

idolatry to the mammon of unrighteousness, we shall be given to the chastisement of His judgment. I am ashamed of the age we live in.

THEN AND NOW.

For The Public.

A letter of Daniel Webster's written when he was secretary of state in 1841 to Thomas Ewing, then secretary of the treasury, in reference to the part to be taken by Federal officeholders in State and other elections, has been revived. Mr. Webster wrote in this old-fashioned strain:

The President is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.

He therefore directs that information be given to all officers and agents in your department of the public service, that partisan interference in popular elections, whether of State officers or officers of this government, and for whomsoever, or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries, or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as a cause for removal.

We have passed that point of scrupulosity. Now, when there is a State or national election depending on the vote of a State, it is no uncommon thing to see cabinet officers leaving their duties to race up and down the country, make speeches of an extremely partisan character, and direct the distribution of moneys assessed upon and collected from clerks in the departments, so as to make it most effective in carrying the election. Webster would stand aghast were he to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and see how an administration is perpetuated.

A READER.

GLASGOW.

Frederick Upham Adams, in the Brooklyn Eagle, May 1, 1904.

It is a mystery to me how the Scot has had thrust on him a reputation for predominant traits of hard-headed conservatism. In any country where he is of the majority he is the most radical of human beings. Once he has figured to his own satisfaction that there is a material or financial advantage in introducing a new system, he bends every energy to the overthrow of conflicting institutions, no matter how old or venerated.

These "conservative and hard-headed Scotch" migrated to New Zealand. They proceeded to exterminate or convert the natives and long since have finished that task. They invented and installed an experimental system of gov-

ernment which has astounded the world by its audacity. They put into actual operation a combination of the socialism of Karl Marx and opposed to it the individualism of Henry George. Others quarreled over theories; they tested them on a gigantic scale.

While I am writing this paper, news comes from England that the House of Commons has passed to a third reading a bill which proposes to tax out of existence "the unearned increment on land." To those who are familiar with the "single-tax" theory to which Henry George devoted his life and talents this phrase has an ominous sound. Its enforcement would sound the death knell of land speculation and in all probability put an end to the landlordism on which is based the aristocracy of Great Britain. The House of Lords will probably defeat the bill, but it promises to become the weapon which will hammer to fragments the institution which is responsible for the permanence and sharp alignment of the two great classes, the rich and the poor of the United Kingdom.

And who was responsible for the agitation which has made it possible to force so revolutionary a measure through the ruling legislative body in Great Britain? The "conservative and hard-headed Scotch." For a generation the famous John F. Ferguson, of Glasgow, has been agitating for this and for other radical reforms. At its inception his crusade was laughed at, but Balle Ferguson paused not to listen to sneers. He was a man of wealth and of tireless energy. He wrote pamphlets on land reform and on temperance. He carried a Bible in one pocket, a copy of "Progress and Poverty" in the other. He called conventions, made speeches and converts, and recently had the satisfaction of attending a national convention with accredited delegates from the great cities of the Kingdom. The Scotch people are practically unanimous for this drastic reform, and in the bill now before Parliament the provisions for Scotland are far more radical, and are, in fact, retroactive.

This may be a new view of the Scottish character, but it is fortified by more proof than that just cried. It offers an explanation of the indisputable fact that Glasgow is the pioneer of municipal public ownership, not only in Great Britain, but in the modern civilized world.

Strange that the choicest title
Come down from tribe and clan
Is not the *bold*—or *strenuous*—,
But just the *gentle*—man.
—The Whim.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

Life—is it unsatisfactory? Are the days monotonous and commonplace? Is there no real buoyancy and joy in living? Are we but drifting with the current, weary of the voyage, yet dreading the end? What, then, is the remedy? It is in a more abundant life. If life is a burden, it is because we have not enough of it. Life is a miserable thing only as it is narrow. The higher the aims, the broader the sympathies—the more abundant the life, the greater the joy of it.

Pity the lives that are imprisoned in small thoughts. The slave of appetite with his deepening wretchedness; the unhappy woman who sells her soul for finery; he who plays at the fatal game and will not see the impending ruin, nor hear the cries of his hungry children; worshippers of Mammon, made ugly and hateful by the struggle for wealth they cannot use; the aspirants for social supremacy, embittered by jealousy and compromised by a thousand hypocrisies; the people who nurse their injuries; who delight in retaliation; who feed on gossip; who brood over their poverty; who flaunt their wealth; the countless souls who spend their days working for what they do not need and bemoaning what they cannot help—what a multitude of miseries they make for themselves, and how vapid the taste, how bitter the dregs of such existence!

Then afe men wise to put an end to their lives? Can suicide save them? No, it is not less, but more life that they need. Let them feel humanity's sorrows, and forget their own. Let them look at the stars, and not at their neighbors' faults. Let them turn from the babble of the crowd to the music of the sea. Let them honor the soul within and the God above.

Let a man touch the hem of Truth's garments; let him hearken to the pathos of human history; let him waken to the wondrous visions; let him discover himself to be a part of all that is, into whose soul surges the struggle of the universe, whose interests are as high as heaven and as wide as the world.

What trial can ruffle the spirit of such a man? What sorrow can overwhelm him? What danger daunt him? He will smile in misfortune's face. He will forgive his enemies. The sordid finger of the world will not touch him. He will dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide in the shadow of the Almighty.

The successful man, the man who makes the best use of his opportuni-

ties, is he who grows most in the direction of this larger life. If a man's soul shrivels with age, if his interests contract and his horizon narrows, he is a failure, though he may totter to the grave weighted with the prizes of earth. He who starts out with ideals, and ends with pessimism, makes a botch of life. He may have grown rich, but he has also grown small. A man's success is sometimes like the ascent of a pyramid, the higher it gets the smaller it becomes. Exclusiveness is one of the signs of a bad society. A man starts at the bottom. The smell of the earth is upon him. Sweat is on his face. He is one of a multitude. The circle of his friendship is wide and genuine. But he succeeds. He climbs to some high place. Thereupon he shuns his old companions; he denies his poor relations. The impulse of the heart is no longer in his hand-shake. There is less of the spirit of brotherhood in him. This is a miserable success. The man goes into moral bankruptcy to make a fortune.

This is not the success of which we speak. It is not success at all. More often it is failure. The successful man is he who lives most; whose heart throbs with the most generous impulses; whose life abounds most with human sympathies; whose thoughts are ever widening; who sees more good and takes more joy in life with each passing year.

It is not how much we have, but how much enjoyment we get out of what we have, that measures our success. It is not enjoyment in the superficial sense, but the deepening satisfaction and the growing peace which come with wider thoughts and higher aims.

HERBERT S. BIGELOW.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: I had a dream the other night. It was all about this new fangled discovery. I didn't take any stock in it at first, and it made the inventor mad.

"Darn ye," he says, "I'll show ye. I cannot only graft the spirit of a live dead man onto a dead live man, but I can make ye own up that I can do it. Now, if ye dare!"

Well, Theodore was in his usual state of coma regardin' the meat trust and the coal trust, and I says, says I, to the inventor:

"Look here! Graft the spirit of Andrew Jackson onto Theodore Roosevelt, and if it makes any difference I give in, and you can have a patent, too."

"Well," says he, "It's partly electrical and partly psychological; but go to the cabinet meetin' to-morrow and you'll see it's done."

"All right!" says I; and then I wakened up mighty bright, for with Old Hickory in as president I knew there'd be somethin' movin'; but I didn't know rightly what, and the inventor was so confident I felt he had backin'.

So next mornin' I went up to the cabinet meeting, and there, sure enough, was Andrew Jackson sittin' at the table, but the cabinet was struck dumb. They were standin' around in little groups, as if goin' to talk, but not a word did they say. A man 'd open his mouth to speak, and then keep it open.

"Hello, Andy!" said I. "Ain't science great? I never expected to see you president again. It's a wonderful change."

"Pooh, Sam!" says he, "the great change is in you. What's the matter with you, man? Hain't ye got no backbone? They tell me that these trusts and grafters have ye bound hand an' foot, and ye don't try any more to get loose."

"It's constitutional limitations, Andy," said I, "and vested rights; and—"

"Oh, git out!" says he. "It's grand larceny, and what you want is an administration that will administer. Cattle only five cents, and meat eighteen cents a pound; coal worth three dollars, and sold at seven; a little figgerin' and a big boot is what you want, Sammy. Your courts ain't worth a cuss against a rich rascal, Sam, but you keep your eye open and you'll see 'em hunt their holes, even as it is."

"Well, Andy," says I, "what help can I give you?"

"I shan't want much help," says he. "I'd like to have a cabinet with some sand in its craw. Use this new graft, Sam, on this cabinet. Give me the spirit of John P. Altgeld for my attorney general, and—let's see—John A. Rawlins, Grant's old chief of staff, for secretary of war, and I think that'll make a workin' team to begin with. The remainder of them wood-horses may go out under the shed." He nodded toward the honorable cabinet. "Bye, bye, Sammy! Come in to-morrow!"

The people had heard of the change; and as I went down the capitol steps a boy was singin' an old campaign song of Jackson's time:

Old General Jackson, he don't care a peg;
He is straight up and down like a dog's hind leg.

"I'd know I was a dreamin'," said I. "If it wasn't that I distinctly remember wakenin' up."

UNCLE SAM.

TOM JOHNSON'S FIGHT. THE TRACTION STRUGGLE IN CLEVELAND.

George E. Hooker, in the Chicago Daily News of October 11, 1904.

Cleveland's progressive movement has much to its credit. There is, for example, the splendid "group plan," a \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 scheme—already in part under way—for erecting on the lake front about a central mall five or more monumental buildings.

The water department, superintended by Prof. E. W. Bemis, has been placed on a merit basis, and the metering of the service has been carried out with unexampled rapidity since 1901. About one-half the total number of services, including those of all the large users, have been metered, and the bills of domestic users of meters have fallen 25 per cent. At the same time the pumpage, instead of increasing at the precedent rate of one-third every three years, has decreased seven per cent. during the last three years, thus obviating expensive extensions of plant. Despite certain political demonstrations against the metering plan, the public seems well satisfied with it.

A new water tunnel to a four-mile crib was opened last spring for supplying the whole city and the day of filtering and boiling water in Cleveland is claimed to be over. A system of main intercepting sewers to discharge ten miles down the lake, where purification can be undertaken, has also been entered upon and is expected to be completed in five years at a cost of \$10,000,000.

The school administration is progressive, the parks have been much popularized of late, the care of the streets has been conspicuously improved and a boys' farm of nearly 300 acres has been made an adjunct of the recently established juvenile court.

The street car question, however, overshadows all others in continued popular interest. Mayor Johnson demands three-cent fares, with universal transfers. The operating company declares these terms financially impossible, while at the same time exerting every power to prevent any new company from putting them into practice, either on the existing lines or on a duplicate system.

Cleveland's recent traction history has been stormy indeed. Until seven or eight years ago the companies had matters pretty much their own way. Their grants—for approximately 200 miles of single track—were obtained