

pass. The "rush hour" of our crowded street cars, when human beings, regardless of sex, are rounded up and herded for conveyance, would there be held simply intolerable.—Scribner's Magazine.

EXPENSIVE.

It was a beautiful evening in the Spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked, anxiously, "what is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed, grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said, pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you 50 cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover, "but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lovers' Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted 20 feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that Jack Jones, American citizen, had been docked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lovers' Trust.—Life.

THE HOUSEMAID'S STRUGGLE FOR EMANCIPATION.

Extracts from an article on "The Servant Problem," by Miss Jane Addams, published in Good Housekeeping for September, 1902.

At the last Lake Placid conference it was contended that future historical review may show that the girls who are to-day in domestic service are the really progressive women of the age, who are blindly fighting against conditions which limit their freedom. They are demanding avenues of self-expression

outside their work, and that this struggle from conditions detrimental to their highest life is the ever-recurring story of the emancipation of first one class and then another. It was further contended that in this effort to become sufficiently educated and able to understand the needs of an educated employer from an independent standpoint, they are really doing the community a great service, and did they but receive cooperation instead of opposition the whole position of domestic service would lose its social ostracism and attract a more intelligent class of women. And yet this effort, perfectly reasonable from the standpoint of historic development and democratic tradition, receives little help from the employing housekeeper, and there is no room for doubt that the mass of them would be content with the old regime if it only ran smoothly. They not only fail to make conscious effort to readjust their household affairs, but they complain bitterly when they are overwhelmed by the increasing difficulties experienced in procuring and retaining domestic employes. The underlying causes of the difficulty remain a mystery to most of them, although some light could be thrown upon it by a perusal of the immigration bureau report.

The problems of food and shelter must in every age be considered in relation to all other mechanical and industrial life, quite as the family morality and intellectual life must finally depend for its vitality upon its relation to the spiritual and intellectual resources of the rest of the community. Fullness of life can be secured for the family as for the individual only when it embodies a demand for like opportunity for all other individuals, even including those engaged in its service, and brings us back at last to the ever-recurring problems of democracy.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

HE IS DISSATISFIED WITH PROSPERITY.

Printed from the original Ms.

Dear John: What's the matter with my Republican party, anyway? It's got the President. It's got both houses of Congress, and the Supreme Court. It can do anything it wants to, and yet labor has to strike to get enough to eat. I never had so many strikes since '76. It has Shaw standin' at the treasury door a-shovelin' gold into Wall street with a barn shovel; and banks is a bustin' all over the country. What the dickens ails things!

It can't be that Theodore has "shackled" trusts. He has never shackled a grasshopper. The trusts have their own

Attorney General, their own Congress, their own President, their own Federal courts, and yet they bust. They have the gold standard, but it does 'em no good. They'd like to have free silver if they could get it without ownin' up, so they demand asset currency. Assets are not a money metal, but "something just as good," and the roast is only just begun. Fact is, some of 'em will be howlin' for Bryan to put water on their tongues before they get through, but that won't aid 'em. They are beyond the aid of sound, silver and gold, money. Assets may aid them, but don't now, and what's the matter?

I believe I know, John. It's lack of wit. When a country has cowboys for statesmen, and thieves and grafters for office holders, it must pay the penalty. Where I now have that kind of cattle I used to have men of standing and ability. They might be wrong, but they were men of standing where they lived, and had reputations. Where I used to have Webster and Hayne, and Sumner and Benton, and Lincoln and Giddings, and Ben Wade and Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, I now have a pack of nobodies that you must look up in the pages of "Who's a-Whoopin' Himself," or the lists of indicted in the criminal courts.

You mind, John, the story of the Spartan boy who stole a young fox or wolf, and hid it in his bosom, and let the thing gnaw him till he dropped dead, rather than own up he was wrong? I never took no stock in him—too much of a coward. Now an old-fashioned American boy would a-dropped the fox when it first bit him, and kicked it over a stone wall; but my modern boys ain't that kind. I have 7,000,000 Republican Spartans now, lettin' their wolf trusts and combines eat the very daylight out of 'em, rather than own up they are wrong, and a-huggin' 'em up till they die. It's lack of sound sense, that's all there is to it. They'll go on in the same way votin' for Abraham Lincoln and the party of A. Lincoln, till they drop. Now, A. Lincoln is dead, at least so I've hearn tell, and Republican wolves have been a-wearin' his clothes and worryin' the sheep, nigh on to forty year; but the old moss-backed Republicans—they'll never find out—not in this world. It's lack of wit.

UNCLE SAM.

THE SOUTHERN (NOT THE NEGRO) QUESTION.

A portion of an editorial with the above title, which appeared in the New York Nation of October 22.

Human nature being what it is, a community in which the population is divided not very unequally between two dis-