

POLITICS OF THE DAY

BUNCOED DEMOCRATS.

We now have the assurance not only President-elect McKinley, but also Mark A. Hanna and Thomas C. Platt and other less great and conspicuous Republican leaders, that a change in the tariff is the thing that the people decided at the last election, and that more "protection" to the monopolies engaged in manufacturing enterprises is what the incoming administration is bound to devote itself to.

Strange as it may seem to those few Democrats who helped the Republican party to achieve victory in November, the financial question was not an issue then, and there is consequently no necessity for even discussing it now. Mr. Hanna, who had something to say undoubtedly about "sound money," is sure of that, and Thomas Collier Platt, who certainly did do a good deal of talking about the paramount importance of the "gold standard" during the campaign, have both come out flat-footed within the past week in favor of suppressing all reference, for four years to come, to anything but higher duties on imports and bigger appropriations to enrich contractors.

Even the blindest of the so-called gold Democrats must see now that they have been "buncoed" by their late allies. The appointment of Lyman J. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury is even corroborative of that, for this eminent Chicago national banker is on record as being very weak on the money question from their standpoint, and is therefore not likely to do anything more than obey the orders that may be given to him by the men who want "protection" at the expense of the people.

The Reign of the Bankers.

We have had government by various classes of people. We have had government by farmers, and there were those who objected to it. We have had government by lawyers, and still others objected. We are now in the midst of a reign of bankers and money lenders. We may say that the power and ascendancy of this particular class is now at its height.

The President-elect, ignoring the statesmen in public life, and listening only to the seductions offered by the money centers, has given to the president of the First National Bank of Chicago, Lyman J. Gage, the office of Secretary of the Treasury. He quits the back parlor of his board of directors to assume the seat of chief financial officer of the American government, in the Cabinet at the White House.

At Albany, in the State Senate, in spite of the newspaper announcement that he had ceased his opposition, Senator Grady fought to the end the vicious principle of exempting from taxation our State bonds—a bill giving State money away to bondholders. The bill passed by just a constitutional majority. There is likely, it is said, to be but one bid accepted for the bonds about to be put on the market, and it is for the interest and advantage of those who will stand behind the purchase that this exemption of the bonds from taxation has been arranged. It is a bankers' bill, appropriate enough in a government of bankers, by bankers and for bankers.

Here, in New York City, we have a banker for Mayor, and our taxes are ten millions more than when we had Mayors of other professions. We have just parted from a banker Governor, who lost his office as Governor by becoming a candidate for President, and during his administration our State, which had just emerged from debt, was plunged into fresh debt again. On every side the illustrious profession of money-lending crops out and asserts itself. It looks as though it were time to call a halt.—New York News.

Dodging the Tariff.

The tariff dodger, according to the evidence of many New York merchants, has a conspicuous following in the many thousands of Americans who are in the habit of taking occasional trips to the old world.

At a recent meeting of the large dry-goods dealers, held in New York, it was stated that at least \$50,000,000 worth of dutiable goods get into this country every year, through the connivance of returning tourists.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court has largely aided this evil. All wearing apparel belonging to the owner it has decided can come in free of duty. But there is no line to decide just how many garments or dresses the returning tourist should have.

The result is that one dress-maker can return with forty dresses, and bill all of them as her wearing apparel, or a man can fill ten trunks or more with clothing, and declare all of it is for personal use.

So notorious has become this smuggling that one of the merchants at the meeting said a rich man recently boasted to him that the clothing and other effects which he brought home after his usual summer tour and smuggled through the custom house more than paid for the traveling expenses of himself and his family.

When such large quantities of goods come in free of duty, it is not fair to the merchants who import goods and must sell them at a fair price, plus the duty. It disturbs the standard of values, and the Ways and Means Committee, which is now wrestling with the tariff, should

take notice of the evil and resolve to end it.

Unfortunately, the people who are foremost in this work of tariff dodging are those who can well afford to pay duty. But while the smuggling is recognized, those guilty of it look upon it more as shrewdness than as a crime. The fact that they are cheating Uncle Sam and incidentally all the people in the United States is overlooked.—Philadelphia Item.

An Old Republican Trick.

The manner in which the Republicans will try to stave off action indefinitely on the financial question and give them further opportunities to fool the people is indicated in the bill passed by the Senate authorizing the President to appoint delegates to any international money conference that may be called, or to call one himself if he thinks it judicious to do so.

This means, of course, the expenditure of another nice sum for salaries for a number of eminent and high-priced lawyers and financiers for doing over again what has been done three before without securing any practical results. The last of these conferences was held in Brussels only four years ago. If the Republicans were sincere in their professed faith of international bimetalism, even they would not put forward this old, worn-out scheme of talking the matter all over again from the beginning. They would, instead, formulate some positive plan and act on it.

The Republicans in this Congress, and those who will be in the next, as well as those who will compose the McKinley administration, have no idea of accomplishing anything through another such conference as that which was called in the last months of Benjamin Harrison's occupancy of the White House. They have resolved on a do-nothing policy, but they want to deceive the public, if possible, into the belief that they are really trying to help silver by sending junketing delegates abroad once more to take part in useless palavers.

Empty Phrases.

Henry Watterson says that "if the rich manufacturer can go to Congress and demand legislation in the interest of his business, so can the poor agriculturist, so can the poor mechanic; and it is here where the evils of anarchism took their start and have their fortification."

The foregoing is just about as full of meaning as the general run of Wattersonian pronouncements. That is to say, it is an empty phrase without any meaning in it at all. Why and how would the evil of anarchism take a start from or find root in letting the poor agriculturist or the mechanic exercise the right of petition?

It occurs to us that a plea to lawmakers for the enactment of law would have an effect decidedly opposed to anarchy. Anarchy knows no law and respects none. A petitioner, by his very conduct, manifests a regard for constituted authority. The Kentucky editor is rather clever at putting words together, but, analyzed, his utterances are mere palaver with no more body to them than Swiss wine, and they are quite as innocuous.—Chicago Dispatch.

The Question in a Nutshell.

The New York World, which aspires to be a money lender and goldbug organ, asserts that the greenback question simply is, that it is foolish to keep on issuing promises "to pay something which you may have to buy at a premium."

Oh, no! that is not the question at all, as the people understand it. It is that the government owes the people so many hundreds of millions of dollars, which the people lent the government to carry on the civil war of the sixties; that the government, by issuing greenbacks, saves paying interest on all these millions, while the greenbacks serve as money currency for the people; and that it would be foolish indeed to stop issuing these greenbacks without interest and to issue, instead, bonds on which government and people both would have to pay interest to money lenders and goldbugs. That is the question in a nutshell.

Gov. Alger's Record.

The Chicago Chronicle, in an article upon "Cabinetmaking So Far," says: The appointment of Alger for Secretary of War is unfortunate. He was not a brilliant soldier in the war. He has a military record that is not clear and which is alleged to have been misrepresented in the sketch of his life furnished by himself to the war histories. It has been charged also that the campaign of "the war generals" previous to the late election, for which he furnished his "private car" and was said to have paid all the expenses, was in the nature of a financial fraud. It is stated by William E. Curtis, the well-known correspondent, that Alger presented to the Republican National Committee a bill of \$47,000 as the expenses of this crusade, and that after some stormy disputes the bill was allowed and he received the money. This should have extinguished his claims for a cabinet appointment.

Generous.

Pullman, the man who cost the State of Illinois thousands of dollars, gives a paltry \$500 to the poor of Chicago. And the next move he makes will probably be to reduce salaries in order to make up the donation.—World-Herald.

The second move came next day,

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE

DROWSY EXISTENCE OF THE CITIZENS OF HAVANA.

Military Display the Only Change in the Conditions Surrounding the Place—Coffee, Siesta, Promenades and Bull Fights Go On as Usual.

Few Indications of War.

While Cuba, as a whole, has been terrifically and completely changed by the violent upheavals of war, its chief city still sits on the shores of the northern sea, sunlit and odorless. Havana, too, has undergone changes, says the New York Herald, but the changes are not those of fire and sword and famine. It has become decidedly more military than a few years ago, but this is all. Its cafes, formerly haunted by well-dressed crowds of civilian Cubans and Spaniards, now clank with spurs and sabers and ring with brimstone gossip of trochias, of battles and routs, where the men who formerly sat cheek by jowl in the restaurants have met in deadly conflict.

Havana is full of marching soldiers that signify nothing but harmless dress parades, rifle detachments and the like. The civil guards still form on the Prado and sweep down between the trees to the tune of a lively Spanish quickstep, with rifles at all sorts of angles and their hip-hoppy hats cocked over their eyes in a style that would be considered aggressive in any other country.

But the real life of the city moves on steadily and quietly, just as it will continue to move until the day of judgment, unless stricken by some mighty cataclysm. Across the blue waters of the bay the low white houses of Casa Blanca sleep under the shelter of the bushy hill. Farther away, beyond the tile-roofed sugar houses that are empty and deserted now, and on the high mesa of the palm-dotted prairie hill, are the sleepy houses of Regia, and farther still the village of Guanabacoa, where the insurgents have made things lively during the past month.

But outside of the bodies of moving troops you could not discover a sign of war in Havana's front with a microscope. The lovely land conveys no hint of the savage and bloody exterior. The military still permeates the lonely roads with their enormous pack saddles, crooning to their sun-dreaming animals, while hammering them downward with their ragged heels.

"Venga, Moolah! Arriera, Moolah!" But Moolah, wise from experience, only lays his long ears back in dogged resentment, and plods on in sleepy content.

In Havana proper, while business is comparatively stagnant, there is still enough to give the usual air of slow and easy life to the streets. The narrow thoroughfares are swarming with low-topped carriages, beasts of burden, jostling drivers and negro women with such huge panniers on their heads that the mind tries in vain to grasp the effect of such a burden on the Caucasian brain. Some of these panniers are filled with bread. Others contain fruit and vegetables. Visitors have seen an Havana negro woman walking along the streets with a basket upon her head the size of a bureau, and smoking a cigar which for general size and black suggestions of nicotine has never been equaled. They are physical wonders, these tropic negroes.

The morning life of Havana is brisk. Then everything looks dewy and fresh and bright, and whatever odors there may be have not yet risen. Odors are late risers in Havana, although it may be truthfully observed that many of them never go to sleep at all. In the morning come the peddlers, with their strange wares and shrill cries. Here and there half dozens of asses may be seen waddling along with full udders of milk. They are attended by a ragged owner, who milks into a measure whatever you may choose to buy. This is a decidedly comfortable way of running a milk route, and you are sure of getting the pure article.

Said to Be Wholesome.

This asses' milk is said to be very wholesome, too. There is no tuberculosis about a jackass, except in his heels. On one occasion the writer saw one of these lowly and intelligent beasts kick a yellow dog over the counter of a "casa de cambio," or "money changer's," and knock down \$187 in gold coins that were stacked in the rear. Only one stack was left standing, and it lay his head on the counter and go to sleep again, leaving the cafe in charge of his 6-year-old daughter, who ran about the place in a state of unblushing and Eve-like nudity.

Siesta time lasts anywhere from noon to 3 o'clock. Then Havana yawns, stretches itself and resumes business where it left off a few hours before. Even the beggars, who have also had their siesta, begin to show signs of almost human intelligence. They creep out from their various lairs and begin languidly to ply their trade. The blind girl, who put her own eyes out in a fit of pique, starts on her sunlit journey in tow of her brother. The man with the horrible leprosy foot, bare and terrifying, stretches himself out in the shade of a deserted building on the Prado like a huge and offensive spider.

Many of these beggars are manufactured to order in Spain or the Canary islands, and they are certainly champions in their classes. There is one old fellow, ragged and with a yellow, withered face, like a boiled onion, gray whiskered, puffy and puffed, who walks about the streets. And yet he used to be one of Havana's most wealthy and prominent merchants. He lost all his money through drink and morphia, and at present has just sense enough to beg for more. He has a staring, strabismic eye, which he winks broadest, and a dicebox laugh. He is a Havana landmark.

In the evenings the church bells begin to ring. They do not ring with the slow, measured cadence heard in Northern climes, but whang away as if hit with a hammer. And such is really the case. Two men climb up to the belfries and pound away for dear life until the ethics of Cuban bell ringing are fulfilled. After nightfall begins the most attractive features of Havana life to a foreigner. The parks are filled with a strolling, chattering crowd. The Cuban girls and their mammams, while hooded in their mantillas, are dressed in the lightest and fluffiest of pink, blue and white frocks. The bands play, the seats are filled with spectators, officers, mashers and plantation owners, and the scene is full of life and movement. Ten cents "plata" is the price for a seat on one of these benches, and the revenue is supposed to go to the municipal authorities. It is doubtful, however, if a title of it ever finds its way into the public coffers. There are three collectors, and they never overlook anything, that any man could discover. There are no tickets to punch, no cash registers or bells to ring. It seemed to me to be one gigantic game of "grab."

Over in the Inglaterra and the neighboring resorts the cafes are full of Spanish officers, laughing, drinking, talking and smoking their endless cigarettes. Whenever an American makes his appearance they scowl and make remarks that are very audible even if not understood. Every well regulated Cuban is afraid of the moon. There is no kind of lunacy that is not attributed, either directly or indirectly, to the effects of moonlight. Mothers teach their children to avoid its rays as they would the smallpox. There is so much difference in the temperature of the Cuban sunlight and shadow that the sensitive constitutions of a rather deli-

cate people feel the change dreadfully. In the first place the atmosphere is ever surcharged with moisture that beads and steams in the sun and grows cool in the shade, like the air at the bottom of a well. Then up comes the moon, with her attendant fogs, and gets all the glory of breeding rheumatism, colds, fevers and consumption. "Keep out of the moonlight," is a Cuban mother's first maxim.

Have Bull Fights Now. During the first year of the present war there were no bull fights in Havana. They are being indulged in again, however, and are as thoroughly enjoyed as in ante-bellum days. There is one feature of these bull fights that is seldom dwelt upon by chroniclers of Spanish customs.

It is the "bull for the people." After the matadors have properly slaughtered their bulls an animal is brought in for the pastime of the spectators. Its horns are sawed off until their ends are about an inch and a half in diameter, enough to prevent it injuring anybody seriously. Then a gold piece is fastened to the end of one of its horns and the public is given an opportunity to take it off. And how the spectators rush to the fray! The writer saw a dozen sailors jump into the ring and fairly hack the bull to death before it had time to find out where it was. It was slashed with machetes until its hide would not have held pumpkins. It fought as well as it knew how, and on one occasion caught its most daring persecutor and tossed him a beautiful somersault over the ring fence. Not until the bull had fallen did the sailors get the gold piece.

Altogether, however, Havana cannot be called a beautiful place. It looks about the sea like a gaunt, white coral reef ridged about a blue pool of a bay, which it clutches in its rocky arms like a sapphire. The houses, small and plain and white, stand in long rows like the tombs of the dead, and it takes an Anglo-Saxon some time to get rid of this graveyard feeling.

Carpets are unknown in Havana hotels. The writer came across one once and was tempted to throw it into the street; it looked so stuffy and out of place. The smooth marble stones, which are universal, are very cool and grateful to the feet in this hot climate. With stone floors and broad windows without glass, the Cuban

his siesta, and the world may wag on as it will while he takes it. Each member of an establishment has his own particular spot in which to take a nap, and it is a very rude thing for another to pre-empt it. The writer always knew where to find the barkeeper of one particular cafe when he wanted a "rabo de gallo" at siesta time. He would reach over the bar and prod vigorously around among the empty bottles and buckets until he struck a protest. Then he had him, "Here, Chico! Get up and attend to business."

"Si, hombre! Si! Que dice? Oh, dos mil centos." Then he would fish out an old lottery ticket, of which he had been dreaming,



OBISPO, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET IN HAVANA.

sleeping apartments are well adapted to the climate.

And the sunsets are dreams of loveliness. The western sky at times is one vast rose-colored ocean, flecked with small crimson cloudships that sail placidly along, fading gradually from orange to saffron and from saffron to purple and from purple to black. The writer has stood on the punta and watched the sun go down behind the western gulf. Twenty minutes later it was night and the lamps were glimmering along the Prado.

Why He Was Defeated. Hanibal Hamlin, the "war" Vice President, possessed a keen wit and a merry, fun-loving nature. The following anecdote, found in the "Lives of Twelve Illustrious Men," is one which Mr. Hamlin took great pleasure in narrating. It generally happens, as in this case, that when a man amuses himself at the expense of another, the punishment follows closely upon the offense.

When Hamlin was Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives—away back in the "forties"—there was in that body a certain gentleman of faultless attire, pleasing manners, good address and some reputation. But he had one folly: his hair was very thin, and he was highly sensitive in regard to it.

To hide his approaching baldness he had a habit of carefully stroking with bandoline or other preparation each particular hair in its place. One day, while in the chair as Speaker, Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joking nature, sent for this gentleman, and looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said with a chuckle:

"Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of the hairs of your head crossed over to the other."

"You insult me, sir! you insult me!" replied the member, with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation; and then refusing to listen either to reason or explanation, he left the Speaker's desk and returned to his seat.

When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for the United States Senate, this gentleman was a member of the upper house of the Maine Legislature. Although a member of the same party, and only one more vote was needed to secure Mr. Hamlin's election, he positively refused to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted.

He was defeated for a seat in the Senate—by a hair. But when the next vacancy occurred he was elected.

Blouse Bodices. A blouse bodice of black velvet, covered back and front with a lattice trimming of gold cord, and turquoise beads set in at intervals, so that there is a bead at each crossing, is very effective with a wide corselet belt of black satin, a black satin collar, and plain sleeves of velvet with a small puff at the top.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

No Competent Teacher Can Decry the Careful Study and Thorough Teaching of the Principles of English Grammar.

The Study of English.

We clip the following paragraph from an educational paper: "Parsing, analysis, diagramming and text-book syntax are weak legs for correct daily English to stand upon. They are, except the last, good in their way, but writing and speaking English must be learned by practice."

We had thought that this hobby had been ridden to death some time ago, but now and then it seems to indulge in an expiring kick. The man who writes the paragraph evidently knows little about teaching and less about English grammar. Any successful teacher of English will not undervalue either analysis or exercises in syntax as aids to scholarship or mental development, but the schoolmaster who grinds through recitations for the mere purpose of getting through the work will be apt to slur these exercises and condemn them. A grist mill will be quite as effective in grinding grain to powder as are one's teeth. But the process of education like the process of eating includes something more than grinding a recitation through. The teacher who doesn't understand the further processes of digestion and assimilation doesn't understand his business, and he is apt to cry out against anything that does not show its value in a so-called practical light. "Writing and speaking English must be learned by practice." Very true, but when two-thirds of the child's waking hours are spent in the company of those who do not profess to understand the best English, the practice is more likely to be detrimental than otherwise. Or does the writer mean that the teacher shall distribute himself to the playgrounds and the homes of the pupils that he may be omnipresent to regulate the practice of which he speaks. Practice must be regulated. How shall it be regulated? How shall the child know when his is correct? Indeed, we doubt if he would be safe even in the hands of one who insists that "parsing, analysis, diagramming, and text-book syntax are weak legs to stand on." Candidly, we should be afraid to put a child of ours in the hands of a teacher who held such opinions, for we really have never met a teacher who understood grammar or the teaching of it that talked in that way. From careful observation, we have come to the conclusion that the men who decry the careful study and thorough teaching of the principles of English grammar are sounding the cry of "Stop thief!" while they lead the chase. Honestly, does any one know of men and women who are thoroughly versed in correct English usage, both theoretical and practical, who decry the teaching of the principles governing that usage?—Educational News.

Suggestions for a School Cabinet. The following suggestions may be helpful in arranging a cabinet of curiosities and materials for busy work in a primary grade. The objects should be collected mainly from the immediate vicinity, and the children should be encouraged to help in furnishing them. They should possess additional interest to the children from having been studied in object and language lessons.

Where the pupils are made to feel that the cabinet is really theirs, the visitor will be astonished to find with what interest and pride they show their collection and dilate on the peculiarities of the objects. The children should classify from the first, and should learn to recognize the objects, know their names and a few facts concerning them. The cabinet may consist of five shelves arranged as follows:

Top shelf—Animal kingdom: Insects mounted. Birds and mammals stuffed. Other specimens preserved in alcohol, e. g., the frog in different stages. Animal products. Blue, wood, silk, coral, shells, etc.

Second shelf—Vegetable kingdom: Vegetable products of the vicinity, grain, flowers, fruit, nuts, etc. Manufactured vegetable products: Linen, cotton, wicker work, wooden objects, etc.

Third shelf—Mineral kingdom: Stones and pebbles of the vicinity, iron, gold ore, flints, arrow heads, etc.

Fourth shelf—Objects illustrative of form, measurements and color, manufactured by children when possible: First and second kindergarten gifts, clay forms, etc.

Fifth shelf—Objects used in number work and reading, splints, script, etc.—Primary Teachers' Manual.

School Management.

Children will all shout if you shout. On the other hand, if you determine never to raise your voice when you give a command, they will be compelled to listen to you, and to this end to subjugate their own voices habitually, and to carry on all their work in quietness. The moral effect of this on the character of the pupil is not insignificant. A noisy school is one in which a great opportunity of civilizing and softening the manners is habitually lost. And a school whose work is always done on a low tone is one in which not only is the teacher healthier, and better able to economize the resources of his own life, but as a place of moral discipline it is far more effective.—Fitch's Lectures.

Useful Birds.

Parrots are put to a practical use in Germany. They have been introduced into the railway stations and trained to call out the name while the train stands there, and thus save people the trouble of making inquiries.