

PUBLIC SHOULD OWN.

GREAT UTILITIES SHOULD NOT BE IN PRIVATE HANDS.

Municipal Ownership Has Reduced Expenses, Bettered Service, Shortened Hours of Labor and Raised the Wages of Laboring Men.

Public ownership is only another name for co-operation. All over this broad land of unparalleled richness, men—industrious, honest, earnest men—are compelled to tramp in enforced idleness, and vainly beg for a share in the wealth their hands have produced. Begging for toll is not a new proposition, but it is one wholly at variance with any just conception of democracy or brotherhood. A man begging for leave to toll, which is, in other words, leave to live, cannot be a good citizen. The greatest good that we are to find through municipal ownership, will be found in the improved quality of our citizenship.

Through the work that has been done in this city (Detroit), to control street railroad and electric lighting, thousands of dollars monthly of the people's money that were being heaped up as private wealth is now saved to the people. Selfishness has made, and will continue to make, every conceivable effort to keep the people from taking what belongs to them, but we are rapidly approaching a period where history, not less than theory, is coming to our aid.

When Glasgow, Leeds and Plymouth adopted public ownership of the street railways, they bettered the service, reduced fares, shortened hours of labor and raised the wages of men. Every city in this or any other country that municipalizes its work of improvement, substitutes day labor for contract, gets better work, pays better wages, and usually shortens the hours of labor, not only making money, but what is infinitely of more importance, making men.

The growth of sentiment in favor of public ownership, as seen in this convention of representative men, indicates that the mind of the people is rapidly clarifying on this question. They are beginning to see that no good reason exists why all the people in the city shall pay to a few of the people, the lighting company, the water works company, the street railway company.

"Now, all of us will give you a few of us the right to get rich off the rest of us." Large numbers of the people are beginning to see that the only wealth that is in any sense theirs is the commonwealth, and with instincts that are perfectly natural they are striving to regain possessions that have passed out of their hands, usually through the practice of deception and fraud.

We have had a striking example of the lawlessness of capital in the experience of the government in attempting to tax corporations to raise revenue for the war. The Government says: "We will tax the telegraph companies so much for each message sent." It would have been easy enough for the framers of the law, if they desired to tax the individuals direct, to say that each person sending a message should pay so much, but they had no such purpose. Their purpose was to tax the telegraph companies, as they plainly stated in as plain language as can be chosen. The Government says, we will tax the telegraph companies, but says the telegraph company, we will tax the people, and immediately an order is issued that every patron of that company shall contribute his mite to relieve the corporation of a share of the burden that the Government sought to impose upon it. Identically the same thing is true of the express companies, and as these corporations have appealed to the courts to aid them in evading the law, the people can only stand and await the result.

The League of American Municipalities has brought out the fact that hundreds of cities now operating their own public utilities in one form or another prove that the question of the wisdom of municipal ownership has passed out of the domain of the problems. The question that the people are now considering is how to get selfishness to release its grasp upon these valuable heritages of the people. I confess I know no better way than to appeal to the patriotism of every loyal citizen. Patriotism calls men to leave home and family or school or shop or farm to go to their country's call, heedless of the weary march and rusting idleness of the camp, the carnage and terrors of battle, and he who shuns his country's call is counted as ingrate, and his name is held in everlasting odium and contempt. And upon the patriots, who, from all over this land have so nobly responded to their country's call to go and fight for the relief of the Cuban reconcentrados, a grateful people is now lavishing its wealth of love and affection.

Why does not patriotism call for service in the time of peace as well as war? Why should the soldier go out to face pestilence, danger and death in order that the good of all may be conserved, while the financier is honored and counted great for remaining at home amidst the luxurious appointments of a comfortable office, seeking to conserve only his own good? Why, if we truly love our country, should not our hearts be moved to pity as we contemplate our own great army of disinherited, disheartened, discouraged, hopeless ones, beaten in the race of life? Why should our enthusiasm not be aroused for them? And why should not the patriotism of the financiers who have shown conspicuous and marked ability in providing for themselves so inspire them to come forward in the hour of the city's peril and offer their

services for the good of all of the people in the ministry of social need in building a public lighting plant, managing a street railway or financing any work of improvement for the benefit of all the people?

I believe the time is coming, and may God hasten the day, when we shall come to see, as did Frances Willard, the great apostle of temperance, before her death, that poverty is the cause of drunkenness, no less than drunkenness is the cause of poverty, and that, if we pursue our investigations in a logical, careful manner, we will find that the poor man is the corollary of the millionaire and that of a necessity from which there is no possible escape if we are to have millionaires on the one hand, we must have poor men on the other.

I deny any man the right to say that I am making a warfare upon wealth. I am pleading for more wealth. I am pleading that more of our people now doomed to hopeless poverty may share in the wealth that their hands have produced. I plead that the captains of industry, the men who are honored for their ability as bankers and financiers, as street railway magnates, as managers and owners of great railroad corporations, express and telegraph companies; I plead with these as fellow citizens of a republic of equals; I plead with them from the standpoint of one who loves his fellowmen with a passion that will never die. And I say to you, my brothers, who hold in your hands the wealth of the world, where is your patriotism? Do you love your country? If you do, then you love your fellowmen, and there never was an hour of greater need that you should manifest your love for your fellowmen than the present one; that you should cease your hoarding of dollars and turn your attention to your idle brothers, and devote your ability, not to massing more wealth for yourselves, but to saving the people, of whom you are one, from the fearful social distress and agony of this hour. I am not asking for charity. We have too much of that. Charity seeks to palliate the trouble for to-day, but I am pleading for a social order of fair play, a social order of doing as you would be done by. And I deny any man or woman the right to any claim to a love of country unless that man or woman is as ready to serve the country in times of peace as the most devoted soldier in time of war.

I must not be misunderstood upon this point. That man or woman, rich or poor, high or low, black or white, does not live for whom I have in my heart any other feeling than that of brotherly love. I am resting upon a rock bottom conclusion—that we are all made of one common piece of clay; that we have one father, even God, and we are all brothers; that if our problems are ever to be solved, they must be solved together.

The trouble is not so much with the individuals that compose our social structure as with the form of the structure itself. The bricks in a building may all be good bricks, and yet the building be so constructed and faulty in its architecture that instead of ministering to the needs of the human family, its very existence may be a menace to life itself. And the imperative demand of this hour upon us, as representatives of the municipalities in America is, that we shall set ourselves to the task of so changing our system that through the medium of public ownership the wealth of the people may again come into the hands of those who have produced it, and the realization of the dreams of our forefathers shall be fulfilled, and we shall have the perfected republic in which every man shall be secure in the possession of the fruit of the labor of his hands.—From an address by the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, given at the convention of the League of American Municipalities at Detroit.

He Would Not.
Suppose one monopolist owned the whole country, would he let things go on as they are at present?
Would he spend millions every month for advertising?
Would he pay rent and clerk hire for 1,000 stores in one city when six would do?
Would he keep 50,000 drummers traveling about?
Would he pay for 80,000 churches and clergy?
Would he permit Wall street gamblers to get rich by fleecing him?
Would he pay interest on bonds when he had money to pay them with?
Would he give bankers the contract to make his money, and pay them for their trouble?
Would he choose gold, the dearest commodity, for money, when he had power to make money of paper?
Would he hand over his purse strings to foreign financiers?
Would he give away franchises and land to irresponsible corporations?
Would he have all his work done by the contract system?
Would he let individuals run his railroads, and refuse to carry him if he could not pay his fare?
Would he let them own his wheat fields, and refuse him bread if he lacked a nickel for a loaf?
Would he let them manage his factories, and refuse him clothes unless he would pay them their own price for the suit?
Would he let them take over his own house and turn him out on the street because he couldn't pay the rent?
No, he would not allow any of these absurd things. Yet this is just what he has permitted and voted for.—Herbert H. Casson.

A Thriftless Habit.
What an oversight it was on the part of the Creator to make sleep necessary for poor folks. Sleep is a non-productive, thriftless, unpatriotic habit, and, like property, was certainly never meant for the masses.—Coming Nation.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.

Attributes of Money.

Money must be a commodity of limited purchasing power given fluently or general purchasing power.

Those who take this view hold that general value is no gain over limited value, and so that money value is no other than commodity value.

But general use gives a larger demand, and this use is as a price-maker and not value maker, while the limited use as a commodity cannot be considered as under the actions, powers and functions of money at all, nor can, therefore, money be in any relative way considered at or compared to commodities at all.

As a matter of fact, the commercial value of no money is known, what is so called being its exchange value or is fictitious, for money cannot be reduced to a commodity; yet there are those who think present money is so defective as a commodity standard or measure of value that other commodities should be used by the device of index numbers, thus making two inconsistencies, the index numbers being based on the effect of money in action, which is not liked, and money itself put in control of things not money.

The basic error is in considering any commodity as money or as fit to be money because of intrinsic purchasing power. When any commodity is so considered it is but a step to considering the labor cost of its production as the real guide and another to taking any or all labor as a base instead of money—retrogression.

Having disposed of money as a commodity it does not follow that there is no truth in the proposition as a whole, or that paper or anything can be given fluently, something wider than currency. There is held to be only one limit to the article selected as money—it should not be able to purchase too much.

A thing not so necessary as air may have limited value. It may have value even if unnecessary. The time was when paper had limited power or demand on it, but the power of printing denunciations on it was never limited. Just here it is seen that all of "a" commodity, substance, must be used, and by use of weight or other natural limit on denunciations, a limit must be had before an article can be given general power or be money.

With a natural limit it is not at all essential that the material of money be of something already in use or trade, nor is the original power of the material ever relevant matter.

Natural limitation is not possible of paper, so it is not money under the proposition, lacking general power, because consent cannot safely be given to its use, and so use, the greatest part of value, cannot be a power of paper as money. As a commodity of limited power the material of money ought to satisfy few desires, while as money it should satisfy many desires and so be of more value.—J. P. Dickson.

Falling Prices.
What is it that determines the reward of labor? Supply and demand. Legislation cannot affect the supply of labor, except through immigration and child labor laws, etc. Legislation, however, can, and does, affect the demand for labor in many cases.

And bimetalists believe that the demonization of silver by causing falling prices has materially diminished the demand for labor that would otherwise exist.

The goldbug says to the laboring man: "Prices will rise under free coinage, and your wages will buy less than they do now."

If rising prices mean injury to the laboring man, why is every rise in prices pointed to by the gold press as a sign of returning prosperity? Did any workman ever get an advance in wages when prices in that industry were falling?

When prices are falling factories close down or run only part of the time, laboring men lose their jobs and go to swell the army of unemployed, and every man seeking a job is a menace to the employment of those who are, so to speak, on the ragged edge.

What does it profit a man out of employment to be told that prices are so low that his dollar will buy a great deal?

Moreover, the laboring man, as already pointed out, is dependent on the prosperity of the farmers, who make up the bulk of those who purchase what the workmen produce.

Japan and Gold.
The only reason that has been suggested for the change in the monetary system of Japan has been that by adopting the gold standard she could borrow money in Europe more readily. This was both absurd and untrue.

To surrender the great commercial advantages which she confessedly had for the poor return of being able to borrow money with greater facility was preposterous. It was almost idiotic. Her commercial advantages were rapidly placing her in a position to be altogether independent of borrowing.

But the mere formal adoption of the gold standard could not improve her credit, because it gave her command of so more gold. If she obtained the ownership of that metal she had to buy it, and the more prosperous she was the more she could buy.

If the establishment of the gold standard deprived her of commercial advantages, which it certainly did, that detracted from her prosperity and injured her credit instead of improving it. This is so perfectly clear that it is astonishing how any person calling himself a financier can fail to see it.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp—Fragrant Experiences, Tireome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

DID they have society? "Society? Yes, certainly." "Of whom did the army 400 consist?" "We have no 400; that is not like New York's, that remains intact even though the Ward McAllisters pass on."

That bit of conversation between a soldier and a society belle gives me a good subject.

Surely there was society, with society events in plenty, and at times the lines were sharply drawn, particularly among the officers. Let me give an illustration:

Never mind what State the regiment was from, its number or where it served. Some of the actors are living. Upon going into winter quarters, the first year out, the line officers caused a large building to be erected for use as a dining and amusement hall. In this they gathered for their three meals a day, and nearly every evening the toy young officers met to discuss men, measures and cards, and now and then they had songs, recitations, champagne or commissary whisky. The older men among the officers—men of 30 or a little over were called old men, farmers and lumbermen—seldom participated in these festivities. However, one of them who as a young fellow had gone through the Mexican war was present on a certain occasion. Call him Lieutenant Hill, though that was not his name.

About 10 o'clock on the night in question the party was disturbed by a tumultuous commotion a few feet from their palace. It ran like this:

"Halt! I say halt! blank you! or I'll blow you into next week."
"I'm going in. Shoot and be blanked."

"Give me the countersign and I'll let you cross the line."
"I haven't it, you spalpeen. I was to get back before dark, but I lost me way and here I am, and yez tell me I can't git to me quarters. We'll see about it. Will yez call Lieutenant Hill?"

"No, but I'll call the corporal of the guard."
"Not be a blank sight. Call a corporal to take me, a sergeant, to me tent? I guess not."
At this point Lieutenant Hill approached the guard and belated sergeant, the latter of Hill's company, and with a few quiet words stilled the tempest, had the officer of the guard called and was given personal charge of the offender. As they were passing the door of the amusement hall the tipsy sergeant implored Hill to take him in and give him a final drink—a night cap.

"Will you go to your quarters and retire at once if I do?"
"That I will, Lieutenant."
When the lieutenant and his bespattered sergeant entered the hall the young fellows gave them what is to-day called the marble heart, accompanied by a stare that was as stony as any 400 ever gave an intruder.

The sergeant—I will call him Binder—was given a drink by his lieutenant, and then they shook hands and said good-night, when one made his way slowly to his tent and the other resumed his place with his brother officers at the long table. Nothing was said for a minute or two, when a droll little lieutenant, who had been admitted to the bar the spring before, addressed Hill in about these words:

"Lieutenant, it occurs to me that it was discourteous in you to bring that tipsy non-commissioned officer into our presence and give him a drink. I object to such conduct."
Hill was a quiet man; he seldom spoke, but the remark stirred him up to a speech his hearers did not soon forget.

"Who are you that you presume to lecture me on propriety? I resent it, sir; I resent it. That sergeant has more man and soldier in him than a dozen like you. I know him fourteen years ago, when both of us were under Scott in Mexico."
In the discussion that followed it was made plain to Hill that a majority of the young fellows resented both his conduct and his speech. After that he was mopped by himself.

Days of battle came early the next spring. Hill won a captaincy in the first fight. In the second he was badly wounded. One of his lieutenants was away on special service and the other sick. That left the company without a commissioned officer.

"Briggs," said the colonel to the adjutant, "have Sergeant Binder report to me at once."
Dust-covered, with face discolored by powder smoke of the day before, Binder hurried to the colonel's side.

"Did yez sind for me, colonel?"
"Yes, sergeant. The major tells me that you acquitted yourself bravely in yesterday's fight—that you kept the men in line and at work."
"I tried to do me duty, colonel."
"We are likely to be in another fight to-morrow. Your company has no commissioned officer since Hill was wounded. You will take command."
"But, colonel, I'm fourth sergeant, and the others are on duty. I don't loike to jump them."
"You are not jumping them; I'm denoting that. Do as I tell you."
The sergeant took command.

Sure enough, there was a fight the

next day. The stubby sergeant didn't drop a stitch.

The Governor of a New England State had known Captain Hill of the Western regiment when they were boys. He wrote the colonel to find out what kind of a soldier his friend Hill was making. "One of the bravest men in the command," said the colonel. Ten days later Hill was commissioned lieutenant colonel of a regiment raised in his native State, and, much to his surprise, two weeks later Sergeant Binder was made captain of Hill's company. The officers of the regiment, under the leadership of Lieutenant Bangs, the former young dude, now a good soldier, prepared a feast, a regular "blow-out," in honor of Lieutenant Colonel Hill and Captain Binder. Thus ended that regimental 400. Hill became colonel, but was shot so badly he had to leave the service.

And what of Binder? He hung on, though several times wounded, until Johnson's surrender, and then took his regiment home as its lieutenant colonel.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Disappointing Reception.
"A young fellow who came home from Santiago several weeks ago," said the colonel, "was very much disappointed at the reception he received. He had displayed unusual gallantry in that engagement, had been severely wounded, but as he was in one of the regular regiments, comparatively little was said about it. He was received at home in the matter-of-course way, as though the people expected as a matter of course that a regular would be shot to pieces. His story reminded me of a young fellow we had in our regiment at the battle of Corinth. A color sergeant of a charging rebel regiment fell with the Confederate flag about him not far from our advance line. This young fellow of our regiment sprang forward, seized the flag, all stained with blood, raised it above his head, waved it in triumph, and came running toward our own line. He was shot through the body, but held on to the flag."

"The captured flag with the story of its capture was sent to Gov. Tod of Ohio. While the poor fellow himself was recovering slowly from what had been regarded as a fatal wound, the people in Ohio were glorifying over his heroism and making much of the hero, Gov. Tod, influenced by this enthusiasm, sent the private soldier a captain's commission. This story was told in connection with the capture of the flag and probably no young soldier of the time was more talked about than this young fellow, struggling for his life in the hospital.

"On his recovery he went to Columbus with the captain's commission in his pocket and with a collection of the articles published in the newspapers as to his exploit. In some way he expected that the Governor would recognize him and that it would only be necessary to give his name. He was keenly disappointed when the secretary, with a glance at his name, said that he would have to wait. He had really expected that the doors would be thrown open and the Governor would receive him with outstretched arms.

"After a time he was told that the Governor would see him. Gov. Tod, supposing the caller was one of the hundreds of soldiers who came to see him about the treatment they received in the service, greeted him cordially, but not as the young fellow expected. Finally he blurted out: 'Why, Governor, I am the man that captured the rebel flag at Corinth and to whom you sent a captain's commission.' 'Is that possible?' said the Governor; 'I thought you were in heaven long ago.' This was not very encouraging to the expectant soldier who had hovered between life and death in the hospital for two or three months. He showed his disappointment so keenly that the really kind-hearted Governor turned to him and petted him as though he had been his own boy."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Young America" at Fort Donelson.
In a little open field in the woods which had been the scene of the hottest portion of the Fort Donelson conflict, there was afterward found one living mortal among the multitudinous dead. On approaching this person, he was found to be a mere stripling with the garb of a Federal soldier, and at least, in his own estimation, just then, a pretty formidable one at that. "Do you see that old secesh?" said he, pointing to a stalwart body at least six feet in length, stretched out a short distance from him; "well, I killed him." And with evident pride he went on to say how the dead enemy was the color-bearer of a rebel regiment, and as he was lying there beside that stump, had taunted him with being an abolitionist, and told him to "come out of there." He did come out, and to the sad detriment of his Goliath-like antagonist. The boy had come a mile or more from his camp to get a glimpse of his fallen foe.

Roller Because I Could Not Fight.
James Leonard, of Upper Gilmanton, N. H., who had been rejected as a volunteer, on account of his being over 45 years of age, thus expressed his views of his own case and the et ceteras pertaining thereto:

"After accepting several men over 45 years of age, and several infants, such as a man like me could whip a dozen of, I was rejected because I had the honesty to acknowledge I was more than 45 years of age. The mustering officer was a very good-looking man, about 35 years old, but I guess I can run faster and jump higher than him; also take him down, whip him, endure more hardships, and kill three rebels to his one."

Poor Jeems ought to have been allowed the chance of trying his hand—at least on the last-mentioned class.

Gen. Herbert Kitchener was born in County Kerry, Ireland.

LABOR NOTES.

A new industry in this country is to be established near Norfolk, Va. It is an institution for extracting the oil from peanuts.

The New Albany (Ind.) Hosiery Company has secured government contracts which will keep their plant in operation several months.

Cuba and Porto Rico will be overrun with networks of electrical wires as soon as the electrical companies can get to work on the islands.

From Pittsburg comes the news that for the first time in the history of that city the iron mills have been in full blast night and day during all the summer months.

In the cotton seed industry last year not less than 4,000,000 tons of cotton seed were consumed, the total value of the resultant products aggregating \$120,000,000.

By a new process it is said 60,000 feet of gas can be produced from a ton of low-grade coal. The process consists of forcing air in the coal, followed by a blast of steam.

In Great Britain a movement is on foot which has for its object the amalgamation of the General Railway Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

The United States has exported 360 locomotives during the last year, valued at nearly \$3,000,000. Nearly \$2,500,000 worth of sewing machines were also sold, and \$1,500,000 worth of typewriters.

Practically one-half of the coffee grown in the world now comes to the United States. The latest estimates put the coffee production of the world at 1,600,000,000 pounds per annum, while the imports into the United States last year were more than half that amount.

Labor day's parade in Chicago witnessed the spectacle of twenty non-union bands, seven non-union life and drum corps and only six union bands in the greatest labor parade ever held in the Western metropolis. The union musicians had but 137 of its 1,400 members working that day.

The Label Committee of the joint cigarmakers' unions of Chicago has started a crusade against cheap tenement house cigar shops, the competition of women and children in their industry, and immense shipment of cigars from the East, all of which are made without regard to health or price—to the workers.

The depression in the cycle trade in England deepens with the advance of the year. In Birmingham there are between 2,000 and 3,000 men out of employment and the society officials report great want of employment at Coventry, Liverpool, Limerick, Cork, Nottingham, Redditch and Wolverhampton. The cause of the depression is given as overproduction and German competition.

DEWEY USED TO LICK HIM.

A Chicago Man's Reminiscence of the Rear Admiral.

"Rear Admiral Dewey used to lick me," said Walter A. Phillips, a Chicago man, whose office is 809 Rookery Building. "So, of course, it was no surprise to me when I learned that he had shown his fighting ability by whipping the Spaniards. I knew him to be that kind of a man."

Mr. Phillips is a railroad inspector. He was talking in a group of men who chanced to meet in a downtown news agency.

"My father's house and Dr. Dewey's house were on the same street in Montpelier, Vt.," he continued, in explanation of the thrashing he received from the boy who was destined to grow into a great naval hero. "These houses were opposite the schoolhouse, the one in which Dewey was born being a frame story-and-a-half cottage, while ours was of brick, built in the old colonial style. As boys we went to school together in the little red brick schoolhouse, which stood about 800 feet away, in front of and a little to the east of Dewey's home. In those days, if I remember rightly, he licked me more than once, and he was aided and abetted in showing his prowess in the use of his fists by Charley Reed, another playmate, who grew up into a successful banker.

"In 1856 he went to Norwich, Vt., and a little later to Annapolis, since which I have had the pleasure of seeing him several times and renewing old acquaintance. He is a clean, fine man."

Unique House in Yellowstone Park.
W. P. Howe, of Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park, has a boathouse, 20 by 50 feet, built of rough slabs over a natural hot spring five inches in diameter, with a temperature of 120 degrees.

Cumblers of six weeks' growth showed vines ten feet long, bearing fruit six inches in length. A smaller, experimental boathouse, abandoned from December until June, disclosed uninterrupted growth and maturity of vegetation, and a luxuriant new crop of lettuce, with leaves ten inches long. The steam had supplied all necessary moisture.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cloth from Wood.
Cloth is now being successfully made from wood. Strips of fine-grained wood are boiled and crushed between rollers, and the filaments, having been carded into parallel lines, are spun into threads, from which cloth can be woven in the usual way.

Some men are born liars, while others are compelled to acquire the art.