

Greek finances pending the payment of the war loan.

—Rumors reached this country on the 10th from Hong-Kong that Admiral Montejo had been killed by the insurgents at Manila, but as the Manila cable had not yet been repaired, the rumors were doubtful. These rumors also report that the insurgents at Manila were killing Spanish men, women and children and that Admiral Dewey could not control them.

—On the 5th the supreme court of the United States held the Iowa liquor law to be unconstitutional because it applies to liquor in transit between two states. On the same day the new dispensary law of South Carolina was also invalidated by the supreme court because the conditions of inspection of liquor from other states were held to amount to discrimination against such liquors.

—At the French parliamentary elections held on the 8th for members of the chamber of deputies, official reports received on the 9th were from 428 out of 584 contests, and showed the election of 27 monarchists, 151 moderate republicans, 94 radicals, 29 socialists. In 127 contests no candidate received a majority over all, and second elections will be necessary. These elections are by universal suffrage, citizens 21 years of age having the right to vote. Deputies must be citizens not less than 25 years of age. Deputies are elected for four years.

MISCELLANY

THE MASTER.

There are times when I could thank God for the healthy paganism in the Gospel.

It is only in that current of native vigor that our Christian virtues can ride supreme.

Does the Master walk in peace? He does it on a threatening, boisterous sea.

I like to see him confounding the brokers with a glance as he upsets their tables, or else denouncing the respectable church people, or answering the high priest with magnificent disdain.

All that was in him.

When he said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me," all that was in him.

When the beloved disciple lay with his head upon his breast, all that was in him.

In the agony of the cross, while his weight bore down upon the burning nails, and he cried: "Father, forgive them," all that was in him.

He was the Son of God and called upon us to be sons of God—

Sons of the God of the tempest as well as the God of the calm.

The storm was in him.

The passionate strength was in him.

But above all, on the very thunder cloud he wrote: "Peace, be still."

On any other parchment—in the mouths of bloodless saints and philosophers—those culminating words lose all their force.

We need life, and we need it more abundantly.

—Ernest H. Crosby, in *New Earth*.

THE RELIGION OF THE SEA.

The man-o'-war's man means no disrespect when he refers to his ship's chaplain as the "sky pilot." Rather, it is a term of approval. The bluejacket, at heart, is perhaps the least sacrilegious of uniformed men. Profane he may be; the bluejacket's profanity is as much a habit as his attendance at the mess table, and it is innocuous and meaningless. But nine out of ten American man-o'-war's men have a contemptuous word, and not infrequently a hard fist, for the "man-o'-war chaw" (generally the ship's fool) who invites suppression and a black eye by speaking sneeringly of religion.

No man can go to sea for any length of time, no matter how coarse his fiber, without experiencing an infusion of what, for lack of a better term, might be phrased the religion of the sea—which is first a vague wonderment over the beauty of its quietude and the power of its wrath, and then a settled conviction, just as strong, because it is rarely expressed, that there is direction and meaning in the sea's depths as well as on its surface. Beyond this, the man-o'-war's man undergoes some convincing experiences which he never talks about under any circumstances; for the bluejacket despises the thing called Chadbandism, and in the matter of silence on affairs that lead down to the roots of him he has nothing to learn from the clam. He simply punches the newly-shipped lubber who makes too conspicuous a parade of a cheap brand of atheism, and lets it go at that. You'll never find an old man-o'-war's man an atheist.

One of the first regulations of the United States navy recommends, in effect, that "officers and men shall, whenever possible, participate in the worship of Almighty God" aboard their ships. While this regulation is not mandatory, being simply inserted in the form of a recommendation, officers and men are much more sincere in their respect for and observance of this clause, which is read out on the quarter deck by the executive officer at every monthly muster, together with a short abstract of the navy regulations, than if attendance on religious services

aboard ship were compulsory, as it is in several of the world's navies.—*Washington Star*.

"SHOW US THY SALVATION."

Men come into our churches who make a specialty of saving souls—of doing God's work for him—and they count their souls saved in something of the same spirit with which an Indian counts his scalp locks. These men make a great impression oftentimes, and are deceived as well as deceivers. By sensational devices and splendid heart-breaking appeals they persuade men that the Christ way to heaven leads directly from their pews up through the blue of the star-strewn skies, and they leave their hearers in a heaven of ecstasy and peace—sometimes. But it is a blessed thing that commonly, when the soul-saver leaves town, a wind of heaven blows the little tower of Babel out from under these people, and they find themselves once more among humanity, in a healthful, every-day atmosphere, with an earth highway before them, a straight and narrow way which connects their homes with other homes and their lives with other lives.—*Rev. R. B. Hassell, in The Kingdom*.

THE SACREDNESS OF OUR WEALTH.

The chairman of the committee on ways and means congratulated the country yesterday that if it had not been for this war breaking out his tariff bill would have provided ample revenue to run the government. He said we were just about to emerge from the difficulties of the last revenue measure passed by the democrats. Does he not know that this republican administration had to sell our interest in two railroads to keep up the revenues of the country to such extent as to meet its expenditures? I say that if it had not been for this war letting them out of their difficulties they never would have "emerged." Already they were below the surface, and nothing but the hat of the chairman of the committee was afloat on the sea of deficit. They are a lucky party. In my opinion, this bond issue is for the purpose of covering up the shortcomings of the Dingley bill.

They complain that now we propose to offer as a substitute for the proposition to bond the country a proposition to collect taxes from the wealth of the country through the agency of an income tax. The wealth of this country is something sacred—almost as sacred as the gold reserve. We cannot touch it, it seems.

Why, sir, do you know that when war exists in this country, the government can take a man from his home, his fire-side, his family, and put him in the

front rank of the army and have him shot for the benefit of his country? Yet the wealth of the country is so sacred that even in time of war we cannot invoke an income tax to touch the wealth of the wealthy classes, even to pay the funeral expenses of the man who has been shot for the good of his country.

Why, sir, in time of war—and under the constitution, too—it has been done time and again in this country. You can suspend every right of the people—the right of habeas corpus, the right of trial by jury, and every right valued as a part of Saxon liberty—all these rights may be swept away in time of war. Yet these gentlemen tell us that the wealth of the country is so sacred you cannot lay hands on it to defend the country. Sir, if it were necessary in this struggle, I would not alone impress into the service of the government every man able to bear arms in defense of his country, but I would empty every bank vault in its defense before I issued bonds. And you can do this under the constitution if you want to do so.

I have my suspicions that all this undue and unseemly haste to rush this measure through now under excitement in time of war is altogether for the purpose of getting these bonds saddled upon the people, to carry out a programme mapped out some time ago in the interest of the money lords of this and other countries to take advantage of the people, appealing to their patriotism to authorize for war purposes an issue of bonds the authority for which has been sought in vain in times of peace. We can come to no other conclusion.—Hon. Jerry Simpson, in the House, April 28th.

A CHICAGO SUNDAY SUPPER.

From "The Workers," a narrative of personal experience "in the army of the unemployed," by Walter A. Wyckoff, now appearing in serial form in Scribner's Magazine. Mr. Wyckoff is at present a professor in Princeton college.

At the corner near my lodging house I stood still for a few moments watching the deft movements of two young children who were busy near the curb. The long, wide street lay a field of glistening diamonds where the blue-white electric light was reflected from the snow. A drunken man reeled past me, tracking the untrodden snow at the sides of the beaten path along the center of the pavement. A dim alley at my right lost itself in almost impenetrable darkness, on the verge of which a small wooden house appeared tottering to ruin and as though the weight of the falling snow were hastening its end. From out the alley came the figures of three young women who were laughing gayly as they crossed the street in com-

pany and walked on toward the post office. The street was very still and lonely for that quarter, and the two little girls worked diligently, talking to each other, but oblivious apparently to everything but their task. I drew nearer to see what they were doing. A street light shone strong and clear above them, and they were in the path of a broad stream of yellow glare that poured from the windows of a cheap chophouse. They were at work about a barrel which stood on the curb. I could see that it was full of the refuse of the eating house. Scraps of meat and half-eaten fragments of bread and of vegetables lay mixed with bones and egg shells and vegetable skins in a pulpy ooze, rising to the barrel rim and overflowing upon the pavement and in the gutter. An old wicker basket, with paper covering its ragged holes, rested between the children, and into this they dropped selected morsels of food. The larger girl was tall enough to see over the top of the barrel, and so she worked there, and I saw her little hands dive into the soft, glutinous mass after new treasures. The smaller one could only crouch upon the pavement and gather thence and from the gutter what edible fragments she could find. I watched them closely. The older child was dressed in thin, ragged cotton, black with filth, and her matted stringy hair fell from her uncovered head about a lean, peaked face that was as dirty almost as her dress. She wore both shoes and stockings, but the shoes were far too large for her, and through their gaping holes the cold and wet entered freely. Her sister was more interesting to me. She was a child of four or five. The snow was falling upon her bare brown curls and upon the soft white flesh of her neck, and over the damp, clinging, threadbare dress, through which I could trace the delicate outlines of an infant's figure. Her warm breath passed hissing through chattering teeth in the intervals between outbursts of a deep, hoarse cough which shook her frame. Through the streaking dirt upon her hands appeared in childish movement the dimples above the knuckles, and the dainty fingers, red and cold and washed clean at their tips in the melting snow, had in them all the power and mystery of the waxen baby touch.

With the quick illusion of childhood they had turned their task into a game, and they would break into exclamations of delight as they held up to each other's view some discovered morsel which the finder claimed to be the best.

"What are you going to do with these scraps?" I asked of the older child.

Her bloodless lips were trembling with the cold, and her small, dark eyes appeared among the shreds of tangled hair with an expression in them of a starved pariah whose cherished bone is threatened. She clasped the basket with both hands and half covered it with her little body.

"Don't you touch it!" she said, fiercely, while her anxious eyes searched the street in hope of succor.

It was easy to reassure her, and then she spoke freely.

"Ma sent us to get some grub for supper," she exclaimed. "Ma's got three boarders, only two of 'em ain't paid nothing for a month, and pa, he's drunk. He ain't got no job, but he went out to shovel snow to-day, and ma thought he'd bring her some money, but he came home drunk. She's mind-in' the baby, and she sent us for grub. She'd lick us if we didn't find none; but I guess she won't lick us now, will she? That's where we live," and one little chapped finger pointed down the alley to the crumbling hovel in the dark.

The children were ready to go home, and I lifted the younger girl into my arms. Her sister walked beside us with the basket in her hand. The little one lay soft and warm against me. After the first moment of surprise she had relaxed with the gentle yielding of a little child, and I could feel her nestle close to me with the trustful ease which thrills one's inmost heart with feeling for which there are no words.

We opened the shanty door. It was difficult at first to make out the room's interior. Dense banks of tobacco smoke drifted lazily through foul air in the cheerful light of a small oil lamp. Shreds of old wall paper hung from dark, greasy plaster, which was crumbling from the walls and ceiling and which lay in accumulations of lime dust upon a rotting wooden floor. A baby of pallid, putty flesh was crying fretfully in the arms of a haggard, slatternly woman of less than 30 years, who sat in a broken chair, rocking the baby in her arms beside a dirty wooden table, on which were strewn fragments of broken pottery and unwashed forks and spoons and knives. A rough workman, stripped to his shirt and trousers, sat smoking a clay pipe, his bare feet resting in the oven of a rusty cooking stove in which a fire was smoldering. Upon a heap of rags in one corner lay a drunken man asleep.

"We've got some grub, ma!" cried the older child, in a tone of success, as she ran up to her mother with the basket. "Riley's barrel was full to-night."

All war between men is war between brothers. There is neither foreign nor civil war; there is only just and unjust war.—Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables."