

with him his family and household effects.

—Gen. Daniel Butterfield, a famous federal officer in the civil war, died at Cold Spring, N. Y., on the 17th, aged 70 years.

—The thirty-fifth anniversary meeting of the Universal Peace union was held at Buffalo from the 15th to the 17th.

—A labor union of servant girls, under the name of "The Workingwomen's Protective Association of America," was organized on the 11th at Chicago.

—A call for a convention of the Bryan democrats of Ohio to assemble at Columbus on the 31st has been issued from Cleveland. No names of responsible signers are reported.

—Hugo Jone, assistant city chemist of Chicago, claims to have invented a mechanism for producing electricity directly from coal, thereby reducing the loss of power from 80 or 90 per cent., as at present, to 65 per cent.

—Robert H. Newell, an old-time journalist and author, well known as a humorist in the civil war period by the nom de plume of "Orpheus C. Kerr," was found dead in his house in Brooklyn on the 12th.

—The duke of Connaught, brother of King Edward, who succeeds the king as grand master of the free masons of England, was installed in that office on the 18th at London, in the presence of an immense throng of masonic notables.

—Santos-Dumont, a Brazilian, made a successful demonstration of the possibility of air ship navigation at Paris on the 13th. Leaving St. Cloud in his balloon at 6:41 in the morning, he navigated it to the Eiffel tower, rounded the tower, and, almost dead in the eye of the wind, steered it back to St. Cloud, making the journey at the rate of 13¾ miles an hour. He lost the prize of \$20,000 because he did not return to the exact starting point within half an hour, which would have been at the rate of nearly 20 miles an hour.

—The statistics of exports and imports of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, as given by the June treasury sheet, were as follows (M standing for merchandise, G for gold and S for silver):

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
M	\$1,487,656,544	\$822,756,533	\$664,900,011 exp.
G	53,229,520	64,571,852	11,342,332 imp.
S	54,285,180	36,384,041	17,901,139 exp.
	\$1,595,171,244	\$923,712,426	\$671,458,818 exp.
1900.	1,499,457,718	927,780,483	571,677,235 exp.
1899.	1,320,864,443	816,778,148	504,086,295 exp.
1898.	1,301,993,960	767,369,109	534,624,851 exp.

Total exports of wealth (merchandise, gold and silver all included) since July 1, 1897, which remains unpaid for—the so-called "favorable balance" \$2,281,847,199

MISCELLANY

SONNET.

To One Espousing Unpopular Truth.
Not yet, dejected though thy cause, despair,
Nor doubt of Dawn for all her laggard wing.

In shrewdest March the earth was mellowing.

And had conceived the Summer unaware.
With delicate ministrations, like the air,
The sovereign forces that conspire to bring

Light out of darkness, out of Winter Spring,

Perform unseen their tasks benign and fair.

The sower soweth seed o'er vale and hill,
And long the folded life waits to be born;
Yet hath it never slept, nor once been still:

And clouds and suns have served it night and morn;

The winds are of its secret council sworn;
And Time and nurturing Silence work its will.

—William Watson, in the London Speaker.

ORGANIZED CAPITAL—ORGANIZED LABOR.

The following is a late daily press dispatch from New York:

Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Coal company were notified to-day of an extra dividend of 43 1-5 per cent., making a total of 59½ per cent. received by them since the acquirement of the company by J. P. Morgan & Co. for the Erie railroad.

Under precisely the same date was a dispatch from the same place announcing that many employers were resolved upon a war of extermination against "trades unionism" or labor organizations. This action being the result of the strike of the organized machinists of the country for a nine-hour day without change of pay. If organized labor deserves extermination for demanding the mild concession noted what sort of a fate does the above mentioned coal trust deserve, is a naughty question that will occur to an occasional naughty citizen, who, if he voices the question, will be accused of trying to "stir up strife," to "create discontent," and disturb the present prosperous and satisfactory business situation. If organized labor would publicly declare a war of extermination against trusts, and proceed to carry on the war there would be a deal more said about it than about the same declaration by employers, and it would not be complimentary to organized labor, either. It seems to make a deal of difference whose ox is gored, capital's or labor's.

—Farm, Stock and Home, of Minneapolis.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

There are more ways of crushing a masher than one. The average woman silently endures the cowardly crea-

ture's attentions, others hurry into the nearest store and a few are sufficiently courageous to call an officer and give the pest into custody. Rarest of all is the cool-headed female who turns ridicule on her tormentor, and one of these had an adventure in a North side street car last week. She was trying to button a tight glove when a well-dressed coward who sat near leaned over and said insinuatingly: "Let me help you. I am very handy at that sort of thing." The young woman was at first inclined to freeze him with a steady glare, but changed her mind and with a slight blush extended her hand to the fellow, the other passengers looking on with much interest. The thing in man's shape fastened the glove and the hand was withdrawn. The girl dipped a couple of taper fingers into her purse and in the most matter-of-fact way took out a ten-cent piece, which she offered to the masher with a smiling "Thank you." The creature flushed up and began a stammering protest, on which the girl put the dime back and extracting half a dollar, said: "That surely ought to be enough for your trouble." This was too much for the masher, who hurried from the car. The girl settled herself back in her seat with a satisfied look, and the other passengers had difficulty in restraining a cheer.—Chicago Chronicle.

"PATRIOTISM AND ETHICS."

A letter from C. O. Ovington to the London Speaker, published in the Speaker of June 15.

"Patriotism is nationally that which egoism is individually—has, in fact, the same root; and along with kindred benefits, brings kindred evils." This dictum of Mr. Herbert Spencer sums up, from the point of view of modern science, the whole psychology and ethics of the question. We now understand how the natural self-assertion of the individual develops, first into the self-assertion of the family, and thence into the self-assertion of the nation, which is called patriotism.

All three types of egoism are necessary, and, within due limits, admirable; but all are degraded by the excess which has no consideration for the feelings and the rights of other individuals, of other families and of other nations.

Such an explanation comes almost as a truism to those who reflect; but the "Jingoes," carried away by the first promptings of a primitive instinct, do not, unfortunately, stop to reflect. That one who invariably acts upon the maxim: "Myself, right

or wrong," is an egoistic criminal, they readily admit, but when they themselves proceed to act upon the parallel maxim: "Our country, right or wrong," they fancy they must be altruistic heroes. Accordingly, they do not hesitate to annex even civilized states by force and call it imperialism. At the same time they denounce as traitors those of their fellow countrymen who prefer justice to unscrupulous patriotism.

Truly, the patriotic bigotry which prompts aggressive war, is, to any nation calling itself civilized, an unmitigated curse. It squanders human lives and money earned by human energies, only to bring not glory but dishonor, not progress but degeneration.

Tantum . . . potuit suadere malorum.

THE SOON-ER AND THE MAN FROM YES-TER-DAY.

The Man from Yes-ter-day had learn-ed the old-fash-ion-ed vir-tues. So he work-ed in-dust-ri-ous-ly. But the Soon-er, having pre-empt-ed the land on which the Man from Yes-ter-day must work, charg-ed him rent every time he was in-dust-ri-ous.

E-vent-u-al-ly, when the Man from Yes-ter-day had raised all the po-ta-to-es the Soon-er could eat, the Soon-er gave him no-tice to quit.

The Man from Yes-ter-day took up ed-u-ca-tion in order to in-crease his op-por-tun-i-ties; where-up-on the Soon-er bought up all the land a-round him and held it for a rise, which he in-tend-ed to take out of the Man from Yes-ter-day.

The Man from Yes-ter-day, see-ing that the Soon-er was get-ting more pos-ses-sions than he could man-age, rea-son-ed with him-self that if he could show his de-vo-tion to his em-ploy-er's in-ter-est, he would be more val-u-able; so he be-came very hon-est. This de-creased the Soon-er's ex-pense of man-ag-ing his prop-er-ty, so it in-creas-ed in val-ue, and he took up more land.

Seeing that his share of his own pro-duct would bare-ly keep him, the Man from Yes-ter-day stud-ied e-con-omy, where-up-on, see-ing that he could live cheap-er than before, the Soon-er cut down his wages; and when the Man from Yes-ter-day ob-ject-ed, the Soon-er told him that if he was not sat-is-fied he could quit work—and quit living.

The Soon-er en-dow-ed a coll-age to teach the Man from Yes-ter-day that it was all right and when the Pro-fess-ors said that Hon-es-ty, Indus-

try and Per-sev-er-ance were the ways to raise the rents, they were dis-miss-ed for in-sub-ord-in-a-tion.

Then the Soon-er, see-ing that the Man from Yes-ter-day was be-com-ing rest-less en-gag-ed a clergy-man to point him to the sky for the sat-is-fac-tion of his wants.—Bolton Hall, in Life, of New York, of July 4.

WHY THE HOBO AVOIDS THE KANSAS HARVEST FIELDS.

Editorial in the Chicago Record-Herald of July 10.

The Record-Herald has received from an indignant hobo of Carl, Mich., a spirited defense of his tribe for preferring the shady park benches of northern cities free to the harvest fields of Kansas at princely wages. He professes to speak from experience, and says that the offers of labor agencies of three dollars per day and free railway fare to work in Kansas are a delusion and a snare—springes to catch woodcock. He says that he could recruit 5,000 men in a week to accept these terms if the Record-Herald would guarantee that they are in good faith.

This, he assures us, they are not, but that if a hobo applies for a three-dollar-a-day job in Kansas he has to put up so much money for his ticket and two dollars to the agency, and, continues:

Then you are loaded into an emigrant coach and shipped west to some little town on the prairie. You get off to start your three-dollar-a-day job, but right here is where the hobo goes up against it. The train pulls out and the farmer comes over the fence and offers you \$1.25 per day. You refuse it and try another. But they are all the same. They have all agreed to pay \$1.25 and no more. You go over to the little store and try to buy something to eat and they refuse to sell it to you, thinking to starve you to it, and in many cases they succeed.

If you go to work for them you are called at 3:30 in the morning from your bed in the barn (usually a pile of corn husks) to a breakfast of sour belly and corn bread. You are in the field at work by 4:30 and work until 8:30 in the evening.

After the harvest comes pay day. By the time the farmer takes his extras out you have usually less than one dollar a day. Well, you think that you will go back east, and you see the railroad agent. He tells you it costs three cents per mille to ride on his road. You wait for a freight. You give up a dollar for the shack and get ditched in the first town, where the marshal is waiting for you. He will either rob you outright and kick you out of town or take you in, and they will fine you all you have made. When you get back east you have nothing but a sore head.

This, we are assured on the word of a hobo and a traveled gentleman, is a true story. It is said to be based on the experience in Kansas of our

correspondent and 10,000 others. It presents the reverse of the picture of thousands of acres of yellow grain in Kansas and the Dakotas waving in the sunshine and crying to the idlers in the cities of the east: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the original manuscript.

Dear John: I notice one of your Boer prisoners got away from Bermuda, swum three miles to a ship and was brought into New York, nearly dead from exertion and exhaustion. A boy of twenty-five years, he was, and deserves to get away for his pluck. It's a tough man who wouldn't let a rat get away who had swum three miles for liberty, let alone fightin' like a Boer. But my administration is holding him up and considerin' if they shall send him back to you. They are! Considerin' it! My administration!

I wish Dan Webster was Secretary of State again!

Do you mind Dan? Well, Dan couldn't be President, but he could say a thing about as well as any boy I ever had. And while he was Secretary of State it happened that Kosuth, or some one of those foreign fellers, came over. Well, it never occurred to Dan, or the President then, to send him back. This was America—Land of the free—Home of the brave, etc.; and we were a little proud of ourselves, and jaunty about it, and truckled to nobody.

And so the people yelled and whooped for the patriot, till the Emperor—of Austria, I think it was—got mad and complained to the President. Then Dan got hold of his pen to reply.

Now there never was an Emperor since the world began, knee high to Dan Webster in usin' words; and Dan jest slaughtered him. I forget his lingo; it's in the state papers; but Dan told him that we had no special objection to kings and emperors so long as they stayed at home and attended to business in a modest way; but when any people wanted a republic, this nation was with 'em heart and soul.

And it was! Why, I believe in my soul that Ohio would have tarred and feathered McKinley in '61 fer holdin' a patriot republican as McKinley holds that Boer.

But about every thirty or forty years a lot of toadies get in, and go into the slave catchin' business.