

# POLITICS OF THE DAY

## RECORD OF TRUSTS.

There is a certain amount of monotony about the discussion of trusts, but this fact is simply the result of the constant reflection of the old story that trusts are forming daily.

Figures may not be interesting, but sometimes they tell a startling story. With this fact in view, the following list of trusts, formed in the United States during the last two months, is reproduced from the Financial Chronicle:

Name of Company	Authorized stock
American Beet Sugar Co.	20,000,000
American Brass Co.	20,000,000
American Car and Foundry Co.	60,000,000
American Ice Co.	60,000,000
American Last Co.	3,500,000
American Radiator Co.	10,000,000
American Saddle Co. (bicycle saddles)	1,800,000
American Sewer Pipe Co.	10,000,000
American Silk Manufacturing Co.	12,500,000
American Soda Co.	1,000,000
American Steel and Wire Co. of New Jersey	30,000,000
Borax Consolidated	20,000,000
Central Union Gas (natural gas concerns)	24,000,000
Electric Boat Co.	10,000,000
Electric Company of America	25,000,000
Electric Vehicle Transportation Co.	25,000,000
General Chemical Co.	25,000,000
Havana Commercial Co. (Cuban tobacco)	20,000,000
International Air Power Co.	25,000,000
Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Co.	32,000,000
Maryland Brewing Co.	6,500,000
National Carbon Co.	10,000,000
National Enameling and Stamping Co.	30,000,000
National Salt Co.	10,000,000
National Steel Car Co.	35,000,000
National Tin Plate and Sheet Metal Ware Co.	20,000,000
National Tube Co.	60,000,000
New England Dairy Co. (milk companies)	30,000,000
New York Auto-Track	10,000,000
New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat and Power Co.	38,000,000
Pacific American Fisheries Co.	5,000,000
People's Light and Power Co. of New Jersey	20,000,000
Pittsburg Brewing Co.	13,000,000
Pressed Steel Car Co.	25,000,000
Royal Baking Powder Co.	20,000,000
Rubber Goods Manufacturing Co.	50,000,000
Standard Sardine Co.	5,000,000
Union Bag and Paper Co.	27,000,000
United Lighting and Heating (oil lighting interests)	12,000,000
United Shoe Machinery Co.	25,000,000
United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Co.	30,000,000
United States Varnish Co.	36,000,000
Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Co.	7,500,000
Grand total	\$1,048,836,000

This is the record for January and February, and is an astounding array of figures showing that the tendency of business under Republican auspices is toward consolidation into oppressive and arrogant trusts. As a result, competition will be slaughtered, wages reduced and prices to consumers increased.

How do the people like the prospect? Are they inclined to keep a party in power which makes such things possible?

## Alger and the Navy.

Is it not a suggestive fact that there have been no deaths from disease in the navy? Coupled with this fact, the list of deaths from disease in the army makes the indictment against Alger unanswerable.

The New York Journal prints the statistics of deaths in the army and navy during the war with Spain as follows:

THE ARMY.	
Killed in action	329
Died of wounds	125
Died of diseases	5,277
THE NAVY.	
Killed in action	17
Died of wounds	1
Died of diseases	0

When it is remembered that the navy was more actively engaged in the war than was the army, the significance of these figures is all the more impressive.

In the army over five thousand men died of disease. As the Journal states, the greater portion of the troops were in camp in this country and did not go to Cuba. They were not exposed in a treacherous tropical climate. There was every reason why they should have remained well. That they died by the thousands is due solely to the ignorance of their officers about the necessity of enforcing sanitary regulations, the loathsome food furnished them, and the general neglect caused by bad management in the War Department.

If Alger wishes to make out a good case before the American people he will have to avoid statistics.

## Helving Civil Service.

Although the Republican platform of 1896 promised to protect and to expand the civil service system, nothing of the kind was attempted by the Republican Congress. On the contrary, the census bureau has been made a part of the machinery by which to grapple spoils.

The census bill, which was enacted into a law by the Republican Congress, provides that the 300 supervisors, to be appointed by the President, shall each select the enumerators of his district, while the thousands of clerks required in the Washington office will be appointed after a "non-competitive" examination, by the director of the census.

The boast was made by the Republican members on the final consideration of the bill that it "washed the starch out of civil service reform."

Whatever differences of opinion there may be among Democrats as to the civil service, there can be no doubt that the Republican party has stultified itself by the census legislation. Indeed, it has become evident that the party headed by McKinley, but ruled by Boss Hanna, has no intention of redeeming its platform pledges, and the census action is but one instance of its false pretenses. There are good political reasons for this disregard of the

platform. The census measure will be used to aid in building up bosses and machines, and, above all, to further Mark Hanna's campaign, already started, for the renomination and election of the President.

## Why Does Pingree Wait?

Governor Pingree of Michigan declares that his party leaders are controlled by the bondholders. This does not mean, he says, that the Republican party is the party of monopolists, but that its course is dictated too much by commercial greed. The trouble with the Governor is that he has for some time been trying to play a Democratic tune on a Republican fiddle string, says the Atlanta Constitution. He has made a strong and successful fight against municipal and State corporations that are engaged in oppressing the people. He has done all this while calling himself a Republican; but he knows that if he had not received the support of Democrats he would have been powerless. He admits now that the leaders of his party are controlled by the bondholders, and that its course is dictated by commercial greed. Why, then, does he remain in it? Does he hope to reform it? Why, seven thousand Pingrees couldn't reform a single one of the real leaders who have dedicated the organization to money and the money power. Why doesn't Governor Pingree come out from such an organization and carry out his Democratic principles under Democratic auspices?

## Time to Show Some Sign.

It may be that the President is as earnestly and honestly opposed to a colonial or imperialistic policy as are the mass of American citizens, but the people received no assurance to this effect. It may be that he proposes to give to the Filipinos every opportunity of proving their capacity for self-government, but the people have no pledge or promise to this effect. It is now high time—especially if peace is impending in the Philippines—for the plain outlining of the administration's policy.—St. Louis Republic.

## The Absurdity of Protection.

The Russian contract for 80,000 tons of steel rails has been given to American contractors for a bid the disparity of which with the nearest European competitor was equally amazing and gratifying. The difference in price between the successful American and the lowest European bid was 20 per cent. And yet the American manufacturer who can deliver steel rails in Russia one-fifth cheaper than his European competitor is protected against that competitor at home by a duty of \$15 a ton.—New York Times.

## News Censorship at Manila.

An innocent Western party wants to know why the Manila news censorship is continued. Why, without a censorship every American would know that from the first the American soldiers have been making war on a people who are fighting for their freedom; a people who have suffered from one foreign yoke and do not hail the opportunity of putting on another foreign yoke with gladness and great joy.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

## Placating Speaker Reed.

The placating of Reed will be the worst job that Boss Hanna ever undertook for his chief. The speaker is an able, ambitious and vindictive person. He will be hard metal for the Ohio manager to mold, and he can neither be deceived nor hoodwinked. For whatever he yields to the administration it can safely be assumed that he will exact an iron-clad bond.—Denver News.

## Dingleyism and the Price of Wheat.

The anything-to-get-there editors of Republican papers, who were "pointing with pride" last year to dollar wheat as the consequence of McKinleyism and Dingleyism, are maintaining a silence now, with wheat at 65 cents, that commands intense admiration for their discretion.—St. Paul Globe.

## More Fat for Eagan.

Another court-martial is talked of for General Eagan in connection with the beef testimony. The agitation was probably started by the ex-commissionary general's friends, in the hope that his sentence might restore his expense allowance during his six years' vacation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Political Briefs.

The first question the next Congress will have to decide will be whether Speaker Reed or Mark Hanna has the longest whip.

The country would have happier wishes for President McKinley's vacation if it were not passed in Mark Hanna's company.

It is the disposition of certain newspapers to drag up things against General Miles, but the country is not likely to have its attention withdrawn from the subject in hand, which is Algerism.

Reed is reported to have been moved to scornful laughter by the suggestion that he may be rolled when he runs for Speaker of the next House. If there is any rolling to be done, Thomas proposes to furnish the wheels.

Uncle Sam helped the Cubans "by request." The Filipinos helped Uncle Sam by request. Uncle Sam promised the Cubans liberty, but tells the Filipinos to fight for it. This shows how hard it is to be generous in two places at the same time.

# MEMORIES OF THE WAR



WILL you give us a Lincoln cavalry story, Captain?"

Captain W. H. Beach, who served in the Lincoln (N. Y.) cavalry, now a teacher of history in a Milwaukee high school, is always entertaining, and particularly so when he touches on the war and its incidents.

I drew him out, a short time since, with a result that will delight readers of all classes. Here is his story: "After the battle of Antietam the First New York, or Lincoln, cavalry was sent west among the mountains. We held a line of posts about ten miles south of the Potomac to guard the Baltimore and Ohio. In December Companies B and M were ordered eastward. A few inches of snow had fallen; it was cold. After a march of thirty-five miles we halted at Smith's Crossroads, where there were some farmhouses, barns and a country store. In the barnyards were stacks of straw inclosed by rail fences. The cattle had eaten holes in the stacks. Some of the men crawled into the holes to sleep. Others, building fires by the roadside and spreading straw on the frozen ground, lay down in their blankets with feet to the fire, like spokes around the hub of a wheel. If they could keep their feet warm they could sleep.

"Early next morning the march was resumed. Late in the afternoon we crossed North Mountain, the last ridge of the Alleghenies, and looked over the valley. Men and horses found comfortable quarters in the large brick barn of Dr. Hammond, a mile or so from North Mountain station. The next morning, in order to find out our surroundings and learn whom we had for neighbors, a party of twenty-five men, under Lieutenants Prendergast and Lewis, was sent to Martinsburg. Striking the pike a mile north of the town, we rode rapidly through the main street. If there were a few of the enemy there this was the surest way to get them. If there should be a large number this was the best way to get through and out of the town safely. But no enemy was there.

"The officers learned that about five miles from Winchester there was a picket post, and, although our orders were to go only as far as Martinsburg, we concluded to go and see where this post was. We went out on a moderate gait until the advance caught sight of the confederate videttes, when the whole command started into a rapid gallop. About thirty Confederates on the reserve were around an old house at a crossroad. When first seen they were hastily unfastening and mounting their horses. They did not have time to form and were taking to the road and fleeing as rapidly as possible. The flight and the chase were exciting. Shots were exchanged spitefully. One after another, as his horse gave out, was overhauled and captured. One plucky fellow was trying his best to get away with Lieutenant Prendergast alongside of him. The lieutenant was an Englishman, with a dialect and an indistinctness in speech. He could not say 'surrender' plainly. He gained on the Confederate until the two horses were neck and neck. The Confederate was leaning forward on his horse's neck and plying his spurs. 'Sur-r-render!' shouted the lieutenant. The Confederate paid no heed to the summons, but kept forging ahead, when the lieutenant brought his saber across his face with a blow that straightened him up in his saddle. He surrendered.

"The chase was kept up for nearly five miles, almost to Bunker Hill. A dozen prisoners were taken. We were getting a good way from home. Orders were given to stop the pursuit, but the men were excited and did not hear them.

"John Casey was an Irishman in Company B. He had a thin, high-keyed voice and a peculiar way of getting around without attracting much observation. He was a fine soldier and took good care of his horse, generally managing to get double rations for him. When off duty he would volunteer to go with the detail to 'draw' oats. On one occasion the grain was in sacks piled on the first and second floors of an old stone warehouse. While the oats were being weighed and loaded into the wagon at the lower door Casey had gone upstairs to look around. Watching his opportunity, he would toss a sack out the upper door into the wagon. This was an extra for his horse. On a shelf was a lot of books. The quartermaster's clerk had occasion to go upstairs, where he found Casey very diligently reading a Bible. As soon as the clerk retired, out went another bag of oats.

"On this chase Casey had a fine horse of which he was very proud. Some of the enemy, when they saw their horses giving out, had turned out of the road and tried to escape through the fields. Casey was far to the front when the chase slackened. The Johnnies had checked up; some of them had faced about. Casey, seeing two men in blue overcoats across a field, rode up to them. He saw his mistake when

they told him to give up his arms and dismount. He hesitated, trying to look over his shoulder to see if help was near. Seeing none, he obeyed a second sharp command to dismount. The Confederates, leading the horse, started toward the road. Casey, excited over the loss of his horse, was coming back on foot across the field. Seeing a sergeant who was trying to get the scattered men together, he called out as loud as his thin voice would allow. 'Sergeant, those danged rebels have got me horse!' The sergeant, notwithstanding the orders to fall back, called to two men near him with: 'Let's get Casey's horse for him,' and started in pursuit. The rebels, seeing themselves crowded, let go Casey's horse. The sergeant was leading him back when Lieutenant Lewis called: 'Come back!' A squad of Confederates in blue overcoats had halted beyond a wide, shallow creek. The sergeant said: 'Those men are rebels,' Lewis replied: 'I want to bring those men back.' 'I tell you they are rebels.' But he rode through the stream and up the hill, calling out to the men to 'come back.' One of them ordered him to surrender. He quickly understood who they were then. Wheeling his horse, he came down the hill and across the creek faster than he had gone. A few shots were fired after him, but he escaped unhurt. As he rejoined the sergeant, who had watched the whole affair, the latter said: 'I told you those men were rebels.' 'So I found,' replied the lieutenant, abstractedly.—J. A. Watrous.

## A War Duel.

Riding in the direction from which the shot came, I found myself within long pistol range of a section of a battery of light artillery. It was in position near a country road that came out from another piece of woods about 200 yards in its rear, and was pouring a rapid fire into the woods from which I had just emerged. As I sat on my horse quietly watching it from behind a rail fence, the lieutenant commanding the pieces saw me, and, riding out for a hundred yards or more toward where I was, proceeded to cover me with his revolver. We fired together—a miss on both sides. The second shot was uncomfortably close, so far as I was concerned, but as I took deliberate aim for the third shot I became aware that in some way his pistol was disabled; for using both hands and all his strength I saw that he could not cock it. I had him covered, and had he turned I think I should have fired. He did nothing of the sort. Apparently accepting his fate, he laid his revolver across the pommel of his saddle, fronted me quietly and coolly, and looked me steadily in the face. The whole thing had been something in the nature of a duel, and I felt that to fire under the circumstances savored too much of murder. Besides, I knew



"I TOOK DELIBERATE AIM."

that at a word from him the guns would have been trained on me where I sat. He, too, seemed to appreciate the fact that it was an individual fight, and manfully and gallantly forebore to call for aid; so lowering and uncocking my pistol, I replaced it in my holster, shook my fist at him, which action he cordially reciprocated, and then turning away I rode back into the woods.

About this time the enemy's artillery ceased firing, and I again rode rapidly to the edge of the woods, just in time to see the guns limber up and retire down the road from which they had come. The lieutenant in command saw me and stopped. We simultaneously uncovered, waved our hats to each other and bowed. I have always thought he was one of the bravest men I ever faced.—Gen. George A. Forsyth, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

## Shrapnel.

One of the most embarrassing things connected with a modern battlefield is the shrapnel shells, which throw all sorts of strange substances about. There is not so much danger in their fire as in that of modern musketry, but the sound of the shrapnel is much more disconcerting and demoralizing; its wild "whee-wew-wew" suggests missiles filling all the air and coming from all directions. A surgeon relates that, as he was standing in front of a hospital tent near where two wounded colored troopers were lying, he heard one of them say, as a shrapnel would pass: "I don't care for dem Mauser bullets, for when you hear one of 'em you know it's done gone past. But I sh'ldly would like to know where de cannon is dat shoots dem camp-kitties full o' rocks!"—Youth's Companion.

## Wanted His Day Off.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, now dead, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the civil war he felt his coat tails pulled. Turning about, he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment. "Why are you not at your place, fighting?" the general demanded, angrily. "Why, I just wanted to tell you that, if you don't mind, I will take my day off to-day!"

## HOW PARISIANS WORK.

Hours Which Would Hardly Do for This Country.

One of the features of street life in Paris which strikes the American visitor with wonder, says the Chicago News, is the extraordinary number of men of leisure to be seen at all hours of the day, lounging and chatting in the cafes. The fact is that many of them are employees of one kind or another, but their hours of labor are very different from those that prevail in America. The young French clerk or bookkeeper would throw up his position, even though such an act meant bread and water for years to come, if his employer dared to import what are becoming known on the continent as "American methods."

The Paris clerk wants to come down to his work certainly not earlier than 9 o'clock—it is often 10 that finds him before his desk—and if his two hours at noon are abridged by the smallest quarter hour, sulkiness and silliness are the sequel. In positions just a grade above his the incumbents stroll in at 10, lunch from noon to any hour they please, and never stay later than 5 o'clock at their offices. The cafes are full at all hours of the day with prosperous men whose conversation shows them to be engaged in what even the blue-blooded Frenchman is beginning to mention respectfully as "commerce." These "merchants"—every business man in Paris is a "merchant"—ruminate over their affairs in the shade of a cafe awning instead of behind the forbidding railing of a private office.

Immaculate boots, spotless linen and highly polished top-hat—all proclaim that the men do not by any means give all their time to "business." Even in the large department stores such a thing as a clerk working overtime or curtailing his midday meal for any purpose whatsoever has never been heard of. In the store clerks and accountants are obliged to attend to their monotonous but never hurried duties. The moment a certain gong strikes they don their glossy high hats, change their short coats for the courtly length required on the boulevards and immediately seek their favorite restaurant or cafe, where they become gentlemen of leisure, "rentiers," and talk of political affairs or the last salon with highly judicial air and critical eye, as if there were not yards of ribbon and silk waiting for their hands during the afternoon.



"Natural History."

If you want to ask a sheep where he got his wool and why, take a dog into a mountain pasture band and if the sheep are afraid of the dog they will invariably run uphill rather than down. You will have your answer. The ancestors of the domestic sheep, like wild sheep of the present day, lived among high mountains and needed their woolly covering to protect them against the constant cold of high atmospheres. They chose the high and inhospitable region to live in because they found the flesh-eating animals of the plains too strong for them. A proof of these facts is that the wool grows on a sheep the year round.

Every boy who owns rabbits knows that if a stranger goes into the shed where they are kept they give a resounding thud with their feet upon the floor. This is a warning signal. Wild rabbits strike the ground the same way just before they enter their burrows. An interesting point is that rabbits give this warning stamp with their hind feet, while sheep, deer and antelope use the fore feet. This is because the action of striking was in former times a method of defense or attack and in rabbits the hind legs are more powerful; in the other animals mentioned, the fore legs.

## The Dog and His Chum.

Friendships between human beings, too, are shown and strengthened by little deeds of thoughtful kindness, like this one reported by the Burlington Free Press:

A very ordinary-looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess can be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and with tail wagging rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood up on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse munched the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon-seat.

## A Nimble Young Acrobat.

Nine-year-old Amy Hardcastle, of Philadelphia, is a wonder in her way. She is one of the most nimble little dancers and acrobats in the country, and the score or more of medals that decorate her breast show that her talents have been appreciated. She dances on her toes and on her heels, turns somersaults and handspings, backward, frontward and sideways, and besides is a very clever little singer. It is rumored that she has closed an engagement to appear in London.

Some idea of the extent to which a man feels his age may be gathered from the distance which he will travel on a cold night to attend a party.

# THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

## Honest Money.

I read much in the Chicago Tribune and other journals in regard to "honest money," but cannot, "for the life of me," see why the money they would have us use is any more "honest" than that desired by the bimetallicists. Silver was never considered dishonest until the advocates of a gold standard wanted "a catchy phrase" with which to deceive and scare the people. If silver is not honest money, why does the Government accept it for dues and taxes? If it is not honest money, why is it paid to our pensioners, who have risked their lives in defense of the country? If it is not honest money, why is not every man passing it arrested and given the punishment of a counterfeiter? The fact is, if what these men pretend to believe were really true, every one of them should be serving time behind prison bars. Do not let it be forgotten that, if you present a silver certificate at the Treasury, you will be paid in silver and based on silver and nothing but silver, is just as good as gold in the ordinary exchanges among the people. When either gold or silver goes out of the country it goes by weight, coined or uncoined. It makes no difference, therefore, in our foreign exchanges what the ratio of coinage may be. Why, I should like to ask, is English money and a standard fixed by England any more honest than American money and a standard fixed by Americans? By what right does England assume to fix the standard of honesty for the rest of the world? If the records are correct, the ancient "worshippers of the golden calf" repented their folly, after sad experience; and I think a thorough union of the silver forces in this campaign will bring the modern worshippers of the gilded bovine into a like penitential mood. We want America for Americans, native and naturalized; and we want legislation for the benefit of our own country and our own people, to promote their prosperity at our expense. Under bimetallicism the American people prospered as no other people in the world, and we demand its restoration, in the name of justice, that they may again prosper. We want our bondholders paid in the same money we pay our crippled soldiers. If it is honest money for the soldier, it is honest for the bondholder, and nothing can change the fact.—D. H. Tracey.

## Per Capita a Circulation.

For many years past, beginning with the times of the Greenback party, we have heard much said regarding the circulation of money and the per capita of population. It is true that we had in the North, at the close of the war, a money circulation of about \$50 per capita, not including the 7-30 U. S. bonds, which were legal tender and with which many of the soldiers received their pay towards the close of the war. Now our per capita circulation of money, outside of the treasury, is not over \$18. Every one who is old enough remembers how very flourishing the times were from 1865 to 1873. It is true that the dollar was cheaper than gold, but no person was idle; there were no tramps, money was plenty, and property was rapidly accumulated. New enterprises were started which required much money to carry them on. Instead, however, of there being new issues of money as there ought to have been to meet the expansion of business, the currency, in obedience to the commands of Wall street, was contracted, and with the demonetization of silver in 1873 came the panic of that year from the evil effects of which there was no recovery until 1879, when the purchase of silver under the Bland-Allison act began to expand the volume of money and give new life to business. To the addition to our currency of the five hundred millions dollars of silver purchased since 1878 is principally due the fact that we, as a nation, have prospered as much as we have during the last eighteen years.

## The Best Protection.

The very best "protection" we can possibly have at the present time is the complete restoration of silver. So long as we must sell our wheat and cotton and petroleum and many other things in the European market on a free trade silver basis, in competition with silver-using countries, those staples are bound to be cheap, and the producers of such things cannot afford to pay higher prices for manufactured goods. Restore silver and the price of it will rise in the European market. As silver rises so must those things sold on that basis. It will bring prosperity to the agriculturist particularly, whose labor constitutes the basis of all industry. He will be able to buy the products of the factory at fair prices, and thus benefits will spread themselves through the entire country. After this has been done, the question of a proper adjustment of tariff rates will naturally come under consideration, for, "like the poor," the tariff issue is always with us.

## The Bishop's Best Work.

One of the faculty of the General Theological Seminary, New York, tells a characteristic story of the late Bishop Williams. A brother bishop from the West asked the venerable Connecticut diocesan: "Bishop, will you tell me what you consider the best bit of work you have done in Connecticut during your long episcopate there?" The Bishop replied: "Well, perhaps the best work I did for the diocese and for the church as well as to keep a number of men out of the ministry."

The chance of two finger-prints being alike is not one in sixty-four billions.