DIAMOND SMUGGLING

A Stricter Watch to Be Kept at Our Doors.

Incidents, Laughable and Otherwise, in a Campaign That Means the Saving of Many Thousand Dollars to the Government.

(From the New York Times.)

If one would amass great wealth, let him go into the diamond business, if he likes; but for peace there is nothing like the buying and selling of potatoes.

Confirm this statement, if you care to, by gazing upon the placid features of a commission merchant, and then strolling down through Maiden Lane. There is no peace because everybody knows there is a great smuggling of diamonds going on—six, seven, or eight million dollars' worth a year. The tariff tax of ten per cent. is paid on perhaps $30,000,000 worth. The rest come in free.

This situation might be presumed to be not so bad for the smuggler. Wrong again. The smuggler sometimes saves his money, but the wear and tear on his nerves is exceeding great, and sometimes he doesn't even save his money. Peruse this pitiful story that comes to you second hand from a big importer in the diamond district:

One of the largest and most sagacious of New York dealers in precious gems went personally to Amsterdam to replenish his stock. He bought rubies, pearls, emeralds, and so on, and enough diamonds to cover the bottom of a coal scuttle. And, being a most conscientious citizen, he decided to pay duty on some of his goods.

But his decision was not sweeping. It failed to take into account some $60,000 worth of gems. He would send them across without saying anything about them.

Now, there are several ways of sending precious gems across without saying anything about them. One way is to attach them firmly to the inside of one's undershirt and board the boat. This way has the advantage of being efficacious, but the disadvantage of being dangerous. Collector Loeb peeled off two undershirts the other day. And the gentlemen who was temporarily on the other side, being a careful man, decided not to take a chance of being caught with the goods.

So he called to his aid an earnest young man who had often served him. He was a tried and true young man—a man whose honesty was of that inflexible kind that never betrays a trust. To put all of his qualifications in a word, he'd helped beat the government many a time, and had never palmed a ruby or glued a diamond to the roots of his hair.

What he was asked to do this time was this:

Beat it to New York with $60,000 worth of diamonds and turn them over to the store at the earliest possible moment.

Mind you, if this young man had not already earned the complete confidence of his employer, he would have shipped the goods by four men, but such precautions seemed unnecessary.

The young man took the diamonds and his steamship money and departed. The employer loitered around Europe a week or two more, his business done, having a good time. He would have had a fine time for perhaps another month, if he hadn't been informed by cable that the young man with the $60,000 had failed to report at the New York store. As a matter of fact, he hasn't reported yet—and that was some years ago. Whether he fell overboard or was murdered is not definitely known, but the supposition is that he played the old man false and never took the boat at all.

So even the smuggler has his troubles. He never knows whom he can trust. And, if he picks a loser, he cannot replevin his goods or appeal to Scotland Yard. He is like a man with an I O U taken in a poker game. He cannot collect a cent. A burglar might as well sue for injuries sustained while descending defective stairs.

When smuggling is going on the importer who doesn't smuggle is also perplexed by a situation that gnaws and growls. He's like a man without a time table trying to catch a train on a strange road. He can quote prices, but he never knows whether his prices will bring forth business or a loud laugh. If the customer has not already obtained quotations from a smuggler, he may buy. Otherwise he will not.

An incident of this sort occurred the other day to an importer in the Maiden Lane district. A retailer wanted a considerable number of diamonds, ranging consecutively from very small to very large. The order, if given, would be big enough to be worth while, so the importer put his price down as low as he could afford to.

But the customer did not close the deal. He would look around a little. Wherever he went, he looked around to good purpose, as he came back in a few days and bought only the middle sizes. He had bought the small and the large stones elsewhere at prices approximately 10 per cent. less than the ones quoted to him by the first dealer. He had simply done business with a smuggler, and the smuggler was unfortunate enough not to have the middle sizes.

In fact, business conditions have become so unsatisfactory that thirty firms of diamond importers have formed an association to proceed against smugglers. Thirty firms have declared that there shall be no more importation without compensation—to the government. All of which sounds very fine, and some of which may come true. But wait.

First, who are the smugglers? They are as careful about naming names down in Maiden Lane as they are about locking their safes at night. About all you can get an importer to say is that the big fellows are the smugglers. The smuggling that is going on, it is said, is too great in volume for small men to get way with it. Any samll or middle-class dealer will vouch for the truth of this statement.

On the other hand, there are big firms among the thirty that have organized an association to stop smuggling. The mere statement of this fact suggested a most painful question:

"How do you know that smugglers are not members of your anti-smuggling organization?"

The importer to whom this query was addressed did not catch his breath or in any other way indicate that he had been shocked. On the other hand, he said he did not know, and that no one could know that no smugglers were members of the organization. A few might be charter members, for all he knew. He was neither casting reflections nor making insinuations—simply telling what he didn't know. And, in the very nature of the case, he declared, nobody could tell whether a few goats had romped in with the sheep or not.

In any event, these gentlemen will have accomplished a most difficult task if they stop, or even greatly diminish, the smuggling of diamonds. If it were the clandestine, surreptitious, and unlawful importation of freight cars that they were trying to prevent, there would be some hope. But diamonds—things that can be stored away $60,000 worth at a time in a vest pocket—they are different. Here are some of the many ways that diamonds are sometimes smuggled:

A custom official was standing beside a ship that was discharging its cargo. He had not taken a post-graduate course on the sugar docks, and was earnestly trying to perform his duty. Not a box or a barrel got past him without a mental calculation with regard to its possible contents. Finally a box came along that evidently contained a casket. A man who was walking near the box didn't look quite right, and the customs official stopped the procession.

"What's in that box?" he inquired.

"Man's body."

"Open the box."

The cover of the box and the upper half of the casket were removed. Sure enough, the body of a man was inside. All right, let it go.

The next time the same ship came into port, another coffin box came ashore; again it was opened, and again the contents were found to be as represented. But the third consecutive time that the same ship brought in a long pine box, the inspector called the captin.

"The mortality among Americans over in Europe must be terrible," he said. "This is the third body you have brought over. Where did you get it? Did the man die on board?"

"No; no one had died on board. The body simply came in the regular course of business as freight."

"Well, open the box, anyway," said the inspector. "I want to see what's inside."

It seemed like a shame to keep interfering with the dead, but orders were orders, and the box was opened. The removal of the upper half of the casket's lid again showed the body of a man. The inspector was on the point of telling the baggage wrestlers to go on with their burden, when another thought struck him.

"Pull off the lower half of that lid," he said.

This done, he himself proceeded to go through the pockets of the man in the box. One pocket after another yielded nothing. But out of a hip pocket was taken a neat little envelope. It was bulged a little at one corner, as if it contained pebbles. But it didn't contain pebbles. It contained nice, sparkling diamonds, of the sort that retail at $125 apiece. The entire collection came to $18,000.

Another man brought home from Europe a fine fowling piece. He hadn't been hunting hippopotami in Africa or anything of that sort, but he had a right to bring home a magazine rifle, of American manufacture, without the payment of duty, and he brought it. In the magazine were nine loaded cartridges—loaded with diamonds. He had taken out the bullets, removed the powder, put in the diamonds, replaced the bullets, and was trying to beat it past the customs officials when one of them stopped him.

"Let's see that rifle," he demanded.

"Oh, that's all right," said the returned traveller. "I bought it in this country and took it abroad with me. Be careful how you handle it, by the way; it is loaded."

He was a wise inspector.

"Take out the cartridges."

The entire nine were removed.

"Somebody's been monkeying with this one," said the inspector, tugging at the protruding lead. "The bullet's loose."

A few seconds later the shiners were all out in the inspector's hand and the returned traveller was trying to tell how a friend had given him the cartridges the day before he sailed and by mistake, had evidently given him a set that he had prepared to put on the Christmas tree for the dear folks at home.

On another occasion a New York man who for a number of years had sailed between Rio Janeiro and this port met a New York friend. In the course of the conversation the New Yorker remarked that he had an unwelcome task to perform. He must go to the purser of a ship that had just come in and get a package of diamonds. He had done the same thing before, but he didn't like to. It was smuggling. Some day he might be caught. Still, the diamonds had been sent by a merchant in Brazil, and he was under sort of a moral obligation to get them.

"Oh, I'll get them for you, if you want me to," replied his companion. "I'm not afraid."

"Will you?" asked the other man with eagerness. "I'll give you a letter to the purser, and he will let you have them."

At this point it is perhaps proper to explain that the young sailor who volunteered to get the diamonds had quit the sea two weeks before and joined the United States customs service. So, when he got the diamonds, he turned them over to the government, and they brought good prices at auction.

There is a little prelude to this incident that shows how fate sometimes helps the gods to grind their grists. A year or two before the diamond incident, the Rio merchant who shipped them was in New York. Meeting the young sailor, who was afterward to seize his diamonds he asked him if he would take back with him to Rio, on his next trip, a little package containing some duplicate parts of a sewing machine.

"Just leave the package at my store in Rio," he said, "and I will be obliged to you."

The sailor, being an accommodating young fellow, took the package. When the ship arrived at Rio it was met, as is the custom, by a small boat that was prepared to take the crew ashore. The sailor with the package hopped into the boat and threw the bundle on the bottom. One of the men at the oars, knowing that they were headed for the custom house, and suspecting that the bundle contained something dutible, threw an oilcloth over it. The custodian of the package recognized the purpose of the oarsman and explained that there was no reason for secrecy.

When the boat pulled up at the pier a customs official with enough gold lace on him to fill a showcase scrutinized the sailors and let them pass. The sailor with the little bundle was known by sight, and no attempt was made to examine the parcel that he carried under his arm. So he went straight to the merchant's store and delivered his burden.

The sailor stood around looking at the display of goods while the clerk went into a back room. In a few moments the salesman—a young fellow with whom the sailor had been on good terms—returned.

"Do you know what is in that package?" he asked.

"Yes; some parts of a sewing machine."

"Come back here and look."

The sailor went back, and there, spread out on a table, were twelve revolvers.

"They were in the package," said the clerk.

Now, the exciting fact about this statement is that the law of Brazil made it an offence punishable by death to smuggle firearms into the country. The sailor knew this. He knew the Brazilians were somewhat impatient and harsh when foreigners violated their laws. There was an old saying in Brazil at that time that when a foreigner got into trouble he was sentenced to jail for seven years, locked in a cell, and the key thrown away. Therefore, when the sailor saw the revolvers he turned white and was seized with a fierce longing for the land of the free and the home of the brave.

However, he recovered his color and his nerve in a moment, and the Brazilian authorities never found him out. And years later it so happened that he was able to seize the diamonds of the man who was willing to risk the life of another merely to get a few revolvers into Brazil without paying duty upon them.

Employes aboard ship, by the way, are supposed to play a considerable part in the smuggling of precious jewels. Once in a while a purser is found who is willing, for a consideration, to pass an envelope to a designated person on the other side. Sometimes a barber can be trusted with $10,000 or $15,000 worth of gems.

At first glance it would seem as if a merchant were taking long chances to intrust $15,000 worth of diamonds to a ship's barber. The merchant is taking chances. But the chances are not so long as they seem.

Here is the way it figures out:

The duty on $15,000 worth of diamonds is $1,500. The barber, having no passage to pay, is the logical man to take them across. If another man were to be hired it would cost $150 to send him over and bring him back.

Suppose a smuggling merchant finds a barber whom he believes he can trust, he can give him the $150 that he would otherwise pay out for steamship tickets. That makes the barber feel good; and the merchant feels as good as he does, because he has saved $150 of the $1,500 that he hopes to gain by the smuggling deal.

Of course, if the barber flees with the bundle, that's all there is to it. He's gone and nothing can be said. But there is reason for believing that when barbers are employed as smugglers, the gems are not turned over to them until the ship is about to sail. Furthermore, the barber may be intrusted with the secret that a husky man is laying for him on the docks to beat his head off, provided he make an attempt to get away with the goods. An additional incentive toward honestly lies in the fact that $150 of extra income now and then, with a clear conscience, is more to be prized than the possibility of going to a hospital in an attempt to steal another man's property.

Diamonds have also been smuggled in canned goods. A box of French peas, for instance, may contain one can that has been carefully unsoldered, loaded with sparklers, resealed, and put in with twenty-three innocent cans. Let an inspector find these diamonds, if he thinks he can. Another way is to secrete jewels in the clothing of children.

A few years ago a woman was coming down the gangplank carrying a child that was howling as if a vivisection operation were being performed upon it. The inspector who was on the job evidently had children of his own, for he quickly observed that the child was crying as he had never sen a child cry before.

"Madame," he said, "you will have to stop in here and let me see what's the matter with your child."

"Are you a physician?" asked the lady quite coldly.

"No, I am not," replied, "but I'll have to look the baby over anyway; maybe I can do something for him."

The youngster's clothes were removed and a chamois sack, containing thirty stones, was found betwen the baby's shoulders. Evidently the sack was not put down the child's neck until the last moment, as the string that closed it had become untwisted and one of the diamonds had fallen out. Unfortunately, the stone had nestled between the child's flesh and the mother's supporting arm. Thus was another poor woman's income cut off.

It may seem difficult to beat a game that can be played in so many different ways. It is difficult. The Maiden Lane importers, however, believe they can beat it. Here is the way they hope to do it:

The law requires that every shipper shall declare his shipment before the nearest American consul. The anti-smugglers want the foreign merchants also to report to the American consuls the names of all Americans to whom they sell precious stones, together with a detailed description of the purchases. Then, if an American who is known to them as a consulate, he can be watched, and by extra diligence of the customs officials on this side, perhaps caught.

So the whole problem revolves around the question of whether foreign merchants can be induced to co-operate with the United States government in an effort to prevent the smuggling of jewels. Foreign dealers are like Americans—some are honest; some are not. Those who are conducting the campaign against smuggling on this side believe there are enough honest dealers abroad, so that a good beginning can be made in tracing the purchases of American firms. And, any foreign dealer who shall refuse to co-operate will thereby afford the best reason for putting a watch on his place.

Any way you look at it, it is a hard task, but New York importers say the only way to stop jewel-smuggling is to begin on the other side. Let a man board a ship unsuspected, and, even if he have diamonds on his person, it is almost impossible to find them. Collector Loeb, a little while ago, made two diamond merchants pull off every stitch of clothes they had on, only to discover that they were innocent of wrongdoing. Presumably, he had some special reasons for suspecting them, but a Maiden Lane man says that Mr. Loeb, unfortunately, happened to hold up two of the most reputable men in the business.

Anyway, Mr. Loeb can't undress everybody, so it seems certain that the only way to stop jewel smuggling is to get the jewels before they are put aboard ship.

IN POLAR CAVES.

Bering Sea People Who Live in Cliffs High Over the Water.

Five hundred feet above the troubled surface of Bering sea, which dashes itself to spray on the bare rock wall far below them, lives a race of real cliff dwellers, writes the Nome correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. How long these strange people have been nestled in the caverns of Kings island no one pretends to know. But they are there to-day, living in much the same way as anthropologists say our ancestors lived some time in the long ago after they had given up roosting in trees.

Kings island, like the Diomedes and other islands in Bering sea and Bering strait, is of limestone formation, with what the geologist calls granite intrusions. This peculiar formation is favorable to the formation of caves, and Kings island is honeycombed with caves and grottos. One great cave is more than 200 feet in height.

The Eskimos who inhabited these caves and whose descendants still clamber up and down the precipitous ledges have added to the ancient cliff dwellings of a more remote period a newer type of dwelling. In winter they creep back into the rock chambers, that are greasy with the memory of much blubber and many big feasts in the days that were. But in summer the Kings islander abandons his ancestral home and fixes up a home that is a thousand times more puzzling to the traveler than is the simple abode of a real cave man. Great poles are fixed in the rocks and on these is built a boxlike affair, which is then covered with walrus skin. These walrus skin cabins look for all the world like coffins suspended on poles, but when the summer tourist approaches them he finds that every one is full of very lively Eskimos, with sundry pups and venerable dogs scrambling out to give voice to a strange greeting.

Kings island is the flat top of some sunken mountain. Its sides rise quite perpendicularly from the water to a height of over a thousand feet. All around its four miles of shore line there is not a square yard of beach, and only a few feet away the water is fifty fathoms deep. Owing to the fact that the region [illegible] Bering strait is almost always stormy, it is nearly always quite impossible for white men to land on this island. The native, by long practice, has learned how to land his big skin "oomiak" and to launch it even when the bravest white man would fear to approach the rocky shore. In launching their big canoes several men get in and then canoe and all are thrown upon the surf as a wave is ebbing.

Although Kings island is a barren rock, with practically no vegetation, the hundred or so natives who live there do not starve. In fact, it is just possible that the average white family is not much better off in the way of eating, when taste is left out of the question, than are these belated cliff dwellers on Kings island. The sea around them abounds in walruses, and when the ice pack begins moving through Bering strait great herds of walruses may be heard through the long sunlit night bellowing like wild cattle. To an Eskimo a walrus is just plain meat, and from the time that the first sonorous roar of the great sea monsters comes over the ice until the last ton of blubber is stored in the great cave no one sleeps on Kings island. Sometimes sixty walruses have been killed out of one herd by these daring sea hunters. The ivory from these creatures runs into many hundreds of dollars.

These cave people who live just below the Arctic circle are also great whalers, and there is seldom a year goes by that some of these leviathans of the deep do not feel the savage thrust of the cliff dwellers' harpoons. With walrus and whale [illegible] and hundreds of seals and thousands of Bering sea tomcod, the Kings islander manages to live fat.

Probably the finest ivory cribbage board in the world come from Kings island. Not only is the carving of these cribbage boards remarkably well done, but the drawings of nearly the surfaces are exquisitely done and make the boards very attractive to white purchasers.

AMERICAN FARMERS IN CANADA.

(From the National Magazine.)

It is not necessary to dwell for long upon the physical prosperity that is being enjoyed by the Americans who have moved into the Canadian Prairie Provinces. They would not stay there if they were not doing well. Though bread and butter are great social and political acclimatizers the fudamental contentment of the American in Canada is the product of something more than growing thirty bushels of wheat to an acre, and seeing his land multiply in value. For your American abroad is nothing if not intensely patriotic. He carries a watch in one vest pocket and Old Glory in the other. Wherever an opportunity arises he sings, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and if an opportunity does not soon arise, he quickly makes one. I have joined scores of times in singing the first verse of that sonorous hymn to the tune which some of my friends believe has been appropriated by England for what they supposed was a parody on the junior national anthem. There must be something extraordinary in the political atmosphere which reconciles the immigrant from below forty-nine to life in a foreign country. For the American does not live by bread alone.

The truth is, of course, that when Americans come to western Canada they don't find it foreign country at all. In soil, climate, transportation, agricultural machinery, currency, social observances, churches—in everything except the outward political forms, the differences which they thought would be tremendous are only trivial. In most cases they are in favor of the adopted land.

ODE TO THE CANDY KID.

Marshmallows often haunt my dreams,
And fudge is fine and dandy,
I dearly love my chocolate creams,
But, oh, you peanut candy!—Judge.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS SAY

Enterprising Railroad Company Developing Farming Proptrty in Order to Build Up Its Own Business.

(From the Bennington Banner.)

An enterprising railroad company in a neighboring State is considering as a sort of permanent investment the development of farming property along its line of track in order to build up business for the railroad. The plan is to take hold of farm property that is producing little in comparison with what it should and by putting it in charge of trained and progressive men show what can be done with it and then try to locate on it farmers who seem likely to keep the property productive and increasing in value. The railroad does not propose to actually buy much farm real estate, but merely to help present owners improve it, or sell it where they are not in position to carry it on themselves. The Banner is particularly interested in the experiment for it is what the Banner has been urging Vermont railroads to undertake for the past six or eight years. It need not be made an expensive experiment, that of course depending on the extent to which the undertaking was carried. We should like to see the Rutland railroad company, the most progressive of Vermont transportation lines, undertake this line of development in Vermont.

INSURING VERMONT HERDS AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

(From the Rutland Herald.)

The business of testing Vermont cattle for tuberculosis has received a pretty thorough trial, both under and unlimited appropriation and under the meager $40,000, to which the late lamented Legislature limited the expense.

It might be going too far to say that no gain has been made in the fight against bovine tuberculosis, but it is true that as a measure of radical house-cleaning it has been at least ineffective.

What frequently happens is that the State tests a man's herd, kills the diseased cattle and pays him the "bounty" thereon, whereupon he buys a nondescript lot of untested cows, incorporates them in his herd and speedily gets himself back into the same condition which prevailed before the first test. He then calls upon the State to test them again and pay him if the herd again proves to be diseased, thus keeping the matter in an endless circle.

The Herald has held and with good reason it seems that the State, having once tested a herd, should require the owner to keep it clean, furnishing simply the test and requiring the owner to bear his own losses from slaughter. The percentage paid for cattle found diseased is probably too high at 60 per cent, but it would pay the State to increase this to 100 per cent and then place the burden of maintaining a clean herd upon the farmer himself.

In this connection a tested herd's label on butter, cheese, milk and cream, changed annually and issued only on exhibition of a certificate from a reliable veterinary, would bring the matter within the State's proper police powers and establish a business footing for this whole costly arrangement from which both the State and the stock owners would profit in the end.

It is proper for the State to undertake this cleaning up of bovine tuberculosis—once. After that the burden of responsibility should be placed on the owners.

LONG DISTANCE HEATING.

(From the Swanton Courier.)

A man out in Waltham, Mass., who owns a small factory has solved to some extent the problem of waste heat by building a large apartment house within a short distance from the factory which he heats from the same boiler room that runs his machines. He says that it does not cost him a cent more to heat the house, as nothing but heat that was formerly lost is used.—Exchange.

Col. Slack, a prominent manufacturer of Springfield has developed the same idea for heating his residence. He built a concrete dam across Black river last fall, and laid a six inch steam pipe with a wood jacket around it, across the dam and about six feet below the crest all enclosed in solid concrete. It is connected with the steam boilers in the electric light station and heats his home about six hundred feet distant. No dust, ashes or any trouble except to turn on the steam.

STATE AND NATIONAL FORESTERS.

(From the Montpelier Journal.)

The Journal regrets to learn that such an excellent official as State Forester Hawes should take occasion in a public address to say of Gifford Pinchot, recently discharged from the office of chief forester, that "on account of the fact that he stood up for the people's interests as against the trusts he has recently been expelled from office." As the Journal understands the situation Mr. Pinchot was expelled for insubordination so flagrant that it could not be ignored by any self-respecting chief executive. Mr. Pinchot was "expelled" by the President of the United States and if this action was taken because the chief forester "stood up for the people's interests as against the trusts" then William H. Taft should be tried before a court of impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors. The charge made by Mr Hawes is a very grave one.

IS BARTER STILL LEGAL?

(From the Montpelier Journal.)

Purely as a matter of public convenience the Journal is printing the time of the arrival and departure of trains. This is done without any compensation other than the knowledge that in so doing this paper renders a service to its readers. It is a service for which a newspaper has a right to expect compensation from the railroads, and one for which the railroad companies would gladly pay in mileages were it not for what the Journal believes to be an absurd and illogical construction of the law, whereby the railroad commission has refused to permit the railroads to make such an exchange.

If a farmer may exchange his butter or his eggs for the grocer's tea and sugar, why may not the newspaper exchange its advertising space for mileages? It does not seem to this paper that the higher courts would bear out such a construction of the law, for it strikes at the roots of barter, the oldest kind of trade in the world. Not all business is done on a cash basis. Even now the farmer, for example, often has more produce than ready money, and will buy certain goods only on condition that he may pay for them in the articles which he raises on his farm. Railroads sometimes find it easier to pay for advertising in mileages than in money. Why should this be refused?

A bill legalizing such exchange was before the last Legislature and was beaten by methods not at all creditable. The contention that newspapers would be subsidized by permitting a fair exchange of commodities ought to be too ridiculous for serious consideration. Apparently it was believed by members of the last General Assembly. In earlier days, when a publisher took a cord of wood from a farmer in payment for his paper there was no hint of an improper transaction. If a man who owns a newspaper choses to take from merchants who advertise with him a book or a dress pattern, a box of pills or a bag of beans, instead of money, he ought to have the privilege. Because one party to a transaction is a railroad the principle involved is not different. The men who sought to conjure up dark plots and discreditable transactions out of fair and open business methods did not add to their fame as statesmen or to their usefulness as citizens. The questions merely resolves itself into a matter of bookkeeping, and is so simple that it ought to be easy for any person to understand the merits of the case. If the publisher may take the money of a railroad for services rendered he is not likely to be debauched by taking mileages and turning those mileages into money.

A PLAIN BUSINESS MATTER.

(From the St. Albans Messenger.)

The Montpelier Journal, in an editorial reprinted elsewhere in this paper, puts up a substantial argument against the prohibition of the exchange of railroad mileages for newspaper advertising. The suggestion that the railroad companies practically subsidized the Vermont press by this exchange is too childish to be discussed seriously. The whole affair was never anything more or less than a reciprocal business proposition and so understood by both parties.

The railroad, on its part, could afford to pay for the publication of its timetables, for advertising excursions, changes in train schedules, reductions in fares, and similar information, by mileages when it could not afford the actual expenditure of money. It could afford to do a more liberal advertising of this kind by paying for it in mileages, than it could and does today because it must pay in money.

The newspaper, on its part reckoned the mileages received in exchange for this advertising at the regular tariff rate, two cents a mile, credited the newspaper on account with as much as each exchange amounted to, and straightway went out on to the street and sold its mileages for cash in ten minutes.

The railroad got its advertising.

The newspaper got its money.

The public got a better service from the public service corporations and from the newspapers because railroad timetables and all other similar matters of every day public interest were liberally advertised.

And how was the press corrupted because it "bartered" with the railroads instead of doing business on a strictly cash basis with them? Who can point to a single instance that even suggests suspicion of it? There is not a more independent public press in all independent old New England than the newspapers of Vermont. And any man that knows the political history of this State for the past ten years knows that all the time the newspapers were accepting mileages in payment for railroad advertising, these very same newspapers were favoring the adoption of some of the most radical railroad legislation the State of Vermont has ever enacted, and some of that very same legislation is now held by certain authorities to cut off the right of newspapers to accept such exchange of mileage any longer!

When the cold facts are looked squarely in the face, it is hard to persuade most sensible men that a newspaper cannot as honestly accept from a railroad a mileage figured at its tariff value for an adequate amount of advertising as it could accept from a farmer a dozen or two of eggs on a subscription.

The newspapers will give the public better news service, the railroads will be able to give the public extra transportation facilities and inducements more frequently, when the sensible reciprocal arrangement of former days is restored.

FINANCIAL