

The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say
"Peace!"

Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A SOURCE OF "UNEARNED INCREMENT."

Extract from a Private Letter from London.

It is very difficult for one to look around here without seeing the respectable element religiously putting their hands in other people's pockets.

For instance: Some smart Americans conceived the idea of constructing an underground railway (the "two-penny tube") from the Bank to Shepherds Bush, and making the fare twopence all the way or same for any part of the journey. This meant a saving to me of five pounds a year. My landlord recently informed me that upon the expiration of my lease the rent would be advanced five pounds. How lovely!

Now if we all became so good that it would not be necessary to employ police to watch us, and we could dispense with jails, "pubs" and all other institutions established to meet the requirements of civilized society, what a picnic the landlord would have. I don't by any means advocate the retention of objectionable places to thwart the greedy tendency of the landlord class, but would do my utmost to wipe off the blots and make every place an ideal spot even if I had to pay Paradise rates to the landlord, which, there isn't the slightest doubt I should. That is the way we (I suppose I can include myself) are all built.

THE REFORM OF THE CALENDAR.

For The Public.

At the annual dinner of the Benevolent Society of Amalgamated Landlords, the president, Mr. Selfmayde Mann delivered a most eloquent address on "Our Rights and Wrongs" which evoked the heartfelt plaudits of his hearers. He pointed out that the recent advances in two of the staple necessities of life, beef and coal, had made living very precarious.

"When such advances," he said, "are gradual, we are able to protect ourselves, but when they come as in this

instance without justification or warning, our calculations are upset and our interests jeopardized.

"It has occupied much of my thought for days past, to figure out how we can recoup ourselves and I have come to the conclusion that it can only be done by undoing the crime of 55 B. C. My friends, we have been the unconscious victims of a fraud running back to the time of Julius Caesar. I refer as you will at once perceive to the fraudulent calendar under which we are now living. Most of us are aware that there are 52 weeks in the year and that there are supposed to be four weeks in each month. Yet in the face of these undeniable mathematical facts, we only have 12 months in each year. I have been unable to determine who is responsible for this reprehensible anomaly, but it was doubtless some crafty tenant of Caesarean days, who hoodwinked the immortal Julius, in order to get 13 months' accommodation for 12 months' rent.

"Words fail me, when I think of the billions of dollars due by tenants of the United States to their landlords; even since the foundation of this republic. I do not know that any of this gigantic sum is recoverable. In justice to its most valuable citizens, the government ought to do something. If the people cannot buy beef they can eat mutton or become vegetarians; if they cannot purchase coal, they can burn wood or go south; but if we did not furnish them land, what would they do? (Sensation.)

"I believe therefore that a committee should be appointed to draft a bill, for introduction into the next Congress, to reform the calendar by the introduction of a new month to be known as Primary, which would precede the month which now masquerades as the first division of the year. In this way, even if we cannot recover our past losses, we can prevent future frauds and incidentally increase our incomes sufficiently to withstand the onslaught of the trusts.

JOHN J. MURPHY.

A GENTLEMAN IN RAGS.

She was looking for Hull house, and had left the car at the wrong street. It was growing late in the afternoon, and when she realized her mistake she was alarmed, for, as anybody who has been over on Halsted street after nightfall knows, the locality is not one which gives confidence to a timid woman, and especially one who believes she has lost her way.

Down the street toward her reeled a

drunken man. She trembled when she saw him, and looked around for some sort of protection. A neighboring doorway was the most inviting thing in sight, and into this she edged and waited breathlessly until the man had staggered by and was well out of sight. Stepping out again, she encountered a little street urchin, ragged and dirty, but apparently harmless.

"Are there no policemen around here?" she asked of him, in a frightened tone.

"Yes," he answered, and then added, sarcastically, "when you don't want 'em."

"That's too bad," the woman said. "I don't know what I shall do. I wonder, little boy," she ventured, "if you could direct me to the Hull house?"

"Sure Mike," he said. "Come right along with me," he added, with a confidence that would do credit to a full-grown man.

"Oh, you needn't go with me. If you will tell me which way to go and how far it is, I can get there all right."

"It's only a block," he answered, "and I'd just as soon take you there as not. 'Sides, this ain't a very good neighborhood for ladies to be loose in."

They walked along, chatting together, she asking him questions about himself, which pleased him, and he answered them with a frankness and keenness which astounded her. When they reached the corner he tipped his hat politely, and, wishing her a good evening, started away. She called him back.

"Here is a dime for your trouble," she said, as she handed him a piece of money.

"I don't want that," he said, in a disgusted tone as he drew away from her. "Gee whiz, don't you think we have some gents out here who can show a lady around without bein' paid fer it?"—Chicago Evening Post.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT FINLAND.

From an article by Henry Norman, M. P., published in Scribner's Magazine for June, 1901.

The Finn has an enthusiastic admiration for the capital of his country, which could be pathetic if it had not so good a basis of justification. Indeed, I doubt if any of the capitals of the world which count their age by centuries and their inhabitants by millions, evoke such a patriotic appreciation as this little place of 85,000 people which only began to exist in its present form within the lifetime of some now living. In cer-

tain respects I have never seen any city like it. It appears to have no slums, no rookeries, no tumble-down dwellings of the poor, no criminal quarter, no dirt. I did not specially search for those things, but I wandered about a good deal during a week's stay, and did not see them. And I could not find them from the top of Observatory hill with a field-glass. Down the center of the city runs the wide Esplanade, all gardens and trees, with fine houses upon one side, and a truly metropolitan range of shops and hotels upon the other. . . . Forty years ago Helsingfors had only 20,000 inhabitants, to-day it has more than four times that number, and as I have already remarked I know of no capital city in the world which surpasses it in order, cleanliness, convenience and all the externals of modern civilization. The streets are perfectly kept, little electric cars, models of their kind, furnish rapid and comfortable transport to all parts; education in all branches of knowledge, for both sexes, offers every theoretical and material opportunity; the post office, to take one example of government, is the best arranged—not the biggest, of course—I have ever seen, our post offices in the great provincial towns of England, where the whole of Helsingfors would be but a parish, being but barns in comparison; and on the table in my sitting-room at the Hotel Kamp was a telephone by which I could converse with all parts of Finland! All these things are the signs of good citizenship, the more to be admired as it has grown upon no rich soil of unlimited natural resources and vast easily acquired wealth, but has been cultivated, like the Spartan virtues of original New England, in the crevices of the rocks.

I have spoken of education in Finland, and this is as good a point as any at which to give the striking particulars of it. It is a land of schools. Except upon the eastern frontier, where the people are still backward, everybody can read and write. The total population in 1890 was 2,380,000, and so far as I can calculate, no fewer than 540,412 souls attend school. That is, out of every 100 of the entire population, something like 23 are actually at school. This seems an extraordinary record, taking all things into consideration. . . .

I find in my note-books a number

of other figures about Finland, some of them eloquent concerning the national character and achievement. We hardly realize what a little people it is until we see the fact in numerals. Twice the whole population would still be 500,000 short of filling London. Including the capital, there are only three towns larger than Viborg, which has only 24,569 inhabitants. In the whole country there are only 37 "towns." There are but 461 Roman Catholics in Finland, and only 45,000 members of the Russian Orthodox church, and these almost all on the eastern frontier adjoining Russia. Of 2,380,140 inhabitants at the census of 1890, no fewer than 2,334,547 were Lutherans.

The public debt is 112,000,000 francs, and every penny of this has been incurred for construction of railroads, of which there are 1,094 miles belonging to the state, and 112 miles of private companies. There are 174 savings banks—six to a town, and it must be remembered that many of these "towns" are what we should call villages. . . .

There remains to speak of the one matter of vital importance—the question which keeps the little northern land in the world's eye. I refer to the relations between the grand duchy and the Russian empire.

At present, as everybody knows, these are almost the worst possible. Twice within the last few months I have seen a capital where every woman was in black. One was London, where the people were mourning their dead queen; the other was Helsingfors, where people mourned their lost liberty. Every woman in Helsingfors bore the black symbols of personal woe. But personal protest went much farther than this. When Gen. Bobrikoff, the Russian governor general, who was sent to carry out the new regime, took his walks abroad, every Finn who saw him coming crossed to the other side of the street. When he patronized a concert for some charitable purpose, the Finns bought all the tickets, but not a single one of them attended. The hotels refused apartments to one of the Finnish senators who supported the Russian proposals. By the indiscretion of a porter he secured rooms at one of the principal hotels and refused to leave. Therefore the hotel was boycotted and it is temporarily ruined. The Russian authorities, intending to make the Russian language compulsory in all government departments, invited several

young Finnish functionaries to St. Petersburg to learn Russian under very advantageous conditions and with every prospect of official promotion. When the language ordinance was published and these Finns saw why they were desired to learn Russian, they immediately resigned. The Russians took charge of the postal system of Finland and abolished the Finnish stamps. Thereupon the Finns issued a "mourning stamp," all black except the red arms of Finland and the name of the country in Finnish and Swedish, and stuck it beside the Russian stamps on their letters. The Russians retorted by strictly forbidding its sale and destroying all letters which bore it. Now it is one of the curiosities of philately. So the wretched struggle goes on, and the young Finn turns his eyes and often his steps toward the United States and Canada.

"LOBSTERS" I HAVE MET.

For The Public.

There were five of us. We were all traveling men. We had just had supper, and were seated in the office of the little cottage hotel at Fulton. We had nothing to do till train time, which was more than an hour away. Thinking a political discussion might be profitable I started it with the observation that it would be pretty nice if we could all be kept busy selling goods till train time. The others agreed that "that would help some."

It seemed to me that if the people were possessed of sufficient means to satisfy their desires we should all be busy at that moment taking orders. After a little argument most of the others agreed with me.

The only objection was made by a "guy" who was with a hardware concern. He contended that the people would have money enough if they didn't spend so much of it for liquor. We happened to have a man with us who was traveling for a liquor house and he wanted to know how it was, if so much money was spent for liquor, that he wasn't doing more business. Some one suggested that perhaps he didn't have good goods, whereupon the liquor man "produced" and we all agreed that he was carrying "fine drinkin' liquor." The hardware man was forced to abandon his position, on the evidence, and the discussion continued.

It was agreed that the people had the desires all right but were unable to satisfy them. The next step had to do with their employment. Either