

from the consent of the governed. Can the political condition of women be reconciled with this?

A reason sometimes given for the political non-existence of women is that their interests are identical with those of their fathers and husbands. But there are women who have no fathers and brothers, and, for those who have, laws are made for protection against fathers and brothers, if a sad fate makes such protection necessary. The reason, therefore, is worthless.

It has been urged that the mass of women do not wish to enact laws, though they feel their pressure. It may be so—but the noblest and best women are not so indifferent, having thought for themselves on the question; and their intelligent wish should decide it.

It would be well to quote to those who acquiesce in the old order of things, the ringing words of James Freeman Clarke:

I leave it to others to speak of Woman Suffrage as a right or privilege; I speak of it as a duty. Is this not your country as well as men's? And are you not bound to contribute whatever faculty God has given you to make it and keep it a pure, safe and happy land?

It has been urged by self-satisfied objectors that households would be divided by endless quarrels if women were given the ballot. The law does not, however, compel women to adopt the religious creeds of their husbands; practically this freedom has made no difficulty, and equal freedom in politics would make as little; for in history we find differences in religion have bred far more quarrels than differences in politics.

Yet another objection is this: "Will not the delicacy of womanhood suffer hurt if women be enfranchised?" Let us change the form of the question. Is political non-existence a school for the development of perfect womanhood? This query is important in itself and and what it involves. Is the character of one-half of the human race bettered, or dwarfed, by the absence of the grand notion of public duty engendered by public responsibility?

Let us ask the question: What is the sphere of woman? Is it one appointed by her guardians, and bounded by the ideas of narrow propriety inherited by the women who may read, but never think? Or is it a

broader and fuller one, appointed by God, and bounded but by the powers he has given? The acquiescence of women in any state but this latter proves nothing but their own want of intellectual and spiritual freedom. An acquiescence like this is an argument that cuts the wrong way for those who use it. Let women look to it, if they make no effort to secure privileges and duties they were meant to enjoy and fulfill; for it is sure that in despising such privileges they disgrace themselves.

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow?

INCENDIARY TALK IN HIGH PLACES.

A paragraph among the editorial notes of the Congregationalist, of Boston, in its issue of last week, though very brief, must be esteemed significant. It calls attention, without distinct disapproval, to a sentiment which no one, even a very short time ago, could have expected as at all likely to appear in its columns—a sentiment which, both in expression or form and in purport, has apparently seemed to not a few excellent people as at least dangerous; that is, incendiary or revolutionary. It quotes thus:

The real issue that men of the future have got to meet is the struggle between plutocracy and democracy.

Of course, it is important to know who says this. This seems almost a first consideration with certain ones—not so much the truth of what is said, and its force on that ground, but the authority with which it comes. The statement is commented upon by the Congregationalist as follows:

These are not the words of W. J. Bryan or John P. Altgeld or Eugene Debs or any other supposed dangerous character from the inflammable and covetous west, although much like their utterances in tenor. They were spoken to the New England Free Trade league last week by Prof. William G. Sumner, professor of political and social science in Yale university since 1872. He supplemented the remark with the other statement that in every land with parliamentary institutions organized capital was trying to control legislatures for corporate profit and industrial exploitation.

The singularly ungracious reference to the west—not to characterize it as it more fully deserves—only renders more signal the significance of this editorial note. It is simply being forced upon the attention of the people of this country—what the west has long known and been ready, exposed to much obloquy, to speak of plainly, though assumed leaders of the people and editors in the east have tried their utmost to keep it out of sight—what a contest is going on in our land. What

Prof. Sumner, of Yale, says is true, but is not a particle more acceptable on that account than as said for years by men who have been persistently and malignantly discredited just for saying that. Representative government among us has come to be a thing of name only. It is so in our cities, in our states, and swiftly it is getting to be that in the nation. The representatives, legislative and executive, represent not the people, but, so far as effective action is concerned, they represent a power more masterful than votes, dominant over and not subject to the people. "Parliamentary institutions" are but a stalking-horse to cunning schemers. "Organized capital"—no matter who says it, providing it be true—is not only trying to control," as the Yale professor states, but has often succeeded in controlling, as is widely known, "legislatures for corporate profit and industrial exploitation." This is one of those things that so thoroughly ought to be said that he verily is guilty who keeps his tongue from saying it.—City and State (Philadelphia), of May 17.

A ROAD OF SORROW.

An extract from a letter describing the famine districts of India, written at Dhulia, Khandesh, April 3, to the Manchester (England) Guardian, by its special correspondent.

The drive of 34 miles from Chalisgaum to Dhulia, one of the taluka towns of western Khandesh, gave evidence enough and to spare of the state to which famine has reduced the richest district in the Deccan. Khandesh was thought to be proof against any serious famine, for it has a fertile soil and enjoys, as a rule, a sufficient rainfall. When the poorer provinces of the Deccan were suffering from the famine of 1896-7, Khandesh had only 16,000 people on relief works, and the official estimate for the present year, when things are indefinitely worse, was 33,000. The forecast was strangely wrong, for a quarter of a million men, women and children have found their way to the famine camps, and there is another 10,000 in the village—old, blind and village peasants—who get their dole of grain from government. So, then, the happy district which may be said to be almost a stranger to famine finds itself naked and helpless, like its famine-seasoned sisters of the Deccan, stripped at once of all reserves of fodder, food, cash, and even credit. There must be something wrong with India when one finds a collapse like this. The road along which I drove the other morning

was a dismal one to travel, over-brown wilderness spreading to right and left as far as the hills, and scarcely a soul or a beast to be seen on the country-side. The cattle preferred to snuff at the fallen leaves by the roadside, with the chance of finding a few worth munching here and there. Outside the station we had passed lines of children making a move in the direction of the bunga's grain-heaps, to forage for breakfast, I suppose. People in these parts tell me that it is no uncommon thing to see the children following a cart and picking like birds at any stray grains of corn or rice that fall in the dust. I myself have seen the babies on the works grubbing round the bunga's stalls in the same way, and getting their mouths all slobbered with earth in the process. We met a train of bullock wagons coming into town with loads of leaves, which are in great request for fodder; so much so that trees are being destroyed in thousands by the ruthless stripping of branches that has been carried on. The avenue we drove along had been badly handled, the branches of many of the trees being torn and ripped from the trunks as though a hurricane had passed.

The beasts on the Dhulia road were to be pitied; they were bearing their sufferings as submissively as their masters, allowing themselves to be pushed and pulled and almost lifted along the road to market. Here was a pair of bullocks, weak as water, yoked to a wagon load of hides, whilst further on a woman strode along with a bundle of stiffened skins upon her head. One bullock wagon had a strange load—the wreck of a splendid beast, with the glaze of death over its eyes. Another bullock had fallen upon the road, and lay there, too weak to get up again. I have seen two women and a boy shedding tears through sheer disappointment because the sahib did not listen to their plea for food. I have seen the people lifting their hands to heaven and throwing themselves on the ground in the hope of gaining the Englishman's ear; but that is the common oriental fashion, and there is nothing in it. As to the people on tramp to the works, whom we passed about every mile or so, nothing could be more prosaic or further removed from the drama. Here in Khandesh each family had actually got a deal box of its own, which the father carried on his head, an indubitable sign of the wealth and respectability of the district. The gaunt old fellow on the bank by the road-

side, in a red turban and not much else, who, with his wife, was watching a woman's figure collapsed at his feet—why did he sit there and not rush out and seize the horses' heads and in the name of God insist on food and help for his dying daughter? The red turban did lift as we went by, and the arms shot up for a moment and then fell again. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" he seemed to be asking. "No, nothing," said the dropped arms and hanging head; "I might have known it." It is idle, perhaps, to speculate on the feelings of people who are half comatose with famine, but the stupor and the silence become intolerable at times, and you wish that the unspoken horror of these sapping months could be given a shape.

THE REAL TRUST EVIL.

The indiscriminate defenders of all trusts are being forced to admit that in certain instances the trust is an undoubted evil. And this puzzles them. They feel, intuitively, that the right of combination is unassailable outside of an absolute monarchy. Yet they see or perhaps feel the oppression of some trust. One of this class writes:

. . . . Up to a year or so ago Baltimore had one of the best street car services in the world. Thirty odd lines were owned by four separate companies, and as competition was active, the public was benefited. Six tickets were sold for a quarter, each company gave free transfers to its different branches, and the cars were run at close intervals. The companies consolidated, and in a very short time the service deteriorated. Tickets were no longer sold six for a quarter, transfer privileges were curtailed and the cars were run at longer intervals. There is no chance for competition from new companies, as the old companies have charters giving them control of practically all our streets, and the courts have decided that these charters are irrevocable. It is useless to talk about the sufficiency of the law of supply and demand to remedy such a condition, as, except very remotely, there is no chance for the operation of that law; and in the meantime the public is at the mercy of a trust. What do you think of it?

Our correspondent says the law of supply and demand does not operate here. But if not, why not? The demand is there. And if the supply has been limited, who did it? Did the companies forming the trust limit it? This is fine. It is delightful. We hope the street car trust of Baltimore will continue to gouge the people of that town good and hard. May it employ every known device of corporate greed to rob and inconvenience them, and may it invent a lot of new ones. May it do all that is necessary, in short, to drive into their stupid heads that

the one and only evil in this country and every other country, monarchy or republic, in all the time since human association began, in every phase of it, national, state and municipal, is—special privilege.

You make a life contract to buy your provisions of two grocers. You bind yourself never to buy so much as a pound of tea of any other. Your two grocers form a trust. Why shouldn't they? They are in business to make all the money they can, and you have parted with your right to trade with anyone else. They agree to put up prices on you. You are at their mercy, but who put you there? And you whine about the trust evil, instead of seeing that the only evil in the case is your own criminal asininity in making such a contract. How long would the street car trust of Baltimore be a "criminal" trust if it did not have its special privilege?—if, in a word, it had to compete for this privilege with good service and low prices, precisely as the dry goods dealers and grocers of Baltimore have to do.

Trusts cannot destroy competition. Competition can never be more than artificially limited, and only the people themselves, by their own free acts, can do even that. They may do it by parting with franchises, as in Baltimore. They may do it on a larger scale by maintaining a protective tariff which gives special privileges to a few manufacturers at the expense of the whole people; or they may do it as in New York city by giving the special privilege of "governing" them to a political trust. The "people" have never been robbed without their freely-given consent. Wherever you find an oppressive trust be sure that it rests on a special privilege freely granted by the people, either in the way of a franchise, a subsidy, a tariff schedule or a monopoly bestowed at the ballot box. This is the cause of all trust evils, and the effective remedy must go to the cause and not trifle with unrelateu phenomena or surface indications. The principle of combination for economy will prevail increasingly, because it is the expression of a natural law in economics. No law of man can do more than temporarily pervert it. The real evil will be remedied when its nature is understood. The trust that does not rest on special privilege may or may not thrive. It is subject to every menace of competition that the individual business man is, and it enjoys positively no immunities that are denied to him. In so far as its profits are