

against cock-fighting, yet the reluctance of our preachers to touch their most influential parishioners on the raw is proverbial."

Does this explain why, when, not long since, 200 ministers of various Protestant denominations gathered in Holy Trinity church, in Philadelphia, to petition the Almighty to redeem the city from political corruption, no part of that prayer, or of the addresses that preceded or followed it, even alluded to the powerful public franchise corporations that bought and paid for that corruption in order to rule and rob the city and its people? These clergymen knew whence came the corruption funds, the campaign "dough," the bribe money. The very school-child knew that. Yet not one minister among them spoke up and said that civic rule was rotten because this railroad company, that traction company, such-and-such lighting system and so-and-so telephone corporation—the names of which all could give—were putting contamination into the civic blood. Two months later, when a gas franchise steal of unprecedented audacity shook the public from its lethargy into a tumult of indignation, these clergymen rushed in and helped kill the project; but they stirred not until the general population was surcharged with excitement. . . .

There are givers of oblations who have acquired great wealth by means contrary to the laws. These may, in seasons of great excitement, be arraigned and chastened. But there are other and larger givers who enjoy legal and social sanction, whose process of heaping up is, nevertheless, in utter conflict with morals, since it is through possession of government-made advantages, which work injustice by taking from the many much that is rightfully theirs. Why decry Mr. Rockefeller's use of the rebate, if he may without question possess the railroad and the pipe line, both properly public highways? Why charge Mr. Rockefeller with acts of tyranny or villainy in the producing and refining fields, if he have full warrant to monopolize the oil-bearing soil? If the one thing is wrong, surely the other and larger is wrong also. If it is wrong, it is against morals. If it is against morals, it is the duty of teachers of morals to condemn and denounce. Some do, but how can the many, when the Nobles of Privilege are the chief patrons of the church and have an overmastering influence?

#### A LESSON IN PROTECTION.

For The Public.

If the American people are not entirely devoid of all sense of humor, then 180 Broadway will soon become as widely known as 26 Broadway. But, whereas 26 Broadway, New York, has long been an object of hatred, has embodied the very quintessence of trust wickedness, No. 180, on the same street, should personify the American spirit, the determination of the American citizen to emulate his forefathers and revolt against trust extortion.

The colossal building, 26 Broadway, which houses the numerous subsidiary companies and departments which make up the Standard Oil company, typifies the ramifications, the strength, and the arrogance of the oil trust. The massive building seems to breathe defiance to the American people. A defiance and a warning. A defiance of all law and all restraint. A warning that whoever dares match his puny strength with that of the trust will be crushed by its remorseless despotism.

Equally does 180 Broadway personify the individual spirit, that spirit that has made America what it is, the spirit of individual determination, the spirit to do and dare, the determination to live and thrive despite the attempt of a trust to annihilate whoever will not submit to its dictation. For much as some are prone to extol bigness, it is not the great aggregations of capital that have put this country to the fore among the nations, but rather individual self-reliance, individual initiative, individual determination to achieve, no matter what the obstacles.

And the greatest evil of the trusts, in my opinion, is not their gigantic robberies, colossal as they are, but the closing up of opportunity to individual effort which inevitably results from the existence of these combinations, with their monopolistic power, to crush competition. And so I say that 180 Broadway personifies the real American spirit.

But you may ask, in what manner, in what particular, does 180 Broadway typify the American spirit? If there are any who do not already know it, I would say that 26 Broadway is a gigantic granite building, 14 stories high, 125 feet wide, some 250 feet deep, running through to that haven of stockbrokers, New street, and is used exclusively by the Standard Oil company. 180 Broadway, on the other hand, is a modest 25-foot building. It seems to stand as a protest against

the policy of concentration going on all around it, as it is going on all over the United States, under which a constantly smaller number of people are absorbing most of the wealth produced. On the street level there is nothing to distinguish it from a score of other store fronts, as the store window, like most modern stores, is a large pane of plate glass.

But the contrast is striking in another particular. The imposing granite structure, which is the home of the greediest and most ruthless of all trusts, the Standard Oil company, that band of financial pirates dubbed by Lawson as the "system," while impressive in its massiveness, yet lacks the attractive element. 180 Broadway, on the other hand, while itself an unimposing building, yet possesses a distinct attractive power. While none but the agents and satellites of the monopoly, and those compelled to do its bidding, ascend the steps at 26 Broadway, hundreds of the city's population eagerly enter the other, while scores of people are ever congregated in front of the store. Why this contrast? it may be asked. The answer is simple. Where 26 Broadway is the home of "addition, division and silence," and all who enter must swear eternal fealty and secrecy, 180 can only thrive through publicity and open and above-board dealing. The oil trust has fear and necessity for its servants; all who do business with it had better keep mum as to what they learn; but the other building derives its popularity because it is the head center of a contest against monopoly.

Its power to attract lies in the fact that behind that large plate glass window is spread out the conclusive proof of the falsity of the claim that the "system" miscalled "protection" really benefits the worker, in whose interest it is said to be established.

In that store window is displayed, in case upon case, the indisputable proof that human beings cannot be trusted with unrestrained power; that such power will almost certainly be used solely for their own aggrandizement and enrichment, and not for the benefit of those in whose interest it is claimed to be conferred, and for whom those entrusted with the power are supposed to merely act as agents.

That these agents are vociferous in asserting that they ask for the power to tax simply that they may convey the benefit to others, does not alter the case. The power to tax being

theirs, they use it not to raise wages to employes, but to create fortunes for employers; not to expand production, but to restrict it by extortionate prices.

At 180 Broadway an enterprising American merchant presents the proof that his fellow citizens are victims of a gigantic flim-flam game, that the people are playing with those who hold loaded dice, the dice being labeled "protection." Because that word implies a spirit of beneficence, those who hold the loaded dice are able to fool the American people into the idea that in some mysterious manner they are its beneficiaries, whereas they are really its victims.

In this store window are displayed hundreds and hundreds of watches (American) which have been exported and sold abroad at such large reductions from the home price that this watch dealer, Charles A. Keene, is able to maintain agents in England, Germany and other European countries, yes, even in Egypt, to purchase these American watches, express them back to the United States, and, after paying all expenses for commissions, express and insurance charges, is then able to undersell other dealers in the same identical goods, who buy their watches direct from the Watch Trust, by from 25 to 50 per cent.

Having before their own eyes this convincing evidence of the fraud that is practiced upon them in the contention of the Watch Trust that a tariff on watches is necessary to prevent them from being driven out of business by foreign watch manufacturers—the very foreigners whom they are underselling in Europe—is it surprising that those who have heard of the fraud should make a pilgrimage to that store to see for themselves, and that there should always be a struggling, pushing crowd eager to examine the proof of this robbery in the name of "protection"?

Nor is it surprising that this enterprising and courageous Yankee (courageous in thus throwing down the gage of battle to a wealthy trust) should at times find his store inadequate to accommodate those who are so foolish as to desire to obtain an American watch at from 60 to 75 per cent. of the price his neighbor has paid for a similar timepiece, made in the same factory (i. e., by either the Waltham or Elgin companies, who compose the Trust), but which has not made a trip to Europe.

There is no possibility of the purchasers being deceived. Every one of

these watches has made the European trip, is numbered and stamped with the name, either Waltham or Elgin. In order, however, that the skeptical or even the most timid may be relieved of any possible doubt of the absolute reliability of these watches—as to their being the standard make, and that they are not old goods, but that they are of the latest designs—this man, Charles A. Keene, who has thus circumvented the Trust, gives to each purchaser a written guarantee that it is in all respects as represented, agreeing to return the purchase price if any dealer to whom the purchaser may submit the watch will say that it is not a genuine Waltham or Elgin of the latest manufacture and of the grade as represented.

It is perhaps too much to expect that, with so many other phases of the trust question engrossing public thought, the name of the American who defies and harasses the Watch Trust will become a household word; but if posterity is to accord fame in proportion to the effectiveness of the blows each of us may deliver against trust extortions, then the name of Charles A. Keene will surely be associated with the fight against an arrogant monopoly—the Watch Trust.

Whether "Keene is," as a newspaper has said, "an effective trust buster," or not, certainly he has shown that he is not merely Keene by name, but keen by nature, for in reimporting their own watches and selling them in competition with their own agents at from a quarter to a half less than they are sold for almost next door, he hits the Trust a solar plexus blow. Keene is evidently an American who is alive to his opportunities; one who is not deterred from going straight to the mark by any threats of the Trust that "they will put him out of business," and "will not permit him to get any watches to sell." Fortunately he is endowed with that indomitable grit which is characteristic of his race, and he has not been bluffed, cajoled or frightened. This case is but another illustration of how little one knows in this big city of what his neighbor is doing.

It seems that Mr. Keene has reimported and sold thousands of these watches during the past year, and yet it was only a few days ago that I learned about it; and I find that a similar ignorance of the matter existed among my friends, although some pass the store almost daily, but

then a crowd no longer attracts a permanent New Yorker.

Having figured out (and subsequently proved) that there was more money to be made by defying the Trust than in acceding to its demands, and having the necessary grit, he proceeded to defy it. For the Watch Trust follows the practice of other monopolistic combinations—it exacts a written pledge from the dealers that they will not sell to customers at less than certain stipulated prices. The pledge is cast-iron and copper-riveted, and woe be-tide the dealer who dares break it by selling his watches at less than list prices.

Fourth of July orators tell us that this is a republic, that freedom reigns, and that we are sovereign citizens. And yet this proves that thousands of watch dealers all over the country are really nothing more than the hired servants of the Watch Trust. It is true that their names are emblazoned on store windows and over doors. But in order to reveal the condition of servitude that exists—the real relation existing between the Watch Trust and retailers of watches—their signs should read, not—

WILLIAM JONES, WATCH DEALER  
AND JEWELER.

but

WILLIAM JONES, EMPLOYE OF THE  
WATCH TRUST.

No wonder that when Keene hoists the Trust with its own petard, that it squirms, fumes and threatens him with the most dreadful penalties if he does not desist from buying their own goods (abroad) and retailing them at from 30 to 50 per cent. less than they permit American retailers to sell them for.

Presumably the Trust's wits have been sharpened by Keene, but they have not yet devised a plan to prevent his continuance of what for his customers, at least, is a philanthropic act.

As an illustration: The most expensive watch made by the Waltham Watch company is the grade known as Riverside Maximus. The usual price at retail is \$75. American dealers have to enter into an iron-clad agreement not to sell for less than \$60. Keene buys this watch abroad, pays all expenses, commissions, express and insurance charges, and yet is able to sell it at retail for \$42.30 and still make a legitimate profit.

He tells me this holds true as to practically all other grades of watches, about the same proportionate reduction of price being made all through. He is even able to reimport

an American Waltham watch and retail it for \$2.98.

Surely this is a lesson in protection for the American people.

ROBERT BAKER.

A young Japanese compositor, employed on a Japanese paper in New York, was riding down town in a City Hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper, and paid little attention to the other passengers.

But a fresh-looking young man, who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly asked:

"What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway; a Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied:

"What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway; a monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man had no more to say, and left the train quickly when City Hall station was reached.—The Crown, of Newark, N. J.

First Citizen—Then we both believe in municipal ownership.

Second Citizen—Yes, but we differ on the point of which party should own the municipality.—Yonkers Statesman.

A director of one of the great trans-continental railroads was showing his three-year-old daughter the pictures in a work on natural history. Pointing to a picture of a zebra, he asked the baby to tell him what it represented. Baby answered "Colty." Pointing to a picture of a tiger in the same way, she answered "Kitty." Then a lion, and she answered "Doggy." Elated with her seeming quick perception, he then turned to the picture of a chimpanzee and said: "Baby, what is this?" Baby answered "Papa."—Woman's Journal.

## BOOKS

### "EN PROVINCE."

*En Province.* Par Rene Bazin. Published by Caemann Levy, Paris.

In few countries, I imagine, will one find more languages spoken than in America. A day's business can scarcely fail of bringing to our ears the sound of one or more foreign languages, that, according to our greater or less breadth of understanding and human sympathies, we designate as "heathenish" or regard as delightfully interesting.

Naturally, where there are so many nationalities represented, one will find

an almost equal number of languages voicing themselves through the press. Adding to this many books and papers printed in the home countries that find eager readers here, we have finally a wealth of literature that adds the touch of novelty and originality to our own rich shelves.

Among these are some delightful books, and happy is the one who may open the door without waiting for the key of translation. One of these leads me to ask: Would you know the France of to-day? At once you think of Paris. but Paris is not France—though it be the flower and ornament, it is not France. Though you walk her boulevards and gaze at her citizens, delve into her archives, meet her savants and live her life, you may yet remain cheerfully ignorant of that outer France whence so much of her glory comes; those provinces that have nourished illustrious sons, only to see them go up to Paris and not return.

To see this France deeply, to understand it and its people, its life, its tendencies and ruling motives, the student must needs have both time and acute perceptions. Wanting either of these, it is yet possible to learn much through the eyes of another—of one who saw clearly, discerned shrewdly, and portrayed subtly provincial land and skies, men and customs.

Such a guide you will find in M. Rene Bazin as you read his "En Province." A guide—but do not mistake. This is no guide book. The itinerary is as vague as a meandering brook. You go with him through the country and study the peasant, or paddle laboriously through the salt marshes, with eyes and soul awake to nature's every phase. You inspect vineyards and salt pits; travel by cart or by rail, hobnobbing with equal enjoyment with the peasant traveling third class, and the more well-to-do or more pretentious upper class passengers; or you visit in the homes of the humble, keeping the mind ever alive to the humor of the situation, and the heart in sympathy with old and young alike.

A gentle sarcasm tinges some of his descriptions, as where he analyzes the provincial newspaper or where he paints the waning glory of rural society—chiefly those "learned societies" that still retain the pomp and circumstance of former days; and yet again as he discloses the pompous littleness of small men with undue self-esteem.

Being a Frenchman himself, the author analyzes his countrymen somewhat otherwise than an outsider would do. There is no drawing of comparisons with other peoples, no dissection of their qualities. His is not the method of the scientist or ethnologist, but, rather, of the artist. Con-

sequently we observe and draw our own inferences, rather than accept ready-made impressions and verdicts. One decides that "the volatile Frenchman," of whom we have heard so often, is rarely to be met with outside of Paris. The Frenchman of the provinces is sober, serious, industrious, as a rule, proud of being a Frenchman, and quite well satisfied with his country and himself.

This is not a particularly quotable book, each stroke of the brush being necessary to the picture, but inseparable from it as a whole. This advice to the aspiring artist is one of the good things, however, that might be passed on to the American youth, were there any Paris here—any supreme temple of art, where burns "la petite flamme:"

"If, then, madame, you encounter the little peasant carver of whip-handles, if he presents himself at your hotel door to ask advice or charity, say to him something like this, but which you will say better than I: 'My little fellow, while thou hast still strong arms, and a heart capable of living in peace, the life of thy fathers, return to the fields and remain there without regret. If, however, something stronger than thyself urges thee toward Paris, if thou hast no fear; if, first of all, thou art above the vulgar ambition for money; and if thou askest of thy art only that it let thee live without pain and with joy, dwell thou there; but listen! dwell there always. Abandon the idea of returning some day—even though late—even in thy old age to the country thou hast loved, or of building there thy house. Thou shalt be but a pilgrim in the country. Thou shalt, according to some mysterious instinct, paint restful woods, tranquil harvest scenes, valleys where so great peace is inclosed

## THIS MAY MEAN YOU

The suggestion here made relates to an important work of the present year, and every interested reader should give it immediate attention.

All who have not already done so are requested to send at once to the publishers the names and addresses (with occupation, where it can be given) of all those in their vicinity, men and women, who are believers in, or sympathizers with, single tax principles, whether actively so or not. Blanks will be sent where desired.

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING CO.  
First National Bank Building, CHICAGO