FASHION'S DICTATOR.

Pretty Costumes for Young Girls in Summer.

GOWNS SHORT AND LONG.

Simple Styles Much More Appropriate Than Elaborate Ones.

TASTE IN HAIR DRESSING.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

New York, July 23, 1893.

CHILDHOOD, WINSOME, quaint, piquant, pretty, naughty, troublesome, sweet, angelic, and all the other adjectives, commands the attention of the fashion dictator quite as much as the children of a larger growth. Gowns, short, showing half of a plump, naked leg; gowns, long, disclosing only a suspicion of a dainty shod toe; gowns, shirred, honeycombed, gathered, gored, puffed, pleated; gowns elaborately trimmed and gowns severely plain; hats, caps, bonnets; flowers feathers, pompons, laces, frills and furbelows—everything that can be put in the category of dress—is devoted to the adornment of the little ones. Only once in a very great while does it occur to the said dictator that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." Then a sleeve with five graduated puffs, looking like a row of muslin balloons, growing small by degrees and beautifully less, is discarded for one light puff and a free bare arm; a skirt so long that the girl trips up if she hippety hops, and must tuck under her belt if she skips the rope, is thrown away for one reaching just below the knee, giving a chance for a run with ball and hoop, a game of tag, blind man's buff and a wooing of the muffin man. The dress formula adopted by most of the grown-ups—that is, "Fashion first, taste next and comfort last"—should, in the case of children, be exactly reversed, and read, comfort first, taste next and fashion last. But your little girl have caught your own spirit, and will prefer to swelter, with hair clinging to the neck as fashion prescribes, rather than have it drawn away by braid or ribbon, as comfort suggests. So the selection is made of a cluster of the newest styles in costume, with the comforting assurance that however they may be dressed our children will still be piquant and sweet, winsome, pretty and angelic.

Trimmed to Her Liking.

For these hot days nothing is more comfortable for your little girl than a loose linen frock. The first sketch after the initial shows one of blue linen, so prettily trimmed that it looks well enough for the small lady's very best. It will fit a child from five to ten years of age, and is made rather long, just showing the ankles in open-worked stockings and russet shoes. The frock is elaborately trimmed about the neck and shoulders with cream guipure and with ribbon bows matching the linen falling in long ends both back and front. The sleeves are a very full puff set into a long cuff. But the charm of the dress to your little girl will be the flowing ribbons. As long as she lives she will be in love with these. Beginning with odds and ends from which to make a swell lady of her battered doll, she will exercise her taste and ingenuity until, by the time she is in her teens, give her a yard of ribbon and she will, with a turn of her dainty wrist, make a net sure to catch you every time. Ribbons are economical as a garnishing notwithstanding they soil and crumple, for a change of color and style of ribbon makes your old gown a new one. Fragments of sections of the discarded trimming that can be worked up in bows and rosettes and a dozen razzle dazzles captivating and deadly as Cupid's arrows. Not that that is the object for which all the bows, rosettes, razzle dazzles and things are manufactured. The narrow minded girl wants to save her scraps and make her pin money go to the farthest point of availability, the aforesaid deadly results of her taste and ingenuity and economy she lives to see in response to her. To return to my sketch. You will not find a prettier, cooler or more sensible costume for your little girl than this, either for the farm retreat, the mountain or the seaside resort.

Developing Taste in Hairdressing.

A suitable frock for cool days is always needed at whatever resort the season may be spent. The excellent model of this sort next pictured is in mousseline de laine. It is cut in one piece, the waist being outlined by five rows of gathers. The sleeves are the usual big puff, either worn with long mitts or a long cuff, which can be removed at pleasure. The collarette is of pleated lace and the skirt is perfectly plain, reaching almost to the top of the boots. It looks like a staid and sober costume, suited to a staid and sober wearer. And so it is. This one is very much absorbed in hair dressing, her skill being applied to a very rheumatic doll with a head like an English walnut. The amount of affection bestowed on that slab-sided creature would seem a wicked waste of the raw material did not its winsomeness warm and arouse the withered hearts around her. The hair dressing is in imitation of her own. Free curly tresses without the sign of a bang, for the sober little maid has a decided perception that bangs are going out. Some light rings of hair or little fluffy curls on the temples and over the forehead, with the attractive short curls at the nape of the neck and that is all she observes on her elders. But they must be very unconventional and look like nature's own handiwork. Curls and waves and fluffs, coils and braids and puffs, no matter how many hours or how many sighs of impatience or despair they have cost, must look perfectly natural, for nature so often puts such in a mass on one head, you know. Fashion, style, nature, these three, a trinity whose adherents are more than faithful, especially to the first two members, the latter coming in when sanctioned by the former.

The fourth illustration depicts a pretty gown made of blue challie and trimmed on the bottom of the skirt with two rows of twisted baby ribbon. The sleeves are large at the top, graduating suddenly and showing the shape of the arm, which should be plump to fit them. The sleeves reach to the wrist and are finished by a row of the twisted ribbon. A wide cream lace collarette simulates a waist and makes a pretty setting for the flowing hair and fair face. Lisle thread stockings and patent leather shoes finish the girl's costume. The youth has a sailor costume of navy blue serge, with cap to match; a collar with three rows of white braid and a shirt front braided in white. He has a watch pocket and chain, and it is to be presumed that he can tell you the time of day, but if so you will not need to ask him. That timepiece is consulted and wound up regularly with five-minute intervals. It's a very serious pair, is it not? He has probably been "doing" her examples for her, and she is trying to see through the process. In return she will write him the sweetest of compositions all about "Spring" or "The Trials of Life" in big capitals. Such chits know all about life. Besides, these exchanges of helpfulness are so typical; the beginning of that interdependence which, in spite of woman's emancipation and man's natural arrogance, continues as long as there is breath. Some genius ought to write "The Romance of the School Room." The slate pencil and the steel pen, the chalk, crayon and eraser are often alive with electric currents, but not of the kind that kill.

Well-Dressed Partners.

A Child for Ornamentation.

There are some women who are never so irresistible as when wearing matronly airs. Now, the woman in my sketch is very artistically attired, but there is nothing in her costume half so bewitchingly becoming as the child whose hand she is holding. She knows it, too, and ten to one it is a borrowed child put on, like her infinitesimal hat, for the occasion. Does that seem too ridiculous for belief? You should know, then, that lots of cute young creatures borrow the little ones of their matronly friends whenever they go out for a constitutional. It gives them so much dignity, you know, and such chances for exquisite posing in the parks, or before the gay windows which attract the little one's notice. In my sketch the gown of the mater is of moss-green crepon, cut like a blouse and trimmed around the yoke and armholes with lace. The yoke and sleeves can be made either of moss-green cloth or silk or black velvet. If of cloth or silk, the belt may be of green silk also, and the ribbon ends may be green. If black velvet is used for yoke and sleeves, let the belt and ribbons be black also. The skirt is trimmed with narrow lace and a ribbon heading. The child is dressed in what is known as an American frock, which should endear it to all patriotic mothers. The material is blue crepon, and the frock is suitable for little girls from one to five years of age.

The yoke is smocked honeycomb, the sleeves long, half covering the hands. The bonnet is of cambric trimmed with embroidery. Notice the sweet contingences of the baby's face and the tender clasp of the hands. Is it not alluring to a sympathetic beholder? It is not difficult to understand why the adult feels that the child is an excellent set-off to her own charms.

A LITTLE FRENCH GARDEN.

Three Dear Old Ladies Who Suggest Miss Wilkins' Characters.

From Harper's Bazar.

This little garden is in St. Germain and it belongs to three old ladies, who might be described as French translations of some of Miss Mary Wilkins' New England old maids.

The youngest of them is sixty-three and the oldest seventy-six. They are simple souls, who live on small incomes, what to an outsider looks like very narrow and uneventful lives, and whose sole pleasure seems to lie in their garden.

I don't know whether you remember Miss Wilkins' Harriett and Charlotte, and the delight they took in the little garden-patch behind their house. It had some straggling rows of currant bushes and gooseberries in it, and a few pumpkins and old apple trees. It seemed to be a fair specimen of New England gardens in little country towns, as revealed by Miss Wilkins' stories. They never yielded anything much more substantial, if I remember rightly, than pinks and asters, fruit and dandelion greens.

But to these old sisters this was "their private share of the great wealth of the universe," "the little taste nature had set apart for them above out of all her bounty." And the old French ladies had so exactly the same feeling that I could not help being reminded—as if one needed reminding—that human nature was the same all over the world, and at the same time I could not help thinking what a pity it was that gardens were not all a little more alike, especially a little more like those in France.

There was some reason for having faith in the one at St. Germain. It was so full of good things in a small space that it reminded me of George Herbert's line:

A box where sweets compacted lie.

I stayed a week with the old ladies, whose niece had been my cousin's French teacher in America, and everything we ate either came out of the garden or seemed in some mysterious way to be mixed up with it. Held, in season, strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes and apricots. There were also beans, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, carrots, leeks and onions, and all the salads—lettuce, endive, chicory, romaine and barbe de Capucin.

Nobody needs to be concerned about the people with money. It is their own fault if they do not manage to put some grace and beauty into their lives. But for those who must think of everything beautiful from its practical standpoint as well, it is only by learning some sort of domestic economy that combines the two that they can hope to have any of the finer graces of living.

I used to look at the round rosy faces of the old ladies in this little, peaceful, shut-in spot, and contrast them with some of Miss Wilkins' pinched, meager types. And perhaps with more of the French science of living, some of those New England incomes might have yielded more French comfort. At any rate, in another paper I shall give some of the little ways of doing things that I learned in that French cuisine. And if we cannot all have French gardens we can at least all of us have a French pot au feu.

All Turned Out Well.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"All your boys turned out well, did they?"

"Yes, I reckon they did."

"What's John doing?"

"He's a-curin' of fever in Texas."

"And Dick?"

"He's enlargin' of a country newspaper an' a-collectin' of subscriptions."

"And William—what's he doing?"

"He's a-preachin' of the gospel an' splittin' rails fer a livin'."

"And what are you doing?"

"Well, I'm a-supportin' of John, an' Dick, an' William!"

TALK WITH SHERMAN

The Distinguished Financier's Views on the Situation and the Future.

IN HIS PLEASANT OHIO HOME.

How He Made His Start When a Young Man.

ABOUT THE EXTRA SESSION.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

Mansfield, July 27, 1893.

SENATOR SHERMAN lives here at Mansfield. He came here as a boy from Lancaster and studied law under his brother, Charles Sherman. He married here the daughter of Judge Stewart, who was one of the famous lawyers of Ohio years ago, and he made his first race for Congress from this district away back in the fifties. When he came to Mansfield he was, so old citizens tell me, a tall, gaunt young fellow with a big head, sparkling blue eyes and a rather reserved and aristocratic air. He had no money to speak of, but his brother had a good practice, and I think he took John into partnership. Their business was largely made up of collections for New York and other eastern firms, and this grew rapidly after the future Senator's admission to the bar. The result was that John Sherman began to make money. He not only made it, but he saved and invested it, and at the time of his marriage he had already a start. He began housekeeping in a comfortable home on what is now known as Park avenue west, about a quarter of a mile from the court house, and he lived there until he bought his present estate, a half mile further up the same street. The Mansfield electric street cars now run past it, and what was a farm on the outskirts of the town when Sherman bought it is now surrounded by fine homes and has beyond it some of the best residences of the city. A great part of the estate has been divided up into town lots and sold. Some of it has been given by Senator Sherman as a park to the city, and the remainder, about twenty acres, constitutes the lawn and gardens of Senator Sherman's home. It is a beautiful place, filled with old forest trees and beautiful shrubs. It lies high up above the surrounding country, and the Senator has a summer house just back of his residence, where you get a view of miles of the rich, rolling Ohio country.

The Senator's Home.

Mr. Sherman's house is one of many rooms, all large, airy and, even in these hot July days, deliciously cool. There are many windows and these give magnificent views. Here at Mansfield he can wander about in the lightest attire. He wears an old straw hat, light pantaloons, a black sack coat. He rises early, eats a light breakfast, and then sits down in his big library on the ground floor, in his slippers and loosely made clothes, and dictates answers to his mail. He gets a large number of letters daily, but he is used to dictation and he disposes of them rapidly. After he has finished his correspondence he walks about the place, and after lunch usually goes down town, sometimes in his carriage and not infrequently in the cars. In the evening the Senator usually drives out with Mrs. Sherman and his daughter, Miss Mary, and altogether his home life at Mansfield is a delightful one.

Senator Sherman in 1893.

I found the Senator in his library when I called by appointment yesterday morning. He was answering his mail, and while he finished his dictation I spent the time in studying him and his surroundings. His library is that of a man of culture. There were, I judge, about 5,000 volumes in the library. I noted that these were in all the modern languages, and I am told that the Senator reads the French and German as well as the English. He is a man of wide culture, and his whole life has been devoted to work and study. I doubt if there we have ever had a statesman, with the exception, perhaps, of John Quincy Adams, who has saved the intellectual pennies so conscientiously as John Sherman. He once told me that the making of books was so rapid and along such foolish lines that it hardly paid one to read a book before it was at least a year old, and that much reading of newspapers was injurious to one's intellectual health. Senator Sherman's reading of fiction is largely confined to the classics of our literature, and his favorite, he once told me, was Walter Scott. He keeps himself abreast of all the best magazine literature. The Senator frequently contributes an article to the North American Review or the Forum.

Senator Sherman has been throughout his life as careful of his physical as his intellectual health. The condition today is that of a man in his prime at seventy. His beard is now white and grizzly, but his eyes are bright and his step is as firm as it was thirty years ago. He has never dissipated and his only vice is in smoking, which is confined to three or four cigars a day. He never drinks anything to speak of and his table has always been a plain and simple one. He takes a limited amount of exercise and is in short still physically and intellectually sound. His surroundings here are such as tend to prolong life, and as he concluded his mail I asked him how he liked the idea of going back to Washington in the dog days.

A Hot Session.

Senator Sherman said: "I don't like it, but it is a necessity and we have to go. You can see how inconvenient it is. I have my family moved out here and am fixed for the summer. It is the same with the others of the Congress, and we have our political work to do as well as other matters to attend to. Now we are compelled to go to Washington. The city is hot during the months of August and September. It is certainly worse then than at any other time during the summer. I can't take my family with me, and I will have to keep bachelor's hall and go out for my meals."

"What will Congress do at this extra session? How long will it last?"

"No one knows. It is a democratic Congress. It may last four weeks and it may last four months. If the democrats decide to confine its work to the repeal of the clause of the act of 1890 authorizing the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month it could finish its work in a few weeks, but it will probably try to enact other financial legislation, and when we will get through no one can tell. The session is going to be an exciting one, and there will be much discussion and many speeches. At the special sessions with which I have been connected during the war and since then the work has been confined to certain subjects. I hope nothing outside of the financial question will be attempted at this."

"Should the Sherman clause be repealed, Senator, and what will be the effect of such action on the times and the country?"

"I think the purchasing clause of the act of 1890 commonly known as the Sherman act should be promptly repealed," replied the Senator. "But this will depend on the action of the democratic party and it will, I presume, give rise to long debate. The democrats are by no means in a happy condition. The great majority of them have committed themselves at times past to the free coinage of silver, which President Cleveland is anxious to have them abandon. If they do so the responsibility will rest upon them of determining whether silver should cease to be a standard of value and gold alone be the basis of our coinage and currency. Their present position of opposition to the purchase of silver while supporting the free coinage of silver, is a ridiculous untenable one. It is in short a piece of hypocrisy which would make a horse laugh."

"How about the action of India as to silver, Senator."

"The financial policy of India in this respect is not fully settled," replied the Senator. "It is by no means certain, but they will purchase the same amount of silver as before, but at market prices instead of coining all that is offered as now. It would not surprise me if they should resort to the same expedient adopted by us in the act of 1890, and buy silver at its market value and maintain it at some fixed ratio with gold. The silver question is a pressing question in India. That country has vastly more silver than we have. Hindostan alone contains 250,000,000 people and these have all been doing business with silver."

Big Crops and Good Prospects.

"Are you not apprehensive as to the times and the condition of the country?" I asked.

"I do not wish to be interviewed as to the business situation, but I will say that the country ought to be in a good condition. The crops are phenomenally large. I am getting more hay off my land here than ever before and I expect to have at least twenty tons. The hay crop this year will be enormous, and hundreds of thousands of tons will be exported. There is a sort of hay famine in Europe this year and hay in France is bringing $40 a ton. The wheat crop is large, but the prices are lower than I have ever known them. There is no money in raising wheat at the present wages for farm labor, and I doubt, in fact, if any profitable farming can be done at the present wages. The wheat raised here will not more than pay the wages of the labor required to sow and harvest it."

The Future of Wages.

"Are not wages increasing in the United States right along."

"They have been," replied Senator Sherman, "but whether they can continue to do so is doubtful. Labor commands more today than it will produce in profit to the employer, and there is a disposition over the country to avoid its demands by the closing of factories and the stopping of various enterprises. When I was a boy $10 a month was good wages, and the average daily wages was 75 cents a day. Today you can hire no one under $1.50. Take those men out there who are raising the track of that street railroad, said the Senator," as he pointed to the street, "they get $1.50 a day. It is little enough, but I doubt whether the business can afford to pay it."

"What will be the effect of the action of Congress as to silver on wages?" I asked.

"That depends on what the action of Congress is," replied Senator Sherman. "If the so-called Sherman clause of the law of 1890 is repealed without further legislation being enacted it will put us on the gold basis, and wages will be worth all they are now as far as the purchasing power of the dollar is concerned. If free coinage of silver should be adopted wages would not advance nominally, but their purchasing power would fall to 80 cents in gold all over the country, and the prices of all other articles would rise. I think the labor situation is a serious one, and wage earners are always among the first to be effected by hard times."

No More Panics.

"Do you apprehend a panic?"

"No, I do not," was the reply. "The enactment of the resumption law did away with the danger of panics in this country. As to the times, however, I do not care to speak. I don't feel that I could better the prospects by talking of them, and I assuredly would not do anything to make them worse. The United States is by no means a poor country, and our resources are great."

"How about the world's fair? Will it not have an influence to make times better? It will bring a great deal of money into circulation?"

"I doubt that its effect will be appreciably felt," replied Senator Sherman. "This is a big country, and we deal in millions. The amount brought out by the fair will be no more than a drop in the bucket."

Silver Versus Other Metals.

"What do you think of the appeal of the miners of Colorado as to free coinage?"

"It is the strongest presentation that has yet been made to the democratic party in favor of it," replied Senator Sherman. "What they say is true. If we should refuse to purchase their silver they would have a limited market for it and the industry would for a time be crippled or suspended.

"The truth of the mater is," Senator Sherman went on, "silver has fallen in value, like most other metals, with the improved methods of production. We used to have to pay $100 a ton for imported pig iron; now they can be produced for $20 a ton. Aluminum used to be worth nearly as much as gold; by the present methods we can produce it for from fifty cents to a dollar a pound. Nickel has fallen in value, and silver can be mined cheaper and reduced at less expense that it could in the past. The processes of smelting it with lead ore are such that the lead sometimes pays the cost of the reduction and silver has fallen in value. It will, if the Sherman act be repealed, continue to fall, and eventually will stand at its market value in the same way that iron and other non-precious metals stand."

"How about the cutting down of the pension list, Senator?" I asked.

"The democrats are arousing much indignation among the soldiers by their construction of the pension laws," replied Senator Sherman, "and the re-examination and repeal of pensions that have been granted. I look for a great change in the soldiers' vote. Still you can't tell as to the effect of such legislation. The pension list is very large. No country has ever been so liberal as this to its defenders, and $160,000,000 a year is an enormous load. You must also remember that it is almost a full generation since the war. Nearly all the voters under fifty were too young to have been engaged in the war or to have been impregnated with its spirit save as they have encouraged, aided and abetted their people are among those whom the democrats are trying to gain by their wholesale repeal of pensions."

The Republicans Will Carry the Country.

"How about the election this fall?"

"I think the country will undoubtedly go republican," was the reply. "We will carry Ohio by a large majority, and other states of the north likewise. This is always the rule in elections following presidential elections. The party which fails usually carries the county the following year. It will be more so than ever this year, as the democrats are so divided among themselves and the financial situation is blamed upon them."

"How about the tariff? Will the democrats reduce it?"

"They will attempt to do so. They have promised and they will try to carry out their promises. What they will really do the Lord only knows."

The conversation here drifted off to general subjects. At one point I asked the Senator something as to politics as a profession for young men. He replied: "I don't think young men should engage in politics with the idea of making it their life work. Our conditions are such that we do not have a profession of politics as England. There is no money in politics and the young man who engages in them with a view to a livelihood makes a great mistake. The average life of the politician is short. Think of the changes which take place in every congress. The only two men now in the Senate who have spent the greater part of their lives there are Senator Morrill and myself."

The Rich and the Poor.

At another point in the talk I spoke of the growing number of very rich men in this country and asked Senator Sherman if he did not think we might eventually have a party of the rich and a party of the poor. He replied:

"Our laws against entail are such that great fortunes can not last in the United States. They are divided at the death of their owners among their children and are soon dissipated. Only the fewest fortunes outlast half a century. The majority are divided long before that. Few banking businesses live more than twenty years, and the law of fortune is changed. The great fortunes of today, you will see if you look at them, have all been caused by new inventions and modern improvements in satisfying human wants. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone and nearly every other one of the great wealth producers have been instituted during my lifetime. I can remember when we had only a few miles of railroad in the United States. When there was a short strip running from Baltimore on to Cumberland and when we had here in Ohio but one road running from Sandusky to Newark and Zanesville. All such institutions have produced great fortunes, and other things of the kind may do likewise. But I apprehend no party of the rich against the poor and believe that human wants and the natural tendencies of the human race will equalize us more and more as time goes on."

"How about the foreign trade? Will we ever control the business of South America?"

"That is a question that only time can decide. The chances, it seems to me, are against us. If you will take a look at the globe you will see that nearly all of the South American continent lies east of New York, and that it is not much further from their leading ports to London than to New York. England competes with us as to the trade of Rio Janeiro on very nearly equal terms as regards distance, and it has many advantages over us in other respects. The Nicaraugua canal will make some difference. I have no doubt it will be eventually completed and that it will result in as vast an increase of trade as the Suez canal did when it was completed."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Emancipated at Last.

From Puck.

Waiter—"Scuse me, boss, but dis table is reserved fur ladies. Take yo' hat off, too, sah, if yo' please."

LABOR AND ANARCHY.

A Workingman's Warning to Those of His Own Class.

THE FEDERATION'S RESOLUTIONS

Dissected and Shown to Be From a False Basis.

THE PARDONED CRIMINALS.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Of all the forms of midsummer madness that have come to plague our land in this year of grace, Altgeldism, the twin of anarchy, is the most direful. The calamity is not altogether that such a noxious fungus as Altgeld has sprouted on the body politic in the prairie state or that three wild beasts, as it were, have been turned out of their cages to prey upon society, but rather because a mendacious sentiment of sympathy has been evoked for the Haymarket murderers. Time has glossed over their awful crime, and thousands have permitted themselves to be persuaded that they were not really bad men, but were more sinned against than sinning. Their brother anarchists who are mercifully allowed to roam at large have persistently claimed that these fierce-passioned and reckless men suffered martyrdom in the holy cause of labor. What a travesty on labor! As a result scores of labor organizations have been induced to pass resolutions indorsing Altgeld. The consequence is that the good name of labor is being brought under the contempt of the American people, and the workingmen are being unwittingly paraded before the public as sympathizers with a baneful doctrine that is the most dangerous foe of society or government.

We have had a sample of it here in Washington. The Federation of Labor passed resolutions indorsing Altgeld's action, and their secretary in an interview left the impression that all labor organizations in this city had delegates in that body, and that it was, therefore, a thoroughly representative affair. There is one legitimate labor organization of 1,500 members—the typographical union—that was not and is not represented in the federation, and even if it had been I am sure that the federation could not have expressed the printers' sentiments by passing resolutions which condoned one of the blackest, most damnable crimes that was ever committed.

The federation's resolutions presuppose the innocence of Neebe, Schwab and Fielden, as well as the gentlemen who were hung. They take a whack at the "prejudiced judiciary" and the "perverted jury." A reading of the resolutions will leave one under the impression—if he desires to be left—that the sapient minds of the federation know more about this matter than the judge and jury of the Cook county court, the seven judges of the supreme court of the state of Illinois and the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Indictment of the Anarchists.

Now, there are some things in connection with this matter which the federation evidently does not know or does not want to know. In the first place it is often asserted by labor fakirs that the anarchists were indicted for murder and convicted of anarchy. If one does not investigate the matter he might also be led into denunciation of the judicial outrage. But a reading of the Illinois statutes clearly proves that the law very properly makes no distinction between murder and anarchy when preaching anarchy incites to murder. The charge against them was that they were "accessories before the fact." The law of the state under which an indictment against them was framed is as follows (chap. 38, div. 2, secs. 2 and 3):

"Sec. 2. An accessory is he who stands by and aids, abets or assists, or who, not being present, aiding, abetting or assisting, hath advised, encouraged, aided or abetted the perpetration of the crime. He who thus aids, abets, assists, advises or encourages shall be considered as principal and punished accordingly.

"Sec. 3. Every such accessory, when a crime is committed within or without the state by his aid or procurement in this state, may be indicted and convicted at the same time as the principal, or before, or after his conviction, or whether the principal is convicted or amenable to justice or not, and punished as principal."

It was conceded by the supreme court of Illinois that no one of the convicted defendants threw the bomb with his hands. The counts in the indictment numbered sixty-nine. Some of the counts charge that the defendants, being present, aided, abetted and assisted in the throwing of the bomb. Other counts charge that the defendants advised, encouraged, aided and abetted one Rudolph Snaubelt in the perpetration of the crime. And so on in every manner that it is possible to frame an indictment under those two sections.

It was proven at the trial that the anarchists of Chicago were organized into groups, Schwab, Neebe and Lingg belonged to the north side group Engel and Fischer to the northwest side group, and Spies, Parsons and Fielden to the American group. The members of these groups were known by numbers and not by names.

Anarchistic Utterances.

They published two papers, the Alarm and Arbeiter Zeitung. A few extracts from those papers will serve to show what mildmannered and inoffensive men Parsons, Spies and Schwab were. The following excerpts from the Arbeiter Zeitung were written by Schwab and Spies:

"Each workingman ought to have been armed long ago." "Daggers and revolvers are easily to be gotten, hand grenades are cheaply to be produced; explosives, too, can be obtained." "Your passport to it (Eden) is that banner which calls to you in flaming letters the word 'anarchy.'" "We wonder whether the workingmen will at last supply themselves with weapons, dynamite and prussic acid." "Enough is said about the importance of being armed. We are to go to work to supply ourselves as quickly as possible with those useful things. Dynamite bears several names here in America. Abroad it is known in the trade also as Hercules powder and giant powder." "There marched a strong company of well-armed comrades of the various groups. The nitro-glycerine pills were not missing."

The following was written by Parsons:

"Dynamite is the emancipator! In the hands of the enslaved it cries aloud, 'justice or annihilation.' But, best of all, the workingmen are not only learning its use, they are going to use it. They will use it, and effectually, until personal ownership, property rights are destroyed, etc. Hail to the social revolution! Hail to the deliverer, dynamite." "Nothing but an uprising of the people and a bursting open of all stores and storehouses to the free access of the public, and a free application of dynamite to every one who opposes, will regenerate the world of this infernal nightmare of property and wages." "Dynamite! of all the good stuff this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe, gas or water pipe, plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers, who live by the sweat of other people's brows and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow."

Fielden, who was liberated by Altgeld, said in a speech:

"When I say organize, I mean for you to use force. It is no use for the workingmen to hope to gain anything by means of the ordinary weapons. Every one of you must learn the use of dynamite, for that is the power with which we hope to gain our rights."

Just before the bomb was thrown he made a speech from a wagon at the Haymarket in which he said: "There are premonitions of danger. All knew. The press say the anarchists will sneak away. We are not going to." * * * "You have nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it and throttle it until it makes its last kick. Keep your eye upon it, throttle it, kill it, stab it, do everything you can to wound it." That incendiary speech inflamed the people. There was great excitement and noisy demonstrations. The police moved in to disperse the crowd, as was clearly their duty. Then it was that the bomb was thrown and exploded.

Neebe was one of the stockholders of the Arbeiter-Zeitung, and after Spies and Schwab, was the most active man on the paper. He was found in possession of the paper after the arrest of his confederates, Spies and Schwab. He told the officers that a package of dynamite which they found on one of the floors of the building was something for cleaning type. It was proved that he presided at meetings where the use of arms and dynamite against the police was advocated. He distributed the "Revenge" circulars in saloons. That circular was written by Spies. It was very inflammatory, abounding with the catchwords of anarchy, such as "liberty," "annihilation," "to arms," "beasts in human form," "blood-hounds," "slaves," "progress" and "humanity." He was the least offensive of the eight convicted. But he was an avowed anarchist, and he did incite to the bloody riot at the Haymarket.

The Evidence of Guilt Clear.

The evidence as to the guilt of the eight men was clear and convincing, and none but a "perverted jury" in fact could have found them innocent. They manufactured the bombs; they arranged for and conducted the Haymarket meeting; a word signal was adopted and understood by all the anarchists, and when it should be uttered the bombs were to be thrown at the policemen; they had for months previous, and up to the very moment of the riot, preached the overthrow of government and the destruction of human life. There is not the least doubt that they were guilty of the crime of murder. A sufficient warrant for that belief is found in the opinion of the supreme court of Illinois, covering 166 printed pages. As an American I prefer that opinion to the enraged howlings of the anarchists or the unreliable utterances of their friends and sympathizers. The seven judges of that court—four democratic and three republicans—I believe to be patriotic Americans and honorable, humane gentlemen. Their opinion should certainly have more weight with the American people than that of the anarchists and their friends. No true American will believe that those judges would wantonly suffer those men to be hanged or imprisoned unless they were guilty as indicted.

And now a word as to anarchy. Preaching, teaching or practicing it is treason against the state, which it would subvert. It is a crime against society, because it would wipe out all law, all government, all rights in property, giving free reign to the passions of desperate men—making every man a law unto himself. Conceding that society and government are as bad as the most gloomy pessimist paints them, in the name of heaven what would be the condition of our race in a reign of anarchy? There is some truth, some virtue, some honesty in the world, but with no restraints of society or government to uphold and protect the good that there is, it would offer but a feeble resistance to the unrestrained avalanche of vice. In short, anarchy would obliterate civilization, and bring in its stead a reign of black chaos. A study of the definitions of the word and the declarations of those who preach the doctrine will lead one to no other conclusion.

A Warning to Working Men.

The workingmen of the republic cannot afford to aid and abet a reign of lawlessness and confusion. Their interest not to do so is the republic itself. For weal or for woe it is theirs. The workingmen, organized and unorganized, constitute the vast majority of the people, and the republic is what they make it or permit it to be made. They can make it more simple, more democratic than any of the republics of ancient Greece, or more haughty, opulent and powerful in comparison with the rest of the world than was Rome in the zenith of her glory. But it will be neither if they do not rise in their might and annihilate the monster. The institutions of this land, its laws and the "minions of the law"—to quote from the vulgar vernacular of the discontented rogues who would have no law to restrain them—all belong to the workingmen, and if they are not all that the workingmen would have them to be, they have a peaceable and sovereign remedy in their own hands—a ballot. With that weapon they can win grander victories for humanity and civilization than were ever won by force of arms on field of battle or by fire and blood in reigns of terror.

The workingmen, therefore, should not countenance anarchy in any form, not even by applauding a governor who consummates a political deal with anarchists. One cannot handle pitch without becoming defiled. More than 90 per cent of the voters of America are outside the ranks of organized labor. That large percentage of voters makes public opinion in this country. We know that they have made a sentiment that will blast Altgeld and his friends forever.

Some workingmen believe sincerely that no one should fly in the face of the expressed sentiment of the Federation of Labor. To them I would say the sentiment of the American people is vastly more of a factor of importance on a question of this nature. Compared with the sentiment of the American people on this question of liberating those murderers and enemies of our institutions the sentiment of the Federation of Labor is just about as important as the famous declarations of the Three Tailors of Tooley street.

The anarchists were not workingmen. They were as radically opposed to legitimate work as soap and water are opposed to filth. They were labor fakirs just as irresponsible as scores of others who toil not, but who eke out a living by trafficking in the name of labor. The principal difference is that the avowed anarchists are the more daring. All of them were aliens to our institutions. Seven by birth were alien to our soil, and two—Spies and Fielden—were alien to our citizenship. They were distinctly of the Johann Most type, and they were cheek by jowl with that eminent workingman, as letters of his read in the trial fully proved. There was nothing in common between them and American workingmen, and the American who permits himself, through any labor organization, to be placed in an attitude of sympathy with them, acquiesces in a slur on his intelligence, on his citizenship, on his love of country and devotion to our institutions.

I believe that the workingmen will choose the better part, and that they will array themselves on the side of law and order, peace and progress. J. L. KENNEDY.

A Philanthropic Failure.

From the New York Evening Post.

The experiment of providing canteens in factories, at which workmen can get good food at something less than cost price, appears to have been a failure in South Germany. According to areport from the British Consul at Mannheim, the workmen absented themselves from the dining halls after the first sense of novelty had died away. He quotes figures to show that one factory with 1900 hands now has only 300 diners; another, with 300 hands, only 50; a third, with 700 workmen, barely 70; while at a fourth, with 250 workmen, only thirty avail themselves of the privilege. Many contradictory reasons are given for this state of affairs. One firm writes:

"The result confirms our first opinion concerning the social political legislation. We think that the workmen should be afforded opportunity to help themselves and in their own fashion. Benefits conferred or enforced upon them, although accepted, are by no means fully appreciated. The workmen regard them with indifference, whereas all self effort in the way of improvement, as provision against illness and disability, and cheaper and better food and lodging, promotes self-respect and increases the sense of independence. In short we think it would be better to point out to the workman how he can improve his position than with outlay of money to force benefits upon him." The consul is inclined to ascribe the failure of the scheme to the interference with the customs and sense of independence of the men. They had been in the habit of having their dinners brought by their wives, children or friends, and the dinner hour brought them freedom and relaxation. The canteen system, which compelled them to eat in a body and under restraint, was a great contrast and a change not at all to their satisfaction. The superior and cheaper fare was not sufficient compensation, and they preferred the society of their family at dinner, even though the dishes were less luxurious. The supply of coffee by the factories, either gratis or at nominal price, to workmen during work in hot weather is an innovation that has met with decided favor.

"American Shortcake."

From the New York Times.

"That's what they call it over in England," says a New York woman, "and it was a bit of home to come across the receipt printed in one of their papers, prefaced with the remark that 'American shortcake is suitable for use with any kind of fruit, and is so delicious that it is a pity it is not better known in this country.'

"Then came the receipt to be used equally for raspberry, peach, orange and pineapple shortcake. I expected the formula would be Anglicized, but it read with a pleasant familiarity. Put it down, and here it is as written out for Londoners:

"'Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one quart of flour, half a teacupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll out almost as thin as pie crust, place one layer in a baking pan, and spread with a little butter, upon which sprinkle a little fruit, then add another layer of paste, and spread as before, and so on, until the crust is all used. This makes four layers in a pan, 14 inches by 7. About fifteen minutes in a quick oven, turn out upside down, take off the top layer (the bottom when baking), place on a dish and spread plentifully with strawberries, previously well mixed with sugar to sweeten them, but do not mash the strawberries; place layer upon layer, treating each one in the same way. Serve warm, if liked, with whipped cream and sugar. Cut the cake in squares.'"

Photography a Fad in Italy.

Amateur photography is the fashionable fad of the hour among aristocratic circles in Milan. There are countesses, duchesses, principessas and lawyers' wives without number belonging to the society. Prince Malfetta, the ex-president, and for a long time the head of the society, is one of the wealthiest men in the city. He is of a genial, generous nature, and his appearance on the street is usually signaled by a long line of beggars preceding and following. Amerigo Ponti, the present president, is also very wealthy. He is a great lover of horses and keeps twelve carriage horses and four riding horses. The society was organized in 1889. They have a fine suite of rooms in via Principe Umberto, with a reception hall, gardens, a large laboratory, and dark rooms for the development of the negative. Every member is privileged to use the dark rooms, develop their pictures, with the use of a camera, &c.

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Correspondence of The Evening Star.

World's Fair, Chicago, July 26, 1893.

Starting from the clock tower in the center of the liberal arts bulding, keeping Tiffany and Co. on the right, Germany on the left, and so along Columbia avenue past two sections devoted to jewelers and watch and clock makers, then turning into a cross aisle a few steps from the main avenue, we come upon a startlingly brilliant exhib