

I know a man who went over there a year ago and put in an ice plant. He wouldn't do that if there was no business."

"Where did he put in an ice plant?"

"In Honolulu."

"Honolulu! Why, man, that's nearly as far from Samoa as Waco is from London. Honolulu! Why, that's only 2,200 miles from 'Frisco. The climate is about what it is in southern California, and a white man can live there and enjoy it. In fact, there are thousands of white people there now. The line-up in the Philippines is different. The climate is a pocket edition of h'l; few white people can stand it, and it's so far from civilization that they didn't know what a con game was till just lately."

That was the limit. A couple of fellows took hold of me, and led me inside; quite a crowd had gathered during the discussion, they followed, and we had refreshments—all except the lobster. I guess he's sitting there yet.

M. J. FOYER.

THE HISTORY AND STATUS OF THE BATTLE FOR THREE-CENT STREET RAILWAY FARES IN CLEVELAND.

The Hon. Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, in the Cleveland Press of Jan. 28.

You have asked me this question to be answered through your paper:

"How have you kept your promise to give the people of Cleveland three-cent street railway fares, and do you still believe three-cent fares possible?"

In reply, let me say that even my bitterest opponents concede that I made every effort that lay in my power to bring about three-cent fares. Since last August my hands have been tied, but I am ready to renew the fight as soon as the knots tied by the corporation attorneys have been loosed. They can be loosed at the spring election.

Here, in brief, is the record of this administration on the street railway question and, incidentally, the record of its adversaries:

No sooner had I taken office than the preliminary work of securing three-cent fare was begun. The enemy was active, but on December 9, 1901, an ordinance was introduced in the city council to establish routes for three-cent fare roads. Move one by the city.

Two days later, Republican Attorney General Sheets brought suit to oust the city government. This was

the first public move of our opponents. Move one by the railroads.

In the usual course of council procedure, the ordinance was passed on March 24. Move two by the city.

An election was pending and our opponents did not make their second move until that had passed. The people of Cleveland sealed with their approval the work that had been done, but, despite this, on May 11, the building of the three-cent fare road was enjoined by the circuit court. Move two by the railroads.

The court, in setting aside the work done, pointed out certain defects in the first ordinance and legislation was started in the council a second time, in which these defects were cured. Move three by the city.

Five days later, on July 19, the council was enjoined from granting any franchise under the new ordinance, and a suit was brought to oust the city council elected by the people of Cleveland. Move three by the railroads.

The city law department attacked this injunction and had it dissolved by the circuit court. Move four by the city.

Our opponents, beaten by the courts at home, appealed to the supreme court by taking up the old ouster suit, which had been allowed to sleep, and ten days before the new three-cent fare franchises were to have been bid for, the supreme court ousted the city council, thus completing the destruction of the government of Cleveland. Move four by the railroads.

Tied hand and foot, the city administration has been powerless ever since, but it only awaits the command of the voters of Cleveland to renew the contest. This time the track is clear, for our opponents have exhausted all the power of courts, and the whole question has at last come back to the people of this city.

One of the influences that resulted in my election was the belief that no street railroad franchise would be renewed that did not provide for three-cent fare, universal transfers, and ultimate municipal ownership.

Up to that time, the question of renewing franchises was constantly before the council, and the people were fearful that in spite of their protests renewal grants would be made in the interest of the railroads, in entire disregard of the rights of the street car riders. No such fear has existed during this administration and no effort of any kind has been made to secure extension of present grants.

The citizens of Cleveland have nothing to lose and everything to gain in the building of new street railroads. Men and money are waiting to invest in three-cent fares. The congestion of cars on the main streets and the crowded condition of the cars themselves witness the fact that the city has far outgrown its present street railroad facilities. The city is growing at the rate of 25,000 people each year. Will the citizens force better and cheaper service or trust to the generosity of the men who now monopolize the streets?

Street railroad building has been at a standstill for a number of years, notwithstanding our phenomenal growth. The building of new lines will serve the double purpose of filling this want and inviting free and open competition as to the rate of fare on the new lines. One road in operation at three-cent fare is worth more than any number of reports on the cost of carrying passengers and will strengthen the position of the city in this important contest. Competition between bidders for new franchises is the best evidence as to what passengers can be carried for.

Never have the voters of an American city been permitted to meet such a clear-cut issue as the one that is now presented to the people of Cleveland.

On the one side is the movement for more, better and cheaper street railway service; on the other is a party organization utterly dominated by a United States senator who in himself is the incarnation of street monopoly. He will strive to choose the councilmanic nominees for his party.

The election of a mayor is of small importance except as to his veto power in franchise matters. The selection of the new administration officers under the new code is of minor importance, for their deeds will perish with them, but the work of the new council will bind future generations to extortion and inconvenience, or grant them the proper use of the streets which they own.

Let no voter cast a ballot for a councilman, Republican or Democrat, who is not fully and specifically pledged to guard the public interest.

Let no vote be cast for a councilman who is not untainted by monopoly influence and capable of the highest trust.

Even if competing franchises are not granted, the present grants of the old roads are about to expire, and the question of their extension must be met by the new council. The voters must realize, then, that the new

councilmen must be the representatives of the people who ride on Senator Hanna's railroad rather than the representatives of Senator Hanna himself.

Unless the senator dominates the council, competing three-cent lines will be within reach. There are men ready to construct such lines. It is the knowledge of such fact that spurs him on in his effort to control the next council and city administration so as to secure the renewal of his grants before the people of Cleveland are actually being carried for three cents.

But for Senator Hanna's opposition and his power to use a great political party for his own business ends, the people of Cleveland would be enjoying three-cent fare to-day.

This is not the time for compromise. The street railway monopoly is yielding. It first offered to sell six tickets for a quarter. Now, rumor has it, it is willing to sell seven tickets for a quarter. Eight tickets for a quarter is only a short step, and if the people of Cleveland exercise the power that is in them, three-cent fare will soon be an accomplished fact.

BY AND BY WILL BE TOO LATE.

For The Public.

Oh, scorn to you (and pity, too),
Ye who have felt the lash—
The stinging lash of helpless need,
Dependent for your daily bread
On scanty dole of wages paid
From out the pittance slipping through
The grasping palms of greed.
Ye who have seen the shadows creep
O'er loving eyes so dear to you;
Who know that want and hunger lay
Their icy fingers day by day
On loving hearts so near to you;
And dare not brave the tyrant's power
For fear of coming evil hour,
For fear that worse may come to you;
Oh, stop and think what future need,
What future store of good or ill,
What future hopes, depend on you.
How can you with your voice sustain
The power with whom you plead in vain,
The tyrant who oppresses you,
Who hears your plea with cold disdain,
And e'en to answer will not deign,
But thinks 'tis weak to treat with you.
Oh, know ye not his ruling power,
Growing with every passing hour,
With stronger bonds is binding you?
Why should you call a man your master?
Why should you bow your heads to knaves
Who only make by your disaster,
Who hold you only fit for slaves;
Whose greed will give you just enough
To keep the fires of life alight,
And hold above your head the sword
Of want, your nobler soul to fright?
Oh, courage ere it be too late;
Nor cringe and cower before the foe;
Your children's lives and future fate
Depend upon your action now.
Oh, rouse your manhood, ye who toll,
And side by side as brothers stand;
And wrest your birthright of the soil
From out the greedy spoller's hand!

E. R.

STATECRAFT.

"Justice according to law."—Secretary Shaw.

Justice is of God; law is either state or federal.

But a mere matter of getting the cart before the horse is nothing, in the higher realm of statecraft. Law according to justice might disturb the confidence on which our unexampled prosperity rests.—Life.

"Emerson," said the uncle of the Boston boy, beaming benevolently upon the studious youth, "I think, as a reward for the diligence with which you have pursued your studies, I shall give you a quarter."

"Uncle," said the boy, "if I may make a suggestion, I wish you would attach a string to your kind donation."

"A string?"

"Yes. Promise me a quarter on condition that you give me another quarter and my coughs—er—contributes 50 cents. You will then have the satisfaction of feeling that you are an up-to-date philanthropist, and it's a good gamble I can raise the money."—Puck.

There is at least one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona desert and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place where water may be had for 45 miles to the eastward and for at least 30 miles in any other direction. The "house" consists of a tall cottonwood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Banks are the natural servants of commerce," said the president in his message. Will some one please tell the banks?—The Commoner.

Many a Markle makes a Mitchell.—The Whim, of Newark, N. J.

If taxing whisky makes whisky harder to get, is not the effect of taxing houses and goods the same?—City and State, of Philadelphia.

BOOKS

TWO GREAT NOVELS.

As the most trifling literary work of modern times is to be found in novels, so is it perhaps equally true that the greatest literary work of modern times is to be found in novels. There is no man in England to-day who has seen life and expressed life

with greater power than Thomas Hardy, the novelist; there is no American who has put modern civilization into literature with such truth as William D. Howells, the novelist. The historian of the twenty-fifth century may learn more of the United States in the nineteenth century from "A Hazard of New Fortunes" than from any formal history that has yet been written. There are, then, novels which are to be taken seriously, just as we take seriously the dramas of Sophocles and the plays of Shakespeare.

The trouble is to find out which these are. Who is it that sees truth up to date and can tell it to us—even a fraction thereof? It matters not very much what form his telling may take, provided he do justice to the form chosen. He may write parables like Bolton Hall, or Whitman—verse like Ernest Crosby, or poems like Markham, or novels like Howells; only let him take care that he spoil not the truth by over-statement, or make it ugly by false art.

In our day, it must be confessed, the most popular and effective form of literature is the novel. We might as well acknowledge the fact, and try to find out as soon as possible who are the novelists that are really seers and artists. Of course, only time can tell conclusively, and critics at best speak under correction.

With this long preamble, we venture to recommend two novels by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, a Roman Catholic priest of Doneraile, Ireland: "My New Curate" (Marlier & Co., Boston) and "Luke Delmege" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York): No one can read these books, especially the last named, without seeing that Father Sheehan has a true literary art, which captures the interest of the reader and holds it throughout the story. This is all the more striking when it is said that plots and courtships have hardly a part in the interest. "My New Curate" tells of the troubles of an active young curate in a benighted parish of Ireland, and "Luke Delmege" is the life history of an Irish priest.

We have not space to go into details, to tell of the delicious humor of Father Dan and Father Pat, or of such episodes as the vivid scene of eviction in "Luke Delmege." It would be difficult to choose where to begin or where to stop. There is a dash of Irish humor and of information on Ireland's problems. In fact, the author may be called the historian and interpreter of modern Ireland. "Luke Delmege" shows how fully he appreciates the importance of the land question, especially in the chapters telling how the landlord's agent raised rents according to the efforts of the parish towards improvements, and how the well-meaning old canon