PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AN APPEAL FOR THE FARM.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.

GOV. HUGHES.

When you get out where a man has a little elbow room and a chance to develop, he has thoughts of his own. His thinking is not supplied to him every night and every morning, and he is less of a machine and more of a man, so that I do not think that the farmers need to be looked upon, or want to be looked upon, as dependents of the State. They do not come to the State government asking alms. They are self-reliant, they are intelligent.

What we want in connection with agriculture is what we want in connection with every other field of noble effort. We want training, we want intelligence, we want scientific method, we want direction, we want the way shown, and then the man can walk in it. There is no reason why the same care and intention and skill and scientific consideration should not be devoted to agriculture as to industry and the technical trades.

The men who are running away from the farm too frequently make a mistake, and some day—and the day is rapidly approaching—our young men, in larger numbers, will wake up to the fact that they have a pretty good chance on the farm, and that they may be to a greater degree independent and happy in life if they stay where their happy lots were cast in connection with their fathers' farm or another which they may be able to procure.

THE LIBERTY OF SOCIETY WOMEN.

By Dr. Emil Reich.

Are society women free? And, if so, is that liberty conducive to things evil or good? Most society women would, there is little doubt, say that they now infinitely are more free than their ancestors used to be. If that liberty is taken simply from the material side, it cannot be denied. Society women are allowed to go out when and where they like. They have clubs of their own; they invite men to their clubs on their own hook; they go out to lectures, dinners, receptions, or concerts alone; they carry on correspondences of their own; they not infrequently earn their own livelihood. Nearly all the externals of liberty are there. However, liberty is not an external or material thing; it is entirely spiritual.

The admiration and social looking up to that non-society women invariably devote to "gentlemen" is a cause of failure which does not exist in good society. The woman that is at once shocked by any slight remark of general politeness is the woman that—is easily shaken. In society, women born to it are neither easily shocked by animated words nor easily shaken. Fewer liberties and more liberty—is this not a goal worthy of the reformers of society? Fewer clubs and lesser club life. Society women in the present system of their liberty are much envied, even admired, but not sufficiently respected. Less outward liberty would lead to more solid support.

OVERCAPITALIZATION OF RAILROADS.

By Francis Stetson.

So far as relates to the rates of railroads in competition and under State regulation, there is no possibility of harm from overcapitalization. In every other particular indicated by the President any evil from overcapitalization would exist and operate in respect of stock corporations generally, whether organized as railroads or for industrial purposes.

So far as concerns the issue of bonds, promising to pay sums exceeding the original consideration of the bonds, it is to be observed that in the case of corporations, just as in the case of individuals, this is a matter of financial credit.

The corporation or the individual in good credit can borrow at a low rate and without discount; while to induce loans, those in poor credit must make concessions inversely large. Under such conditions excessive bonded indebtedness does not constitute overcapitalization; and if it be an evil, it is an evil expressly permitted by law.

That it is an evil when incurred for any purpose not strictly within the lawful purposes of the corporation, or for an amount impairing the ability of the corporation to carry on its legitimate business, I fully recognize. Reasonable safeguards should be provided against such evil, and should be accepted cheerfully by corporate managers.

In this direction the provisions of the so-called public-utilities bill, requiring a commission's prior approval of all railroad bonds, as well as of issues of railroad stocks, are eminently proper.

MUSIC INJURES THE EYES.

Reading Score and Playing Piano at Same Time Causes Strain.

A St. Louis oculist, chatting with friends about the ins and outs of his profession, said that there were two lines of work which for professional reasons both the oculist and the optician would be glad to see widely encouraged. One is music, particularly piano playing.

"Have you ever noticed," said he, "that the pianist's head as he sits upright at the piano is generally almost three feet from the music? He reads at long range. This of itself is bad, involving as it does a continual strain upon the eyes. If the pianist only sat still, however, the case would not be so bad, but very few do. In executing difficult passages or extended scales they sway first to one side, then to the other, sometimes a foot in each direction, lean back six inches, then toward the music, all the time keeping their eyes fixed upon the notes, and during all the changes of distance and direction the delicate mechanism of the eye is constantly seeking to adjust itself to the distance so as to obtain the clearest possible image of the notes.

"The result is, of course, an overstrain, and it is a common thing when the practice hour is over to see the musician rub his eyes and to hear him remark that music is bad for the eyes anyhow. It is not good, indeed, for although in ordinary piano music the notes are large enough the signs of expression are often so small as to cause an effort to see them properly, and, besides, much piano playing, particularly of the standard classics, is done from small-size editions, which are to be had at much cheaper rates than sheet music.

"Shorthand work and typewriting are as bad for the eyes in their way as music. Most stenographers write with a medium pencil and in small characters. The dots and dashes are hard to decipher, and themselves strain the eyes. Then comes the transcription, which is worse.

"If stenographers would only learn to use a typewriter as a pianist does the keyboard—that is, to write without looking at the keys, the eye strain would not be so severe, but few of them acquire this degree of confidence and accuracy, so the focus of the eye is always changing, first reading the notes, then dancing back and forth over the keys, then looking at the typewritten page and repeating these processes all day long until the wonder is, not that their eyes are bad, but that they don't go stone blind.

"If pianists would learn to sit still while they are playing and stenographers would acquire the art of using a typewriter without looking at the keys the demands on the time of the oculist and the services of the optician would be lessened very materially, but as it is these two classes are a great help, both to the specialist and to the man that makes spectacles, furnishing more business than anyone would suppose who is not in the profession.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FARM BOY GETS $12,000 JOB.

Michigan Young Man Appointed to Chair at Oxford.

From a poor farm boy, walking twenty miles a day to attend high school, to a professorship in the University of Oxford, England, at the age of 34 years, is the remarkable history of Stephen H. Langdon, who formerly lived with his parents ten miles from Monroe, Mich.

In 1892 Langdon was graduated with honors from the Monroe high school. Daily he walked ten miles each way

PROF. STEPHEN H. LANGDON.

to attend his classes. Then he worked his way through the University of Michigan and was awarded a scholarship in Columbia University, New York.

There he received the degree of LL. D. and a scholarship which provided him with funds to make a two-year study of the ancient ruins of Europe. As a consequence of his work then and his devotion to similar studies since that time, he has been appointed to the chair of archaeology at Oxford. He is the youngest man who ever held a professorship at that famous old institution. Prof. Langdon's salary is $12,000 a year.

Pardonable.

A prominent novelist spoke recently at a Boston club about the wonders of modern invention. He said:

"There was an old fisherman rowing in his boat, one day, when an automobile canoe sprung a leak near him and immediately sank.

"To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, puffing an old clay pipe.

"However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat one sputtered, angrily:

"'Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?'

"The old man took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at them in astonishment.

"'Blessed if I didn't think ye wus one o' them new-fangled submarines,' he said."—Harper's Weekly.

Senator Hoar's Reply.

At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town, where both English and American guests were assembled, the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the Queen, but with no love for the Stars and Stripes, exclaimed, "Oh, what a silly looking thing the American flag is. It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy."

"Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that made everybody sick who tried to lick it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Learn the particular style of beauty a man admires and you have a fair description of the last woman to fascinate him.

IN OCTOBER.

I dreamed one day an army passed along
With many colored banners streaming free
And many rounds of wild and martial song;
In all it seemed most fair and gay to me.
And yet, I said, they do but go to death,
This bright array. They soon will scattered lie
O'er hills and meadow lands, the merry breath
Of life all fled—who marched so proudly by.

And then it seemed I was but dreaming half;
For low and clear
Beside my ear
Rang autumn's mocking laugh.

I looked, and lo! I knew it otherwise;
I saw the gay sabaoth of the trees
Flaunt reds and golds beneath the October skies,
And heard the stirring anthem of the breeze;
I saw the haze like clouds of azure dust
Afloat in air where many feet have trod;
I saw the iron-weed and mullein thrust
Tall spears mid lines of gleaming golden-rod.

There came a menace of drear winter then;
I felt a smart
Within my heart
And autumn mocked again.
—Bessie Hendricks in the Critic.

A PERSONAL AFFAIR

A small, brown, silky spaniel was running frantically in and out, pausing now and then to raise his sad little eyes to the faces of the unheeding shoppers. Suddenly he gave a wild jump and a yelp of recognition—it was not She coming up the block, but a familiar face—a friend. Scampering forward, the little dog jumped joyously up in front of the approaching man, now at his knee, now under his feet.

But the big man paid no attention until he found farther progress an impossibility, then he gave an impatient kick.

"Get out of here, you—" He glanced down at the small offender. "'Pon my soul, I believe you're Tags," he added,

YET THERE WAS NONE FOR HIM.

quickly, picking up the curly ball to avoid crushing it. The dog's delight knew no bounds; he licked the man's hands, he reached a dozen times to lick his face, and, foiled in the attempt, cuddled up against the big arm, and was content—rescued!

The big man looked keenly up and down the thoroughfare.

"Your mistress, Tags," he whispered—"where is she?"

Slowly he walked down the long block, looking eagerly from left to right, until he reached Stearns'; there he hesitated, and suddenly turning, hailed a hansom.

"By George!" he muttered, "I won't do it. I'll hold you for ransom, old chap, and a big one at that. We're lucky dogs!"

What a flood of memories, what a sea of visions, did that tiny creature recall, as they drove slowly up-town. But most persistent of all, she stood before him as he had last seen her—white, angry, and determined. The trouble had all come so unexpectedly, like a flash from an azure sky; and just as suddenly had she sailed for foreign shores, leaving him crushed, stunned—with no hope. Now she had returned; here was animated evidence, and a medium of reconciliation. Fate was holding wide an open door, but, how to enter—to pass—to conquer!

Ideas budded, blossomed, and died; and arriving at home and the conclusion that she would undoubtedly advertise her loss, he decided to await her move.

The next morning, as he expected, half way down the second column of the paper appeared the following notice:

LOST—Thursday afternoon, in vicinity of Sterns'; spaniel, answering to name of "Tags." Suitable reward, if returned to ——, Riverside Drive.

He smiled grimly, and seating himself at his desk, penned this reply:

FOUND—Thursday afternoon, in vicinity of Sterns'; a spaniel, answering to name of "Tags." Would you consider yourself "suitable?"—L. W. G.

Sunday seemed long in coming, but when it finally arrived, Lawrence Gordon was awake and calling for his morning paper long before his accustomed hour. He glanced eagerly, hurriedly, through the first column, the second—and even the third. Then he began all over again; slower and with closer scrutiny, but only to be disappointed. The messages were multifarious; gay, grave, indifferent ones; sent to as many varied hearts; yet there was none for him. He was perceptibly chagrined, but perhaps he had expected too early a reply.

Another day passed, and he grew impatient—as did Tags. Tuesday morning, and no reply. On Wednesday the following brief but apropos message appeared:

Tags cries pitifully. Must be homesick.—L. W. G.

Gordon felt that she must have seen not only his first but also his second appeal, for well he knew that until she had recovered her pet she would anxiously scan the column for tidings of him. Three times, for luck, he would try; and, if he failed! Bah! there was no such word as fail. With the courage born of despair he wrote his last entreaty:

Tags is lonely. So am I. Can't we come and get you?—L. W. G.

And the next morning the first column was headed:

Tags—come!

—Fannie Elton Morris in Scrap Book.

MANSION BUILT OF CONCRETE.

John D. Spreckel's Home to Stand on Bluff of Bay of San Diego.

One of the most artistic residences in southern California will be owned by John D. Spreckels, when the building at Coronado, designed by Harrison Albright, is completed, says the Seattle Times.

The style is the Renaissance of the present Parisian school. In color, it is to be a light cream, with inlays of Alps green marble faience. These, with a plentiful use of potted cedars and bay and olive trees as accessory decoration, will complete the color scheme.

A commodious garage with ample quarters for help is also to be built, in lines in harmony with the house, on the lower end of the grounds. Between the two, the most extensive Italian garden in the west is to be laid out and when completed the ensemble will be an ever pleasing source of delight.

The house stands on a bluff, overlooking the Bay of San Diego, and will have an unobstructed view of the ocean on one side, and the mountains on the other. Deep, shady porches on all sides of the house have been made a feature of the design because of this unsurpassed view.

The interior scheme calls for a simple finish, as Mr. Spreckels is building a home and not a show place. To the left of the main hall is the large living room, with a large fireplace and an inglenook; opposite is the dining room, paneled in oak and with a beamed ceiling and a fine large fireplace. A large porch off the dining room, with a butler's pantry adjoining, offers an inviting chance to enjoy meals out of doors. A good-sized den, connected directly with the rear porch, and overlooking the Italian garden, is a feature of the lower floor also.

A wide staircase leads to the second story. Every chamber has a bath, and every chamber opens upon an outside porch.

The Limit for Him.

Towne—He's gone out to look for work.

Browne—Don't you believe it.

Towne—Well, he told me he was.

Browne—Nonsense! the most he'd do would be to go out and look at it.—Philadelphia Press.

Science and Invention

Chinese authorities have decided that all railroads built by Chinese shall revert to the government twenty-five years after they are opened.

For the first time in their history the French railways have given German locomotive makers an order. The locomotives now ordered are of an uncommonly heavy type.

Bananas are being ripened in England by electricity. The bunches are hung in airtight cases in which are a number of electric lights. The light and heat ripen the fruit and it can be easily regulated.

Dr. Arthur D. Little, addressing the American Chemical Society recently, mentioned some interesting instances of the immense contributions of chemistry to the work and wealth of the world. The steel industry, he said, is to-day, at every point, under the strictest chemical control. Abram S. Hewitt estimated that the Bessemer process alone added, directly and indirectly, $2,000,000,000 yearly to the world's wealth. Chemical processes of making madder and indigo colors have changed the face of those industries. One-half of the entire consumption of indigo is now produced in German chemical plants. Ultra-marine is now furnished by chemistry at half the price of copper, whereas, in the form of lapis lazuli, in the days of Liebig, it was dearer than gold.

Ekeberg, the Swedish discoverer of tantalum, gave that name to the metal because of the tantalizing difficulties that he encountered while investigating it. It is only recently that tantalum has been obtained in a state of purity, and the rapidity with which it has been produced, in response to the demands of commerce and industry, is almost unprecedented. It furnishes an excellent filament for electric lamps. Only a little while ago the mineral from which tantalum is obtained was so rare that not enough could be found to supply specimens to all the mineralogical museums. Now Australia alone produces more than seventy tons of tantalite a year. This does not seem a very great quantity, but it is to be remembered that a single pound of tantalum suffices to furnish 23,000 lamps, each of 25-candle power. The metal is so hard that it is said that a diamond-pointed borer, making 5,000 revolutions a minute, produces in it, after three days of work, an excavation only one-fiftieth of an inch in depth.

Origin of Plug Tobacco.

In the jury room at the court house a few days ago a farmer said, as he took a chew of tobacco:

"All the difference in the world in tobacco. I've tried some twenty different kinds, and none is as good as that we used to make ourselves down on the farm. We would take a maple log while 'twas green and bore a dozen holes in it with a two-inch auger. They were our molds. We selected our choicest tobacco and soaked it for a week or more in wild honey. Then we'd take the leaf to the log, get a good hickory 'tamping' stick and go to work.

"A little ball of the honey-soaked tobacco would be put in an auger hole and tamped in with the stick and a hammer. We'd pound it in solid. Ball after ball would be rammed in and pounded until the whole became a solid plug. When the hole was nearly full we would pound in the plug and then the log would be put away to season. As the wood dried the moisture would be drawn from the tobacco. And when it was split the sweetest tobacco ever made was taken from it. We called it 'plug' tobacco and that's where the name originated."—Kansas City Star.

Discretion.

"This popular fiction is all rot. In real life the girl's father seldom objects to the man of her choice."

"You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."—Pittsburg Post.

Beware of the pensive maid, young man; she is apt to develop into an expensive wife.

What a lot of rot there is in the newspapers! And this is some more of it.

For Boys and Girls

A LETTER FROM THE FARM.

Dear Mother:
I got here on Monday.
I'm having a whole lot of fun.
I rode on the hay all of one day,
I freckled all up in the sun.
There's cows and there's bees making honey,
And a calf that is awfully queer.
I help feed the pigs—they're so funny.
I wish you were here.

My appetite's "truly alarming,"
So grandmamma says. I eat some!
I help them a lot with the farming,
I guess it is lucky I come.
I get in the eggs and I'm learning
To milk—I can milk pretty near,
And mornings I help with the churning—
I wish you were here.

Please send me my two baseball mittens.
Please send me my drum, don't forget!
The cat has five beautiful kittens,
They haven't their eyes open yet.
The weather is perfectly splendid,
The skies are so blue and so clear.
I tore my best pants, but they're mended—
I wish you were here.

I work with the man that is hired,
I go with him round everywhere.
At night I'm so dreadfully tired
I most fall asleep in my chair.
Except that, I get awful dirty
I try to be good, mother, dear.
Love to all.
From your little son, Bertie—
P. S.—I wish you were here.

HOW THE STORMY PETREL FLIES

A naturalist visiting Algeria bought from a sailor four captive stormy petrels. They weighed about 1.65 pounds apiece, their wings were five inches wide and had a spread of four feet. The ability of the petrel to breast the most furious storms has been universally admired. Its name is derived from its power of walking on the waves, like the Apostle Peter, and its courage and strength in planting its footsteps on the crests of the most tempestuous sea have given a text to many writers. The naturalist, wishing to release his captive petrels, threw one of them into the air. It tried to fly, but fell headlong, went crashing against a stone wall and battered out its brains. He took the second petrel to an upper story and launched it from a window, but, having no initial velocity, it too fell like a stone. The third bird he took to the top of an observatory, and pushed it out into space. It flapped its wings desperately but, nevertheless, lunged downward and broke its wings against a post.

The naturalist was now convinced that the stormy petrel's feats at sea are made possible because it first gets up momentum by running along the top of the water. Wishing to give the remaining bird a chance to demonstrate his theory, he took it out into a desert-like plain bare of grass, smooth as the surface of a calm sea.

"Here," the naturalist reports, "I set my fourth petrel down. It squatted at first, and then turned with its beak to the wind and its wings outstretched, and started running, beating its wings, not hampered by any herbage. It ran a hundred yards, carrying its weight less and less on its feet, and finally all on its wings, but all the time skimming the ground. At last with a single bound, catching the wind, the petrel rose sixty feet, careened around and flew past me overhead and glanced at me on its way, as if to say, 'Success in flight is all based upon momentum.'"—Everybody's.

A KIND INTRODUCTION.

Did the reader ever see a dog perform the ceremony of introducing a human friend? The Listener has himself seen the thing done, in a way, but never so plainly and prettily as a friend of his lately witnessed it—the friend himself being the introduced "party."

The friend—call him Mr. J.—lives in Roxbury. For a near neighbor he has a man who keeps a carriage and also a fine setter dog. Mr. J. does not enjoy the acquaintance of the neighbor, but has come to be on excellent terms of friendship with the dog. Every day Mr. JJ. sallies forth at about the same hour. Every day he meets the dog, whose salutations have gradually passed from mere friendly formalities to affectionate greetings.

Yesterday, as Mr. J. came out of his house, he found the dog—who always, when the carriage starts, goes circling about the horse's head, barking with joy—waiting for him. The carriage, with the horse attached, stood waiting for its occupant.

The dog at once came bounding up to J., and then went bounding back to the horse. He licked the horse on the nose, and came back to J. again, and again returned to the horse, evidently laboring under the stress of something that he wanted to say or do. It was quite plain, in fact, that he was doing his best to introduce the man to the horse, and make them friends, too.

So J., whose big heart can include horses as well as dogs, yielded: he went up to the horse, and patted its head and rubbed its nose. Then the dog's satisfaction and gayety were simply inexpressible. He gyrated about until it seemed as if he were in danger of swallowing his own tail; and his affection both for man and for the horse was plainly greatly increased by the consciousness that now they knew each other.

It is astonishing, gentle reader, what a great deal of the joy of life a liking for animals will let us into.—Boston Transcript.

A GREAT SECRET.

In a small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by lavish liberality.

Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would, indeed, give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotchman who had recently come to the place and joined the church was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officers; "if you mak' me treasurer I'll engage to double the collections in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted; and, sure enough, the collections began to increase; until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scott; "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk I saw, maistly gave threepenny bits. Weel when I got the money every Sabbath evening I carefully picked oot the sma' coins an put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number of threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have maist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give saxpence, at least, instead. That's the way the collections are doubled!"—Tit-Bits.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Among the visitors in New York from the South, during the centennial celebration, was a gentleman on the staff of the Governor of Virginia. He had written to a friend to engage a horse for him to ride during his stay in New York. A white horse, proud-stepping and slender-limbed, was selected, and on the morning appointed was led, in company with a coal-black steed, to the spot where the Virginia gentleman and a friend were ready to mount, when, lo! the black horse pawed the ground, shook his head, showed great uneasiness, and altogether behaved so remarkably that he attracted great attention.

"As sure as I live," said the rider of the white steed to his companion, "you are mounted on Black Diamond, my own old horse!"

"Nonsense!" said the other equestrian. "You wouldn't know Black Diamond now, and he wouldn't know you."

By this time a little throng of spectators had gathered, interested in the scene. Black Diamond's saddle was taken off, and under it was discovered an old scar and a little tuft of white hair, which proved his identity beyond a doubt. When his old master mounted him, the horse fairly quivered with delight, and gave a cry of gladness. All through the centennial week there were two happy beings together, a man and a horse; and a horse sometimes shows intelligence so nearly human that one cannot but be glad when a great pleasure falls into the life of this faithful friend of man.—Oud Dumb Animals.

THE STUPID MICE.

There were five little field mice Their mother was very wise and one day when they went out to play she told them that when she chirped like a bird, they must lie perfectly still. That seemed so funny that the mice were surprised, and began to ask each other a great many questions about it. It would have been much better to ask their mamma, but they were very little.

Just then their mother saw a hawk in the sky and chirped. One poor little mouse got frightened and forgot all about what she said; and one dived down into a hole. Unfortunately there was a weasel in that hole; and the weasel got him. Another ran off and got lost in the grass, and never was found again. Another ran and tried to hide under a leaf, and a hawk swooped down and ate him up. Another jumped into the bushes and a snake swallowed him. The fifth stayed quite still and, though he did not know it, he looked so like a withered leaf that neither snake nor the weasel nor the hawk saw him at all.

Which one do you think was the wisest?—Bolton Hall in the St. Nicholas.

THE CROSS SQUIRREL.

Once there was a squirrel that did not like its home and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long gray whiskers, and so was wise—beside which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or change it,,
or suit yourself to it.

Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said he papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel; and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—Bolton Haall in the St. Nicholas.

THE KATYDID'S SONG.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. It is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin, membraneous plate. He elevates the wing covers and drubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation very nicely.—Argus.

Cleveland's Railways.

The net result of the six years' war has been the construction and present operation of some fifteen miles of railway in Cleveland, which are being operated at 3-cent fare, with a pledge to give universal transfers on any lines to be built in the future. This road has been built at a cost of $50,000 a mile in an era of unprecedentedly high prices, as against a capitalization of $150,000 a mile, upon which the old company bases its estimates when it says that a 3-cent fare will not produce reasonable dividends. On the other hand, the stock of the old company has shrunk in value from somewhere about 94 to a present quotation of 48.—Mayor Tom L. Johnson, in The Independent.

A Wrong Steer.

A mathematical professor had been invited by a city friend to visit him at his residence in a certain square and had promised to do so. Meeting him some time afterward, the friend inquired of the professor why he did not come to see him.

"I did come," said the mathematician, "but there was some mistake. You told me that you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, so I went away again."—New York Mail.

As near as can be ascertained, the unappropriated and unreserved public lands of this country amount to 792,238,707 acres.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Tariff Tax on Glass.

The manufacture of window glass is one of the principal interests protected by the tariff, the rates varying from 1 3-9 cents a pound on glass not exceeding 10x15 inches and 4 3-9 cents a pound on glass above 40x60 inches. The tariff tax actually paid on imported glass for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906—the last official report—ranged from 37.17 per cent on its value to 100.31 per cent. In spite of this heavy tax there was 34,073,429,008 pounds of window glass imported of the value of $1,259,497.33, on which duties were paid of $583,076.50, or an average tax of 46.30 per cent. One would naturally think that it would not pay the Belgium manufacturers to export glass to the United State and besides paying an average of over 46 per cent in tariff duties, also pay the freight, insurance and other charges, besides allowing a profit to the importer and wholesaler and other hands it may pass through before coming in competition with the home-made glass. That such is the fact is chargeable to the extraordinary conditions of manufacture of window glass in the United States brought about by the so-called protective tariff.

Glassblowers know their masters could charge enormous profits, because of the tariff tax preventing competition in a great measure, demand very high wages, and as the great profits even after paying these very high wages induced others to enter the glass manufacturing field, the result has been a selling combine to hold up the price of glass and a labor combine to hold up the high wages paid. Very naturally too much glass was manufactured, and when stocks increased beyond a safe margin, "the fires" were drawn and manufacture ceased. In fact, in the most favorable years the factories only run nine months, and for the past six years the average time of "the fire" has rarely exceeded six months. So the glass blwers only get an average amount of money for the year of about 50 per cent of the wages they are paid when at work, and the manufacturers only make half the amount of glass their plants are capable of making, and often have to hold part of their stock of manufactured glass for many months before it can be disposed of. Under these "hot house" conditions produced by tariff protection, there has been many failures of glass manufacturing. In fact, the "fire regions" are strewn with idle glass plants and many are for sale for less than cost.

There is constant friction between the glass manufacturers and the glass blowers about wages, and at present every window glass factory is idle on account of the manufacturers refusing to pay the wages demanded by the workmen, and the workmen demanding an average increase in wages of 17 per cent. Such disputes are constantly occurring, and in consequence the Belgium glass is imported to the extent above given. The Americans, whether buying glass for their own houses, or for houses to rent to others, have to pay nearly 50 per cent on the average more than glass would be worth without this tariff tax. Not only the price on what glass is imported is increased by this tariff tax, but also the price of the home product, for the manufacturer knows just how much extra profit the tariff allows him to add to prevent more imported glass from being sold here. The tariff on glass is but an example of the tax on other necessities, nearly all of which are likewise increased in price by the tariff.

Ship-Subsidy Again.

The ship-subsidy organs are taking advantage of the advertising of the remarkable run of the New English Atlantic steamship, the Lusitania, to bring up the ship-subsidy plundering scheme again. "Has anyone heard of an American shipyard turning out an American ship designed to hold her own with the latest marine creations?" asks the Philadelphia Inquirer. It remarks that the United States is apparently willing to permit foreigners to carry its freight and passengers, "and reap something like $200,000,000 a year for doing it," and adds: "And for even a share of this vast trade we are making no attempt whatever. Nor will we, nor can we, make an attempt until congress comes to the rescue and aids in building up genuine American lines."

As the building of this modern ship, of vast size and speed, has led to a reduction of the passenger rates for those who cross the Atlantic, and the determination of other steamship lines, both German and British, to build other and greater ships to compete with the Cunarder, it would seem that the United States is receiving the benefit without paying a subsidy. It would be absurd for the American people to burden themselves with an enormous annual expenditure to try and compete with the rival foreign steamship companies when they have all the advantage of reduced transportation charges and quicker service. Whether these modern vessels will pay fair interest on the investment is a question, and the fact that American capital has heretofore found other and better paying investments in domestic enterprises without the risk of loss and comparatively small returns, is but a poor excuse for demanding a subsidy. To ask the government to pay a subsidy on any business that is not of itself profitable enough to stand alone is sheer robbery of the taxpayers for the benefit of the interest that would receive it. Because Mr. Pierpont Morgan's steamship trust is unprofitable, and unlike other trusts, it cannot obtain a monopoly—for, thank goodness, the ocean is still a free highway—it would be the worst of folly for the American people to subsidize it. As long as we are willing to fence in the United States with a tariff that so increases the cost of shipbuilding that we cannot compete with England, we ought to be thankful that the enterprising ship owners of that country are willing to carry us and our goods at reasonable rates. When in due time tariff protection to trusts and combines is abolished we will have free ships and free men to compete on the high seas with any country on earth, and not before. Any subsidy we could pay to ship owners to overcome present conditions would only add that much to the already heavy burden we are loaded with to protect the trusts, for neither passenger or freight rates on the ocean would be any cheaper, but be governed as they are now by international competition.

Tariff on Print Paper.

The price of print paper such as newspapers are printed on has advanced from $1.75 a hundred pounds to $2.50, and may go much higher. This, of course, weighs heavy on the just as on the unjust, and proprietors of Democratic newspapers have to suffer for the sins of their Republican brethren without the compensating return of a share of the campaign fund graft, or the advertisement of many of the tariff protected industries. It is some consolation to Democrats to see the Republicans kicking at the result of their own doings. The tariff tax on print paper of from 16 to 20 per cent, and on wood pulp of 10 per cent on the average, protects the print paper trust in keeping up prices. The Canadian government has imposed, or is about to impose, an export duty on wood pulp, and under the provisions of paragraph 593 of the Dingley tariff law, the amount of such export duty shall be added as an additional duty on pulp imported from such country. Thus is the protection theory run mad, for we not only tax ourselves to protect a monopoly of our own, but add to the burden a further tax because some other country seeks to prevent its supply of wood from being depleted. Our Republican statesmen have refused reciprocity with Canada, and when she seeks to defend herself by increasing her export and import duties, these trust-protecting politicians have provided we must tax ourselves to help Canada protect her spruce forest. Still the Republican organs stand pat and some of them would rather add to our tariff burdens than decrease them, and all of them declare for "the fundamental principle of protection." And all the trusts say amen. The only protection for the newspapers published is to advance the price at which they sell their papers to the public, and that must follow if the print paper trust is to continue to be protected. So in the end this robber system of protection, on what ever commodity the tariff tax is collected, is paid by the public, the government collecting about $4 per capita, and the trusts about $20 per capita, or $100 for each family in the United State. Do you, as a voter, say amen to that?

No Third Term.

Son-in-Law Longworth, upon being interviewed at Cincinnati, declared that the Hawaii interview in which he was made to say that President Roosevelt might accept another nomination if there was a unanimous demand of the people, was "a raw fake." "I will reiterate," said Mr. Longworth, "what I have already said, that I do not believe there is any possible situation or combination of circumstances that could lead the President to change his mind and become a candidate. His decision is absolute and irrevocable." But perhaps the President has changed his mind since he stated his position to his son-in-law, for it is some time since the Longworth's have been at Oyster Bay. As the old Indian said, "white man mighty uncertain." Still it seems but fair to accept Mr. Roosevelt's declaration on election night in 1904, that under no circumstances would he accept a third term, and he considered he had just been elected to a second term. Yet, according to information from Oyster Bay, there are now two conditions under which President Roosevelt would accept the nomination for a third term. The first is a unanimous demand. The other is opposition to his nomination. Now, either there will be a unanimous emand for his renomination, or else there will be some opposition to it. But, in either case, he will be a candidate. This is also Mr. Bryan's position. Will we ever get rid of these accidental products of sad catastrophes? Is there still hope at the bottom of Pandora's box?

An Expensive Experiment.

The President, as commander-in-chief, has the undoubted right to order either the army or navy to maneuver whenever he deems best, and sending the battleships to the Pacific would seem to be covered by that authority. But congress has control of executive action, through the constitutional power over expenditures, and it is claimed that without a special appropriation for the great expense of the cruise of the battleships, as ordered, that the President has exceeded his power in a time of profound peace. In time of war, or of great emergency, the President has undisputed power in the first instance, and congress would, of course, make provision in the event of the second, for sudden catastrophes override all law and precedent. The question to be settled is a political one by the election of a President who is not so spectacularly inclined. If there was any occasion for the removal of the fleet to the Pacific, there would be no adverse criticism, but so far no good reason has been given for such an expensive experiment.

Getting Even.

Former United States Senator William E. Chandler has resigned as chairman and member of the Spanish Claims Commission. He gave as his reason for this step the appointment by President Roosevelt of a man as a member of the comission who, as an attorney, had prepared many of the very cases upon which he will now be called upon to sit in judgment. There is perhaps an old grudge rankling in the breast of Wm. Chandler against the President, who it will be remembered relegated him to the Ananias class, and the very questionable action of President Roosevelt in making this appointment gives Chandler a good chance to get back at the President by showing the unfitness of the appointment he has made.

Civil Service Commissioner McInhenny has been traveling through Dixie trying to induce more Southern men to take civil service examinations. The reason candidates from the South are so few is, they have discovered that although they may pass the civil service examination, that the Republican heads of departments will not, if possible, appoint them and the fact that promotion is denied them because they are Democrats.