

# The Democrat

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W. BLACKBURN, PUBLISHER.

It ought to be a very easy matter to break the new plate-glass trust.

RELIGION is a natural instinct with women—politics is an acquired taste, like the relish for olives.

WHERE'S the profit when sunshine makes us happy and gay if it makes all the microbes feel just the same way?

THE Welch have a drink called Mysglsu Llannpdrdyllipogoch. It makes a man dizzy even to look at the name.

WHY do our reportorial friends invariably speak of the "cool million" and crisp five-dollar notes? Why cool and why crisp?

THE Count of Paris indicates a cheerful willingness to undertake the guidance of the French ship of state. All that seems to be lacking is the consent of France.

A LADY is attempting to traverse the country by rail and throughout her journey not touch her Chicago foot to the ground. The value of accomplishing this ambition does not appear. What are feet for?

MEMBERS of Parliament have officially declared that they want pay for their services. Is patriotism dead over there? In the United States office is sought for its honors alone. At least such allegation has been made.

HERE is a hint from the Household, which is commended to the attention of all who need it: "Ho, all ye dyspeptics!" says a quack at the head of his advertisement. But that is exactly what dyspeptics won't do. If they would he vigorously they might not need any medicine.

EFFEL is said to be a fugitive. The possibility that he may have climbed his own tower seems to have been overlooked by the police. If he has, some cunning engineering device may be expected to pull the tower up after him. And what would French justice do then? True, it might convict De Lesseps some more.

AFTER winning glory for saving a train a man in Oregon has been arrested charged with having loosened the rail that gave him a chance to be a hero. So another idol tumbles, a spectacle always somber, but aggravated this time by the fact that the passengers theoretically snatched from death had given their bold rescuer a purse made up of contributions averaging 22 cents apiece.

JUANA JUAREZ, a Mexican girl of Durango, was in a casket surrounded by weeping friends, the occasion being her wake. Some careless mourner flipped a drop of hot tallow from one of the candles upon the waxen fingers of Juana and she bounced out of the casket with a howl that completely robbed the wake of its solemnity, and refused to return. It is so seldom that the chief figure at one of these ceremonials gets a chance to participate actively in proceedings, that Juana's experience is really worthy of record.

THE plain old farmers who captured Latimer made the orthodox detective methods appear at a disadvantage. They simply invited the murderer to come along, gave him something to eat, loaded him into a wagon without so much as a pair of handcuffs to restrain him, and landed him safely in the Jackson prison, after having a pleasant talk on the way and eliciting some interesting statements from the remarkable prisoner. There was no flourishing of shooting-irons, no grand stand plays. It was simply a case of hitching up the team and hauling him back.

THE killing of Mrs. Josephine Frill by a Grand Trunk engine, at Chicago, was one of the most cruel and pathetic murders ever perpetrated by the railway juggernaut. By her death her boy, a bright little fellow only four years old, was left without father or mother, the former parent having died only about a week before. The little fellow was taken to the Army station, where he remained for several days in the care of strangers before any of his relatives learned of his whereabouts or came to claim him. The grade crossing juggernaut is an unsentimental and hideously cruel monster.

JOHN NOWACKI's wife made him happy by presenting him with a son on the 4th of March. John wrote to the President asking permission to name this inauguration boy Grover Cleveland, which privilege was granted. Thus bit by bit the simplicity of American life is being destroyed. In the olden time when a citizen wanted to name his heir George Washington or Thomas Jefferson he just went ahead and did so, with none to stop him or interfere in any way. Nobody thought of asking a President's permission for such a thing as that, as that was considered a part of the President's official burden, assumed with the rest of his obligations when he took the oath of office.

PROFESSOR LEVERMORE, of Boston, advocates the establishment of a newspaper with an endowment of from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000 under the charge of a Board of Trustees

having no pecuniary interest in the project. His theory is that by making a newspaper independent of popular support it would be enabled to exclude reports of scandals, murders, and prize fights, and to devote its columns to topics of a less sensational character. Advertising would not be debased, but nothing of an equivocal nature would be accepted. Such a journal is, of course, possible, especially with a heavy endowment back of it, but it would be folly to call it a "newspaper." At best it would merely chronicle a certain class of events, much after the pattern of trade and sectarian papers. It is needless to say that the person who depended solely upon such a journal for current information would be totally unfit to form a correct judgment of events in the world about him.

TWO HUNDRED and thirty passengers on the north-bound Oregon express were saved from death or injury by the heroic conduct of a destitute gardener beating his way on the railroad. The salvation of the train and its load of human freight nearly cost the life of the man who saved it, and the beneficiaries of his unselfish act responded to the noble promptings of gratitude by raising a munificent purse of \$50, representing a contribution of about 22 cents a head. Aside from the value of the railroad property saved from destruction, the Wells, Fargo & Co. treasure box, said to contain about \$50,000, was preserved from molestation, it having been the evident intention of a party of miscreants to wreck and then rob the train. Rewards were offered for those who capture the criminals. It might be a stroke of policy and would certainly be a matter of justice to properly reward the man who averted the terrible catastrophe. To this both the railroad and express company might with good grace contribute.

THOUGH injudicious to condemn a new law offhand, it is safe to say that legislation incorporated in the last army appropriation act prohibiting the enlistment of soldiers after ten years' service is of questionable expediency. And this is safely said, because the very people who should be most interested in applying the law are said to design its evasion. It appears that this removing of all prospect of the benefits of the retired list or the Soldiers' Home is liable to lose its best men to every regiment in the army when once their present terms of enlistment expire. To prevent such a disaster it is proposed that the law shall be construed as applying to privates only, and that men of other grades whose keeping shall be transferred, before reaching the ten-year limit, to some other classification, and upon being enlisted in such grades may be transferred back to the ranks if desirable. Seeing that army legislation in recent years has tended toward the elevation of army morals, and made soldiering a more attractive pursuit for a decent young fellow, it's a pity if we have now struck a law that is to nullify some of the results of the best of recent reforms.

A CIRCUMSTANCE attending a recent murder trial in Texas has excited great public interest in that State. The trial occurred at Columbus. Arthur King was on trial for the murder of Frank Williams, near Eagle Lake, Sept. 11, 1892. The jury was impaneled, and it being late in the afternoon the court adjourned for supper. Evidently the Texas courts have expeditious methods which would shock the judicial aggregation and the bar of a Northern city. After supper the trial proceeded. The examination of witnesses was continued until 11 o'clock, when an adjournment was about to be had. At that moment Judge Beauregard Bryan, presiding at the trial, was informed that Jud Williams, a brother of the man for whose murder King was on trial, had secretly passed a flask of whisky to B. L. Willis, one of the jurors. Whatever malicious wits may say of barbarous conditions at the South, nothing in this instance justifies their jests. The trial was stopped. Judge Bryan called up before him the juror Willis and Jud Williams. Both were severely reprimanded and Williams was sent to jail, to stay there until the further orders of the court. He then said that this flagrant misconduct would be calculated to throw doubt upon any verdict that might be rendered and discharged the jury. The action of Judge Bryan is universally commended and popular opinion regarding the administration of justice in Texas should be in its favor.

Our G. O. W. Country. That there are children now born who will live long enough to see the people of the United States number from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million, says Erastus Wiman in a recent number of the Engineering Magazine, is a consideration that should have great weight in contemplating the conditions that are beginning to prevail. If in the ten years just closed the population has increased at a rate of nearly twenty-five per cent., and we now start out with sixty-five million, fifty years at the same rate of progression will bring the population up to very nearly two hundred million. But, even if the same rate is not maintained, and if only one hundred and fifty million is reached, the enormous growth will have consequences of a character that should be considered with special reference to enlarged territory and widened area of opportunity. There is hardly anything more certain under the sun than this growth, and its certainty should deeply impress every one who thinks at all with the importance of making preparations for an increase so momentous.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY IN BROOKLYN.

He Feels Like Uttering a Long and Loud Hallelujah, for the Talent of the World Centers at Brooklyn, and so the Gospel Is Spread Abroad.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Talmage last Sunday preached his twenty-fourth anniversary sermon. Subject, "A Brooklyn Pastorate." The text was Revelation iv. 1, "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders."

This text I choose chiefly for the numerical it mentions—namely, four and twenty. That was the number of elders seated around the throne of God. But that is the number of years seated around my Brooklyn ministry, and every pulpit is a throne of blessing, or blessing, a throne of good or evil. And to-day, in this my twenty-fourth anniversary sermon, 24 years come and sit around me, and they speak out in a reminiscence of gladness and ease. Twenty-four years ago I arrived in this city to shepherd such a flock as might come, and that day I carried in on my arms the infant son who in two weeks from to-day I will help ordain to the gospel ministry, hoping that he will be preaching long after my poor work is done.

We have received into our membership over 5,000 souls, but they, I think, are only a small portion of the multitudes who, coming from all parts of the earth, have in our house of God been blessed and saved. Although we have as a church raised \$1,100,000 for religious purposes, yet we are in the strange position of not knowing whether in two or three months we shall have any church at all, and with audiences of 6,000 or 7,000 people crowded into this room and the adjoining rooms we are confronted with the question whether I shall go on with my work here or go to some other field. What an awful necessity that we should have been obliged to build three immense churches, two of them destroyed by fire!

A misapprehension is abroad that the financial exigency of this church is past. Through journalistic and personal friends a breathing spell has been afforded us, but before us yet are financial obligations which must promptly be met, or speedily this house of God will go into worldly uses and become a theater or a concert hall. The \$12,000 raised cannot cancel a floating debt of \$140,000. Through the kindness of those to whom we are indebted \$60,000 would set us forever free. I am glad to say that the case is not hopeless. We are daily in receipt of evidence of a practical sympathy from all classes of the community and from all sections of the country, and it was but yesterday that by my own hand I sent, for contributions gratefully received, nearly 500 acknowledgments east, west, north, and south.

A Day for Hallelujah.

Our trust is in the Lord, who divided the Red Sea and "made the mountains skip like lambs." With this paragraph I dismiss the financial subject and return to the spiritual. This morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to build a grove I do not know in what forest I would hew the timber. From the quarry I would dig the foundation stone, or who would construct for me an organ with a tremolo for the only stop, and so this morning I occupy my time in building one great, massive, high, deep, broad, Heaven praising hallelujah. In the review of the last 24 years I think it may be useful to consider some of the characteristics of a Brooklyn pastorate.

In the first place, I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is always a difficult pastorate. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, all the denominations of the right sort are here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn preaching may know that he stands within fifteen minutes' walk of sermons which a Sauroin, and a Bourdaloue, and a John M. Mason, and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drag on the market.

For forty years Brooklyn has been surcharged with homilies, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed from the old pulpits which quaked with the powers of a Bethune, and a Cox, and a Spencer, and a Spear, and a Vinton, and a Farley, and a Beecher, not mentioning the names of so many magnificent men now missing from Brooklyn pulpits. So during all the time there has been something to appeal to every man's taste and to gratify every man's preference.

Now, let me say to all ministers of the gospel who are ambitious for a Brooklyn pulpit that it is always a difficult pastorate. If a man would have a reserve before any audience in almost any church in Brooklyn, he will find before him men who have heard the mightiest themes discussed in the mightiest way. You will have before you, if you fail in an argument, fifty logicians in a fidget. If you make a slip in the use of a commercial figure to consider there will be 500 merchants who will notice it. If you throw out an anchor or furl a sail in the wrong way, there will be ship captains right off who will wonder if you are ignorant of theology as you are of navigation! So it will be a place of hard study. If you are going to maintain yourself, you must keep Brooklyn pastorate a difficult pastorate.

A Prominent Pulpit.

I remark still further, a Brooklyn pastorate is always a conspicuous pastorate. The printing press of the country has no greater force than that on the seacoast. Every pulpit word, good or bad, wise or ignorant, kind or mean, is watched. The reportorial corps of these cities is an organized army. Many of them have collegiate education and large culture, and they are able to weigh oration or address or sermon. If you say a silly thing, you will never hear the end of it, and if you say a wise thing it will go into multiplication. There is no need of deceiving that fact. Men whose influence has been built by the printing press spend the rest of their lives in denouncing newspapers. The newspaper is the pulpit on the wing. More preaching is done on Monday than on Sunday. The omnivorous, all-eyed printing press is ever vigilant.

Besides that a Brooklyn pastorate is always conspicuous in the fact that everybody comes here. Brooklyn is New York in its better mood! Strangers have not seen New York until they have seen Brooklyn. The East River is the chasm in which our merchants drop their cares and their anxieties and their business troubles, and by the time they have crested their hills and reached the city they have forgotten all about Wall Street and Broadway and the shambles. If they commit business sins in New York during the day, they come craver to Brooklyn to repent of them!

Brooklyn Absorbs the World's Intellect. Everybody comes here. Stand at the bridge entrance at the ferry gates on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, or Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock, and you see north, south, east, west—Europe, Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia—coming to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath, or part of it in the persons of their representatives. Some of them fresh from

the sea. They have just landed, and they want to seek the house of God publicly to thank the Lord for their deliverance from cyclone and fog banks off Newfoundland. Every song sung, every prayer offered, every sermon preached in New York and Brooklyn, and all along this coast, in some shape or form all around the world. A Brooklyn pastorate is at the greatest altitude of conspicuity.

Again I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity. I believe myself of but three ministers of the gospel now preaching here who were preaching here before I came to Brooklyn. Most of the pulpits around me have changed seven or eight times since my arrival.

Sometimes the pastorate has been brief for one reason and sometimes for another reason. Sometimes the ministers of the gospel have been too good for this world, and Heaven has transplanted them. Sometimes they changed places by the decree of their denomination. Sometimes they came with great blare of trumpets, proposing to carry everything before them, and got extinguished before they were distinguished. Some got preached out in two or three years and told the people all they knew. Some with holy speed did in a short time work which it takes a great many years to do.

Whether for good or bad reasons a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity, not much of the old plan by which a minister of the Gospel baptized an infant, and then he was in the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, buried them, and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. Glorious old pastorates they were. Some of us remember them—Dr. Spring, Peter Labaree, Dominie Zabriske, Daniel Walcott, and many others. When the snow melted from their foreheads, it revealed the flowers of an unfading crown. Pastorates of thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-five years' continuance.

Some of them had to be helped into the pulpit or into the carriage, they were so old and decrepit, but when the Lord's angels halted one day in front of the old parsonage they stepped in vigorous as an athlete, and as we saw the wheels of fire whirling through the gates of the sunset we all cried out, "My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

I remark again, a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by its sympathy.

Brooklyn is a Place for Happiness. No city under the sun where people take such good care of their ministers. In proportion as the world outside may curse, a congregation stands close up by the man whom they believe in. Brooklyn society has for its foundation two elements—the Puritan, which always has been a good and the Irish, which means a worshipful people. On the top of this an admixture of all nationalities—the brawny Scot, the solid English, the vivacious Irish, the polite French, the philosophic German, and in all this intermingling of population the universal dominant theory is, do as he can, do as he pleases, provided he doesn't disturb anybody else.

A delightful climate. While it is hard on weak throats, for the most of us it is bracing. Not an atmosphere made up of the discharged gases of chemical factories or the miasms of swamps, but coming pasting right off, 300 miles of Atlantic Ocean breeze, anybody who has had a chance to breathe it all through the city a society of kind, genial, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble! How they watch over you when you are sick! How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead! Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in a beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have 24 years of pastorate. During these years how many heartbreaks, how many losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not had a bereavement, but God has sustained you in the past, and he will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer, O thou of the broken heart. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I wish over every door of this church my sympathy for all the year.

Sympathy for Brooklyn.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their memories and their past. They cannot hear or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle and help them find the place in the hymnbook. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them from their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father So-and-so?" and the answer will be, "He is gone." "What haven't you heard? The King's warrens have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive." Sympathy for business men. Twenty-four years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn are enough to tear a man's nerves to pieces. We want to make a good place for them, a reserve for these martyrs of traffic, a forest of that land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other riches.

Sympathy for the fallen, remembering that they struggle to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail train. The fact is that in the temptations and misfortunes of life they get run over. You and I in the same circumstances would have done as badly; we should have done worse perhaps. If you and I had the same evil surroundings and the same evil parage that they had, and the same native born proclivities to evil that they had, you and I should have been in the penitentiary or outcasts of society. "No," says some self-righteous man, "I couldn't have been overthrown in that way." You old hypocrite, you would have been the first to fall!

We want in this church to have sympathy for the worst man, for the worst woman, for the worst child, for the worst woman, remembering she is a sister. If that is not the gospel, I do not know what the gospel is.

Gratitude to God for the Past.

Let it thrill in every sermon. Let it tremble in every song. Let it gleam in every tear and in every light. Sympathy! Men and women are sighing for sympathy, crying for sympathy, dying for sympathy, turning off into uncleanness and crime and perdition for lack of sympathy. May God give it to us! Fill all this pulpit with it from step to step. Let the sweep of these galleries suggest its encircling arms. Fill all the house with it from door to door and from floor to ceiling, until there is no more room for it, and it shall overflow into the street, and passersby on foot and in carriage shall feel the throb of its magnificent benediction.

Let that be a new departure as a church. Let that be a new departure as a pastor. Sympathy! Gratitude to God for the past! This morning I mention the fact that during all these twenty-four years I have missed but one service through sickness. When I entered the ministry, I was so delicate I did not think I would preach three months, but preaching has agreed with me, and I think the healthiest thing in all the church is the religion of Jesus Christ. Bless the God who has brought me here! What I grate we are in regard to our health!

I must, in gratitude to God, also mention the multitudes to whom I have been permitted to preach. It is simply miraculous, the attendance morning by

morning, night by night, and year by year and long after it has got to be an old story. I know some people are dainty and exclusive in their tastes. As for myself, I like a big crowd. I would like to see an audience large enough to scare me. If this gospel is good, the more that get it the better.

The Preacher's Ambition.

Your present and everlasting welfare is the object of my ambition. I have no worldly ambition. I had once. I have not now. I know the world about as well as any one knows it. I have heard the hand-clapping of its applause, and I have heard the hiss of its opposition, and I declare to you that the former is not especially sought for, nor is the latter to be feared. The world has given me about all the comfort and prosperity it can give a man, and I have no worldly ambition. I have an all-consuming ambition to make full proof of my ministry, to get to Heaven myself and to take a great crowd with me. Upon your table and cradle and arm-chair and pillow and nursery and drawing-room and kitchen may the blessing of the Almighty God come down!

During these twenty-four years there is hardly a family that has not been invaded by sorrow or death. Where are those grand old men, those glorious Christian women, who used to worship with us? Why? They went away into the next world so gradually that they had concluded the second stanza or the third stanza in Heaven before you knew they were gone. They had on the crown before you thought they had dropped the staff of the earthly pilgrimage.

And then the dear children! Oh, how many have gone out of this church! You could not keep them. You folded them in your arms and said: "O God I cannot give them up. Take all else—take my property, take my reputation—but let me keep this treasure. Lord, I cannot bear this."

Oh, if we could all die together. If we could keep all the sheep and the lambs of the family fold together until some bright spring day, the birds a-chant and the waters a-glitter, and then we could altogether hear the voice of the good Shepherd and hand in hand pass through the flood. No, no, no, no, no. Oh, if we only had notice that we are all to depart together, and we could say to our families: "The time has come. The Lord bids us away." And then we could take our little children to their beds and straighten out their limbs and say: "Now, sleep the last sleep. Good night, until it is good morning." And then we could go to the dear children and say: "Now, altogether we are ready to go. Our children are gone; now let us depart."

No, no! It is one by one. It may be in the midnight. It may be in the winter, and in the snow coming down 20 inches deep over our grave. It may be in the strange hotel and our arm too weak to pull the bell for help. It may be so suddenly that we have no time to say good-by. Death is a bitter, crushing, tremendous cure.

The Harp of Comfort.

I play you three tunes on the gospel harp of comfort. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is one. "All things work together for good to those who love God." That is the second. "And the Lamb who was in the midst of the throne shall lead them to the living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." That is the third. During 24 years I have tried as far as I could, by argument, by illustration and by caricature to fill you with distrust with much of this modern religion which people are trying now to substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ and the religion of the apostles.

I have tried to persuade you that the worst of all cant is the cant of skepticism, and instead of your apologizing for Christianity it was high time that those who do not believe in Christianity should apologize to you, and I have tried to show that the biggest villain in the universe are those who would try to rob us of this Bible, and that the grandest mission of the church of Jesus Christ is that of bringing souls to the Lord—a soul saving church.

But now those years are gone. If you have neglected your duty, if I have neglected mine, it is all right. Each year has its work. If the work is performed within the twelve months, it is done forever. If neglected, it is neglected forever.

When a woman was dying, she said, "Call them back." They did not know what she meant. She had been a disciple of the world. She said, "Call them back." They said, "Who do you want us to call back?" "Oh," she said, "call them back, the days, the months, the years, I have wasted. Call them back!" But you cannot call them back. You cannot call a year back, or a month back, or a week back, or an hour back, or a second back. Gone once, it is gone forever.

When a great battle was raging, a messenger came up and said to the General, who was talking with an officer, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The General kept right on conversing with his fellow officer, and the messenger said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." Still the General kept right on, and the messenger lost his patience, not having his message seemingly appreciated, and said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The General then looked at him and said, "Take another." Ah, forgetting the things that are behind, let us look to those that are before. Let us not be content with an old standard; gain another victory.

Roll on, sweet day of the world's emancipation, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier will come up the arbutus tree, and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that cannot be cut off.

"There's nothing like starting right," observed the senior partner as he looked up from his daily. "I see that pepper has taken a jump of 10 per cent., cinnamon is on the rise, and allspice is running away with market quotations." "And you will have to increase the price of your goods?" queried his brother-in-law from one of the back townships.

That's where we hit 'em—no increase! We started this business with the firm intention not to be controlled by rings or failure of crops, and our pure ground seasonings are made without reference to pepper, cinnamon, spice or anything else in the trade! Start right, sir—start right. If I should start a starch factory I would not depend either on corn or potatoes."—Wall Street News.

The contractors on one of the railroads down East, finding it impossible to keep track of the Italian laborers by their unpronounceable names, fell upon the plan of marking them. The number of each is printed in plain figures on the seat of his pantaloons. Before beginning work in the morning, at noon and again at night the men are formed in line, and the foreman passes in the rear of them and takes down each number, in order to ascertain who is present, as well as who is absent. The plan is beneficial in two ways—the men are easily recognized, and they are also kept from sitting down too much for fear of rubbing out the figures.

## SHAMEFUL ADMISSION.

WORKINGS OF A HIGH TARIFF BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Another Industry Admits that Protection Enervates and Pauperizes the Business and Results in Higher Prices—Commercial Freedom Would Stop Canadian Exodus.

An Open Confession.

Willett and Gray's Sugar Journal of April 6 puts on an injured look and asks why the sugar refining industry should be singled out "for special attack on the ground of too much protection." It quotes the latest statistics to show that in over twenty principal manufacturing industries the protection varies from 27 to 113 per cent., while it is but 13.98 per cent. on refined sugar. This certainly does look unfair. While Uncle Sam is lending a helping hand to the manufacturing industries, he should endeavor to be impartial. Then the Journal proceeds to make a confession which it is well for the country to understand. It says:

"The advantages derived from the above noted discrimination against refiners are not very apparent. Contrary to general opinion, the prosperity of refiners is probably owing in a considerable degree to the small measure of protection accorded them compared with all other manufacturers. This small protection forces economies of management and concentration of manufacture, by means of which profits can only be made and dividends maintained, and prevents competition from the building of new refineries."

This is not the first industry that has made this shameful admission. The window glass manufacturers have admitted, in the National Glass Budget and other glass journals, that too much "protection" has made them careless and wasteful in their methods, so that instead of making good use of our abundant natural opportunities—cheap gas, fuel, sand, etc., and—making the best and the cheapest glass in the world, we have become so slothful that we can make only inferior glass at nearly twice the European cost of good glass. The Budget frankly avows that if it had not been for "protection" and the absence of natural competition, the unsuppressed facilities for glass production coming from free natural gas would have given us the markets of the Western, if not of the Eastern, world. With protection we are still using antiquated pots instead of modern tanks, used all over Europe, and with the declining supply of natural gas we will have lost the opportunity of an age. Nature is withdrawing her bounty; protection has defeated it. Other countries less favorably situated and supplied with raw materials will continue to supply the markets that claim a new bours.

The woollen men claim to be in the same nasty, measly predicament. Not long ago, when they were clamoring for more protection, they were pretending that it would stimulate home competition and cause prices to decline. Now, since the jig is up with them and their shoddy claims, and cons derable of their protection is to be withdrawn, they are ready and willing to go back on all past statements and to make the most shameful admissions to save as much as possible of their unconstitutional and unholy bonus. Here is what the American Wool and Cotton Reporter of Feb. 23 said:

"Were the Mills bill put in operation to-day the measure of protection afforded by it, so far as pertains to the woollen industry, would be less than would have been realized at the time the bill was formulated. Conditions have changed considerably during the past few years, and what would have been a sufficient measure of protection then would be inadequate to-day. The foreign manufacturer, because of the obstacles of higher duties, has been forced to a lower plane of economy, while the domestic manufacturer, with a wider market than formerly to cater to, has had less incentive to restrict and economize. These conditions have widened the difference between them, and has increased the advantage the former has over the latter."

Higher prices and slovenly methods of manufacture, then, are the heritage of thirty years of protection and high taxation. Instead of strengthening our weak industries and fitting them to stand alone and to produce goods at competitive prices, it enervates them and makes them a heavier and heavier burden upon the taxed consumers. Like indiscriminate charity it increases the evils it seeks to remedy. On a pauperize an industry and allow it to draw its support from honest, self-supporting industry and it will soon lose that self-reliance and independence which is the mainspring of success.

If, as the Sugar Journal says, "small protection forces economies of management and concentration of manufacture, by means of which profits can only be made and dividends maintained," the Journal ought to be thankful at the prospect of continuing and increasing this economic and profit-producing system, which the present Congress will surely inaugurate, by greatly reducing the amount of protection now enjoyed, or rather wasted, by their earning an honest living, and sixty millions of consumers will join with them in the chorus.—Byron W. Holt.

Why Canadians Emigrate.

We are told by the Mail and Express, and other high Republican authorities, that the Canadian Government is unable to stem the exodus of its people from the eastern provinces into our New England and Middle States, and that, to counteract this loss, "nearly three hundred agents are constantly employed traveling about the Western States to encourage emigration to Canada, and offering \$10 bonus to a head of a family and \$5 for each member. Besides this, free homesteads are provided." Yet the tide is running strong from Canada to this country and the last census shows that there are nearly 1,000,000 Canadians here.

The Mail and Express says Canadians come here because "they are convinced that on this side of the dividing line lie opportunities for thrift and industry." This is undoubtedly true. Why, then, are

there greater opportunities for thrift and industry here? Both countries have high protective tariffs, and both have millions of unused and fertile farm and timber lands. It is not nature's fault that opportunities are greater in this country; it is man's fault. The artificial restriction of trade and commerce by "protective" tariffs is mainly responsible for the present exodus. It would drive the oppressed out of any country which has no greater variety of climate than has Eastern Canada. "Protect" Michigan or Maine from the rest of this country, as Canada is now protected from it, and the cost of living will go up and wages down so much that thousands will emigrate to the other States and great offers of cash will be necessary to allure them back to their "protected" homes.

The pinch of protection is felt more in small countries, which lack a great diversification of soil and climate. Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia are being depopulated by protective tariffs, and their oppressed come to this country because it is the greatest free trade country on the globe; trade being absolutely free from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from Canada to Mexico. Five years of McKinleyism would cost old England one-fifth of its population and the manufacturing and commercial supremacy of the globe. One decade of high protection has started Canada on the down grade, and has brought about a reaction there which it took three decades to bring about in this great country. The sentiment for annexation is growing rapidly there. On April 4 the Hon. Honore Mercier, Prime Minister of Quebec from 1886 to 1892, addressed an immense audience in Montreal, "On the Future of Canada." He pictured the great advantages that would follow union with the United States, and advocated political independence as the first step to annexation. The meeting passed a resolution in favor of immediate independence.

Practically all to be gained by annexation, of real benefit to the people, could be obtained by the removal of the two tariff walls between the countries. Canadians are responsible for one of these and could remove it any time. We will promise to remove half of our wall and to take the McKinley barbed wires off the top during the next two years. It is not likely that we will stop the good work at once, and who knows what may happen before the twentieth century arrives? Slaves who realize their condition and who could appreciate freedom, are already half free; and freemen, who do not appreciate their liberty and cannot govern themselves wisely, are half slaves. When Canadians have studied their conditions and understand the nature of their bonds they will virtually be free, even though politically and nominally subject to Great Britain.

There's a Good Time Coming.

Our principles lead to a refusal of bounties and subsidies which burden the labor and thrift of a portion of our people. We shall challenge "wild and reckless pension expenditure." Our Government rests on the equality before the law which is guaranteed to every citizen.—Grover Cleveland's inaugural address.

No bounties. No subsidies. Stricter pension laws and all. Fewer taxes on necessities! My goodness what a fall! For the gluttons and the greedy 'uns who've lived up our noses!

What a heaving feed of barnacles, what a digging up of weeds. What a cleaning out of parasites, what a hoeing out of cant. What a howl they will be setting up, and Oh! we shall hear from Dan to Beersheba, from the farthest North to South.

When these disgruntled, pampered hogs shall one and all give mouth. They've lived so long on other folk they feel quite well assured. That for another century they'd surely be ennobled.

And now they find they've got to quit, and that right mighty quick. The pain they feel is out of all proportion to the price.

For after all they'll get their due, as much as all the rest. But then, when they've fattened upon nothing but the best; And that they now should be denied the right is what they didn't bargain for, "equality in law."

Equality's a doctrine in which they don't believe. Unless it be the doctrine of equality to thrive An equal share in subsidies, or bounties, or a tax. By which they each could richer grow and fill their treasure sack.

But now we kind o' seem to see as how them days are done. And a brighter, better, juster reign of equality is begun. A time in which the good old phrase, equality in law, means that our founders meant it should, the same for rich and poor.

—Jack Plain, in American Industries.

Who Is Afraid?

The Tribune remarks that a "25 per cent. tariff on woollen goods alarms people, quite naturally."

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