

Dr. HJ Woodhouse
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LOUIS F. POST, Editor.

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In the unrestrained delight of the republican newspapers of Chicago over what they regard as a probability that the Democratic party of Illinois will "freeze out the Bryanites," there is much food for profitable thought. Why are the republicans delighted?

It's an ill wind that blows no good. The mess the Chicago election officials have made in counting the vote, of the 6th, which has delayed official returns until this late day, has created a strong sentiment in the city in favor of adopting voting machines.

An excellent idea has taken shape in Solomon, Kan., in the formation of a club for preserving the declaration of independence and propagating its doctrines. If clubs like this were organized in every village the spirit of Americanism would soon revive.

A new way of resisting strikes has been devised by the National Foundrymen's association. Representing an enormous aggregation of capital, this organization has decided to crush a local molders' strike in Cleveland by offering nonunion workmen two dollars a day premium to take the strikers' places. Should the experiment prove successful, there will be no more victorious local strikes. All strikes not national in trades in which there is an employers' organization of national scope will then be doomed to failure from the start.

Senator Helme, of the Adrian district in Michigan, a strong republican district, has been reelected by 46 majority. He will be the only demo-

crat in the next Michigan senate. Senator Helme, who is a single tax man as well as a democrat, was largely responsible for the passage through the Michigan senate last winter of a bill allowing local option in taxation. It is certain that his sensible fiscal views have done him no political harm, and there is reason to believe that they strengthened his vote. It should be added that his is a farming constituency.

When the portrait of Abraham Lincoln fell last week from the walls to the floor in the east room of the white house, the accident went without notice, because it happened after election. Had it happened before, said some of the superstitious ones, it might have been interpreted as an augury of defeat. But why may not the superstitious consider it as a possible expression of Lincoln's post mortem opinion of the result of the election? The popular endorsement of McKinley's policy of colonial empire must have been enough to have made Lincoln turn in his grave. What wonder, then, if for the same reason his portrait dropped in disgust from the white house walls.

Reported fears that a gold mine at Cripple Creek is worked out, develop a fact that throws additional light upon the balance of trade theory. It discloses one of the items that go to swell that export balance of which the administration is so boastful. Much of the stock of the mine in question is held in London. Consequently every dividend has enhanced our exports without affecting our imports. It was an outgo without corresponding income. This is a startling example of what excessive exports mean. Yet there are men who actually believe that statistics of these excessive outgoes to foreign countries rep-

resent increasing accumulations at home!

If those residents of Maywood (a suburb of Chicago) who voted this week to grant a perpetual franchise to a gas company upon a fixed charge for service were accused of dishonesty of the meanest sort, robbery of their children, they would probably feel aggrieved. Yet that is their crime. What right in common sense and common honesty have they to impose contracts regarding public service upon generations still unborn? What right have they so to tie up public functions that future generations must either submit to what may then be a gross injustice or pay ransom to its beneficiaries?

One of the rich men of Chicago is reported as about to pay an election bribe which he offered in behalf of McKinley. While in the east some of his friends begged for a hospital subscription, and he told them that he would make the gift if McKinley was elected. Probably he does not regard this as a bribe. To his obviously perverted moral sense it is doubtless a species of contingent philanthropy. But no more effective and ingenious method of bribing the workmen, traders, hospital attaches, etc., who might expect indirect advantages from such a contribution, could have been desired by the republican boss of the locality where that hospital is or is to be.

Treasurer Washburn, of the people's party national committee, makes a tactical mistake of the first order when he proposes that Bryan, and those who support Bryan, shall abandon the democratic party forthwith and form a new one. His idea that a union of the reform forces can be

manufactured is not only unsound as a matter of political common sense, but its unsoundness has been frequently demonstrated in political experience. The explanation is that reform leaders and reform organizations are not the reform forces and do not direct the reform forces. These forces are the aggregate of that reform sentiment in the community which is vague and indefinite until some great occasion crystalizes it. No paper organization, however completely it combines the various factions of reform agitators, ever did, or in all probability ever will make such an occasion. There is one way and only one which gives any promise in the present condition of politics of an effective reform party. It is involved in the efforts of the democratic reactionaries. They will make a struggle to regain control of the democratic party and to turn it back in its course. If they fail, there will be no need for a third party in the interest of reform, nor would such a party cut any figure in politics if organized. But if they succeed, after a hard and bitter fight, such as ought by all means to be made against them, then there is more than a fair probability that out of the bitterness of the fight, which will surely attract the deeply interested observation of democratic republicans, a third party will spring up which will have within it all the possibilities of success. A party so born might jump at once either into first place or second, it would make but little difference which, and after that the lines of battle would for the time be clearly drawn between democracy and plutocracy. But they would be drawn just as clearly if the reform forces, in a hearty fight for supremacy within the democratic party, were to succeed in defeating the attempt of the plutocratic elements to regain their power of determining its policy and nominating its national candidates.

The beneficial effects, to some people, of the McKinley victory at the polls continue without abatement.

The stock of the Pacific Mail Steamship company has risen in price in expectation of a subsidy, and the trust stocks generally are "on the boom." And while it is announced that steel rails are to be put up to \$28 a ton, the government has awarded a contract for armor plate which is expected to swell the output of the steel trust by \$15,000,000. Moreover, prices are higher all along the line. But the employes of the steel trust at Milwaukee and at Mingo Junction have been forced to accept a reduction in their wages, as have the iron workers at Youngstown, while the night workers in the Newburg steel mill at Cleveland have been laid off; and in Chicago the first flurry of snow discloses many cases of pitiful and undeserved destitution. A grossly material interpretation of the text: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath," seems to describe the vital principle of McKinley prosperity.

It is from the northern state of Colorado and not from the south, that news of the latest horrible torture of a negro comes. This negro was a mere boy of 16. He had committed a crime upon a white girl of 11 which caused her death, and for this he was justly amenable to punishment—to precisely the same punishment that ought to be inflicted upon a white boy of equal responsibility for the same kind of crime. But this boy was not treated as he would have been had his skin been white. It is true that a white boy would have been arrested, as the negro was. It is possible that in a Rocky mountain state he would have been lynched, as the negro was. But it is certain that nowhere would he have been tortured at the stake. Yet that is what was done to the negro boy. He was seized by the mob—with the consent of the sheriff who had him in custody, and who ought to be most severely dealt with for his share in the crime that followed; he was chained to an iron stake; wood was piled about him and

saturated with kerosene; and slowly, deliberately, fiendishly, he was tortured with fire until consciousness left him, and then he was burned to ashes. This was not for his crime. Such an outrage upon a white man however villainously criminal, would be impossible in Colorado or anywhere else. It was because, in addition to being a criminal, he was a negro.

In Colorado this extreme expression of race hostility is a worse blot upon the public conscience than it would be in the south. For in the south public opinion regarding negroes has been perverted by a long history of false race relations. The people of Colorado have not that excuse. They are allowing race prejudice and hatred to possess them as a new evil. They will be doing so, that is, if they adopt this crime by allowing the leaders of the mob who participated in the devilish orgie to go unpunished. And that they will do so is almost a foregone conclusion. With but few exceptions only faint expressions of condemnation have been made even in Denver. Nor is this apathy confined to Colorado. Astonishing interviews from other states, even from women, have appeared condoning the lynching. Out of four well-known members of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs interviewed at Albany, N. Y., the day after the occurrence, only one denounced the lynching as a crime. The others found palliation for it in the boy's offense. Of the magnitude of that offense too much in condemnation cannot be said. But if we are to have social order at all, it is vital that the criminal law and not mobs, shall deal with criminals; that punishment shall be expressive of the necessity of punishing criminals and not of the brutish instincts of infuriated men; that in administering punishment there shall be no distinction with reference to race; and above everything else that the sober second thought of the people everywhere and under all circumstances

shall recognize and insist upon these principles.

There is political significance, using that word in its broader sense, about the spread into northern states of the anti-negro feeling. That it is spreading is no longer open to doubt. Nor is this horrifying Colorado lynching the sole evidence of it. Only a few months have elapsed since a reckless hue and cry against negroes was raised in New York, and instances of discriminating treatment in different parts of the country are becoming more and more frequent. Considering these facts in connection with other familiar facts, it is evident that the race question is on the eve of settlement against the negro. Highly significant in this connection are the reports that keep on coming from Washington to the effect that Mr. McKinley is hoping to organize a strong white party in the southern states, now that the race question has been settled there by the suppression of the negro vote, reports that are confirmed by the marked refusal of administration congressmen to reduce southern representation in congress by the number of negroes the southern states disfranchise. This means that the disposition of the republican party to maintain equal rights is at an end. It is as clear as day, to whoever will observe and think, that there is a fast growing tendency, among the classes of people that give the republican party its strength, to treat negroes in all respects as an inferior race—to deny them the full protection of the laws and to encourage their exclusion from participation in government. This tendency has grown with the raising of elementary issues in politics, with the issues of classes and masses, of plutocracy and democracy. The negro's status is such that the blow against the "lower classes" can be delivered most effectively first at him. Prior to the recurrence of those elementary issues in American politics the democratic party had, as a matter

of pro-slavery tradition, been ranged against negro rights. But with its return to democratic principles, its recognition and defense of those rights were inevitable. It could not long plead for the declaration of independence without casting aside its traditional prejudices against negroes. And it is fast doing so. "Bryanism," as it is called, or the "new democracy" as it should be known, stands for equal rights, politically and industrially and regardless of race. Yet we find the New York Age, the leading negro paper of the east, congratulating its readers upon "the passing of Bryanism." Let us take the liberty of warning the American negro that if "Bryanism" does pass, the hope of negro and white alike—those of both races who depend upon their own labor for their living—will pass with it. This is a critical time for the negro, and if he cares for his rights he will do well to think more and trust less, before it is too late.

Disappointed at the refusal of the Filipino patriots to lay down their arms upon Mr. McKinley's election, as his supporters had promised the American people they would do, the administration is now inspiring Washington correspondents to feel the public pulse on the subject of adopting the barbarous tactics which Kitchener in the Transvaal has copied from the Weyler regime in Cuba. The war must end, and the Filipinos are to be literally crushed, no matter what lengths of brutality it may be necessary to go to in order to do it. Such are the intimations. One inspired correspondent puts it succinctly when he says:

The administration, according to a high official, has become weary of the long-drawn-out war. It is now proposed to give the Filipinos a taste of real war; and, though the innocent may suffer, it is only by this means, it is believed, that the guilty can be reached.

That sort of thing wouldn't have sounded nice before election. But the popular endorsement of McKinley eases the way for more aggressive steps in the direction of imperialism

now than would have been prudent then.

Another inspired Washington dispatch puts the same idea into some such shape as this: "No mercy is to be extended in future to the Filipinos, but the innocent are about to be made to suffer with the guilty." To that dispatch Sixto Lopez, the distinguished Filipino, replies with a rebuke that should make Mr. McKinley's blood tingle with shame. It is humiliating to the true spirit of American patriotism to be obliged to acknowledge the justice of Lopez's exalted condemnation, when in reply to this American threat to exterminate his countrymen without mercy, he says:

The Filipinos have not been able to discover any special evidences of mercy in the past. If by showing no mercy to the innocent it is meant that noncombatants are to be treated the same as combatants, I fail to see any difference between the proposed methods and the methods of Spain in Cuba, which were so vehemently and justly objected to by the people of the United States. Apparently the scandal of the reconcentrados is to be reenacted by America. But the point is this: The Filipinos neither ask nor desire mercy, and would not accept it from America nor from any other nation. What they want is justice.

Compare that appeal to justice by this representative of our Filipino "subjects," with the grossness of the American policy of subjugation, which every now and again frankly discloses its plutocratic character. Once more has it done this through no less important a traveler in the Hannaistic procession than Congressman George H. Ray, chairman of the house judiciary committee. Mr. Ray is confronted with the possibility of a supreme court decision denying congress the constitutional power to impose a tariff upon trade between the United States and the "colonies." Should that court so decide, congress would find it necessary either to get rid of the Philippines or to forswear all further "protection to home industries." For free trade between the states and the Philippine archipelago would throw the states open

to free trade with all the world. It would be practically impossible to avoid it. The pending supreme court decision in the Puerto Rico tariff case, therefore, may threaten the protective system, and here is the ground regarding that probability which Mr. Ray takes:

If the decision of the court should be that the Puerto Rican tariff is unconstitutional and that Puerto Rico is a part of the United States, it might necessitate our having to give up the Philippines. We are bound to the open door in the Philippines. That means that the products of all nations can come into the Philippines on the same basis as our own. If we cannot raise a tariff against Philippine products coming into the United States then our labor would be brought into competition with the cheap labor of the orient.

That little touch at the end is only for the sound of it. It is not American labor, but American monopoly, that Mr. Ray wishes to protect, and that the tariff does protect. But what, in view of this elevation of the protective system to the higher place, becomes of the McKinley contention that we cannot in honor let go of the Philippines? Were they not dropped into our lap by Providence? Did this not impose upon us a religious obligation to nurture and milk them? Was it not our duty, marked out by destiny, to keep them at all cost of blood and treasure? Would it not be a breach of trust to let them go? And then the flag, who would dare haul it down? Yet Mr. Ray is ready to tell providence to "go 'long" with its unsolicited gifts; is ready to plead that the obligation is only from ourselves and to ourselves, and may be repudiated between ourselves; is ready to divorce duty from destiny; is ready to haul down the flag, even Old Glory—is ready to do all this if the alternative is the abrogation of the tariff system which enables one class in the United States to plunder another under the forms of law. What a conveniently adjustable code of national morals the McKinley patriots and moralists have! It is as handy as a reversible conscience.

One of the monthly magazines to secure popular favor within the decade is "The Munsey." Its circulation, however, which probably exceeds that of any of its contemporaries, is a greater tribute to the business sagacity of Frank A. Munsey, its editor and proprietor, than to the discrimination and intellectual vigor of a large proportion of magazine readers. And if its patrons may be fairly judged by the ethical standards which Mr. Munsey sets up in the November number, their mental deficiencies are not offset by moral tone. Having issued that number on the eve of the presidential election he loaded it with an editorial on "The Paramount Issue," in which he gave his notion of what the paramount issue was and ought to be. A conception more frankly sordid and recklessly debasing and demoralizing has seldom found expression in print. In Mr. Munsey's estimation the paramount issue, beside which all other issues combined were nothing but bubbles, was the one that meant "the most dollars in a man's pocket—in the pocket of the average American citizen." Whether these dollars were to be fairly got called for no consideration. The whole issue reduced itself, in his view, to the simple question of getting dollars—no doubt honestly, if possible—but of getting them.

Such is the civic immorality which this astute dollar-getter thrusts into the sluggish consciousness of his scores of thousands of readers. To what extremes it is capable of reaching he himself shows in another article, one published over his signature in the same number of his magazine—the article entitled "The Greatest Charity Scheme of the Century." This article is a bold demand that the United States violate not only its own code of morality, but its faith pledged to the civilized world, by forcibly annexing Cuba. All through his argument runs the same sordid plea that characterizes his editorial on the para-

mount issue. Cuba has cost us every life we have lost and every dollar we have spent in the Spanish war; to concede her independence is, therefore, not "good business." No "first-rate business house," no "first-rate financial organization" would for a moment contemplate "such colossal folly." What if congress did solemnly disclaim going to war for land grabbing purposes? That was a blunder and should be treated as one. Why let "any foolish sentimentality interfere?" He for his part, would never yield an inch of Cuban territory. He "can't see any good business" in leaving Cuba to herself, nor "where we come in." That, he assures his readers, would be "the business way of looking at it." He neglects to add that it would also be the pirate's way, the brigand's way, the highwayman's way, the sneak thief's way. But it certainly would be their way, and the confidence sharp's, too. If it is the business man's way, so much the worse for the morality of business men.

Nor is Mr. Munsey a selfish patriot. He considers the Cubans "and their best interests as well as our own," and believes that our treachery for the sake of their dollars would benefit them as well as ourselves. Consequently, and in view of the fact that our pledge to commit no criminal aggression upon Cuba was not made to any organized government in particular but only to the people of Cuba and to civilized mankind in general—or as he somewhat nebulously considers it, to "our own inane folly"—he thinks "there is an oversensitiveness and over nicety about 'keeping faith' in the Cuban matter that is abnormal, unhealthy and unnecessary"!

An agreeable companion, indeed, would this same Mr. Munsey be to fall in with in a lonely place, if one had valuables which he wanted and which he thought it would be beneficial to both for one to hand over to him! If his standards of personal

morals happened to be at all like his published notions of civic morals, the possessory title to those valuables would depend upon no higher principle of good faith and honor than the question of which of the two happened to be handiest with a gun. We should be glad to regard these Munsey lucubrations as rasping satires upon American worship of the almighty dollar, somewhat upon the pattern of Dean Swift's ghastly proposal to fatten Irish children for the English shambles. But Mr. Munsey is evidently as serious as a midnight burglar.

In challenging a corporation lawyer to debate publicly the question of public ownership of public utilities, Mr. H. O. Nourse, the superintendent of the Chicago water department, who recently exposed the great water thefts of some of the monopoly packing houses, has done another public service. One of the stock arguments against such ownership rests upon the assertion that public ownership has always failed when tried, and as instances in point city water departments are referred to. The corporation attorney in question having mentioned the Chicago water system as an argument against public ownership and operation, Mr. Nourse promptly issued his challenge to debate the issue, proclaiming that "the water department stands as an argument in favor of municipal ownership, not only of the water system, but of all the public utilities," and offering to prove it. The time is ripe for debating this question, if the monopoly corporations intend to debate it with anything more intellectual than bare assertions and boodle, and Mr. Nourse offers an excellent opportunity. One would suppose, however, that there could be only one side to the question of whether a city ought to farm out its public functions through franchises or to exercise them itself.

After the election J. Pierpont Morgan told Chauncey M. Depew, so he

is reported in the daily press, that if Bryan had been elected "we should have had a financial and industrial panic, unmatched probably by any in our experience, or perhaps in the experience of the civilized world." Than this there has probably been no more vigorous, albeit unintentional, indictment of existing business conditions. Think of it! Business conditions are such that the mere election as president of a man to whom J. Pierpont Morgan and his business associates are opposed would precipitate—before that man had done anything, and four months before he could do anything—an unparalleled panic. If this be true, then one of two other things is also true. Either the whole business fabric is expanded with speculative gases which any accidental pin prick may at any time let out, or it rests upon a foundation of legalized fraud which shrivels and shrinks at the first indication of honest adjustment. No business condition that is both substantial and honest can be instantly thrown into rack and ruin by the election to the presidency of any man whatever.

Georgia furnishes an instance, through the Macon Telegraph, of the growing disposition in this country, for it is not confined to Georgia, to revive those persecutions of the poor which so disgraced British law down into the present century. Half a dozen able-bodied white men, according to the Telegraph, were on the 12th sentenced by the mayor to work from 10 to 30 days in a gang, for no other crime than that of passing through Macon on foot instead of traveling in carriages or railroad cars. The report calls them "tramps," and the reporter tells of their plight as if it were a most excellent joke. If persons supposed to be tramps can be treated in this way, without evidence of any criminality on their part, the time is not distant when the persecution will reach to classes higher up than tramps.

A curious advertisement appeared

in the Trenton, N. J., papers shortly after the election. It is worth reproducing, both as a curiosity and as an economic lesson:

Election is over. Prepare yourself for a shock. There is at least one trust. I know it. It is named the American Bridge company—capital, \$70,000,000. It is composed of 28 of the largest bridge works in the United States—only about 30 per cent. of the entire business—so, of course, it is not a monopoly. Among the 28 companies is the New Jersey Steel and Iron company, of this city, by whom I was employed for 23 years 11 months and 2 days. No one has my job now, for the simple reason that the bridge trust found 28 estimators and abolished 27 of them. It is but fair to state that the bridge trust has already started to place at the New Jersey Steel and Iron company's works the largest bridge shop in the world. Probably 1,500 additional men will be employed there, which will be a good thing for Trenton. Therefore, it is not seemly that I should whine. Nevertheless, the bridge trust will not employ me. There are no other bridge works in this vicinity. I don't want to compete with those useful gentlemen who dig sewers, and I do want a "full dinner pail." For these reasons is my residence at 982 Lambertson street for sale at \$1,000 less than cost. An additional lot of 130 feet on the river front I will give to the purchaser as a trading stamp. It is possible that the river front may in a few years be more valuable than the residence. The house needs painting, but is worth looking at. If this does not suit you, make me an offer on your own terms. I am not in a position to dictate terms. William J. Lee, 982 Lambertson street.

The curious qualities of that advertisement are obvious. Its lesson may be less so, but let us see. Is it not true that anything which enables one bridge estimator to do the work of 28 is a public benefit? Has it not all the characteristics of a labor saving machine? That would seem to be indisputable. Yet one cannot throw off the feeling that there is something wrong about it, when he thinks of 27 men cast adrift and unable to procure remunerative employment. And there is something wrong. But where does it lie? Shall we find it in the fact that the bridge companies have by combining dispensed with the services of these men? By no means. In the mere union of business forces there is nothing wrong, and therefore

nothing prejudicial. And when we consider the matter further there does not appear to be anything wrong or prejudicial in the discharge of men by an employer. The men do not suffer because they are discharged. They suffer because they cannot get other employment. This is what Mr. Lee suffers from. If jobs in general were abundant he would not be worried. He would only step out of one place to step into another. But jobs are not abundant. That is a patent fact. But why not? Everybody wants things done, and the more they get done the more they want. It is impossible to do work enough to satisfy the natural demand for workers. Why, then, should anybody suffer from general deficiency of working opportunities? The plain reason is—but, as Kipling says, when he is crowded for space, “that is another story.”

Commenting upon Mr. Bryan's statement of the political issue as an irrepressible conflict between plutocracy and democracy, the Chicago Tribune says that—

if by plutocracy Mr. Bryan means the maintenance of law, of sound money, and of the right of every man to enjoy the fruits of his own ability and property, then plutocracy, according to his definition, will always triumph.

It must have been difficult to express in so few words so many glaring ambiguities. “The maintenance of law” may mean a good thing or a bad one. Laws calculated to foster natural rights are to be maintained. That is democracy. But what of laws which foster special privileges and defy natural rights? It is certainly not democratic to maintain them, even though they be enforced while on the statute books. Democracy would repeal them. What would plutocracy do? “The maintenance of sound money” may also be good or bad. It depends upon what is meant by sound money. Some of the worst things in the world have at times been called “sound.” It was “sound” doctrine once in this country to guar-

antee every man the right “to wallop his own nigger.” Another ambiguous phrase is “the right of every man to enjoy the fruits of his own ability and property.” “Ability” at what? “Property” in what? Shall any man be secure in the enjoyment of his ability as a pickpocket, as a bank burglar, as a forger, as a briber of legislatures, or as an expert in securing the privileges of class laws or of laws creating special privileges? Shall he be secure in the fruits of property so acquired? The Tribune dare not defend these interpretations of its statement. Yet it justifies the interpretations by its deliberate ambiguities. Its object in using words with double meanings is to confuse unjust property rights with just property rights, predatory ability with productive ability. Under democratic principles productive ability and just property are sacred, and the Tribune slyly appeals to the sentiment that holds them sacred by putting forward in ambiguous verbiage those very legal privileges which rob productive ability and menace just property rights. It tries to pass off the wolves in the fold as part of the sheep.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

The McKinley administration has made a remarkable discovery in the Philippine islands.

It has discovered a peculiar psychological condition among the Filipinos with which the administration seems to be wholly unfamiliar. Gen. MacArthur, who reports it, does not seem to know the name of the peculiar mental state he has discovered. He says this strange state of mind, which he calls madness, has been caused by “rhetorical sophistry and stimulants applied to national pride.” That by reason of this madness the power of the Filipinos to discriminate in matters of private interest has been almost suspended. He says they are not a warlike or ferocious people, but that “they are animated by certain inchoate ideas and aspirations which by some unfortunate perversion of thought they conceive to be threatened by America.” He says

this peculiarity of the Filipinos has raised difficulties and obstacles in the way of pacification, and that the success of the guerrilla system depends upon the complete unity of action among the native population caused by this madness. “As a substitute for all other considerations,” MacArthur says, “the people seem to be actuated by the idea that in all doubtful matters of politics or war men are never nearer right than when going with their own kith and kin, regardless of consequences.” The general thinks that intimidation accounts for this condition to some extent, but not fully, and he adds: “It is more probable that the adhesive principle comes from ethnological homogeneity which induces men to respond for a time to the appeals of consanguineous leadership, even when such action is opposed to their own interest and convictions of expediency.” He says this madness prevails in the entire archipelago, except in a portion of one island occupied by the savage polygamous and slaveholding friends of the United States.

The idea that the Filipinos should allow this “consanguineous ethnological homogeneity”—which he calls madness, produced by a stimulation of national pride—to unite them against a foreign invasion, and to lead them to put aside private interests in order to satisfy this madness seems so strange and unreasonable to our representative of the McKinley administration that he finds it hard to understand, and innocently reports it to his chief with the encouraging information that this perversity of the Filipinos will necessitate a large American military and naval force in the islands for many years to come. This is indeed encouraging, when we recall the preelection assurance by the administration that if McKinley were elected there would be peace in the islands within 60 days!

In view of the rarity in administration circles of this newly discovered passion, and the fact that the administration deems it such a novel monstrosity, it is certainly entitled to representation in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. Some Filipino who is so thoroughly imbued with the madness referred to that he could be said to personify it ought to

be placed in the Institution as an exhibit. And in that case some label should be attached to the exhibit, and since the administration does not seem to know the name of this "madness," a reference to some good dictionary might suggest a name which would be more convenient for institute purposes than MacArthur's cumbersome, although accurate description.

The passion which moves a person to serve his country, either in defending it from invasion or in protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions, used to be called patriotism. By all means let us bring to Washington a Filipino as a personification of this strange passion, in order that future generations may see what was at one time common among the statesmen of the United States, but which by oversight has not been placed among other curiosities of former times in our national museum.

Minneapolis.

A. B. CHOATE.

THE METHOD OF PROGRESS.

Some folks are discouraged when a party that stands for righteousness and humanity is defeated by the people. But the right is never defeated. It always wins, though usually after those who fought for it are dead.

The things that are popular to-day are the things that noble men were persecuted for, a hundred years ago or more. The man or party with a clear new truth, or standing for the right application, for to-day, of an eternal truth, must expect to be defeated. Defeat is an indication—not a proof, but an indication—of righteous leadership. No man with honest soul and clear vision is ever discouraged by mere defeat.

There are usually two parties, the liberal and the conservative. The liberal party is for the people, but the people are against it. Barabbas, the robber, is more popular in his day than Jesus, the Saviour. The liberal party stands for progress, the conservative for contentment. The liberal party works for a great truth only to be defeated. But the seed has been sown; the leaven is at work; gradually the people see it and believe it; the truth then becomes a tenet of

the conservative party. The victory is won.

But by this time the liberal party has passed on to higher truth to be defeated in that, and the whole process is repeated.

Such is the method of progress. The minority lead and teach.

If you are able to think ahead of the crowd and the crowd elects you, it is a cause for discouragement. You have not been true. You have not told what you know. The defeated man is better off. He doesn't worry about the salvation of his soul.

The defeated party is often better off. When a party wins it stops teaching and commences to rule. But the world grows by teaching not ruling.

When a party wins it draws to it many self-seekers and loses many truth seekers. So it becomes corrupt.

When a party wins it must stand for things that are, and is likely to stop growing.

The democratic party has won the best victory, in standing for human liberty. It should not be discouraged because not given a chance to put its ideas into force. Let its mission be for four years to teach the people what liberty is. When the people understand it they'll want it.

R. C. BRYANT.

Lisbon, N. H.

NEWS

The American censorship of news from the Philippines has been at last removed, and information from that source is coming to the United States more freely. But there is no certainty yet that the news will be frankly reported, for Gen. MacArthur has ordered the cable companies to furnish him with a copy of all press dispatches, which indicates an intention of bringing pressure to bear upon correspondents whose reports are disagreeable. The removal of the censorship was ordered on the 15th. It has been in force since the beginning of the American occupation, and was used so strictly to prevent information from reaching the world, that most of the correspondents withdrew. English papers explained their action in recalling correspondents by saying that the censorship made it impossible to publish the

truth. Gen. Otis now disclaims responsibility for this European method of influencing the people by keeping them in ignorance of events. In a newspaper interview at Chicago on the 17th he said: "It was no idea of mine. I was really obeying orders from the war department at Washington." One of Gen. Otis's aids, Maj. Greene, who acted as his censor at Manila, accounts for the discontinuance of the censorship at this time by saying, also in a Chicago interview on the 17th, that "there is nothing now that needs censoring," the islands being "really in a state of peace."

It appears, however, from the now uncensored correspondence, that this "state of peace" is somewhat sanguinary in character. One battle is reported from the island of Panay, and many skirmishes and several small engagements are said to have been fought in northern and southern Luzon; while in Washington it is reported that Gen. MacArthur must have reinforcements to cope with the Filipinos, who are increasing in numbers and harassing the Americans at all points.

Through Ambassador Choate, the president has applied to Great Britain to exclude from the British jurisdiction at Hong-Kong the Filipino junta, whose relations to America on British soil are the same as were those of the old Cuban junta to Spain on American soil.

American casualties since July 1, 1898, inclusive of all current official reports given out in detail at Washington to November 21, 1900, are as follows:

Deaths to May 16, 1900 (see page 91)	1,847
Killed reported from May 16, 1900, to the date of the presidential election, November 6, 1900.....	100
Deaths from wounds, disease and accident, same period.....	468
Total deaths to presidential election	2,415
Killed reported since presidential election	9
Deaths from wounds, disease and accident, same period.....	76
Total deaths	2,500
Wounded since July 1, 1898.....	2,348
Captured	10
Total casualties since July 1, 1898	4,858
Total casualties to last week....	4,816
Total deaths last week.....	2,474

Coming eastward from our restless "new possessions" in the orient, we are met with news of the first American election in the new territory of Hawaii. Reports of the result reached San Francisco on the 16th. There were three parties in the field—the republican, the democratic and the independent. The former two are branches of the republican and the democratic parties, respectively, of the United States; the third is the native anti-white party. Each party voted for a delegate to congress, and for a full territorial legislative ticket. The campaign was intensely exciting and bitter. There were registered in the island of Hawaii 2,717 voters; in Maui, 2,058; in Oahua, 5,704, and in Kauai, 739—a total of 11,218, which is 3,000 less than the last registration under the monarchy. The full vote is yet to be reported, but the news reaching San Francisco on the 16th, seven days from Honolulu, is sufficiently full to indicate results. Robert W. Wilcox, the independent candidate for territorial delegate to congress, has been elected over Prince David (Kawananakoa) the democratic candidate, and Samuel Parker, the republican. Wilcox, who is 45 years old, is the son of an American sea captain and a native woman. He had a boarding school education in Maui, supplemented with study in an Italian military school, and at the age of 25 was a member of the Maui legislature. In the stirring events connected with the overthrow of the native monarchy and the subsequent revolt against the foreign regime, he took an active, prominent and dangerous part in behalf of the monarchy. Mr. Wilcox was originally married in Italy to a daughter of the Italian Baron Lorenzo Sobrero, from whom he has been separated since 1898. Having been notified by the Italian consul at Honolulu in 1896 that a decree of divorce for which he had applied in Italy was granted, he married a descendant of the father of King Kamehameha the Great. His election was opposed on the ground that no decree of divorce had in fact been granted, and it is now declared by his enemies that an attempt to unseat him upon charges of bigamy will be made at Washington. Besides electing Wilcox, the independent or native party have secured a majority of one in the territorial senate, and of five in the territorial house.

Reports from the Puerto Rican elec-

tions, received since those given on page 487, show that the total vote was, in round numbers, only 58,000, and that nearly all of them were cast by the republican party, which is the old party of independence. The federal party leaders advised their followers not to vote, and only 150 disregarded the advice. The reason given for this refusal to participate in the election was that the federals had not been offered a chance to register, that districts had been gerrymandered, and that discriminations had been made against them in the appointment of election judges. In consequence of this election all the 35 members of the house of delegates in Puerto Rico—the only popular body under the act of congress, and a body which can enact no legislation without the consent of the governor and council, appointed by the American president—will be republicans. The commissioner to congress is Frederico Degetan, an author, scientist and lawyer, who has been prominent for nearly 20 years in agitations for Puerto Rican independence.

The Cubans have now received the most direct assurance of independence that has yet come to them. The American secretary of War, Mr. Root, who has for several days been in Cuba, ostensibly upon a pleasure trip, declared on the 20th that he was there officially, and guaranteed a complete fulfillment of the American pledges. The occasion was a luncheon on board the steamer *Reina de Los Angeles*, in Santiago harbor. Root was a guest of Menendez & Co., on board the steamer, and in response to a luncheon toast he said:

I am visiting Cuba as the representative of President McKinley to investigate as to the inhabitants' ability to govern themselves. I had come to imagine that the Cubans were only partly civilized. I am agreeably surprised to find an enlightened people. I desire to renew assurances of the good faith of the United States government, which will fulfill its promises, and I expect soon to see a free, self-governing republic in Cuba.

Mr. Root's acknowledgment that although upon investigation he finds the Cubans to be an enlightened people, he, the American secretary of war, had previously imagined them to be "only partly civilized," raises a serious question as to the value of the information with which the war department is supplied regarding the

peoples it has been called upon temporarily to govern.

In the United States proper another stunning exemplification of the theory that our civilization is only skin deep has been furnished in Colorado. A 16-year-old negro, Preston Porter, Jr., accused of having assaulted and murdered a white girl of 11, was lynched and burned to death, without any attempt on the part of public officials to interfere. The boy's crime had been committed at Limon, Lincoln county. He was arrested in Denver and there lodged in jail. During the night of the 16th the sheriff took him in a closed carriage to Magnolia, a railroad station east of Denver, where he delivered him to the sheriff of Lincoln county, who carried him to Limon. It was known all the time that at Limon the boy would be lynched; and, besides a crowd of reporters on their way to see the lynching, the father of the murdered girl was on the train with the sheriff and his prisoner. When the train arrived at Limon a committee from the lynchers came on board demanding the negro boy, and one of them threw a hangman's noose over his neck. The sheriff, who had apparently got possession of the prisoner for the purpose of delivering him to the mob, made no objection to the lawless proceedings and at a station three miles east of Limon the lynching party took their victim from the train. It was at first intended to hang him, but the father of the murdered girl protested against this, and at his suggestion burning at the stake was chosen instead. Preparations were accordingly made, and early in the evening of the 16th, the boy having meantime been chained to a railroad rail set firmly in the ground and surrounded with oil-saturated wood, a mob of 300 people or more lending encouragement, the girl's father kindled the fire. From this time on until unconsciousness had relieved him from pain, the negro boy's struggles and screams and appeals were indescribably terrible. Finally, as his body fell forward, boards were piled upon it by the mob, and what with the shock of the torture and suffocation from the smoke his voice was stilled and his body at length reduced to ashes. A local coroner's jury, committing deliberate perjury, returned a verdict that "death was at the hands of parties unknown."

At Denver on the 18th a mass meet-

ing was held to express the indignation of that city at the burning of Porter. Gov. Thomas was among the speakers. He censured not the murder of the negro boy, but the manner of it, explaining, however, that he did not intend to uphold lynch law, and assuring the audience that he had done all he could to prevent Porter's removal from Denver. Speaking of the probability of punishing the participants in the lynching, he said it would be as impossible to indict a whole county as a whole nation. No voice against the lynching was raised at the meeting, the criticisms being confined to the burning. Although clergymen and public officials were among the speakers, the opinion seemed to prevail that, as capital punishment is not imposed by law in Colorado for such crimes as Porter's, the lynching was justified. Resolutions were adopted censuring savagery.

Between this fiendish lynching of a negro boy in a Rocky mountain state and the operations of the British in the Transvaal there is great difference in point of distance, but not much in spirit. Unable to conquer the Boers in accordance with the ordinary rules of warfare, and encouraged by their return to power at the recent elections, the tory leaders have begun to turn over the direction of affairs to Gen. Kitchener, who has a reputation for human kindness not unlike that of Gen. Weyler's, whose reconcentrado methods he purposes to imitate. According to the *Natal Mercury* he has decided to "depopulate the towns in the Transvaal, owing to the difficulty in dealing with the republicans when hampered by the civilian population," which is understood in London to mean that he intends to concentrate the population of small towns in the large towns, and in other respects to pursue a reconcentrado policy. To facilitate him in this purpose, all the generals of higher rank than Kitchener are being sent home, and the newspaper correspondents are being forced out. Even now, before Kitchener has obtained full sway, the homes of Boers who are absent, presumably as fighting men, are being razed, their crops are destroyed, and the women and children of their families are driven into the nearest British garrison town.

This barbarous policy has been adopted because the British find

themselves unable to subdue the Boers by civilized methods. Though driven off when they attack, the Boer detachments keep up the war, appearing suddenly at unexpected points, tearing up railroads, engaging British garrisons, and disappearing, only to turn up as unexpectedly somewhere else, so that British authority in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, like American authority in the Philippines, extends no farther than the range of garrison guns. On the 19th one of these detachments surprised an outpost southwest of Balmoral, and drove out the garrison, after killing six, wounding five and capturing 20. It then abandoned the post and the British reoccupied it. That is a typical instance. The Boer commander, Dewett, is reported to have established a capital at Roesendal, north of Middleburg; and further reports from censored British sources are to the effect that he is meeting Kitchener's reconcentrado policy by forcing Boers who have surrendered and taken the British oath to resume their arms under pain of death.

No Chinese news of importance has been divulged since last week, except a Chinese imperial decree of the 13th, which deprives Prince Tuan and Prince Chwang of rank and office, and orders their imprisonment for life. This by way of punishment for their anti-foreign depredations, and instead of the death penalty which the allied powers have demanded. Similar punishment is by the same decree imposed upon eight others.

NEWS NOTES.

—After fierce opposition extending over five years, the French chamber of deputies on the 17th passed a bill admitting women to practice as lawyers in all the French courts.

—At a mass convention of socialists held in Chicago on the 18th plans were laid to unite all the socialist elements for political action in the mayoralty campaign next spring.

—The National Council of Women closed its sessions at Minneapolis on the 16th. During the convention the National Association of Colored Women was admitted to membership.

—A fleet of the largest ships in the world is being constructed by the Eastern Shipbuilding company at New London, Conn., for use by the Great Northern Railroad company in their oriental trade.

—Gold has been discovered in Indiana at Lynville, Warrick county, in

the southwestern part of the state, in consequence of which the population of Lynville increased from 500 to 1,200 during the past week.

—John D. Rockefeller on the 16th sold his entire fleet of whaleback ore carriers, the Bessemer Steamship company, to the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron company, in which corporation he is also interested.

—Telephoning without wires is the recent invention of a Minneapolis man. An experiment conducted under the supervision of the inventor, J. C. Kelsey, on the 18th showed much better results than the present system.

—A St. Louis judge holds that labor organizations have no right to impose fines upon their members for refusing to boycott firms or corporations coming under the displeasure of the union. The case arose out of the recent street railroad strike.

—Gov. Lind, of Minnesota, may contest the election of Samuel R. Van Zant, the republican governor-elect, who on the face of the returns has a plurality of 2,500. Numerous irregularities and errors have been discovered in the election counting.

—The Ibero-American congress, designed to bring into closer relationship the various Spanish-speaking countries (see page 505), completed its sessions at Madrid on the 15th. The creation of an international tribunal of arbitration was provided for.

—John Sherwin Crosby, the eloquent orator and well-known single tax advocate, is making up a lecture tour for the coming year, under the direction of H. C. S. Stimpson, 11 Pine street, New York. Mr. Crosby is unquestionably the best orator in the George movement.

—Charles H. Hoyt, the playwright, died at his home at Charlestown, N. H., on the 20th. Mr. Hoyt gave the American stage a large number of very bright farces, among the better known of which were the "Midnight Bell," "A Texas Steer" and "A Milk White Flag."

—Daniel Coit Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins university since its foundation in 1876, has announced his determination to resign at the end of the present scholastic year. Dr. Gilman's reasons for resigning are his advancing years and the belief that a younger man should take charge.

—The National Good Roads association closed the sessions of its most important and interesting convention at Central Music hall, Chicago, on the 21st and was followed on the same day by one of still greater importance—the National Irrigation congress, which opened with an attendance of more than 1,500 delegates.

—The statistics of exports and imports of the United States for October, as given by the October treas-

ury sheet, were as follows (M standing for merchandise, G for gold, and S for silver):

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
M	\$163,093,697	\$70,618,371	\$92,475,226 exp
G	428,925	9,810,882	9,381,957 imp
S	6,063,119	2,966,356	3,126,763 exp
	\$169,615,641	\$83,395,609	\$86,220,032 exp

—The statistics of exports and imports of the United States for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1900, to and including October 31, 1900, as given by the treasury reports, were as follows (M standing for merchandise, G for gold, and S for silver):

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
M	\$482,403,787	\$256,343,636	\$227,060,252 exp
G	22,569,418	21,832,862	776,556 exp
S	23,217,484	14,632,737	8,584,747 exp
	\$528,190,689	\$291,809,134	\$236,371,556 exp

—The statistics of exports and imports of the United States since the foundation of the government (gold, silver and merchandise), as shown by the treasury reports to October 30, 1890, were as follows:

[The upper row of figures represents merchandise to date, inclusive of gold and silver down to 1821; the second row represents gold and silver from 1821 to date.]

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
	\$37,655,259,671	\$33,920,014,314	\$3,735,245,357 exp
	3,645,220,028	2,174,311,632	1,470,908,396 exp
	\$41,300,479,699	\$36,094,325,946	\$5,206,153,753 exp

—The official canvass of the votes that were cast at the election November 6, 1900, in Cook county, Ill., in which the city of Chicago is located, was not completed until the 21st. Following is a summary of the result:

	Vote.	Plural-ity.
Rep. (McKinley, president).....	208,760	17,567
Republican (Yates, governor).....	109,622
Democratic (Bryan, president).....	186,193
Dem. (Aischuler, governor).....	198,195	7,573
Pro. (Woolley, president).....	211
People's (Barber, president).....	211
Social Dem. (Debs, president).....	6,752
Soc. Lab. (Maloney, president).....	434
United Chris. (—, president).....	124
Union Reform (Ellis, pres'dnt).....	160
Local:		
Rep. (Deneen, state's att'y).....	205,709	26,013
Dem. (Goldzier, state's att'y).....	179,696
Pro. (Hawk, state's attorney).....	5,236
People's (Becker, state's att'y).....	153
Soc. Dem (Morgan, st's att'y).....	6,227
Sin'e Tax (Cooling, sta's att'y).....	503

Henry Labouchere, M. P., posted this notice on the bulletin board of a club of which he was a member: "The nobleman who stole my umbrella will please return it at once."

Called before the board of governors and rebuked for imputing a theft to a nobleman, "Labby" gayly pointed out the section of the constitution of the club which declared its membership consisted of "noblemen and gentlemen." "As no gentlemen would steal another gentleman's umbrella," triumphantly added "Labby," "I was compelled to decide that my umbrella had been taken by a nobleman." Defendant was acquitted.—Chicago Chronicle.

MISCELLANY

GOLDEN SUNSHINE.

For The Public.

"The golden sunshine of permanent prosperity fills the land."—Plutocratic Organ.

The land is filled with sunshine golden;
A sunshine peerless, pure and bright;
A sunshine priceless, and beholden
To God alone for life and light.

'Tis likewise filled with sunshine gold-en,
A sunshine dearly bought and sold;
A sunshine "cornered," and beholden
For all its worth to greed and gold.

A sunshine gold-en born of tears;
A sunshine sad souls shiver under;
A sunshine booked for four more years,
And then—what then? The helpless wonder.

J. S. T.

A PANORAMIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WABBLER.

For The Public.

	PRÉS-	FU-
	IN REGARD TO PAST,	ENT. TURE.
Silver	For	Against ?
War with Spain	Against	For ?
Civil Service Reform	For	Against ?
Forceful Annexation	Against	For ?
Puerto Rico "Plain Duty."	For	Against ?
HANNA	FOR	FOR, FOR G. T. E.

LOVE IN AN INDLAN HOME.

A boy of six who had made his little mark in a reservation school, was asked by his teacher: "Will you come with me to my home and go to school where the white boys go? There are engines and big houses, and you shall see the ocean with the ships. There are grapes and apples and all kinds of fruits to eat. You will be a smart man when you are big, and you will get money when you work."

"I like to go to see the engines and the ships on the ocean," he answered, thoughtfully, "but my papa will be very sorry. When I come to this school, not far away, my papa just cry and put his hand on my head and put me up on his arm and will not let me go. I like my papa. Just catch fish for me and put it on fire with salt and we have a good time to eat. No, I not go far away from my papa. And my mamma got nice baby. Just cry and laugh and like to play with me too, that baby!"—Bertha S. Wilkins, in the Land of Sunshine.

ROMAN AND AMERICAN IMPERIALISM.

We are told that the people of this country would never permit this republic to be changed to an empire. So thought the Romans upon whose republic the sun rose and set for 550 years and who lost their liberty through influences very similar to those now in operation in this coun-

try. After conquering Gaul, Caesar returned with his victorious legions and trampled upon the liberties of his country. But war and conquest had already centralized the government and corrupted and enervated the people and Rome was virtually an empire years before she began that long line of emperors, among whom were some of the vilest human monsters that ever lived. That proud and mighty empire endured nearly 500 years. It extended from the frozen wastes of the north to the burning sands of the south and it thought itself invincible and eternal. But the spirit of conquest and militarism, decay of the spirit of liberty, the amassing of great fortunes by a small class while the poverty of the people increased—these were among the conditions that preceded the decline and fall of the Roman empire.

The danger from imperialism is not in the usurpation of an emperor in our day, but in centralization, in the growth of a plutocracy, in class legislation, class distinctions, growth of the military spirit, conquest, and the spoliation of the people by the trusts for the enrichment of the few who come to control legislation and corrupt, in the interests of their class, the judiciary.—B. F. Underwood, at Quincy, Ill., Oct. 29, as reported in the Quincy Daily Journal.

THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

What will the party do now? There is a very general feeling among old-line democrats that something should be done to unify the discordant elements and perhaps try to get back to the old conservatism of that party. But those who have made a study of social conditions, both in Europe and America, contend that this never can be—that there is to be a new alignment of parties and that the evolution of man and the world of affairs has brought to the surface economic and social questions as far in advance of the problems of the past as the complex character of present social conditions is greater now than when the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth rock.

Principal among these questions as they relate to political life is that of special privilege and monopoly, and that this is to play a large part in the political life of the future is shown by the tendency in our cities to municipal ownership and control of public utilities; the ownership and control in Switzerland of the transportation systems of that country;

the ownership of the street railway system of Glasgow, and other movements of the kind all the world over. Such questions as these are now before the public and promise to occupy leading place in the consideration of our home affairs.

The question is whether the democracy shall take the advance step and seek to deal with these new issues in the spirit of the declaration of independence or try to retrace its steps. To-day these questions in definite form cannot be said to be partisan issues—that is members of both leading parties are found on either side; it is to be hoped that they never may become partisan in a narrow sense. But that there shall be a political division along these lines cannot be doubted when we consider that special privilege does exist and its beneficiaries will seek to perpetuate it, while those who see its evils and experience its injustice will try to crush it out.—The Farmers' Voice of Nov. 10.

SIXTO LOPEZ TO GEN. WHEELER.

Extract from letter dated 41 Woburn place, London, W. C., June 30, 1900. We reprint from City and State.

Our contention is this: The Philippines were and are our country. "Forcible annexation," as your president has admirably expressed it, "would be criminal aggression." No legal quibble about "the right of conquest and purchase" will obscure the moral question or even serve as a lubricant to conscience. No profession of "philanthropy" or "benevolent assassination or assimilation"—we will not quarrel about the word, the meaning is practically the same—will serve to shield your president from the charge which he has made against his own policy.

Nor will it avail to offer insult to one's moral sense by claiming a legal title to sovereignty due to "cession" and "purchase" from Spain. Spain never had a moral right to our country. Her alleged ownership rested solely on might and not on right. She never possessed even the tentative right which comes to the provider of beneficent rule. This was recognized by the United States when it went to war on behalf of Spain's colonial possessions, and demanded that Spanish sovereignty should cease.

In addition to this Spain did not possess sovereignty at the time of the so-called "cession." Her territories were in the hands of the Filipinos (with the exception of one city) who had established an independent government, *de facto* and *de jure*.

If Spain, then, had no moral and no

legal ownership to the Philippines, who had?

There is but one answer: the owners were and are the inhabitants, the Filipinos.

Who, then, is the aggressor in this war? Who is it that is endeavoring to seize and annex the Philippines over the heads of the natural owners, the inhabitants, and to purchase a legal title in absence of a moral one? Who was it that fired the first shot and took the first life? Who is it that declares that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed?" Who is it that now seeks to deny the application of that principle of human rights to the Filipinos? Who was it that sought and accepted our aid in the conflict with Spain and now denies that we have any right whatsoever to a voice in determining the fate of the Philippines?

Whoever is chargeable with these acts, on him and on them must be laid the responsibility of the war and bloodshed.

If the United States administration had promised that the principle enunciated in the declaration of independence and quoted above would be made applicable to the Filipinos, there would never have been a shot fired, and if that promise were now made there would be no more war. That promise could have been made and can now be made.

MR. BRYAN AS A CANDIDATE.

In our opinion no higher type of man has ever been nominated by any political party for the presidency of the United States than William Jennings Bryan. No public man in our history was ever inspired by higher motives or loftier ideals of right and duty. Mr. Bryan is above all a manly man; frank, courageous, brave, clean of life, large of brain, great of heart. He possesses and fully deserves the admiration, the confidence, and indeed the love of several millions of his countrymen. He is one of the most picturesque and attractive figures that ever appeared on the stage of American politics. In spite of his two defeats for the presidency and of the disasters which have overtaken the democratic party under his leadership, it is entirely too early to assume that his public career is closed. He is yet comparatively a young man, and it is by no means improbable that conditions may yet arise which will impel the country to summon him to the highest public service.

No party leader in our history—not even excepting Henry Clay or James G. Blaine—has possessed a larger measure of personal magnetism or

inspired in a higher degree the enthusiasm and devotion of his following. But neither Henry Clay nor James G. Blaine became president. It seems that the American people—in tensely practical and utilitarian as they are—are disinclined to call men of this type to the executive office.

Mr. Bryan is perhaps too much of an idealist—too warm in his sympathies, too emotional in his temperament, and a trifle too radical in his methods for the cold American nature. Although more ardent and impulsive than either Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln, there is much of both of these great characters in Mr. Bryan's composition. Both were essentially radicals, and each was, like Mr. Bryan, a bit of a dreamer and more of a philosopher than man of affairs. Yet they rank as perhaps our greatest two presidents. Each proved a success as an administrator, as Mr. Bryan doubtless would if given the opportunity, and each wrote grand pages in our national history. But they lived in different times. It is safe to say that in the present temper and with the present tendencies of the American people, neither Thomas Jefferson nor Abraham Lincoln, if alive, would stand a ghost of a chance to be elected president.—Indianapolis Sentinel of Nov. 8.

MUST WE GIVE UP "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER?"

For The Public.

As I write these lines a party of apparently highly intelligent men and women, a party of fathers and mothers almost exclusively, are singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Ah, they have stopped at the end of the first verse and chorus!

Can it be that the same thought and feeling came to each one during that first verse? Else why did they stop so suddenly?

That was their first song of the evening! They are singing no other songs now, they have broken the circle and some are leaving the parlors. They stopped abruptly, like a piece of machinery, and, without apologies or excuses, instantly separated.

Now, why have they acted thus? They came together by prearrangement for an evening of song here in our hotel parlors. Instantly, and without previous warning, without discussion they break up their party, their circle, and separate.

Can the same feeling which took possession of my heart, instantly I heard the first strains of that heretofore inspiring music, have also swept across their heart strings?

My thoughts were: "O God, the shame and disgrace of it! What right has any American citizen to sing of 'freedom' and the beauties and glories of 'freedom' and 'freedom's cause?'"

My heart burned with shame within me! My thoughts flew across the seas to the Boers and the Philippine islanders, one being robbed of freedom by England, grasping, relentless, heartless England, and the other being robbed of liberty and freedom by America! Robbed of the very blessing we so greatly prize, the blessing we once fought to secure!

I'll stop right here for fear I shall say too much; but let me ask the readers of these words to hereafter keep silent about "liberty and freedom," at least during the time our soldiers are shooting the liberty-loving citizens of another nation into subjugation. This request, of course, does not apply to, nor is it addressed to any other than those who voted to indorse McKinley's policy in the Philippines and Puerto Rico. I would ask these same voters, who prate of liberty, where they fancy we would "be at," even to-day, had it not been for Lafayette and the French nation, for the aid we received from France in soldiers, war vessels, munitions of war, money and moral aid?

O God! the awful shame of this war of conquest in the Philippines! It is the greatest disgrace known to history in all time. Had we not always claimed to be lovers of and defenders of freedom and liberty and the friend of all nations fighting for freedom and liberty, we would have some excuse to offer, but now! Oh, how pitiful!

F. GEORGE FLOWER.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 10.

SOLDIERING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A private letter written by an American soldier in the Philippine islands on the 5th of last July. The original manuscript of this letter has been copied in the office of *The Public* for use in these columns. As military officers in the Philippines, acting under orders cabled by the war department, have coerced soldiers into making denials and retractions of damaging statements they have made in private letters published in the American press over their signatures, we withhold the name of the writer of this letter, the names of the place he wrote from and the places to which he refers, and the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed. This precaution is necessary for his security.

This was the first Fourth of July that we have celebrated in the Philippine islands, and indeed we took advantage of it. There were but few able to report for duty. The guard-

house is filled up this morning. But I was fortunate enough—or, you might say, had too much sense to come home; so staid out all night with some of my Filipino "amigos."

Friend, it is a rather poor idea to stay among them, especially when a man is intoxicated. But then, this is done very often. Also, some never show up, and it is never known what became of them. It is not safe to go anywhere without a weapon. I always have a gun strung round my hips ready for action at any time.

Say, old boy, a man's life isn't worth a hill of beans in this country, or any other enemy's country. A man can never tell when his time may come. These people are the most treacherous natives I have run up against yet, but then we are leaving them some ruins.

Yes, indeed, we are kept busy. The insurrection is getting worse up here, and [we] don't know where to go. Our men are attacked and shot at every time we go out, but there is one good thing—their bullets never do very much damage. They are not recognized as insurgents here, and no mercy will be shown whenever they are caught up with. It is nothing but a rebellion—parties who gathered after we came here and took the place. They have gathered in large numbers, and are attacking almost every little small garrison in this district. Our first battalion has been attacked twice in B—, and there is not a house in B— but what has bullet marks. The natives have mostly all left that place and come to —.

I believe I told you that I was up there before I came here, and was one of the first Americans that entered that place. The old presidente—you know every town in the Philippine islands has a presidente; he is ruler of the town—but what I want to say about the B— presidente is that we deposed him and made another, whom we thought a friend of the American ruler of that town. The old presidente is one of the most daring insurrectos that ever existed. He and his miserable force have killed every one that they could get of their own people who were friendly and showed us the trails, and places where we could find them. God have mercy on every one we can get in reach of!

B— is a nice, large place. It is built on the foot of the mountain, and it is a pleasure to live there. To-day the entire place is nearly in ashes. About half of its inhabitants are with the insurrectos. The First battalion burned one side of the town

to the ground, and would have destroyed the whole place had it not been for our quarters. The major sent a dispatch to — during the scrap up there, which said: "Hot fire from the insurrectos located in the mountains. Town on fire. Soldiers uncontrollable." Our men didn't show any mercy, and killed every living Filipino they could see, except women and children, but several of them were killed. Of course such things can't be helped. Women are as bad as men here. They even went as far and came to our quarters for our washing, and were caught taking our ammunition. You know several of the insurrectos have our guns, which can't be helped. . . .

I tell you I could kill everything that looks like a Filipino. They are all insurgents. It is an impossibility to keep up any wires. They are cut in every direction. Nearly every small town in this district was full of insurrectos. Our troop has been out every day of late, and has done away with these places—burnt every one to the ground. The wires have since been all right.

Well, old boy, about relics—there are plenty of them to be had, but you know a little 15.66 doesn't go very far, and the postage is very much, although I will send you a native hat. This is the kind of hats the natives wear, that is, the poorer class of natives, and they are very plentiful. I had all kinds of things during our march, but I could not take them in with me. I just was glad to get myself along. We didn't have any clothes nor shoes when we came here—no mess kit, spoons or knives. Half starved, sore-footed, sick—there was never a sorrier looking crowd than we were at the time we returned from the mountains. It will be a memory for the rest of my life, and no doubt will bring its results at the time of old age.

AN ENGLISH INDICTMENT OF THE NEW IMPERIALISM.

From an editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* of Oct. 24.

Imperialism is the desire for supremacy. Its opposite is the desire for fraternity, or, if we prefer a less ambitious phrase, the belief in government by consent. The natural man desires supremacy. Mill long ago pointed out that men are more prone to love ordering their neighbors than to make rational provision for their own liberty. As it is with individuals so is it with nations. Few nations in the world's history have

shown any symptoms of self-restraint when the possibility of extending their dominions lay within their power. But a change for the better seemed to be coming over the world some 60 or 70 years ago. The British empire, in particular, became in large measure transformed by a true liberal imperialism, if ever there was such a creed, from an empire dominated from the center and resting on the idea of supremacy into a great commonwealth of free nations resting on the idea of equality and reciprocal affection and trust. This is the idea which has borne fruit in the one bright event of the present unhappy war, the unity of the colonies and the mother country. Modern imperialism goes about trumpeting the loyalty of the colonies as its work. If modern imperialism has its way much longer there will not be much loyalty left. Already it has destroyed it in one great colony; it has strained it among two-fifths of the population of Canada, and narrowly escaped a serious crisis in its dealings with the federation of Australia. It is not modern imperialism but old-fashioned liberalism which has made the empire what it is. If the imperialists go on as they have begun they will soon, as Mr. Morley once said, make the empire "small enough" to satisfy the little Englander of their imagination. The liberalism of Cobden and Bright opened a new era in empire-making and empire ruling. It showed men a more excellent way than that of dominion. It preached contentment with the already vast sphere that is our own; outside that sphere, regard for the patriotism that others feel as much as ourselves; and within it, freedom and equality for all British subjects. For white communities the ideal was well carried out, and even in the government of a dependency like India the same spirit for a long time combated, not without success, the prejudices of race. Now we are supposed to have learned a higher wisdom, a wisdom so lofty, indeed, that its best exponents can only express it in the form of meaningless platitudes. We are taught once more that we are the race to govern all the world, and more particularly its gold fields. The rights of another nationality are as nothing to us. We are to be masters, and when we have imprisoned a whole population and laid its homes desolate from the rising to the setting of the sun we will teach it what freedom means as we alone can do.

Of the new imperialism the pres-

ent state of South Africa is the most conspicuous result. Looking below the tangle of controversy, the real motive of determination to have the mastery over a people no less brave and hardy but numerically far weaker than ourselves was made clear long before the war began by the methods by which the war spirit was fanned into a flame. Little by little we believe that people are being re-awakened to the sense that great power carries with it great obligations. If we have annexed all South Africa to the Zambesi we must not turn it into a desert. We owe something to those on whom we have forced our authority, something to the outlanders now deprived for over a year of their means of livelihood, something to the colonies torn by the dissensions which the war has produced. Week by week it becomes clearer that the present methods will produce no settlement. We may make them still more severe, but we cannot add much to the sum of present suffering, and there is no reason to think that to do so would make those who remain in the field less desperate. Even if we could thus curtail the actual campaign we should only deepen the resentment which will in any case be the principal factor in South African politics for long years to come. People still repeat platitudes about the reconciliation which is to be effected as soon as the victory is completed. No series of prophecies have ever been more persistently maintained nor more repeatedly and conspicuously falsified than these optimistic assurances that the Boers would in the end take beating kindly. The time has surely come to throw aside these optimistic delusions and try to get at the real situation. The country wants independent information from men not prejudiced by their antecedents in South Africa as to the possibilities of rebuilding the shattered fabric. Men talk vaguely of the broad and liberal principles that are to be put in force at some indefinite period in the future. Why is no attempt made to put them in force to-day, and to terminate the war by convincing the Boers that defeat is not going to rob them of everything? The old notions of supremacy could not go further than the demand for absolute surrender from a whole nation. Seldom in modern history—never perhaps since the partition of Poland—have they been pushed so far. What the empire needs is a man with courage enough to remind it of the rival principle of

justice, and to teach it anew that its greatness has grown and must forever rest on the basis of the free consent of all its subject peoples.

BEN ZEIDLER.
For The Public.

Deep in the coal mines of Carbonado, Wash., on a December day near the end of the century, the lives of nearly 40 underground toilers went out in one blast of the deadly fire damp; and all that is known of the cause of the disaster is the story told by the body of old Ben Zeidler and, lying beside it, the open lamp and an unlighted pipe.

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, look well to the damp;
Unmuzzle the devil of fire in that lamp
And your life will go out, with the lives of the men
Who delve with you deep in that dark tunnel den.
Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, let me tell what I see:
The death damp that rolls from the foot to the knee
Is thick with red demons that, caged in the dark,
Await for release but one fire-laden spark.
You would have a bit smoke, would you?
Ben, have a care!
For all you hold dear, stay your hand! Don't you dare!
All the forces of ill and disaster are rife;
Uncage that wild demon, you choke out your life.
The vision I see is the shroud of despair;
The blackness of death hides the darkness of air.
One blast of the damp, and the terrors of hell
Wall out through the up-raise, the story to tell,
To broadcast the tidings of evil; to start
The wheels of the grinding that crush out the heart
Of weary ones waiting the day of their dread
When, bled of their living, they beg for their dead.
Then listen, Ben Zeidler, look well to the damp,
And don't you unmuzzle the Thing in your lamp.
And still you will smoke, Ben! My God!
Do you dare!
You are letting it loose now! Hold, hold, man, beware!
Great God! You have done it! Too late, oh, too late!
My eyes turn away from the curse of your fate!
A flash and a crash, a low rumble, a roar,
A darkness and—silence. Nor yet is it o'er;
A moan and a groan, here a cry, there a shriek;
I call to you, Ben, and no word do you speak;
All mangled and maimed lie the men in the drift,
Nor knew what had come to them, came it so swift.
And through the chill damp of that black, snaky den
A thousand feet bowelled, are forty brave men;

There choked underneath and pinned down overhead,
No thought have the dying but envy of dead.

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the living will say
'Twas you spread the hearth with cold ashes to-day;
Aye, Ben, at your door all the blame will be laid
For this is the price of your smoke to be paid.
Are they right, man, or wrong? Could you answer to-day
And tell your own story, Ben, what would you say?
If your soul be not dead, if you live and more still,
Take my pen as I hold it, and write what you will;
From the Place of your Sojourn, nearby, or away,
Come, give your own story—what have you to say?

"I'm a poor, common miner, I be for a fact,
I'm not much at talking, but more in the act;
The pick and the shovel are tools I know best,
But I'll tell all I can, sir, bein' it's your request.
I'll give you my story and won't keep you long;
I've been thinkin' it over and see I be'd wrong,
But the thinkin' I'm doin' now comes in too late.
The way it all happened was this 'ere way, mate:
The fact bein' this, I wa'n't thinkin' at all,
But just doin' common, and then came the call.
I know'd it wer'n't right, but not it were wrong;
I was hard at my work and the time it seemed long,
And I thought I were better for one little draw,
Not thinkin' at all about breakin' the law.
That's all I can say, though it be'n't very clear,
But may be it's all that you'd care for to hear."

So this is your story? I see how it came;
You smoked once too often, and this is your blame!
What a back-load to carry for you and for me;
If all were so tested—who, Ben, would go free!
Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the thing is not fair;
We burden you more than 'tis human to bear.
If the truth have an inning, we work you too long,
You have none of the daylight and no hours of song;
Would you have a wee draw, you must steal it below—
In the teeth of the Danger, alone you must go.
You are kept underground out of sunshine or air
Till you lose sense of duty, to self or your care.
Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the thing is not fair,
With half your deserving, you would not be there,
Caught low in the crush of the rocks underground,

In the place of your shame where your body is found.

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the crime of your sin
Is not all your own; for the work you are in,
And our need for your toil, have something to bear;
Your fate—without blame—overcarries your share.
We have made you need sleep while you click at the key,
Till the Monsters of Death that you guard are set free;
At the lever, too long have you stood on your feet,
And our blood feeds the Trolley that sprinkles the street.
With your hand at the throttle, we sleep in your care,
At the loom you are weaving the clothes that we wear;
You strike at the forge and you turn at the wheel;
In all of our gettings, your handcraft we feel.

And you have a sister who serves, Ben, and she
Has overload, too, in the burdens that be;
An undertone, undershare, underground life,
Be she maiden and daughter, or woman and wife.
Thrust out from her home, ere the fullness of age,
She toils with no heart and without living wage.
All day at the counter, or stitching at night,
Overbreathing the air and eye-straining for light.
At service, she finds all she knows of a home
In a six by nine kennel where guest may not come.
Why tell all the tale of her pitfalls of need
In the way of her goings, so narrowed by greed.
Oh! God! But the thought of it! Pity and tears
Are a cheap overflow for the dearth of her years!

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the coal must be found,
And you must be digger and work underground;
But, fall in with reason, the thing is not fair,
That of luxuries going, so poor is your share.
We're seeking a market abroad for our stuff
When you who have made it have less than enough
To keep soul and body together alway—
You who quickly passed out, thirty-odd in a day.
You toil in our service, nor lightning can fall
More swift than the messenger comes with his call,
To take you by dozens and scores; and you leave
No stay for the hunger in homes where they grieve.
In the pull of our heart strings, a pittance we give,
Yet ever too little our sin to outlive;
But little or less, we parade it with pride,
And charity call what of right is denied!
We think of you, Ben, as one serving our need,
Not as living a life of your own, and to feed
The hunger of soul that is common to all—

That stays with each human, whatever befall;
While you rise to duty, nor murmur nor whine;
Like the man that you are, you stand up to line.
But you, too, are thinking the thing is not fair
That the heaviest loads be the burdens you bear;
That while overtaxed, underpaid, underfed,
You must live in the shade of disaster and dread!

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the thing is not fair;
If you had a square deal you would never be there,
In danger yourself and a danger to all.
The thing must be bettered, or ill will befall;
For we, Ben, who stand at the heart of the evil,
Are tralling with you at the lure of the devil.
We must lessen your labor and add to your store,
Less misery make, to your comforts add more.
We pity you, Ben, but God pity us more,
For the sin of your wrong is a crime at our door.

But, Ben, let us hope for a brighter day dawn,
For a day not far off—one ere we're all gone,
When of laughter and mirth there will be and to spare
For the sad ones of earth, who have more than their share
Of the tears and the toll; and with less of the strife,
Far more of God's sunshine to pour in their life.

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, then give me your hand,
For a true knight are you in a Nobleman's Land;
The burdens of toil for a whole world you bear,
On sea and on land, underground, in the air;
Of the turn of your craft, you have less than your own,
While the lack that is yours, to a surfeit has grown
For the idler and vagabond gorged with the due
Of his betters who serve him, and these, Ben, are you!

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, the thing is not fair;
And we pray for a day that will better your share;
But till that day comes, wherever you be,
A-tolling on land or a-sailing the sea,
When duty and lives of your fellows are one,
You must stand like a man to your duty till done;
So be the true hero, to work in the damp,
And never unmuzzle the Thing in your lamp.

The world is full of Ben Zeidlers, who without murmur or whining, live the daily struggle of their hopeless years, standing up to duty with an heroism that is noble. Their lives are unsung; but there may come a day of their burden beyond the bearing, when their names come to the knowledge

of the world, by some little slip of duty carrying with it the awful consequences that are every-hour responsibilities even of these humble toilers. Then is the telling of the story, not of courage and honest work, but of blunder and disaster.

Ben Zeidler had little thought to speak for himself, and if in half-fairness something be said for him, is it not full time for the world to bend an ear and listen?

WILLIAM HENRY LYNCH.
Ottawa, Canada.

THE BIGGEST STEAMSHIP AFLOAT.

Ten thousand tons of steel beams and braces and plates, forming a framework one-seventh of a mile in length, and carrying a mass of ponderous machinery of almost equal weight—that is the biggest of ocean steamships in rough analysis. It is easy to forget that she is a ship. When she is lying at a pier her vast form towers up like a great building; and her construction is more akin to that of a modern "sky-scraper" than to that of any craft of earlier days. A skeleton of steel girders, rising tier above tier to the height of five stories, is the frame of the Oceanic's great body; and over this is a skin of steel plates. These plates vary from an inch to an inch and three-eighths in thickness; they weigh above two tons apiece; they were fastened together by the largest riveting machine ever built; and they make the Oceanic the strongest as well as the largest ship of her kind.

She is an ocean city—nothing less—a modern, driving, twentieth century city, teeming with all the occupations that man has devised for himself; an epitome of the two continents that she helps to unite. Her ordinary population is upward of 2,000 persons. Set up on land her steel timbers would provide the framework of dwellings for all of them. Her plates would surround the town with a solid wall five feet high and eight miles in length. Her bunkers would supply all the coal required by the community for two years. Her stores would stock all its shops. Her electric plant would light all the streets. Her engines would drive machinery sufficient to employ all the inhabitants. What she could do on land she does in more wonderful ways at sea, for there this city must be not only self-contained and self-supporting, but must, in addition, propel itself across 500 miles of ocean waste every day, in storm or calm. To do this—to rise superior to

all stress of wind or weather or ordinary misfortune—requires not only vast power, but a vast reserve power.—Earl Mayo, in McClure's for May.

Bronson—I see the coal barons raised their men's wages ten cents, and then raised the price of coal 50 cents.

Grigger—That shows how unselfish they are. Just think what an awful temptation it must have been to raise the wages 20 cents so that they could be justified in demanding one dollar more for their coal!

G. T. E.

Even John D. Rockefeller has his financial troubles. Instead of Standard Oil paying \$50,000,000 in dividends this year it pays a paltry \$48,000,000 only. And coal up and pew rent due in December!—N. Y. World.

"This is not quite so bad as 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,'" mused the United States treasury employe, as he slipped some of the contents of a package marked "indemnity from the sultan of Turkey" into an envelope, upon which was superscribed, "Monthly salary of his highness, the sultan of Sulu."

G. T. E.

The Dial quotes the following story from Bishop Whipple's "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate." The bishop once undertook to reprove Wabasha for having a scalp dance in front of the mission house.

The chief was smoking, but when I had finished he took his pipe from his mouth, and slowly blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, said: "White man go to war with his own brother; kills more men than Wabasha can count all his life. Great Spirit look down and say: 'Good white man; he has My Book; I have good home for him by and by.' Dakota has no Great Spirit's book; he goes to war, kills one man, has a foolish scalp-dance. Great Spirit very angry. Wabasha doesn't believe it!"

BOOK NOTICES.

Under the inviting title of "The Golden Ass and the Silver Calf" (Chicago: The Tyrann Hasser Co. Price, 25 cents) Tyrann Hasser has collected a medley of information regarding the money power, which he enlivens with appropriate verse.

A symposium on the initiative and referendum (Newark, N. J.: The Direct Legislation Record. Price, 25 cents), supplemented with an article by Robert Tyson on proportional representation, contains a collection of articles originally printed in the New Time in 1897 and 1898. Among the prominent advocates of direct legislation whose articles appear in the collection are Gov. Pingree, Mayor Jones, Gov. Lee, El-tweed Pomeroy, John Wanamaker, William Dean Howells, Thomas E. Will, Bolton Hall, R. S. Thompson, Prof. Herron, Prof. Commons, Henry Lloyd, George Fred Will-

iams, Senator Tillman and William J. Bryan. The pamphlet makes a convenient compendium, either for study or reference, of explanation, opinion and argument.

Edward Atkinson has reprinted his article from the Popular Science Monthly for November, 1900, on the distribution of taxes, in which he endeavors to show that "all taxes, wherever placed, however imposed, and through whatever agency collected by the government, either national, state, city or town, are distributed, falling ultimately upon all consumers in proportion to the quantity and value of the product of the country consumed by each person." It is to be remarked that Mr. Atkinson confines his illustrations in support of this doctrine to instances of taxes upon competitive production, entirely ignoring the incidence of taxes upon monopolies.

Though the clearing house system is one of the greatest of modern inventions for economizing labor and promoting commerce, its practical operations were never described comprehensively prior to the work on "Clearing Houses" (New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.50), by James G. Cannon, vice president of the Fourth national bank of the city of New York, which is one of the leading books in practical economics of the current year. To understand the function of clearing houses it is necessary to bear in mind the book-keeping function of banks. They have other functions—dealing in credits, for instance—but in their work of carrying deposit accounts and honoring the checks of their depositors, they are essentially common bookkeepers. When, for illustration, a bank depositor pays for goods with a check to another depositor in the same bank, the check is in effect an order upon the bank's bookkeepers to shift part of the drawer's credit from his account to the drawee's. Those goods, therefore, are paid for without the use of currency, the transaction being completed by a book-keeping entry. But as there are many banks, each with its own set of depositors, the effectiveness of this kind of book-keeping in lessening the need for currency and the labor of transporting it is greatly restricted. A check from A to B, instead of merely involving a transfer of credit from A's account to B's account in the same bank, requires the payment of currency from A's bank to B's bank. This requirement is modified, however, by the fact that in the general course of business the checks which any bank may at a given time hold against another are offset in greater or less degree by checks which the latter may hold against the

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former. The amount of currency, consequently, which either need pay to the other is only a comparatively small balance, by far the greater part of their respective obligations being mutually canceled by bookkeeping entries. At this point the clearing house device comes in. It is essentially a central bookkeeping station for banks, where representatives of all the banks of a community meet daily to exchange the checks of depositors which they hold against one another, and to settle in currency the balances that appear to be due. To such an extent is bookkeeping thereby substituted for currency that out of an average daily volume of \$87,415,590.26 in checks "cleared" through the New York clearing house from 1854 to 1899, inclusive, the average daily balance paid in currency was only \$4,162,727.69—less than five per cent. As may be noted, a clearing house thus has the effect almost of consolidating all the banks of a community into one bank for checking purposes, thereby extending the use of bookkeeping and lessening the need for currency. That is the beneficial part of the system. But the consolidation for this primary purpose has suggested the use of clearing houses as trade unions of banks, a feature which is by no means so beneficial. Since banks are invested with special privileges by law, any combinations between them for the purpose of regulating rates, interest charges, etc., or otherwise shackling or discouraging free competition, is a public menace, justifying many of the fears so often expressed regarding the money power. This misuse of clearing houses is quite modern. As a convenience for offsetting balances, however, they are supposed to have originated in London possibly 150 years ago, though their economies were nowhere fairly developed until about the middle of the present century, when the New York clearing house was established. Since then the system has been generally perfected on the New York model, the banks even in London, where the system had its crude beginning, having patterned largely after those of New York. Without dwelling upon the historical development of the clearing house, Mr. Cannon minutely explains its practical operations not only in the United States, but also in Canada, London and Japan. He writes as a practical banker for bankers, and in banking circles his work must be welcome though merely as a handbook. To students of political economy it is valuable as a description of the actual operations of one of the most important departments in the mechanism of exchange.

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