

Saint Mary's Beacon.

MAD MONEY CHASERS.

According to Herbert Spencer and Andrew Carnegie, Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is "trash." Mr. Carnegie says that the book "is founded upon the two statements that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, and that land is going more and more into the hands of the few." These statements the iron king declares to be untrue, as "the rich are growing poorer and the poor richer." Without considering Mr. George at this time, how does Carnegie's utterance look as a sample of "trash" to the informed reader? All the slick figuring of men of the Carnegie stamp will not hide the truth. "General prosperity" and "increasing national wealth" are handy terms for the jugglers of capitalism, but every one who reads knows something about the little gang of millionaires which has been created during the past thirty years and the big army of tramps. Carnegie couldn't have been thinking of his own experience and the experience of the workingmen he has robbed when he said "the rich are getting poorer and poor richer." A voice in contradiction comes up from the mills and mines of Pennsylvania. Such "trash" as went to make up Carnegie's latest article would not have been printed if it had been signed by other than a millionaire.

This man writing about "the advantages of poverty" and at the same time grinding his fellow man to add to his own wealth looks like the worst kind of buncombe. But probably he is magnanimous, and wants his employees, whose wages he reduces when he can, and many of whom he has thrown out of work to enjoy all of the advantage. He certainly is willing that they should remain poor, while he, in a spirit of self sacrifice, accepts all the disadvantages of wealth. When in a Sunday state of mind he says wealth is a sacred trust. "Yes, and the sacred things must be held fast. But we have had enough of 'trusts,' 'sacred' and profane. What the poor want is the right to use God's gifts to man and the products of their labor, and not so much hypocritical gooey gooey from the robber barons.

John W. Mackay says, "I enjoyed fighting poverty." If Mackay means the kind of poverty I have in my mind—the tenement house kind or that which besieges the door of the coal miner's shanty—I don't believe him. Any man who says he enjoys the struggle for a bare subsistence, which is the lot of so many; that he is happy in the sight of a jaded wife and half starved children, I tell him he lies in his throat, and he knows it. There must be greater enjoyment in the other way, for there is not any evidence that the millionaires are moving into the slums or looking for jobs at the world's fair excavations.

It tickles the millionaires to see their faces in the newspapers along with statements to the effect that they were happy when they were poor, and now find wealth very burdensome; but they don't deceive any one, unless it themselves, and I doubt if they do that—they are not fools. Undoubtedly the possession of vast wealth carries with it great and irksome responsibilities, especially if any considerable portion is employed in "business." Many a rich man tosses on his pillow night after night worrying over his "enterprises;" but this is not the fault of wealth, it is the curse of avarice. There are a few rich men who are not so cursed. But with the majority the richer they become the farther from poverty they want to get notwithstanding their touching "reminiscences." The fear of poverty brings mental suffering as acute as poverty itself. Many a millionaire is only a miser with a business head on his shoulders. The knowledge that they can get more by employing what they have is what keeps them from hiding it in old coffee pots under the floor.

"Money," the latest work from the powerful pen of Emile Zola, depicts in all its horrors the passion of the mad money chaser. The book has just been translated by Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, and though it will be condemned by many because of its extreme Frenchness in relating some of the details of the immoral lives led by the aristocracy of Paris, yet it presents a debasement of those who make money their god. The following are extracts from "Money:"

"To fight, to be the strongest in the stern war of speculation, to eat others in order to keep them from eating him, was, after his thirst for splendor and enjoyment, the great cause, the sole cause of his passion for business.

Though he did not board, he had the other joy, the struggle of big figures, fortunes launched like army corps, the shocks of opposing millions, with the defeats and victories that intoxicated him. * * * He lived only in the hope of a triumphant stroke of speculation, and having struck a persistent vein of ill luck he thus sank all the profits of his business. The worst of this fever is that one becomes disgusted with legitimate gains, and finally even loses an exact idea of money. * * * "Know, then, that this is, nothing yet, all this; that this paltry little capital of twenty-five millions is a simple fagot thrown under the machine for kindling! that I hope to double it, quadruple it, quintuple it, as fast as our operations enlarge! that we must have a hail of gold pieces, a dance of millions if we wish to accomplish down there the prodigies announced! Ah! I am not responsible for the breakage; we do not move the world without crushing the feet of a few passerby."

Ah! money, this rotting, poisoning money, that dried up souls and drove away kindness, tenderness, love of others! It alone was the great culprit, the medium of all human cruelties and nastiness. At that moment she cursed and execrated in the indignant revolt of her gesture, if she had had the power, she would have annihilated all the money in the world, as one would crush disease with one stamp of the heel, to save the health of the earth. * * * He had thrown over two hundred into the gulf; five or six hundred more would have to be arrayed in line of battle. With 600,000,000 he would sweep away the Jews, become the king of gold, the master of the world. What a dream! and it was very simple, the idea of the value of money disappeared at this stage of the fever, there were only pawns to be moved upon the chess board. In his nights of insomnia he raised this army of 600,000,000, and had them killed for his glory, victorious at last amid disasters, upon the ruins of everything.

"Evidently," he rejoined bitterly, "I was conquered; I am a canaille, honesty, glory, these are simply success. One must not let himself be beaten, otherwise he will find himself on the morrow only a fool and a fraud. Oh! I can imagine what they are saying; you do not need to repeat to me their words. Isn't it this? They glibly talk of me as a robber; they accuse me of having put all these millions in my pocket; they would strangle me if they had me in their clutches; and, what is worse, they shrug their shoulders with pity, a simple madman, a poor intelligence. But, if I had succeeded, imagine that! Yes, if I had struck down Gundermann, conquered the market, if I were at this hour the undisputed king of gold, eh? what a triumph! I should be a hero, I should have Paris at my feet."

There are short chapters from the history of the bourse, such as our own stock exchanges furnish. The extracts below show another phase—the cruelties practiced upon the poor by landlords and usurers, who are no worse in their worship of money than the kings of speculation, though they may not keep their hands so clean. The first part of the quotation refers to a brutal old woman, proprietor of "dwellings" in a squalid section of Paris; in the other it is the good little wife of a struggling poorly paid writer who is in the grip of a Shylock.

A bad business, which would be the death of her, she said, for she found in it more trouble than profit, especially now that the prefecture tormented her, sending inspectors to require repairs and improvements, under the pretext that people were dying like flies in her premises. However, she energetically refused to spend a sou. Would they not soon require chimney pieces ornamented with mirrors in the rooms which she let for two francs a week! But she did not speak of her own greediness in collecting the rents, throwing families into the street the minute they failed to pay the two francs in advance, doing her own police work, so feared that beggar without shelter would not have dared to sleep for nothing against one of her walls. * * *

Her poor little apartments of which she was so proud, her four pieces of furniture which she so often polished, the Turkish red hangings of the chamber which she had put up herself! She shouted with warlike bravery that they would have to walk over her body, and she called Busch canaille and thief at random; yes, a thief, who was not ashamed to demand 730 francs and 15 centimes, to say nothing of the new coats, for a claim of 300 francs, a claim purchased by him for a hundred sou, in a heap, together with rags and old iron! To think that they had already paid 400

francs in installments, and that this thief talked of carrying off their furniture in payment of the three hundred and odd francs which he wished to steal from them also!

This is the story of "free competition;" it is the history of "business." Here is the criminally insane speculation which is called "enterprise." Here is the right to "own" and to collect toll from the users. It is a dark and revolting picture, but just what a snap shot at commercialism, modern capitalism the world over, the Christian world, reveals. The curse of it rests upon the devoured and devourer; but the money mad rush on and on and see not the chasm which yawns before them. But it is there, or nature is a humbug.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

SMILING WIVES.—"Always meet the husband with a smile." It has always been a mystery to me, the character of the man who wrote out this one-sided maxim, for of course it was a man; a woman would have gone a step farther and evolved a companion proverb equally necessary and reasonable, "Husband, bring a smile with you in the house."

Why a woman should always be smiling while the man is given the privilege of stalking in like a walking thunder cloud, passes my comprehension.

This smiling business is a company matter. The man who comes in whistling and cheerful isn't likely under ordinary circumstances, to meet a cold, sullen welcome. There are men whose home coming is a signal for the children to creep into the corners and the chance visitor to scud home. Let the wife of such a one overcome her dread of seeing him enough to smile, and ten chances to one, he will demand to know what she is "grinning about."

I once had the painful experience of seeing a woman meet her husband with a smile. It was at a picnic, and she skipped up to him with a pleasant, chatty remark and a smile. He looked down on her much as a big mastiff would look down on a presuming kitten under its nose, turned up that expressive member scornfully and turned away with an inaudibly muttered remark.

The doctrine of reciprocity fits beautifully into this question of smiling. The smiling wife is the natural evolution of the even tempered and cheerful husband. Sometimes a look or word of sympathy is preferable to a smile. I once visited in a home where the husband was a robust young man, with never an ache or pain. It was his boast that he had never been sick a day in his life. The wife was a slender young woman with a fast increasing family of young children, and subject to periodical headaches which were torturing, and this merry young husband would come in from his work, "Ah! another headache? Too bad, isn't it, Johnnie?" and up would go the child into the air and the husband and children would have a frolic without a word of sympathy for the suffering wife, not from any lack of love, but probably from sheer inability to conceive of the torture of pain.

With the privilege of an old friend I said, "Does it not try you sometimes to have Charley so unusually jolly?" "Yes it does. It seems sometimes as if he had no conception of my cares, and when I am suffering so, a sympathetic word would help so much more than smiles and jollity."

Later years, in which the husband has had his trial of pain, have brought more of sympathy and consequent happiness into the household. There is a time to smile and there are times when the smile should give way to something better, the gravity of a loving sympathy. In the ideal home there is no need to talk up a motto upon the wall in regard to smiling. Where love is, smiles are as natural as the rays which warm the earth, and which the children run to meet papa, with smiles of heartfelt welcome, and the wife greets him with a joy of which a smile is the natural expression, the husband drops his business cares at the open door and returns the greeting in the same spirit of joyous love.

—Mrs. F. M. HOWARD.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

WEDNESDAY, April 22.
Col. L. Alison Wilmer will probably succeed Judge Douglass as colonel of the First Regiment.

Mr. Fred. Douglass, United States minister to Hayti, is regarded as an official clog to the administration.

Frank Gardener, aged fifty-five years, was killed by a locomotive of the B. and O. Railroad at Locust Point.

William Muscoe, colored, was hung at Charlottesville, Va., for the murder of Policeman George T. Seal.

All the tide-water counties will send large delegations to the Maryland State oyster mass-meeting in Baltimore.

The State comptroller at Annapolis has received \$10 in letter from Baltimore to be placed in the "conscience fund."

A gardener in the village of Albrechtshaus, Germany, murdered his wife and four children with a hatchet and then hanged himself.

In a dispute over a trivial business matter Mr. D. D. Primrose shot and severely injured his son, James Primrose, in Queen Anne's county.

Paul Behread, aged twenty-five, and a girl named E. Danneheimer, who loved each other, committed suicide in New York by inhaling gas.

The natives of Portuguese Guinea, west coast of Africa having massacred all the Portuguese officers and soldiers on the Island of Bessao, have hoisted the French flag.

The barn of Oliver P. Hendrickson, near Battle Run tannery, Allegany county, was lately destroyed by fire, with its contents, which were valuable. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The British forces in Manipur, province of Assam, India, defeated the insurgent forces Monday morning. The Manipuris lost 150 killed and a number wounded. One Englishman was killed and four wounded.

Charles Evans, aged fifty-two years, fell between the huge rollers which crush the coal at breaker No. 4 of the Kingston Coal Company, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., yesterday, and his body was ground into small pieces.

Lucy Long, one of Gen. R. E. Lee's riding horses, the one presented him by J. E. B. Stuart, died a few days ago. She received all the honors of a decent burial on the farm, three miles from Lexington, where she has been kept at the expense of the State. She was thirty-two years old.

THURSDAY, April 23.

Fire destroyed \$50,000 worth of property at Rome, N. Y., yesterday.

George H. Parrott's barn, Still Pond, Kent county, has been burned.

Thos. C. Nesbitt, a farmer, fell dead in Cecil County while following his plow.

A general inspection of the Maryland oyster navy wall take place May 9 at Oxford.

Capital punishment is practically suspended in New York owing to the failure to enforce the electrocution law.

Mr. Jacob France, who was found with a gash across his throat at his home, 2013 East Baltimore street, died from the wound.

Fire in the furniture factory of Willweder & Co., Chicago, yesterday did damage estimated at nearly \$100,000. Manly Semple, one of the employees, was badly burned.

Silvester Triado and Francisco Olives fought a duel Tuesday at Cantua Cayus, eighty miles from Fresno, Cal. Olives was killed. Triado has been arrested and taken to Fresno.

C. L. Cross, an old and well-known planter, living near Brinkley, Ark., was shot and killed instantly by Deputy Sheriff Hines, who was attempting to evict Cross from a tract of land that was in litigation.

A dispatch from Pittsburg states that in a bustle belonging to Miss Margaret Sobutt, aged 65, who recently died at Derry, Pa., the sum of \$9,000 in bank notes and gold and silver coin was found concealed.

Max Hunger, aged thirty-five years, a German, shot his former sweetheart, Martha Harawsky, and himself last night in the dining room of W. M. Littell's residence, 114 Thirteenth street, Newark, N. J., where Martha was employed.

Ex Governor Foraker's speech at the republican gathering in Cincinnati is not well received by the friends of President Harrison. Ex-Congressman Payne, of Pittsburg, does not believe that Mr. Blaine could be tempted to become a presidential candidate again.

The tobacco factories of Marburg Brothers and G. W. Gail & Ax, of Baltimore, have been bought by the American Tobacco Company of New York, and will hereafter be operated by that corporation.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan, aged sixty-five years, residing in the western section of Pittsburg, Pa., arose at 2.30 o'clock yesterday morning and began cutting her husband with a carving knife. She inflicted a bad gash on his left side, almost severed his hand from the wrist and made a deep cut in his throat. Sullivan took the knife away from his wife and called for help. Mrs. Sullivan went upstairs and cut her own throat with a razor.

A Hungarian girl was killed and several persons were wounded yesterday in a battle in the Pennsylvania coke region. The Fayette county officers made two attempts at evictions at Adelaide. The officers were overpowered and driven away, but obtained reinforcements and returned, when they were attacked by about three hundred Hungarian men and women and a pitched battle occurred. The soldiers saved the deputies at a critical moment.

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A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillowcase nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fresh porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor.—*The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.*

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