DREAM.

Last night I dreamed I saw my mother young.
I never knew her till her hair was gray.
Last night I saw the wrinkles smoothed away
And pearls about her satin shoulders strung.
Out from our homely tools of toil among
She came as if she knew them not. There lay
Old hopes in her young eyes. Faintly to-day
Are sounding the dead madrigals she sung.

I, who had watched the stolen march of days,
And would not see the days they stole away,
Moved breathlessly to meet her, mute with praise,
But, ah, the vibrant hand that in mine lay
Was not the one I love upon my hair;
Nor hers the mother eyes, deep, deep with prayer!

—The Bookman.

THE LOVE OF KEITH

AT the big iron gates he dismissed the fly.

"I will stroll up to the house," he said as he threw the man his fare.

Then he began to walk up the broad gravel drive, his steps quick and jerky—the movements of a man whose mental state had lost its natural calm.

His eyes, attracted by the bright color, rested on the rhododendrons that fringed on the half mile drive from the manor gate to the door; but, though his eyes beheld the purple glory of the blossoms they did so vacantly, as the eyes of an infant behold a flame.

Then suddenly into the vacancy a gleam of pain—or was it shame? shot; for he remembered that the rhododendrons had been in flower when he last traversed that road three years ago, that she had plucked a tiny blossom and given it to him, bidding him keep it till the glad hour when he should come back to claim her for his wife.

Well he kept it, and there in his pocketbook, where her hands had placed it, the living bloom, it lay still, withered and dead. He had kept it, and he had come back to her to-day to fulfill his promise and to ask for the fulfillment of hers. Outwardly he was as unchanged as the scene before him; a little suntanned, perhaps, and a shade older and more serious in his general air, but outwardly he was still the

I HAVE SENT HIM AWAY.

same Keith Halliston who had held Annice Graythorne in his arms and vowed eternal fidelity to her and their love.

And she would never know.

He told himself this bitterly, yet with a feeling of self-satisfaction that amounted almost to triumph. For it was no mean thing (he argued to himself) to have fought down that other and greater love, to have put a woman who was dearer to him out of his life, to have said good-by to all he held most precious in the world. And this he had done—for honor's sake.

The kiss of that other woman was still throbbing on his lips; her voice still echoed in his ears; the beating of her heart remained insistently on his own. Every word that had been spoken at their last meeting recurred to him as he went on toward the house.

"If you care for me as you say," she had cried in her blind selfishness of despair, "you will go to her and tell her the truth—tell her that fate has changed you, that to marry her now would be to bring misery to you both."

He had tried to imagine himself doing as she liked, and a vision of Annice had arisen before him, her face white with pain, stricken with disappointment and despair.

"I cannot do it," at length he had answered. "Viola, we must part. To take our happiness at the price of hers would mean to cast a shadow on our lives which time would never efface. Would to heaven we had never met and loved. Then we should not have known the agony of this hour, for part we must, Viola, and forever."

"You would wreck our two lives for her one?" Viola had said despairingly. "It is not true, then, that you love me most! It is she who holds your heart against all!"

"My love is yours, and in you lie buried all my hopes in life," he had affirmed, passionately; "but I gave Annice Graythorne my promise, and for me she has waited patiently and faithfully for three long years. Can I forget that? Can I break my word?"

"Can you break your heart and mine?" she had asked.

"Heaven help us both, I must!" he had cried.

Then had come the last scene—the sobbing entreaties, the brief struggle with temptation, the final resolve to keep faith with Annice at all costs, that one last look into Viola's eyes, and then—good-by!

Mechanically he went on his way up the drive; mechanically he rang the bell and inquired for Miss Graythorne; mechanically he followed the man into the library, where for a few moments he was left alone.

Those moments were hours of agony to him. His sensations were akin to those of a criminal awaiting his execution, and he longed for that meeting with Annice even as he dreaded it—longed for it to come and go.

Presently the door opened, and he stood face to face with her at last! She came toward him with curious, halting steps, her sweet face pale and drawn, her beautiful eyes dimmed with weeping.

A sudden fear darted through him. Could she have heard? Was it possible that someone might have told her and that she already knew what he had meant to conceal from her all their lives? The very thought held him dumb, and for a minute he stood gazing at her and she at him with a silent questioning—a host of unuttered doubts and fears.

Keith was the first to speak.

"Is this all the welcome you have for me, Annice?" he said.

"Keith," she answered huskily, not meeting his look, "heaven knows I meant to give you a different welcome—but—"

"Go on," said the man as she paused; "but what, Annice?"

His harsh and grating tones seemed to startle her.

"How can I tell you?" she forced out. "What have you to tell me?" he demanded tersely.

"That I have been untrue."

The words came from her in a shamed whisper as she once more dropped her gaze.

Pale with surprise and incredulity, Keith stared at her. His pulses had begun to race madly, the blood seemed to dance in his head, a wild and unreasonable anger swept over him. He grasped her hand roughly.

"Annice," he said, "speak out! Do those words mean that you regret the promise you gave me, and that you have ceased to love me?"

"How could I tell that the years might bring other thoughts and other views?" she asked him piteously. "We were so young, three years ago, Keith; it was not fair to bind ourselves with promises. Ah, Keith, have some pity! I could not help it—I had no power to stay this love!"

With a contemptuous laugh, he loosed her hand, and it fell limp and lifeless at her side.

"So much for a woman's fidelity!" he sneered. "So much for the love that was to last to all eternity!"

He had forgotten all save that Annice, who had vowed to love no other man but himself, who had sworn to be faithful unto death, had proved untrue. He had forgotten Viola—everything—but that he had come there to claim his promised wife, and that he had found instead a woman who had betrayed their love and given her heart to another. And for this he had toiled three years in a foreign land—for this he had come from the other end of the world!

Stung by his taunt, the girl looked up, crimson now with indignation.

"Does it count for nothing that I have been honest with you?' she asked fiercely. "Does it count for nothing that I have sent the man I care for from me—that I have made this sacrifice in order to keep my promise with you? Oh, I am ready to be your wife," she continued in a tremulous tone, "if you are willing to take me on these terms. Now that you know, I am willing to marry you, Keith; but to have come to you and not tell you—ah, I could not wrong you so—I could not commit so unforgiveable a sin!"

A change stole over his face as he heard her; and now, as her voice trailed off into a sob, a groan escaped him.

The memory of Viola came back to him with a rush, and the pain of the blow Annice's confession had given his vanity fled, to give place to a feeling of remorse.

Those words of Annice had torn the scales from his eyes, and he saw now the wickedness of the thing he had been about to do.

Her name broke from him hoarsely. She turned to him and looked at him through a blinding mist of tears.

"Annice," he said, extending to her a supplicating hand, "it is I who have sinned—not you!"

She listened while he told her all, her fair head bowed, her pale lips quivering with emotion. Then, when everything had been laid bare, she placed her cold hand in his, and her eyes, full of a pain the depth of which he could neither gauge nor understand, rested on his.

"There is only one thing to do, Keith," she said, steadily, "and that is to say good-by. You love this other woman and I—I love another man. There was a fate in it, dear; you can't blame yourself any more than I can blame myself. Love was stronger than both of us! Go, Keith, and be happy—forget that we ever met."

"And you, Annice?" he asked, as a strange thrill ran through him, awakened, perhaps, by a flash of memory in which bygone days had returned to him—the days when she had been all the world to him.

She looked at him unfalteringly.

"I—I shall marry—the other man," she said.

* * * * * * *

Squire Graythorne came into the library and stood for a moment watching Keith Halliston's handsome figure moving swiftly down the drive. When it had passed out of sight he turned to the girl, who lay face downward on the cushions of the couch.

"Well," he questioned. "Did that letter speak the truth?"

"Yes," she answered, in a strangled tone, "it was all true."

An oath escaped the old man's lips. "I hope that you gave the scoundrel his desserts," he said, suppressing his wrath with an effort. "I hope you told him what we think of a man who plays the traitor to his promised wife."

"I have sent him away," answered Annice, with a sob. "We—we have parted forever!"

"I am very glad to hear it," observed the squire gruffly. "I was afraid you'd be foolish. I know what women are when they care for a man as you cared for him. And now, my girl, you must make up your mind to forget all about him. I have been thinking things over. What do you say to a trip abroad, eh? I have a great belief in other scenes and new faces. Shall we go?"

As he spoke he sat down and put his arms around his motherless child. She sank weeping into his embrace.

"Yes," she sobbed, "help me to forget, daddy. Take me away and help me forget. I love him so! I love him so!"

* * * * * * *

An hour later Keith Halliston, with an exultant look on his clear-cut features and a great joy within him, was holding Viola Maine to his heart.

"So you will be mine after all!" he whispered passionately, his lips on hers. "Mine through life! And we may take our happiness unshadowed even by a regret."

The woman's answer lay unuttered in her deep blue eyes. She was trying to believe that their happiness was indeed without a shadow, but a question rose between her and the sunshine of her future he depicted. Had Annice Graythorne told Keith the truth—or had she been dominated to a noble act by the anonymous letter she, Viola, had sent her the previous night?

The question lay like lead upon her mind, unanswered.

And neither Keith nor the woman he married ever knew that Annice had sacrificed herself that the love of her life might be happy without a regret.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A BOY AND THE PRESIDENT.

They Had Just a Jolly Informal Chat About Outdoor Sports.

One boy—one of many—who had the honor of meeting the President, now acts as if Mr. Roosevelt's eyes were constantly on him. This lad was not a small boy when he was presented; he was big enough to play baseball with skill and energy, and on ordinary occasions he was a haughty sophomore. This boy wanted to see the President, but his outward calmness was disturbed by the intimation from his sisters that he would have to make three bows as he approached the President and say, "Your Excellency." The courage that had stood six hours' exposure in a heavy sea on the keel of an upturned boat weakened before this prospect. A benevolent friend corrected the alarming suggestions of the sisters by telling him that he would simply be expected to say, "Mr. President," to stand until everybody was seated, and to go when the President should rise. This seemed easy; still, it was evident that the fearless athlete was reverently practicing "Mr. President" with his lips as he approached the White House. All uneasiness disappeared, however, when the President, catching sight of the boy, stepped forward and called him by his surname. "Sit down!" he said, and then he began to talk about a subject dear to the lad's heart—the recent races at Poughkeepsie. Etiquette was forgotten; the boy held fast to "Mr. President," when he thought of it, in the delight of talking with somebody who "really knew" all about the ins and outs of intercollegiate races, but sometimes he forgot and merely said "you."

The boy was pained for a moment to discover that the President could not play baseball. To a near-sighted man who must wear glasses a baseball flying at large is much worse than a bullet. The lad admitted this, and said afterward that "if Thackeray were alive and played baseball instead of cricket, he would have had the same difficulty." The President showed him a very scientific jiu-jitsu grip. And this was followed by an interchange of lore on this interesting Japanese science of physical culture, with illustrations, in which the boy entirely forgot his fear of the "court presentation," and talked and acted with entire respect, but entire freedom. The boy seemed to think that American muscle was a match for Oriental skill, but he was plainly convinced that the President had both. Questions of boxing and riding came up, and the President spoke as an expert, and the boy listened and talked as one who understood but felt his limitations. Young Theodore, who has this year entered Harvard, was then at school; but every now and then his father culled a bit from his son's experience in out-of-door sport. It was plain that, through sympathy, in these matters he had the same point of view as his sons. During all this interview the President was as enthusiastic on the various subjects discussed as the boy, and he seemed to enjoy it as much as his boy visitor did.

The talk drew out of the President his knowledge of the games that boys love.

"When it comes to boxing or riding," he said, with conviction, "I think that my boys and I can hold our own." And several times the "we" was repeated in a way which showed that Mr. Roosevelt and his sons were to be considered a happy family of boys thoroughly in accord. It is not convenient to take his large "boy family" on his Western and Southern bear-hunts, but the President does the next best thing. Every summer he goes "into camp" with his boys a few miles from his summer home at Oyster Bay.—St. Nicholas.

A Welsh Wedding.

In writing of Welsh scenery and customs, Edward Thomas finds occasion to notice many characteristics of social life that are as strongly marked as are the features of the landscape. None of the curious usages described in his recent book is more characteristic of primitive Wales than is the one mentioned in the following paragraph:

I passed through a village in which I found that the old-fashioned bidding marriage was not dead. For a printed sheet with this announcement, in Welsh, fell into my hands:

A Bidding to a Marriage.

Inasmuch as we intend entering the state of wedlock on ———, we invite wedding gifts, which will be repaid with thanks on a like occasion.

T Williams,
Elizabeth Jones.

It is expected that gifts due to them and to their parents and brothers will be paid on the wedding day.

There are many Americans who know by experience that practice in this country often differs from the custom in Wales only in the greater frankness with which the Welsh state the case.

Condemned to Slavery.

Two hundred years ago, when men and women were condemned to death for trivial offenses, it was the custom in Scotland to commute the death sentence into perpetual servitude to specified masters—in other words, the condemned person became a slave. It was further ordained that he should wear a metal collar round his neck recording his sentence and punishment.

The Society of Scottish Antiquaries owns one of these collars, fished out of the Forth above Alloa. It is brass, with this inscription: "Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft at Perth, 5th December, 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars as a perpetual servant to Sir John Aresken of Alva."—Collectors' Magazine.

Real Detectives on the Case.

"That was a terrible crime committed yesterday."

"It was so. Have the police made any progress toward apprehending the guilty parties?"

"Oh, yes. They've persuaded the newspapers to take the matter up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Entre-Act Necessity.

Cloves are unopened flowers gathered in the green bud stage, smoked by a wood fire, and dried in the sun.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY COUNTRY PEOPLE SUCCEED.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

I was much interested recently in a talk with a young friend of mine who has made a success of his life and whose head is full of bright ideas. He says that nearly all of the strength of our cities is made up from the country towns. That two-thirds of the brainy men of cities are men who have come from towns or villages.

His theory as to this state of affairs is this: That in a country town we learn so much about life without knowing it. We take it in at the ends of our fingers. If we belong to an intelligent, reading, thinking family we get the general information needed about the world and contemporaneous history and literature, and meantime we are learning all about cattle, and horses, and hogs, and poultry; about seed time and harvest, about tilling the soil and garnering the fruit and grain. We forget that all this is knowledge. We are accustomed to think that knowledge comes only from books. How mistaken the idea! One branch of knowledge learned at the finger tips is worth all the mental accomplishment in the world. One must be a "brainy" person to succeed, but if in addition to braininess he adds real knowledge of the things of life he is thrice armed.

I persist that the woman who knows how to make good bread is the superior of her who can merely make a brilliant recitation in literature or history. Neither is to be despised as an accomplishment, but the bread comes first.

The country town makes all-around people. It is made up of people who know things by experience, not hearsay. No idea was ever more mistaken than that the city is the place to learn things. The city may be the place to go to turn one's learning to account, but it is in the country and the country town that we learn what is valuable to know.

RAILWAY RATE REMEDY.

By Wm. E. Chandler.

W. E. CHANDLER.

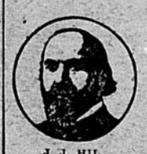
The question of judicial review of decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission making remedial rates does not seem to be very complicated. The object of the shippers is to get orders fixing such rates which shall not be at once destroyed either by the refusal of the railroads to obey them or by immediate suspensions of the orders by judges—just or unjust. There is no remedy for the shippers or passengers in refusing to pay the freight or the fares—they must pay before they get back their merchandise or get into the cars. Therefore, there should be and are in the pending bill two necessary remedies: (1) criminal penalties upon the railroads for refusals to obey the orders of the commission, and (2) the command to the courts to issue mandamus orders to the railroads commanding them to obey the orders of the commission.

Now, it is easily to be seen that there is no way to prevent judges—just or unjust—from refusing either to enforce the penalties or to issue mandamus orders until they have considered and determined the constitutionality of the law and the legality of the action of the commission thereunder. To this extent, therefore, the shippers and passengers—the people—are in the hands of the judges—just or unjust.

But there is one thing which Congress can do. It can prevent the judges from interfering to suspend the orders of the commission. If the railroads refuse to obey those orders they must justify themselves if they can and take their chances of judicial relief in the course of the prosecutions for penalties and the proceedings for mandamus which may be brought against them by the government.

NATION LIVES PROFLIGATELY.

By James J. Hill.



J. J. HILL.

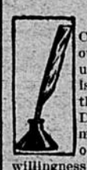
The nation is living profligately. True it is that the nation at large is prosperous. We are cutting a wide swath, there is no doubt of that. But if we get down, however, to a closer examination we will readily see that we are selling out our natural resources—exploiting them as fast as we can without building up industries and trade relations to take their place when exhausted.

It is only a question of time till our timber is exhausted. Our public domain is all gone and the nation can no longer boast that it has homes for all. Where are the immigrants rushing to our shores to end up? Not on the land. We have no more to offer them. They must crowd into the cities.

When this nation has 150,000,000 people they will have to do something else than exploit natural resources to earn a living. We will eventually have to meet the commercial competition England is meeting to-day and have to face such problems as she is now facing with 1,500,000 unemployed crying for bread with no bread to feed save as charity doles it out to them.

KINDLINESS AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

By Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren).



I decline to believe that any person is a Christian who is unkind. And if you can point out to me a person who is thoroughly and genuinely kind, then I do not ask what his creed is. I say the beginning of Christianity is in that man, and an exceedingly good beginning. Do not confound this familiar, homely, but magnificent fundamental and pervading virtue of kindness with good humor, easy-goingness, willingness to throw money here and there. Kindness is a greater thing than that. It is a revelation of the divine love. It is a willingness to strive.

You know that a good deal of the downright misery of your life comes from petty trials. You wrangle at the breakfast table about some arrangement of the day and go fretted to the day's work. Such little things mount up into evil temper, darkened outlook, sore heart and bad blood. Not one of these little trials could ever have happened if you and I had some common sense, and without common sense some kindliness toward our brother.

MY TOTTERING TOWERS.

Dangerous Condition of St. Mark's and Other Great Domes.

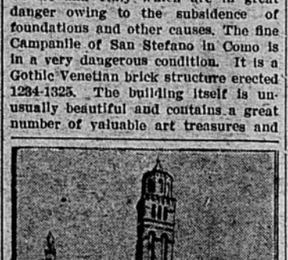
After the fall of the Campanile of St. Mark's in 1902, a careful examination of the structural stability of the basilica of St. Mark's was undertaken by Prof. Manfredo Manfredi, a well-known architect, and Signor Luigi

TOWER OF SAN STEFANO.

Marangoni, an engineer. The committee appointed to watch over the condition of St. Mark's approved a proposal made in the report of these examiners for a thorough study of the foundations, which, owing to the peculiar position of Venice, are extremely liable to give way in various directions. This irregular settling of the foundations adds greatly to the danger of the building, which appears to have cracked in all directions under its gorgeous outer dress of marble and mosaic.

The report calls attention especially to the vaults of Paradise and Apocalypse, which are in a dangerous condition through the bulging of the walls and the sinking of the foundations.

In addition to the cathedral of St. Mark's there are other buildings in Venice and Italy which are in great danger owing to the subsidence of foundations and other causes. The fine Campanile of San Stefano in Como is in a very dangerous condition. It is a Gothic Venetian brick structure erected 1284-1325. The building itself is unusually beautiful and contains a great number of valuable art treasures and



TOWER OF SAN FEDELE.

some fine carving. The building has been repaired from time to time, but recently the conditions have become somewhat alarming. The old church of San Fedele at Como is one of the oldest and most interesting churches in northern Italy. Its position at Como renders it of unusual interest, as it was at Como that the so-called Comacine architects had their headquarters. This guild of architects at Como appears to have formed a connecting link between the ancient classic architecture of Italy and the more modern Gothic architecture which followed it. The traces of this Lombardic influence in the erection of the European cathedrals has recently been traced in a volume entitled The Cathedral Builders, by Leader Scott.

San Fedele, or St. Euphemia as it was first called, was built in St. Abbondio's time, A. D. 440. It is stated to be the only church of that time which retains its original architecture in the rounded apse. This rounded apse is so similar to the rotunda of Aix la Chapelle that it is suggested that

VIEW OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

Charlemagne really brought builders as well as marble from Italy, and that the Magistri Comacini were those builders.

WAS BADLY OFF.

The Doctor—What seems to be the trouble?
The Patient—Why, doctor! I have indigestion in four of my stomachs.

JAMES R. GARFIELD'S HABITS.

A Serious Minded Official, Yet a Lover of Recreation.

Commissioner James R. Garfield of the Bureau of Corporations, whose official acts make him a prominent figure in the investigation and prosecution of trusts, has the reputation of being the most serious-minded officeholder in Washington. The fact that he carries one or two books under his arm to and from his office adds to the dignity of his mien in the eyes of some, and the out-of-date bicycle he rides and the manner in which he strides the steel steed lends a further appearance of stiffness to his personality. Garfield's bicycle was probably built four or five years ago, and he rides with the handle bars high up and his back as vertical as the Washington monument. He was never known to "scorch," and probably could not if he wanted to, on account of his position on the wheel.

J. R. GARFIELD.

The exercise that Mr. Garfield likes most is tennis. He can be found two or three afternoons a week hard at the game either on the White House court or on a lawn in the northwestern part of town, and those who have occasion to try conclusions with him declare him a first-class player. President Roosevelt likes him either as a partner or an opponent at tennis, and they often discuss the most important matters relating to the business of the bureau which Mr. Garfield has managed since its foundation as a branch of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

At home Mr. Garfield frequently plays baseball with his boys, and recently Mrs. Garfield has become a most enthusiastic advocate of the game. Both Mr. and Mrs. Garfield devote a great deal of attention to the athletic training of their children, and enter with them into all their outdoor sports. They frequently take eight and ten-mile walks in the afternoon, and when they reach home they are as fresh and buoyant as though they had been only around the block.

Commissioner Garfield comes honestly by his love for athletics, for his father, the late President Garfield, was quicker on his feet and of firmer muscle than most men of his sedentary habits.

Some Queer Food Markets.

"I see," said Capt. Hopkinson of the artillery, in the New York Press, "that they have a market up in Alaska, at a place named Fairbanks, where they cut your steaks with an ax from frozen bears, and deer frozen stiff in a temperature some 27 degrees below zero and which stand about the market as if they were alive.

"That is a peculiar sort of market, I will admit, but it is no stranger than one I ran across in Cartagena, Colombia. It was awfully hot instead of awfully cold down there and things were melting instead of freezing, as you can imagine. And what do you think the stock of that market consisted of? Well, there were dogs and cats and some lard and some rice. You see they happened to have a revolution on and the city had been besieged for some time when I got through the lines and then wished myself out again. The cats and dogs for sale were dressed and skinned and, unless some one told you what they were you would hardly guess.

"I remember they charged $3 each for the cats and when made into a stew you could not tell them from rabbit. The dogs, on the other hand, were pretty poor eating, being very tough and stringy. As to the other delicacy, lard and rice, a combination of these two ingredients fried together does not go bad when you are hungry.

"In Corsica once I saw a market established on the sidewalk—it was in Ajaccio—at which nothing was for sale except goats. They were the black mountain goats of the island and mighty good eating."

Forearmed.

Interviewer—Senator, I have called to ask if you will give me some reminiscences of your public career——"

Senator (with dignity)—Not much, young man, do I propose to let any man with a rake run amuck through my past history.—Baltimore American.

The more you try to please some people the greater will be your failure.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

The Tariff Explained.

The tariff question is very simple and yet it is complicated by over 700 paragraphs, many of them in a language Greek to ordinary people. It is not for not extraordinary that many people do not understand the tariff question. In fact, very few realize that they pay tariff taxes at all. If they could see the tariff tax as they see the tax on their property or poll tax, they would never again vote for high tariff and its resulting high prices. When you go to the store to buy goods, you pay so much for the goods and so much for the tariff tax on them, if of foreign manufacture. If the goods have been produced here at home, instead of being imported, you still, of course, pay so much for the goods and at the same time pay what would be the tariff tax to the trust or combine that manufactured the goods. When you buy a pound of sugar you may pay 2½ cents for the sugar and 2½ cents for the tax on it. If you buy a pound of borax you pay 3 cents for the borax and 6 cents for the tax. If you buy a $15 suit of clothes you pay $5 tariff tax.

Now suppose that after you had bought these goods and started to take them to you home, two men should stop you at the store door and demand of you $5 tax on the suit, 2½ cents tax for every pound of sugar and 6 cents' tax for every pound of borax, what would you do?

One of the men would wear brass buttons and would represent the government. He would claim about two-thirds of the tax on sugar, one-third of the tax on the suit, and none of the tax on borax. The other man would not wear a government uniform, but would hold a tariff club in one hand and a certificate or license from congress in the other hand authorizing him to collect certain taxes on certain articles. He would represent the protected trusts and would claim all of the tax on borax, two-thirds of the tax on the suit, and one-third of the tax on the sugar. Then remember there are only three articles out of over 700 you may buy that are taxed in like manner.

As a law-abiding citizen you would decide to settle with the government agent, but you most certainly would deny the right of the trust agent to collect tax from you. But both agents would tell you that this country believes in "protection," and that you must settle with both agents or they would confiscate you goods—that is, would take them all from you without compensation.

What would you do then? Would you pay these taxes and shout aloud for the policy of protection and vow to vote regularly for the Republican candidates who are responsible for these taxes? Or would you hold an indignation meeting with your neighbors and organize to put that trust agent out of business?

Now, under our tariff system you buy your goods and pay your tariff taxes all at once. It is not necessary for the government and the trusts to station agents at every store door to make the people mad. The government puts its agents in the customs houses around our borders and collects the taxes on all the goods brought into the country. The merchants who import the goods add the tariff to the cost of the goods and collect both, with a fair profit, when they sell the goods to you. The manufacturers in this country may be, and usually are, able to make goods just as cheaply as do foreign manufacturers. But our manufacturers, by forming trusts, to control the production of goods here can, and usually do, obtain as high prices for their goods as obtained for similar imported goods. They need no agent to collect tariff taxes, because you are at their mercy. You can pay the price of foreign goods, with the tax added, or you can take the trusts' goods at the same price. You are inside of a monopoly wall and there is no escape for you except you knock down that wall. This you can do only with your vote.

When you vote all you have to remember is that the Republican party stands for the trust agent collecting his share of the tariff tax and the Democratic party stands for so revising the tariff that only the government can collect the tax and then only so much as is necessary to run the government, economically and honestly administered.

Tendency to Granting Subsidies.

The resolution of Senator Newlands proposing that the government loan to the people of San Francisco one or two hundred million dollars for the purpose of rebuilding their city, or, at least, indorse the bonds of the city to that amount, is properly regarded as an extraordinary and unconstitutional proposition. Senator Newlands bases it on the ground that it would redound to the general welfare of the United States and would promote interstate and foreign commerce. These are precisely the grounds on which the proposed ship-subsidy and the subsidies given to the railroads have been urged. They are also the grounds on which the subsidies to the many "expositions" have been defended. They are quite as forcible in support of the Newlands proposition as they are in the case of any other subsidy.

Now, if Congress will not, in order to promote the general welfare, subsidize San Francisco, why should it subsidize private corporations? If it continues to subsidize railroads, why should it not lend its credit to cities and counties? Why should it refuse to lend money to farmers on real estate security or on cotton? Why discriminate?

Again, the protective tariff is, in effect, a subsidy to the Steel Trust, the Wire Trust, the Cotton Duck Trust, the Twine Trust, the Sugar Trust, and a thousand other corporations and combines, which extort money from the people under its invidious shelter—why should Congress retain a protective, robber tariff, in the nature of a subsidy to corporations, while it refuses to subsidize San Francisco or any other city? If these questions are honestly answered, Congress cannot preserve its consistency without passing the Newlands resolution, and giving directly to San Francisco just as much as it gives indirectly every year to the Steel Trust. But it could not preserve its integrity, either by giving to San Francisco or to the tariff-sheltered trusts. In the case of the People vs. Town of Salem, Judge Cooley, who is generally recognized as an authority on constitutional law, said: "It is not in the power of the State, under the name of a bounty, or under any other cover or subterfuge, to furnish the capital to set private parties up in any kind of business, or to subsidize their business after they have entered upon it."

Does the End Justify the Means?

Mr. Secretary Shaw's circular explaining why he loaned the gold of the United States treasury to certain banks in New York without authority of law has called forth from Rockefeller's bank an earnest and elaborate defense. Disregarding all legal and equitable considerations, the bank bases its defense of the Secretary of the Treasury on the ground that "we (the bankers) were saved a strain that might have been extremely serious." In other words, the argument is that the end justifies the means if any advantage results to the banks, whether the means per se were lawful or unlawful, good or evil.

Mr. Shaw's excuse for lending the government's gold without interest to the banks was that "the money would be immediately used in the engagement of gold abroad for shipment to the United States;" and the Rockefeller bank says that it resulted in advantage to the favored banks, and was therefore right and proper. Mr. Shaw, backed by the President, has again and again granted special favors of this kind to banks in New York.

The statute which authorizes the deposit of public funds in national depositories does not contemplate the use of public money in a bank to "save it from a strain that may be extremely serious" by enabling it to engage gold, silver, or copper abroad for shipment to this country. All it designs is the safe-keeping of the money. To use that statute as an excuse for granting bounties, in the shape of enormous loans without interest, to banks that contribute to campaign funds, is a criminal abuse of power which would result in the impeachment and punishment of the offender if his party were not indirectly a beneficiary of the abuse. But the idea now is, that whatever helps the party in power to gather corruption funds is right—that the end justifies the means. There is no crime that may not be turned into a virtue upon the same principle; yet that is the cardinal principle of the present administration. The President's scheme of confiscating overgrown fortunes and all other fortunes rests upon the same principle. If you can rightfully apply public money to private uses without just compensation, you may with equal propriety apply all private property to public uses without any compensation. Shawism and Roosevelttism meet and mingle in the definitions of what has been termed robbery and anarchy.

Another Hoax.

The president has failed to impress upon congress the propriety or necessity of any of his recent pet reforms. In his annual message he recommended a national insurance law. The judiciary committee of the house demolished this suggestion, by showing that the president's idea had for its basis "a monstrous doctrine, subversive of our ideal system of government." Then the president changed his tack, and sent a special message to congress urging the establishment of an insurance bureau for the District of Columbia in the Department of Commerce and Labor, and endorsed a so-called "model insurance law" introduced by Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts. Now, if that department can have nothing to do with insurance outside of the District of Columbia, why should it meddle with the subject within the district? Why place one branch of the municipal government under a cabinet officer? There is no reason for it except, as one public man says: "That the president feels that he must force through congress some sort of insurance legislation in order to save his prestige; and if he can't get pudding, he'll take plain pie." In his philosophy, it is better to seem to do a thing than to do it—to seem to give a square deal than to give it. And so long as the voters don't see the hoax the president is popular, if not powerful.

Oh, Pshaw! What Is the Matter?

If Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa were not secretary of the treasury, it would not much matter what he said or did, but occupying that important official position gives his utterances weight with many people. Shaw is constantly making "bad breaks," and his latest faux pas must have stirred the imperial bile of the White House autocrat to the point of breaking the big stick over the head of the culprit. In his speech to the graduating class of the revenue cutter service this cabinet officer said:

"There is nothing that will take the native capacity out of a man as quickly as employment in any branch of the army or navy." If this were not enough to call down the fires of heaven upon his head, the secretary had to make a bad matter worse by continuing: "But in one branch of the government—I won't say which—if a man has a good idea they court-martial him."

Instead of encouraging the boys about to enter upon their life's work, this chief official of the service decrys it and discourages them from doing their best. Oh, pshaw! What is the matter with this Roosevelt administration, anyway?

The Federal Judiciary.

Those Republicans who agree with President Roosevelt on the encroachment of the federal judiciary should remember that nearly all the Federal judges are Republicans, appointed by Republican Presidents, and confirmed by a Republican Senate. The antecedents of these judges before their appointment to the bench generally expose that they were corporation attorneys before their elevation, and in most cases partisans of the strictest type. The appointments made by President Roosevelt and his immediate predecessor are nearly all of this character, so the denunciations of President Roosevelt reflect upon the appointments of himself and his predecessors. As the Federal judges are appointed for life they should certainly be free from the corporation taint, but although the President professes to be fighting trusts and corporations, most of his appointments to the Federal bench have been notorious corporation and trust attorneys.