

suspended since the execution of Maximilian by the Mexican republic in 1867.

—At his home in Fort Hamilton, N. Y., Albert L. Johnson, brother of Tom L. Johnson, and a famous trolley road operator, died on the 2d of aneurism of the heart. He had been ill three weeks, but not seriously, and his death was sudden.

—An automobile race from Paris to Berlin upon the public highways was won on the 29th by M. Fournier. There were 167 contestants at the start on the morning of the 27th. Fournier's net time was two hours shorter than the fastest time ever made by the Paris-Berlin express trains. The casualties are reported as "few."

—A prolonged season of intense heat, especially severe in eastern cities, had up to the 2d caused 225 deaths and 400 cases of prostration in New York city alone. The city is paralyzed. Factories and wholesale houses are closed, ambulance horses have given out, hospitals are crowded, and the morgue is full of unclaimed dead.

—The Seventh national bank of New York was closed on the 27th by the comptroller of the currency upon the report of the official bank examiner as to its weak condition. The immediate cause of the suspension was a loan of \$1,600,000 to Henry Marquand & Co., a private banking house, upon poor collateral. Marquand & Co. made an assignment the next day.

—Eleven boys and one man who sought refuge from a rainstorm under a zinc-covered shed upon a lake pier on the north side, Chicago, on the 1st, were struck by lightning. One of the boys will probably recover. All the rest of the group were instantly killed. This is supposed to be the largest number of persons ever known to have been killed by one lightning stroke.

—The state of South Carolina has begun legal proceedings to test the constitutional power of the federal government to require the state government to pay internal revenue taxes on liquors which it sells under the state dispensary laws. The point raised is that the federal government has no power to tax the property of a state or the instrumentalities employed by it in carrying out its laws.

—On the 1st the City national bank of Buffalo was closed by the comptroller of the currency. Poorly secured loans had been made to directors, and an insolvent condition was discovered by the official examiner. This bank was organized in 1893, by William C. Cornwall, a well-known writer on "sound money," who was a director and president at the time of

suspension. This failure caused the failure on the 2d of the Niagara bank of Buffalo, a state institution.

—Owing to the franchise grab in Philadelphia, and the general political corruption that has prevailed there, a nonpartisan movement was begun at an immense mass meeting on the 27th. As District Attorney P. F. Rothermel, Jr., had "been ostentatiously rejected for renomination" by the republican party, "solely because of his unswerving devotion to his sacred public duties," he was nominated for reelection, by resolutions adopted at the mass meeting, as the nucleus for a full independent ticket.

—At last the French ministerial bill for the abolition of privileges to religious orders in France, making all associations subject to the civil courts (vol. iii., pp. 665, 824) has become a law. It passed the chamber of deputies by 303 to 230 last March; was subsequently amended by the senate; and on the 28th of June the chambers accepted the senate amendments by a vote of 313 to 149. Its adoption has been a burning political question in France since its introduction in the chambers in November, 1899.

MISCELLANY

IS THERE GLORY THERE FOR ENGLAND?

For The Public.

Is there Glory there for England?

Let her stiff pride wreak its will—
Let her gold thirst drink its fill—
Not for her the Future holds,
Deep within its mystic folds,
Song and paean for the brave;
Weak the strength that would enslave.

Is there Glory there for England?

Where is now each ancient realm
That with might would overwhelm?
Shall the tale forever read:
Freedom, Greatness—and then Greed
Venoming through all its blight,
Then the backward step towards Night?

Is there Glory there for England?

England's better self shall set
Seal of condemnation yet,
On the England of this day.
Souls of Burke and Chatham stay
Britain's ebbing tide of fame—
Point her, as of old, her shame!

Is there Glory there for England?

From those reddened veldts and hills,
Where the Afrikander spills
Life's heroic drops, shall spring
Songs that sire to son shall sing;
Breathing Freedom's fervid strain,
Chaunting Liberty's refrain.

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

W. J. BRYAN ON COMPETITION.

If competition is desirable, a private monopoly is indefensible. If, on the other hand, the suppression of competition is a thing to be desired, some plan must be devised to make the sup-

pression complete. It would be obviously unfair for one portion of the community to be protected from competition while another portion was subjected to it. No principle can be accepted as sound which is not susceptible of general application. If the people decide that competition should be suppressed, they must choose between private monopoly and socialism. I do not mean that system of socialism, even now called extreme, which would place the government in control of all the forces of production and distribution, but a still more complete system, which would make the state the beneficiary of all service rendered and the distributor of all compensation.—Hon. William J. Bryan, in *The Working Democracy*, of Chicago.

AN ITALIAN AGITATION.

Foreign correspondence of the Chicago Tribune, under date of Rome, May 30.

The province of Foggia is troubled by mystical, socialistic agitation which worries the authorities. It is led by a fanatic, a sort of dervish, a shoemaker.

The agitator passes through country districts and towns, mounted on a white mare, and followed by three or four comrades. He announces a new division of land and a return of justice and equality as being near at hand. Everywhere he and his escort are received with respect and honor, they are believed in and are entertained hospitably. They leave traces of their passage in the formation of groups of persons, devoted to this agrarian jacquerie, whose business it is to spread it.

The instigator declares that he is sent by God to bear the good tidings and to announce the end of all misery and justice for all. Woe to all who do not believe in his words and to the landowners who may resist the will of God when the hour of justice shall have sounded.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the girl of the period is of necessity attacked with the "nerves" on the slightest provocation. There are exceptions—not many, perhaps, but the saving remnant is a fact. For example: A smartly dressed young woman was walking along a quiet street in New York the other afternoon, when a rather hilarious chappy saluted her with maudlin gravity and invited her to take a stroll with him. The young woman didn't scream, she didn't faint, nor did she turn pale or call a policeman; she just said: "Come with me," sternly. And she conveyed her aston-

ished captive to a near-by cab stand, bade the cabman look in his pockets, find his address and take him home. So the youth was borne away protesting, while the good samaritan, after paying the fare, bowed him a stately farewell from the sidewalk. Once upon a time a female person was considered strangely wanting in delicacy and sensitiveness if she did not gather her skirts together and fly palpitatingly past any masculine on the streets whom she suspected of having dined not wisely but too well. It is no longer considered necessary to show a fawn-like timidity in order to prove that one is truly feminine.—Chicago Chronicle.

A RESULT OF DIRECT LEGISLATION IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

A great many skeptics who have been watching the operation, or apparent lack of operation, of direct legislation in this state, think it "no good because it is never used." That does not follow. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The very fact that the people in this state have the power to command a vote on any bill is a wonderful deterrent of vicious legislation. No better evidence of this is needed than the defeat in the house recently of the infamous "negotiable instrument" bill, which passed the state senate by a big majority. This measure is one prepared by the National Bankers' association, and makes a plain promissory note equal to any cutthroat, Shylock mortgage ever prepared. The bill making it a law went through the senate by a good majority and apparently had the walk-away in the house, when it was announced that if it passed a referendum petition would pass it on to a vote of the people. As it is one of the worst "finch" bills ever presented in a legislature, the republican leaders did not want a state campaign made with it as an issue, and they refused to stand for it, notwithstanding their political indebtedness to the bankers' association. There is no doubt whatever that the power of the people to reject a statute enacted by the legislature defeated this iniquitous bill. And it has had a good effect on many other jobs. Even the republicans will in time admit the referendum is a good measure, for it may be used to restrain radical as well as vicious legislation. The people are naturally conservative, and the revolutionary parties will find at times that it will block their plans if they go too fast.—From the Dakota Ruralist.

A COMMON DEFECT OF REFORMERS.

The newspaper dispatch from Topeka, Kan., about Mrs. Charles M. Sheldon's hired girl has been very popular, and acres of comment have appeared about it. The story is that the hired girl, who was new, had read in one of Mr. Sheldon's the-world-made-over stories, that it was a good plan for the servants of a household to take their meals with the rest of the family, so she expressed to Mrs. Sheldon her willingness to follow that course, but Mrs. Sheldon dissented, and the girl left. This is thought to be a joke on Mr. Sheldon, but really it makes him appear in a good light as a reformer who respects the rights of others, and does not try to compel even his immediate family to share his social experiments. That is the way it is in the family of Tolstoi. He lives the ideal life, and goes barefoot, and cobbles shoes for recreation, but his wife and most of his children respect conventional customs, and live a life modified, but not stunted by his ideals.

A great and common defect about ordinary reformers is that they are not content to let their light so shine, but insist that every one whom they can control shall emulate their good works. Says the Women's Christian Temperance union to the army: "We think it's wicked to drink beer, and you shan't have any." Says Mrs. Carrie Nation to Apollo Belvidere: "It is an outrage that you have no trousers on. Let me smash you!" Mr. Sheldon's way is better. He goes in for precept, and, maybe, example, but not for constraint. If the Women's Christian Temperance union followed his example it might still distribute tracts to the army, but it would not legislate away the canteen, and Mrs. Nation, acting Sheldon-wise, would be content to say to Apollo Belvidere: "Wear trousers, like me."—Life of New York.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

HE FEARS A CROMWELL.

Printed from the Original Manuscript.

Dear John: How do you like this reconcentrado business, anyway? I feel darn small, myself. Learnt it from the Spaniards, and I'm afeard you've caught it from me. Taught you bad manners, I guess. Every time I hear of a Filipino shot, or a Boer, I feel like wipin' my hands on the grass. I don't swear about it, like old Mrs. Macbeth, but jest feel that way.

This fightin' of women and chil-

dren is the cap sheaf. It tops the barbarians everywhere. I hear all your Boer children (reconcentrados) are a dyin' of measles—measles, John! Anglo-Saxon liars lead the world, don't they? Did you follow my press censors in Manilla? McKinley did, I swan! But I caught on to it in about a week. Mack's a nice, smug, church-goin' fellow; but his head is no paperweight—lets everything blow out the window. This is a great year for little fellows in the saddle, anyway.

Are you a follerin' my supreme court? Well, it's done it again! Turned out the Warner ranch Indians, 400 of 'em, off of land the poor creatures had lived on 60 years. Lawyers, too, some of 'em—th' supreme court. You know, John, 20 years gives title at common law. But I guess not now, unless a man's British, or rich.

Say! I've no further use for this supreme court. That's why I'll trade 'em for the Boer republics. We'd both get rich by the dicker. You'd get something to suit you, and I'd get something to suit me, prime. I don't want to press it, but that's how it strikes an old man. To tell you the truth, John, my supreme court has overturned the constitution, and the common law, the golden rule and the rule of three, and I'm mortal afraid that next thing some Cromwell 'll send a file of soldiers and turn 'em out the back door. Yours, for better times,

UNCLE SAM.

JOHN MORLEY ON ENGLAND'S "OUTLAWRY."

Extracts from an editorial in the London Speaker of June 8.

Mr. Morley's silence at the election was broken by a message to his constituents that will take its place in the literature of the nation. The boasting skippers with their cargo of Dead Sea apples" will be remembered long after men have contrived to forget the more homely phrases Mr. Chamberlain chose to describe his opponents. Mr. Morley at any rate has no need to recant or to whittle down a single syllable in that sentence. Do his opponents still stand by every letter of their assurances that the struggle was over, the enemy crushed, peace at our doors, and the fruits of the war only waiting to be garnered? What is become of those politicians strutting in khaki, those jackdaws in peacocks' feathers? Their miscalculations are passed into a proverb; their igno-