

GORGED, BUT GREEDY

ALLEGED NEED FOR HIGH TARIFF IS ALL HUMBBUG.

Under Normal Conditions the Present Law Is Sufficient—Instructive Figures from Statement of Foreign Trade—Republicans Degenerated.

The Main Object. The organs of Republicanism are continually asserting that the main object of the bill which Mr. Dingley's committee is hatching is to supply more revenue.

If they are sincere why is it that they either ignore or dismiss with a sneering line a bill recently introduced in the House by Representative Goodwyn of Alabama? The bill is a short one. It provides simply for doubling the present tax on beer and other fermented liquors.

There is nothing elaborate about it. There is no reason why there should be. It is so plain that anybody can understand it and it requires no new machinery and no additional officer or employee for the collection of the increased tax. Even at the increased rate the tax would be far lighter than that on distilled spirits.

This bill would produce an additional revenue of at least \$30,000,000 a year. It would bring all this revenue into the public treasury and not put a dollar into the private revenue of any millionaire philanthropist who pretends to live only to promote the happiness of his hired men. And this revenue would begin to come into the treasury immediately, which is precisely what the organs profess to want. They claim to be distressed about a deficit not prospective, but present. Here is a chance to furnish relief inside of two days if only the Republicans in Congress would. And the relief would be sufficient and more than sufficient. The pretense that we need \$60,000,000 a year more revenue is all humbug. Under normal conditions the present law would produce all the revenue needed and more than all for any purpose save that of getting ready for a fo-um blood banquet. The proposed increase in the beer tax would easily tide over until the return of normal conditions if the war dogs would stop their baying long enough to permit normal conditions to be restored.

Then why is it taken for granted with evident satisfaction in all Republican quarters that the Goodwyn bill has been pigeon-holed by the Republicans of Mr. Dingley's committee and will never reappear? Obviously because the pretense that their main object is to raise more public revenue is false. Their main object is something else. They are well pleased because the present administration has accumulated a sufficient surplus to keep things going until they can accomplish their main object.

To raise a sufficient revenue is one of the easiest things in the world. Congress could do it in forty-eight hours and not shed a drop of sweat. But it takes much longer to frame a bill to the satisfaction of all the numerous interests that are hankering after more private revenue out of the public pocket. That is why nothing has been done when everything necessary to provide government revenue could have been done easily before the holiday recess.

That is why all the "hearings" have been granted. If the object had been to raise revenue there would have been no need of a single hearing. Did the drug men, the pottery men, the iron men, the cotton goods men, the wool men and all the others go to Washington to be heard about raising revenue for public use? Not a bit of it. Every hungry jackal of the lot would laugh at such a suggestion.

The main object of the tariff revision which is going on is to meet the demands of the selfish and the greedy who fattened the campaign fund upon the understanding that they should have a chance to recoup themselves from the pockets of the people just as soon after election as a Congress, convened for that purpose in extra session, could be induced to act. The problem which requires so much time for the solution is to satisfy the interests without waking up the victims.

The Grand Old Humbbug. The degeneracy of the Republican party is nowhere more strikingly seen than in the State of Illinois. The party was once eager for power not for the mere sake of spoils, but for the enforcement of an idea. Originally designed to prevent, if possible, the extension of slavery in the Territories, it became under the leadership of Mr. Lincoln the emancipator of the slave wherever found under the American flag, and with the cordial support of war Democrats, who constituted a large part of the armies of the Union, suppressed the slaveholders' rebellion. No sooner was it entrenched in authority than its decay began. It saw and profited the advantages of a favored class of a tremendous war tariff, and in profound peace it refused to repeal the tariff taxation that it stated upon its enactment was to continue only during the exigency that demanded it. In the period of reconstruction it became the apologist of military despotism and the champion of bare-faced scoundrelism operating through carpet-baggers in the South. It tasted spoils and its appetite was insatiable. The warning voice of good men within the party demanding trial of the merit system went unheeded, and it was not until a Democratic leader in a Democratic house perfected the law and a Democratic executive succeeding Arthur gave it effect that a rational, honest system of public employment was introduced, maintained and enlarged.

Lincoln was intensely a partisan, and though it was necessary upon the part of the administration to lean upon war

Democrats for support, he had not been in office six months until he had discharged every Democrat in the civil service. The party took possession of every place of employment within sight. But if, like the politicians of his time, Lincoln had not risen to a just conception of public employment or lacked the courage and support to give effect to a rational program, he was a man of strong intellectual force, of high aims and of entire respectability. In the Senate of the United States, before Lincoln was President, Illinois was represented by an able man, mighty in debate, patriotic in impulse, capable of intellectual leadership, and not dependent upon a petty machine. To dispute the Senatorship with Douglas the Republican party thought it necessary to unite upon Lincoln.

Years elapse, during which the Republican party that assisted in destroying chattel slavery has become a champion of commercial slavery, and in the processes of the party's degeneracy we find that its most prominent candidate for Senator, where Lincoln once was honored, was one boodler, who, when turned down, was superseded by another; and it was by the rarest chance—a fight between the spoilsmen themselves—that a respectable man was chosen.

The Republican party may be old now, but it is no longer grand. Its return to power is likely to be brief.

Prosperity. If selling more merchandise abroad than we buy means good times, then we should be more prosperous to-day than we ever have been in our history, for our exports last year were greater than our imports by over three hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, which is fully twenty millions more than is shown by any previous year of which we have any record.

The exports during 1896 were also absolutely greater than in any previous year, being \$1,005,000,000, in round figures, as against \$970,000,000 in 1891, which is the next highest, the difference between the two being \$35,000,000. The imports, on the contrary, were less than at any time in ten years past, with the one exception of two years ago—1894—when they were only \$4,000,000 below the record of 1896.

With these figures before us the question naturally arises whether the difference between the exports and imports has been paid to us or whether it is still due, and if the latter, when and how will it be turned over? The treasury statistics show that during the year of 1896 we received \$46,000,000 more than we parted with. Deducting this amount from the excess of merchandise exports there is still a balance of \$279,000,000 unaccounted for.

It would be interesting indeed to find for a certainty that foreign countries owe us this much for merchandise to-day, and will pay it to us in cash within the next few months. The importation of such a large amount of cash could hardly help setting all our idle factories and workshops going, and give us an era of prosperity as a certainty.

The fact that our imports have diminished and our exports increased is due either to the Wilson tariff, which the Democratic party gave to the country, or to causes that have a much wider and deeper foundation than any legislative act can have, or perhaps to the two combined.

The Wilson tariff did one good thing for American industry when it reduced or abolished the duties on raw materials. This gave our workmen a better chance to compete with those of other countries in the world's markets, and the result is unquestionably an increase in our exports and a decrease in our imports. We sell more abroad because we can do so more cheaply since the imported raw material costs us less than it did under the former McKinley bill, and we buy less because, for the same reason of having cheaper raw materials, we can hold our own markets to a greater extent against competing foreigners.

Combined with this advantage, for which the Democratic party is alone entitled to credit, is the recent great demand for our breadstuffs from the countries in which the harvests are, and have been, bad. Our exports of cotton, too, have been very large. Thus legislation, which the Republican party opposed, and which it intends to sweep away at the earliest opportunity, is responsible for at least a partial increase in our exports, and entirely for the decrease in imports, while natural laws, which are independent of governmental action, have led to the further growth of the export figures.

That this large balance of trade in our favor ought to be conducive to our prosperity is not to be disputed if ordinary business reasoning—which is also the reasoning of political economists—is correct. The nearly three hundred millions of dollars still due us, according to the treasury statistics, should come to us in cash if the current of events is not suddenly reversed. That it will be at least partially reversed by the re-enactment of the McKinley tariff is more than likely, and if it is then the Republican party will have to answer for the mischief.

Political Points. Members of the Indiana Legislature have concluded that it would be best, all things considered, for Gen. Lew Wallace to continue to write books.

They have an elephant in the New York Central Park zoo which blows a trumpet. He is supposed to be a half brother to the Republican elephant.

A Toledo man says he has invented a system for the refrigeration of buildings by the transmission of artificially cooled brine, so that "a low temperature may be maintained at any time, no matter how hot the surroundings may be." We advise him to send his circulars to the superintendent of the Illinois state-house right away.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

Necessity for Ungraded Schools in Many Places—How to Have a School Restaurant—Dangers of the Uniform State Text Book System.

Ungraded Schools. Ought there not to be one or more ungraded schools in every city or other graded district? The writer recollects when this was a necessity in some districts of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, in the coal district, for what were known as the "breaker-boys" and "boat-boys" school kept open for several months in the year when the coal-breakers were silent and navigation closed. These schools served a good purpose, because the boys attended but a few months during the year, and it was impossible for them to keep step with the boys and girls who attended, from eight to ten months. The establishment of the temporary schools prevented the disorganizing of the graded schools, and altogether it seemed at that time the most economic arrangement possible.

In most cities there are a number of boys especially who find it impossible to do the regular graded work. Would it not be best to place these in an ungraded school and resort to individual instruction as far as possible?—Educational News.

Questions for Young Men.

On Choosing a Profession.—It is not enough to-day to say that this or that boy is absolutely trustworthy in order to get him a situation in a shop, a banking-house or a law-office, in the leather or the toy business. He must be trustworthy. It is taken for granted that he is honest. This is not undervaluing honesty in the least. Quite the reverse, in fact, because if a boy is not absolutely reliable, nobody wants him, no matter how clever he may be. But there are hosts of honest boys—in fact, almost all of them are straightforward. But to get a place in any establishment now besides honesty and reliability is required, and hence the good old Sunday-school-story type of boy who made millions because—and only because—he was honest, is unfair to the average boy reader, since it makes him think that success is at his hand if he is honest.

That is the mistake many a fine chap makes, and when after a while he does not get ahead, in spite of his honesty, he grows melancholy and disgusted. When you get a place as a boy in a store, as clerk in a banking-house, or assistant in a professional office, you must take things into your own hands. Naturally, you want to advance yourself, but the quickest way of doing this is to let your own interest drop for the time, and study out what is your employer's interest. Having found this, try every day in the year to see how you can improve, suggest, push forward his success. Pretty soon he begins to notice you, to think over your suggestions. In time something comes up, and he wants a man for a certain purpose. Ten to one he will think you are the only one for it, because you have been keeping yourself before him so much in a way that helps him. And not long afterwards you are the man he relies on. That is the beginning, and like all good thorough beginnings, it is more than half the battle.—Harper's Round Table.

School Lunches.

A system by which school luncheons are provided for pupils who cannot return home at mid-day, was inaugurated in connection with the English high school, Chicago, two or three years ago. The experiment has met with great success, and the school "restaurant" has now about 300 seats, which, although no pupil is in any way obliged to bring his luncheon to the school, are always filled. Good food and drink is supplied at the lowest possible figure, while pupils whose parents prefer are allowed to bring their own luncheon, which, however, must be eaten in the "restaurant." This system is found to be efficacious in doing away with disorderliness, the boys meeting together at table and eating their luncheon in a mannerly and gentlemanly way.

Dangers of a System.

One of the dangers of the uniform State text book system lies in the fact that often the committee to whom the choice of books is entrusted consists either of politicians or of State officers who are neither teachers nor schooled in the requirements and essentials of good text books. This is unfortunate, but it gives the agent a chance to show his hospitality, and often the battle is won not on the merits of the books examined, but by the suavity of the man who is paid to talk for the books and win the fight.—Educational News.

How Teachers Can Save Time.

Do not allow pupils to idle, putter or fumble. Teach pupils to be independent workers and thinkers.

Mark the attendance of pupils without calling the roll. It is seldom worth while to keep a daily record of recitations. Study up time-saving devices for conveying impressive instruction.

Arrange your papers and materials so that you can find instantly whatever you want. Require pupils to plan and prepare for their work, and to keep their belongings in order.

Arrive at school a reasonable time before it opens and stay a reasonable time after it closes. In some cases encourage and require pupils to study outside of school hours. Obtain the co-operation of parents and others in such work.—J. B. Tice, Superintendent Schools, Plainville, Mass.

THE BETTER NEW YORK.

Reforms that Have Been Adopted in the Metropolis.

Upon the road which New York has been treading this half-score years there is at last no turning back. The streets evacuated by the trucks have been occupied by the children, the truckman with the rest, for the want of better playgrounds, and the truckman has abandoned the fight; and where they crowd thickest, playgrounds of their own are being fitted up for them in school and park. "Hereafter no school house shall be constructed in the city of New York without an open playground attached to or used in connection with the same," says one of the briefest but most beneficial laws ever enacted by the people of the State of New York. It is all there is of it, but it stands for a good deal. No child of New York, poor or rich, shall hereafter be despoiled of his birthright—a chance to play; and as for the streets, does any one imagine that New Yorkers will ever be persuaded to barter away their clean and noiseless pavements and pure air for the whirling dust-clouds, the summer stench, and the winter sloughs of old, seasoned with no matter what mess of political pottage? If so, he is grievously mistaken. Col. Waring has shown us that the streets of New York can be cleaned, and any future city government, no matter how corrupt or despotic, will have to reckon with him. And right well the enemy knows it; he may not refrain from picking our pockets in future, but he will at least have to do it with due regard to the decencies of life.

Mulberry Bend is gone, and in its place have come grass and flowers and sunshine. Across the Bowery, where 324,000 human beings were shown to live out of sight and reach of a green spot, four of the most crowded blocks have been seized for demolition, to make room for the two small parks demanded by the Tenement House Commission. Bone Alley, redolent of filth and squalor and wretchedness, is to go, and the children of that teeming neighborhood are to have a veritable little Coney Island, with sandhills and shells, established at their very doors. Who can doubt the influence it will have upon young lives heretofore framed in gutters?

Question whether the greatest wrong done the children of the poor in the past has not been the esthetic starvation of their lives rather than the physical injury. Against the latter, provision has been made by stringent tenement house laws, by the vigorous warfare upon child labor, by the extension of the law's protection to stores as to factories, and by the restriction of the sweat-shop evil. In the park to be laid out by the Schiff fountain, in the shadow of the Hebrew Institute—one of the noblest charities—a great public bath is to rise upon the site of the present rookeries, harbinger of others to come. All about, new school houses are going up, on a plan of structural perfection and architectural excellence at which earlier school boards would have stood aghast. The first battle for the schools has been fought and won, and though there be campaigning ahead without stint on that score, the day is in sight when every child who asks shall find a seat provided for him in the public school, and when that scandal of the age, the mixing of truants and thieves in a jail, shall have finally ceased, even as it is now forbidden by law.—Century.

Quick Profits.

"Business" is the watchword of the day, and the small boy is developing on that line with a rapidity which astounds the previous generation. But the practical side of his nature has not obscured the poetry of childhood. The fairy tale is as potent as ever, and there was a smile of pleasure on the face of the lad who remarked at breakfast:

"I had a beautiful dream last night." "What was it?" his father asked. "I thought I was out in the woods and I saw a most gorgeously dressed lady coming toward me."

"That is a good deal like some of the stories that you have been reading."

"Yes, it doesn't get very different until the end. I knew by her looks that she was the fairy queen, and I made up my mind that I wasn't going to lose chances like some of the boys in story books, who didn't know a good chance when they saw it."

"Did she offer you three wishes?" "Yes, and I called to mind how she sometimes took advantage of a mortal's being excited and nervous when he wished, in order to make him waste his opportunities and have a good laugh at him. So, when she said, 'Little boy, I'll give you three wishes,' I didn't jump at the chance. I said, 'Will you give me whatever I ask for?' She answered, 'Yes; you may have three wishes.'"

"What did you do?" "I wished for four."

Japanese Women.

Everybody smokes in Japan. The pipes hold a little wad of fine cut tobacco as big as a pea. It is fired, and the smoker takes a long whiff, blowing the smoke in a cloud from the mouth and nose. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and lets him finish the whiff.

Tolstoi's Faithful Follower.

Prince Dimitri Khilkov, a Russian nobleman, has followed the advice of Count Tolstoi, and divided his estates among the peasants, reserving but seven acres for his own cultivation.

It is clearly evident what is expected of a young man when members of his family invite him to a family reunion.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Sand Man. The Sand Man drops in every night, The Sand Man with his sand; To sprinkle grains in little eyes With unseen, unfelt hand.

He comes about the hour when all The baby work is done; When toys lie scattered round the room, Abandoned one by one.

A hobby horse once rocked with vim Stands quiet in his stall— A consecrated space between The trundle bed and wall.

A jumping-jack, an iron bank, A painted rubber ball, A rattle with a whistle on, A dozen and battered doll.

A dozen little glittering things So dear to babyland, But now the Sand Man comes around, The Sand Man with his sand.

Two chubby little fists are forced In two small sleepy eyes, To rub away the sand which sifts Across some tired sighs.

And now the Sand Man yields his place To a fairy with a rod, Who beckons toward that mystic shrine, The babyland of Nod.

The Sand Man drops in every night, The Sand Man with his sand; To sprinkle grains in little eyes, With unseen, unfelt hand.

—Charles Nelson Johnson, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Just So.

Little Boy (writing composition)—I want to use that saying that's in our copybooks, but I can't remember it all.—"Man glories in his strength, Woman glories in—" What's the rest, I wonder?

Little Girl—Let me see.—"Woman glories in her—her hat."

To Recall His Youth.

The old man sighed as he took the golden-haired, laughing little boy on his knee, and stroking his shining tresses, said:

"Ah, how much I should like to feel like a child again."

Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and looking up in his grandfather's face, remarked:

"Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

A Cat with an Odd Appetite.

An ordinary cat's bill of fare is quite complete when it contains in the first course a saucer of milk, in the second a nice, tender mouse, and in the third a piece of custard pie. But Frances Holden, of Omaha, had a high-toned cat that bore the odd name of Okobji, which insisted on having an extra course of crab salad. Last summer, when she and her brothers and sisters were out camping, they gathered a basket of lively little crabs and poured them near on the tent floor. Okobji, being out at hand, came sniffing up, like the dainty cat she was, and all the boys and girls were surprised to see her walk right into the midst of the wriggling mass. Some of the crabs caught hold of her tail, of her whiskers and of her fur, until she was fairly alive with them. Okobji seemed to enjoy it first rate, and played with them as if they were mice. Presently, when she was tired of the fun, she sat down and calmly ate all the crabs up, one after another. Whoever heard of a cat with such an odd appetite?

A Snowball.

Teddy never meant to do it. But when Tom threw a snowball, what could he do but squeeze up another and toss it back? And how could he know that naughty ball would hop right over Tom's head and go smash! right through the window of Miss Priscilla Prim's millinery shop! But there was the broken pane, and the glass scattered all over the ladies' bonnets.

Tom dodged around one corner, and Teddy around the other. When Miss Priscilla looked out, the street was all empty and still as if there was not one little boy in town.

"I got off pretty well," thought Teddy. "If she caught me, she'd make me pay the whole eighty-seven cents."

Nobody but Teddy knew how many errands he had run and how many paths he had swept and how much candy and popcorn and butterscotch he had not eaten to get together those eighty-seven cents. As soon as he could earn just thirteen cents more they were all to go for the little steam-engine in the toy-shop window.

Just five minutes later Teddy stepped into Miss Priscilla's shop with his little red savings-bank in his hand. He emptied it on the counter, and out came rolling such a swarm of dimes and nickels and pennies! Miss Priscilla was so surprised that her eyebrows went right up to her little gray curls.

"Say, I fired that snowball," said Teddy, bravely. "So I ought to pay for it, 'course, you know."

"Well, you are an honest boy!" said Miss Priscilla. "But you are dreadful careless."

Teddy went past the toy-shop window on his way home, and he could not help just looking at the little engine. But he was not sorry for being honest, not a bit.—Youth's Companion.

If All the Clocks Should Stop.

Supposing all the clocks and watches in the world should suddenly run down with a click and a burr and a clatter to-night at 1 o'clock. How many boys and girls are there who would be able,

to tell the right time to go to school tomorrow morning? It wouldn't be an easy matter, would it, even if the sun was shining out warm and bright? But that's all because there are so many timepieces everywhere that we get confused depending on them. Over in China, where the people are very poor and can't afford to own watches, how do you suppose any one knows when to go to dinner, especially if it's a cloudy day?

Why, by looking at the cat. For in China a cat is not only a mouser and a pet, but a clock. When a Chinaman wants to know the time he runs to the household tabby, opens her eyes and at once tells what time it is. This he does by looking at the pupils of the eye, which he has discovered to be of varying sizes at different hours of the day, being affected by the position of the sun, even when the day is cloudy.

Another curious clock, which any of our boys and girls could easily make, is used by the natives of the Pacific islands. It is made of the half of a coconut shell, cut smooth at the edges, and having a very small hole bored in the bottom of it. This shell is placed in a pail of water and a small stream spurts up through the hole in a tiny fountain. In just one hour—so carefully has the hole been bored to the proper size—the shell sinks with a gurgling sound that serves the same purpose as the striking of a clock. The native promptly lifts it out and sets it afloat again to measure the next hour.

No doubt the native mother may be heard calling to her little son Joey Conch-Shell, who likes to lie abed in the morning:

"Joey, Joey, jump up; it's 2 whole shells after sunrise, and time that you went out and saddled the giraffe for Sister Sue to take a ride."

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

Wonderful Mechanical Effects of a Locomotive Running a Mile a Minute.

At sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty miles—that is, the fuel must be four times as great in the one case as in the other. But at sixty miles an hour this fuel must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at thirty miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great at the faster speed. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders and the other parts must be greater with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, therefore, if the weight per wheel, on account of the limit of weight that the rails will carry, is limited, we soon reach a point where the driving wheels and other parts cannot be further enlarged, and then we reach the maximum speed. The nice adjustment necessary of the various parts of these immense engines may be indicated by some figures as to the work performed by these parts when the locomotive is working at high speed. Take a passenger engine on any of the big railroads. At sixty miles an hour a driving wheel five and one-half feet in diameter revolves five times every second. Now, the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston rod, cross head and connecting rod, weighing about 650 pounds, must move back and forth a distance equal to the stroke, usually two feet, every time the wheel revolves, or in a fifth of a second. It starts from a state of rest at the end of each stroke of the piston, and must acquire a velocity of thirty-two feet per second in one-twentieth of a second, and must be brought to a state of rest in the same period of time.

A piston eighteen inches in diameter has an area of 254½ square inches. Steam of 150 pounds pressure per square inch would, therefore, exert a force on the piston equal to 38,175 pounds. This force is applied alternately on each side of the piston ten times in a second.—Troy Budget.

Broke the Law.

By conferring the Order of the Golden Fleece upon the Duke of Orleans on the occasion of his marriage Emperor Francis Joseph has caused much commotion in Vienna and Madrid, as the appointment is contrary to the statutes of the order. A Knight of the Golden Fleece must prove that he is the legitimate offspring of eight generations of ancestors, all noble and all Catholics. The Duke's grandmother, the mother of the Comte de Paris, was Princess Helene, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was born and died a Protestant, while three of his ancestors—the Regent Orleans, Philippe Egalite's father, and Egalite himself, married illegitimate descendants of Louis XIV.

Had Met the Greatest of Them.

Grigsby—When you were abroad did you go to see any of the autocrats or despots?
Strandby—No; I went abroad in search of novelties. You know that I have had a long experience with janitors on this side of the water.—Boston Transcript.

His Fate.

Sympathizing friend—Where were the remains of your late husband buried?
The widow (sadly)—There were no remains; he—me—met—a bear!—The Sketch.

Easily Recognizable.

Miss De Style—Fancy! There is Mme. Paris, my milliner, in the riding class!
Mr. De Style—Where? Oh, yes. That must be her on that high charger.—New York Journal.

Things eaten out of a spoon shaped differently from the ones you are used to, taste funny.

Ninety-nine cents sounds only about half as big to a woman as a dollar. Merchants know the trick.