

000 cases of syphilis afflicted the volunteers thus far returned from the Philippines to San Francisco. Who can estimate the ravages among our own people in consequence?

In the French army Gen. Gallifet has just promulgated an order against the sale of ardent spirits in barrack or camp. Degeneracy and increase of insanity among the consumers of brandy and absinthe have forced the move. Mulhall, the statistician, says that alcoholic insanity "is twice as frequent now as it was 15 years ago, and the number placed under restraint on account of it has increased 25 per cent. in the last three years." Every ship-load of returning soldiers from Manila brings its quota of maniacs.

We have a president belonging to the great Methodist denomination, which probably includes the largest percentage of prohibitionists of any religious organization in the country. The souls of many of its members are stirred over the question whether their distinguished communicant turns his wine glasses down on festive occasions, or ventures to take a drop. We have a secretary of the navy who is president of the Massachusetts total abstinence society. Contributions for it are annually solicited to save a few drunkards from the gutter. Mr. McKinley has but to speak the word to close every grog shop in Manila and remedy the canteen abomination. He can find excuses for arbitrary power to the extent of nullifying the principles of republican government and disregarding the constitution, but not to clean out the saloons in the Philippines. Nor has the total abstainer, Secretary Long, yet made his influence felt against this national enormity, which destroys more human beings in a day than his Massachusetts society can rescue in a lifetime. Let the responsibility be placed where it belongs.

This is a difficult subject to handle without offense, but it needs exposure and emphasis more than any other aspect of the war. Death closes the account, and wounds of flesh may heal, but the soul degradation and dissemination of vice through the great engineering of the army entail incalculable curse. Nothing should stir the indignation and purpose of women like this sin against the human race. From Cuba and Porto Rico comes the same story. The trail of armies is the trail of the serpent, and no fine phrases like those of Bishop Potter can for a moment obscure the devilish work in which the countrymen of Washington and Lincoln are now engaged. Two thousand years after the birth of the Prince of Peace, and pious lips, in His name, shielding the crime and the criminals!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, May 9, 1900.

—Springfield Republican.

BRYAN'S OCCUPATION.

Recently when questioned about his occupation Colonel Bryan said he was not a farmer, but an agriculturist. The New York Press defines this by saying: "A farmer is a man who tills the soil. An agriculturist is a man who tills the farmer."

Perhaps that fixes Colonel Bryan's status as accurately as possible. He certainly puts his tongue to the farmer more often than he puts his hand to the plow. His function in life seems to be the effort to convince the farmer that he is unhappy when he is happy, in misery when he feels well, and in bad luck when he pays off a mortgage.

We would, however, take Colonel Bryan out of the agricultural class and put him among the manufacturers. It is his business to manufacture grievances. He spins them out of his own head, as a silkworm spins its thread out of its bowels.

When prices were low and interest high he manufactured that into a grievance. Now that conditions are reversed, and prices are high and interest low, that also is made into a grievance. He accused the "money power" of making low prices and high interest, and now he accuses the same power of reversing the operation and effect. He evidently treats the gold standard as a double ender, and whichever way it works he views it with alarm, with solicitude, with repugnance, with aversion, with apprehension, with anxiety, and so on to the end of the long catalogue of words which express discontent.

To his mind the public liver is in a morbid, torpid, inactive and abnormal condition, no matter what happens; and he is the only original liver-pad and hepatic poultice capable of making it smile like an infant in its mother's arms.

Shakespeare describes the scurvy politician—pretending to see the things he does not.

Surely Colonel Bryan sees things in the condition of the country and people which are hidden from others. As the prophet of 1896 he failed utterly. His prophecies went wider of the mark than the shells which Spanish gunners fired at our ships. Now he is in the field as a political chemist, analyzing present conditions, and finds them so bad that he is surprised that the hide of the poor old country is not on the fence.—San Francisco Call.

THE COMMERCIAL BROKER.

The broker is the medium of trade. He has been described as a fungus growth on trade; an intermediate black-mailer between buyer and seller. This accusation is unfair and unjust. The commercial broker is a trade medium; a connector of buyer and seller; a necessary adjunct to commerce in our widely extended business.

There are many small dealers whose

business is not big enough to warrant the establishment of an expensive bureau of information. The field for their commodity is not sufficiently large and their businesses are not sufficiently diversified to warrant the expense of exploiting the world for market information. There are hordes of business concerns which desire an occasional article which they fancy this or that country produces, but are unable to connect with the manufacturer or the dealer in it. These items may be few as to one business house, but when all of these little odds and ends are gathered into one place they create the necessity and the material for the commercial broker. He stands in the busy maelstrom like a pilot light to warn here and to guide there the smaller as well as the larger commercial barks out in the dangerous current of trade. The commercial broker fills in the thousand and one of little needs of business. He hitches up the odds and ends of the world's industry; keeps buyer and seller always in touch, keeps his searchlight out in the world of commerce and keeps his hand on the pulse of trade so that his clients might be kept well posted for moving their products at the most opportune time in the most favorable market. Every big house in the provision line and most other lines has its broker. Experience has taught these concerns that such an intermediary is wise and advantageous.

If the middlemen in trade were wiped out and the consumer were suddenly washed up against the factory there would be a cry for relief, and no one to hear the cry. Business connections would gradually disintegrate and drop apart. The big houses would feel the awkwardness of business affairs at increased expense, and the smaller houses would lose their touch with the outside world.

The commercial broker has his sins to be reproached and to atone for, but, sinful or pure, he is indispensable to modern trade to lessen the size of the world and to focus mercantile information and market data for the use of whomsoever might desire his wares. He hitches up the trade world and keeps the conduits of trade flowing hither and thither throughout the universe. Abolish his "tricks" if you can; convert him to better ways if he will permit the reform, but leave us the commercial broker, because international commerce and internal trade cannot well get on without him.—National Provisioner.

A BIG JOB OF PRINTING.

Since April 20, 1900, the Morton Printing Company has printed on one cylinder (Miehle) press 3,000,000 circulars. The press made between April 20 and May 20, 610,000 impressions. Eighteen tons of paper were used in the job.