

with Mr. Bliss in his Pullman, see the immediate future in less brilliant colors.

In this connection it is only fair to state, upon the authority of a trustworthy newspaper correspondent, that "the West is lending money to the East." This report brings up visions of farmhands loaded down with money which they are lending to eager financiers in Wall street. But the truth is somewhat different. Farm hands have no money to lend. Most farm owners, however, have money on deposit in their local banks; and the local banks are lending to Eastern banks, which are already in distress. Pretty soon the inevitable crash will come, and then the Western country bankers will be unable to collect their Eastern loans. The rest will follow—broken banks and buncoed farmers.

Enough of Congressman Baker's able speech in Congress on the question of labor and prosperity appeared in last week's Public (p. 602) to enable the reader to judge of its merits as a campaign document. Yet many important details were necessarily omitted, which should be brought to the attention of voters. It was a complete and irrefutable reply to Hepburn's buncombe speech of a few days before. For the use of democratic-Democrats no better campaign document could be desired. It is one, moreover, which they can easily circulate. Let them send to their respective congressmen, whether Democrat or Republican, for as many copies as they can re-mail to individuals, and copies ready franked for mailing will be sent them. If a Republican Congressman neglects to comply, let the application be made to the Democrat whose district is nearest that of the applicant. Senators also may be applied to.

It seems that it is not the inordinate demands for better wages that have produced the livery-

men's strike in Chicago, though that reason is exploited for all it is worth and more. The real trouble appears to lie in the landlord "graft." Said J. M. Fay, proprietor of one of the livery companies: "We pay such high rent for our stands at the hotels that the margin of profit is small and we are near the limit." He added: "Similar conditions are faced by other livery stable owners." As "stands at the hotels" consist chiefly of permission to keep cabs standing on the street awaiting custom, it may be seen that this burden on the livery business is chiefly the price of a street monopoly. The hotels take all the business will bear, and the men who do the work are expected to be content with the balance. There is something about this instance which is strikingly significant of the labor and monopoly question as a whole.

CRIME.

We never know all that words mean until we see them translated into acts.

On Christmas Eve Lowell's words—

Lo here

The images ye have made of me
were translated before my eyes
with full significance.

I had received an urgent note as follows:

Will you pleas come down hear and try to get me out I will explain to you the reason I am heere when you come please come at once as you know my berth is to morrow and I will be 50 years of age and I would like to spend christmas at home as I am in a terble distress and by your astence I know I can get out for I was toll heer that you could get me aut please come at once your Humble serveant.

I arrived in the yard of the ugly, nasty police jail about five. The prisoners were just lined up—about 200 of them—preparatory to turning in for the night. What they turn into are dark, miserable cell-pens, more fit for pigs than for human beings.

I had time, while the keepers were taking stock of them, to have a good look at the lines, and I saw but one face that was really brutal; all the rest betokened men or

boys who, if washed, clothed, and in their right minds, would look as well as the average number anywhere. But their present unkemptness and clothing almost hid the semblance of humanity. All ages were represented, from boys of 17 to old men of 70. I asked one of the keepers what they were there for. "Mostly vagrants," he said, "sent up for 30 days."

This is not the first-class city jail, where more respectable prisoners are sent for longer terms, or while awaiting trial in higher courts. It is the hell of the lowest courts.

Would that all men might know what devilish work goes on in these lowest courts in all large cities! When one knows, he can but wonder that the Almighty in his wrath does not smite with destruction a civilization which boasts of enlightenment and still permits such hells of injustice to exist under the name of courts of justice.

It is too often some indifferent politician who occupies the so-called seat of justice, some fellow as ignorant of mercy as he is of law. He scowls at the poor wretch brought before him, whom he hardly permits to speak; hears the policeman say he is guilty under ordinance so-and-so; and calls out: "Twenty-five dollars or 30 days; next!" with less feeling than if he were passing judgment on pieces of lumber.

When a judge is to be set on what we call a supreme bench, we use big swelling words about the requirements for so exalted a position. This supreme judge is to sit in courts where every client can employ learned attorneys to defend his interests. In the lowest courts, where poor, helpless sinners come for trial, almost any politician needing a job will answer for judge.

The men I saw lined up this Christmas Eve were the victims of this kind of justice. There they stood, hopeless, helpless—the ultimates of the "other half."

Meanwhile the high officials of the city were engaged in a gala reception, where wine, women and music made all the earth seem lovely; and in churches vesper services were being chanted in celebration of the holy season.

J. H. DILLARD.