

POLITICS OF THE DAY

COERCION.

The spirit of intolerance manifested by the advocates of the single standard theory is as remarkable as it is reprehensible. It seems to permeate and affect all the avenues of society and every branch of industry, except agriculture. The independent farmer against whose interest this deadly warfare is especially waged, is too generous and manly to resort to coercion even in self-defense. In the cities many employers seem to imagine that when they hire a man to work for them they also buy his independence of thought and action, and make him virtually a slave. In fact, it is openly asserted that employees should "vote for their employer's interest," without considering that the two interests may be at direct variance, and that the workman should be as free to decide for himself as the employer is—without a thought, in short, that the enforcement of such a principle would make every freeman a slave. In no other class is this intolerant spirit so prominent as among those who arrogate to themselves the designation of "business men," and especially those whose "business" consists in betting on the future prices of produce. They even go to the extent of coercing the press, in a country where the freedom of speech and of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution. Advocates of simple justice and plain honesty in government and finance dare not establish journals to advocate their views in the large cities, because they cannot be sustained under the universal boycott that is directed against them. In New York City we have but recently witnessed the anomaly of two leading and ably conducted Democratic papers going through a hotly contested campaign without a single reference to the most prominent and vital plank in their party's platform—because they dared not advocate the principles of their party for fear of injuring their advertising patronage. Such things are enough to arouse the hot blood of indignant opposition in the breast of every man who loves liberty and decent fairness, even though he may be opposed in principle to the belief of those who are wronged in this outrageous manner—for let him not forget that the same intolerance will be directed against him with all its force and bitterness whenever his conduct does not seem to accord with the views of those who employ this despicable weapon. This spirit of determined and hateful coercion is the ugliest monster that ever lifted its head in our public affairs. It is a dangerous beast, and is as likely to turn and rend those who employ it as it is to obey their commands. It threatens the very existence of the Government, and it may and will provoke a cataclysm of destruction and horror unless good citizens unite in condemning and expelling it. The six and a half million citizens who voted for financial and civil freedom in 1896 constituted the best element of our population—the Anglo-Saxon or native American element—a race of men, intelligent, progressive and as determined as Fate: a race that fought all of the world's battles for freedom, and which will die in its tracks rather than recant one iota of its honest convictions. Therefore, Messrs. Coercionists, laying aside the principles of justice and right, is it reasonable or safe to drive such a race of men to desperation? These men are entitled to respect, and it might be well to stop and think.

Work for This Congress.

The present Congress comes to an end on the 4th of March next, and as it will undoubtedly take the usual holiday recess, there will be but little more than two months for it to work in. No important legislation can therefore be expected from it, excepting such as relates to the government of our new island possessions. No other bill will presumably be attempted. The first of the islands demanding attention is the Hawaiian group, which the Republicans want to have under a territorial form of government, the chief executive to be appointed at Washington by the President and the Senate, and the Legislature to be elected by the natives and the whites, the Japanese and Chinese to be denied the franchise. The State of Hawaii is to be established in due time, of course, the Republicans calculating that with the assistance of the sons of the missionaries and the sugar planters, they will be able to capture the two seats in the Senate and to keep them indefinitely.

Porto Rico, which Spain has already handed over to us, also requires early attention; but the form of government to be established there is still uncertain. Although the chances are that it will also be of the territorial form, with an educational or property qualification for the electors of the local legislative body. Here, also, if the Republicans feel reasonably certain of being able to get and keep control, Statehood will not be long withheld, even if almost the entire body of the inhabitants do not understand the language in which Congressional debates are conducted.

For Cuba we stand pledged to provide an independent government, and this is likely to prove a more serious task than we thought it would be when we made the pledge. The attempt must be made, however, and doubtless Congress will want to prescribe the methods in some detail.

The hardest problem will be found in the prescribing of a government for the Philippines, of course. Really so little is known about these islands that their number is a matter of conjecture still. There are estimated to be all the way from 1,200 to 2,000 of them, the great majority of them presumably uninhabited. Concerning the people our information is equally indefinite. An accurate census has never been taken, but the population figures vary from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000. Some of the natives in the cities have a veneer of civilization, others are semi-barbarous, while many are still absolute savages. The task of shaping a government for the Philippines is therefore very different from that which confronts us in the other islands, and if there is any statesmanship in Congress it can find employment for itself here.—New York News.

Does Uncle Sam Forget Murder?

Before Uncle Sam gets ready to pay Spain that \$20,000,000 for the Philippines, the following bill should be presented to Senor Sagasta:

For loss of battleship Maine . . .	\$3,500,000
For furnishings on battleship Maine	1,500,000
For relatives of 296 murdered United States sailors at \$50,000 each	13,300,000
Total	\$18,300,000

It sounds like blasphemy to talk about a money compensation for the slaughter of Americans while they slept, but that is the only way to strike at the cowardly Spaniards at home. There is some consolation to the nation in general in the knowledge that the gallant *Schley* "remembered the Maine" when he destroyed Cervera's fleet at Santiago and reddened the sea with Spanish blood, but it is poor consolation to the struggling mothers, widows and orphans of the seamen who were sent to their graves when the Maine was in the harbor of Havana under the protection of the Spanish authorities.

These mothers, widows and orphans need bread to keep body and soul together during these stirring scenes of Republican prosperity, and it would be a criminal and cowardly act for this nation to permit the Maine horror to go by officially unnoticed. It will be a blot upon American civilization if Spain is not forced to atone directly in a measure for the murder of those American sailors who now occupy neglected graves in Havana.—Chicago Democrat.

The War Secretary's Report.

Secretary Alger's report on the management of the War Department is more notable for what it omits to say than for what it says. The scandalous mismanagement of the army, in the camps, on the transports, in Cuba and in the hospitals, is ignored, and even the "round robin," in which the commanding officers begged the withdrawal of the troops from the ditches and fever-infected points around Santiago, is suppressed.

On the other hand, the Secretary makes a plea for the increase of the regular army to 100,000 men, a portion of this number to consist of natives of the islands that we are taking in. He, however, gives no definite reason for this, excepting that the volunteers assigned to garrison duty did not enlist for such work and want to be mustered out at the earliest possible moment. He evidently believes that American citizens will not serve in the tropics for any such pay as that given by the government to those wearing its military uniform, and in this he is doubtless right.

Schley the Democrat.

If all our public men had the same kind of political principles that Admiral Schley declares are his, the country would be safe. In a recent interview the reporter said to him: "Admiral, what is your politics? There has been considerable dispute on that point." Without a moment's hesitation, and with the same flash in his keen eyes that came there when he first saw the nose of the "Maria Teresa" poking out of Santiago harbor, he replied: "My politics is my love for my country and my belief that whatever she does is right." It is well-known among all the Admiral's friends that he is a Democrat, which, of course, he meant should be implied in the form of his reply. But at the same time he no doubt has a large "mental reservation" with regard to some of the things that are done by Mark Hanna and others under the illicit use of the signature of the country.

Monopoly Ever on the Alert.

Those good, innocent souls who are expecting the ordinary American citizen or the individual capitalist to enjoy special opportunities for investment and active business in our "new possessions" will in all probability be doomed to disappointment. Already the "development syndicate" has been formed and chartered and has its agents ready to get options on all things worth having. The syndicates in this country never sleep on opportunities. If there is anything in sight they rarely overlook it and they propose to have every avenue to wealth in the "new possessions" practically monopolized by few weaker companies or individual investors can get it on the ground floor.—Houston, Texas, Post.

WELCOME HURRICANE

The Price Havana Paid for Deliverance from the Plague.

Frank Bullen, in the Cornhill Magazine, tells of a time when he, and everybody about him, earnestly wished for a hurricane. It was in Havana, in the year 1870. The writer was not the only visitor there. Yellow fever had made its appearance, and gained possession of the city. If any efforts were made to turn out that unwelcome visitor, Mr. Bullen did not see them. Unfought, it had its way in the city, till such depopulation as would effectually cripple the place for years to come looked imminent. Everybody one met uttered a fervent desire for a hurricane, for those who knew declared that nothing short of it could save the city.

It came at last. The writer was strolling along the deserted wharves one afternoon, thinking what a change had come over the busy scene. The air was so thick and oppressive that he could hardly breathe. Presently all over the face of the sky spread a curious mist that gave a violet tinge to the subdued glare of the sunlight. Then above the frowning Morro Castle there slowly rose a cloud, massive, velvety black, edged with a lurid radiance. Mr. Bullen says:

"Fascinated by the sight, I wedged myself in between two posts, in a sheltered angle of some warehouses, and waited. Soon the sky became all black, except where myriads of fiery threads played about the overhanging palls. Then a hoarse rumbling began, which vibrated as if it came from the bowels of the earth, and above its deep tones rose a shrill wailing of coming wind. A few raindrops, large as dollars, fell, and immediately the display began.

"In a few minutes wind, rain and thunder were blended in one sense-debilitating roar. One seemed to be gasping in a chaos of fire, water and indescribable hubbub. Occasionally a perceptible increase in the noise overhead, and a momentary deepening of the darkness, told me of the flying roofs and wooden walls of destroyed buildings; with that exception nothing was distinguishable.

"How long this lasted it is impossible for me to say, but it passed as suddenly as it came, leaving the bay a vortex of foaming waters besprinkled with wreckage, and the city a place of ruins. Down the steep street a veritable flood of waters poured resistlessly, sweeping all things before it like chips in a rain-swollen gutter.

"Right opposite where I crouched, feeling only half alive, a fine schooner had been caught up, whether by wind or sea I cannot tell, and landed upon a shelf of rock, jutting out from the cliff a hundred feet above high-water mark. There she remained, erect, and otherwise undamaged, mutely testifying to the power of the storm."

The mischief wrought by the hurricane was the price that Havana paid for deliverance from the plague.

Mark Twain's Kind Heart.

The death of Richard Malcolm Johnston recalls a little story which, perhaps, is not generally known.

At one time, when the distinguished writer had been prevailed on to give a reading in Baltimore, Thomas Nelson Page volunteered to assist him. But a death in Mr. Page's family prevented him from appearing in the entertainment.

Mark Twain heard of it. The people of Baltimore had long waited to have Twain appear there, but he had steadfastly refused to resume his lectures.

But he went on that occasion, for he appreciated the genius of Richard Malcolm Johnston, and, desiring to honor him, he left New York, at a great personal sacrifice, and appeared with him on that occasion.

There was never such a crowded house in a Baltimore theater.

When the entertainment was over Col. Johnston, with his accustomed fairness and courtesy, tendered Twain the bulk of the receipts.

"No," said Mark, "not one cent shall I receive. It is such a great honor to know a man like you that I am the one who owes you the debt of gratitude."

"Well," said the Colonel, "at least, let me defray your expenses."

"I have a through ticket," said Twain "Good-by, and God bless you!"

That was Mark Twain.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Odd Number.

The Golden Penny calls attention to the number 142,857, which is odd in more senses than one.

If we multiply it by any number, from one up to six, we arrive at products expressed by exactly the same figures as the original. Not only so, but with the exception that a different figure leads off each time, the order of the figures is the same.

142,857 multiplied by 1 is the same.	
142,857 " by 2 is 285,714.	
142,857 " by 3 is 428,571.	
142,857 " by 4 is 571,428.	
142,857 " by 5 is 714,285.	
142,857 " by 6 is 857,142.	

With this multiplying by six the strangeness stops, though the result of multiplying the number by seven gives the rather odd number, 999,999.

Guinea Pigs.

A few persons in England raise large numbers of guinea pigs for exportation to France, where they are highly esteemed for the table, the flavor of the meat being identical with that of the rabbit.

Bonaparte's House a Barn.

Longwood, Bonaparte's house at St. Helena, is now a barn; the room in which he died is a stable; on the site of his grave is a machine for grinding corn.

All the classics and metaphors at the command of a woman school teacher don't prevent her jumping on a chair at sight of a mouse.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

When the late Prof. Henry Drummond was giving a course of lectures on "Evolution" in the Lowell Institute, he overheard two women, evidently much opposed to his views, discussing them. Finally one of them said: "Myra, if what he says is not true we can stand it. But if it is true we must hush it up."

It was on the first day of the Jewish new year. A man with a pronounced probovis was being brushed at a boot-blackening stand. He handed the Italian the customary nickel, whereupon the later inquired, "You notta a Jewda?" "No," replied the customer; "why do you ask?" "Because, on de holiday we always charge de ten cents."

Stuart Robson recently arrived at Weehawken, and, tired and dusty, was awaiting the ferry-boat to take him across to New York, when he was approached by a ragged individual, who was troubled with "the twitters." "Please, mister, will you be so good as to give a poor tramp a nickel?" he asked; "I am broke, and I want to get across the river." Robson extracted the coin from his ticket-pocket, and, placing it in the outstretched hand, said: "There you are, my dear man; but I can not for the life of me understand what difference it makes which side of the river you are on so long as you are broke."

In 1861 the repeal of the paper duty was agitating the political world of England. The budget speech was preceded by a rumor that the basis of the scheme would be the repeal of the tea duty, and that this would upset the Government. Just before Mr. Gladstone rose to make his statement there was handed to Lord Palmerston, on the treasury bench, the following note from Lord Derby: "My Dear Pam: What is to be the great proposal tonight? Is it to be tea and turn out?" "My Dear Derby" wrote the Premier in reply, "it is not tea and turn out. It is to be paper and stationary."

This little speech on the "new history" was delivered by Lord Sherbrooke at the thousandth anniversary of his own college at Oxford. He took the spirit of the age to task for resolving so many things worth believing into mere myth and fable. "For example," he said in concluding, "we have always held that certain of the college lands in Berkshire were given it by King Alfred. The new historians show us that the lands were never his. But they prove too much. Had they been his, he would have kept them. Being another's, he seized the occasion to make the college a handsome present."

The youthful Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, some years ago, misbehaved to her governess, an English lady. The latter, as a penance, bade her unruly pupil draw a sketch-map of Europe, with its principal cities and natural features indicated. In the course of an hour the young culprit presented her map. Holland was drawn with vastly disproportionate territory and careful detail. England was represented as an island too small in size for anything but its name; Ireland was made rather more significant; and across the margin of the work was written: "The actual English territory is too limited to allow details."

"Lady," said a Scotch servant to her mistress, "I maun tell ye I am to leave your service and be marrit." "Is not this very sudden, Mary?" inquired the lady; "who is the person you expect to marry?" "It is John Scott, mistress." "But you have known him but a short time; how can you trust a stranger?" persisted the woman, reluctant to part with a good servant. "Yes, 'tis true; but he's ken himsel' many years, and he says he's all right, and I believe he is, for I asked him, 'Did he ken the ten commandments?' and he gave them every one. I asked him could he say the shorter catechism, and he had it every word; then I told him to grip his hands quick and hard, and then, lady, I saw he was a strong man, and I'm goin' to gie him my hand."

Dean Stanley once told how he first saw Gladstone. The old Bishop of Norwich, having been very much pleased with some of his son's performances, said that as a reward he would take him to visit William Gladstone, the most extraordinary schoolboy who had ever been seen. They went to the house where he was, and Arthur Stanley was sent out into the garden to make acquaintance with the prodigy, who was said to be sitting in a summer-house at the end of a walk. He went, and, having arrived at the summer-house, saw Gladstone reading a book. As Stanley entered Gladstone looked up and said, with great vehemence: "Little boy, little boy, have you read Gray?" Stanley, much startled, faltered out that he had not read Gray, to which the other, with increasing intensity of manner, replied: "Then you must read Gray."

Joke on the Rev. Dr. Henson.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, that old-time enemy of the rum traffic and genial pastor of the South Park Baptist Church, tells the following good story on himself:

Dr. Henson was going home from the ministers' meeting the other morning on an Indiana avenue car. The car was full of passengers, not a seat remaining unoccupied. At 22d street a man got on the car and proceeded to demonstrate that he had a good-sized jag aboard. He swung on the strap and made periodical jabs at a bird on a woman's hat. Then he lurched forward with a wild whoop and threw his arm around a fat woman's neck. He tramped on the corns of six people,

who gazed at him in unspeakable indignation. At last Dr. Henson rose, plucked the fellow by the sleeve and said: "Here, my man, take this seat." "Hic, thanks awfully, hic (with a knowing wink), been there yourself, hic, ain't you, pard?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How They Helped.

The boys of whom the following story is told, by an old college professor in the Nashville Advocate, are old men now, but the memory of some of their youthful pranks must be pleasant to them.

The year 1857 was one of remarkable fruitfulness in East Tennessee, and the wheat crop was unusually large and abundant. As this was before the day of mowers and reapers, it was often difficult to find labor sufficient to gather the crop. That year it was peculiarly embarrassing, and the father of Dr. John Brunner, president of Hwassee College, who had a small farm in the neighborhood, found himself deficient in help to secure his abundant crop of wheat.

In his extremity, he called on his son to inquire if there were not some young men in college who might be induced to lend a helping hand. Dr. Brunner made the announcement to the boys, informing them of his father's circumstances, and requesting any of them who might be willing, to volunteer for the old gentleman's help.

The boys, after consulting together, sent in a reply that they would willingly render the desired assistance, providing they could find the scythes, or "eradles," as they were then called, and borrow them from the neighboring farmers, and that they would report at the harvest field early the next morning.

Old Mr. Brunner had an extra breakfast prepared, and awaited the coming of the young men with eagerness, but they did not come. Finally he received a message from the boys that they had not been able to secure any eradles from the neighbors that day, as they were all in use in the harvest, and could not be spared.

This was a sad disappointment to Mr. Brunner, who had no help of his own; but he concluded to go to the field, and with his own hands save what he could of his crop, now ready to fall. When he reached the field, to his utter astonishment he found the grain all neatly harvested and put up in shocks, but no one in sight.

The boys had borrowed the eradles the night before, and by the light of the moon had gone to the field with a large force, and had carefully done the work without letting the old man know anything about it.

Informal.

In the "Biography of Charles Carleton Coffin" is his own account of accompanying the committee to the home of Mr. Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., to notify him of his nomination for President. They reached Springfield early in the evening, and after supper at the hotel made their call on Lincoln. It was not to be a very formal interview.

Lincoln stood in the parlor, dressed in a black frock coat. The announcement was made, and his reply seemed brief. He was evidently much constrained, but as soon as the last word had been spoken, he turned to Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the committee, and said, "Judge, you are a pretty tall man. How tall are you?"

"Six feet two."

"I beat you! I am six feet three without my high-heeled boots."

"Pennsylvania bows to Illinois where, we have been told, there were only Little Giants," said Kelley.

This was an allusion to Douglas, who had been called the "Little Giant."

One by one the members of the committee were introduced to Lincoln, and when the handshaking was over, he said:

"Gentlemen, Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you in the adjoining room, where you will find some refreshments."

These Mrs. Lincoln met them pleasantly; but the only visible sign of refreshment was a white earthen pitcher filled with ice water. This was possibly Mr. Lincoln's little joke; for it was afterward ascertained that his Republican neighbors had offered to furnish wines and liquors, which he refused to have in his house, and that his Democratic friends had sent round baskets of champagne, which were also declined.

Bribing Spanish Officers.

A third paper from the diaries of Jonathan S. Jenkins, giving pictures of "Life and Society in Old Cuba," is printed in the Century. Mr. Jenkins relates the case of a Yankee who took a cargo into the harbor of Havana:

"A custom-house officer watched his actions very closely, and this espionage materially interfered with many profitable little schemes which the captain had in view. He walked confidently up to the officer and asked him if he could see through a doubloon placed over each of his eyes. The ready Spaniard took the meaning at once, and replied: "No; and if you should put a doubloon upon each ear, I could not hear; and put another on my mouth, and I could not speak." The sensible captain spread his gratification accordingly, and did as he pleased. It is an insult instantly resented to offer a bribe to a Spaniard, but the same thing under the disguise of a gratification is the magic key which opens all doors in Spanish countries. Gen. Tacon was the only Spanish official I ever knew who would not accept a bribe."

First Coffee in Western Europe.

Louis IV. of France drank the first cup of coffee made in Western Europe. Coffee was then worth \$28 a pound.

After a man prays, "Lead us not into temptation," he goes out looking for one, to see if he is strong enough to resist it.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

Substitutes for Money.

The Bimetallist (English magazine) for July says of the experiment unhappily Japan is making: The Government is exchanging the silver yen into gold. The slightest scratch on the face of a yen is sufficient to cause it to be condemned as "defaced," and therefore inconvertible. The authorities have also altered in a most unjust manner recently altered their original decree by reducing the time given for presentation of silver yens for conversion into gold.

Of the gold acquired for the conversion, such a large amount has already been exported from Japan that the Government is replenishing its stock by having a portion of the last installment of the Chinese indemnity shipped from England. But while this "official gold stream" is flowing from England to Japan the stream of gold from Japan still flows in shipments to Europe and America on account of banks and financial and commercial houses.

In a letter to the London Times on May 18 last, Sir Robert Giffen cites the cases of many countries that have attempted the gold standard and failed. Says he:

"A conspicuous case in my own recollection is that of Italy, which issued a gold loan about fifteen years ago and obtained \$80,000,000 in order to introduce a gold standard but failed of success.

"Gold standard was never really effective, or was so for so short a period as to be hardly noticeable and the standard is long since gone. The Argentine Republic, again, has twice failed; Brazil and Chile have failed; Spain has failed; Austria and Russia failed to keep a metallic standard of silver for similar reasons.

"Some of the countries named are once more renewing the attempt at a gold standard, and Japan is a new beginner in the same line; but unless one, or more of them prove to be unexpectedly rich—and Japan, for instance, is rich for the moment—the attempt is no more than an experiment, and we are justified in saying it is far from certain to succeed. As I write Japan is said to be proposing a new loan of \$75,000,000 to relieve the depression!

"There is nothing, then, to weaken the force of the lesson which all these failures teach us. A gold standard is not an easy thing for a poor and indebted country, with its creditors also possessing that standard. The chances are that even very costly attempts will not succeed."—Charles A. Towne.

Hoarded Money.

No matter how high prices may go under the stimulus of some sudden, extraordinary demand, it is perfectly clear that if in addition to the money thus brought out of hiding and thrown into circulation there should also be a large accession of entirely new money, prices would go still higher. The more money people have the more they can afford to pay, and the more they will have to pay if they are determined to buy. By this is not meant that a rich man will have to pay more for a given article than a poor one will, but simply that if all were poor the price would fall, because the demand (that is, the money demand) for it would weaken.

It should also be clear that with a given amount of money in the country there is a point beyond which average prices cannot rise. They may fall in definitely, because more and more money may be withdrawn from circulation; but when it is all in circulation, all being exchanged for property, and sustaining the full volume of credit that it can safely carry, it is doing all it can do, and prices will go no higher, save through a dangerous expansion of credit. This, of course, would be followed by a speedy crash and prices would fall again.

The rise and fall of particular prices when no change has occurred in the money supply, depends upon conditions peculiarly affecting the things which rise and fall. Changes in the general average of prices in the main result from the flow of money from its hiding places into the avenues of trade and back again.

When a horse is tethered to a stake by a rope, say, 100 feet long, he is very seldom just 100 feet from the stake, because the rope is rarely drawn taut. He may be close to the stake, or twenty feet from it, or fifty. But he cannot get more than 100 feet away from it with out breaking the rope. One hundred feet is the limit. When he is less the rope is all there as before, but some of it is lying slack.

In a crude way this may be taken to represent the relation between money and prices. When all the money is in the field of commerce doing monetary duty prices will be at their highest level. But if one-fourth of it is laid away as an idle mass prices will take a heavy fall. If half of it is withdrawn from use the fall will be greater, and so on. Still the money may be all in the country.

Want Capacity of Money.

The world's creditors and bondholders want money as scarce and dear as possible in order that the purchasing power of the money they receive as interest and principal may be great. They are the ones who procured the demoralization of silver. It doubled their wealth, and correspondingly increased the burdens of debtors and taxpayers.—Silver Knight Watchman.

The Austrian eagle is represented double-headed to indicate the union of two empires.

There is not a moment without some duty.—Cicero.