

"boss" of Chicago, was indicted on the 5th for embezzlement in his office of city oil inspector. While the grand jury had his case under consideration Mr. Burke turned \$30,000 into the city treasury to be used in making good any loss caused by error or other inaccuracy in his accounts. He has since resigned.

—What has long been looked forward to as a great fiscal contest in the parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia, possibly involving its dissolution, was begun on the 8th by the introduction of the ministerial tariff bill. It was described by the minister who introduced it in the house of representatives, Right Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, minister of trade and commerce, as having been drawn along lines of moderate protection.

MISCELLANY

THE BEATEN PATH.

For The Public.

Among the sculptured tombs of marble rare,

The granite shafts that tower in the blue,
A worn and beaten path lies plain in view,
Worn by the reverent feet of pilgrims there.

To lay upon a grave their tributes true
To him who lived and died that all might share

The common gifts from one kind Father's hand—

The common right to live, the common land.

What nobler monument could e'er be placed

Above the form of him who died to save,
Than is this beaten path, by pilgrims traced,

To Henry George's dear and honored grave—

Whose steps led ever upward to the right,
And still lead upward in God's quenchless light?

GRACE ADA BROWN.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

ONLY JUST COURTS ARE MAJESTIC.

The Buffalo courts arose to a great emergency. The historic trial was an example of what law at its best should mean. Judge Lewis did a noble service for the whole country. The jury brought in the one verdict possible.

Possibly all concerned were a little too anxious to emphasize the majesty of the law. A just law faithfully enforced, approved by the conscience of a whole people, is truly majestic. But unjust laws are not majestic. No one can reverence them. A law to be revered must be grounded in eternal principles of right. If such laws, and only such, were made, and if we elected only

men of high character to enforce them, we need have no fear of terrorism.

As an antidote against anarchy how would it do to elect policemen for their moral character instead of their muscle?

Would it not help to have the police force half women?

How about justices of the police?

There are sunrise courts in Buffalo that are making anarchists every day in the week.—The Open Door (Buffalo, N. Y.) of September 29.

TOWNE'S ABOUT-FACE.

Towne has not been able to satisfy his critics. For years they gibed at him. Ha, they said, a man without a dollar giving advice to the country.

Lately Mr. Towne has gone into Texas oil, bringing the valuable asset of a good name to a company that has valuable property to develop. He has set his feet on the road to wealth.

Are his critics pleased? Not a bit of it. Ha, they say, see him desert his dear pee-put for vulgar wealth. Didn't we tell you, they say, that he cared only for what there was in it?

Now it may be that wealth will have the effect on Towne that it has had on many other good men, that it will transform him to a clasped pouch that grips and never lets go, that has no feeling but a galvanic grasp, no affection but greed for gold, no fear but to lose what it has got, no reverence but for the richer man, no belief but in the power of wealth, no faith but in the sanctity of property.

Many men with good native dispositions have been affected that way. It doesn't spoil them all and we don't believe it will spoil Towne.

Money should make no difference with a man's standing, but it makes a lot of difference in his footing. And it will be an advantage to Mr. Towne to laugh back at them: "Money? I have enough for my needs at least; I have taken a flyer at the game you call success and it was easy; I have got what wisdom was in your market, which you boasted was all there was in the world—now hear the truth."

They won't listen any more than before because they know it all. But it will be some advantage.

And happily Mr. Towne's purpose is not primarily to please his critics.—Editorial in Goodhue (Minn.) County News.

A DAY IN DROUGHT-STRICKEN KANSAS.

An extract from a private letter.

My journey to California this summer was delightful, except for that day we crossed western Kansas. I shall not soon forget the impression that day left upon me. I was depressed for many a mile.

It was the second or third day of the hot winds which followed the long dry spell, and it was almost more than I could endure to see those toil-worn, sunbrowned men and women, with actual terror in their faces, utterly helpless and hopeless as they saw the fruits of their labor—their entire crops—burning up—the corn blades shrinking until they were no wider than a finger on their brown, hard hands; the potato vines killed in blossom, which they well knew meant a barren field.

The very look in their eyes would send terror to the soul of any man or woman who knew what long days of ceaseless toil it had taken to prepare these fields for Mother Nature, who is so full of promise in the spring time, but who can within a few short hours defeat her faithful coworkers, and rob them of the fruits of their labor. More terrible still, she robs them of the hope within them which makes it possible for man to endure and remain patient under such tests.

I for one cannot understand why human beings of high hopes and intelligence, for with such is Kansas populated, must be driven to this land of unfulfilled promise when there is enough and to spare of fruitful land that does respond to the honest toil of our brave brothers of the soil—and the cry that went out from my soul was: Why must such suffering be? Why must these, my brothers, be so situated that they cannot escape this misery—this misery that so surely degrades and defeats the soul of man? You, my sister, and I know there is hope for all in the beautiful natural law that is even now forcing its way to the front in all questions of taxation, and as this thought came in answer to my soul's cry, I realized I was fast speeding on toward a fairer land of fruits and flowers.

LEONORA BECK.

"STAMPING OUT."

How many thousands of times, how many hundreds of thousands, since the shooting of the president, have people declared that anarchy