

tinues this Cleveland dispatch, "that they must give the assessors a shock." On the other hand, these same public servants are thoroughly prepared for a hardened conscience in everyone who approaches!"

Here is a confession of almost universal falsifying and widely prevailing perjury, on the part of all classes, rich and poor alike, the principal difference being merely that the rich find it enormously profitable, financially, while an occasional poor man saves a few pennies—or rather, lightens, slightly, the tremendous burden that the rich succeed in shifting to his shoulders.

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Our taxing system has already made us a nation of liars. Have we virtue enough left to save us from everlasting moral death? from the hell of conscious (and satisfied) wickedness?

Yes, we have. As fast as we come to realize the situation, we are filled with consternation and shame. If I did not believe that many of my readers would respond manfully to this appeal I should not make it. Come, let us save each other from this degradation. Let us change our system of taxation.

EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

SWITZERLAND.

Lucerne, July 23, 1906.—All Switzerland at this time of the year is thronged with visitors from many parts of Europe and America, and Lucerne may be said to be the capital of the wealth and fashion of the tourists. If it is a cool climate they are seeking, they have surely missed it during the past week, for the weather has been exceedingly warm. There is something comical in the situation, when one swelters in heat while looking on oceans of snow, yet so it is in these July days in Lucerne. Across the lake, towards St. Gotthard, in the range where Urirotstock and Titlis tower up, there is the white covering of perpetual snow, while down on the green banks of the lake it is as hot as it was in Naples a month ago. Of course the natives say the weather is exceptional, but this is an ancient story the world over.

If it is beauty the tourists are seeking, the natives will never be called on to make excuses. The beauty and grandeur of the lakes and Alps of Switzerland are indescribable, and all the books and pictures can do but little in giving an idea of the reality to one who has not looked upon it with his own eyes. From my window the Rigi bounds the horizon on the left and Pilatus on the right; in front lies the Lake of Lucerne, with the Stanserhorn directly in the center of the view; and back of all, in white procession, range the snow-covered peaks of the loftier Alps, which seem all the grander if one has come down through them and knows the spell of the nearer view.

Beautiful indeed is little Switzerland—free Switzerland, where every man of 20 votes. There is, it is true, no suffrage for women as yet; but this is not surprising even in freedom-loving Switzerland, for there is still a long road ahead of the peasant women of Europe. But, in spite of certain shortcomings, Switzerland is an inspiration in her history past and present.

I walked today through the Hollow Way, on the road from Kussnacht to Immensee, where William Tell shot the tyrant Gessler. You may doubt the existence of Tell when you are far away and have read iconoclastic German historians, but here on the spot, with Schiller's splendid drama in hand, he is a living man. These two, Schiller and Tell, are the great names of this region, and healthy names they are. Schiller began by being a radical of the radicals, then went into eclipse because of the excesses of the French Revolution, but in his great drama of William Tell he returned to his love of freedom, and produced in this poem a monumental classic of the rights of man.

The two most striking themes in the play are the freedom of the soil and the possibility of popular initiative, and there are two passages which bring these ideas so clearly out that it is always a pleasure to recall them.

As Tell and his son Walter are walking together, the boy asks, "Are there lands without mountains, father?" And the father tells him of the rich plains below, where all is as a garden to behold. Then—

Walter.

Why don't we quickly seek out that fair land,
Instead of vexing and o'ertolling here?

Tell.

The land is bright and lovely, as its skies,
But those who cultivate can not enjoy it.

Walter.

Live they not free on their own heritage,
As thou dost, father?

Tell.

No—the country round
Belongs all to the bishop and the king.

Walter.

Dare they not hunt, as we do, in the forests?

Tell.

Wild animals, whether of foot or wing,
All are the lords'.

Walter.

And can't they fish the stream?

Tell.

The stream, the wood, the plain, are all the sovereign's.

Walter.

Who is this King of whom they're so afraid?

Tell.

He is the one who fosters and protects them.

Walter.

Can they not foster and protect themselves?

Tell.

Thou'rt right, my boy,—etc., etc.

The other passage is where Stauffacher and other members of the league for freedom are telling the sympathetic nobleman, Attinghausen, of the secret meeting at Rutili and their plans for action. Attinghausen, who is nearing his end, is still under the "protective" idea, in spite of his sympathy for the

people and his opposition to the foreign rule. He says:

And fatherless I leave you all—all fatherless.

Stauffacher.

Cheer, cheer thee, noble sir; God hath not left us
All desolate, all lost, without redemption.

Attinghausen.

Who will deliver you?

Walter Furst.

Even we ourselves—

Pledged are our cantons to expel the tyrants.
The league is formed; a sacred oath hath bound us.

Attinghausen.

The league concluded!

Meichtal.

Ay, sir!—Until now

The secret has been kept, though shared by hundreds;
On the same day will the three cantons rise.

Attinghausen.

And are our nobles sharers in the league?

Stauffacher.

I doubt not their assistance, when 'tis needed;
As yet the only actors are the people.

Attinghausen (in great astonishment).

They have done this! And done it all alone!
They have done this! And without aid of nobles!
Then all's not lost! Through other arms than ours,
The dignity of man will be asserted.

(Lays his hand on the head of young Walter Tell,
who is kneeling before him.)

Yes, on this head, where late the apple lay,
Soon shall a new and better freedom rise;
Time changes; good or bad, the old hath fallen,
And a new life is blooming from its ruins.

Writing, in 1804, Schiller read a deep meaning into such lines as these, and there is no doubt that he made use of the Swiss uprising in the early part of the fourteenth century in order to give expression to certain opinions that might be useful in the early part of the nineteenth. It is no wonder that the Swiss hold him in high honor for having made the ancient assertion of their rights the subject of his masterpiece.

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It may be that Switzerland has, in these modern days, a more dangerous enemy to contend with than the ancient house of Hapsburg. But it is to be hoped that the modern enemy touches only such places as Lucerne, and it is well always that the Lucernes are not the whole country. Lucerne, Interlaken, and such centers of attractive beauty, live and batten on the riches of the enemy. At the same time they must necessarily imbibe something of his poison, and there may be doubt whether Switzerland in the long run stands to win or lose by these wealthy idlers, who flock to her doors with their millions. But, as I have said, the probability is that this sort of thing touches only certain points of hardy Switzerland, and that the rugged mountaineers will save the land as they have done in the past.

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The eastern Swiss peasant looks rugged and independent enough, and he speaks a rugged speech, no language of his own, but in most parts a barbarous German dialect. His manners, too, are over-rugged, especially in comparison with the "grace" of Italy, of which Mr. Howells speaks.

Looking back to Italy, through Como and Milan to Florence, you feel that something has been lost, and you wish that you could combine what you have with what you have lost—sturdiness with something more of graciousness. While the good nature at bottom may be nearly the same, you are compelled to acknowledge the charm of the outward manner which characterizes the Italians of every class.

There are, in fact, no disagreeable people in Italy except the guides, and, according to a lady whom I met in Florence, Italy is not responsible for these. "They are educated in America," she said with an Italian smile; "they go to New York, get their English and a living by blacking boots, and then come back to guide Americans through our galleries."

But leaving out the guides, whom all travelers should carefully avoid, we cannot but feel that the Italians of all degrees owe a duty to the world to preserve and spread their beautiful art of courtesy. Any one who has seen it will agree with Mr. Howells. "It is not yet," he says, "valued aright in the world; but the time must come when it will not be shouldered aside by physical and intellectual brutality. I hope," he adds, "it may come so soon that the Italians will not have learned bad manners from the rest of us." In the readiness to be pleasant, to give information and to render the little services which make life go more smoothly, especially for a traveler, it is impossible not to observe the difference in passing from Italy up to Switzerland.

J. H. DILLARD.

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THE HEARST CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

New York, August 5.—Conservative students of politics in New York are now disposed to predict the easy election of William Randolph Hearst to the Governorship. This result seems assured, irrespective of his nomination by the official Democracy of the State, although it seems certain that a vociferous, if not predominant, demand for his leadership will be the feature of the Democratic State convention.

But shrewd observers do not hesitate to affirm that Hearst's election to the Governorship will ensue, no matter what the action of the Democratic State convention. His personal party, the Independence League, is well organized and seemingly well financed, in all the well populated counties of the State, and it seems to win recruits with equal facility from each of the old parties. In this city he has attached to himself a vast support from the poorer citizenship, attracted by the widely circulated incitements to radicalism in his daily newspapers.

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The devotion of this multitude is not less faithful now that it was last November, when, as is now generally conceded, Hearst was elected Mayor of the city. That he was literally counted out by the agents of a shameless political machine, and in the interest chiefly of the public service monopolies, is a conclusion naturally deduced from the developments since McClellan's election was announced to have been won by a plurality of about 3,000 in a total poll of more than half a million votes. Evidence of gross fraud in the count was presented by Hearst watchers within a week after the election, and a recount of the