our traveler to consider that the majority even of those who prefer turtle to bean or pea soup would be strongly induced to take one of the latter rather than go hungry.

Very much like the choice of the traveler in such a restaurant is the choice of the average American citizen in a presidential election. He is not really asked what he would like to have, but which of two things he prefers. Often, indeed, the practical question to the thoughtful citizen is not, which of two men or two parties he likes most, but which of the two he dislikes least.

And if he rejects this choice. if he tries[sic] by his vote to show that he wants neither one thing nor the other that is offered him, but something quite different, he is certain to find, as all experience has proved, that the great majority of voters, even of those who would really prefer something quite different, will make a choice between what is immediately offered them. But the position of the single tax voter in the coming election differs from that of our suppositious traveler in this. The choice that is offered him as to which of the great parties shall win is not a choice between two policies equally distasteful to him, but a choice between a policy that is opposed to all that he desires to accomplish, and a policy that not only goes a little way toward accomplishing his desires, but will make it possible to accomplish more.

Our American system of government is not really a system of popular government in any other sense than that the people are the repositories of ultimate political power, and that as such the governing class, are quick to respond to their will whenever they can discern it. But our methods of getting at the popular will, and especially of submitting questions of national policy, are extremely clumsy and inefficient. Practically the business of government is with us in the hands of politicians, and as our elective and representative methods have the effect of discouraging statesmanship, these politicians as a class are men who have little concern for principle, and whose sole desire is to parcel out the offices and share in the profits of the governing business. These politicians are normally divided into two great camps or parties, and the law of conflict, the law which compels the opposition to one party to crystallize around another, make the parties who really contend with each other for the power and emoluments of office, save in rare contingencies, practically two. These parties are, by the necessities imposed by our elective system, great machines, requiring for their maintenance and efficiency, extensive and elaborate organization, much work and large amounts of money. Thus they naturally fall into the hands of politicians—the men who are willing to devote their time and and money[sic] to working them—the men who make a business of this, and who expect *to* find[sic] their profit in it.

And the magic of the possessive case of the personal pronoun—the same tendency which disposes a man to be proud and boastful of *his* country, even though the poor disinherited creature may not have any right to use a

Sic in the original; probably "this choice, if he tries".
Sic in the original; probably "their time and money".

single square inch of his country, or to stretch himself out to sleep on it, without buying the privilege from some of the class who really own what he calls *his* country—binds to parties men whose only part in them is to slavishly vote the ticket their managers present. The majority of republicans or democrats are such for no better reason than that by some accident they have once taken that side. They are disposed to follow their party whichever way it may go—to support what it proposes and to oppose what it opposes, because they deem it *their* party.

Now, whoever considers the nature of parties under our system of government, and the laws of their being, will see how childish it is to proclaim irrevocable hostility against the old parties because of their corruption, and to hope to purify government by supplanting them with a party of purity, or, as it is sometimes expressed. to form[sic] a new party that shall set politicians aside. Politicians are the inevitable outgrowth of our system of politics, and corruption comes from general conditions which act upon all parties. No matter how high minded and disinterested its founders, no matter how lofty its principles, no party could, under the political conditions which exist in the United States, rise to the point of seriously contesting for control of the national government without attracting or developing the same corrupt elements which exist in the old parties.

Nor yet do these corrupting influences wait for the growth of a party to dimensions which entitle it to be considered a contestant for control. When the two real contestants are closely matched, and the prize they struggle for is a great one, it becomes an object for one or the other of the great parties to control and use little parties; and though comparatively insignificent[sic]

p. 1, col. 4

in their numbers, third parties rapidly develop a class of second rate politicians in no wise more scrupulous than those who act with and manage the old parties.

Now we single tax men—we real free traders—are as as yet[sic] in a small minority. We have not even a skeleton organization, we are without the sinews of war that in our existing system are required for the necessary expenses of conducting any national campaign; we are without a powerful press, without the prestige of former victories and without support from those prejudices which bind the unthinking to a party because they have acted with it and rejoiced in its victories with the feeling that they themselves had helped to gain them.

No one among our friends is wild enough to imagine that if under existing conditions we were to enter the national campaign as an independent party we could have the shadow of a chance of getting a single electoral vote. The only thing that is urged in favor of such a policy is that by "standing up to be counted" we might get an opportunity to advocate our doctrines, and by showing that there were so many voters in the United States who would accept nothing but full free trade. induce[sic], in succeeding elections, others to come to our standard, or one of the great parties to make a bid for our support.

But the truth is, that we could not expect more than a small minority of single tax men "to stand up and be counted." All experience shows that the great majority of men will not vote for a candidate whom of himself they would prefer, unless they believe he has some chance of election. The real reason why I got 68,000 votes for mayor of New York in 1886 and only 37,000 votes in the same city in 1887 was that in the one case, owing to the pledge of votes with which I entered the contest, it was believed that I might be elected, and that in the other case not even the most sanguine could pretend that I had the slightest chance. And in that election there was really nothing involved in the struggle between the old parties other than the filling of a few subordinate offices and the shadow of this year's presidential campaign. This year what is at stake is the presidency itself. And this year this presidential contest will be fought between the two great parties upon an issue that will give it an interest far

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Sic in the original; probably "expect to find".
Sic in the original; probably "expressed, to form".
Sic in the original; probably "insignificant".
Sic in the original; probably "are as yet".
Sic in the original; probably "full free trade, induce,".

exceeding an ordinary presidential election and make it [one?] of the most strenuous and bitter contests the country has ever known. In this contest we cannot hope to have our friends, who might ordinarily do so, "stand up and be counted." The interest in the struggle of the great parties will be too intense, the issue too momentous. And whatever votes may be counted for a third party, they will hardly be those of the real free traders, the single tax men who have really seen what freedom means. When the robber trusts rally all the forces of protection, when every stump is echoing with protectionist lies and protectionist sophistries, when ignorance and prejudice and cupidity are appealed to to "down" Cleveland *because* his election will mean a free trade victory, our real free traders, who of all men realize how false are the claims and how pernicious is the policy of protection, cannot look unconcernedly on and see protection win a victory. If a single tax candidate be placed in the field, as our St. Louis friend suggests, the result will be, not that we will show our strength, but that our enemies will have, in the small vote cast for him, an opportunity to taunt us with the insignificance they will claim that it shows.

Now, the reason why, even if we had the organization and means to enable us to run an avowed free trade ticket, we could not expect real free traders to vote for it in the face of the contest that will be waged between the two old parties, is the reason why we *ought* not to run a free trade ticket. Mr. Cleveland, it is true, is not a free trader, but he nevertheless will in this election represent the van of the free trade fight in practical politics, just as Mr. Lincoln in 1860, though protesting that he was not an abolitionist, represented the van of the anti-slavery fight. And for us to refuse to support Mr. Cleveland in the coming struggle because his utterances and his position are not radical enough to express our ultimate desires, would be as impolitic and wrong as for anti-slavery men in 1860 to refuse to support Mr. Lincoln because he only desired to restrict a little, not to destroy, the curse of chattel slavery.

When great armies contend, the immediate object for the possession of which their decisive battles are fought is generally something in itself of no moment, and the fate of nations turns on struggles to gain or hold a hamlet, a knoll, a bridge or a farm house. So the political struggles of opposing principles invariably begin with affairs of outposts, and are decided not on issue joined on the main question, but on issue joined on some subordinate or collateral question. It makes no difference how small the immediate point may be, so long as it is sufficient to arouse and engage the opposing forces. A proposition to put on the free list one single article, such as wool or lumber, or even peanuts—or a proposition to make a ten per cent reduction in the least important

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of the protective duties, would be sufficient to bring on the struggle between protection and free trade, if the protectionists recognized in it an attack on their cherished system and rallied their forces to repel it.

The Mills bill may be lame and halting as an anti-protection measure, but it could hardly have aroused the protectionists more if it proposed to sweep away every shred of protection. The president's attitude may be that of a mere timid tariff reformer, but the protectionist press could hardly denounce him as a free trader more bitterly if he had boldly avowed his belief in "the international law of God."

And the enemies Mr. Cleveland has made by his message and by his subsequent course ought to make us his friends in this struggle. He may not be a candidate who represents our ideas, but he is a candidate who will do our work—a candidate who will clear our way better than we could possibly do it. And this not merely because of his position and his political strength, but because of his moderation—because he does *not* represent our ideas.

It must be remembered that we real free traders are as yet in a small minority—that the masses of the people are saturated with the fallacies of protection in some form or other, and that the majority of men are more governed in political action by their feelings and their prejudices than by any logical process of reasoning. An avowed free trade candidate would at present repel great bodies of voters who are certain to become free traders if they can be committed to tariff reductions. They will become familiarized both with the name and the idea—on the one side from the denunciations of the opposing party, and on the other from the necessity under which their own party papers and their own party speakers will lie to justify the attempt to reduce protection. For the democratic papers

and the democratic speakers must, as the contest waxes hot and furious, perceive, even if they do not openly admit, that weakness of the position of the moderate protectionists which our correspondent points out, and realize that if it be admitted that a little protection is good a great deal of protection is better. A popular discussion in which large interests are involved and strong passions are excited, cannot long be conducted by one side on grounds that admit the fundamental propositions of the other. The tendency of conflict is always to extremes. Already we may see that what is being discussed is not the effect of this or that modification of the tariff, but the question of principle between protection and free trade, and this in its relation to labor. Already the protectionist papers are making the most ultra claims for their pet theory, and are contending that the American laborer owes to it his great prosperity. Already democratic papers, even though yet not avowing themselves for free trade are denouncing protection as a fraud and a sham, and are engaged in showing that however protection may protect trusts and monopolists, it can only hurt, not help, the laborer. Our correspondent is right in saying that half-way doctrines excite no enthusiasm, and that enthusiasm is necessary to move the common mind. But once let the democratic party be fairly committed to the anti-protection side of the tariff question, and the democratic organs and democratic speakers will realize this, and whatever the nominal position of the party may be, must be driven to advocate free trade principles.

How can we best advance the cause? One of the two great parties is moving our way. Shall we, in what we may, meet it, and welcome it, and strengthen it, doing what we can to give it success, and by showing its politicians that this is the way to victory and to office, help to make them bold as lions where now they are limping hares. Or shall we, by getting up a miserable and contemptible third party, or by skulking out of the great fight we have been so anxious to bring on, help directly or indirectly those who would bar our way to beat those who, whether they realize it or not, are moving in our way.

To my mind there is but one answer. Whatever man or whatever party will make a step that leads toward the accomplishment of our one great purpose, *ought* in that step to have our support, both as a matter of right and as a matter of wise policy.

Mr. Alexander seems to think that by making some sort of an independent single tax party we would have better opportunities to preach the doctrine of full free trade. But I am confident that on reflection he will see that this is a mistake. There are times when independent political action may be the best way to propagate a principle. It was so in the New York municipal election of 1886. It was so, perhaps, in the New York state election of 1887. But this can only be when the issue between the great parties does not in any way involve the principle or any part of it. When it does, then beyond all question the most efficient means to propagate a great principle, is for the men who believe in it to throw themselves with all their strength on the side of the party that comes nearest to them, and use it to advocate their principle.

What sort of a hearing should we get if,

p. 1, col. 6

while the two great parties were grappling in a death lock over the tariff question; when on their struggle depended the control of the national government for four years—perhaps for many times four years—when the whole country was wild with excitement as to which of them ought to win, and which of them should win, we should come out with a little independent free trade party and go around prattling to such as would hear us that real free traders ought to nominate their own electors, and write their own ballots, and cast votes that would only be counted among the “scattering” for somebody or other that the great mass of the people would never know was a candidate? Had we not a good deal better stay at home and say our prayers? For such a course would not rise to the dignity of playing at politics. We should earn, and justly earn, the reputation of irreconcilable cranks. On the one side we should be looked upon as fools and tools. On the other side dislike for us and prejudice against our doctrines would mingle with contempt for our insignificance—for we should be regarded as men who made a

pretense of devotion to free trade to do what we could to withdraw support from the party which was making the fight against protection.

Why should we try to make an opportunity for ourselves to preach our doctrines in the coming campaign, when, thanks to Grover Cleveland's patriotism and courage, a grand opportunity is offered us to preach them through the ranks of a powerful party? That there are in the democratic party very many who would much prefer our room to our company; that among the so-called free traders are many who are the most bitter opponents of the real free trade we strive for, is true. But what of that? They cannot reject our aid, and if they could, the rank and file of their party, who are the only ones we need care for, will not. Within four months Mr. Cleveland's message and his subsequent attitude have brought the tariff discussion further to the front than any number of mere propaganda meetings and speeches and writings could have done. The reason of the effect is not to be found in the message itself, nor in the man himself, but partly in his official position as president of the United States and dispenser of the national patronage, and more in his position as undisputed head at the present time of one of the great political machines. It is now certain that if he lives he will be the democratic candidate; that the [the same horizontal line crosses this line; text legible] democratic party must fight for power this year on the lines of his message, and that in this fight its speakers and its press and its supporters will be compelled to advocate the principle of free trade as against that of protection. If we will go among them as their friends and co-workers in this struggle they will be predisposed to hear us. Party prejudice and party loyalty, so far as, speaking roughly, one-half of the people of the United States are concerned, have ceased to be obstacles in our way, and will tend in our favor. Instead of having both great machines against us, we shall have one of them clearing the way for us. Here is such an opportunity for us to preach and to teach free trade, free labor and free land, that it would seem treason to the great cause we have at heart to willingly forego it.

No enthusiasm in such a campaign! I for one will go into it with more enthusiasm than I ever felt in any national campain[sic] since I voted for Abraham Lincoln. And every one of us who truly realizes that it is the first great political battle on the march toward the abolition of industrial slavery must feel the same way. It is not to make a few reductions in the tariff that we will throw ourselves into the fight, but to break the solid phalanx of linked interests that supports the robber tariff; to make a breach in the massive wall that bars our way; to lead men to see the glory of freedom and to trust her and to follow her; to turn them from the false teachings that the interests of man and man, and class and class, and nation and nation, are only to be served at the expense of others, and to open their eyes to the great truth that in the good of all lies the good of each.

We who know what we want, and by what roads it may be reached; we, who can look past the glare of the lanterns and see our pole star shining—we at least cannot lack enthusiasm. What matters it whom we work with and what their purpose, so long as they go our road and use their strength to clear our way?

Herman Clark, of the great contracting ing firm of O'Brien & Clark, who are now finishing contracts for some nineteen miles of the new aqueduct, a civil engineer of large experience, has drawn the plans and made the estimates for a bold and comprehensive scheme of rapid transit for New York, which, of all the propositions yet made, is the only one worthy of the present greatness and future destiny of the metropolis. Instead of digging under ground so near to the surface as to interfere with cellars, sewers, drains and pipeage, to give rise to claims for damages, and to cause anoyance[sic] by the shaking of buildings, Mr. Clark proposes to go two hundred feet below the surface and tunnel through the solid rock which underlies this island and the adjacent continued on p. 2 →

[Page 1 ends here mid-sentence; no "continued on" line is printed. The text presumably continues on page 2.]

Sic in the original; probably "campaign".
Sic in the original; probably "annoyance".

p. 2, col. 1
[continued from page 1]

← continued from p. 1 country. At one hundred and fifty feet pulsations caused by moving trains would be unnoticeable, but two hundred feet would not only more securely guard against this element of annoyance but make it easier to run under the rivers. Mr. Clark's plans contemplate two large tunnels running from the southern end of the island to a point in the annexed district beyond the Harlem river. From these a branch would lead under the East river, coming to the surface near Prospect park, Brooklyn, and another branch would strike under the North river and come to the surface beyond the Palisades, in the Newark meadows. Each of the two north and south tunnels is to contain two tracks—one for local trains making stops every ten blocks and running at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and one for express trains stopping every forty blocks and running forty miles an hour. The motive power to be either electricity or steam, as may be deemed desirable. At every station Mr. Clark's plans involve the erection of quick moving elevators that will carry at one load one hundred and twenty-four persons, and afford ready communication with either the local or express trains. The tunnels are to be lined throughout with concrete blocks made on the spot from the excavated gneiss rock and the best cement.

With these roads in operation a passenger could reach 125th street from the City hall in fifteen minutes, would find himself at 200th street in less than twenty-five minutes, could go to the Brooklyn City hall in three minutes, to Coney island in twelve minutes and to Jersey City in four minutes. Connections could be made with all the railroads that center in New York, and they would all be put upon an equal footing with regard to terminal facilities.

Mr. Clark's plans provide not only for the rapid carriage of passengers, but also for the moving of freight from point to point in the city and to and from the termini of the various railroads. He proposes to run off from the main tunnels some fifty side tunnels or freight pockets, from 500 to 1,000 feet long, each connected with the surface by freight elevators that will carry ten tons. In these freight pockets empty freight cars could be stowed, and loaded freight cars accumulated during the day, and at night time, when there was little business on the passenger tracks, hauled to their destinations. Besides the enormous saving in the cost of transferring cars from railroad terminus to railroad terminus by barges and steamers—and it is said that an average of 4,000 cars are thus transferred daily—Mr. Clark's investigations show that the streets of New York would be relieved of at least thirty per cent of the truckage now done upon them.

As to ventilation there is no difficulty; the elevator shafts, freight and passenger, would give so many openings that by the construction of ventilator towers above them a strong gale of the purest air could, if desired, be constantly blowing through the tunnels. As to time, Messrs. O'Brien and Clark, who have had probably more experience in this kind of work than any other firm in the whole country, calculate that the whole work can be completed and the road put in operation within two years from the time the first pick is struck. On the main tunnel through the backbone of the island fifty elevator shafts would give one hundred headings from which the work of tunneling could be prosecuted simultaneously night and day.

In Mayor Hewitt's scheme for running a rapid transit road from the city hall to Forty-second street, there to connect with the sunken road of the New York Central, the cost of the section between Forty-second street and city hall is estimated at $10,000,000. But so much cheaper is it to sink at once 200 feet below the surface into the

solid rock, where there would be no interference with anything, and no damage to property, that Mr. Clark's estimate for carrying out his whole great plan amounts to only $30,000,000. This estimate includes the purchase of extensive grounds for terminal stations and the purchase of lots and erection of buildings for freight and passenger elevators, as well as the excavation and lining of the the tunnels[sic], and their equipment with tracks, cars, elevators, and lighting, telegraphing and pumping plants.

Mr. Clark has drawn his plans and made his estimates with a view of constructing this great work as a corporate enterprise. That it would prove an extremely profitable one there is no doubt. In fact, the expenditure of a comparatively small additional sum in the purchase of land near the various termini would enable the company undertaking it to pay for the work by the increase of land values, and to make their profits on the transportation of freight and passengers as though the tunnel and its appurtenances had cost them nothing.

But no such work as this ought to be left to a private corporation. It ought to be carried out by the city, or rather the cities concerned, for the benefit of their people.

Here in New York city, where the pressure upon transit facilities is so great, steps ought to be taken at once to begin some such comprehensive scheme without waiting for the concurrence of Brooklyn and Jersey City. There are powerful private interests in the way of the city's providing her own transportation facilities, but if there is public spirit enough among men who have the opportunity and the time to fairly present such a scheme to the people, there can be no question as to the popular response. What ought to be done at this session of the legislature—for unfortunately the great city

p. 2, col. 2

must go to the legislature on matters which concern herself alone—is to provide for a commission to make preliminary investigations and take preliminary steps, and to present, if that be necessary, a amendment[sic] to the constitution modifying, in this case at least, the restriction upon the incurring of municipal debts.

The cost of the rapid transit facilities within the corporate limits of New York, as contemplated in Mr. Clark's plan, is a mere bagatelle as compared with its enormous economies. And whether it be twenty million or thirty million or a hundred million, New York, whose growth is only limited by the facilities for transit, can afford to spend whatever is necessary. Whatever it is necessary to spend will come back in increased revenue from the increased value of land. And this is the fund that ought to be directly drawn upon. If in the bill providing for the work it was also provided that its cost should be met by a special tax falling on land values alone, or upon land values in certain specified districts where their increase would be greatest, the justice of this would commend itself to all, and an important step would be taken, not only towards making New York the greatest city of the world, but also towards the ending of that appropriation of the common wealth by individuals which makes the greatest cities the abodes of the deepest poverty.

HENRY GEORGE.

Sic in the original; probably "of the tunnels".
Sic in the original; probably "an amendment".

THE SPREAD OF FREE TRADE SENTIMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Sturdy Friend of Freedom—Organizing in Sharpsburg and Braddock—Sowing Seed Among the Iron Workers—Philadelphia Workingmen Instruct Their Congressman.

E. H. Rauch, editor of the Mauch Chunk (Pa.) *Democrat*, is one of the old guard abolitionists, a bosom friend and supporter of Thad. Stevens, and in the times when abolitionists were hated in Pennsylvania an active conductor on the "underground railroad" that carried so many black chattels across Pennsylvania to freedom. Mr. Rauch is still true to Freedom, and in the *Democrat* is doing sturdy work for free trade and dealing the most trenchant blows at the protectionist superstition. In a note congratulating THE STANDARD on its attitude on the tariff question, Mr. Rauch says:

> The time has come for open, defiant and thorough agitation. It is the real question of progress, true civilization and of bread for the people. And if I know anything about Pennsylvania I am confident that if the subject gets the agitation which its importance demands—even old, long suffering, much abused and demagogue ridden Pennsylvania will in the future be found right up at the front. I have been trying to give our readers plain talk for the last few years, and the plainer I talk the better it takes among people of average common sense. The "free trade" bugaboo is already harmless.

A free trade club was organized last week in Sharpsburg with fifty members. This makes the fourth club that has been started in that section within two weeks. Large numbers of mechanics and laboring men are giving up the tariff idea. They say their experience goes to show that while it protects the capitalists it impoverishes the laborers. A free trade club composed of 250 members was also formed during the week at Braddock. Most of the members are workingmen who formerly believed in protection.

An active body of free traders and single tax men are centered at Edge Hill village, and are carrying the war into all sections of Montgomery county. They have issued a call for a public meeting at Edge Hill on April 14, and intend to follow this up with a number of other meetings. The greater part of the men who live in Edge Hill work in Wharton's big iron and frog works at Jenkintown, a mile and a half away. Hitherto "protection" sentiment has had all its own way in that section, but its walls are now crumbling. Moses Stearns, of Stearns Brothers, druggists, Edge Hill, formerly a straight republican, has become a convert to free trade and single tax doctrines, and is now working hard for their propagation. William Callan is secretary of the local organization called the Single land tax reform club. Mr. Stearns writes that the poor there live like cattle.

At a meeting of the Workingmen's tariff reform association No. 1, of Philadelphia, last week the following significant resolutions were adopted:

> Whereas, The question of tariff reform and revision is now squarely before congress, and the issue is joined between the present burdensome taxes on the raw materials of our industries and their removal; and whereas it is owing to these taxes that our industries have become more and more depressed, our wages reduced, and our earnings cut down in many cases below the European level, creating an amount of poverty among the toilers of the great industrial center of Philadelphia that is irreconcilable with the great natural opportunities offered and the readiness of the toilers to render an equivalent for these opportunities; therefore, be it
>
> Resolved, That we, the members of the Workingmen's tariff reform association No. 1, of Philadelphia, do most earnestly request our representatives in congress from Philadelphia to vote for free raw materials and such a corresponding adjustment of tariff rates as will bring them more in harmony with the rights and interests of labor than are the unequal and oppressive tariff laws.

The association will hold frequent public meetings, and will permit the public to take part in debates.

How is This Woman Protected?

MATAWAN, N. J.—Last week, as I was standing on the street in this town talking to a neighbor, I noticed a woman pass by carrying a large bundle in her arms, and on inquiry I learned that it was shirts to be made up. As I read so much in the newspapers about how our working people are "protected," curiosity prompted me to ask how many shirts the woman carried in her arms; the answer was six dozen. How much are you paid for the work[sic]! Twenty-five cents per dozen. She had walked three miles to the horse car station, rode in said cars two miles to obtain the bundle of shirts, the same returning, of course. Here is her net return in wages:

Six dozen shirts, ... $1.50 Deduct care fare both ways[sic], ... 10 Deduct extra for bundle, ... 5 ———— $1.35

Now, will not some son of a son of a protectionist explain to myself and lots of other inquisitive people how protection protects the above mentioned[sic]!

JOHN STEWART.

p. 2, col. 3

QUININE.

Robert H. Cowdrey Tells How an American Industry Has Been "Ruined" by Non-Protection—Prices One-Seventh, Wages Just the Same, Twice as Many Men Employed, and a Growing Foreign Trade.

If we do not protect our manufacturers they will be forced into bankruptcy. Without manufacturers to employ them our workmen would be forced to stand idle. Therefore, working people should vote to uphold protection. That is the protectionist argument.

Let us consider it in the light of facts.

Previous to 1878 there was a heavy duty on quinine. Five firms were engaged in the manufacture, employing 500 men, and wages in the factories were $1.50 a day. Quinine sold at an average of $3.50 an ounce, and not an ounce was exported to any foreign country.

The tax was a peculiarly odious one, because it was a tax on health. It placed a drug which, in many parts of the country, is an absolute necessity of life, beyond the reach of the people who needed it most. The tariff duty was defended by the usual arguments. If it were repealed the country would be deluged with cheap foreign quinine, the manufacturers would have to close their works, the workmen would be thrown out of employment, and the poor farmers would lose just so many consumers for their produce. Moreover, the price would not be permanently lessened. The foreign manufacturers would simply gain control of our market, and having once done so, would make the price to suit themselves.

Sic in the original; probably "work?".
Sic in the original; probably "Deduct car fare both ways".
Sic in the original; probably "mentioned?".

However, even many protectionists admitted that for the sake of cheap quinine it might be expedient to sacrifice the five manufacturing firms, and throw their $1.50 a day laborers out of employment. And so the duty was abolished.

Now observe the result.

The average price of quinine is now fifty cents an ounce.

Twelve firms are engaged in the manufacture.

Over one thousand men are employed, and wages are just what they were in 1878—$1.50 a day.

We have not been deluged with cheap foreign quinine. The deluge is in the other direction. We are selling hundreds of thousands of ounces every year in the markets of London and Paris, the cities whose manufacturers, Mr. Robbins testified (Tariff rep. p. 245), were "able to produce quinine at about one-half the price we can produce ours."

There is no "quinine trust," although quinine is, above all others, a thing which one might think would be controlled by such a combination.

The consumption of quinine in the United States is about 2,000,000 ounces yearly. The saving to the people by the abolition of the tariff tax is $3 an ounce, or $6,000,000. Not a man has been thrown out of employment. On the contrary, more labor is employed without any reduction in wages. But it would have paid us well, if we could have got rid of the duty in no other way, to pay every laborer in the factories double wages for doing nothing.

Suppose that while we were protecting ourselves against that deluge of cheap foreign quinine, dealers had been compelled to render itimized bills[sic] thus:

JOHN SMITH TO PROTECTIVE TARIFF & CO., DR., For 100 ounces of quinine, at 50c. . . . $50 For protection on ditto, at $3 . . . 300 ———— $350

We should probably have said something about less protection and more quinine. Y[et?] there was not a bill rendered which might not have been analyzed into just such items.

About four years after the duty had been abolished, I called upon one of our largest quinine manufacturers, a man who had testified before the tariff commission that no protection would mean ruin to the manufacturer. He said to me: "We have just made a shipment of 100,000 ounces of quinine to London." I expressed my surprise at finding that he not only wasn't ruined, but was actually invading the stronghold of Howard & Son, the very foreigners whose competition he had formerly most feared.

My friend's answer was significant: "When we were under protection," said he, "we were babes sucking milk. Now we are strong men, eating meat."

ROBERT H. COWDREY.

Chicago, Ill.

Sic in the original; probably "itemized bills".

THE ABSURDITY OF "PROTECTION."

A Boston Typo Gives Some Suggestive Facts.

BOSTON, April 1.—Is a protective (so called) tariff a benefit to the working people generally when only about one-half of them are employed under our enormous protective tariff that were employed under the ante-war tariff? Without going into long details here is what I have observed in my own experience: Nearly forty years ago there were sixteen or seventeen daily papers published in this city at one time, besides a goodly number of weeklies. To-day, while the population is largely in excess of that time, there are but seven dailies, and the number of weeklies has been considerably reduced. There were also several large book establishments flourishing here then, and to procure subs on the morning papers, the latter were being constantly raided and fat bonuses paid the book men to fill a frame on the morning papers for the night. Regular subs, paradoxical as the term may sound, were as scarce on morning papers then as the proverbial hen's teeth. True, the seven daily papers published to-day employ a larger force of regular workmen than did the sixteen or seventeen of the time referred to. To-day there are about as many subs standing around waiting for chances as there are regulars, and there are just as many more on the street, anxious and willing to work, but, alas, no work can they get. Now what was true of my own trade (printing) at that time is equally true of the silk hatters, caulkers, etc., with whom I then associated, and it is fair to presume that, with the exception of those connected with building, it is none the less true of all trades.

Here is another point I want to make. The scale of prices for printers on morning papers in this city is 40 cents per 1,000 ems, with two of the offices (the *Globe* and *Herald*) paying 45 cents. Now what sense is there in the talk of the necessity of protection against foreign labor to prevent it bringing our wages down when printers but a few miles from the city (yes, within fifteen miles) are doing the same work on morning papers for 20 and 25 cents per 1,000. Outside of a very few of the large cities in New England I have yet to learn that more than 25 cents is paid. If men were imported to work for 35 cents per 1,000, a great hue and cry would be raised about the "pauper labor of Europe," blind to the fact that there are many here who are working for a less figure than much of this same "pauper labor" receives. I believe, from my experience and observations, in free trade to its fullest extent. Remove all restrictions from trade, and the ruinous strikes which are doing so much to crush our prosperity will to a great extent come to a halt. Trades unionist though I am I cannot but admit their terrible destruction.

J. VINCENT.

p. 2, col. 4

THE BREWERS' IMPENDING STRIKE.

Both Sides of the Difficulty—What the Journeymen Will Do.

The differences at present existing between the employing brewers and the journeymen may result in a strike which, if once inaugurated, will spread over the entire country. Matters locally stand thus:

After a series of struggles, lasting two years, between the bosses and the men, an agreement was reached last year which guaranteed peace up to within three weeks ago. As the time approached for the signing of a new agreement it began to be hinted that the journeymen brewers intended offering a new document, much more stringent than that of the previous year. The employing brewers found out about what would be contained in the new agreement and prepared to meet it. They issued a circular to their employes stating what they were willing to agree to and what they would object to. After asserting that some of the articles of last year's agreement were "onerous burdens," and that they intended to "again assume that legitimate control of" their "business affairs, to which an equitable division of the respective rights and duties of capital and labor entitle" them, they protested that in

forming this resolution they do "not deny to labor the right to organize"—a right which the association exercises as employers—nor do they leave out of sight "the tendency of the times to secure to the workingman, through united effort, amelioration of his lot." They assert further that "We are not governed in our present action by the desire or intention to abridge or to abrogate any fair concession as to hours of labor and recompense therefor which we have made to our workmen under former agreements." They would exert the influence of the employers' association in all directions, to the end that no real grievance of the employes may go unremedied. The existing agreements would be strictly carried out, but on their expiration no new agreements would be made, excepting only individual agreements between employers and employes. They based this action on the inalienable right of every man to act as a free agent, so long as his action did not infringe on the rights and privileges of others.

The employers' association's circular also asserted "that the unwonted power conceded to these (journeymen's) unions has in innumerable instances been abused for the perpetration of tyrannical exactions and petty, humiliating annoyances. Stipulations have been broken (by the journeymen's unions) with impunity; men, discharged as objectionable, have been forced back upon their employers; and boycott and strike have been rashly threatened and declared when resistance to such and other irresponsible actions was attempted. On a comparatively small number of men, the leaders in the national and local brewery workingmen's unions, rests the responsibility for the misdirection and willful abuse of the power mistakenly granted to these organizations in the settlement of labor questions. A much graver responsibility, however, do these men assume, when they prostitute their sway over the minds and actions of brewery workmen, by drawing them into affiliation with anarchism, upon which every loyal citizen looks with condemnation and abhorrence."

In view of these facts and considerations the employers adopted the following resolutions:

> Resolved, That at the expiration of existing contracts no new agreements shall be made with any brewery workingmen's unions.
>
> 'Resolved, That we assure our employes[sic] and the public that this action is not taken for the purpose of reducing the present scale of wages or lengthening the time of labor, although we are paying to-day, for the hours of work and kind of labor required, higher wages than are paid in any other industry.
>
> Resolved, That we further assure our workmen that, while we recognize their right to secure to themselves all the legitimate benefits to be derived from association and co-operation, we must insist that their efforts in this direction must be limited to that point where they begin to infringe upon the rights of others.
>
> Resolved, That if the carrying out of these resolutions should lead to strikes, we faithfully promise to the workmen remaining with us, and to those who take the places made vacant by such strikes, full protection and continuance of employment as long as they perform their duties satisfactorily; and that in making this promise, we state distinctly that this protection will be extended to all employes, irrespective of nationality.
>
> Resolved, That as law abiding citizens of this country, we express our abhorrence of anarchism, and protest, in the name of the brewers of this country and of thousands of loyal workingmen employed by them, against the injustice of having a stigma attached to our trade, in the public mind, on account of anarchical sympathies manifested by brewery workingmen's unions.

In addition the local employers pledged themselves to resist any unjustifiable encroachments upon their rights as employers, and they indorsed the resolutions adopted by the board of trustees of the United States brewers' association at their meeting in St. Louis, May, 1886. They further bound themselves not to take advantage of the misfortune of any competing brewer who was a party to the agreement, and whose business suffered through any

Sic in the original; probably "Resolved, That we assure our employes".

strike, boycott, lock out or similar consequence of labor troubles; that they would not furnish beer, ale or porter to the customers of such brewer, and would instruct their agents to act in harmony with this understanding.

The contract proposed to be submitted by the journeymen to their employers provides: (1) That only members of the national union of brewery workmen in good standing shall be employed; (2) men recommended by saloon keepers shall not be employed; (3) men to be consecutively promoted; (4) no man to be ordered to do work that will injure his health; (5) men dismissed to have the right of complaint; (6) no man to be removed on account of sickness; (7) men not to be dismissed in the winter, but to be laid off in turn; ([8?]) when urgency requires, the men to be put at other branches; (9) men to live and board where they choose; (10) one apprentice to twenty-five men; (11) no man to be blacklisted for carrying out the orders of his union; (12) breweries to use only union malt, barrels and coal. Twelve hours, with two hours for meals, to be a day's work. Six days to constitute a week's work.

Wages—Malt millers, workmen at the kettle, in the fermenting room, cellar men, first man in wash houses, $18 per week; others, $16; watchmen, $15; apprentices, $9. Sunday work, double price. Beer to be furnished free during work hours.

In the event of the employers approving the stipulations of this contract, the brewery engineers will offer a contract, which, while practically embracing the clauses contained in the brewers' contract, have special clauses in reference to the engineers: (1) The engineers are not to be under the control of the brewers' foreman; (2) no man in the engineers' department to be laid off during the winter—the head engineer to provide them with work in his department; (3) the head engineer only to employ men for his department; (4) every employe to be entitled to a recommendation when leaving the employ or on being discharged; (5) men in the engineering department to be paid all the year round; (6) head engineer to receive $30 to $35 per week,

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assistants $21, firemen $18, oilers $15, coal passers $14; (7) seven days of ten hours to constitute a week's work. Beer to be furnished free during work hours.

If this contract should also be approved, then contracts will be offered by the coopers and the other branches of labor performed in a brewery.

All the various trades engaged in the brewery industry are under the jurisdiction of the journeymen brewers' national association; yet each branch offers a specific contract. If either contract is rejected, all the others are nullified. The master brewers object to this, and they also object to certain clauses which they claim practically takes the control of their affairs out of their hands.

The bosses have pooled their issues throughout the entire country. In Albany and Chicago the fight has gone much farther than in this city.

Last Sunday the local journeymen brewers' organizations resolved not to take any direct action. Their programme is to have the Central labor union make the fight on the present contract, while they (the brewers) will continue on at work under the old agreement.

THE CIGAR MAKERS.

The Ground Lost During the Year—Refusal of New Local Unions to Suspend Rebels Against Constituted Authority.

The local unions of the cigar makers' international union are just now passing through a crisis. These unions have for a number of years fought earnestly against the tenement house system, and a few years ago succeeded in getting through the legislature a bill prohibiting the manufacture of cigars in such places. This was considered by the cigar makers at the time to be a great victory, but when the disputes to which the law led reached the highest courts it was declared to be unconstitutional. Since that decision the manufacturers have been preparing to return to the old system, and lately they have largely worked back into it. The cigar makers' unions have struggled hard to prevent it, but it would seem without success. As a result the membership has been falling away, and the outlook is gloomy, indeed.

An assessment which had been levied to sustain the union in its endeavors to defeat the tenement house manufacturers has been repudiated by a large number of the membership, and as a consequence they have been suspended, the men employed in Straiton & Storm's factory, on Twenty-seventh street and Third avenue, especially, having denied the legality of the assessment and refused to pay it. Individuals in several other establishments have also refused to pay. The men in Straiton & Storm's have gone into the courts on the matter, nearly three hundred men having brought suit against Union 144 for illegal suspension. Besides, several other large factories have become "non-union," not having any further use for the blue label.

The international convention of the cigar makers which met at Binghamton last year passed a resolution against the abolition of the internal revenue tax on tobacco, and appointed a committee to proceed to Washington to influence legislation in accordance with the resolution. But it appears that while the representatives of the union at Binghamton desired the tax retained, a large number of the local cigar makers wanted the tax taken off. These people started an agitation in opposition to the action of the convention, and offered resolutions in their local meetings condemning what had been done at Binghamton. The meetings refused to consider them on account of not desiring to be in conflict with the higher body; but meetings of cigar makers were called outside of the union and the resolutions adopted. President Strasser warned these people that their action could be construed as insubordination; that the resolution was in fact a law of the international body, and that if they continued their demonstrations they would have to suffer the consequences. The tax abolishers answered this threat by calling a mass meeting at Cooper union. The result was that President Strasser ordered unions 144 and 90 to suspend the prominent actors in the agitation. This order forced the question before these unions for action; but when, in the board of managers, the motion to suspend was brought up, a terrific storm was raised. After a long and angry discussion it was decided to send the motion to all the shops to be voted on. When the returns came in to the offices of the two unions it was found that the motion to suspend the rebels against constituted authority was lost by a decisive majority. Therefore, the men who had agitated for the abolition of the internal revenue tax remained in good standing in their unions. When the result was forwarded to President Strasser at Buffalo, he immediately suspended these two unions, the result being that the two largest and most influential unions in the International cigar makers' union are now virtually outside the pale of cigar makers' law.

Where the Profits Went.

NEW YORK.—Three years ago I was employed in the financial office of a southwestern railroad. The office was located in in one of our large eastern cities. The net receipts that year over and above all operating expenses had fallen somewhat below the previous year's, and the general manager was trying to find out where the trouble lay.

He wrote down to the superintendent and auditor and asked for a detailed statement of all expenses and receipts. They arrived in a week or so and we set to work to find out what they showed. At last he put me to work at figuring on the wages of the common laborers, "section hands," as they call them. The gangs of these section hands had been increased in number that year on account of lengthening of the road, and the aggregate paid in wages was considerably higher than previously for that reason. When the manager saw that, he at once said: "Yes; I knew it. That's where the leak is. That item must be cut down." I concluded for my own information and satisfaction that I would figure out what we were paying these men. The foremen got $50 a month, whether they were busy or idle. The men were paid by the day at the rate of $1.[15?] per day. They made during two fairly good months, $15.50 a month on the average, or say fifty-five cents per working day. The foremen generally boarded their men and for this absorbed about all their earnings.

This was in the "new southwest." Shortly after came the great Missouri Pacific strike. The treasurer of our road said he had no fear of our men striking, as they were paid and treated so well.

W. BENDEL.

British Manufacturers Alarmed at Our Free Trade Agitation.

GLASGOW, March 27.—As free traders, and as a means toward advancing single tax doctrine, you are quite right in supporting Cleveland. The abolition or the reduction of the tariff will pave the way for the understanding and acceptance by the American nation of the great principle of "the land for the people." The manufacturing interests on this side view with alarm the establishment of free trade in the United States, for, they say, as long as Americans hold fast to protection they can be relied upon as good customers. Goods that Americans require can

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be produced on this side cheaper largely for the reason that here machinery and nearly all the necessary materials are free of a large share of the burden which in the United States they have to bear. I have talked with a number of manufacturers who ship goods regularly to the United States, and they all fear the establishment of free trade there, and say that in such an event Americans will become masters of the industries of the world.

FINLAY BELL.

State Committee United Labor Party.

The state committee of the united labor party of New York met at the Mansion house, Albany, last Saturday, April [3?], to arrange for the election of delegates from this state to the national conference to be held in Cincinnati, May 15. It was settled that the basis of representation in the nominating convention should be upon the vote cast in this state last fall for the head of the labor ticket; that no man should be a delegate to the national conference who was not wholly identified with the united labor party; and that the delegates to the Cincinnati conference are to be chosen by conventions in the congressional districts, the conventions to be called by the state committeemen, each for his own district. It was said that provision had been made to secure full representation at Cincinnati in case of any default.

How the Poor Man is Encouraged to Drink Champagne.

In 1887 the duty on those "spirits distilled from grain," the manufacture of which is controlled by the whisky ring, averaged 396 per cent. The duty on champagnes that year averaged 53 per cent; thus the poor are encouraged to waste their surplus earnings on champagne rather than whisky.

A Luxury and a Necessity.

That luxury, the horseshoe, pays 55 per cent duty, while that necessity to every poor man, the gold watch, pays 25 per cent under our present tariff.

PEN, PASTE AND SCISSORS.

Jay Gould is said to be turning his attention to the purchase of enormous tracts of land.

The South Africa diamond fields last year yielded gems amounting to [3,646,899?] carats, valued at over $20,000,000.

A German paper says that a company has been formed to manufacture watches to be run by electricity instead of a spring.

A Swedish farmer has connected a dynamo with a waterfall and intends to use electricity to light his farm and to run his machines.

The ærostatic corps of the German army recently succeeded in taking good photographs of large tracts of country from a balloon a mile and a half up in the air.

The Boatmen's savings bank of St. Louis has purchased a corner lot in that city for $150,000, and the *Post-Dispatch* congratulates its fellow citizens on the wealth that will be added to their city by the increase in land values, consequent on the erection of a handsome bank building.

The new Spanish cruiser, Reina Regenta, left the Clyde for Spain this morning. She was built by Messrs. Thompson at Clydebank for the Spanish navy, and on her trial maintained for nine hours a speed of twenty-four miles per hour, a record unequaled by any other war cruiser afloat.

A letter from Japan tells that "another way to worship Buddha, in the temple at Kiote, is to chew the prayer paper, and, when soft, throw it at the god, through a wire screen. If it goes through and sticks on the god the prayer will be answered. If it hits on the screen it is no good."

Berlin now utilizes the sewerage of the city by conveying it in pipes to the outlying districts, and then with force pumps spreading it over the ground in trenches. Sandy wastes which formerly produced nothing have by this means been made very valuable for market gardening, and the finest vegetables are raised on them.

The Chinese authorities were officially instructed at the last eclipse of the moon to wear court dress, beat gongs and save the moon from being swallowed up by the sun, as long as the moon was above the horizon. When she

disappeared they were to make one low obeisance, but need not bother to save her any longer when she was below the horizon.

Everybody knows something about Lord Tennyson's poetry. Everybody doesn't know about his butter and cream. His dairy, the management of which is in the hands of Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, is known for the excellence of the butter, cream and milk it sends to market. In the Isle of Wight there is an increasing demand for the produce.—[London Echo.

It is proposed to preserve fish alive by placing them in vessels partly filled with water and hermetically sealed. It is said that fish so confined have been found alive after three weeks, without either air or water having been changed, while fish in an open jar died in forty-eight hours. If the air in the vessel is compressed the life of the fish is still further prolonged.

The Western union telegraph company is conducted on strict business principles. The girls in the bookkeeping department received their salaries for March the other day and were docked two days' pay for absence on March 12 and 13—the blizzard days. It is not known whether any deduction was made from the salaries of the president and other high officials of the company.

The Copts of Egypt have a very old industry, that of artificial egg hatching. There are [700?] such establishments within a short distance of Cairo, and the production of chickens from the ovens reaches 12,000,000 annually. The season for incubating lasts through three months in the early summer. The country people take fresh eggs to the owners of the ovens and give two for each newly-hatched chick.

Berlin has two railroads owned and run by the city government: one of them, the Ringbahn, encircles the entire city; the other runs through it in an irregular line and connects with the Ringbahn at both ends. This latter road is called the Stadtbahn and is elevated on stonework and is comparatively noiseless. The fares are graduated according to the distance traveled. There are two classes of coaches. The roads are very profitable.

Mrs. Hetty Green of New York has amassed a large fortune, estimated at several millions, by some of the best conceived and most daring enterprises ever undertaken on the stock market. Her father, a New England whaler, left her some millions with which to commence operations, which are characterized by consummate business ability. Mrs. Green is abstemious in her habits, rigidly economical in expenditure, dresses with puritanic simplicity, and may be continually encountered proceeding to business in horse cars.

The oldest newspaper in the world is said to be the Pekin *Gazette*. It is the official organ of the Chinese government, and has been published continually for 300 years. It hardly represents the modern idea of a newspaper, being a thin, littje[sic], narrow pamphlet, about four inches wide by ten long, with a yellow cover, tied on with bits of twisted paper. Those who can do so read it by beginning at the back and reading down the line, instead of across it. In this paper the edicts of the government and the appeals to it are published.

The new steamship City of New York, just launched at a ship yard on the Clyde, makes a new departure in ship building. She is practically unsinkable. A longitudinal water tight bulkhead divides her into two half ships, each with separate engines, separate supply of coal and separate screw. These longitudinal compartments are again divided by transverse bulkheads without doors. The ship would thus be perfectly safe and easily navigable, even in the event of the most serious collision or of the breaking of her shaft. It is expected that she will be faster than any other ship afloat.

Sic in the original; probably "little".

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THE WEEK.

In 1861—nearly a generation ago—congress levied a direct tax of $20,000,000 on real estate, apportioning it to the different states, in accordance with the provision of the constitution, in the ratio of population. Most of the loyal states paid their shares of the tax in full, and a very large portion of the amount due from the seceded states was secured by the seizure and sale of the property of individuals. The money was needed for the prosecution of the war, and was spent as soon as collected. Of the $20,000,000 levied, $17,859,685 was paid; and the balance has since been carried upon the books of the treasury department as still due from various states.

It is now proposed to refund the amount of this tax to the states by whose citizens it was paid. The chief argument advanced in favor of this repayment is that it will enable the treasury department to write off the outstanding balances that appear on its books. The true reason for the proposition is that if by this and other large appropriations the existing surplus in the treasury can be got rid of, the advocates of free trade will be deprived of an *ad captandum* argument, which they are using with great effect, and the advocates of protection will have an excuse for shouting, as they enter the coming campaign, that the revenues of the government are no greater than its legitimate expenses.

The wrangle in the house of representatives over the direct tax bill is the skirmish which precedes the coming battle. It is a maneuvering for position. And considering that the measure is in the nature of a direct bribe offered to the twenty-eight states among whom the money is to be divided, the fact that a large minority of the democratic members are resolute to prevent its passage, is a hopeful omen for the cause of freedom.

Why a paper dollar backed by the authority and credit of a government which has paid its debts should be of less value than one backed by the authority and credit of a government which has *not* paid its debts, is a puzzle past finding out. That it is of less value is precisely what is implied by Senator Beck's amendment to the bill providing for the purchase of United States bonds by the secretary of the treasury. Here is the amendment as adopted by the senate of the United States April 4—yeas 37, nays 13:

> That whenever the circulation or any part thereof of any national bank not in liquidation shall be surrendered by the deposit of United States notes in the treasury or otherwise, and the same or an equivalent amount is not taken by other national banks within thirty days thereafter, the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized and directed to purchase, at the market price thereof, an equivalent amount in silver bullion in excess of the minimum of $2,000,000 worth per month *for coinage purposes, which shall be coined* and used as provided in the act passed Feb. 28, 1878, entitled, "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and restore its legal tender character;" provided that nothing in this act shall alter or repeal said act of Feb. 28, 1878.

Just consider a moment. The secretary of the treasury, observing money to be tight in Wall street, and securities consequently comparatively low, expends [$10,030,030[sic]?] in the purchase of government bonds for cancellation. Some of these bonds—say $5,000,000—are the property of national banks, which have had them on deposit in Washington for years past as security for their circulation—eating their cake and having it too—and of course the bonds being sold, the bank notes issued on the strength of them must be retired. The volume of money is thus diminished by $5,000,000. One would think that if the secretary of the treasury issued $5,000,000 in United States notes to take the place of the bank notes, buyers and sellers would be very willing to use them. Such a course, however, would be contrary to those canons of finance that have been used with such effect in plundering the common people of the United States. The secretary must go to the treasury again for some more money, with which to buy enough silver to coin five millions of dollar pieces, and having coined these dollars and locked them up in a vault where nobody can get at them, then, and not till then, he may issue paper dollars, based on silver dollars that nobody will consent to use.

If the United States were to buy in every penny of their indebtedness to-morrow, and could buy it in at par, they would, under the Beck amendment, be forced to pay out $2 for every dollar's worth of bonds held by national banks—one dollar for the bond and another dollar for silver to replace the bond as security for currency. Was ever such a jugglery of swindling!

One step in the right direction has been taken by the house of representatives in the passage of the $15,000,000 fractional currency bill. But in view of the vote on Mr. Beck's amendment, it seems highly improbable that even this slight recognition of the people's rights will be accorded a place among our statutes.

Reports from Rhode Island of April 4 state that on that day the market for votes opened at $5 with a brisk demand and strong upward tendency. Many holders declined to enter the market, even to the extent of naming figures, preferring to stimulate inquiry by an affectation of confidence in the value of their franchises. Prices quickly mounted, and many transactions took place at $6, $7 and $8. prompt[sic] delivery and strict spot cash. The upward movement continued during the afternoon, and the highest point was reached at 3 p. m., when $10 was freely offered and accepted. The published quotations, however, by no means represent the real strength of the market. A very large number of private transactions took place, and it is said that in many cases as much as $50 was realized for a single vote.

Many complaints are made of irregular dealings. In some instances, it is said, the same goods were sold twice to different purchasers, one of the buyers receiving only a pretended delivery. It is needless to point out that conduct of this kind is detrimental to the interests of sellers, and if continued at subsequent sales will have a tendency to diminish the value of their wares.

It is said that the late chief justice of

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the United States has left an estate valued at something less than $30,000. Society is shocked at the prospective indigence of his family, and proposes to raise a fund, either by private contributions or by legislative appropriation, that may enable them to live "in the style to which they have become accustomed."

The chief justice of the United States receives a salary of $10,500 a year. He is a servant of the people. There are quite a number of his employers who earn—or at all events are allowed to keep out of their earnings—considerably less than $10,500 a year. And when they die, if they have been so improvident or so unfortunate as to leave only a trifle of $30,000 to their families—why, the families just have to make the best of it.

Sic in the original; probably "$10,000,000".
Sic in the original; probably "$8, prompt".

It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Waite's family disclaim any desire to be thus provided for. But the proposition to raise the fund is instructive, as showing how natural it is for those accustomed to live by the labor of others to see no shame in pauperism and to look with horror upon the prospect of any of their number having to go to work.

The western railroad strikes are virtually at an end. An agreement has been signed between Chairman Hoge of the brotherhood and T. V. Powderly of the Knights of Labor by which these two organizations will act together against the railroad companies, but it is not known as yet whether the agreement includes the reopening of the present strike. There seem to exist serious doubts as to whether the knights and brotherhood men would, in view of their experiences lately, obey any order which would have a tendency to renew the struggle just closed.

The strike began on Monday, February 27, after frequent conferences by the engineers and firemen with the managers of the Burlington road respecting demands which they had made for an equalization of pay—the passenger engineers to receive 3½ cents per mile and the freight engineers at the rate of 4 cents per mile, whether they were employed on the main line or branches, and regardless of the classes of engines. The company offered a compromise, which was that on its main line it would pay the same as was paid on competing lines, but on side lines, where traffic was light, to ask the same price "was unreasonable and unfair." Sixteen hundred engineers and firemen left their engines, and 12,000 conductors, brakemen and round house employes were thrown out of work. The strike gradually spread to other railroad systems—at one time including all the roads running into Chicago and their branches, and involving nearly 100,000 men.

Jacob Sharp died at his home in this city on Thursday, April 7[sic]. Had he died three years ago, when his purchase of the New York board of aldermen was simply a matter of common fame, and had not yet been made the subject of a criminal indictment, he might have been held up to the youth of this city as an excellent specimen of a self made man—an example of the success that any American boy might hope to achieve who should bring to his life work the qualities of energy, perseverance and honesty. Dying now, with a cloud of disgrace overshadowing him, he will point an altogether different moral, and young men will be urged to learn, from his unhappy fate, that wrong doing never prospers.

Yet Jacob Sharp was the same man in 1884 as in 1888; and what is more, everybody knew perfectly well what kind of a man he was. It was no secret that he had in some way influenced legislation by bribery. It was perfectly well understood that he had done the same thing before, in securing the franchise of the Seventh avenue road. Yet honorable men did not hesitate to associate with him, and though the newspapers said for a time some hard words about him, it was well understood that in that they were only following their vocation, and that their hard words really didn't mean anything.

More than this, there are plenty of men alive to-day in these United States, honored and respected pillars of churches, some of them, noted for their benefactions, of whom it is notorious that they have influenced legislation for their own profit by methods just as corrupt as and far more injurious to public welfare than those employed by Jacob Sharp. It was right that Sharp should be punished for his crime; and though he managed to avoid the state prison, there can be no question that he was terribly punished. But it is greatly to be feared that his punishment will be looked on by those who most need to be warned from following his footsteps, less as a warning against crime than as a warning against being found out.

The truth is, that in spite of his criminality, Jacob Sharp was a fair type of the successful self-made man. He bribed legislators, it is true, but only because there was no other way of getting the legislation he wanted—the statesmen he had to deal with were deaf to argument, and shameless in demanding bribes. He saw his own profit in providing needed public facilities. Thanks to our corrupt system, he could only get permission to provide these

Sic in the original; probably "Thursday, April 5".

public facilities by bribery; and he bribed. Elsewise he was a good husband and father, a stanch friend, a man whose word could be depended on, and an attendant at a Christian church. He came to New York without a dollar, and he died worth several millions.

Ordinarily this would have insured him glowing obituaries in the newspapers and "favorable mention" in the churches. But he was not merely found out—that of itself would have made no difference—but publicly found out.

The squabble between the representatives of the United States and the government of Morocco is something worse than ridiculous. Judging by the newspaper headlines and the excited tone of the press dispatches, one might suppose that some frightful wrong had been done to citizens of the United States, and that prompt action was necessary to protect American lives, or, at all events, American property. The simple truth is that no American citizen has been in danger of life, limb or estate for a single instant, and the whole trouble has arisen out of a thoroughly

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indefensible attempt by an officer of the United States to interfere between the Moorish government and its citizens.

Under the treaty with Morocco natives of the country in the employ of American citizens have a right to American protection—that is, they can be sued or tried only before the United States consular court, the Moorish government waiving, for the time being, its jurisdiction over them. To be assured of these privileges, however, such employes must be registered at the consulate, and the authorities notified of such registration. Not long ago the United States consul at Tangier transmitted to the Moorish government a somewhat lengthy list of *proteges*, with the announcement that he had duly registered them as American employes. The Moorish government responded, not questioning the consul's rights, but asking for the particulars of each case—the name of the employing American, and so on. The consul answered that these things were none of the Moorish government's business, and refused to give the information; upon which the government disregarded the protections and proceeded to tax, fine and imprison the *proteges* just as if they had been the ordinary kind of Moors. And hence has arisen all the trouble—the indignant dispatches of the consul, the lavish expenditure for cable messages, the rushing to and fro of ships of war, and all the rest of it.

Considering that a protected Moor has a pretty good time as compared with his unprotected compatriots—that he escapes bastinadoing, and irregular taxation, and imprisonment, and other every day difficulties of ordinary Moorish existence, it is evident that it is worth something to be an American *protege*. Our state department might do well to ask Consul Lewis for that bill of particulars which he has refused to the authorities of Morocco.

General Daniel Butterfield presented diplomas to 120 bricklayer graduates of the New York trade schools on April 6. Of course he made a speech on the occasion. "If I had ten sons," said he, "and $10,000,000, I would not give one of them a cent until he had learned a trade." This is very pretty, and no doubt the plan would work well. Most any one would learn a trade to get $1,000,000. What General Butterfield forgot to say was that if he himself had learned a trade and stuck to it he might have had the ten boys, but he certainly wouldn't have had the $10,000,000.

The emperor of Germany, like the rat catcher who lived in Westminster, has a daughter, and, to carry the parallel still further, the gentlefolks all take off their hats when they meet her. This young lady has fallen in love with a young gentleman named Alexander Something or Other—called Battenberg for short—who heartily reciprocates her affection. Mr. Alexander has called on the emperor and told him how matters stand, and both Mr. Emperor and Mrs. Emperor are satisfied that the wedding should take place. If the young people were named Smith and Jones there would be no more trouble and we might look forward to seeing an account of the nuptials in the society columns of the Berlin press with full particulars of the bride's and bridesmaids' costumes, and a list of the

presents, with their value. But just because the young woman is a princess and the young man a prince there is the deuce and all of a row about the matter. The emperor of Russia doesn't like Henry[sic], and says he will feel hurt if the marriage takes place. And when the emperor of Russia feels hurt a good many other folks are likely to get hurt, too. Prince Bismarck doesn't like it either, and threatens to turn sulky, go home to his estates, and let the German people see how they can get along without him. On the other hand, the queen of England, whose daughter is married to a brother of Battenberg, is crazy for the match, and is going to run over to Berlin on purpose to see about it. Altogether things are mixed, and no one knows what may happen. It is not at all improbable that the natural desire of two young people to get married may suffice to set all Europe by the ears. On the whole one cannot help thinking that the world would be a great deal better off if the emperors and queens and chancellors could be compelled to lay aside their nonsensical pretensions and go to work for their living.

The law keeps strict watch over the sacred rights of property in England, and will have none of Cardinal Manning's doctrine of the starving man and his right to bread. In East Sussex, William Cook, a laborer out of work and starving, stole some turnips. The jury recommended him to mercy, but the judge gave him two months hard labor. And at Grantham a man of good character, seventy-three years old, was sentenced to seven days hard labor for entering a store and asking for an onion. The English newspaper which reports the case calls it rather hard.

But where the rights of property are not concerned English law views the transgressions of the lower classes with lenient eye. Michael Burns was convicted at Brighton of an assault upon his wife, having dragged her out of bed, kicked her, struck her and given her two black eyes. He was fined ten shillings. Another English gentleman named Rush, a resident of London, threw his wife down stairs in a transport of affection and then hurled a lamp after her, setting fire to her clothes. The magistrate remonstrated with Mr. Rush and made him find security in £5 to keep the peace for six months.

Patriotic protectionist Americans, who want to see their country foremost in the international race for prosperity, will rejoice to hear of a singular act of folly of which the English people have lately been guilty. The London dock companies have made special arrangements with the transatlantic lines, by which not only will the discharge and delivery of cargoes be much expedited, but the expenses of handling will be very much reduced. The dock companies, in fact, guarantee London consignments all the speed and facilities in delivery now offered by Liverpool and Glasgow, at about half the expense charged to consignees at those ports for similar services. The foolish Londoners

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imagine that in this way they are going to increase the traffic and wealth of their port. Of course the real result will be, on well known protectionist principles, that they will be deluged with foreign goods, and see the grass growing in their streets.

Alleghany City has had an object lesson in political economy. Not very long ago it was discovered that beneath the city there was an immense reservoir of natural gas, which could be utilized at the mere cost of piping. Then Alleghany City rejoiced greatly at the prospect of cheap fuel and light, and the more pious residents had a good deal to say about the goodness of God to the inhabitants of that part of Pennsylvania. But now that natural gas has been generally introduced throughout the city, and people have adjusted their household economy to its use, the folks who own the ground through which alone the gas can be got at, have raised the price some sixty per cent. Alleghany city has ceased rejoicing, and providence is less generally commended.

Once in a while we get an opportunity to see the tremendous rate at which land values are increasing in the upper part of New York city. Only six years ago, in 1882, seventy-eight vacant city lots belonging to the Jumel estate

Sic in the original; probably "doesn't like Alexander".

were put up at auction and bought in, the prices bid being unsatisfactory. On the 3d of this month the same lots were again put up at auction, and this time they were sold, the prices being "satisfactory" to the estate. At the first sale the seventy-eight lots were bought in for $70,440, an average of $903 per lot. At the second sale they brought $248,405, an average of $3,184.60 per lot. Increase in value per lot, $2,281.60—two hundred and fifty-two per cent for six years, or forty-two per cent a year!

Figures like these are fairly staggering. They show us, as by a flash of lightning, the frightful power of taxation that our system of private land ownership places in the hands of individuals. Assuming that the prices paid for these Jumel estate lots represent twenty-five years' purchase, the ownership of the seventy-eight lots carried with it in 1882 the power of exacting from the people of New York a yearly tribute of $2,817.60, which is now increased to [$9,936.20?]. Is it any wonder that a million of New York's people are stied in tenement houses?

As land values soar upward, flesh and blood goes down. When all the land is monopolized by private owners, and the majority of the people are compelled to surrender all they earn above a mere subsistence in return for the privilege of using enough of mother earth to stand and eat and sleep on, it is evident that there must be some unfortunates who will find even standing room a luxury beyond their means, and who, unless private or public benevolence comes to their relief, must actually leave the planet and try their fortunes in another world. Such a case occurred here in New York a week ago.

Hans Stockrica and Fanny, his wife, were two Polish Jews, who, crowded out of their native country by population pressure and race persecution, came to the United States. The man was a tailor by trade, with the industry and economy of his race. They had a little baby—an eight months' old boy. They landed in New York, as near as can be learned, about a month ago, and established themselves in a wretched little attic room in a tumble down two story tenement in Crosby street, for which they paid $5 a month. They were not paupers. They had their little savings and were full of hope. And so Hans Stockrica went out to look for work.

But alas! there was no work for Hans Stockrica. How could there be? There was only so much work to go round, and for every job there were two people who wanted it. What chance had a man, ignorant of the language and without friends? Day after day Hans renewed his quest, and night after night he came home disappointed and despairing. And so the little hoard dwindled and dwindled, till at last it vanished altogether.

They lived awhile on what they could pick from garbage pails and ash barrels. But garbage will not feed an infant. The mother fount dried up for want of nourishment, and the baby cried all day for food.

So at last the crisis came. The rent was due, and there was no money to pay it with. Their sleeping space on earth was wanted for some one else who could afford to pay for it. There was no place for them in this world, and so they left it. Rat poison could be had when food could not, and together Hans Stockrica and his wife departed on their second emigration.

Think what a story they will have to tell before the Judgment seat.

They have a queer code of official ethics in England. The late khedive of Egypt, Ismail, had, or pretended to have, a claim of $7,000,000 against the Egyptian government. He submitted this claim to the English gentlemen who preside over Egypt, and was rather laughed at than otherwise. Then he bethought himself, and engaged the judge advocate general of the British army to look after his interests, promising him, it is said, a fee of $100,000. Mr. Marriott went to Egypt, and very speedily convinced his fellow countrymen in charge of that unfortunate country that Ismail was a much abused individual, and his claim an entirely just one. So they spoiled the Egyptians. Ismail got his $7,000,000, the judge advocate general got his $100,000, and Sir E. Vincent, the Egyptian minister who allowed the claim, presumably got nothing but the satisfaction of having done his duty by the country that had adopted him. Some pestilent demagogue tried to make a fuss about the matter in parliament,

but Mr. Marriott jauntily explained that his judge advocateship gave him very little work to do, and he thought he had a right to turn an honest penny by outside jobs. The attorney general said it was all right, and the motion of censure was lost by 218 votes to 126.

Professor F. T. Miles of the university of Maryland delivered a lecture in Baltimore lately on "Food and Digestion," in the course of which he said:

The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy

p. 3, col. 5

and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. . . . There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough of good food.

Professor Miles is quite right. There will be a great mission to see that the poor get enough to eat. In fact, there is such a mission already. And the chief point of its teaching is that the social system which forces some men to suffer hunger is by that very fact condemned as contrary to the law of God.

Gilbert & Sullivan never imagined anything much funnier than the dispute among the church of England clergy as to whether Prince Oscar of Sweden might or might not lawfully be married in a certain church. The prince was specially anxious to be married at a church in Bournemouth; and he wanted to be married according to the Swedish service. The question was, might he do it? At first the authorities said no; a foreign service couldn't be read in an English church. But then it was luckily discovered that the church had not been licensed for marriages. Of course that changed the situation altogether. The church was not a complete all-round church, and so might stand a Swedish service being read without defilement. And so it came to pass that Prince Oscar was lawfully married in a church in which, had it been lawful for him to be married there, he could not lawfully have been married. It takes time to think this out, but there's a whole sermon on ecclesiasticism in it.

There is something very comic in the fluttering excitement of the legislators at Albany over the *World's* account of its reporter's interviews with a professional lobbyist. The innocent assemblymen were horrified to hear that people were going so far as to say that legislation could be influenced in other than straightforward and legitimate methods. Of course a committee is to investigate and find out what it all means; and equally, of course, the committee will report that the astounding assertion is absolutely without foundation.

There is an English nobleman called the earl of Harewood. He owns two villages, Harewood and Dunkeswick. It is pretended that he does not own the people who live in these villages; but this is false.

The people of the two villages are mostly Wesleyans. The earl of Harewood doesn't like this and signifies his august displeasure in the manner following. At Harewood he permits a Wesleyan chapel, but forbids service during "church hours," won't allow any Sunday school, and absolutely prohibits the administering of the sacraments at any time. At Dunkeswick there is a chapel, but the congregation are forbidden to use it. Out of his loving kindness, however, the earl of Harewood allows them to worship in a barn, of course under proper restrictions.

It may be asked, Why don't these poor Wesleyans move away? The answer is, They can't. There is nowhere for them to go. If they migrate from their proper parish they will be arrested and sent back as vagrants. As far as they are concerned the earl of Harewood owns the earth, and, owning that, owns them.

Hillard & Ogden of Cincinnati announce that they are about to issue a weekly called the *United Labor Age*, which shall advocate the single tax and also strive to bring about a union between the union and united labor parties.

The following call for a conference of advocates of the single tax has been issued from Chicago. In summoning the conference Mr. Bailey states that he is complying with the request of over 400 single tax men who have written him on the subject:

> CHICAGO, Ill., April 6, 1888.
>
> To Single Tax Advocates, Greeting—By virtue of the authority invested in me by letters on file in my office from the several states and territories, a call is hereby issued for a national conference of the single tax advocates of the several states and territories and the district of Columbia of the United States, to convene in the city of Chicago, Ill., at ten o'clock a. m., on Wednesday, July 4, 1888.
>
> All persons who believe that the public revenues should be raised by a single and direct tax upon relative land values are invited to attend and take part in the deliberations.
>
> Further details and instructions will be published in the New York STANDARD and other papers friendly to the cause.
>
> WARREN WORTH BAILEY, Chairman of the Provisional Committee.

Mr. Bailey also announces the following general committee on arrangements. Other names are to be hereafter added to the list:

Chairman, Warren Worth Bailey, No. 281 South Hoyne avenue, Chicago. Secretary, M. K. LaShella, Times building, Chicago. Treasurer, Robert H. Cowdrey, 160 Quincy street, Chicago. Judge James G. Maguire, San Francisco, Cal. H. F. Ring, Houston, Tex. H. Martin Williams, St. Louis, Mo. L. P. Custer, Indianapolis, Ind. Benjamin Adams, Charleston, S. C. Freeman Knowles, [Cresco?], Neb. C. A. S. Higley, Minneapolis, Minn. Thos. A. McCann, Detroit, Mich. Richard L. Atkinson, Philadelphia, Pa.

STARVING IN THE MIDST OF WEALTH.

The Seven Hundred Martyrs of the Lehigh Coal Strike—Where Aid for Them Can be Sent.

Seven hundred miners of the Lehigh valley, who are supposed to have been prominent in the recent struggle, have been blacklisted by their former employers. The meaning of this is that not one of them can obtain employment either in the mine in which he had formerly worked, or in any other mine in the entire Lehigh region. The mine owners and operators are apparently above all conspiracy laws, and have combined to prevent these unfortunates from working. Most of the men have families, and all of them are in great distress. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says of their appeal for help:

> This is the most pitiful cry of distress that
> p. 3, col. 6
> ever went forth from any body of beaten workingmen in Pennsylvania, and it but faintly pictures the wretched and miserable condition of hundreds of little families in the Lehigh region who are in absolute and immediate need of bread. It could not well be otherwise after six months of idleness in a thickly populated and dependent section, where the mine owners are veritable autocrats who control the employment, the homes, the stores which enter into the existence of the miners and laborers who sought to better their condition. The cry of the blacklisted is intensified by the fact that it is a wail of despair—the sorrowful exclamation of those who feel that they hunger without hope, because the gates which lead to the breaker and to the mouth of the mine are closed against them. It seems incredible that men laying claim to refinement and Christian charity, as some of those coal operators do, would so oppress the poor, yet such is

> the bitter fact, and the worst feature of it is that these seven hundred men are not thrown idle because there is no work for them, but merely to make of them examples that will serve for all future time to warn the miners against striking, even as the Spartans set their slaves drunk to warn their children against the degradation of drunkenness.

Contributions toward the aid of these miners and their families may be sent to John J. Meighan, Freeland, Luzerne county, Pa.

The Free Trade Question in Manistee.

The people of Manistee, Mich., are thoroughly aroused over the tariff question. A discussion which took place there last week and covered two nights was not confined to the expediency of higher or lower tariffs, but took the comprehensive form of "Absolute free trade versus Any form of protective tariff." Rev. Albert Walkly of Manistee took the affirmative, and Judge J. G. Ramsdell of Traverse the negative. About a thousand persons attended.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.

The New York *Sun* is already pegging down the flaps of the small tent in which it proposes to run another republican side show this year.—[Jacksonville Times-Union.

The single tax theory is rapidly growing in favor among the masses of the people in this country, notwithstanding the unfavorable comments and sneers of the press and the adherents of the old political parties.—[West New Brighton, N. Y., Advance.

'Now I begin[sic] to see the light. I can see how all my taxes on all my property will be reduced from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. Besides I have discovered that the single tax means absolute free trade, and a saving of nearly fifty per cent on all I purchase in the store the year round."—[Farmer quoted approvingly in editorial in Hempstead, Texas, Advance Guard.

The taxation of corporate franchises is based on the idea that they are in some sense monopolies, and that in granting them the government has granted to individuals valuable privileges which belong to the whole body of the people. Holders of franchises should either pay a tax on their gross earnings, or surrender them back to the power that gave them.—[Minneapolis Star and News.

There are 100,000 girls taking the places which 100,000 boys should occupy in the business of the country, and the result must be an increase of shiftlessness and loaferism on the one hand and the decrease of vigor in the manner of doing business on the other. After a girl has kept a boy out of a place until he has been compelled to turn to something else she is ready to get married.—[Detroit Free Press.

While the congressional committee is engaged in the investigation of alien landlordism in the United States, it should also turn its attention to the rapid acquisition of enormous tracts of public lands by syndicates and combines of American citizens. This evil is closely allied to the other, and if possible should be abolished. Both are equally opposed to the spirit and genius of our institutions and to wise public policy.—[Indianapolis Journal.

It is safe to say, as Mayor Hewitt does, that the remission of taxes on personal property would attract so much additional business to New York or any other city that the increased value of real estate would directly prevent any loss to the grand list. Another reason, closely connected with the above, is that in taxing land we tax what is to a

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Sic in the original; probably ""Now I begin".

certaint[sic] extent a monopoly, whose value has resulted from the growth of the city rather than from the efforts of its owner.—[Minneapolis Star and News.

Time was when we had hundreds of millions of bare acres needing settlement, that any influx of immigration was fairly enough estimated [a?] blessing, and those who came here paupers were as convenient for filling huge continental holes as better men. That time is long past, and the greed of rich corporations in Europe as well as at home has so far reduced our national domain that we want nothing now but settlers who can settle something.—[Indianapolis News.

Ground rent is the rightful possession of the community, and it would afford an ample fund for the payment of municipal expenses if the tax system were so arranged that the unearned increment should be diverted from the pockets of private individuals into the public treasury. It is only by accepting this principle and basing legislation upon it that the legislature can finally settle the question of municipal taxation. Continuous patching at the old garment only makes its defects more apparent.—[Hamilton Evening Times.

If a long and distressful struggle between the railway companies and their employes should result, the occasion might properly be seized upon by congress to consider and enact laws that would prevent the wanton misuse of highways which are designed primarily for the use of the public, and which are not private property in the true sense of the term. Legislation against strikes should include measures to prohibit the forcing of strikes by methods analogous to those which have become involved in the trouble at Chicago. If the strike should become general the duty of regulating by law the relations of the railway companies to their employes could scarcely be longer evaded.—[Philadelphia Record.

When the history of American politics for the decade comprised in the years from 1880 to 1900 is written, the Henry George movement will occupy a unique position. It reached its culminating point, apparently, when Mr. George made his surprising run for mayor of New York. As a separate political movement, the theory of a single tax on land seems to have declined since that date, until at the present time, Mr. George is an active supporter of President Cleveland on account of his position on the tariff tax, while Dr. McGlynn is still anxious to carry out the single tax idea by the political party methods. As an economic movement it is receiving as much recognition as ever. Whatever the outcome may be as to the so-called united labor party, the agitation of the land question has been of immense good. It has set multitudes to thinking on the methods of taxation and the remedy, as proposed by Henry George, for what are acknowledged evils. The simple tax on land[sic] has at least the merits of simplicity. Society gives the value to land by its aggregations into cities and towns, and it is proposed that society take for its own uses the value it gives. Thus nobody is robbed of the fruits of his toil to support the government. Nobody is compelled, as now by the tariff on wool, to pay twice as much as he otherwise would for a suit of clothes. Whether the single tax would work well in practice or not, cannot be told until the experiment is tried. But one thing is sure. Taxes ought to come off of property that can be hidden away and put on property that, like the land, is held unimproved for speculation, to obtain a margin which is not earned, but which society creates, and which society could take and wrong nobody. At any rate, the tendency now is to put the burden on the man who holds the land for speculation, and not on his neighbor who builds a house on the next lot. For in the latter case it operates as a fine on improvements.—[Minneapolis Star and News.

Sic in the original; probably “certain”.
Sic in the original; probably “The single tax on land”.

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THE STANDARD, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE STANDARD is forwarded to subscribers by the early morning mails each Thursday. Subscribers who do not receive the paper promptly will confer a favor by communicating with the publisher.

THE DUTY ON TIN PLATES.

Mr. C. A. Scott, who signs himself "Chairman tariff committee national iron roofing manufacturers' association," tells about the woes of his association in the *Age of Steel*. It's the tariff that is making the trouble. It always is either the tariff or the laborer—either the workingmen refusing to have their pay cut down, or the tariff tinkerers

threatening to lay unholy hands on the sacred system which alone prevents wages being reduced. This time it is the tariff.

If the Mills bill is passed, Mr. Scott tells us, and tin plates are admitted free of duty, the effect will be to "cause widespread confusion and disaster among our sheet iron mills and those industries immediately connected with and closely dependent on them." The United States will at once be deluged with tin plates, which we shall use not only for making into cups, sauce pans, tomato cans and other things of that sort, but also for roofing our houses, to the utter destruction of the galvanized sheet iron industry.

We now import from Europe each year 280,000 tons[sic] of sheet iron in the shape of tin plates, while our entire domestic manufacture of sheet iron of all gauges and qualities is only 150,000 tons, of which [80,000?] tons is now used in the making of galvanized roofing and siding. If the Mills bill passes this 50,000 tons of galvanized iron will be replaced with an equal quantity of pauper made tin plates. Thus our output of sheet iron will be reduced by one-third, to the terrible derangement of our social economy. And after all, we shouldn't get the tin plates any cheaper, because, as Mr. Scott cogently puts it, "what assurance have we that the foreigner will not add to his profits the one cent per pound duty that the Mills committee proposes to cut off? It can be done if desired"—on the same principles probably that enabled the foreign manufacturers of quinine to keep on collecting the duty for their own behoof after we had put quinine upon the free list. Mr. Cowdrey has a word or two upon this subject in another column, which we commend to Mr. Scott's attention in passing.

What we really ought to do, Mr. Scott assures us, is to so arrange matters that we may make our own tin plates for ourselves, and stop dealing with the hated foreigner altogether. And then Mr. Scott gets down to particulars, and tells us how the thing may be managed.

The reason we don't make any tin plates in this country now is because we can't afford to pay for the sheet iron to make them with. Sheet iron pays a duty of fifty per cent, while tin plates pay only a little less than twenty-five per cent; so that if we make sheet iron into tin plates we actually destroy a sixth of its value, and the last end of the manufacturer is worse than the first. It sounds funny; but Mr. C. A. Scott vouches for it, and the chairman of the T. C. N. I. R. M. A. ought to know.

Now there are two ways in which we can make it profitable for our suffering manufacturers to convert sheet iron into tin plates. We can take the duty off sheet iron—of course retaining the duty on tin plates—or we can increace[sic] the duty on tin plates to such an extent as to stop their importation altogether. Mr. Scott rejects the first method with horror, and gives his voice for the second. It would, he admits, involve a general advance in the prices of tinware; but who, he nobly asks—"who would not be willing to pay two cents apiece more for tin cups, coffee pots, etc., to add to the output of our mills 280,000 tons of sheet iron now annually imported from Europe in the shape of tin plates, adding $15,000,000 to labor, employing $30,000,000 invested in plants, and providing the necessaries of life for [400,000?] people who would be directly supported from the business?" Accordingly he formulates, on behalf of his committee, this demand:

> The National iron roofing manufacturers' association ask that the duty on tin plates may be advanced to an equality with other items in the metal schedule. We can then make tin plates here, locate 100 mills of two teams each, keep $20,000,000 at home that now goes abroad, and reduce the revenue $6,000,000 annually.

And to secure all this we have only to pay two cents apiece more for our tin cups, and coffee pots, and tomato cans, and dippers, and pie plates, and dairy pans, and candle sticks, and all the rest of it. We could easily manage this by

Sic in the original; probably "50,000 tons".
Sic in the original; probably "increase".

making our tin cups, etc., last a little longer, and so using fewer of them—although when one comes to think of it, perhaps Mr. Scott

p. 4, col. 2
might not care to have our two cent contributions made up in that way.

So much for Mr. Scott, whom we may dismiss with the sympathizing hope that he won't be too much disappointed if he doesn't happen to get quite all he asks for. On the next page of the *Age of Steel* is an extract from a letter which Mr. F. G. Niedringhaus, president of the St. Louis stamping company, has been sending to the *Iron Age*. It is worth quoting:

> It is true that our free trade friends may be able to put forth a strong argument in favor of free tin plates, and, looking at the question merely from one standpoint, their point may be well taken, as long as tin plates are not made in this country. But, nevertheless, if this one cent of duty, which is equivalent to twenty per cent ad valorem, is taken off, tin plates will be adopted for a great many things for which sheet iron is now used. This would, as a matter of course, lessen the demand for sheet iron just to that extent, and a certain number of men now employed in producing that iron from the ore and coal beds to the finished sheets must look for employment in other channels, or else the price of labor must be reduced to a point where it can effectually compete with foreign labor. If any one will take the trouble to look into the iron business more closely, he will observe that the cost of iron is all labor from beginning to end, and that the profit put upon the finished product by the manufacturer, as can be clearly proven, has not exceeded ten per cent, and in some cases not five per cent, for quite a number of years. When, therefore, our free trade friends say that it is the manufacturer that needs protection, you may put it down as all idle talk and that they are passing upon a question which they have not thoroughly investigated. Give our American manufacturer labor at the same price that the European competitor gets it and he will not ask for any protection. The whole question at issue, therefore, hinges upon this one point—namely, What or how much shall we pay those who labor? If we have free trade, labor must work for exactly the same price it does in Europe. In other words, you will have pauper labor and a community without a purchasing power. Whether or not this would be advisable American policy is a question that we will not attempt to answer, but leave it to the wisdom of our national representatives. Steel plates and sheets are now being largely imported under the ad valorem duty, and at that rate they can be imported at a much lower figure than sheet iron can be produced. This also is working very depressingly upon the American manufacturers of sheet iron, and the final result will be that either this trade will have to be left to European manufacturers or else the wages of the operatives will have to be cut down in order to overcome this competition. It was our intention to have increased our mill capacity, but from the present outlook we think ourselves very lucky in not launching out any further in that direction. If the free trade faction of the democratic party is to control the politics of the country, it is not difficult to foresee what hardships are in store for our manufacturing communities.

Putting Mr. Scott's argument and Mr. Niedringhaus's argument together, we get a pretty fair illustration of the protective theory—a non-existent industry, the way to bring it into being, and the people who are going to benefit by it. It reads smoothly enough. It has done effective work before, and may do effective work again. It has only one weakness, but that is a fatal one. It is nonsense.

When Mr. Niedringhaus says that "the cost of iron is all labor from beginning to end," leaving only a miserable five per cent profit for the manufacturer, he says what is perfectly true, and conveys an idea that is absolutely false. It is true that, given iron ore and coal lying beneath the surface of the earth, nothing but labor is required to produce any sort of iron product, from pig iron to watch springs. But it is utterly false that labor receives as its reward anything like the total of its product. Yet this last is clearly the assumption that Mr. Niedringhaus makes, for when he contemplates the result of a fall in the price of iron plates he tells us that the men engaged in manufacturing

iron must either go to work at something else, or submit to a reduction of their wages. Evidently it has not occurred to him that there is a third party who now absorbs a large part of the natural reward of both labor and capital, on whom the loss might without injustice be made to fall.

There are deposits of coal and iron ore in a great many different parts of the United States; some easy to work and handy to a market; others more difficult and remote. Probably not one-fiftieth part of them has been touched yet. No man put them there. Divine providence stored them away when the foundations of the earth were laid, presumably for the use of coming generations of mankind.

Suppose that wherever one of these deposits is lying unused, the first man that wished to were allowed to go and take what iron ore or coal he wanted, freely, as long as only he wanted them, and on payment of a proper rent value tax when other people wanted them too. What would be the effect? Evidently that coal mines and iron mines would at once become divided into classes. The lowest class would comprise the mines that nobody cared to work yet—the poorest and most difficult deposits. Next would come the mines that men could work at remunerative wages so long as they had no rental value tax to pay. And above the rent line, taxed each according to its value, would come the richer and more accessible deposits, which could be worked to greater profit. Under such conditions three great economic laws would assert themselves unchecked—the law of wages, the law of rent and the law of competition. Miners working for hire would receive a trifle better wages than they could earn by working for themselves on tax free deposits—because if offered less or discharged from work, they could at once migrate to the free mines, where they would be their own bosses, earning the whole product of their labor, and not liable to discharge by any man. Rental values would be determined by the greater profits to be made by working

p. 4, col. 3

one mine rather than another mine—since the moment the mining of any deposit became extraordinarily valuable, men would compete for the privilege of working it, and would be willing to pay for that privilege a little less than the extra profit to be secured. And the law of competition would assert itself in this: that so soon as it became more profitable to work in a free iron or coal mine than at some other equally toilsome occupation, more men would become miners and would compete for the privilege of working mines that hitherto had paid no rental value tax. The rental line would be pushed forward and the line of free mines be forced back. Throughout the whole mining industry rental values would advance, and wages fall until they reached a point at which it would no longer be desirable to abandon other industries for coal mining.

There is nothing new or heretical in all this. These laws of rent, wages and competition are recognized by all standard authorities on political economy, and would probably not be disputed even by Messrs. Scott and Niedringhaus. The trouble is that their operation is interfered with by our system of private land ownership, which allows individuals to seat themselves on the throne of God and dictate to less favored individuals how much of God's gifts they shall use and on what terms they shall enjoy them. There are plenty of coal and iron ore deposits yet untouched. There are plenty of miners and laborers standing idle who would be glad to work them. But round them all the landlords' parchment fences rise high and strong, forbidding the access of labor to the gifts of God. The rent tax is collected with unfailing regularity, and it rises and falls in strict accordance with the law; but it goes to enrich the vicegerents of the Almighty who control the earth, and not the community to whom it properly belongs. The law of competition asserts itself; but with coal and iron ore deposits monopolized, and labor forbidden to exert itself, save by permission of the land owner, the effect of competition is of necessity to force down wages to the point of mere subsistence, to reduce the reward of capital, where capital is called in to aid in making labor more productive, and to raise the rent tax to the highest possible point.

Mr. Niedringhaus tells us that if the duty is taken off tin plates, the imported plates will be used instead of domestic sheet iron. This, he thinks, will lessen the demand for sheet iron, "and a certain number of men now employed in producing that iron from the ore and coal beds to the finished sheets must look for employment in

other channels, or else the price of labor must be reduced to a point where it can effectually compete with foreign labor." In the name of common sense, why? Capital says it can't afford to work any cheaper; and, goodness knows, labor gets little enough as it is. Why should either of them be forced to take less? Why shouldn't the mine owner—the landlord, who as a landlord has never done anything and never can—why shouldn't he be made to stand the loss? There are thousands upon thousands of acres in Pennsylvania beneath which lie stores of iron ore and coal, untouched since the foundations of the earth were laid. If capital and labor could get at these without first submitting to a blackmail, then indeed the cost of iron would be "all labor from beginning to end," save a small percentage for the use of capital. But does Mr. Niedringhaus think in that event there would be any danger of a deluge of sheet iron from abroad, even were the last shred of protection removed? Why, there are to-day, in the mining and manufacturing regions of Pennsylvania alone, enough men, idle and eager to go to work, to double or treble our production of sheet iron, if only they could take the raw material out of the earth where God put it. And there is far more than enough capital to set them all at work. It is only the landlords that stand in the way—the men who claim to be specially commissioned by the Almighty to serve out His stores of coal and iron ore at their own pleasure and for their own price.

And what people like Mr. Scott and Mr. Niedringhaus either do not see or do not choose to tell, is that these representatives of providence are the only class of men in the whole United States who can, in the long run, profit by a protective tariff. Whatever is gained by protection, they gain. Nobody else gets anything, save in transition periods, when economic policy is suddenly changed, and then but very little. Suppose, for instance, that tin plates were absolutely barred out by a prohibitory duty, what would be the effect? There would be an increased demand for iron. The men standing idle in Pennsylvania would be set to work. If there was work enough for them all wages might rise a little. Then a rush of immigration would be made into Pennsylvania, the labor market would be overstocked, and the strikes and lockouts and reductions would begin again, even as now. But the things that would increase in value, and stay increased, would be iron lands, and coal lands, and tin lands. And when once the shock of the sudden change was over, protectionist statisticians would compute the value of Pennsylvania lands and property, and, dividing it by the sum of the population, tell us how rich the tariff had made Pennsylvanians. And they would point to the idle men, and the discontented workers, and the withered women, and the stunted children, and tell us that a little more protection would soon cure all that. Just as they are doing now.

There was a time when such talk as that of Messrs. Scott and Niedringhaus

p. 4, col. 4

was potent with the wealth producers of the United States. That time is passing, and will soon be gone. For men are beginning to realize that God made the earth, not to be the plaything of a favored few, but for the equal use of all; and that foremost among the inalienable rights of man are the right of access to nature's storehouse, and the right to do what he will with his own.

LEARNING TO PLAY AT WORK.

A Corinthian yachtsman is not, as the uninitiated might suppose, a yachtsman who lives in Corinth; but one who has arrived at a knowledge of how to handle his own yacht—who can hand, reef and steer, and knows other things proper to be known by an able seaman. To be a yachtsman is easy enough. One has only to buy a yacht, hire a captain and crew, and remain complacently at home while his vessel goes abroad to win racing cups for him. Many yachtsmen, however, are not satisfied with being merely yachtsmen; they want to be Corinthian yachtsmen as well, with a yeo heave oh! and a rumbelow, and a shivering of timbers, and a general flavor of tar pots and sou'westers. There is a joy in ordering the man at the wheel to "l-l-luff and be damned to you," or in instructing the crew to "lay aloft there, one of you, and stow that gaff tawps'l," that only the true Corinthian knows. To heave the log and know what you're doing when you heave it—to "shoot the sun" through a "pig yoke," to scan the vernier

carefully, and with one eye cocked knowingly aloft to tell the quartermaster to "make it eight bells"—to pace the moonlit deck with the lass that loves a sailor, awaking the emotions of her innocent heart with a whole string of lies about that "harricane" down in the West Injees last cruise, when we scudded before it for forty-eight hours with an oil can on the starboard quarter, and then hove her to and rode it out like a duck—these are joys that yachtsmen sigh for, but only Corinthian yachtsmen know in their full flavor of perfection.

Now there are two ways of becoming a Corinthian yachtsman. One is, to *say* you're a Corinthian yachtsman; and the other, to go to work and learn something about sailorizing. The first method is to be avoided, if possible; not on account of its immorality—because the Corinthian yachtsman is bound to disregard the truth, anyhow, just like a fisherman, and a falsehood more or less won't make much difference to him when he weighs his anchor for the last time and goes into dock for final survey and condemnation—but because of its riskiness. The vocabulary of sea terms is intricate and requires care in using; and the Corinthian who only says he's a Corinthian may some time give himself away in presence of a real sure-enough sailorman by hauling out his spanker when he ought to flatten in his head sheets, or swinging his head yards first and ordering the hands to "maintopsail haul" afterward. It isn't safe. No yachtsman who desires to maintain his reputation *as* a yachtsman will become a Corinthian yachtsman by any other than the inductive or experimental method.

It is for the benefit of mariners of this class that Captain Howard Patterson, principal of the New York navigation school, and author of "The Yachtsman's Guide," is about to establish a training ship, or floating marine college. Captain Patterson has already taught his pupils all about charts and chart sailing, keeping the log book, dead reckoning in all its considerations of taking departure, current sailing, and allowing for drift when hove to, middle latitude and Mercator's sailings, latitude by meridian observations of the sun and moon and by stellar observations, longitude by equal altitudes of the sun, chronometer sights, and by sunrise and sunset sights; Sumner's method, variation and deviation of the compass calculated by amplitudes and azimuths, and the reading and adjusting of the sextant; and having imparted to them all this knowledge—which, it may be observed, an ordinarily intelligent boy could acquire on shipboard in three days with the aid of a sextant, a "Navigator," and an obliging first mate—he now proposes to take them to sea in a square rigger, and let them find out how they like it.

With this benevolent end in view Captain Patterson is fitting out a full rigged brig of about 140 tons; and as sixty yachtsmen have already entered their names the cruise may be looked on as a coming certainty. The curriculum of study has not been made public; but as Captain Patterson is a sailor who knows his business, and the yachtsmen are anxious to become sailors knowing *their* business, it is not at all difficult to foretell it.

The college will be towed down the bay and anchored in the Horsehoe[sic] near Sandy hook. During this time the students and their friends will indulge in champagne, songs, jokes, and pleasant anticipations. Captain Patterson will wear a plug hat, smile genially and show himself not averse to a glass of wine now and[29] again. Arrived at the Horseshoe, the last farewells will be said, and the friends of the students will go off amid a roaring of steam whistles and waving of handkerchiefs. The students will then be instructed in the keeping of an anchor watch, which duty they will master readily, and think going to sea great fun.

At 4 a. m. the students will dream they hear a voice from heaven, which will gradually resolve itself into a stentorian yell of "All hands up anchor! Do you hear the news? Turn out there, you lazy all sorts of things, and show a leg!" The students will then rise and proceed on deck in a body. Captain Patterson will be

p. 4, col. 5

walking the poop in a monkey jacket and peaked cap, with a new and strange expression on his countenance, and the chief mate will utter violent language from the topgallant forecastle. The students will salute Captain

Sic in the original; probably "Horseshoe".
Sic in the original; probably "now, and".

Patterson politely, and will be astonished when he tells them in reply that "by God, there's been enough of this nonsense. I'm captain of this ship, and you'll obey my orders and speak when you're spoken to. Get for'ard now. and man the windlass." One student will ask for some information about the mechanical principles involved in the machine they are about to man. Captain Patterson will spring from the poop, knock the student down, stamp on him and swear volubly at the entire class. A second mate, carpenter, boatswain and steward will mysteriously appear from somewhere; the first mate will come aft in about three steps; the students will move forward, propelled by hitherto unknown forces, and when they come to their senses they will find themselves clustered round the windlass brakes, heaving away for dear life, and drawing encouragement from casual remarks of the chief officer.

And so on, and so on. If any reader of THE STANDARD wants to know the whole course of study, let him ask any old sailor of his acquaintance, or read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." The students will eat bread scouse, flavored with cook's hair and dandruff. They will pick over the stock of potatoes once a week, with the cheering knowledge that the rotten ones will be cooked for their own consumption. They will learn to look on a slice of fat pork as a treasure to be fought for, and a raw onion as an unattainable delicacy. They will turn in wet, and turn out steaming—work hard, live hard, and be cursed and knocked about for doing it. They will learn something about the way sailors live who go to sea in dead earnest, and not merely for the fun of the thing, and, incidentally, they will get more nonsense knocked out of them than would fill a half dozen "full rigged brigs of 140 tons." And when they get inside Sandy hook again, and the steamer takes them in tow, and the sails are furled for the last time, Captain Patterson will come on deck in his go-ashore plug hat and long tailed coat, call them all aft, and treat them quite like his equals, asking them if they haven't had a good time. And they will all be so glad its over[sic] and so delighted to get home again that they'll think they actually *have* had a good time. And when Captain Patterson visits them at the club house, instead of taking summary vengeance on him, as erstwhile they swore to do, they will shake him by the hand and mix drinks for him, and ask him to corroborate a yarn or two, which he will do cheerfully. And they will advise all their friends to attend one course at the marine college and "get some of the nonsense knocked out of 'em." But they'll be mighty careful not to take another cruise in the college themselves.

Captain Patterson's floating college ought to be a great success. If it does nothing else for its graduates it will give them some idea of the realities of life, equip them with a plentiful stock of experience and furnish them with an utterly inexhaustible fund of lies.

LUTHER R. MARSH.

Newspaper interest in spiritualism has been reawakened by the accounts of Madame Diss Debar and her celestial portraits. She is unhesitatingly pronounced an impostor, and Luther R. Marsh, who vouches for the genuineness of her mediumship and supplies her with money, is regarded as a senile dupe; while a variety of exposures of transparent tricks of spirit mediums are published for the purpose of showing that spiritualism is in all its phases a humbug[sic],

Madame Diss Debar may be a mere adventuress and confidence woman, her spirit portraits the veriest daubs, and her professions of supernatural power another variety of fraud. But beyond the probability that she is an adventuress, and the improbability of such spirit manifestations, nothing appears to justify the flippancy with which Mr. Marsh's convictions are treated. Mr. Marsh has for years been one of the leading lawyers of the state. He has been accustomed to sift evidence and weigh facts. It is true he is an old man, but until now no one has suspected that his faculties were weakening, nor is it now suspected except in reference to this particular matter.

Sic in the original; probably "it's over".
Sic in the original; probably "humbug.".

He has a large practice, to which he devotes his usual attention and skill, and he holds a public office in which he exhibits the same intelligence and judgment that have always characterized him. But he says that this woman, Diss Debar, has produced paintings in his presence under circumstances that made the interposition of human agency impossible. He may be deceived. He probably is. But his sincerity is not disputed, and his judgment should not be ridiculed.

It is difficult to believe that spirits write letters, paint pictures and hold carnivals in darkened rooms or cabinets. It is more difficult to believe that they write trashy letters, paint tea store pictures, and hold cabinet carnivals every night in the week, with two matinees, for fifty cents admission and reserved seats extra. It is certain besides that a great many gross frauds are perpetrated in the name of spiritualism. Nevertheless, there are not a few people who frequently experience strange manifestations which, as they firmly believe, have a spiritual origin; and it cannot be disputed that phenomena are presented through mediums which have not been accounted for by any known agency.

The explanation that spirit rappings are

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produced by the medium's toe joints is not satisfactory to any one who has heard such rappings made under the influence of non-professional mediums who have no possible object in deceiving and who do not attribute the rappings to spirits. Nor can that explanation be accepted by any one who doubts the ventriloquial power of toe joints.

No explanation has been made of the movements of heavy articles in response to the mere touch of a medium; and while slate writing may be done by sleight of hand so as to deceive the most vigilant, it is difficult to understand how a sleight of hand performer can by his art make writing appear on your own slates while they are locked in a drawer of your own table and in your own house, as some slate writing mediums do. As of rapping, table moving and slate writing, so of other manifestations claimed to be spiritual. They may be jugglers' tricks always, as they undoubtedly are at times; but it is worthy of note that jugglers never perform them except in places adapted to trickery, and that people wholly incompetent as jugglers do perform them in places not at all adapted to trickery.

Whether these phenomena, assuming them to be real, are spiritual revelations, or manifestations of some unknown natural force, every one must judge for himself on his own experience. But whether or not they are only tricks is a problem that may be solved to the satisfaction of candid minds. It cannot be solved, however, so long as a claim of power to produce the manifestations is regarded as conclusive evidence of fraud, and belief in their genuineness as proof of idiocy.

LOUIS F. POST.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S FATE.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Worcester, Massachusetts, Joseph H. Walker, who has collected statistics relative to business fluctuations in his native city during the past fifty years, recently delivered an address before the local young men's Christian association, in which he exhibited some of the results of his statistical work. Worcester is not the whole United States, much less the civilized globe; in fact, is comparatively such an infinitesimal part of that part of the earth which has come under the influence of civilization, that any one might be pardoned the impoliteness of telling this old gentleman that while his figures may do for Worcester they are too insignificant for anything but "make weights" when business fluctuations generally are under consideration. Nevertheless, these figures tend to verify the results of more extended inquiries, and are useful for illustrative purposes.

It has been frequently asserted that about ninety per cent of business men fail in a generation. To demonstrate this is impossible, but Mr. Walker's figures show that it is not very far from the truth so far as Worcester is concerned. Of fifty-six men who were prominent in business in Worcester in the year 1845, he found that in five years one-fifth, in ten years two-fifths, and in fifteen years three-fifths, were out of business. These figures leave two-fifths in business at the end of half a generation. But as the cases are selected, he infers that, taking business men generally, not more than thirty-three out of one hundred continue in business for fifteen years.

For the purpose of showing what becomes of those who drop out of business, Mr. Walker has noted the history of the principal manufacturers of Worcester in the years 1840, 1850 and 1860. Of 30 in 1840 14 have failed; of 75 in 1850 41 have failed, and of 107 in 1860 [43?] have failed. These failures are far below ninety per cent; but it must not be forgotten that none but the prominent manufacturers, those having the very best opportunities, were considered by Mr. Walker. If from such statistics it appears that an average of nearly fifty per cent fails, what might not be expected from an investigation which comprehended the business experience of all classes of business men?

It may be a consoling thought to some orders of mind that those who fail make way for others to take their places, and that by virtue of a sort of everlasting three-card monte game—"now you see it, and now you don't"—in the business world, the slave of yesterday is a master to-day, and the master of to-day is a bankrupt to-morrow; but it is only men in whom the gambling spirit is dominant that can find satisfaction in such conditions.

The tendency toward failure in business is akin to the tendency toward minimum wages in employments, and is traceable to the same cause.

A COMMON SENSE DIAGNOSIS AND PRESCRIPTION.

An English physician, who justly calls himself a "common sense" doctor, has recently written in the *Provincial Medical Journal* on "The causes of small average fees among doctors." This is a subject which ought to interest every member of that most useful of all professions. Some doctors get enormous fees, but it is not of such fees that this doctor writes; he writes of small *average* fees.

That the average fees of physicians are small cannot be disputed. None of their time is their own. At all hours in the day and in the night they must respond to the call of distress, and the great body of them, practicing as they must among the masses, are paid only as the masses can pay them. It is these doctors, too, and not the medical attendants of rich families, whose sympathies are most frequently and most strongly appealed to for pecuniary aid; for they go daily into human hovels where, instead of getting pay for their continued on p. 5 →

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[continued from page 4]

← continued from p. 4 work, they must harden their hearts or use their own money to supply food and medicines.

There are few doctors, perhaps, who have not thought of the small average fees of the profession, and who do not realize how unjustly small is the income of the average medical man as compared with the long preparation, the skill and experience needed in the profession, and the responsibility, the risk and the arduous service it entails. It is, of course, obvious to those who have thought of the matter that the immediate cause of the poor pay of physicians is the poverty of the great body of their clients, but of what is the cause of this poverty few of them have probably ever thought. It is to this point that the English physician addresses himself. Here is his diagnosis and his cure:

> The disease that ails the world is the poverty of the workers and the abnormal wealth of the idlers; and it has been brought about through mistaken or selfish legislation, whereby the wealth, created by the public in common, and which was apparently intended by an all-wise and provident creator for the public expenses of all in common, has passed into the sole possession of a few, whose only merit claimed is that they are land owners. They have become more than this; they have become owners or possessors of the common wealth.
>
> When the doctors, and the rest of the public following their intelligent lead, shall bring their skill to bear and use the proper and only remedy for this disease of the body politic, then, when the taxes are gradually removed from the results of industry and placed upon the land, until all the state earned increment upon it be taken for state purposes, thus making all other taxation unnecessary, then the millennium will be near at hand.
>
> Divine law will then replace the laws of selfish humanity. Men will earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, as their progenitors, Adam and Eve, were commanded to do, and not by charging their fellow men for God's works. Then, "if a man will not work neither shall he eat," will become a national motto, and all who are willing to work will have not only plenty to eat, but plenty of money with which to pay doctors' bills. The medical profession, instead of wondering why with all their hard study and work, they earn so little, and have to give away so much, will have no occasion to wonder, for they will be among the best paid as well as among the most deserving members of the community. The "occupation" of landlords will "be gone," and those families who "never did anything" will be the only poor and despised members of the body politic. As a cancerous excresence upon it, poisoning its whole frame and absorbing its life blood, landlordism will be a *thing of the past*, and the landlords henceforth either rise to the dignity of labor or starve in the degradation of idleness. But the disease will be cured.

ON CAUSES OF CRIME.

One of the editors of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, having made an excursion into the penitentiary statistics of Pennsylvania, comes back with a supply of significant facts.

What seems to have startled him most is the discovery that of 560 convicts in the eastern penitentiary only 75 had not attended school, while 395 had attended public schools and 90 had gone to private schools; and as he learns that this is not an accident of one year's statistics, but a fair exhibit of the experience of many years, he concludes that schooling "is not of itself a guard or protection against criminal ways or tendencies." In that conclusion he is clearly right. Indeed, he might have gone further and inferred that education without free opportunities to make it available in earning a living promotes criminal ways and tendencies. If we would have men live like swine we must be careful not to educate them up to an appreciation of more desirable modes of life. South Carolina was perfectly right in making it a criminal offense to educate slaves. Slavery is exceedingly dangerous unless the slaves are contented in their place; but what educated slave could be contented in his place? And it is quite as true of an impoverished class as of slaves, that education only arouses discontent and invites destruction. Education is an admirable adjunct of freedom; but of slavery, whether chattel slavery or industrial slavery, it is a companion prolific of evil promptings. It is not by education that prisons are to be depopulated, but by securing to all equal opportunities to produce property, and the possession and full enjoyment of the property they do produce.

But in his further progress the editor of the *Ledger* discovers a fact that fits better to one of his theories. Of these 560 convicts, 471 were wholly ignorant of any trade, and 241 were entirely idle at the time of their arrest. This is regarded as a very important fact, tending to show that idleness causes crime. It is the most potent cause, as the editor feels "compelled to believe." In this there is a large measure of truth. To make the truth full rounded, though, poverty as well as idleness must be considered. Otherwise we should "feel compelled to believe" that crime flourishes most in the best society, where idleness is a badge cf[sic] nobility.

Idleness is no doubt a principal cause of crime. But it is idleness in poverty; idleness that means homelessness, hunger, degradation. To urge the learning of a trade as a preventive of this, as the *Ledger* does, is like proposing lessons in table etiquette as a preventive of starvation.

In the last issue of THE STANDARD was published an amusing extract from a letter to the Pittsburg *Express*. Replying to a former correspondent who had asserted that all wealth comes from the land, this unconscious joker says: "So it does, but through a protective tariff." Since the tariff neither digs, ploughs, nor sows, it would be impossible to see the point of this joke were it not for the accompanying explanation. Referring again to the letter of the former correspondent, the joker goes on: "He asks Mr. Reese or some other protectionist to tell him how tariff will make

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land more productive. Well, if 'Workman' comes up here in the coke region he can easily see how a tariff has made the land more productive. *He can see how it has increased in value from $50 to $300 per acre."* We print the point of the joke in italics after the manner of joke books, so that the obtuse may know where to look for it.

But, on second thought, this apparent joke is not so much of a joke after all. The tariff has made land more productive in this sense; and that is about all it has done in the way of benefiting anybody. But whom does it benefit to have land more productive of rent? Certainly not the rent payer; nor yet the laborer he employs. But obviously the land owner.

Robert H. Cowdrey of Chicago has had years of experience in the wholesale drug trade. In another column he tells some facts about quinine that ought to be brought to the attention of every American who still clings to the delusion that the way to make a country prosperous is to build a wall round it. A single series of facts, such as Mr. Cowdrey relates, is more than sufficient to confute a whole volume of protection "theories."

The New York *Press* is a bright and sparkling little paper—well edited, newsy, and filled day by day with the latest illustrations of the benefits of the protective tariff and the latest logic of the tariff advocates. And there is one thing we specially like about the *Press:* it isn't afraid. If it thinks the interests of protection demand that a thing should be said, it just goes right ahead and says it, as Quintus Curtius jumped into the hole—without the slightest regard to where it's coming out. It enunciates protectionist theories as if it really believed them, and repeats some oft told story of the self sacrificing mill owner and the happy workman, with an air of quoting the bible. Here it is, for instance, telling a little fairy tale about linen thread. It is answering some remarks of the Philadelphia *Record* as to the effect of the tariff on thread, and says:

> The best answer to the above senseless tirade may be found in the following statement from the agents of the Grafton linen thread mills, who have mills also in Johnstone, Scotland: "We may say that owing to fierce competition among domestic threadmakers we sell a large proportion of the product of our mills at Grafton, Mass., at prices which are as low absolutely as prices obtained in Britain for similar qualities made at our mills in Johnstone, Scotland.
>
> "As the operatives at Grafton receive more than one hundred per cent higher wages than the Johnstone workers, and as, according to the best information obtainable, the cost of living at Grafton is less than *fifty* per cent more than in Johnstone, it requires no argument to show who receives the major benefit of the protective tariff upon linen thread. Competition has more to do with prices than tariffs have, in this case, and we doubt not in many others."

So! It costs the Grafton linen thread people two dollars for labor in this country, where it only costs them one dollar in Scotland, eh? What a lot of money they must be making at their Scotch mills, mustn't they? Or else what a pile they must be losing over here! Wonder if the Scotch workers won't strike when they learn what a margin there is for a rise of wages. Wonder if the American workers won't soon be told they must work for less. Wonder why the Grafton concern don't shut up their American mills and agitate for free trade. Wonder if the *Press*—but no, we're not going to wonder about the *Press.* Even imagination has its limits.

The *Tribune* adjures the "new south" to cling to protection as the one means of economic salvation. Here is its latest argument:

> More than $200,000,000 of capital is said to have been invested within the past twelvemonth in southern enterprises and lands. There is no estimate of the amount invested within the same time in town lots and real estate operations on account of the establishment of promising manufactures. Of all this capital, much the greater part has for the basis of its investment the success of new works in producing iron and steel at the south, in developing the mines of coal and ore, and in supplying abundant material for a great number of other works which are projected. . . .
>
> That is an eminently practical question for "the new south." Its enormous investments may be of value or for many years valueless, and that may depend upon the success of Mr. Mills's bill. The great sums expended for land and lots, the great sums invested in enterprises which indirectly depend upon the success of iron manufacture in the broader, larger and more permanent sense, are all at stake.

Exactly. Just so. More than $200,000,009 "invested" in southern "enterprises and lands." An unknown quantity—say as much more—"invested" in southern town lots and "real estate operations." Don't you see? With a duty of $6.72 per ton on pig iron, mine speculators can afford to pay mine owners royalties sufficient to constitute a fair return on the money "invested" in "mines of coal and ore." If it were not for the duty the mines couldn't be worked,

Sic in the original; probably "of".

because, of course, it would be ridiculous to expect the mine owners to let anybody take any of the coal and ore that God put into the ground for their benefit, without the payment of a sufficient *quid pro quo.* It's easy enough to reduce wages; but let no sacrilegious hand be laid upon "investments."

And the American laborer? Where does he come in in this scheme for making the new south rich by strangling trade? Oh! the laborer is all right. His part of the programme is to hire rooms to live in and thus increase the value of the "town lots" in which so much has been "invested." Never fear! The American laborer will be taken care of!

Edward L. Hyneman, 166 North High street, Columbus, Ohio, sends the following
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petition, which is to be circulated throughout Ohio for signatures:

> *To the Congress of the United States:*
>
> Your petitioners, citizens of the United States, whose post office address is ——, do pray that your honorable body that the bill now before cougress[sic] and known as the Springer bill be amended so that it will enact as follows:
>
> 1. That land in the Oklahoma country shall not be sold; but
> 2. That tracts of land not exceeding 160 acres shall be leased by the government in perpetuity to any citizen of these United States of America at an annual rental based on a six per cent valuation of the appraised value of such land.
> 3. That for the first six years said rental shall not exceed $1.25 per year; and that thereafter every ten years a revaluation shall be made.
> 4. The grant shall become forfeited on the failure of the payment of the annual rent six months after it becomes due.
> 5. This rent shall be first expended in building roads and other necessary improvements, and after accrue to the territorial government for the benefit of the people.

The effect of the opening of Olakahoma[sic] by a bill embodying these features would be to roughly apply the single tax principle, as far as it can be applied without abolition of national taxes, to the new territory, to vastly stimulate its growth and prosperity, and to afford an example to the rest of the country. The settlers would get their land without expenditure of capital, and the rent they would pay would be applied to local improvements, and when the territory is organized to local expenses. The petition would, however, be improved if the rate of rental were reduced to five per cent, the limitation of values reduced to at most two years, and annual revaluation substituted for decennial. Six years of fixed valuation and ten years between revaluations would give opportunities for land speculation that ought to be prevented.

We suggest to our friends in other parts of the country to get up petitions on these lines, and forward them directly to their members of congress.

Sic in the original; probably "congress".
Sic in the original; probably "Oklahoma".

WHY WE SHOULD NOT NOMINATE.

A Terse Statement of Reasons Why Single Tax Men Should Go into the Tariff Fight.

The following private letter to the stanch anti-poverty advocate, Rev. S. H. Spencer of Philadelphia, editor of the *New Christianity*, we publish by permission:

> 26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, April 2.—Rev. S. H. Spencer: Your esteemed letter of the 30th ult. is before me. While I agree with you as to the insincerity of the democratic party, and extend the same deprecative designation to all parties seeking power, I cannot see that its opprobrious significance should influence the judgments of those agreeing with the present course of Mr. George. Although I am indifferent as to the personality of the presidency, it seems to me a matter of supreme importance that the laboring people of the country should have their minds disabused on the subject of protective tariffs. I see no better way of bringing it about, and no better first step for the abolition of the terrible curse of land monopoly than through the national discussion that is likely to take place on the adoption of the president's anti-protective message as the democratic platform. I expect this discussion to give an impetus to the single tax proposition that it would not otherwise get. I have great respect for those siding with Dr. Edward McGlynn, but I see, what appears to me, the lack of worldly wisdom in their course.
>
> The purpose of discussion on the single tax proposition is to enlighten the productive classes as to the causes that tend to aggravate poverty while concentrating the products of and opportunities for labor in the hands of a few. The first step toward enlightenment will be to demonstrate that only monopolists of manufacturing and producing privileges profit from protective tariffs; that notwithstanding the opinions of Mr. Blaine and others, all protected industries seek labor at the lowest possible price; and the effect of this upon labor, especially that which produces for export, is such that while a few may be made rich by it, the great majority of laborers and producers are wronged and injured. I fear that this first and most important step of advance for the present toward the adoption of a single land value tax will be confused and lost sight of by placing a united labor candidate before the people. It is expected, indeed, that some who still advocate protective tariffs would support *him.* It could in such case have *no* strictly national platform, for free trade is the only national subject, in a legal sense, that grows out of "Progress and Poverty," for present advocacy, and the democratic party would have this issue as entirely its own, while the united labor party would be silent upon it.
>
> When *opinion* has advanced so far that the selfishness and folly of protective tariffs shall be seen, the next step will be to show that indirect taxation through tariffs, even for revenue only, is *imposed* on the poor much more largely than on the rich; and that it becomes from such fact very unjust to the laboring class. Mr. Thomas G. Shearman has very well demonstrated this fact. It needs discussion to make the people see it.
>
> The single tax on land values will be the next step, and the fulfillment of the reform which all intelligent readers of "Progress and Poverty" now hope for.
>
> I shall look with great interest for the meeting of the united labor party for conference on July 4. But I now hope that it will see that it is unwise to put forward a candidate for the presidency. If a single tax candidate should have a considerable following it would be drawn mostly from the democratic party, and very probably result in the election of a republican candidate on a protective *platform.*
>
> I cannot see the wisdom of a course to promote the direct opposite of that which would be wisest and best. And that which even proposes the free intercourse of all nations of the world without selfish restrictions by any one nation seems to me the wisest and best. In a political sense this was shown by the reform in England on the abolishment of the corn laws. If our statesmen would study the effect of free trade *initiated*

> by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, at which time the value of British and Irish exports amounted only to £51,545,116, and which arose under the effect of free trade reform to £135,842,000 in 1860, they would learn something of needed reforms that might be addressed even to the selfishness of great capitalists. But I take interest in the matter only so far as it proposes universal brotherly love. On such foundations I think the New Jerusalem must stand, and it will not stand on our efforts to establish national selfishness. And it will not stand on the great national mistake, that selfishness is the best policy.
>
> ALBERT SMITH.

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MRS. SHERWOOD ON "ADVENTURERS."

How They Come Into Being, and How They Get On—Men Who Are Pleasanter Drunk Than Sober—A Lady Who Became the "Male Friend" of a Marquis, and so Achieved Success.

Mrs. Sherwood again. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. Last week she told us, through the *Sun*, what we must do to get into society. This week she tells us, in the same journal, what we must do to get *out* of society—that is, of course, to be thrust out violently, for it isn't to be supposed that having once entered through the gilded portals any one will ever pass out again of his own accord. A man or woman must be pretty far gone before society will drop them, if what Mrs. Sherwood tells us is true.

There are adventurers in society, Mrs. Sherwood says—not the old fashioned kind who used to go hunting for adventures and lived hard while they were doing it, but another sort altogether. Mrs. Sherwood's adventurers rarely hunt anything more dangerous than an aniseseed[sic] bag or a wealthy heiress; and living hard is the last thing they think of. Their title of adventurers is due to the fact that in some way, financial or otherwise, they get ahead of society, and induce it to believe them to be that which they really are not—a crime which, it is needless to say, no born-in-the-purple, dyed-in-the-wool member of society would ever be guilty of.

Mrs. Sherwood has met adventurers and likes them. She says they are very agreeable people. She speaks with mild enthusiasm of the "smiling, well mannered and irresponsible adventurer; some one who has the absolute necessity to be well mannered, else he would starve, for an adventurer must make his way not by honest merit, but by those sometimes delightful but not too praiseworthy accomplishments, flattery and deceit."

> The English adventurer who pretends to be an English lord, who is full of the English peerage, who can even write letters to himself from his noble English sister, who can go to a rural city and take in a distinguished lawyer and an intelligent circle, must be a very clever man. He could, one would think, succeed so much better in an honest calling, that he might have spared himself the trouble of being a fraud, but he does not think so. He runs the awful danger of being found out, rather than knuckle down to honest work. Perhaps he deceives himself; perhaps he is a *natural born dreamer* and thinks that he is a lord.

Adventurers, we learn, are of two classes—those like the ones described above, who adopt the calling because it is the easiest way of getting a living; and those who are forced into it by the cruelty of society itself. For the second class, Mrs. Sherwood has a good deal of sympathy.

> Occasionally some young man, whose name has been a thing to conjure with in polite society takes a downward course, is heard of as forgetting himself after dinner, perhaps as having played too many games

Sic in the original; probably "aniseed".

> of cards; he has lost *instead* of won, and therefore he is held up to universal reprobation. Supposing he had won? Do they reflect, they who shudder, that this dreadful man is no worse than his fellows—that he is no worse than he was before he was found out?
>
> Some men can drink but one glass of wine and they lose control of themselves; others can drink all night and not feel it. Is the man of the second class any better than the man of the first class? Not at all. Some men when drunk become haughty, dictatorial, argumentative and self-laudatory; others become wild, careless, brutal, fiendish; others genial, ardent, trusting, tearful, merry, generous, graceful. Some men are vastly improved by being drunk, and those who have dined with them when drunk are very sorry to meet them sober the next morning, finding them so much less agreeable. Now, should a man be blamed whom drunkenness defiles any more than a man whom drunkenness improves?
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> If he is turned out of a club a man is apt to take it too much to heart, call it social ruin and give himself up to bad courses. It is a lasting and dreadful thing, the social condemnation of a club; sometimes it lasts a man's lifetime, sticks to him; it is repeated at whist tables and whispered at dinner parties; it follows him into the sanctity of private life. How wrong this is, when we remember that at the great Juggernaut club reputations are made and are mended, cracked and lost every hour. Is it wise to allow a thing so freighted with injustice and prejudice to become the octopus of a young life? And yet this sort of degradation has turned many a respected man into the class that we call adventurers.

This is one of the sins of society.

The poor young husband of the poor young wife about whom Mrs. Sherwood told us last week, ought to cut this out and paste it in his hat. It tells him how to fit himself for society. His first duty, evidently, is to take to drinking and find out whether he is one of the men who are vastly improved by being drunk, or not. He may come home in the evening intoxicated, wake up sober in the morning and get the poor young wife to give him an impartial opinion as to his attractiveness in both conditions. Of course if he turns out to be one of those men who "are vastly improved by being drunk" he will have a very simple means of making *his* way in society; and if he will appear, properly intoxicated, at one of his poor young wife's 4 o'clock teas he will materially aid her entrance into the charmed circle.

As for the club business, of course that is very simple. The poor young husband should be careful to belong to a club that can be relied on not to turn him out. If the "Gentlemen's Sons of the Sixth Ward" are too particular he can enter the "Michael J. Maginnis Association," that never was known to expel anybody as long as he paid his dues and voted straight. It must be a foolish man indeed who can't make himself solid with his *club.*

Then there are the women adventurers, of whom we learn that "English society produces a plentiful crop." Taking Mrs. Sherwood's word for it, they seem to get along pretty well in many cases:

> There is such a thing as good luck in this world, and it sometimes comes to these women. They make a good match, and have that mysterious talent for society which some very good people haven't—the talent for "falling on." They know how to clear that invisible line which separates the popular from the common. These adventuresses are good players. Even if they do not hold the winning cards, they take a very decided trick: they may marry into some family of first-rate respectability and thus gain an assured position. It is then that the real adventuress becomes dangerous, for she is in the position of a tiger who has a vantage ground from which to spring. An unprincipled woman married to a respectable man, with money at command, is the most dangerous foe to the welfare of society. Men become her willing victims, their vanity is pleased, they think that to be dragged in golden chains at the triumphal car of Faustina is an honor. The

> beast lends himself to the policy of his trainer, so does man. He wishes to be seen with Faustina, to share her glory. Nothing can be gayer, more entertaining, than the salon of such a woman.

Apparently, it isn't much more trouble to be a successful adventuress than it is to be a successful seamstress. But there is no sort of doubt that it pays better. Mrs. Sherwood ought to use her influence to have a training school opened where women could be fitted for this special branch of industry. There are plenty of young ladies in our tenement houses with capacities for "falling on"—which we take to be society talk for "catching on"—that would surprise Mrs. Sherwood,

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and who would be very glad to "marry respectable men, with money at command." And what is more, there are a good many of them who would make the respectable men with money at command mighty comfortable after they had married them. Let Mrs. Sherwood think this over.

Society, however, is just as unequal in its treatment of females as of men. The adventuress who, as the circus people say, "misses her tip," is made to suffer for it. Mrs. Sherwood explores the depths of her experience for two little stories which beautifully illustrate this point. They are worth reproducing.

The first is the tale of a pretty woman who went to Paris a few years ago. She had no money, but she had "the shadow of a respectable position"—whatever that may be—and she apparently possessed that talent for "falling on" which is so necessary to social success. She became a gay coquette, and she caught a marquis. But—but—the marquis didn't marry her, and she committed suicide. And then society commenced to blackguard her, and apparently is doing it still. "She passed," says Mrs. Sherwood, "into a proverb for all that was vile; she was an adventuress."

The second story is of another woman who, as Mrs. Sherwood doesn't say she was pretty, we may take for granted had no other stock in trade than that wonderful capacity for "falling on." She also went to Europe, presumably to *Paris*, leaving "a respectable home and good husband and lovely children" for that purpose. She also connected herself with a marquis. Mrs. Sherwood says she became his "ami," which is French for masculine friend, and opens up a whole field of conjecture as to the relations between them. But this woman was luckier than the other woman. Her marquis—let us hope it wasn't the same marquis—married her, and now she is "an honorable lady." And this is the way Mrs. Sherwood moralizes on the two stories:

> The one is an adventuress, the other an honorable lady. Will the rich woman be dropped? Will she commit suicide? No, not a bit of it; the church sustains her and society endorses her, and she will be received at every court in Europe. Here and there the guilty woman will meet a pair of honest eyes in the head of an old acquaintance which will be turned away from her, and she may feel a pang, but she is still powerful, her parties will be crowded, and society as such will bow before her. Such is the sin bred of luxury; both are, however, adventuressses[sic].

All of which the poor young wife of the poor young husband will do well to paste into *her* hat as suggesting an agreeable means of arranging matters in case the poor young husband doesn't turn out to be "vastly improved by being drunk." Mrs. Sherwood's revelations of the inwardness of society are decidedly interesting. It will make the lower classes more contented to know these truths about the aristocracy, to support whom in idleness, they give their lives and strength.

Sic in the original; probably "adventuresses".

The Single Tax and Prohibition.

NEW YORK CITY.—A recent meeting of the North New York prohibition club was devoted to a debate between Mr. Clark, who appeared to champion the cause of prohibition, and Mr. A. M. Molina, as a representative of the single tax idea. The claim of the prohibitionists that "the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be to the first interest of the laboring classes," was the subject discussed.

Mr. Clark, whose address consisted chiefly of a regulation prohibition speech, maintained that, after the enactment of a prohibitory law, the money now invested in the liquor traffic would be diverted to other industries, which would afford increased opportunities for the employment of labor, as the same amount of capital applied to other industries would give employment to a greater number.

Mr. Molina began his address by saying that he was not opposed to the temperance movement; in fact, that his sympathies were with it; but he asked their attention to his exposition of a theory, without the success of which the realization of their dream would be more of a curse than a blessing. He proved the fallacy of Mr. Clark's statement that the money invested in the liquor business would go toward building up other industries by showing that if that were the case there would have to be industries that require the use of more capital and labor; but he pointed to the fact that money at the present time can be borrowed at a very low rate if required by any industry, and also to the fact of the existence of the vast army of unemployed, both ready at any time to supply any deficiency. He showed conclusively that the saving of that part of the wages of an individual which was formerly spent for liquor would simply accrue to the benefit of the employer, as labor, being able to maintain itself for less, the presence of those seeking an opportunity for the employment of their labor must naturally tend to force wages down to a point relatively as low as before.

The judge of the debate, who, by the way, was a land owner, decided in favor of Mr. Molina, as Mr. Clark did not succeed in proving that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would in any way deplete the ranks of the unemployed, nor how it would be to the first interest of the laboring class.

On the whole Mr. Molina's address was a very lucid exposition of the single tax theory and commanded the strict attention of those present, and will no doubt be productive of good results. I trust his example will have the effect of stimulating others to do likewise.

HENRY A. KRAMER.

For Free Trade and the Single Tax.

IRWIN, Ia., April [3?].—I have just read your book, "Progress and Poverty," and I must express my admiration and the conviction that your positions are impregnable, fortified as they seem by facts and experience.

I own a small farm of eighty acres, which I cultivate with my own labor, and from which I am able to support a large family, pay about $30 taxes per year and $64 interest on $800, for which the farm is mortgaged.

It would be to the immediate advantage of every farmer situated as I am, if in lieu of all other taxes the single tax on land values were levied, for we would gain more on labor and in the commutation of taxes than we would lose in rent. At the same time other gigantic monopolies based on protective duties would be abolished, and with clean hands we could consistently and easily stop all others. I notice that some one here by the name of Maxwell is holding an argument in the columns of the *Industrial American* (a union labor paper) with its editor.

In the coming presidential fight I propose to cast my vote with the party that seems to be facing in the right direction. The issue must necessarily lie between the democratic and republican parties, and as there is no kind of reform that can draw any encouragement from the republican party, I will vote with the other. I hope the democrats will give us Cleveland and General John C. Black, now pension commissioner, and a plank as strongly free trade as Cleveland's message. I was honored last fall with a place on the union labor ticket, but notwithstanding this I am more in accord with the democratic party at present. To me the tariff question is paramount to any other issue they present; and a party that is silent on this question, or ambiguous, is not the party for me.

JAMES K. P. BAKER.

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SOCIETY NOTES.

Edith Sessions Tupper in *Life.*

Meg, dear, I'm quite sorry Lent's over, For I've been having no end of fun; I haven't missed balls and receptions One bit since the season was done.

What with luncheons and teas and my riding, The sewing class, study and dress, And poker–I've made lots of money!– That devotion was crowned with success.

I've put in a most charming season, And really I'm sorry it's o'er; If it were not for the bonnets at Easter, I shouldn't mind forty days more.

Don't talk about [sin?], death and folly– Such topics are best ones to shun. Do you know, I think Lent is so jolly And sackcloth and ashes such fun!

Denny Kelleher and Mike Boden, two Philadelphia heavyweights, fought for a purse of $150, on Long island, April 4. The fight was conducted on the marquis of Queensberry rules, the attendant crowd being chiefly crazy drunk, and the referee refusing to award the stakes to either gentleman.

W. K. Vanderbilt and family have returned from their European yachting cruise, and entered upon the enjoyment of their $10,000 cook. They left this port, in the Alva, in July last for Queenstown, cruised through the Mediterranean, visited Constantinople, ran over into the holy land, ascended the Nile as far as the first cataract in a local steamer, stopped at the old cities of Egypt, Greece and Italy, and, in fact, did southern Europe and portions of Asia and Africa very thoroughly.

Two Hebrews, supposed to be Hans and Fanny Stackrica[sic], man and wife, being driven to desperation by abject poverty and utter hopelessness of their surroundings, resolved to die together, took poison in their wretched room and expired before daylight in St. Vincent's hospital. They left a four months' old baby, which was taken to police headquarters.–[Mail and Express.

An encounter took place at Minneapolis, April [4?], between Montreal Sport, a well known fighting dog, and Madge, who killed the famous Winnipeg Spring about two months ago. The light[sic] lasted one hour and twenty-seven minutes. At the end of the twelfth scratch Sport gave up and died in a few minutes. The contest was for $250 and gate money, and about $1,000 changed hands. Previous to this Sport had never lost a fight.

Sic in the original; probably "Stockrica".
Sic in the original; probably "fight".

Now that Lent is over Mrs. Cleveland is contemplating the renewal of the pleasant morning receptions which the discourtesy of many of her visitors compelled her to cease some time ago. The conduct of some of the people, and especially the ladies, who came to these receptions reminded one of the small boy when the circus comes to town—looking at the elephant, and then running ahead a block and stopping till the show comes by again. Time after time ladies were caught repeating, and they didn't all come from Baltimore either. Mrs. Cleveland grants to every one in line time enough for a good, searching comprehensive look at her face and her toilet, and it is the height of cruel meanness to double on her, and, falling in line again, wear out her patience and strength for the sake of a second ill bred stare of idle curiosity. Hereafter policemen will be so stationed as to make "repeating" impossible, and the first fair maiden that attempts it will be gently but firmly shown the door.—[Baltimore American.

The Philadelphia *Press* tells a queer story of a new infant industry in the city of protection and brotherly love. It is a thieves' academy, conducted on self-supporting and co-operative principles, by Mrs. Mary Flanigan of 235 Path street. The academy contains twelve pupils, and seems likely to have more if not hampered by police interference. Pupils are received at the age of twelve, and commence their studies by watching the older and more experienced students at their work, without attempting any active operations on their own account. They are then advanced to sneak thieving round the markets, or snatching things from in front of stores. In the higher grades they are allowed to practice burglary and shop lifting. All plunder is handed over to the principal and each pupil receives a stated sum of $2 per week. At last accounts the police had arrested the entire establishment.

The employes of the Reading iron works have agreed to accept a reduction of seven and a half per cent. in their wages, and orders have been given to resume work in the company's mills. Work will thus be given to 1,000 men who have been idle for several months.

The office of naval commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, to which the duke of Edinburgh is to be appointed in June, is worth £3,967 a year, and there is an excellent residence, besides numerous allowances.—[London Truth.

Bernard M'Aleese, a grocery clerk, was arraigned in Jefferson market police court for an assault upon his wife. When brought into court he made a dash at his wife, who had her baby in her arms, and it took five men to hold him. He was found to be suffering with delirium tremens. The wife testified that he was "always like that when in liquor."

It is not probable, if the list of European departures grows any larger, that Newport will be at all gay until even later than usual this year. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, following the new custom among the very rich members of New York society, have taken a house in London for four months. They sailed yesterday and will not return to Newport before the 1st of August, if then. Other prominent people will undoubtedly follow their example. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt will probably go to Islip upon their return and to Newport later on. The new and magnificent house which Mr. Fred Vanderbilt is building will not be completed this season.

Two families were turned out of the old Spencer house last night and left on the street with their luggage. They were in absolute destitution. One family found lodgings for the night on one of the shanty boats, but the other family, consisting of a man, woman and a very sick child, could find no place to sleep. Captain Mehen consulted with Mayor Camden and it was decided to let the family sleep in the jail last night. They were allowed to go next morning.—[Parkersburg, Wa. Va[sic]., State Journal.

Jay Gould's yacht, the Atlanta, has gone out of commission. The crew numbered forty-nine, including the officers, and were all dismissed except the captain, J. W. Shackford, who will remain for the present, and the boatswain, Joseph [Rosman?], who will stay permanently as shipkeeper. The yacht lies in the Erie basin, where she will probably be kept till she is put in commission again. The plate, linen and glass have been brought to New York.

Sic in the original; probably "W. Va.".

The princess of Wales recently received a magnificent diamond tiara valued at $24,000 as a silver wedding gift from some of the chief ladies of the British aristocracy.

In London there are 60,000 families who live in single rooms and [30,000?] yet more wretched, if that be conceivable, who have no regular homes at all. It is said that 80,000 fallen women are offered in sacrifice to the moloch of men's disordered selfishness in London streets.—[Archdeacon Farrar.

One of the most unique of the many private dinners given this season at Delmonico's, New York, took place the other day. On the plate of each guest and attached to the menu was a beautiful ring with an emerald stone, set in diamonds. The ring cost $1,000, and as there were eight guests, the menus, with their novel attachments, must have cost over $8,000. The host was George Law, a street railway magnate and several times a millionaire. The guests at this dinner were not so greatly surprised, for Mr. Law is known to spend considerably over $100,000 a year on jewelry. Very nearly all of this he distributes around among his acquaintances.—[Chicago Journal.

Not long since I made an estimate of the fallen women in this city. In [1867?] they numbered [6,000?]. To-day there are between 27,000 and 30,000 of these poor unfortunate creatures in the city of New York.—[Elbridge T. Gerry.

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There Might Be Two.

This one is sick; his wayward fate cries out Against the leech, the calomel, the bed. Oh! inconsiderate person, cease to pout— You might be dead!

And this one hath the mitten; he has wooed; Vainly, alack his wooing it has sped. Well—even in this there's comfort, rightly viewed— He might be wed!

And here is one who whines; his all is swept Away in panic; he has had to "fail." He should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept Safe out of jail.

But late I lost a twenty-dollar bill— And did I wring my hands that I had blundered? Not I, indeed! I'm very thankful still 'Twas not a hundred.

Sooth, should I e'er capsize when walks are bad[sic], And my good clavicle involve in wreck, Serenely, I should say— How very glad It's not my neck.

Oh! trust me—better not to make ado At the few miseries of our common lot. There's millions of 'em—if we only knew!— We haven't got.

MINNIE KELSEY.

CHAPTER I.

People usually mention the east side of New York when they speak of tenement house life. The truth is, the west side also has a tenement house population which, if transferred to a point somewhere out in the country, would be numerous enough to form one of the important cities of the world. In the tenement districts of the west side the houses are as high, the apartments as narrow, the streets as noisy, the children as countless, the poor as comfortless as on the east side.

On a certain corner in a west side tenement house neighborhood stands a cheaply built five-story brick house, patterned after the thousands of houses similarly situated in New York. That is to say, a corner house admits of windows on the side street, whereas houses in the body of a block have light only from front and rear, the intermediate rooms being dark, excepting, perhaps, that a faint light is admitted by means of a narrow shaft running up along the inner rooms from basement to roof.

The top floor of the house referred to is divided into suites of rooms for four families. In one of the rear apartments, that facing on the side street, there are four rooms—a little kitchen, which is merely the rear end of the

Sic in the original; probably "had".

hall in the middle of the house partitioned off; a light corner room, called big, since it is twelve feet square, and then two rooms on the side of the house facing the street, each equaling in length the width of the big room, each wide enough to admit a bed and a trunk beside it, and each lighted by a window.

On the afternoon of a sunshiny winter's Sunday a young girl sat at the window of the little chamber furthest from the kitchen. There was no fire in the room, but the sun's rays had taken away the chill from the air and the girl had wrapped herself warmly in an old shawl. She was looking out of the window with a pre-occupied air. She could look down along the side street some little distance, and by pressing her face against the glass she might have seen a little patch of the river, and through the clear air the Jersey City heights beyond forming a horizon of toy houses and snow-clad hills. Beneath, she could see Sunday dressed people walking on the sidewalk opposite, and on the further corner a crowd of half grown boys, skylarking when the policeman was out of sight and dispersing when he drew nigh, only to gather together again after he had passed on, wearily killing the weekly holiday that brought them no freedom to play, the public streets—public for walking or riding, but not for playing—being the only place where the boys could enjoy one another's company.

The young girl betrayed no interest in the view from her window. Neither did she evince impatience with the noises in the adjoining apartments or those echoed from the abodes of the twenty families living on the floors below. Her ears had grown accustomed to the crying of children, the slamming of doors, the sharp voices of scolding women, the halloos of the boys, the innumerable clatterings accompanying household work.

The druggist grows insensible to the smell of his shop. To catch the flavor of one of his medicaments he must apply it closely to his nostrils. So, in a tenement house, to detect any particular sound the occupant must stop and listen and distinguish it from a confusion of sounds.

Though the girl looked out of the window with a steady gaze, what she saw with her eyes made no impression on her mind. She was looking, not at the scenes before her eyes, but at mental pictures. She was, in imagination, gazing as a bird from aloft in air, upon a pleasant little country town, and reviewing incidents of her life which had happened there. Her memory and her affections were weaving her in a network of witchery. It had always been summer in that dear old place—summer with singing birds and green foliage, red cherries, and earth-carpets of many colored flowers. How plainly could she see every tree in the garden, every angle of the familiar houses, even every one of the straight planks and broad, irregular stones of the sidewalks. People whom she knew but slightly she now remembered as friends. And her own friends and playmates—she could but think of them, fondly loving them, seeing them as plainly as if they were in her presence, hearing their sweet voices and looking into their kind eyes. Musing over these heart pictures thrilled her with a melancholy pleasure.

The most sacred spot on earth to her was a cottage near the verge of the little town. She had been born there, and had lived[sic] there until in her seventeenth year she had come to New York. Her mother had been left a widow when she was a toddling thing. She was uncertain whether she could remember her father or not. She could recall plainly the figure of a handsome man who had long ago fondled her and gave her sweets, but was not this

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figure in the beginning only the figment of her fancy, created later when shown her father's likeness and told of his goodness and his affection for his only child? At his death he had nothing but the cottage to bequeath to her mother, who earned a living for herself and her little daughter by sewing. The years had gone on, bringing play, school, the joys of girlhood, the almost uneventful life of a happy home. It was but two short years since a blow had fallen upon her which changed the current of her existence. Her gentle mother had taken her in her arms one day, kissed her, blessed her, spoken of her faith in all things being for the best, and told her that yet a little while

Sic in the original; probably "lived,".

and she would be alone in the world. The physicians had warned her mother that her days were numbered. Less than a year later she was in her grave.

The death bed, the funeral, the sale of the cottage and its furniture—these events the girl now lived over again, the tears filling her eyes. Next had come the announcement that when all the expenses accompanying her mother's sickness and death should be paid, nothing would be left for her. The friends with whom she had temporarily taken up her abode could not be expected to maintain her permanently. It was while matters were in this state that she received a letter from an aunt whom she had never seen—her father's sister—the only relative of whom she had any knowledge, inviting her to make her home with her in New York. Her aunt wrote that she and her husband possessed but small means, but the niece was welcome to a share of what they had. She would be expected, of course, to help in the family work, and if she wanted more clothing than they could afford to give her she might get the money to buy it by working in a store.

Some good friends helped the young girl to make her preparations for going to the great city, and a little group of them collected at the station to bid her good bye when she took her departure from the town. When the train had started she felt that she had left behind her all she held dear on earth. Before her was a world to her untried, and she friendless, an orphan, a weak child, left to battle with the fates among strangers.

There had been some misunderstanding as to the hour of her arrival in the city, and no one was at the station to meet her. Tired and weighted down with bundles, she had 'inquired[sic] her way to the address her aunt had given her, walking a long way through crowded city streets that bewildered her, and at last had arrived in front of the house. She recollected how people had stared at her on the street as no one had ever done in the country, and how, as she made her way up to the top floor of the hive in which her aunt lived; women and children appeared at the doors of the hallways, and, not unkindly directing her to her aunt's apartments, eyed her and talked of her as though all had gossiped over her coming.

She found her aunt a pale, slender little woman with three young children. She remembered her first impressions of the husband when he came home from work in the evening. He was rough and disagreeable. So had he been ever since. He shaved but once in a fortnight or so, and hence his face was nearly always covered with a dirty stubble. His one suit of good clothes he seldom wore, but sat around in his soiled work clothes. The reason for this kind of life lay in his habit of stopping at a bar room when he was paid off on Saturday evenings and spending most of his week's money in a spree. It was often the case that he would not make his appearance at home from the time he left on Saturday morning until late Sunday night. After a night's rest he would go back to his favorite bar room and spend Monday in sobering up on the drinks to which he was treated. During the week he was usually sulky and morose, and gruff when he spoke at all.

The young girl speedily found that the motive of her aunt in bringing her to the city was that the work she was to do would be done cheaper by her than by hired help. The aunt, had she been well-to-do, would have been a confirmed invalid; as she was poor she was obliged to work, yet she could not attend to the children and do her housework. The young girl was expected to take a good deal of the drudgery off her aunt's shoulders, and the very first week she was told she must certainly find a situation, besides, where she could earn wages.

She had found a place, not in a store, but in a factory, her wages as a beginner being far less than her uncle spent on drink. If she had been allowed to retain them she might have dressed herself neatly, but at first either the aunt or the uncle had borrowed them from her, and in time she was made to understand that what she was giving them was only their due for taking care of her.

The year since her coming to the city had gone quickly. Time flies when one works long hours every day but Sunday. The day, the hours, may seem long, but in the sum of either the period is short. Factory life is humdrum, one day being like every other, and when a length of working time is reviewed one sees few events out of the ordinary to break the monotonous chain. A girl at factory work, engaged generally month in and month out at a single process in subdivided labor, may almost envy the prisoner in a treadmill. He may, at least, digest his food. She sits or, worse, stands hour by hour, her eyes fastened upon her work, her hands following motions that in time become automatic. She forgets after a while that there are any processes in the work save her own. To her there is no raw material or completed product. There is only at one side of her a pile of things in the nineteenth stage which she is to pass to the other side manufactured by her into the twentieth stage. Even this she at length loses sight of. She seems no longer to be making anything real. Her motions leave behind them a something unreal, unseen. It is the warp and woof of her vitality. She weaves them into an interminable web of something it makes her shudder to look back along, colorless, figureless, intangible, unprofitable. Its making brought her for the hour bread and a covering. She loses in forming it sprightliness, the roses of her cheeks, the

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resiliency of youthful temperament, and, she her own chameleon, takes on from it dullness, morbidness, colorlessness, bloodlessness.

Yet some things in her place of toil never lose their dreadful realness to the factory girl. Penned up in a hot room ten hours a day, the vitiated air seems to dry up the blood in her veins. A nauseating odor of decomposing oil sickens her. The grinding and discordant hum of machinery seems to penetrate her very brain. Dust thickens the atmosphere and chokes her. An hour after work is begun a fever seizes her and never ceases to torture her until she falls asleep in her bed at night long after lying down to rest.

So was time beginning to go with this young girl. She had taken to asking herself whether this was to be her life for a period to which the end might be death or a new life-era in marriage with some man who might turn out such another as her uncle. Was she never to take pleasure in study again, as she had done when her mother taught her and encouraged her? Was she to have no girl's enjoyment? Was her routine to be the tramp to the detestable factory and back again to the infernal tenement house? Was she never to love a good, high minded man and be the loved mistress of a home, as were the women she had known out there in the country, where there are homes? With thoughts such as these she arose, turned away from the window and looked around the cheerless little room. It had two narrow beds in it standing end to end. In one, two of the children slept at night. In the other, the smallest child and herself. To-day she was alone for once, the mother having gone to visit friends, taking the children with her. The walls she had pretty well covered with colored pictures and cuts from the newspapers. On a little make-believe mantel piece, covered with a bit of cheap, bright colored cloth, stood a small clock and a photographs[sic] of her mother and father and a few friends. She sighed in weariness as she looked around the mean little room, and sighed again in grief as she looked on her mother's picture.

Presently she walked to the window and pulled the blind down to the lowest half pane. Then she made sure the door was bolted. Next she took down her hair, combed it slowly and looked at herself in a foot square glass. She threw aside the shawl and again looked in the glass. She tightened her dress about her shoulders and looked at herself in full and sidewise. She spent some little time in looking at her hands and trimming her finger nails. She brought out a pair of shoes from her trunk, examined them carefully, put them on, and, drawing aside her skirts, looked at her feet as she walked up and down the the[sic] room. She stood with her back against the wall and straightened herself. She looked once more in the glass and showed herself her teeth. Then she walked up and down the room again jauntily and quickly, humming a little tune.

Sic in the original; probably "inquired".
Sic in the original; probably "photographs".
Sic in the original; probably "the".

Drawing the shawl about her again, she went to her trunk, knelt in front of it, and reaching down among the clothing it contained, brought out half a dozen photographs. They were cheap pictures of actresses. She looked at them all closely, noting their dresses, their figures, their pose and expression. She rummaged still further down in the trunk; bringing up a newspaper, and, unfolding it, took out another photograph. It was that of a handsome, serious looking man of thirty. While she was looking at it intently—inquiringly rather than affectionately—some one rapped loudly at the door of her room.

CHAPTER II.

"Minnie Kelsey! Minnie Kelsey!" They were feminine voices.

The young girl hastily rewrapped the photograph and plunged it to the depth of the trunk. She went to the door, opened it slightly to peep at her callers, and then widely to admit them.

They were two young girls of the neighborhood who worked in the factory. They were in high feather. To-morrow night was the night of the ball of the factory employes. Had Minnie yet decided to go? Minnie replied that she had not concluded what to do. One of the girls said:

"Minnie, if you will go, I'll lend you my cousin's blue dress. She's away now. How it would become you! It wouldn't do for you to stay at home. You are the prettiest girl in the factory, and you're kind o' different, too, coming from the country. If you go, you'll have a splendid time."

The other chimed in with the first. Minnie said she would not like to wear another's dress without the owner's knowledge, but the girl who had offered it said that her cousin had often worn her clothes; she had some of her things now away over in Jersey, where she worked. She herself had a new hat which she would so much like Minnie to wear. She was going to wear her black hat, as it suited her dress. She thought Minnie ought not to put on airs and refuse to wear things not her own. Minnie had often done her favors in the shop, and now she would like to repay them. Poor people must do for one another.

Minnie was eighteen. She had never been to a ball. She had learned to dance a little, the girls indulging occasionally in the pastime together in the big hallway during the dinner half hour, sometimes to the music of a hand organ or a strolling brass band on the street, and sometimes to their own singing. She hesitated a little and then said she would try to go. The two other girls seemed to understand that that was assent enough, and they turned the talk to chatter about what they were going to wear at the ball. The one who had spoken to Minnie about her cousin's dress said her cousin was just the same size as herself, and she took off her dress waist and got Minnie to try it on, and expressed herself rejoiced to see how certain it was that the nice blue dress would fit Minnie. After finishing the gossip of the factory and again promising themselves a good time at the ball, the girls went away.

When Minnie Kelsey returned home from the factory the next evening her aunt said a bundle had been left for her during the afternoon and that she had put it on Minnie's bed. As soon as her supper was

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finished Minnie went to her room, opened the bundle, which proved to be a large pasteboard box, and in it were a very pretty bonnet and a new dress of much richer material than she had ever worn. She put the things back in the box after admiring them, and, going to the window, looked out on the lamp-lit streets while she tried to plan what she should do. She had been carried along by events until she could not without a great effort determine to go to the ball. She had not dared to mention anything about it to her churlish uncle. Her desire to go would be sufficient reason for him to forbid her going. She had not spoken of it to her aunt, whose fear of her husband would have prompted her to tell him of it. Besides, Minnie, not having fully promised herself the pleasure of

going, had said nothing about it lest the mere suggestion should have brought her harsh words from her uncle. Now, here was everything ready. The girls would be waiting at the home of one of them near by, where their escorts were to call for them. Was she now to put aside the fine clothes, go to bed with the children, and in the morning go to the factory to hear all the other girls cheerily talking over the events of the night before, and be the one lone outsider?

It occurred to her that she might bid her aunt good night when she put the children to bed, as if retiring with them —not an unusual thing when she was tired—and when the children fell asleep she could dress, step out, go to the ball, come home about two o'clock, and neither her aunt nor her uncle would ever know that she had been away. The front door of the house was never locked; her room door opened on the hallway. The plan was feasible.

Had some wiser one been near her just then, some confidential and sympathetic adviser—it ought to have been a mature woman—she might have spoken gently such admonitory words as these: Minnie, child, you are tempted to risk greater temptations. Face the worst of troubles, but do not deceive. You are not now entirely yourself. You are being carried away by the illusions of youth. Do not obey the spirit now in possession of you. Your eyes are at this moment too bright. The blood is coursing through your veins too rapidly. Your judgment is overcome in your agitation. Either stay home or consult with your aunt.

Minnie was called by her aunt to help with the evening's work before she had been able to reach a conclusion. Her uncle had not come home to supper, not having been at work during the day, his spree lasting longer than was usual. Her aunt listlessly asked what was in the bundle, and she answered carelessly that it was only a dress one of the girls was lending her to try on; she hoped to get a new one soon and wanted to see how the style of the one lent her would suit her. She had not finished speaking when she began to feel ashamed of her words, deceit being new to her. She was the more deeply mortified on seeing that her aunt, accustomed to believing her implicitly, said nothing further on the subject. She thought that if her aunt caught her in this one misrepresentation she would henceforth always be under suspicion of trickery.

The children wanted to go to bed early. Minnie said good night to her aunt when they did, and in a few minutes they were sleeping soundly in their places for the night. Minnie then again took out the dress and the bonnet and looked them over. She was not at all tired; before going to bed she would try on the dress and see how it would fit. She removed her faded old street dress, and drew on the pretty blue dress belonging to the cousin of her friend. Surely that dress had never been worn at all, and how marvelously well it fitted her! It was not a ball dress; it would have done for the street, but it was of the style of the best dress which many girls who earn their living wear to the balls they attend. There were bows and ribbons to match it in the box, and them also she pinned on, only to see how they would become her. By the dim lamp light she could make out in the little glass that she was looking better dressed than she had ever done before. She took up the pretty hat, and turned it about as she looked it over. Yes, it would match her blonde hair and the dress. She placed it on her head. The glass whispered more flattery to her than before.

She was not a bit tired or sleepy. Since her penitence at deceiving her aunt, she had half given up the thought of going to the ball. But she now thought the girls and the young men might be waiting for her. She would not have them lose the grand march; she ought to run over to her friend's and tell the little party there to wait no longer. Since she had the nice new clothes on she would wear them over on her errand and let the girls see how they became her, and how, by accident, the dress fitted her so well.

She put on a veil, turned out the light, moved quietly into the hallway and to the head of the stairs, and in a moment more had slipped down into the street without being seen.

When she entered the apartment of her friend there was but one room into which she could be ushered, and when she entered she was greeted with exclamations of delight by the girl's parent, and by compliments from the young men. All assumed that she was to be of the party. In a moment she took the young lady of the house, whose cousin's dress she was wearing, out into the hallway and whispered that she could not go to the ball. But when her reasons were given they were declared to be no reasons at all, and in an instant her friend had the entire party in the hall protesting against her remaining at home, and, as all were ready to start, she found herself half carried along and in a street car on the way to the ball before she had made up her mind what to do.

The man who took his place by her side as her escort was the man of thirty whose picture was in her trunk. He was of no more than medium height, and this, with a quiet air, rendered him to the superficial observer perhaps the least noticeable man in the party. It was not until one had watched the group for awhile that it became evident that all accorded him the place of leader. He seemed not to know it, however. He was serious and resolute

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looking. While spending an evening at her friend's apartments Minnie had met him, and she had afterward seen him occasionally at the same place. He had been polite to her and had given her his photograph, and the girls in their talk paired him off with Minnie. He was always carefully dressed, gave the girls presents, and, whatever he did, they knew he did not work.

The building in which the ball was given appeared to Minnie a very grand place indeed. In the ladies room she had opportunity before a great mirror to arrange her hair and retie her bows and ribbons, and when she made her appearance in the ball room to take part in the grand march many of the girls of the factory smiled on her and told her she had never looked so well.

Her escort, though dancing but little himself, bad a care during the evening that she should dance often with good partners. Between dances he walked with her about the hall or sat with her talking, good naturedly describing the way such balls are made to pay, telling her who many of the young men were, and making the time pass agreeably to her. It seemed to her he knew everybody and had the run of things perfectly. He acted, however, as though he might be somewhat tired of it all. He was more interested in describing things to her than in enjoying them himself. His manners were easy and polite, and as he talked amiably to her in a pleasant, low voice she was pleased that she had him as a partner for the evening.

The hall was a large one, and twenty quadrilles were on the floor at a time. The young people heartily enjoyed the dancing, the "hands-all-around" and similar movements coming off with shouts and screams of delight. When partners were swung they went around two or three times as a rule, and some couples fairly whirled each other as long as the figure allowed them. The youths cut up antics, a favorite one being, when two approached in the quadrille, for each to hold out his right foot and turning the sole straight up and down to shake it at the other. One or two slender young chaps could swing one foot as high as their heads, a movement they seemed much to enjoy. Some of the young fellows smoked cigars as they danced, and Minnie was sorry to see a bar in sight of the ball room. The girls enjoyed the dancing undisguisedly, laughed loudly with delight and giggled without restraint, but they acted on the whole with extreme modesty. The attire of none of them would suggest to a young lady of high life the costume for a ball, as they seemed unaware that they had forms to exhibit.

A young man who had engaged to dance a quadrille with Minnie did not make his appearance when it began, and, her escort not being at hand, she seated herself in a corner of the hall. Presently through an open doorway she heard several young men in an adjoining room talking. One said:

"I see Tom King has a new girl to-night. One every season."

"Yes, a pretty girl, of course. He's got her dressed out in style, too."

“King gets his boodle at the races. Come easy, go easy. She looks like an innocent young thing, but she’s got clothes on that she can’t buy herself, that’s sure.”

Minnie felt herself growing faint. She went to the ladies’ room, where, when the quadrille was finished, she was joined by the two girls who had called on her on Sunday. They said they and their young men had been invited out to supper by her escort, Tom King, who sent word asking her to go with the party.

This was an opportunity for her to get away from the hall. She quickly planned that she would go with the party to supper, and then insist on going home. In a short time, the party of six were seated in a restaurant. All were gay save Minnie, who could hardly force herself to speak. Champagne was ordered by Tom King, and the men drank heartily, the other two girls sipping of the wine, while Minnie declined to take any. It was not long before one of the girls grew talkative. She said:

“Minnie, I know why you are so quiet; you’re in love.”

This was greeted with laughter, though Minnie looked pained, and Tom King did not smile.

“Minnie,” the girl continued; “let me congratulate you on your good looks. That new dress of yours fits you beautifully, and becomes you better than anything else you ever wore. I wish I could have a dress like that.”

There were more congratulations from her girl friends, but Minnie felt the tears come to her eyes.

“New bonnet, new dress; dear knows what, all new,” the girl went on, “Oh! what luck some girls have.”

Minnie felt that all present must understand the allusion, and could only blush and try to hide her agitation. She was but waiting until the supper was ended, and she intended then to go home even if she had to go alone.

At last Tom King rose to pay the bill. While he was thus engaged the two girls went out of the restaurant with their young men; when Minnie and King reached the sidewalk, the rest were out of sight. King said:

“Minnie, I think you had better go home.”

“I am going home,” she said.

They walked along and entered a street car without either one speaking. There they sat in silence. Nothing was said until after they had left the car and were nearing the house where Minnie lived. King then spoke:

“Minnie, some one said something to you about me this evening.”

“They did, sir; or rather it was said in my hearing. They said you had a new girl every season and that you bought her clothes. You bought this dress and hat and got Maggie Wilson to deceive me into wearing them. I have been made the victim of my own vanity. I have suffered in my reputation through you. I shall never be caught again in such a trap.”

“Minnie, you are a good girl.”

“And I mean to be—I am home.”

She ran in the front door of the tenement house and went up the stairs. As she approached the top floor she was

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alarmed at seeing that the big room of her uncle’s apartments was lighted up and the door standing open. She heard her uncle’s hoarse voice. He was drawling out in a fit of drunken indignation:

"Ed Brady told us all about it down in Gilligan's liquor store. She was there with that gambler, Tom King, dressed out the most expensive in the room. We know she never got them fineries honest. She's the first connection o' mine ever did the likes o' that. When I lay my hands on her she'll be sick of ever disgracing a decent family like mine."

Minnie's first impulse was to rush into the room and explain all, but the man looked so brutal she feared to do so. She turned and ran down the stairs. Unfortunately she tripped on the highest flight and fell a distance of several steps, making a loud noise in the quiet house. Her uncle came out to the landing and called her name in his harsh, deep voice, but she made her way down the dark stairway as quietly as possible. Her uncle heard her and followed, awakening the inmates of the house by roaring:

"You stop there. You stop there, girl. You can't git away from me. I'll break every bone of your body. You'll disgrace an honest family, will you! To think of it! A respectable workin' man like me to have such cattle right in with his own children!"

On gaining the street Minnie ran around the block. It happened that her uncle took the opposite way and also went around the block. They were thus brought together when each had gone half around. Though they met under the gaslight Minnie's uncle passed her by after looking at her searchingly. He was swearing to himself. When he was a few steps beyond her she began running. In a moment he was pursuing her.

"To think I couldn't recognize her in her guilty finery!" he bawled. And he called stop thief as she sped along down the street.

The young girl had already been worn out with the exciting events of the evening, and now she hardly knew what she was doing. As she ran, weak and panting, her head almost bursting with pain, it occurred to her that only a little way further was the river. In it she could find oblivion. She would as lief die as live. Friendless, homeless, a castaway, what was there in this world to cause her to prize life?

She heard her uncle's heavy boots clattering on the sidewalk, and his oaths and objurgations against her. She quickened her speed, but just as she reached the river street a police officer walked out from the shadow of the house and stood in her way. She stopped, but said nothing. The uncle came up and aimed a blow at her. The officer's arm received it. At this moment another man walked out from the shadow of the house. He walked close to Minnie's uncle and said:

"Go away!"

The answer was a loud imprecation, and the uncle was going on to declaim against Minnie, when the man suddenly knocked him down and said, in a determined way:

"Shut up, or I'll choke off your voice."

The uncle's manner changed to a whine, but his antagonist kicked him, and once more told him to shut up. The patrolman did not interfere. The man then said:

"You know me, officer. I'm Tom King. This lady is now in my charge."

Poor Minnie stood still, the victim of the tide of affairs. Again King spoke:

"Minnie, I'll say now what I meant to say, sooner this evening. I want a wife. Will you marry me?"

Minnie was silent.

"The officer here will go with us to the station house. We'll be married there in the presence of witnesses. Will you come?"

Minnie did not answer, but when Tom King gently took her hand, put her arm under his and walked away, she walked along with him.

HAGAN DWEN.

St. Michael the Weigher.

James Russell Lowell in America.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing All man's dreaming, doing, saying, All the failure and the pain, All the triumph and the gain, In the unimagined years, Full of hopes, more full of tears, Since old Adam's conscious eyes Backward searched for Paradise, And, instead, the flame blade saw Of inexorable law.

In a dream I marked him there, With his fire gold, flickering hair, In his blinding armor stand, And the scales were in his hand; Mighty were they and full well They could poise both heaven and hell. "Angel," asked I humbly then, "Weighest thou the souls of men? That thine office is, I know." "Nay," he answered me, "not so; But I weigh the hope of man Since the power of choice began In the world of good or ill." Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place All the glories of our race, Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast, Gems, the wonder of the East, Kublai's scepter, Cæsar's sword, Many a poet's golden word, Many a skill of science, vain To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw Things regardless, outcast, few, Martyr-ash, arena sand, Of St. Francis' cord a strand, Beechen cups of men whose need Fasted that the poor might feed, Disillusions and despairs Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs, Broken heart that brake for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran Seeing then the beam divine Swiftly on his hand decline, While earth's splendor and renown Mounted light as thistle down.

The Way It Works.

Boston Budget.

Two coal heavers were discussing the lowering of the price the other day. They were employed on neighboring wharves, and of course any change in the staple, the handling of which afforded them a livelihood, had a special interest to them. "Well, Mike," remarked one, "arn't yer glad that the price of the coal has dropped?" "Bad luck to the bit am I," regretfully responded the other, "for I was dropped with it." "What do you mean?" "Oh, the boss said it was so low now that fewer men could handle it."

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The Forsaken Merman.

Matthew Arnold.

Come, dear children, let us away! Down and away below. Now my brothers call from the bay; Now the great winds shorewards blow; Now the salt tides seawards flow; Now the wild white horses play, Champ and chaff and toss in the spray. Children dear, let us away: This way, this way.

Call her once before you go. Call once yet, In a voice that she will know: "Margaret! Margaret!" Children's voices should be dear (Call once more) to a mother's ear; Children's voices wild with pain. Surely she will come again. Call her once, and come away; This way, this way. "Mother dear, we cannot stay," The wild white horses foam and fret, Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down. Call no more. One last look at the white walled town, And the little gray church on the windy shore, Then come down. She will not come, though you call all day. Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday We heard the sweet bells over the bay; In the caverns where we lay, Through the surf and through the swell, The far-off sound of a silver bell? Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep, Where the winds are all asleep; Where the spent lights quiver and gleam; Where the salt weed sways in the stream; Where the sea beasts, ranged all round, Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground; Where the sea snakes coil and twine, Dry their mail, and bask in the brine; Where great whales come sailing by, Sail and sail, with unshut eye, Round the world for ever and aye! When did music come this way? Children dear, was it yesterday? Children dear, was it yesterday (Call yet once) that she went away? Once she sat with you and me, On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea, And the youngest sat on her knee. She combed its bright hair and she tended it well, When down swung the sound of the far-off bell; She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea; She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray In the little gray church on the shore to-day. 'Twill be Easter time in the world—ah me! And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee." I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves; Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves." She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay; Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear; were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan; Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say. Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay. We went up the beach in the sandy down Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-walled town, Through the narrow paved streets where all was still, To the little gray church on the windy hill. From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers, But we stood without in the cold blowing airs, We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains, And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes. She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear; "Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here. Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone; The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan." But ah! she gave me never a look, For her eyes were sealed to the holy book. "Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door," Come away, children, call no more, Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea;

She sits at her wheel in the humming town, Singing most joyfully. Hark what she sings: “O joy, O joy, For the humming street, and the child with its toy, For the priest and the bell, and the holy well, For the wheel where I spun, And the blessed light of the sun.” And so she sings her fill, Singing most joyfully, Till the shuttle falls from her hand, And the whizzing wheel stands still. She steals to the window and looks at the sand; And over the sand at the sea; And her eyes are set in a stare; And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear, From a sorrow-clouded eye, And a heart sorrow-laden, A long, long sigh, For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden, And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar;
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill side,—
    And then come back, down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
    But cruel is she;
    She left lonely forever
    The kings of the sea."

Leaving the Union Labor Club to Join the Single Tax Association.

CANTON, O., March 31.—I am about to sever my connection with the union labor club and

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join the single tax club. If we reformers are to accomplish anything we must recognize some fundamental principle and join in pushing it. Of the three reform parties here, the prohibitionists advocate an artificial and unnatural restriction; the union labor party give chief prominence to their plan for issuing money and loaning it at a low rate of interest to the industrial classes, and expect thus to destroy the power of the money kings; the single tax people advocate nothing artificial, but simply a returning to natural laws, the removal of all burdens on industry and the recognition of the rights of all to their share in the earth. I see in this last a reform which will destroy the tyranny of aggregated capital without special legislation, and therefore choose it rather than the plan proposed by the union labor party which could accomplish nothing of lasting benefit. A. J. KINTZ.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.

As Applied to Sewing Machines, Fans, Church Organs, Bootblacking Brushes; Street Cars and Clocks.

Electricity as a motive power is making wonderful strides. Ten thousand electric motors are said to be in operation in the United States and Canada, though it is hardly more than two years since the appliance was introduced as a practical machine. The following facts about motors are drawn from various sources, but chiefly from an article by Thomas Commerford Martin in the current number of the *North American Review:*

Of the thousands of electric motors in use one type alone is employed in over one hundred and twenty different industries. One motor in a livery stable operates an elevator, pumps water and brushes down the horses. Another is used to squirt color on photographs. A third drives a large factory where scores of fac similes are made daily. Over a dozen are attached to the presses of daily papers. One operates the machinery of a knitting mill where two hundred and fifty hands are employed. Hundreds are at work in connection with fans, sewing machines, coffee mills, ice cream freezers, church organs, bootblacking brushes, freight and passenger elevators, dental lathes, jewelers' tools and the like. Curious instances of the repeated conversion of current into mechanical energy and back again are to be found in the use of motors to drive electro-plating machines, or the dynamos which now, instead of chemical batteries, furnish current in large telegraph offices.

A considerable number of these motors are from one to fifteen horse power, and are driven by a current supplied from a central station by wires which at night feed hundreds of electric lights.

Electric motors up to fifteen horse power, if they use a current from a central station, are preferable to steam engines, for they require no coal and make no dirt; no water supply is needed; the engineer is dispensed with; no heat is created; insurance is lowered and space is economized. The motor that drives the presses of a daily paper in Detroit has been standing and working on the case it was shipped in. The wires that carry the current may pass through the keyhole, down the chimney, or in by the window frame. In the morning the turn of a switch puts the motor in operation. and at night[sic], with another turn, it ceases to work so quickly that a minute later no one could tell it had been running.

The average charge throughout the country for a current from central stations is $100[sic] per annum per horse power; and on this basis, Mr. Martin says, motors of any size can easily compete with any other kind of appliance. The tendency seems to be toward the use of the larger motors, even above twenty-five horse power.

Sic in the original; probably "in operation, and at night".
Sic in the original; probably "$1.00.".

Recent experiments have demonstrated that the power of water falls can be caught up, transferred in an electric current miles away and with motor apparatus used in towns, mines and factories.

Another use for the electric motor is the propulsion of street cars. Already twenty-two electric railways are in operation in the United States and Canada, carrying between five and ten million passengers annually. Electricity has many advantages over other means of propulsion, and is said to be from thirty to fifty per cent cheaper than animal power. There are various methods of using electricity. The motor may be placed anywhere in the car and the current conveyed by overhead wires, by a conduit, by one of the ordinary rails or from storage batteries under the seats. The latter method has been tried very successfully in Philadelphia. The batteries under the seats supply to a dynamo electric motor guard to the wheel[sic] a current strong enough to run a full loaded car forty or fifty hours at the rate of eight miles an hour, including stops. These storage batteries also supply light and ring the signal and warning bells. As a means of illumination it may be said incidentally that the storage battery is admirably adapted. A gentleman in Philadelphia has a storage battery in his carriage, which supplies a three candle power light on each side of the vehicle and a much stronger light inside.

Still another use for the electric motor, and perhaps one of the most curious, is to wind clocks. A small battery is placed in the frame of a clock and connected by wires to a small motor secured to the main spring part of the movement. Attached to and swinging around with the central wheel of the clock work is an arm, which at every revolution touches another arm. This closes the electric circuit, and the motor is set working and winds up the clock's spring. A simple contrivance breaks the circuit when the spring is fully wound. Experiment has proved that such an appliance can be run a year at an expense of less than twenty-five cents; and, as to accuracy, it is stated that such a clock can be sealed up and left to itself for at least one year with a certainty of its keeping closer time during that period than can be secured by any other known method. Such self-winding clocks will supercede other clocks in railroad service, and are now in use in the offices of two of the great railroads running out of New York.

It Is Free Trade.

From Henry Cabot Lodge's Speech at Cambridge.

It is free trade that is proposed not tariff reform. When the president in his message and the secretary of the treasury in his report advised the retention of the internal revenue and maintained silence as to the great sugar taxes, urging the removal of the surplus wholly by the removal or reduction of protective duties, they committed themselves to free trade in a manner which no form of vague and soothing words could disguise. When the majority in the house unite on such a measure as the Mills tariff, with its comparatively slight reduction of sugar duties and internal revenue, and its wholesale attack on all the protective duties, they commit themselves to free trade. Had they aimed merely at reducing the surplus they would have got rid of it more surely and speedily by reducing the tobacco taxes, repealing the burdensome tax on alcohol used in the arts, and by abolishing the sugar duties. It is all very well to say, as I have heard free traders declare, that no one thinks of destroying the tariff or of immediate free trade; but the adoption of the principles of the president's message. or the enactment[sic] of the Mills tariff, would break down the entire protective system within two years, and, whatever may be said, that is what they are intending to do.

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Sic in the original; probably "motor geared to the wheel".
Sic in the original; probably "message, or the enactment".

WOMEN.

Oskaloosa, Kan., has elected a woman as mayor and five women as members of the city council.

Of the ninety-two graduates from the New York college of pharmacy two were women, Miss de Socarras and Mrs. R. S. Brunner. The latter proposes to compound prescriptions and otherwise assist her husband in his drug store in Brooklyn.

The following patents were applied for by women in England recently: Rhoga-sa, a new nutritious food essence and beverage of various delicious flavors; improvements in letter and bill files; an invention for polishing and cleaning laundry and flat irons, and feeding spoons for infants and invalids.

Mme. Christine Nilsson-Miranda has a passion for tapestries and fans. Her collection of tapestries is very choice. Her fans are chiefly gifts from eminent persons. One, given to her by a Russian prince, is a copy of the famous fan of the queen of Oude, made of white silk with sticks of ivory and gold, set with diamonds, emeralds, pearls and rubies. Another, given by the Empress Eugenie, once belonged to Mme. Dubarry, and was painted by Boucher. A third, presented by the city of Venice, is of silver filigree and point lace. The finest of all came from the Thakore Sahib of Morvi. It is made of gold, gems and feathers.

It is not to be wondered at that German children are better scholars than those of almost any other nation, seeing what means are employed in making schools attractive to them. In Thuringia, for instance, it is the custom for the schoolmaster to present to every child on its first entrance into the school an enormous bag of sweets. Lately the custom had degenerated to such a degree, by the parents and friends of the well to do children all supplying additional bags to the favored pupil, that the government has been obliged to interfere, and one bag only is now the rule in one district, while in another it has ceased altogether.

Mme. Victorina, now performing at the Empire theatre in London, and called the female hercules, because of her muscular powers, is described as a quiet, modest girl, of medium height and slender, graceful figure, who dresses simply. She says in relating some of her experiences: “My husband and I have often had a great deal of amusement in private in connection with my strength. Once we were at Berlin, and as our luggage is naturally tremendously heavy, and expensive in proportion, we take as much of it as possible into the railway carriage when we are traveling. The porter, who had put our boxes into the van, saw that I was carrying what looked like two small handbags. He offered to put them into the carriage for me, and I never saw so astonished and overawed a face than when I handed him the two parcels, each containing one of my heavy weights. Another time we were going up the stairs of our hotel when we found six men engaged in taking an iron safe upstairs. The owner, who knew us, said laughingly, ‘Oh, here comes madame; she will show you how to do this kind of work.’ I had never tried anything like it, but I took a firm hold of the safe and put it on the next step, although I wore my ordinary clothes. The safe was presented to me by the owner, and I have since then often carried it across the stage.”

Donn Piatt to the Ohio Farmers.

Home Knowledge.

At Liverpool our wheat comes in competition with the wheat of the Baltic, where the laborer works at $18 a year and a goat skin coat; with the wheat of Egypt, that is to-day the house of bondage, having slavery in its worst form; with the wheat of India, where labor is in as bad a condition; and worse yet, of Australia, where the shipper takes manufactured articles back home in payment—an exchange denied us by law.

You see we sell under free trade, and are left to the mercy of the worst form of pauper labor.

What is our condition when we come to purchase? Why, we are met with protection. All that we buy, from a horse shoe to a mower, all that we wear. all that we build[sic] for shelter, all that we use over and above our products, from the cradle we are rocked in to the coffin we rot in—the clothes we wear, the shingle that shuts off the storm, the glass we look through, the blanket we sleep under to the tombstone that records our supposed virtues, are augmented in price to double their values, so that we sell under free trade and buy under protection. Now, do you wonder that we work at a disadvantage? If protection is such a good thing, we want it; if free trade is such an evil, we don't want it; and yet we have the one and not the other; we get what we don't want and are denied what we do want, and it is the most bare-faced, impudent swindle ever perpetrated on an intelligent people. There is precisely where insult is heaped on injury. We are considered so ignorant and stupid that we may be plundered with impunity. They pretend to protect us on wool. Well, we have lost more on our protected shears than we ever made on our protected wool. If the government will give us free lumber, free salt, cease its protection to the barbed wire monopoly, and see that I am charged a reasonable rate for transportation on these public highways, called railroads, I will undertake to undersell at a profit any wool grown in any other part of the earth than that of these United States.

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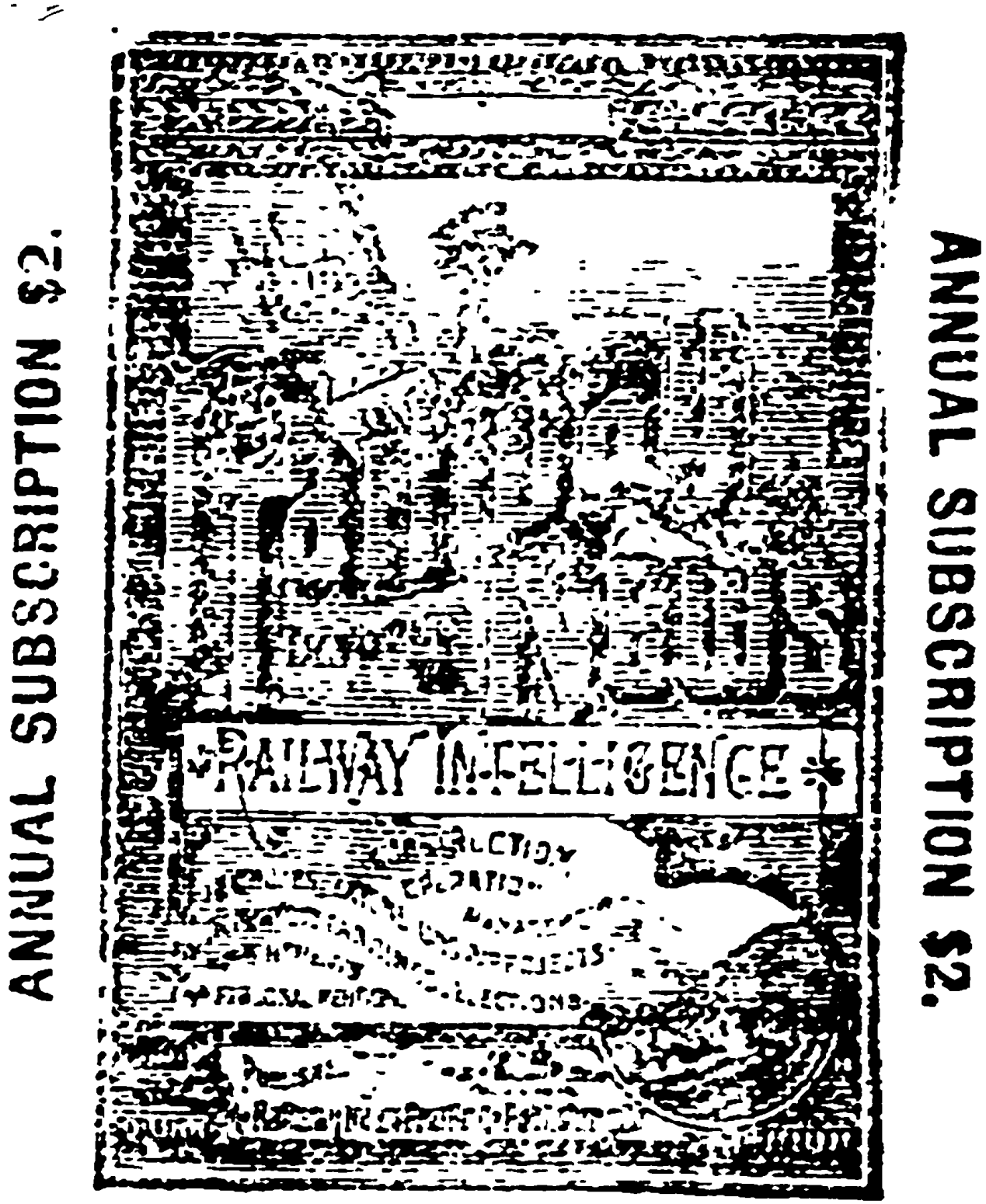
A special selection, comprising thirty or more of the most popular tracts, will be sent for [30?] cents.

Other numbers in preparation.

Address HENRY GEORGE, 12 Union square, New York city.

Sic in the original; probably ““A Piece of Land.” By the late”.

[Advertisement] The Railway News



p7_fig1

[Illustration: engraved masthead/cover of The Railway News, a pictorial scene (locomotive and figures, poorly reproduced) with large display lettering largely illegible in the scan, flanked on both sides by vertical type. Legible wording: banner “RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE” with smaller ribbon lettering below, mostly [illegible] (fragments such as “[ELECTIONS?]”). Vertical side panels, left and right: “ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION $2.”]

The RAILWAY NEWS is a monthly journal which discusses all the railway problems and specially undertakes the protection of all railway employes.

Mechanical and technical articles by leading experts.

This journal notes all industrial advance and is in sympathy with its progress. Offices, [40?] Broadway, New York.

[Advertisement] Labor Library (Modern Press)

$5.00 LABOR LIBRARY.–30 STANDARD works by 24 authors–Marx, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Krupotkin[sic], Reclus, Hyndman, Gronlund, Bebel, Annie Besant, Lassalle, Bradlaugh, George. Speeches of anarchists and trial, etc., bound in 3 vols; cloth, $5; postpaid, $5.50. Complete list mailed free.

MODERN PRESS,

[250 1-2?] Bowery, New York.

Sic in the original; probably “Kropotkin”.

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8 THE STANDARD, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

CHICAGO, Ill.—I too, had missed the "Publisher's Notes" in a vague kind of a way without noticing exactly what it was that was lacking, for there is so much that is good in the paper that the loss was not painful. Honestly, THE STANDARD is the greatest real comfort in life to me. All through the week I see crime, wretchedness, the poor defrauded of his wage, the rich idler squandering wealth in ostentation, the city humbly begging a monopolist to tear up the public streets that he may run a cable line for his own enrichment; I see coal barons posing as philanthropists, giving $5 to the poor, and then voting up the price of coal; I see prisoners, locked up in the jail as a punishment for theft, stealing from one another; I see deluded workingmen carrying on a destructive warfare of strikes, in which they are sure to get worsted; I see on all sides evidences of great social wrongs; and it seems to me I see much more since I read "Progress and Poverty." And then when Saturday comes I devour my STANDARD with all the greed of a famished man. It says: "Be of good cheer." It helps me to go through the next week with the feeling that it isn't going to be so long till things will be righted; and please G[o?]d, I shall do what I can to bring it about. "There's a good time coming. It's almost here, but it's been a long time on the road." When the blizzard delayed the paper for a day or two, Sunday didn't seem Sunday to me. I can't tell you the good it does me.

What first touched my heart and made me a regular buyer of THE STANDARD was the letter of that splendid fellow who went without his overcoat in order to contribute to the campaign fund. A friend said to me: "This thing is a sure winner, if that's the way people feel about it."

Now what is this John Smith doing?—this particular one who is writing. He is a newspaper reporter and never loses a chance to put a good word in his paper when it can possibly be done. He has converted another reporter, who has simply become a crank on the subject—I wish the country was full of such cranks—and he in turn has gone and converted others. He carries tracts with him and goes loaded for bear. There are seven single tax men in the "brainery" and any number in the composing room. It would just do your heart good to come in some day "after the jig is up," and hear us all jump on some incautious person who attempts to "back cap" the single tax doctrine. It would so. Keep your eyes on the —— and you'll see lots of good things in it. The real estate reporter is a Henry George man, who is a star in my crown, and once in awhile he gets in a crack at the land sharks.

But mingled with the fierce joy of making a convert to the faith, for it is as keen and strong a delight as a man can know, is the dull pain one feels in meeting a man who says: "I take no interest in such subjects." I cannot understand how people with eyes and ears and hearts can "take no interest in such subjects." "I have been to Golgotha; I have seen humanity hanging upon the cross." And who can be deaf to the cry, "Is it nothing to you, oh, ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

When I see the poor little cash girls and boys in the big stores wan and peaked and weary, and think how they are not only being robbed of the innocent joys of childhood, but are being of necessity forced into becoming a race of stupid, dull, ignorant wage slaves, whose highest ambition is to be somebody's intellectual footman, a private secretary—when I see girls in the stores and offices working for $3 a week with the understanding that there is a

way for them to rise, of which I dare not write, it seems to me as if I just could not stand it any longer. Surely the blood of these murdered souls must cry out to God day and night for vengeance. And then the word comes to me, "What hast thou done with thy brother Abel?" God help me to do my best for the cause. Why not, when we say the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come," say it with a special intention for the land reform?

I only meant to write a stickful or so, but when I get started on this subject it seems as though I never could stop. You'll hear from me again when I get this suit of clothes paid for. The part I owe on it I think amounts to about extra cost from the duty on wool and woolen cloth. I'll send a recruit subscription then.

Yours for God's truth.

EUGENE WOOD.

Thank you, Eugene Wood. Your letter is one which every reader of THE STANDARD will read with interest, and will be the better for the reading. Not because it speaks well of THE STANDARD—we have published plenty of letters praising THE STANDARD fully as much, which were not half so interesting—but because it puts into words, and describes in good straightforward English, that half-despairing feeling, that saddened wonder at the persistence of misery, and crime, and poverty, which every one of us has felt.

How easy it is to see, if one will only look. How hard it is to get people to open their eyes and see the world around them as it really is. There are thousands upon thousands of people in Chicago who, if they read Eugene Wood's letter, would simply say: "It isn't true. There's little or no distress in this city; and what little there is, is the result of ignorance and drunkenness." And then they'd take up some magazine article, or the report of some society, and prove by figures—figures, you know, never lied since first man put two and two together—they'd prove by figures that the rich are really growing poorer, and the poor are really growing richer, and no man wants for anything who is really willing to work for it, and all we've got to do is to let things alone and give the glorious institutions of our country a chance to do their perfect work. Which of us is there who has not encountered just that kind of talk from people who deluded themselves with the idea that their eyes were open, while they were really blind as bats in sunlight.

Friends, this very thing that troubles us so often is the thing that gives sure promise of our victory. Men *can* see, if only they will open their eyes and look. All we have to do is to hold up the truth in front of them—to keep it steadily before them—and sooner or later they are bound to see it. Round every one of us there stands a throug[sic] of men and women with eyes cast down or tightly closed. What each one of us must do is to hold steadily aloft the light that shows the way to freedom; so that the first eye raised or opened may be attracted by its beams.

Are you doing this?

———

This comes from a bookkeeper in a Texas city with a year's subscription:

——, Texas.—The fourth copy of THE STANDARD was received to-day. Prejudice kept me from reading the first copy, but afterward, in justice to the unknown friend who sent the paper to me, I felt as though I ought

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to read it. I have read every paragraph, and I think THE STANDARD is the most interesting paper in the United States, and a grand medium for educating the people to a knowledge of their own interests. I shall read "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection or Free Trade?" next.

Sic in the original; probably "throng".

And this from another recruit subscriber–a clergyman in Iowa.

––, Iowa, April 5.–I don't know whether I am thankful or not to the friend who you say ordered you to send me THE STANDARD for four weeks. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that I did not follow my first impulse and throw the paper unread into my waste basket. It has made me very unhappy. For mine eyes are opened and I see; and I begin to realize how empty and how useless my life has been. I am not ready yet to confess my faith in the remedy you advocate, though I am satisfied that those I have hitherto carelessly accepted are worse than useless. I feel as if I ought to give the matter further study. I send my subscription to THE STANDARD and remittance for "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection or Free Trade?" I shall read your books carefully, and with an earnest desire to know the truth.

Use these recruit subscriptions, friends. Scatter them broadcast among your acquaintances until every one in the whole land has had one. That is one of the ways, and a very good way, too, in which you can hold up the light for your fellow men to see it. Don't send in recruit subscriptions because you like THE STANDARD; but send them because you love the cause! And scatter them with a free unsparing hand.

———

Have you sent us any subscribers lately? Are you trying to get any? There are plenty of you who must answer "no" to these questions, if they answer them at all. Yet there probably is not one among you all who could not, if he would but take a little trouble, add at least one to the number of our subscribers. Friends, THE STANDARD is your paper, as much as it is ours. It is your work as much as ours that it has to do. For the efficiency with which it does its work no small share of responsibility rests upon your shoulders.

———

Here are our terms for subscriptions to THE STANDARD:

One subscription, one year, ... $2 50 One subscription, six months, ... 1 25 One subscription, three months, . . . 63

Three or more subscriptions:

One year, each, ... $2 00 Six months, each, ... 1 00 Three months, each, ... 50

After the first club of three has been sent, subsequent subscriptions may be forwarded at the same reduced rates.

Recruit subscriptions, for *four weeks*, will be received, singly or in clubs, to different addresses at fifteen cents each.

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The contributions to the recruiting fund during the past week have been:

A. L. [Rohan?], Port Louis, Mauritus[sic]..... $8 19 Edward T. Jennings..... 3 50 Two Nicodemuses..... 1 75 E. L. A..... 5 00

Total for the week..... $18 44 Previously acknowledged..... 2,254 14

Total to date..... $2,[illegible] 58

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Sic in the original; probably "Mauritius".

A STATE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

The Labor Party Asserts Rights of All to Natural Opportunities—A Resolution Favoring Protection Laid on the Table.

A state convention of the labor party of the state of Alabama met in Montgomery on the 22d ult., and continued in session until the 24th. There were seventy-eight delegates present, representing every congressional district in the state except one. Such organizations as "farmers' alliances," "wheels," and trades unions sent delegates. the Knights of Labor being in the majority.

E. Q. Norton of Mobile, a prominent business man, and one of the most earnest single tax advocates in the south, was elected permanent chairman almost unanimously. The platform adopted calls for the co-operation of all good citizens and reform organizations, and as its fundamental principle contains the following:

> Holding that the corruptions of government and the impoverishment of labor result from neglect of the self-evident truths proclaimed by the founders of this republic, "that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their creator with inalienable rights;'[sic] therefore we aim at the abolition of a system which compels men to pay their fellow men for the use of God's gifts to all, and permits monopolizers to deprive labor of natural opportunities for employment, thereby filling the land with tramps and paupers, and bringing about unnatural competition which tends to reduce wages to starvation rates, and to make the wealth producer the industrial slave of those who grow rich by his toil.

Among the resolutions presented was one which read: "Resolved, That we are in favor of protection to American labor." One of the delegates intimated that it might mean protection to American monopolies. The resolution was laid on the table.

The convention claimed to represent 187.000[sic] voters. Mr. Norton has followed up the work by publishing an able address in the Birmingham *Sentinel*, which advocates and explains the operation of the single tax.

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A Word of Encouragement for the Press.

NEW YORK, April 6.—THE STANDARD may flatter itself that it is doing something for the cause of free trade, but it may as well hide its head if its efforts in that direction are compared with those of the New York *Press*.

In its issue of April 6, in reply to a paragraph from the Philadelphia *Record*, the *Press* quotes the assertion of the agent of the Grafton linen thread works that "we sell a large proportion of the product of our mills at Grafton, Mass., at prices which are as low absolutely as the prices obtained in Britain for similar qualities made at our mills at Johnstone, Scotland." It is evident that even if all the rest of us have to turn farmers when the tariff is abolished the Grafton mills will continue to do business at the old stand.

The agents go on to state that the operatives at Grafton receive more than one hundred per cent higher wages than the Johnstone workers and that the cost of living at Grafton is less than fifty per cent more than in Johnstone. So that the American employers sell their product at the same prices as foreign competitors and pay higher wages. If the abolition of the tariff should reduce the prices of all articles of domestic manufacture to the level of foreign prices, would not American wages remain higher than foreign wages, as seems to have been the case in the thread business? However, it may be that protection increases wages and decreases prices, while free

Sic in the original; probably "rights;"".
Sic in the original; probably "187,000".

trade would decrease wages and increase prices. This appears to be the latest idea in political economy, and with the addition of a clause declaring that the moon is made of green cheese, would make an appropriate plank in the republican platform.

If the Cobden club has any spare cash just now to devote to the dissemination of free trade ideas in the United States it can hardly do better than use it in endeavoring to increase the circulation of the *Press*.

WM. E. MCKENNA.

p. 8, col. 3

The Burial of Moses.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

> "And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave; And no man knows that sepulcher, And no man saw it e'er, For the angels of God upturned the sod, And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral That ever passed on earth; But no man heard the trampling, Or saw the train go forth— Noiselessly as the daylight Comes back when night is done, And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek Grow into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time Her crown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves; So without sound of music, Or voice of them that wept, Silently down from the mountain crown, The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, On gray Beth-Peor's height, Out of his lonely eyry, Looked on the wondrous sight. Perchance the lion stalking, Still shuns that hallowed spot, For beast and bird have seen and heard That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war, With arms reversed and muffled drum, Follow his funeral car; They show the banners taken, They tell his battles won, And after him lead his masterless steed, While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land We lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honored place, With costly marble drest, In the great minster transept Where lights like glories fall, And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings, Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior That ever buckled sword; This the most gifted poet That ever breathed a word; And never earth's philosopher Traced with his golden pen, On the deathless page, truth half so sage As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor— The hillside for a pall, To lie in state while angels wait With stars for tapers tall, And the dock rock pines[sic], like tossing plumes, Over his bier to wave, And God's own hand in that lonely land, To lay him in the grave?

Sic in the original; probably "dark rock pines".

In that strange grave, without a name, Whence his uncoffined clay Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought! Before the Judgment day, And stand with glory wrapt around On the hills he never trod, And speak of the strife that won our life, With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lorely grave in Moab's land! O dark Beth-Peor's hill! Speak to these curious hearts of ours, And teach them to be still. God hath his mysteries of grace, Ways that we cannot tell; He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep Of him he loved so well.

———

HOW INVENTION MARCHES ON.

Economical Processes and New Machinery Thet Render Human Labor Less and Less Necessary for Production.

Human invention will of course never succeed in rendering human labor absolutely unnecessary. A man—or, at least, a boy or girl—will always be needed to run the machine. But scarcely a day passes that does not bring announcement of some new process by which the forces of nature may be harnessed to perform, untiringly and without charge, the work that heretofore has required the employment of skilled labor. And the shelves of the patent office are fast becoming overcrowded with models of machines devised to do, still more cheaply, some sort of work that the unskilled laborer already does for mere subsistence wages.

The new process of welding metals by electricity has already been referred to in these columns. Its inventor, Professor Thomson, claims to have brought it to perfection, and if it will do all he asserts it will, many a skilled artisan will be forced out of employment.

The invention consists in the application of electricity through copper conductors, to which are attached clamps working by thumbscrews. The two pieces of metal to be welded are fastened firmly in the clamps and placed close to but not touching each other. A current of electricity is then applied, and when the ends of the metal are of proper heat and color they are pressed together with a moderate pressure. A strong electric current is necessary, but only for a short time, as but five seconds were consumed recently in welding an iron bar after the current was applied. No chemicals or other foreign substance is needed, except a little borax to keep the points of contact clean. Pieces of metal welded by this process and then tested are found to be as strong at the point of union as anywhere else. Pieces of brass, copper, German silver and steel have been welded into one bar, and cast iron can also be welded. A solid steel shaft, one inch in diameter, has been welded in two places so closely as to render it impossible to detect the points of joining.

Another revolutionary invention is the telantagraph[sic] of Professor Elisha Gray. By this ingenious application of electricity, the professor informs us, "you can sit down in your office in Chicago, take a pencil in your hand, write a message to me, and as your pencil moves a pencil here in my laboratory moves simultaneously and forms the same letters and words in the same way. What you write in Chicago is instantly reproduced here in fac simile. You may write in any language; write in short hand if you like; use a code or cipher; no matter, a fac simile is produced here. If you wish to draw a picture it is the same; the picture is produced here. The two pencils move synchronously and there is no reason why a circuit of 500 miles cannot be worked as easily as one of ten miles. The telantagraph will supplant the telephone for many purposes, for it will have marked advantages over it." How many clerks and post office employes will be thrown out of employment when the country is covered with a net of long distance telantagraphs, and a merchant can connect with San Francisco or New Orleans at pleasure, it is impossible to say.

Sic in the original; probably "telautograph".

The ordinary every day tin dinner pail laborer is being taken care of, too. Here is President Schenck of the United States transportation company; who[sic] announces that he has a machine for the rapid and economical discharge of coal and similar cargoes. It is a sort of elevator with an endless chain of push

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plates, so arranged that it will work its way along the bottom of a vessel, picking up everything that comes in its way, and pouring out coal or anything else at the rate of 60 to 1,000 tons an hour. Mr. Schenck prophesies that the invention "will prove highly beneficial to dealers," which it may, for a time at all events. He also says it will enable them to sell cheaper, which is not so certain. It is safe to say, however, that the men who now shovel coal will have less money to spend. The company proposes to build vessels especially adapted for the purpose with a double line of conveyors, and with two to four elevators, so that every pound of coal will be delivered without the least hard labor.

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THE NEW YORK UNITED LABOR PARTY GENERAL COMMITTEE.

What It Did at Its Last Meeting, How It is Made Up and How Its Members Will Probably Act Next November.

The New York county general committee of the united labor party met at Clarendon hall, Thursday evening, April 5. The special order was the discussion of a new constitution for the government of the party. The report requires that applicants shall be citizens, shall be in accord with the platform and principles of the party, and shall *not belong* to *any other* political party, organization or club. The first amendment offered to the report of the committee was to this section, and was "excepting clubs of propaganda, propagating the principles of the united labor party."

In the constitution of 1887 there was a section which read:

> This party or any member thereof, or any candidate or other person acting for any candidate of the united labor party, must not have any fusion or dickering with the republican or democratic, *or any other* party, their candidates or those acting for them.

This was the section on which, prior to the last election, members of the socialistic labor party were ruled out of the united labor party.

One of the members of the general committee discovered that this section had been omitted by the committee in its report, and upon his announcement of that fact there ensued a vigorous debate. There was a fine display of parliamentary tactics, but the feeling was so strong for the section as it was last year, that the efforts of the fusionists were turned toward making ever so small a breach in it somewhere.

John J. [Bealin?] didn't know yet that the single tax would be the panacea for the evils under which we suffer. We should confer with our brethren of the west (the union labor party) and try to harmonize our differences. We should even so cast our nets as to scoop in the socialists (he did not mention them by name), for, after all, their theory of the nationalization of the machinery of production, as well as the land, might be the panacea we wanted. He resented the insinuation that the ma- chinery of the party was now being controlled by a clique.

William B. Clarke declared that he had the courage of his convictions. It might be necessary to seek the friendship of one of the two great parties. He was a single tax man and a protectionist, and he knew that in order to continue

Sic in the original; probably "company, who".

to occupy that position one of the great parties must be sacrificed. This frank utterance of Mr. Clarke produced the utmost confusion, and the banging of the chairman's gavel drowned remarks of any description for a time. When quiet was restored, Mr. Clarke proceeded to repeat what he had said in the beginning, but confusion again broke out, points of order were raised, and Mr. Clarke sat down.

John K. Sullivan wanted to hold out an olive branch, but James Magee, from the same district as Mr. Sullivan, said that his club had passed a resolution unanimously. instructing[sic] the delegates to vote for the adoption of the section as it stood last year.

W. J. Gorsuch said he had been listening to strange language—strange for a meeting of the members of the united labor party. All the theories of the various phases of the labor movement had been tried, all the dogmas of the various labor creeds had been tested at the organization of this united labor party and found deficient. We had decided, through our representatives, that at the foundation of humanity's troubles was the present iniquitous system of levying taxes, and we, through our representatives, had decided that relief was only to be found in the single tax, which, at least, meant freedom. On that foundation this party was built, and on that foundation it must stand or fall.

Patrick J. Doody gave notice that if the united labor party deviated one iota from the path it had laid out for itself he would leave it. He had sacrificed too much to be made at this late day a tail for either party. He would call on the old greenbackers, who, he said, were the backbone of all recent movements for honest reform, to stand or fall with him.

Frank Ferrall hoped he would never live to see the day when the united labor party would change its course.

Other members of the general committee spoke freely and to the point, and after much confusion and excitement the section of the constitution of 1887, with the exception of the three words printed in italics, was adopted, the understanding being that the omission of these words would permit members of the socialistic parties to come in.

The general committee added, also, the two sections of the laws of 1887 in regard to assessing candidates. A motion to adopt the constitution as a whole was adopted, but Mr. Hamilton gave notice that he would move a reconsideration at the next meeting.

In the course of the discussion of the constitution several speeches were made, which came near precipitating the tariff issue upon the committee, but points of order were raised in time to avert it. Yet it could be seen that, if the least leeway were given, the delegates would be ready to discuss the matter thoroughly.

The general committee is peculiarly constituted just now. It can be classified into four grades: (1) Single tax men, with all that that term implies; (2) protectionists who claim to be single tax men—that is to say, single tax men who are at the same time double tax men; (3) the old greenbackers, who take a hand in any reform movement that comes along; (4) those who are in the cause "for the doctor," as they express it.

The first are styled "George men;" the second have a friendly regard for Blaine, and will probably vote for the republican presidential candidate anyhow, without regard to what the united labor party may do; the third will cast their votes in the air if there is no third party ticket in the field; the fourth will vote the way Dr. McGlynn wants them to.

———

Sic in the original; probably "unanimously, instructing".

Houston Men at Work.

Single tax men in Houston, Tex., are doing good work. On March 23 a large number of enthusiasts gathered in Wagner's hall and organized Tax reform club No. 2[1?]. M. V. McMahon was chairman and J. F. T. Ivy secretary. Plans for pushing the work were discussed. It was decided to hold a meeting in the same hall every Friday evening and to invite the public to come and ask questions. A circulating library of literature relating to the cause is to be established and attractive entertainments will be given from time to time.

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PERSONAL.

Albert Smith will assume the editorship of the Brooklyn *Weekly Press* on the 1st of May.

Hugh B. Brown is doing excellent work in Suffolk county, Long island, by writing for the Suffolk *Democrat* a series of articles showing the fallacies and absurdities of protection.

Charles Reade was over six feet in height, and of splendid physique. He had fine, expressive, dark brown eyes, which contrasted with his silken white hair and flowing patriarchal beard.

C. P. Huntington, of Central Pacific notoriety, remarked to a San Francisco reporter lately: "I own more lines of railroad in America now than any one else, but this is because I have never parted with any of my acquisitions." Mr. Huntington's explanation is both simple and ingenuous.

Mr. Rider Haggard says of himself: "I write my books in the same way that people do any other work—namely, by sticking at them. Of course, I first of all evolve a central idea, then I build on that. I am afraid this does not sound very interesting; but I believe that, given certain natural tendencies of mind, the making of books, like everything else, becomes a question of taking pains and assiduous unsparing labor.

Mr. Cuninghame Graham, the radical member of parliament who was imprisoned for using justifiable violence at the Trafalgar square meeting last year, says in relating his prison experience: "It was very monotonous in the cell when the hours for work were done. But I read the bible. The part which prisoners seem to read most is the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and on the margin of my bible some former prisoners had written in blood, 'Cheer up, Old Jeremiah, the time will soon pass.' That's what all the poor fellows say. We are not allowed to speak, but as we pass, one says to another, 'Cheer up, the time will soon pass.'"

Walter Besant, explaining why his name alone stands on the title page of the English edition of the novel "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," says that Rice had nothing whatever to do with its authorship; that between the time Rice fell ill in January, 1881, and his death in April, 1882, he (Besant) by himself wrote three stories, "The Captain's Room," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "They were Married," which were published in accordance with previous agreement in periodicals under the "firm" name. But when they were to come out in book form he felt relieved of all obligation and attached his own name.

In a letter of resignation from the presidency of the First assembly district association and secretaryship of the executive board of the united labor party of Rensselaer county, New York, Joseph C. Roshirt says that he does not see how any one who has read President Cleveland's message can be blind enough not to see what course to take. In order to introduce the single tax all other taxes must be abolished, and of these the tariff tax is the chief one. It is therefore clear that single tax men, to be consistent, must go into the tariff fight, and in his opinion should join forces with that party which is going our way—the democratic party.

Papers in Schoharie county, New York, announce the death of Benjamin P. Curtis at Blenheim, aged ninety-four years. "Uncle Ben," as he was called, was an active participant in the anti-rent war of 1845, when a large part of the residents of Ulster, Green[sic], Delaware and Schoharie counties, living under hard leases on the great Livingston tract, arose in flat rebellion against landlord authority. The agitation, beginning with a widespread and concerted refusal to pay rent, and ending in collisions with officers of the law and bloodshed, finally resulted in legislation beneficial to the "anti-renters" and the sale of portions of the large tracts of land to whomsoever wished to buy.

Rev. W. E. Lincoln of Painesville, Ohio, writes to say that after mature consideration, he is firmly opposed to the making of independent nominations. He thinks that the best policy for the single tax men is to endeavor to strengthen the hands of the free traders in *the democratic* party and *to support* President Cleveland on the tariff issue. Independent action under present circumstances would, he thinks, make us practically allies of monopoly and help keep alive a "robber tariff." The whole protective idea, Mr. Lincoln truly says, is opposed to the idea of the brotherhood and common interests of men, which is the essence of Christianity and which can alone constitute the secure foundation of any movement which shall really emancipate labor.

The London house which Mr. Gladstone has taken for the session is in the old Queen Anne style, and the drawing room windows overlook the parade ground on the Wellington barracks. The entrance hall is square and roomy, paneled as is the staircase with fine Chippendale carving, and lighted by a stained glass window. In it are a few reproductions of the Autotype gallery, and a large picture of the entrance to Alexandria, which must recall to the ex premier, each time he enters the house, one of the most unpleasing reminiscences of his official life. The dining room is on the ground floor, and is of somewhat restricted dimensions. Above it is the drawing room, which is a long charming room. In one corner is a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, painted by Watts, and in the middle window is placed Mrs. Gladstone's writing table. It is shut in by a screen on which hang portraits of her husband and youngest son. The room in which Mr. Gladstone works is at the back of the house, and is in consequence free from all noise. Not even the sound of a passing cab wheel can break in on his quiet.

———

The Poor, Poor Landlord.

New York Press.

Landlords are usually reviled by all humanity. Sometimes they deserve it. But the impartial observer, who goes about flat hunting will admit that the New York landlord has some very unpleasant things to cope with. He keeps his prices up in order to keep up the tone of his houses. There are cases where he might let them down with advantage to himself and good tenants, but one can scarcely blame him for his caution when one remembers his difficulties.

———

[Advertisement] Miss Agatha Munier

MISS AGATHA MUNIER IS NOW forming classes for instruction in vocal sight reading for ladies and gentlemen, as well as in solo singing in all its branches, and in elocution. For terms, etc., address MISS MUNIER, 223 East Thirty-second street, New York.

Sic in the original; probably "Greene".

[Advertisement] Kansas State Lecturer

KANSAS STATE LECTURER.—THE undersigned state lecturer and member of the state central committee is now ready to respond to calls for work anywhere in the state of Kansas. Address Rev. W. M. GOODNER, box [553?], Larned, Kan.

[Advertisement] Notice

NOTICE.—Those who believe that the public revenues should be raised by a single and direct tax upon relative land values, and who favor the holding of a National Conference, are requested to send address immediately to SAMUEL WILLIAMS, Vincennes, Ind.

[Advertisement] Printing

PRINTING.

CONCORD CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING COMPANY (Ld.)

47 and 49 Center st., N. Y.

BOOK, JOB AND NEWSPAPER PRINTING.

p. 8, col. 6

[Advertisement] Unity Congregation

UNITY CONGREGATION.

REV. HUGH O. PENTECOST,

MINISTER.

MASONIC HALL.

Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street.

SERVICES,

Sunday Morning, 11 o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Advertisement] Braham's

SUITS TO ORDER FROM $13.50.

PANTS TO ORDER FROM $3.50.

Samples and self-measuring chart mailed on application by stating price and as near as possible design desired.

BRAHAM'S,

212 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY.

[Advertisement] The Keystone Watch Club Co.

A Gold Watch

For $38. That tells the TRUTH.

Fully equal for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75. Watch.

Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same system of co-operation carefully and economically managed, has built up **The Keystone Watch Club Co.**, until they are now selling more **Watches** to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the

Keystone Dust-proof Watch

which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania's manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate timekeeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are **Dust and Damp Proof**, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jeweled throughout with genuine rubies. Patent Stem Wind and Set, strongest and simplest. Sold

p8_fig2

[Advertisement illustration: engraved block with an ornamental border of ribbons and scrolls carrying place names (only “NEW YORK” and “PHILADELPHIA” at top are legible; the rest of the border lettering is [illegible]); cut of an open-faced pocket watch whose dial reads “THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO. NEW YORK PHILA.” around a keystone emblem]

A Gold Watch For $38. That tells the TRUTH.

Fully equal for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75. Watch.

Philadelphia’s building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same system of co-operation carefully and economically managed, has built up The Keystone Watch Club Co., until they are now selling more Watches to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the

Keystone Dust-proof Watch

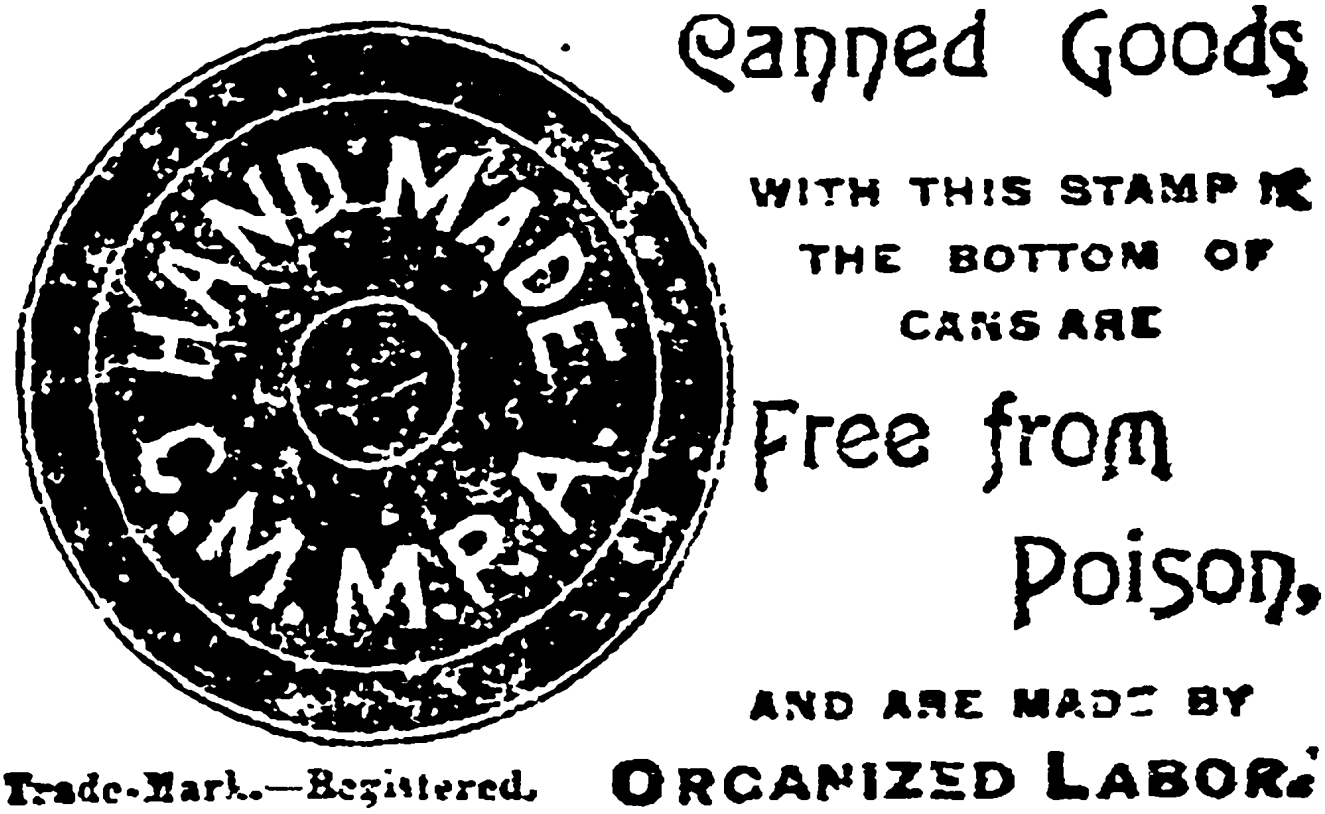
which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania’s manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate timekeeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are Dust and Damp Proof, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jeweled throughout with genuine rubies. Patent Stem Wind and Set, strongest and simplest. Sold through authorized agents at $38.00. Either all cash down or $1.00 per week. There can be no disappointment in this system. An active, reliable Agent Wanted to represent us in every city and town. Write for full particulars.

The Keystone Watch Club Co

926 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA.

REFERENCES—Any Commercial Agency.

[Advertisement] Canned Goods (C. M. P. A.)



p8_fig3

[Advertisement illustration: circular trade-mark stamp lettered “HAND MADE C. M. P. A.”]

Canned Goods

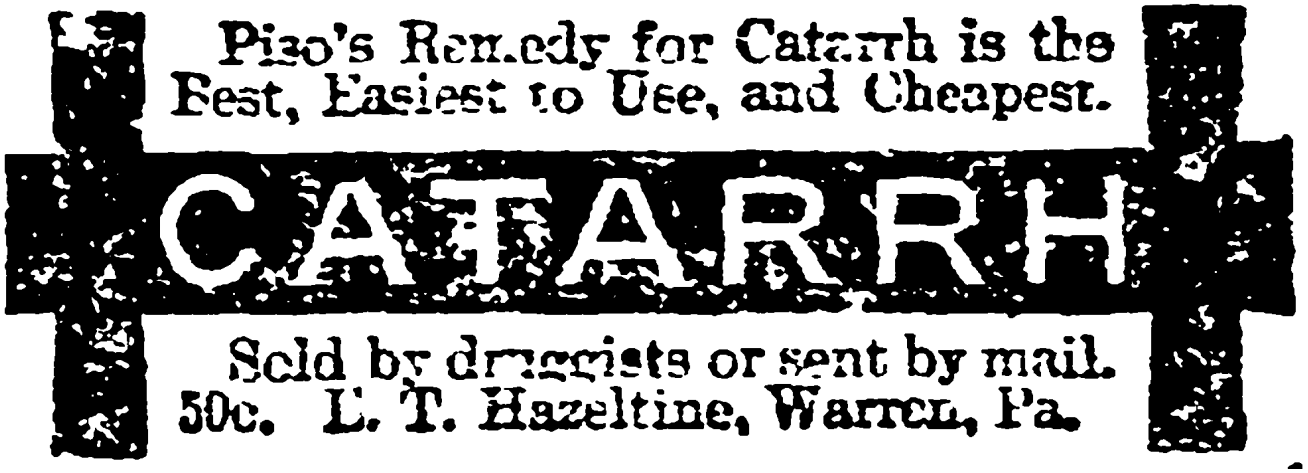
WITH THIS STAMP [IN?] THE BOTTOM OF CANS ARE

Free from Poison,

AND ARE MADE BY ORGANIZED LABOR.

Trade-Mark.—Registered.

[Advertisement] Piso's Remedy for Catarrh



p8_fig4

[Advertisement display block: the word CATARRH in white letters on a black cross-shaped panel]

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

[Advertisement] The Great American Tea Co.



p8_fig5

[Advertisement emblem: T-shaped black block lettered “THE GREAT AMERICAN T E A COMPANY”]

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now’s your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster’s Dictionary. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

[Advertisement] Ollendorf's Neurodontine

OLLENDORF'S NEURODONTINE.

Instantaneous cure for Toothache, Headache and Neuralgia. 25 cents. Central depot, [206?] E. 14th st., N. Y.

[Advertisement] Holland's

HOLLAND'S COFFEE AND DINING ROOMS, [illegible] Fourth avenue, Bet. 13th and 14th sts.

[Advertisement] James Bogan

JAMES BOGAN, PRINCIPAL AGENT for James Means' $3 and $4 shoes. 226 BOWERY, near Prince street.

[Advertisement] Charles B. Schaidner

CHARLES B. SCHAIDNER,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

2280 Third avenue, cor. 124th street, New York.

Children's Photographs by instantaneous process a specialty.

[Advertisement] The Single Tax (Union Printing Co.)

THE SINGLE TAX.—Special editions of ready-printed newspapers containing current Single Tax reading matter. All sizes; low prices. UNION PRINTING CO., 15 Vandewater street, New York.

[Advertisement] Coogan Brothers

FIRE SALE!

COOGAN BROTHERS,

BOWERY AND GRAND STREET.

On Thursday next, April 12; Friday, April 13, and Saturday, April 14, we will offer:

1,000 rolls Tapestry Carpet at 40c. per yard. 400 Plush Parlor Suites at $45.00. 250 Raw Silk and other Suites at $[35?].00. 350 Chamber Suites, Ash and Cherry, at $[14?].

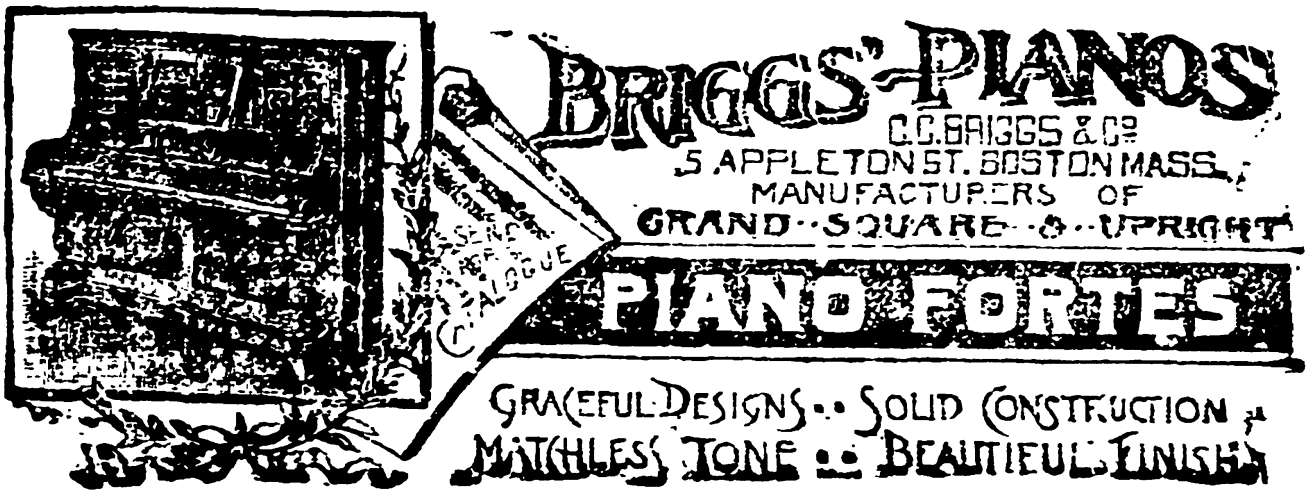
And on Monday, April 16, we will resume and continue to do business at the same place.

121, 123 AND 125 BOWERY.

COOGAN BROTHERS,

Bowery and Grand Street.

[Advertisement] Briggs' Pianos



p8_fig1

[Advertisement illustration: an upright piano in an ornamental frame with foliage beneath; a ribbon/banner beside it lettered "SEND [FOR?] CATALOGUE"]

BRIGGS' PIANOS

C. C. BRIGGS & CO.

5 APPLETON ST. BOSTON MASS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND · SQUARE · & · UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES

GRACEFUL DESIGNS · · SOLID CONSTRUCTION

MATCHLESS TONE · · BEAUTIFUL FINISH

Damaged type restored

Letters that were broken, blotted or missing in the print and have been written as intended. Listed so they can be checked against the scan; they are not footnoted in the text.

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
1	OUR OPPORTUNITY.	1886	1886
1	OUR OPPORTUNITY.	traders	traders

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
1	OUR OPPORTUNITY.	impolitic	impolitic
1	[Herman Clark's deep-rock rapid transit scheme for New York]	contracting / ing firm	contracting firm
2	[Cost of the Clark tunnel plan; it should be built by the ci	small ad / ditional	additional
2	[New York should build its own rapid transit, paid for by a	What cught	What ought
2	[New York should build its own rapid transit, paid for by a	incurring	incurring
2	THE SPREAD OF FREE TRADE SENTIMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.	fourth / started	fourth / started
2	THE ABSURDITY OF "PROTECTION."	Trades union / ist; their ter / rible	unionist; terrible
2	THE BREWERS' IMPENDING STRIKE.	equitaBle	equitable
2	THE BREWERS' IMPENDING STRIKE.	consti / tute	constitute
2	Where the Profits Went.	located in / in one	located in one
3	[The Week: Senator Beck's Amendment]	liquidation	liquidation
3	[The Week: Senator Beck's Amendment]	$2,000,000	$2,000,000
3	[The Week: Senator Beck's Amendment]	h^ld	held
3	[The Week: Senator Beck's Amendment]	tne	the
3	[The Week: The Vote Market in Rhode Island]	transacti ns	transactions
3	[The Week: The Vote Market in Rhode Island]	aft^rnoon	afternoon
3	[The Week: The Vote Market in Rhode Island]	s?me	same
3	[The Week: Jacob Sharp]	b?ing	bring
3	[The Week: The Squabble with Morocco]	No^ long ago	Not long ago
3	[The Week: The Squabble with Morocco]	compai?riots	compatriots
3	[The Week: The Squabble with Morocco]	par??ulars	particulars
3	[The Week: Love in High Life]	Batte?berg	Battenberg
3	[The Week: Natural Gas in Alleghany City]	greativ	greatly
3	[The Week: Natural Gas in Alleghany City]	intr●duced	introduced
3	[The Week: The Jumel Estate Sale]	frighiful	frightful
3	[The Week: The Jumel Estate Sale]	$9,93?.20	$9,936.20

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
3	[The Week: Crowded Out of the World]	Har s	Hans
3	[The Week: Spoiling the Egyptians]	f?ss	fuss
3	[The Week: The Call for the Chicago Conference]	Detr?it	Detroit
3	STARVING IN THE MIDST OF WEALTH.	bundreds	hundreds
3	STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.	pa??ers	paupers
4	THE STANDARD.	masthead block heavily over-inked	words as given
4	THE DUTY ON TIN PLATES.	telis	tells
4	THE DUTY ON TIN PLATES.	locate	locate
4	THE DUTY ON TIN PLATES.	any ‹ne	any one
5	A COMMON SENSE DIAGNOSIS AND PRESCRIPTION. [continued]	thosght	thought
5	ON CAUSES OF CRIME.	educate’ slave	educated slave
5	[The Tribune and the ‘new south’]	$200,000,009	$200,000,000
5	MRS. SHERWOOD ON “ADVENTURERS.”	falling ou	falling on
6	There Might Be Two.	persou	person
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	told	told
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	experses	expenses
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	detest-/abie	detestable
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	f:ll	full
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	fits	fits
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	of.	off
6	MINNIE KELSEY.	say, sooner	say sooner
7	ELECTRIC MOTORS.	Org..as	Organs
7	Donn Piatt to the Ohio Farmers.	competi / tion	competition
7	Donn Piatt to the Ohio Farmers.	pub / lic	public
7	THE DEMOCRAT.	eforms	reforms
7	HENRY GEORGE’S WORKS.	universa need	universal need
7	BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.’S NEW PUBLICATIONS.	C’RCUMSTANCES	CIRCUMSTANCES
8	PUBLISHER’S NOTES.	publio	public

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
8	PUBLISHER'S NOTES.	th	the
8	PUBLISHER'S NOTES.	evidenoes	evidences
8	PUBLISHER'S NOTES.	dono.	done.
8	PUBLISHER'S NOTES.	? (damaged, reads like !)	?
8	[Publisher's Notes: subscription terms]	subsequeat	subsequent
8	A STATE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.	Pa?ty	Party
8	A STATE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.	self evident	self-evident
8	The Burial of Moses.	lorely	lonely
8	HOW INVENTION MARCHES ON.	Thet	That
8	HOW INVENTION MARCHES ON.	labar	labor
8	HOW INVENTION MARCHES ON.	subsistcace	subsistence

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