

ernment, putting their own favorites in power.

"Plainly, it would be unsafe, even dangerous, to have any such cases as a precedent by which this government must be bound later. And the president and the state department, if I am informed correctly, will insist most emphatically that this case must be regarded as exceptional, both as relates to the past and the future."

"Then the case is merely one of expediency?" Mr. Adams was asked.

"Not even that admission can be made safely to future administration interests. The only thing that can be said to the world at large is that the whole case is exceptional; exceptional in violation of international law, exceptional in violating every tradition of the past in this republic."

"What would a parallel have been in the past?"

"To go back 40 years, it would have been just as if Great Britain had recognized South Carolina after the stars and stripes had been hauled down from Fort Sumter. I can remember the time when such action would have been regarded—certainly in this part of the nation—as a violation of right, fair and honor between nations. It would have been unpardonable, of course."

"Is there not some rule of international law to-day that would justify it?"

"Nobody makes such a claim—President Roosevelt least of all. No, it is without any precedent, against all rules. It is avowedly 'exceptional'—that is, something that this nation will not justify by any of the rules of law, of international usage. If any nation had attempted to recognize any of the seceding States in 1861 the recognition would have amounted almost to an act of war against the United States, it would have been so utterly wrong.

"I do not believe President Roosevelt would allow any nation of Europe to do the same thing in any other case. Admittedly what has been done has been a succession of high-handed measures, outside any warrant in international law. No rules apply. No precedent exists. And no similar action would be tolerated in any other power.

"In this case the whole contention is that the United States is doing something that it will not allow other nations to imitate and that it has never allowed other nations to do in its own case, and that it will not allow to be taken as a precedent by anybody, anywhere, hereafter.

"I cannot but regard it as unprecedented. It is truly 'exceptional' in all history. It is high-handed. How the

United States can do anything and then refuse to be bound by its own record thereafter I do not profess to explain. It is so 'exceptional' that it is unique. Whither it leads the people must decide."

#### NEW ZEALAND NOT STAGNANT. THE ONLY COMPLAINT IS THAT WORKINGMEN ARE TOO PROSPEROUS.

From the Chicago Saturday Blade, of November 14.

After a six years' absence from my native country, New Zealand, I returned there last year for a nine months' stay. I expected to see the industrial situation in a bad way, accrediting the reports of the colony's depression which I had read both in the States and England. But, on the contrary, both money and employment seemed plentiful. I did not investigate the government's financing and the meaning of its huge debt. But the taxes levied in consequence thereof did not seem to be as high proportionately as the wages paid.

Nothing struck me more wherever I went in New Zealand than the prosperity and independence of the so-called "working classes," the plentifulness of employment of all kinds, and the high wages. I heard of much good work literally going begging, and on all hands, in a variety of different ways, my attention was called to the scarcity—I think I might almost say the extreme scarcity—of labor. Most, not all, of my informants were not government supporters.

#### LABORERS SCARCE.

I jot down, as they occur to me, a few instances for which I can personally vouch. One of the wealthiest flax millers in the North Island complained to me that his garden fence had been unpainted for months; he was willing to pay good wages (at least \$2.50 a day, and probably three dollars, or more) to have it done, and yet could get no one to do it. Whenever he wanted an odd job done it was the same trouble. I heard exactly similar complaints from many others in quite different parts.

In the small town where I lived the milkmen recently sent round to all their customers to say that the scarcity of labor was such that they did not see how they could manage to deliver more than once a day. In the same town a large jam manufacturer did not know where to get labor, even girl labor. Where the girls went to no one knew; certainly not as servants, for the domestic servant problem, acute here, is immensely more acute there.

#### GOOD PAY FOR WORKERS.

Unskilled laborers were generally getting \$2.50 a day in Wellington, where, however, wages are higher than in some parts. Laborers, such as flax millers' hands and skilled workers, were getting \$3.75 and \$5 a day. The harvest before the last one out there I heard of almost incredible wages being paid for harvesters in the North Island, up to five dollars a day in some cases. The total cost of living may be slightly higher for artisans there than here, but this I doubt; for the professional classes I consider it, on the whole, much the same now.

The only people I heard of as asking unsuccessfully for work were obvious tramps, who preferred to beg rather than earn a meal and some money by half a day's work. Let it be clearly understood that I am speaking of New Zealand only, and of artisans, and not clerical labor of any kind. At present it seems to me there is too much work in New Zealand; they are too prosperous, and a little more struggling for life would in some ways be salutary. As for emigrating, I do not hear anything of it. New Zealand is preeminently a workingman's country, perhaps too much so. That the workingman and his interests predominate must strike any observer.

C. A. BARNICOAT.

Chicago, Oct. 27, 1903.

[Wellington collects its taxes from land values only, thus discouraging speculation in land, and giving all a chance to build a home. The taxes for the general government are also raised in part by this method.—Editor of the Saturday Blade.]

#### THE IRON MONSTER.

From a lecture delivered in Cincinnati Sunday evening, November 15, by Herbert S. Bigelow.

"The Octopus" is the title of a novel by Mr. Frank Norris. The scene of the story is in the California wheat-belt. It tells of the desperate and losing battle which the California wheat growers waged against the railroad and its ruinous rates. Read this story of the havoc wrought and the hearts broken and the hopes crushed by this monstrous monopoly, and see if the metaphor in the book of Daniel does not fit the case.

"A beast, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly: devouring its victims with great iron teeth; and stamping them to pieces with hoofs of steel—" such is the railroad monopoly.

This book takes us out on the great ranches, which extend as far as the eye

can see, and are bounded only by the horizon. There are the huge breasts of mother earth where half the world is suckled. From these wide fallows comes the bread of millions. Once harvested, the wheat is carried by the railroad to tide water, and from there it is carried in ships around the globe.

Water rates are reasonable, for it is easier to build boats than to secure railroad rights of way, and the competition on water is guarantee against extortion. But to get the wheat to tide water, the wheat growers are compelled to deal with the railroad company, and the railroad does not ask: "What can we afford to carry this wheat for?" It asks: "What will the traffic bear?" By virtue of its monopoly of the transportation business the railroad can take the lion's share.

But the railroad was also the great land monopolist of that region. As a subsidy, the government had given the railroad company millions of acres. Farmers were invited to settle upon these railroad lands with the assurance that as soon as the railroad secured its patents to the land, it would cede it to the settlers for the nominal price of \$2.50 an acre.

On one pretext or another the actual transfer of this land was postponed from year to year. At last, when the railroad got ready to sell, it demanded \$27 per acre. The farmers formed a league which had for its double object the election of railroad commissioners who would reduce freight rates, and a legal battle to compel the road to keep its agreement and sell for \$2.50 per acre.

Mr. Norris' novel deals with the fortunes of this league. The farmers are beaten in one court after another, and at last the railroad sells to dummy purchasers, and, with the aid of a United States marshal and his deputies, it undertakes to evict the farmers. Outraged by what they believe to be the shameless corruption of the courts, the farmers resolve to defend their homes by force.

Their spies inform them of the approach of officers, and they take a stand in an irrigating ditch with Winchesters in hand. But the shouts of those embattled farmers, unlike the shots at Lexington, did not go round the world, for the railroad controlled the wires and never permitted the world to get the farmers' version of the story. It was a bloody day. On the field of the dead the young bride found her husband, the mother her son. Men were cut off in the prime of life, and children were left without any defense from hunger. The savings of years were confiscated, household

goods were thrown into the roadway, and homes ruthlessly invaded. This was the act of a hateful monopoly that got its corporation lawyers nominated for judges, that maintained powerful lobbies and dominated legislatures, that made the law or defied it at will, that levied its tribute upon the industries of a great State, and was feared and placated and hated by all.

With the novelist, we follow these evicted farmers. Madness was the end of one. One simple German woman was found dead in a vacant lot in San Francisco. She had died of starvation, and a little child was crying in her rigid arms. Another, a comely country lass, a stranger in the great city, went the way of those whose feet lay hold on hell. And aloof from the squalor of the hunted and harried victims of monopoly, stood the palaces of the railroad magnates, where beautiful women and imperious men feasted and gambled and made merry amid scenes of royal splendor.

Is it without justification that the agitator, stung with hunger, looks at these palaces from his side of the social gulf, and shouts?

We know them for what they are—ruffians in politics, ruffians in finance, ruffians in law, ruffians in trade, bribers, swindlers and tricksters. No outrage too great to daunt them, no petty larceny too small to shame them; despoiling a government of a million dollars, yet picking the pockets of a farm hand of the price of a loaf of bread.

The railroad is an unspeakable blessing. But railroad monopoly is a beast, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly; devouring its victims with iron teeth, and stamping them to death with hoofs of steel.

#### OPERATION OF OUR NEW "ALIEN AND SEDITION LAWS."

From the New York Daily News of Nov. 12, 1903.

It is a spacious, high-domed chamber, magnificently wainscoted and furnished. In the center stands a massive, imposing desk, equipped with a marvelous battery of electric buttons. At it sits William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration for the Port of New York. The scene is the Commissioner's office in the administration building on Ellis Island.

Presently a visitor is ushered in. He is a lawyer—Hugh O. Pentecost—and he wishes to see his client, John Turner, of England.

Mr. Turner has the distinction of being the first prisoner held under the act of Congress passed on March 3,

1903, which provides for the deportation from this country of "persons who disbelieve in organized government." Mr. Turner was arrested while addressing a meeting in this city on the night of the 23d of last month.

Commissioner Williams touches a button and a guard appears. An order is handed to him and he disappears.

Several minutes pass in silence. Although it is the 10th day of November, the air is so balmy that every window of the office is half opened. Through one window can be seen the Stars and Stripes fluttering from the flagstaff on the bay bulkhead. Across channel, flooded in the perfect sunlight, looms the giant statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

Then the door opens and a rather short, stockily-built, ruddy-cheeked, man of middle age enters. His face gleams with intelligence and is adorned with a thick, sandy beard, trimmed in what is called the Van Dyke fashion. This is John Turner, strenuous organizer of British trade unionism and, as he terms himself, anarchist. He is closely attended by a guard in the person of Captain Weldon, of the Ellis Island Federal police.

Turner and Captain Weldon seat themselves at the desk beside Commissioner Williams and Lawyer Pentecost. Captain Weldon produces a pad of paper and a lead pencil to take notes and Commissioner Williams signals Mr. Pentecost to begin the interview.

This is how Turner, the British subject and United States prisoner, is compelled to hold consultations with the lawyer retained for his defence upon accusations of having violated an Act of Congress.

"Now, Turner," observed Lawyer Pentecost, "Judge Lacombe will hand down to-morrow in the United States Circuit Court his order dismissing our habeas corpus proceedings. You will then be deported unless we appeal the matter to a higher court. What is your wish?"

Captain Weldon grips his paper pad and prepares to take copious notes.

"As I do not seem to be wanted in this country," says Turner at once wearily and sarcastically, "I think it might be best to let the authorities ship me back. I am a trifle homesick, anyway."

"But your friends may think it better for you to fight the matter to the last ditch," suggests Lawyer Pentecost.

"My position is just this," says Turner decisively and between his clenched teeth, "I am a British subject, and as such bow to the mandates of the