

pass. The "rush hour" of our crowded street cars, when human beings, regardless of sex, are rounded up and herded for conveyance, would there be held simply intolerable.—Scribner's Magazine.

EXPENSIVE.

It was a beautiful evening in the Spring of 2001. The moon shone pale and transcendent in the clouds above, and as the two lovers sat close together, no sound was heard save the stealthy tread of the one spectator to their tryst.

The young man pressed the maiden to his heart, and turning her face to his, was about to kiss her, when she drew back.

"Darling," she asked, anxiously, "what is the tax on kisses?"

"One dollar each," he observed, grimly, "but I don't care if my salary is mortgaged up to next Christmas. I'm desperate for a kiss."

"Don't!" she said, pleadingly. "The tax assessor is watching our every movement and is ready to chalk it down. You know, even now, it is costing you 50 cents an hour to be with me."

"I know it!" exclaimed her lover, "but, my darling, aside from our own cramped finances, you know the trusts must live. The head of the Lovers' Trust is only worth eight trillions, and suppose we should go out of business! Why, his dividends might be cut down. No, no. Let us love, even if the tax is raised to a dollar an hour and there is no bread in the house. I must be true to my country's best interests."

"You are right," she said, yielding to his superior mind.

And as their lips met in a long, lingering dollar kiss, the registering machine, planted 20 feet back of them, clicked out its ominous sound, showing that Jack Jones, American citizen, had been docked for one kiss by the United States Amalgamated Lovers' Trust.—Life.

THE HOUSEMAID'S STRUGGLE FOR EMANCIPATION.

Extracts from an article on "The Servant Problem," by Miss Jane Addams, published in Good Housekeeping for September, 1902.

At the last Lake Placid conference it was contended that future historical review may show that the girls who are to-day in domestic service are the really progressive women of the age, who are blindly fighting against conditions which limit their freedom. They are demanding avenues of self-expression

outside their work, and that this struggle from conditions detrimental to their highest life is the ever-recurring story of the emancipation of first one class and then another. It was further contended that in this effort to become sufficiently educated and able to understand the needs of an educated employer from an independent standpoint, they are really doing the community a great service, and did they but receive cooperation instead of opposition the whole position of domestic service would lose its social ostracism and attract a more intelligent class of women. And yet this effort, perfectly reasonable from the standpoint of historic development and democratic tradition, receives little help from the employing housekeeper, and there is no room for doubt that the mass of them would be content with the old regime if it only ran smoothly. They not only fail to make conscious effort to readjust their household affairs, but they complain bitterly when they are overwhelmed by the increasing difficulties experienced in procuring and retaining domestic employes. The underlying causes of the difficulty remain a mystery to most of them, although some light could be thrown upon it by a perusal of the immigration bureau report.

The problems of food and shelter must in every age be considered in relation to all other mechanical and industrial life, quite as the family morality and intellectual life must finally depend for its vitality upon its relation to the spiritual and intellectual resources of the rest of the community. Fullness of life can be secured for the family as for the individual only when it embodies a demand for like opportunity for all other individuals, even including those engaged in its service, and brings us back at last to the ever-recurring problems of democracy.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

HE IS DISSATISFIED WITH PROSPERITY.

Printed from the original Ms.

Dear John: What's the matter with my Republican party, anyway? It's got the President. It's got both houses of Congress, and the Supreme Court. It can do anything it wants to, and yet labor has to strike to get enough to eat. I never had so many strikes since '76. It has Shaw standin' at the treasury door a-shovelin' gold into Wall street with a barn shovel; and banks is a bustin' all over the country. What the dickens ails things!

It can't be that Theodore has "shackled" trusts. He has never shackled a grasshopper. The trusts have their own

Attorney General, their own Congress, their own President, their own Federal courts, and yet they bust. They have the gold standard, but it does 'em no good. They'd like to have free silver if they could get it without ownin' up, so they demand asset currency. Assets are not a money metal, but "something just as good," and the roast is only just begun. Fact is, some of 'em will be howlin' for Bryan to put water on their tongues before they get through, but that won't aid 'em. They are beyond the aid of sound, silver and gold, money. Assets may aid them, but don't now, and what's the matter?

I believe I know, John. It's lack of wit. When a country has cowboys for statesmen, and thieves and grafters for office holders, it must pay the penalty. Where I now have that kind of cattle I used to have men of standing and ability. They might be wrong, but they were men of standing where they lived, and had reputations. Where I used to have Webster and Hayne, and Sumner and Benton, and Lincoln and Giddings, and Ben Wade and Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, I now have a pack of nobodies that you must look up in the pages of "Who's a-Whoopin' Himself," or the lists of indicted in the criminal courts.

You mind, John, the story of the Spartan boy who stole a young fox or wolf, and hid it in his bosom, and let the thing gnaw him till he dropped dead, rather than own up he was wrong? I never took no stock in him—too much of a coward. Now an old-fashioned American boy would a-dropped the fox when it first bit him, and kicked it over a stone wall; but my modern boys ain't that kind. I have 7,000,000 Republican Spartans now, lettin' their wolf trusts and combines eat the very daylight out of 'em, rather than own up they are wrong, and a-huggin' 'em up till they die. It's lack of sound sense, that's all there is to it. They'll go on in the same way votin' for Abraham Lincoln and the party of A. Lincoln, till they drop. Now, A. Lincoln is dead, at least so I've hearn tell, and Republican wolves have been a-wearin' his clothes and worryin' the sheep, nigh on to forty year; but the old moss-backed Republicans—they'll never find out—not in this world. It's lack of wit.

UNCLE SAM.

THE SOUTHERN (NOT THE NEGRO) QUESTION.

A portion of an editorial with the above title, which appeared in the New York Nation of October 22.

Human nature being what it is, a community in which the population is divided not very unequally between two dis-

inct races is, other things being equal, at a disadvantage as compared with another in which there is no such division. This is true where the two races are as closely allied as Czech and German, and where language is the principal and perhaps the only badge of distinction. Where the two races are separated by as wide a physical gulf as divides the Caucasian and the Negro, the resulting loss of effective strength in the community as a whole will be much greater. There would be much race friction even if the two races were, morally and mentally, substantially equal. There will be still more when one race, whether because of racial peculiarities or as a result of the operation of historical causes, is on the average, morally and mentally, markedly inferior to the other. The overwhelming majority of the white men of the South believe that the Negro as a race is incapable of attaining to the moral and intellectual level to which the white race may ascend. If they are right, the South will fall far short of making as much of its resources as will be made by the other sections of the country out of such natural advantages as they may have. In the long run it is men, rather than things, which tell. If it be true that the average Negro not only is not, but never can be, as valuable a member of the community as the average white man, it is still of enormous importance to the South that he shall be as useful as it is possible for him under any conditions to become. Nothing else is quite so vital to its future. Its direct interest in the problem of making the Negro as high a type of man as he is capable of becoming is far greater than that of the rest of the country, because in large part its own future depends upon the successful solution.

It is easy for one race or people to push down another, and there are many ways of doing it. There is only one way to reverse the process, and in that no one outside of the race which is struggling upwards can be of much help, although it is easy to hinder. Climbing up is a slow and painful process. If a whole race is to be elevated, there must be many weary workers slowly and coggedly struggling upwards. Whether they will so struggle depends upon whether, in their view, the prizes which await them at the top are worth the effort to get there. The future prospects of the South in very large part depend upon its Negro population (now in large measure thriftless, immoral and unenlightened) becoming industrious, virtuous and intelligent. It is going to be very hard for these Negroes so to elevate themselves. Can the South afford to say to them: "Strive as you choose,

succeed as you can; but, whatever you do, so long as there is a discernible drop of African blood in your veins, you shall never be allowed to obtain many of those things which men of all races and in all ages have most keenly longed for?"

THE FARM LABORERS AND THEIR VISITOR.

G. A. Ring, in the London Speaker of October 30.

A DIALOGUE.

"I am prepared to go into any labourer's house."—Mr. Chamberlain, May 28.

In pursuance of his plan, Mr. Chamberlain recently visited two farm laborers, William and John.

William—What do you think of this here notion of Measter Chamberlain's for raising our wages, Jack?

John—Why, Bill, I'm thinking 'twould be a good job to raise the wages of farm laborers of the likes of you and me, as we have got barely enough now to keep a family decent on; but how's he a-going to do it?—that's what I should like to know.

William—Well, Jack, I suppose he told you about the corn that's going a-using in this country, and how there's twice more brought from foreign ports, mostly America, than's grown at home?

John—Yes, I know that.

William—Well, you see, what Master Chamberlain wants is to put a tax on all the corn that America sends into England, so that'll make corn dearer.

John—How would making corn dear give us more wages?

William—Well, I don't rightly understand, but from what I hear some of them are arguing like this: The farmer, they say, pays the wages out of the money he gets for his crops, and if he could get more money for his crops he could pay more wages.

John—Maybe he could, Bill, but I doubt that he would, though.

William—Do ye?

John—Yes, and I'll tell you why. Suppose Farmer Brown over yonder gets a bigger price for his corn. Well, for him it's just like as if he got more corn out of his land.

William—Will you explain that, Jack? I don't quite understand.

John—It's like this, Bill. Take an acre of land. If it's real good land the farmer will get, maybe, five quarters of wheat out of it, whilst another farmer with poor land, like enough, will not get more nor three quarters with the same labor and manure.

William—Yea! that's Gospel truth.

John—Well, you see, wheat is now selling at 27s. 6d. a quarter, and one

farmer will have two quarters of wheat more than the other out of an acre, and he can sell this for twice 27s. 6d., which is £1 15s.

William—I know two farms, Jack, about the same size which goes to prove what you are saying. There's Whiteacre, rich low-lying land, and Blackacre, up towards the downs, which is poor land. They've got the same number of men working on each farm, but Whiteacre grows far more to an acre than Blackacre.

John—I know those two farms well. Now, Bill, I'm going to ask you a question. Do the farm laborers on Whiteacre get more wages than the laborers on Blackacre?

William—Not a copper. For I've worked in my time on both farms and know what the wages are.

John—Now, you see that a laborer doesn't get any more wages because the farmer gets more money for an acre of corn.

William—That seems so.

John—Well, supposing Measter Chamberlain puts a tax of 5s. on foreign wheat, then Farmer Brown here will sell his wheat dearer, and he won't have to pay any tax.

William—So that for every quarter he would get 5s. more?

John—Yes, something like that, and the same, too, with all the farmers in this country; but would you and me get any more, Bill?

William—I don't believe we should get any more, seeing that the men at Whiteacre get no more wages than those at Blackacre, although the farmer gets more from the land.

John—And what's more, Bill, when wheat is dearer up goes the price of bread. No doubt of that, and no more wages to buy it with either.

William—I see now what I didn't understand before, that dear corn would not mean more wages, but less bread for the poor farm laborer and his wife and children.

John—And the tenant-farmer would be no better off either, because the landlord would be wanting more rent when the corn was selling for more.

William—That's true, too, for they're telling me the rent of Whiteacre is twice that of Blackacre.

John—So, you see, the only one who gets good out of a tax on corn is the landowner.

William—Yes, I see that now; but somehow or other 'tain't the same as Measter Chamberlain was a-saying.

In some quarters, crime seems to be regarded chiefly as raw material for journalism.—Puck.